



April/May 1994
Volume #150

THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER
No. 1 1 December 1972

Ron Padgett, Editor
St. Mark's Church, 2nd Avenue
& Tenth St., New York 10003

Next month Grove Press, under the Zebra Books imprint, will issue the remarkably wonderful pornographic novel *Two Suspicious Girls* by Katie Mitchell (Katie Schneeman and Tessie Mitchell), a book which Edwin Denby has called "one of the masterpieces of English and American literature."

Fits Editions (c/o Hilton Obenzinger, 3617 23rd St., San Francisco 94110) recently issued a sort of tiny Classic Comic newspaper, *The Attic Sentinel*, whose headline reads, "Prometheus Bound Over." It is the work of David Anderson, a very talented, interesting and almost completely unpublished young prose writer. "Prometheus Bound Over" has funny illustrations by Nancy Senauke. It sells for 10¢ plus 10¢ postage.

Jehny Stanton's Siamese Banana Press, after a brilliant underground publishing history, has apparently bit the dust, or, as Stanton puts it, "It got bruised and deep rot set in." The bruise was financial. In addition to the delightful *Siamese Banana*, the newsletter of the Rhinelander Boys' Club, where Stanton is athletic supervisor, the Press issued the following titles, which are still available for \$1 each from Stanton at 325 E. 89, New York City: *The Banana Book* by Joe Brainard, *The Cigarette Book* by Joe Brainard, *The Friendly Way* by Joe Brainard, *Lord Scum's Hotel* by Don Weingarten, *Mouse Works* by Rebecca Brown, *Under Western Eyes* by David Anderson, and *Self Portrait* by Anne Waldman and Joe Brainard. Now out of print are *Death College* by Tom Veitch and *Madness in Literature* by Keith Cohen. The final title, *A Little Anthology of Surrealist Poems* (Breton, Eluard, Char, Peret, Tzara, Artaud, Soupault, Desnos, Aragon and Arp), edited and translated by Paul Auster and with a cover by George Schneeman, has just appeared.



NEWSLETTER

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THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER

Nr. 8

1 Oct. 1973

Bill MacKay, Editor
St. Mark's Church, 2nd Avenue
& Tenth St., New York 10003

VIVA ALLENDE!
VIVA NERUDA!
AND WHERE IS NICANOR PARRA???

* * * * *

A featured reading by Kenneth Koch on September 19 opened the '73-'74 poetry season at St. Mark's. This Wednesday (September 26) New Mexicans Larry Gooddell and Steve Rodefer read.

Other readings scheduled include an omnibus evening of Black American Poetry (October 3), Steve Malmude and Britt Wilkie (October 10), Clark Coolidge (October 17), Diane Wakoski (October 24), and Ed Sanders and Tom Veitch (October 31).

Pregame ceremonies will begin at 8:30 p.m., as usual. A suggested contribution of one measly dollar.

* * * * *

In the eighth year of the Poetry Project, things keep changing. The Monday night open readings have been revamped to enable writers/performers more time to move inside. Three or four times a month, Ed Friedman will conduct a "performance night" during which several artists will present their work for 15-25 minutes. Only on the first Monday of each month will the regular open reading occur. Kickoff time is 8 pm.

In addition, Bernadette Mayer's workshop has multiplied into two sessions a week, one a conventional (?) writing workshop and the other a lecture. All manner of strange & erudite creatures have agreed to illuminate the workshoppers about matters literary & some not so.

Lewis Warsh and Ted Greenwald will also lead workshops, and several workshop magazines are again expected.

These things are OPEN and FREE. The schedule: Tuesdays, 8 pm (Mayer), Thursdays, 8:30 (Warsh), Fridays, 7 (Greenwald).

* * * * *

The staff of the Poetry Project consists of Anne Waldman as director, Larry Fagin as assistant director, and Bill MacKay as Tonto. Maureen Owen will host the Wednesday readings. Ron Padgett will not edit the Newsletter, but will serve (thank merciful gods!) as a consulting editor.

THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER

No. 28

1 Oct. 1975

Ted Greenwald, editor
St. Mark's Church, 2nd Avenue
& Tenth St., New York 10003.

1975-76 is The Poetry Project's tenth year. All programs, old and new, start in October. The Wednesday night 8:30 pm readings, hosted by Maureen Owen, are as follows: Oct 1 Christopher Knowles & Cindy Lubar, Oct 8 Armand Schwerner & Janine Vega, Oct 15 David Antin & Rochelle Owens, Oct 22 Robert Creeley & Ed Sanders, Oct 29 BENEFIT FOR HIS HOLINESS DUDJOM RINPOCHE: Michael Brownstein, William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, John Giorno, Philip Glass, Les Levine, Charlemagne Palestine, Anne Waldman, Robert Wilson. Monday 8:15 pm programs run by Ed Friedman are: Oct 6 OPEN READING, Oct 13 Yuki Hartman & Mike Slater, Oct 20 Richard Vetere & Elsa Colligan, Oct 27 Warren Sonbert's film "Carriage Trade". The three writing workshops (free) all scheduled for 7:30 pm are Paul Violi (Tues), Bill Zavatsky (Thurs), and Ted Greenwald (Fri).

The first steps in the refurbishing of St. Mark's Church were taken this summer. When attending any of the Project's programs take a look at the chipped scraped and painted front fence and the front doors. Just the beginning.

* * * * *

READINGS: The usual plus . . . (see The Voice, Soho Weekly News, and Rochelle Ratner's column, Poetry Column, in SWN for who and time) . . . BARNARD HALL, 117th St. & Broadway, Thurs/7:30 pm: Oct 9 Jackson Mac Low, Oct 16 David Shapiro & (tentatively) Peter Schjeldahl, Oct 23 Michael Brownstein & Janine Pommy Vega, Oct 30 Adrienne Rich. . . . CHUMLEY'S, 86 Bedford St., Sat./2 pm: Oct 4 Nathaniel Tarn, Oct 11 George Schricker & Geoffrey Bartholomew, Oct 18 Paul Violi & Michael Lally, Oct 25 Sara Stringfellow & Willa Schneeburg . . . CBGB, Bowery & Bleecker St., Tues./8:30 pm: Oct 7 Richard Kostelanetz, Oct 14 William Packard, Oct 21 Ray DiPalma, Phil Demise & Dick Higgins, Oct 28 Open Reading (CBGB also puts out a newsletter called Poetry Showcase, 315 Bowery, NYC 10003) . . . THE TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery (corner of E. 2nd St. & Bowery), Sat./3-6 pm: Oct 4 C.W. Truesdale presents Four Poets and a Mime, Oct 11 Jazz and Poetry -- Harry Lewis, Tom Bruno, Bill Zavatsky, Bryan Breger, Oct 18 Jazz and Poetry -- Randy Kay, Lisa Gault, Frank Murphy, Paul Pines & Greg Weatherby, Oct 25 John Love presents poetry readings. . . WBAI, 99.5 on your FM dial, Tues./8:45 pm: Oct 7 Carter Ratcliff, Oct 21 Mary Ferrari (programs repeated on Sat. nites usually see paper for listing). . . . Don't forget Dr. Generosity's, The West-End Bar, & The Fugue for more readings.

* * * * *

The World is planning another review-interview-criticism-miscellany issue. The deadline is Nov. 15. Send to The World, St. Mark's Church, 2nd Ave. & Tenth St., NYC 10003.

* * * * *

Speaking of deadlines, the absolute deadline for all NEWSLETTER material is the 15th of the month for the issue of the following month. Looking for out-of-town material, info and gossip.

THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER
No. 51 January 1978
Frances LeFevre, editor
St. Mark's Church, 2nd Avenue
and Tenth St New York 10003

EVENTS AT ST. MARK'S CHURCH: Wednesday Night Readings at 8:30 (contribution) Jan 4 Patricia Farewell, Thomas Masiello & John Yau, introduced by John Ashbery ...Jan 11 Steve Carey & Allan Kaplan...Jan 18 Maggie Dubris, Rachel Walling, & Michael Lally...Jan 21 Ann Lauterbach & Michael Slater...Monday Night Performance Series at 8:15 (free) Jan 2 Open Reading...Jan 9 Jim Brodey & Jayne Nodland with Richard Hell, Tom Carey & Band, George-Therèse Dickenson & Band, Foreign Image, & guests...Jan 16 Tom Savage & Susan Dalglish...Jan 23 Barbara Barg & Joel Chassler...Jan 30 Didi Susan Dubelyew & Greg Masters...Free Writing Workshops at 7:30 PM: Tuesdays Johnny Stanton (prose)...Thursdays different guest writers in turn...Fridays Mary Ferrari (poetry)...Danspace at 8:30 (contribution \$3.00) Jan 10 & 12 Wendy Perron & Susan Rethurst.

READINGS ELSEWHERE: Academy of American Poets, Guggenheim Museum 5th Ave at 89 St 7:30 PM Jan 17 "Education of the Poet," David Ignatow with Harvey Shapiro; Donnell Library Center 20 W 53 St 6:30 PM Jan 26 "The Story-Teller's Art," Jim Harrison...Dr. Generosity's 2nd Ave at 73 St Saturdays 2:30 PM Jan 7 Helen Adam...Jan 14 Hugh Seidman & Michael Perkins...Jan 21 Judith Johnson Sherwin & Kathleen Spivack...Jan 28 David Ignatow...West End Café 2911 B'way (nr 73 St) Sundays 2 PM Jan 8 Steve Carey, John Godfrey, Alan Davies, & Bob Perelman...Jan 15 Mary Ferrari & Eileen Myles...Jan 15 (re-scheduled from Dec) Walter Abish & David Shapiro...Jan 29 Charlotte Carter & Catherine Murray...YMHA Poetry Center Lexington Ave at 92 St Jan 9 Bernard Malamud...Jan 23 Anthony Hecht & James Merrill...32 Cooper Square c/o Stuart Math 8 PM Jan 6 Bob Perelman reading, with a performance by himself & Francie Shaw. Information 799-4477.

* * * * *

AROUND THE EDGES

Happy New Year! A good time to take a look at some highlights of 1977 at the Poetry Project. Not that everything happening here is not interesting or notable in some way--it's bound to be so, what with all the energetic people around and their various commitments. But time, space, and the limits of attention demand a certain amount of selectivity, and no comparisons good or bad are intended. All readings in both the winter/spring and the fall sessions had plenty of variety and quality, and so did the other activities--to single out some is hardly to put down the rest.

The Allen Ginsberg/Robert Lowell reading at St. Mark's Church February 23, their first one together, was a historic occasion, made even more memorable by the fact of Lowell's sudden, sad death in September. The Steven Hall/ René Ricard evening was unforgettable because of the strange undercurrents and love/hate tensions as they read. During the spring, Kathy Acker read from "Blood & Guts in High School," Simon Schuchat read poems that were later to become a book, Light and Shadow, and Harris Schiff gave his first New York reading in years.

In October Fielding Dawson, reading short stories from his two new Penny Lane books (Black Sparrow), and Robert Creeley opened the Wednesday Night series for the fall. Creeley made an unexpectedly moving gesture when, after reading

THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER
No. 58 OCTOBER 1978
Vicki Hudspith, Editor
St. Mark's Church
2nd Avenue & 10th St., NYC 10003

On July 27, 1978 at 1:35 pm a devastating fire broke out at St. Mark's Church In-the-Bowery, the home of the Poetry Project since 1966 and a haven for poets and artists and political groups and worshippers and assorted other people and activities since before that even! The fire is believed to have been caused by heat conducted from a workman's welding instrument through the copper gutters of the church. This "hot spot" ignited a section of the 179 year old timber cornice. An hour later, the roof was gone and the church's bell tower was severely damaged. Fortunately no one was hurt and now, two months later, rebuilding is under way. While \$225,000 short of a roof and more than \$1 million away from complete restoration, the historic St. Mark's continues. A full program of Poetry Project free writing workshops and Monday and Wednesday night performances and readings is scheduled to begin in October. This phenomenally fast recovery is indication enough of the church's both central and vital role in the community. Anyone wishing to contribute money or suggestions or desires further information on the Save St. Mark's Drive please contact Father David Garcia at the Parish office, 2nd Avenue & 10th Street, NYC 10003 or by phone at (212) 674-6377.

+++++

READINGS ST. MARK'S: Monday nights hosted by Bob Holman; Oct 2 - Open Reading*
OCT 9 - Allan & Cinda Kornblum OCT 16 - Kevin Clarke, Susie Timmons OCT 23 -
Pedro Pietri & Jeff Wright OCT 30 - Peter Rose "the circular heavens"/ Jackie
Curtis, Douglas Fisher in Tom Wiegel's "Blob Blob". Wednesday nights hosted
by Ron Padgett & Maureen Owen; OCT 18-Keith Abbott & Pat Nolan OCT 25 -Michael
Heller & To Be Announced. All readings begin at 8 pm (donation)

READINGS AROUND TOWN: WEST END CAFE/2911 Broadway at 113th Street, NYC: Naropa
presents a month of Sundays at the West End -- 2 pm --OCT 1 - Ted Berrigan &
Reed Bye OCT 8-Helen Adam & Anne Waldman OCT 15 - Carl Solomon & Allen Ginsberg
OCT 22- Larry Fagin OCT 29 -Talking Band & Annette Ris Thursday nites 6:30 pm
at W.E. OCT 5-David Shapiro OCT 12-Open Reading OCT 19-Kathy Acker OCT 26-
John Boone & Sheldon Biber (donation \$2) EL CENTRO 29 St. Mark's Place 8 pm
OCT 6-Jim Brodey & Olson MacIntyre OCT 13-Hannah Weiner & Beth Anderson
OCT 20-Karen Edwards & Patti Oldenberg OCT 27 - Steve & Gloria Tropp & Mike
Sappol EAR INN 326 Spring St. 4 pm (\$2) -- OCT 7 Jackson MacLow & Rachelle
Bijou OCT 14-Eileen Myles & Michael Gottlieb OCT 21-Joe Ceravolo & Tim
Dlugos OCT 28-Bruce Andrews & Charles North

WORKSHOPS ST. MARK'S: Tuesdays 7:30pm beginning OCT 17 with Ed Friedman
at the 3rd St. Music School (which is really at 233 East 11th Street NYC)
Workshops with Harris Schiff & Bob Rosenthal to begin in November.

*POETS ALL CALL: Dear Neophytes, Grand Masters, & Everybody-In-Between. Why
wait for golden invites to fancy soirees? You can help create an atmosphere
that will inspire everyone to write better poems. Talking about the Open
Readings the first Monday of every month, 8 pm Parish Hall. Bring your new
works and experiment on living bodies! Bring forgotten epochs out of the
mothballs and let fresh air in! Also bring senses of humor! Thank you and
see you there.....Bob Holman

THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER

October 1982

#92

75¢



Alice Notley/George Schneeman

WEDNESDAY READINGS: at 8 PM, suggested contribution \$3. *Hosted by Bernadette Mayer & Bob Holman:* October 13 - **Ted Berrigan & Ron Padgett.** October 20 - **Terry Garthwaite, Bobbie Louise Hawkins, Rosalie Sorrels** (these 3 have a new record "Live at the Great American Music Hall" on Flying Fish Records - c/o Hawkins, Box 344 Bolinas CA 94924 \$8). October 27 - **June Jordan & Diane Burns.**

MONDAY READING & PERFORMANCE SERIES: at 8 PM, suggested contribution \$1. *Hosted by Rochelle Kraut:* October 11 - **Jack Skelley & David Trinidad.** October 18 - **Frank Rubino & Elio Schneeman.** October 25 - **Lenny Goldstein & Don Yorty.**

FREE WRITING WORKSHOP on Tuesdays at 8 PM with **John Godfrey** (beginning October 12). John Godfrey's new book is *Dabble: Poems 1966-1980* from Full Court Press. He says about the workshop: "We will discuss the influence of poets born 1875 to 1900. To begin with anyway."



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Editorial

One of the first things I did in preparing this, my first issue as editor of the *Newsletter*, was to climb the shaky ladder to the loft above the Poetry Project office, where ten file cabinets containing eighteen years' worth of history are crammed into a shallow crawlspace. From a drawer, I extricated Issue 1 of this publication, edited by Ron Padgett and misdated 1 December 1972 ("Obviously, the year is 1973" read the correction in the following issue). My favorite news item is appended to a list of Bill Zavatsky's projected publications for the year: "Zavatsky, whose apartment is directly across the airshaft from Lionel Trilling's, claims that Trilling dresses up in bizarre costumes and watches 'Let's Make a Deal' on television every afternoon."

Although the format of the current issue differs significantly from the two mimeographed pages of the first effort, the *Newsletter's* purpose is largely unchanged. We exist to provide news, information, opinions and reflections of interest and value to the poetry community and our friends.

That community has grown drastically in the past eleven years, to the point where The Poetry Project is now the largest and most active literary center in the United States. Some of our local heroes are now among America's most admired writers; others remain known mainly to the cognoscenti here, on the Lower East Side. But whatever has happened to individual literary reputations, more poets are writing more poetry—good, bad, and indifferent—than ever before. The clamor may occasionally make those who remember them long for the halcyon Fifties, when (as one veteran of the scene told me) the reason all the artists were at the Cedar Tavern was that there weren't that many artists. But mostly, the poetry explosion should be a source of gladness. It seems so twentieth century, so much the fulfillment of the sci-fi future we expected as children:

we're in a "hands-on" job working with pure energy, not of the atom, but of the American language.

Yet for all the activity, there are still few tangible rewards for poets. Publication by commercial presses is more difficult than ever, and financial problems have forced many small presses to close. Even writers whose work reaches tens of thousands find little in the way of material rewards—certainly when compared to even the youngest of successful painters, for instance.

Unless poets are utterly deluded, we aren't spending our time making poems for fame, for glory, or for money. We're doing it largely for the love of the work itself. We're serious about it; that's the only possible reason we're still writing. I perceive the *Newsletter* as a tool for the serious poet, providing information, critical acuity, and opportunities for professional growth.

This issue is intended to be a step in that direction. Here you will find an appreciation of one of the best American poets of our century—George Oppen—by one of the best critics of our time, Hugh Kenner. You will learn how you can participate in the citywide activities on censorship taking place this month. You will discover a possible new source of funding for your career. You will sit in on a conversation between poet Anne Waldman and painter Red Grooms, a longtime friend of the Poetry Project. And you'll learn what poets are writing, thinking, and doing in reviews, schedules of events, news stories, announcements, and—yes—poems, too.

I hope this *Newsletter* conveys some of the excitement we're feeling at The Poetry Project as the 1984-1985 season begins. And I hope you will be able to participate in our reading and workshop programs. They all exist for you.

This issue is dedicated to our Muse. She lives.

—Tim Dlugos

Sorrento Alice Notley

Sherwood Press

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Z Press. Michael Friedman edited *Upstart*, the student arts magazine at Columbia University. He is currently studying law at Duke. His first collection, *Distinctive Belt*, will be published by Mary House early next year. Tom Clark's newest collection of poems is *Paradise Resisted* from Black Sparrow Press. Tom Savage is editor of *Gandhabba* magazine and of *Connaissez-Vous Maitre Eckhart?*, an anthology from the Poetry Project's spring translation workshop. Jim Brodey, poet extraordinaire, is inimitable.

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Tim Dlugos, Editor

Marc Nasdor, Production Director

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Hugh Kenner is the Andrew W. Mellon Professor of The Humanities at The Johns Hopkins University. His most recent book is *Cast a Cold Eye: Modern Irish Writers*. Anne Waldman is a former Director of The Poetry Project. She teaches at the Naropa Institute in Boulder. Her most recent collection is *Makeup on Empty Space*, published by Toothpaste Press earlier this year. Jane DeLynn is the author of two novels, *Some Do* and *In Thrall*. A chapbook of prose, *Via Negativa*, will soon appear from Primary Writing. Tina Darragh's book *on the corner to off the corner* was published by Sun and Moon Press. Her work has appeared in *The Paris Review*. John Godfrey's new book of poems, *Where the Weather Suits My Clothes*, will be out this fall from

A REVIEW IN VERSE

OBEDYING THE CHEMICALS

by Barbara Berg
Hard Press, 340 East 11th Street
New York, New York 10003

I rue my missing [redacted]
when I pass an alley & have to [redacted]
That which was with in is now without
And--that which was once without is now out to sea
The first time I bled like a woman
was the last time I bled as a man
Oh poo I shall replace it with a cigarette or 2
to put out my [redacted] envy

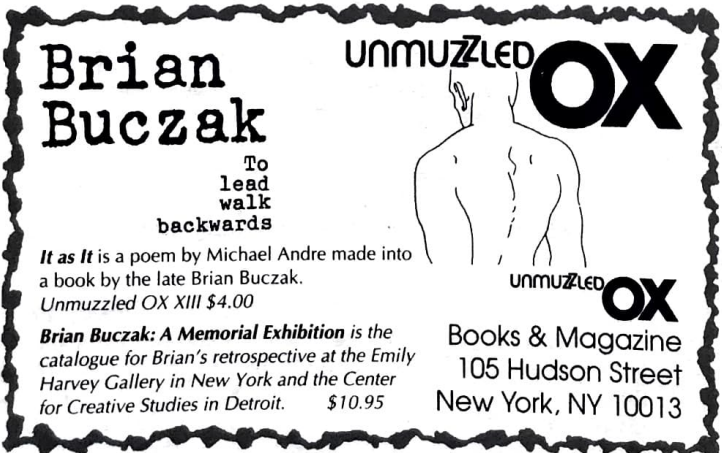
For now I am a woman
Mind if I tidy up a little?
I near the call of the shopping mall
in my Cadillac--big & shiny & long & black
why--just like my--but never mind--let bygones be...
is it PMS makes me want to slug, um, slap those [redacted]
May I borrow your nailpolish? got a [redacted]

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a [redacted] no more lying around in my briefs watching football
no more taking out the garbage no more Hungry Man TV dinners
no more worry about man-eating tigers no more [redacted] colada
butter
hello feminine spray no more ring around the collar
Now Barb & I can go on the Newlywed Game
by [redacted]



Brian Buczak
To lead walk backwards
It as It is a poem by Michael Andre made into a book by the late Brian Buczak.
Unmuzzled OX XIII \$4.00
Brian Buczak: A Memorial Exhibition is the catalogue for Brian's retrospective at the Emily Harvey Gallery in New York and the Center for Creative Studies in Detroit. \$10.95
unmuzzled OX
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New York, NY 10013

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37 Avenue A
New York, NY 10009
(212) 505-2270

Two Books to Go
36 Avenue A
New York, NY 10009
(212) 505-5650

Two Books to Go-Go
178 Bleecker
(at Broadway)
New York, NY 10002
(212) 777-1035

Two Books

Fan mail, hate mail, bulk mail. Some responses to this year's Poetry Project Newsletter. If you can't please 'em, print 'em. —ed.

Yo, hold up, Jessica. Check this out, on the for-real tip. We just saw your latest Newsletter and flipped! Could we see a complete transcript of the Thulani Davis "jammie" X, The Life & Times of Malcolm X?

As a note of good faith, we included our latest things: One "EMPIRE." One superhard for-real poem, and our latest Arthur Kill Alliance. Can we stay in touch? Straight up.

—Na'im Hassan Abdur Razzaq
c/o Paul Gordon; Ed. Dept.
Arthur Kill Correctional Facility
Staten Island, NY

With regard to this year's Poetry Project Newsletter: Aside from its extraordinary counterrevolutionary blandness, it does not relate to this poetry project at all, though it seems to be relating to some poetry project, perhaps the Uptown Y? Can we

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Interested advertisers contact Jessica, Deborah or Tim at 674-0870. The Poetry Project receives generous support from these public and private agencies: The New York State Council on the Arts, New York Council for the Humanities, the National Endowment for the Arts, City of New York's Department of Cultural Affairs, The Jerome Foundation, Film/Video Arts, Inc. for Film Screenings, the Lila Acheson Wallace Fund, the Foundation for Contemporary Performance, the Mobil Foundation, Bydale Foundation, Gramercy Park Foundation, New Hope, Inc., Apple Computer, Inc., Community Affairs Grant of Equipment for National Literary Network. Also, the members of the Poetry Project and individual contributors.

please have our own newsletter back?
—Alice Notley
New York, NY

We are dancing in honor of your new editorship. Good luck and keep up the good work.

—Keith Abbott
Oakland, CA

The PP magazine is wonderful, vibrant, DIFFERENT, it reaches so wide, it inspires.

—Olga Broumas
Provincetown, MA

The issue you edited and John's layout finally lend some dignity to our poetry and that world, here. It's really fine. Thank you for including the anthology and being so generous.

—Zoe Anglesey
New York, NY

The arete of a newsletter is timeliness, late it's no good no matter how prettily printed.

As someone who's been connected with the Project for decades I feel bitter pain at this chi-chi stupidity, you seem to be sinking in terminal swank. The NEWSLETTER was great and greatly useful in mimeo. THERE'S NOTHING FASTER THAN MIMEO. Since you gave up mimeo, you've never been able to get it to me on time. No reason why with a Macintosh and Gestéfax mimeo it shdn't look good.

Keep it simple/cheap/open. Complicate the medium and you become dependent on the folks with money.

—sam abrams
Rochester, NY

Thanks for the Newsletter. It looks bright and snappy and I particularly like the openness and congeniality of the editor's note. It sets a nice tone vibrating.

—Ron Padgett
New York, NY

Friends Committee: Rudy Burckhardt, Paul Cummings, Peggy DeCoursey, Morris Golde, Ted Greenwald, Vicki Hudepith, Yvonne Jacqueline, Patricia Jones, Madeleine Keller.
Board of Directors: Bobbie Bristol, Thulani Davis, Tim Dugos, Laurie Harris, Greg Masters, Bob Rosenthal, Paul Schmidt.

CELEBRATE OUR 20TH ANNIVERSARY!

Yes, I want to be a member of the Poetry Project, Inc.

____ \$50: Full Member, 1 Year ____ \$75: 2 Year Membership ____ \$150: Sponsor
____ \$500: Patron ____ \$1000: Lifetime Member ____ \$25: Supporting Member ____ \$300: Benefactor

No, I do not wish to be a member at this time, but here is my gift of \$ _____

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

All contributions are tax-deductible. Please make all checks payable to the Poetry Project, Inc.

One Year Membership (\$50): A season pass to all Poetry Project events — including the 20th Anniversary Symposium, all readings and performances, "talks" on poetics, writing workshops, and the New Year's Day Marathon Reading. Plus, a year's subscription to the Poetry Project Newsletter!

Two Year Membership (\$75): All of the above for two full years...at a savings of \$25.

Sponsor (\$150): Two passes to all Poetry Project events, a one-year subscription to the Poetry Project Newsletter, and a free copy of The World Record, an amazing two-record set of historic readings at The Poetry Project from 1989 to 1990.

Benefactor (\$300): Four passes to all Poetry Project events, a subscription to the Poetry Project Newsletter, a copy of The World Record, and grateful public acknowledgement.

Patron (\$500): Four passes to all Poetry Project events, a subscription to the Poetry Project Newsletter, a copy of The World Record, grateful public acknowledgement, and for this year only, a signed copy of Allen Ginsberg's Collected Poems.

Lifetime Membership (\$1000): All of the above benefits and gifts, and grateful public acknowledgement.

Special Supporting Membership (\$25): A subscription to the Poetry Project Newsletter and free admission to the New Year's Day Marathon Reading celebrating 20 years of poetry at St. Mark's Church.

Below are some of the responses to the first four (due to limitations of space) questions of the *Questionnaire* which appeared in the last (February/March) issue of the Newsletter. Selected answers to the remaining questions will be printed in our next issue:

Describe where you write:

In a thatched cottage. (Ron Padgett)

On paper. (Charles Bernstein)

In the basement (Richard Elman)

...almost anywhere... (Daisy Aldan)

At my desk, which faces a brick wall perfectly suitable for repeatedly bashing one's head against.
(Reagan Upshaw)

In bed / In my office / In the kitchen (Dick Higgins)

I don't understand "where"? In my mind? In my notebook? In my house? In Central New York? In the 1980s? With "loss" on my mind? From my center? With God on my mind? (Robert E. Kimm)

Usually in bed... (Annabel Levitt)

In the light. / In Outlying Districts. (Anselm Hollo)

Where I find myself - at present, usually my apartment in Chelsea. (James Schuyler)

Here (Steve Toth)

Describe my mind. (Steve Levine)

In my bedroom on an 8ft x 2 1/2-3ft white board supported by 2 black 2-drawer filing cabinets.
(Victor Bockris)

Everywhere (Paulette Licitra)

My typewriter sits in a corner of our front room, by a window that overlooks Broadway. I've always had my typewriter by a window, even when that window looked out on an airshaft or the exit ramp of the Williamsburg Bridge. (Gary Lenhart)

In your mind (Charles Haseloff)

Describe your audience/readers:

My mother is 5 foot 4, 118 lbs... (Ron Padgett)

Born after 1900; average build. (Charles Bernstein)

Aside from fellow-poets and a few painters, I don't know who reads poetry. (Tom Savage)

The happy few; and some who are not. (Richard Elman)

I used to imagine millions... (Reagan Upshaw)

They have excellent taste. / Few teach. (Dick Higgins)

I wish I could. My dog? (Robert E. Kimm)

There is only one reader of my recent work. His life is part of mine. (Annabel Levitt)

My readers? Hello? hello...? (Anselm Hollo)

Informed, cultivated, personable. (James Schuyler)

International, young, hip. (Victor Bockris)

Whoever I can get (Paulette Licitra)

Someone from the Sanctuary (bar), Iowa City, may remember me. (Sheila Toth)

I like to think more people would be interested if I were on tv occasionally or published in the *New York Times* about once a month. (Gary Lenhart)

Good friends, aliens & ghosts (Steve Toth)

Nice (Charles Haseloff)

They're totally like me and yet we're wholly not alike. They're anxious to read my poems and yet could care less. They eschew the notion of truth because living with the Truth is their lot. The truth is, they've got a lot of cash and won't give me a penny! They're also flat busted and imagine me wealthy. (Steve Levine)

Do you think there is such a thing as "regional" poetry?:

No. I mean, yes. (Ron Padgett)

I occasionally write poems that would require explanation outside NYC.

No. (Daisy Aldan)

Nope (Richard Elman)

(Tom Savage)

The Poetry Project

THE NEWSLETTER
OF THE
POETRY PROJECT LTD.
AT ST. MARKS CHURCH
IN-THE-BOWERY
139
DEC./JAN. 1990-91

e don't even t
o we hate the
rs ago, brough
ipped us of o
ipped us of every
e that you were ever part of the human
ou down to the level of an animal,

How can

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ipped us of

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You beat it to a frazzle

With a special frazzle-sp:

underscore the great irony of
ieved deeply in the private
of the married couple

MACBETH

APPROPRIATION

m my thoughts for a while,

e front, saw "Clockwork Orange"

Wallace all thru the picture

Alek on the screen come to

brothers" & without any "measure

e old ultra violence."

will have the honor of—w

nows not how his book will

urnal—what a shocking sub

shall steal the climax and destroy

anti-hero from assassination!

where is she now? What! will these hands

be clean? No more o' that, my lord, n

o' that: you may all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have know

you should not.

Gen. She has spoke what she should

of that: Heaven knows what

known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the bloo

all the perfumes of Arabia will not swee

little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The l

soresly charged.

Gen. I would not have such a heart

for the dignity of the whole bo

Well, well, well.

Gen. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my p

yet I have known those which have wa

their sleep who have died holily in their t

THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER



SITUATIONAL AWARENESS,
oil on canvas, 14"hx22"w
1991, VALERIE PARKS

THE POETRY PROJECT, LTD.
AT ST. MARK'S
CHURCH IN-THE-BOWERY
VOLUME 145 JUNE 1992

INTERVIEW:

Harry Mathews

-Lynn Crawford

BOOK REVIEWS:

A Form/Of Taking/It All,
Rosemary Waldrop
-Juliana Spahr

A Free Man,
Lewis Warsh
-Vincent Katz

Along the Rails,
Elio Schneeman
-Mitch Highfill

Imaginary Income,
Maureen Owen
-Pat Nolan

No (World Version),
Larry Price
-Avery E.D. Burns

*The Poetics of the Minds
Eye: Literature and the
Psychology of Imagination,*
Christopher Collins
-Jim Feast

*Values Chauffeur You and
Democracy Assemblages,*
Andrew Levy
-Daniel Barberio

Welcome to the Barbecue,
Ron Kolm
-David L. Ulin

POETRY/PROSE:

-Ed Friedman
-Joshua Galef
-John d. Greb
-Barbara Henning
-Daniel Krakauer
-Sharon Mesmer
-Stephen Paul Miller
-Juraj Sipos
-Hal Sirowitz
-Edwin Torres

THE POETRY PROJECT

PROJECT PUBLICATIONS

THE WORLD 49

Contributors: Barbara Barg, Jim Brodey, Donna Cartelli, Elizabeth Castagna, Wanda Coleman, Clark Coolidge, Sarah Covington, Larry Fagin, Merry Fortune, Richard Foreman, Ed Friedman, Amy Gerstler, John

Godfrey, Ted Greenwald, Barbara Guest, Robert V. Hale, Richard Hell, Robert Hershon, Jen Hofer, Kathleen Large, Nathaniel Mackey, Gillian McCain, Sheila E. Murphy, Alice Notley, Kathy Price, Laurie Price, Tom Raworth, Jeremy Reed, Tom Savage, David and Daniel Shapiro, Carol Szamatowicz, Diane Ward, Larry Zirlin, Nina Zivancevic. **\$5.00 per issue.**
Subscriptions: \$20.00 for 4 issues.

MILK

Issue 2: The Record That Changed My Life:

Ed Friedman, Lenny Kaye, Jose Padua, Ann Rower, Silvia Sanza, Carl Watson and others. *Edited by Gillian McCain.* **\$3.00 per issue.**

XYLOID

Issue 1: Texts and Artwork by Dana Bryant, Matthew Courtney, Lynn Crawford, Brendan deVallance, Eric Drooker, Paul Fortunato, Cliff Fyman, Philip Good, Darius James, Seth King, Elmer Lang, Ric Ocasek, Donna Ratajczak, Scumwrenches, Lynne Tillman, Stephen Tunney, Jeffrey C. Wright, and others. Issue 2: Performance Texts (in preparation).
Edited by Wanda Phipps **\$3.00 per issue.**

WRITING WORKSHOPS

HOW TO BE INTERESTING

Taught by Elinor Nauen. Tuesdays at 7 pm (April 12th to June 7th). I like liveliness, theories, gossip, personality, misreadings & mistakes, arguments, seeing, reminiscence, digressions, being amazed, being amused. We will talk about how to put these and more into poems. How to get works from journals. How to be interested and interesting. Some poets: Byron, Schuyler, Notley, Celan, Elizabeth Bishop, Ted Berrigan, Edmund Berrigan, Maggie Dubris, Ron Padgett, Maureen Owen, John Clare, Chaucer, William Carlos Williams. **Elinor Nauen** is the author of *CARS and other poems* and the editor of *Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend: Women Writers on Baseball* (Faber & Faber, 1994). She wrote the 16 mm documentary *I'd Rather be Thin than Famous: Writers on Kerouac* and coordinated the Theater Series at the Poetry Project from 1985-1988.

MAKING IT UP AS I GO ALONG

Taught by Darius James. Fridays at 7 pm (April 15th to June 10th). This workshop will be devoted to: 1) the theory of magical spell-casting 2) satire 3) the word as magical weapon. Workshop participants will be instructed on how to use journals and visualizations as a vehicle for prose writing. The workshop will include readings from texts on magick and satire such as *Magick in Theory and Practice* by Aleister Crowley. Guest speakers from the fields of television, film and comics will include *Saturday Night Live* writer Michael O'Donogue and DC Comics editor Lou Stathis. **Darius James** is the author of *Negrophobia* and the forthcoming *That's Blaxploitation!!!: An Irreverent Look at Seventies Black Pop Culture* (both St. Martins Press). He currently writes for *Spin* magazine.

Registration Fees

Registration for Poetry Project workshop costs \$100 a year for Project members. Annual membership in the Poetry Project costs \$50. Register, in person, at the Poetry Project office or by mail.

Revolutionary Poetry

The Poetry Project Symposium
 May 5-8, 1994

Four days of readings, performances, lectures and discussions with Allen Ginsberg, Amiri Baraka, Eileen Myles, Erica Hunt, Anselm Hollo, Lorenzo Thomas, Wang Ping, Suzan-Lori Parks, Richard Foreman, Ed Sanders, Edwin Torres, Paul Beatty, Bernadette Mayer, Jackson Mac Low, David Henderson, Melanie Neilson, Walter Lew, Lewis Warsh, Johanna Drucker, Darius James and many more.

Tentative Schedule

Thursday, May 5th

8 PM 4 Lectures: *Traditions of Revolution.*

Friday, May 6th

10 AM Open discussion groups to be announced.

1 PM Panel discussion: *Revolutionary Poetics: Form and Content.*

3:30 PM Panel discussion: *Good-Bad, Hi-Lo: The Taste of Revolution.*

7:30 PM Discussion group reports.
 8 PM Reading.

Saturday, May 7th

10 AM Open discussion groups to be announced.

1 PM Panel discussion: *Writing for Performance: Performing Text.*

3:30 PM Panel discussion: *Investigative Poetics.*

7:30 PM Discussion group reports.
 8 PM Reading. Readers to be announced.

Sunday, May 8th

2:30 PM Panel discussion: *Revolutionary Poetry: Directions for Further Investigation and Practice.*

THE CALENDAR OF

THE POETRY PROJECT

PROJECT LTD. AT

POETRY PROJECT

ST. MARK'S CHURCH IN-THE-BOWERY

APRIL

4 OPEN READING
Sign-up at 7:30. Monday, 8 p.m.

6 WALTER MOSLEY & HILTON OBENZINGER

Since 1990, Walter Mosley has won acclaim for his mystery novels, including *Devil in a Blue Dress*, *A Red Death*, *White Butterfly*, and the forthcoming *Black Betty*. The *Chicago Tribune* wrote on Mosley, "Not since Chester Himes...has a black writer used the mystery genre to expose the kind of racism that has always lurked behind the benign, smoggy grin of Los Angeles." Hilton Obenzinger is the author of *New York on Fire*, as well as *This Passover or the Next I Will Never Be in Jerusalem*, a Before Columbus American Book Award winner. [This National Literary Tour event was supported by a grant from the Lila Wallace-Reader's Digest Fund] **Wednesday, 8 p.m.**

As part of their participation in the National Literary Tour, Hilton Obenzinger will be giving a workshop & discussion on April 7th, noon-2 pm at Union Settlement Association, 237 E. 104th St. (for more info call 212-360-8818), and Teachers & Writers Collaborative will be hosting an event with Walter Mosley on April 6th (for more info call 212-691-6590).

8 FOAMOLA & ARTIST'S DRY TEE-SHIRT AUCTION

Foamola consists of Sparrow, Lawrence Fishberg, Ellen Carter & Sylvia Mae Gorelick. Pick hit: "Balzac Prozac." Tee-shirts by George Schneeman, Lori Landes, Rosemary Mayer, Jean Philippe Vidon, Lawrence Holzworth, Watoku Veno, Pamela Lawton, & others at auction. To benefit the Poetry Project. Surprise models! **Friday, 10:30 p.m.**

2ND AVE & 10TH ST NYC 212 674-0910

ADMISSION \$6 (CONTRIBUTION) EXCEPT WHERE NOTED. ALL PROGRAMS SUBJECT TO CHANGE.

requirements ("oh, it's a work of art, but that's about pointedly). We finished with **THE STREET** by Aram Saroyan, that was my Spring in Prose. Each book was perfect, in 1. Woolf was very powerful, Delaney brilliant, provocative, was wonderfully moving & resonated with courage, which is a scared novice black-magician who wisely declined offers mes Schuyler was naturally, a knockout, & outrageous. could never say to him, "You lack charm," though he offends despite getting his facts wrong, he pleased me, tho in e me even more than he does now, tho not more than I hate ect revenge (poetic justice) is, when someone you love, fixes a steely pair of eyeballs onto you & says, carefully comply.

ent by Greg "Sheila Graham" Masters I made a partial list

1 TRIBUTE TO DAVID RATTRAY

Readings by Lynne Tillman, Eileen Myles, Gianfranco Mantegna, Gerard Malanga, Susie Timmons, Gerrit Lansing, Maggie Estep, Greg Masters, Duncan Hannah, John Godfrey, Larry Osgood, Brad Morrow, Chris Kraus, and others. **Sunday, 3 p.m.**

2 OPEN READING

Sign-up at 7:30. Monday, 8 p.m.

5-8 THE 1994 POETRY PROJECT SYMPOSIUM: REVOLUTIONARY POETRY

Four days of readings, performances, lectures and discussions with Allen Ginsberg, Amiri Baraka, Eileen Myles, Erica Hunt, Anselm Hollo, Lorenzo Thomas, Wang Ping, Richard Foreman, Ed Sanders, Suzan-Lori Parks, Edwin Torres, Paul Beatty, Bernadette Mayer, Jackson Mac Low, David Henderson, Melanie Neilson, Walter Lew and many more. See tentative schedule of events on page 15

9 THE TRAMONTANE POETRY GROUP

Tramontane is a group of poets and artists based in Mexico, writing in their own languages and translating Mexican poets into English. They include: Consuelo de Arenlund, Jane Athron, Mary Azoy, Martha Black Jordan, Jennifer Clement, Judith Infante, Margaret Kelly, C.M., Mayo, Carmen Padin and Sarah Wiseman. **Mon., 8 p.m.**

11 LITA HORNICK & JEFFREY CYPHERS WRIGHT

Lita Hornick is the author of six books, including *To Elizabeth & Eleanor*, *Great Queens Who Loved Poetry*, collaborations with friends. Jeffrey Cyphers Wright's books include *All in All* and *Employment of the Apes*. **Wednesday, 8 p.m.**

13 ON FILMMAKING: A TALK BY D.A. PENNEBAKER & CHRIS HEGEDUS

Married auteurs D.A. Pennebaker (*Don't Look Back* [on Bob Dylan]) and Chris Hegedus are the makers of Oscar-nominated *The War Room*. **Fri., 10:30 p.m.**

17 SUSAN SHERMAN & DANGEKOUS DIANE SPODAREK

mayer, Jean Philippe Vidon, Lawrence Holzworth, Wotoku Veno, Pamela Lawton, & others at auction, to benefit the Poetry Project. Surprise models! **Friday, 10:30 p.m.**

17 THE ART OF PRACTICE: 45 CONTEMPORARY POETS ANTHOLOGY

Spencer Selby, Gil Ott, Louis Cabri, Margy Sloan, Elaine Equi, Johanna Drucker, Melanie Neilson, Fiona Templeton, Hank Lazer, Martine Bellen, Susan Gevirtz, Abigail Child, John Byrum and the editors, Peter Ganick and Dennis Barone. **Monday, 8 p.m.**

13 POST-MODERN AMERICAN POETRY: A NORTON ANTHOLOGY
Ray Di Palma, David Shapiro, Harry Mathews, Kenneth Koch, David Trinidad, Ron Padgett, John Godfrey, Elaine Equi, Maureen Owen, Jackson Mac Low, Bill Corbett, Bernadette Mayer, Bob Perelman, Eileen Myles, Paul Violi, Hannah Weiner, Bruce Andrews, & Tony Towle, and the editor, Paul Hoover. **Wednesday, 7 p.m.**

15 RAINDATE: FRANK ZAPPA TRIBUTE

Joel Lewis, Elinor Nauen, Janet Bardini, Glen Kenny, Gary Lucas, Sparrow, Richard Gehr, Tom Savage, Sharon Griffiths & more. **Friday, 10:30 p.m.**

18 MICHAEL HELLER & CARL RAKOSKI

Michael Heller has published five books of poetry, most recently *In The Build-Place* (Coffee House). He is the editor of *Carl Rakoski: Man & Poet*, (NPF). Carl Rakoski's *Collected Poems* was published in 1986 by NPF. **Monday, 8 p.m.**

20 JOHN ASHBERY & GERRIT HENRY

John Ashbery's most recent books are *Flow Chart* (Knopf) and *And the Stars Were Shining* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Gerrit Henry is the author of *The Mirrored Clubs of Hell* (Arcade). **Wednesday, 8 p.m.**

22 TRIBUTE TO BUNNY LANG

Poet V.R. Lang, better known as "Bunny," was the moving force behind the Poets' Theatre in Cambridge, MA, and the author of the cult classic plays *Fire Exit* and *I Too Have Lived in Arcadia*. Hosted by Alison Lurie. **Friday, 10:30 p.m.**

24 ST. MARK'S DAY FESTIVAL 1994

A celebration of St. Mark's Church and its resident Arts Projects—Danspace, Ontological, and the Poetry Project. Lewis Warsh will read. **Sun., 10:30 a.m.**

25 OWEN HILL & MICHELE MADIGAN SOMERVILLE

Owen Hill is the author of *Loose Ends* (Dumbscrew Press) and the editor of *Blind Date* magazine. Michele Madigan Somerville will be reading an excerpt from her book-length narrative poem *Wisegal* and other new work **Monday, 8 p.m.**

27 DIANE DI PRIMA & AARON SHURIN

Diane Di Prima is the author of 32 books of poetry and prose, including *Pieces of a Song: Selected Poems* (City Lights) and *Recollections of My Life as a Woman*. Aaron Shurin's books include *Into Distances* and *Narrativity* (Sun & Moon). **Wed., 8 p.m.**

29 JUDY RADUL, KATHY EBEL & GLORIA WILLIAMS

Judy Radul is a writer, performance artist and visual artist from Vancouver. Her books include *Rotating Bodies: Alexis Crystal Blake* (Petarade Press). Kathy Ebel is a first-generation American, Brooklyn-bred writer who works in several genres. Gloria Williams is an artist-educator, sculptor, martial artist & poet. **Fri., 10:30 p.m.**

Hegedus are the makers of Oscar-nominated *The War Room*. **Fri., 10:30 p.m.**

16 SUSAN SHERMAN & DANGEROUS DIANE SPODAREK

Susan Sherman is a poet, playwright, translator & editor of IKON magazine. Her latest book is *The Color of the Heart: Writing from Struggle & Change 1959-1990* (Curbstone). Diane Spodarek publishes a regular column in *Downtown*. **Mon., 8 p.m.**

18 WANDA COLEMAN & ANTLER

Wanda Coleman's books of poetry include *Hand Dance*, *African Sleeping Sickness* and *Heavy Daughter Blues* (Black Sparrow). She has published over 500 poems in *Callaloo*, *Partisan Review* and *New American Writing* et al. Antler, from Milwaukee, WI, is the author of *Factory and Last Words*. This *National Literary Tour* event was supported by a grant from the Lila Wallace-Reader's Digest Fund. **Wed., 8 p.m.**
As part of their participation in the *National Literary Tour*, Wanda Coleman will hold an informal writing workshop on May 17th from 7-8:30 at Sarah Powell Huntington House, Ave. B & 10th St. (for more info call 212-674-1163), and on May 18th Antler will be speaking at area schools, through Innovative Community Enterprises (for more info call 212-529-8200).

20 WOMEN AND THE BEATS

Readings by Hettie Jones, Joyce Johnson, Caroline Cassady, Jan Kerouac & Anne Waldman [In cooperation with NYU's "Beat Week"] \$10, \$5 mem. **Fri., 10:30 p.m.**

23 LIZ CASTAGNA, DONNA CARTELLI & PHYLLIS WAT

Donna Cartelli's work has been published in *Living with a White Girl* and *Trembling Letters*. Liz Castagna often combines poetry and painting in live performance. Phyllis Wat is the author of *Shadow Blue* (Hot Water Review). **Monday, 8 p.m.**

25 KENNETH KOCH & RON PADGETT

Kenneth Koch's most recent book is *Hotel Lambosa* (Coffee House), a collection of short stories. He is the author of several books of poems and plays. Ron Padgett is the author of *The Big Something* (The Figures). His translations include *Complete Poems of Blaise Cendrars* (U. of Cal.). This *National Literary Tour* event was supported by a grant from the Lila Wallace-Reader's Digest Fund. **Wed., 8 p.m.**
As part of their participation in the *National Literary Tour*, Teachers & Writers Collaborative will host an event with Ron Padgett in May (for more info call 212-691-6590), and a reading of Kenneth Koch's plays, followed by a discussion with the poet/playwright, will be presented on May 26th from 4-6 by the Ontological at St. Mark's Theater, Parish hall, St. Mark's Church, d Ave. & 10th Street (for more info call 212-533-4650).

27 A READING OF THE WORKS OF JOSEPH CERAVOLO

To celebrate the publication of *The Green Lake is Awake: Selected Poems of Joseph Ceravolo* (Coffee House), Kenneth Koch, Larry Fagin, Paul Violi, Charles North, David Shapiro, Ron Padgett and others will read. **Friday, 8 p.m.**

30 TELLUS: THE AUDIO MAGAZINE OF EXPERIMENTAL AND INNOVATIVE SOUND

Curated by Bill Gerstel. Since 1983 *Tellus* has juxtaposed historical works with contemporary works, unknown artists with well-known artists, and high art with popular art, all in an effort to enhance the crossover communication between the different mediums of art—visual, music, performance and spoken word. **Monday, 8 p.m.**

MAY

REVIEWS

BARBARA GUEST

Defensive Rapture

Sun & Moon, \$12.95 paper, xx pp.

Like ladders, netting, tulle, kin—her poems are loosely constructed, porous: they breathe.

*sound opens sound
shank of globe strings floating out*

something like images are here

opening up avenues to view a dome.

(from "Dissonance Royal Traveller")

Painterly, yes, but not in the sense of color and texture or surface only. More importantly in the sense of movement, in the ability of the poem to move the eye, letting it dart from image branch to image branch.

Many poets, from Duncan to a number of contemporary French writers, compose by scattering, strewing their words over the field of the page with varying results. Some dilute meaning. Some emphasize it by isolating phrases in pools of silence. Some use the space to give a feeling of wide open expansiveness and endless possibility. In spite of their appearance, however, I would never describe a Barbara Guest poem as simply "airy." For just as I am being carried away by their lyricism, I am startled, (stopped) shocked into an encounter with myself.

Memory plunge. tossed. refined.

post-attic rhythms juggled.

(from "Chalk")

Sudden jolts of recognition. One of the great pleasures of her work is the way it combines these smaller units of highly condensed language in larger more open forms. Veering back and forth between the impulse for closure/enclosing the self and that of doing

away with all boundaries and borders. "Ecclesiastic in wing power" she is in this regard extreme—a poet of extremes. Whitman and Dickinson in the same line.

One sees evidence again of her ability for sweeping movement and permutations when trying to classify her. By way of explanation the biographical note states that although once connected with a group known as the New York Poets, her "dependence on language" now places her "closer to the Language Poets" where she is "more at ease." The note struck me as humorous in its solicitous concern that she find a home, but what I was actually thinking while reading *Defensive Rapture* was how much like NY School poems (I mean the experimental impulse of early NY School poems) they were. And how sometimes while reading them you have the feeling that you are walking in a painting or that the poem is somehow an enactment of a painting (vision) so much are they about looking/perception. Art and Life mingling with ease or stuck in the same gondola.

to walk somewhere

an image falls

out of the figurative sky

offers what bell it is.

(from "The Altos")

What's curious is how very mundane the New York School (if one could say it still exists) has become, so that now it is associated with laundry lists of the most banal details. And yet in Barbara Guest's writing I find myself recalling what it was that originally made me like New York School poetry so much—the same elegance, the same intelligence. Which is not to say that Barbara Guest's work hasn't changed, but only perhaps that NY School writing has moved away from her more than she has moved away from what it once was.

Nothing, in fact, could seem further away from Barbara Guest than what we call "the everyday". Steeped in the exotic, her poems abound with references to knights, royalty, myth and jewels like

these:

fifteen diamonds in a row

and one red

"ruby"

brought down the gravel—in lumps,

out of the fire orphanage—

with a carpet bag.

(from "Beautiful/Evil")

Childhood shadows, primal desires and fears—one doesn't expect them in this rarefied atmosphere of literary allusions. And because I don't expect them, they strike me with all the more force. I am surprised always by the intensity of Barbara Guest's work.

Like Gothic novels without the dross of plot, her poems may at times seem to be purely atmospheric. And like Gothic novels, myths, fables, and fairy tales, they have the ability not only to amaze us, but also to engage our emotions at a powerfully deep level.

In this regard *Defensive Rapture* develops one of the themes of her previous book (*Fair Realism*)—namely the impact of art on our lives. To some people art is a luxury. To Barbara Guest it is a necessity offering protection, solace, enrichment. Or even more than a necessity, it is a way of life. Bestowing its own order of aristocracy. Transforming, uplifting—art as antidote.

flat ink transcribes:

"the patterned brilliance

through open doors"

on foraged studio cloud

the painted raven

feeds the hermit bread.

(from "Dove")

Aesthetic rapture as an elevated state that takes us neither out of nor away from reality. rather it is Guest using rapture as a strategy for confronting the real, with all its inconsistencies and

paradoxes. Not the swooning, feminine stereotypical rapture, but one tempered with a quasi-military watchfulness and precision. A covert operation.

For all practical purposes "rapture" is a word that is almost not in my vocabulary. But when thinking about Barbara Guest's poems it seems completely appropriate, without even sounding excessive. No one could get away with it but her.

—Elaine Equi

JOHN ASHBERY

And the Stars Were Shining

Farrar Straus Giroux, 96 pp, \$22 cloth.

One could easily skim over earlier Ashbery books like *Some Trees* or *Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror*, laugh lightly at their radiant glibness, and move on. One uncovers, though, upon peeling away the layers (of verbiage, of meaning, of reference), a persona stuck in a muddy ditch who laughs at his or her inability to move in any direction and points with amusement at the various clichés and stock phrases that have come to describe the moment when one realizes that one is alive but nevertheless trapped. Poet and professor Ashbery must move all over the place, jumping between historical, philosophical, and artistic allusions as between ice floes to give sound to his poetic voice—which emanates from a comfortably skewed vantage point. His recent *Hotel Lautréamont* and his latest *And the Stars Were Shining* show an attempt to describe the world in more and more of a lyrical style which pushes him away from Beckett and towards Rilke.

Ashbery can still evoke surprised laughter. "Title Search" is a list of possible poem titles connected by unfathomably eternal logic: "Hocus Focus. Unnatural Dreams. The Book of Five-Dollar Poems." / Oaks and Craters. Robert, a Rhapsody. Cecilia Valdés." In "Pleasure Boats," he writes, "Wallowing in penguins, / she was wallowing in penguins." Elsewhere, he tells us, "I feel like

a beer, / buxom brew." He proves that one can do more with a non-sequitur than verbally goose the reader. The presence of this bottomless data bank of words and phrases should remind the user that individuals gather these words and phrases like lint and eventually use them in both speech and thought. Expression must then become less of a hawking of intellectual phlegm than a release of essence.

As a stylist, Ashbery will always resemble a head librarian ashamed of the ability to alphabetize. He sometimes employs the flawless diction expected of a Greek statue in a dream: "Say, though, / that we are not exceptional, / that, like the curve of a breast above a bodice, / our parabolas seek and find the light, returning / from not far away." At

• • •

The Roundup

There is a dead dog at the gates of heaven. Lately people coming up here have been wondering about it.

If the spirit of this dead dog could talk, it would tell those watching him not to worry.

This is his job; he does not know how he got it but if they would look around him they could see him as all the seconds in all the years of his life.

Divided, running in circles his dead dog spirit watches his selves chasing each other rushing through and around the gates.

—Ishmael Klein

other times, his writing seems almost self-parodic, as though he were making fun of his own intelligence and vigorous attention to detail. In "Like a Sentence," he writes, "Those who wandered through him were aware / only of a certain stillness, such as precedes an earache..." Of course, his syntax also slouches towards Bullwinkle, as in "A Held Thing"—"Then he sort of lobbed it / over the fence if you know what I mean"—or "Free Nail Polish," which

starts with "Cool Enough."

The shadows of Surrealism flicker in these poems, as well, clearly hangovers from puberty: a hen juxtaposed with the man in the moon, orangutans playing within "a veil of musicks," an asterisk beside a kiss. These arrangements of images empower the reader, making him or her feel that only he or she understands the association; they also change the meaning of both components irrevocably upon one's first reading. Ashbery makes his poems most accessible and enjoyable when he transfers psychological attitudes upon city scenes or landscapes; Ashbery asks readers of "The Friendly City" to examine more closely "Showers that come in shifts, / light poles guarded in air, / the dry cackle of trees in the Botanical Gardens." The pathetic fallacy does not always have to be a fallacy. In some cases, he impresses us by simply uttering eloquent Dickinsonian truths that deserve immortalization—perhaps on a bridge in a town of the mystical Northwest? Such comments as "We never live long enough in our lives to know what today is like" or "Death / makes no excuses and, by the same token, exacts none" ring sincerely, if "sincerely" and "falsely" are permissible adverbs in Ashbery's world. The reader of *And the Stars Were Shining* will be thrilled and impressed—thrilled by Ashbery's rampant disorder, impressed by the sense of order which has given birth to that truculence.

—Max Winter

LISA JARNOT

The Fall of Orpheus

shuffaloff books, 16 pp., \$4.

This is the first review of a first book by an amazing young poet, Lisa Jarnot. *The Fall of Orpheus* opens with an eleven word, two line epigram or couplet which is tough and concise, a lifetime in fifteen syllables. I hate when critics give away the plot so I won't.

Then almost sonnetly she begins with:

Dear,
but uses no name. The collection continues to play with identity construction, alluding to Jack Spicer's device of letters to Lorca, but leaving the reader feeling both addressed and guessing. The diction riffs between biblical and Dylanesque registers of language, using an exacting, yet spun-out syntax that is simultaneously formal and colloquial. She can use *ain't* and that isn't easy to do. *I don't know the work but I do it anyway* alludes to the fact that what happens in poetic work is usually not known until much later. The poet must trust it to happen, must "go on their nerve." Also, poets and other people often must improvise in their work to survive, (hence an anxiety dream I had where I had to teach a course in ice hockey.)

My name is Seth. Flatbush or Flatbed: editing filmic, this is my reading. *My father was a carpenter of the highest degree.* More work metaphors, both "poetic" and of poesis—(to make), as in to build a building, to work with one's hands, to labor. *No one can tell me nothing* is pretty much the exact opposite of "I don't even know plus." The tribe or band of musicians, thieves. Personae, what, characters, appear briefly, then we readers trip again in the best sense in the language. A concise answer. *Of this band, I said.*

In *Dear Dad*,
Dad is underlined as in a fill-in-the-blank Mad-Lib's "give me any noun." A nice little reversal: *tightupness*. "Just how much is a lot," parents always seem to ask us. *Unstopping* as a musical term. Just blowing. Give me one good reason why we were put on this earth. *I know you sent me here for a reason, but I just pace.* Poetry is knowing how to get oneself out of any number of bad situations.

Dear Jack,
means following or being devoted to journeys to the underworld: Sappho's or Cocteau's. Her entire thesis in the first line: Nothing in the universe is intrinsically good. Tuning into the Martians on the radio. It's a rough trade to be in.

liner notes
not linear, but musical. *Very* as adjective or particularity—not word of degree, not just adverb: *the very waves of the persian rug.* The blue hour, crepuscular, finally extended here. The lush amaz- ingness of continuing on with the line, line after line. Reading a new way every time. And *night* as at least both adjective

and noun.

Here's where you quote me:

One of those books you need sun- glasses to read.

She discovers herself.

She is uncovering a glowing car cuz she knows how.

Note:

The book's "Ts" are not supposed to be that italicized. This is all I was told.

—Lee Ann Brown

ELÉNI SIKÉLIANÒS
to speak while dreaming

Selva Editions, 1993, 79pp, \$8 paper.

Eléni Sikélianòs' first book of poems, *to speak while dreaming*, is a delight—filled with beautiful, elegant poems. Reading this book, I enter into a world I've seen before, one I invented and know, but through the specific eyes of another—sprung from *her own* invention and dreaming. Eléni loves with an ethereal but exuberant wit and passion. I see the attempts to define longing. Love and the world impart their effects on the body—a metaphysical revelation of sorts!

o diaphanous vertebrate!

The phenomenal world is fully inhabit- ed in:

...yet he would be to her as ghee
is to butter, as seed
is to shell, soft
oyster gel in her
gut- bloom
applewood or plum,
bloom, sleek
strata of cell
mouth,
bloom, spout
red & ringed in
her & of
whom?
him.

The art of loving, of being inhabited and inhabiting another makes its way into her declaration,

Loving like salt
we will go
to hunt a code...

These poems are written by one who is an authentic sensualist, whose poems

are fleshy and vibrant, as well as exquis- itely fragile. The sonnets are remarkable in their gorgeous melding of these qual- ities:

*the place between yr legs which is the place
arched & described
between 2 stars
wounds of a fashion, it was sd,
as an orchid, & opens
sweetly & confident in sword/
Swarm yer battalions, little brother,
with honey & ants, inch yer way
toward luminous night where we
disarm the eye & bone pipes whistle
with birds singing thru them, our dark
coral in blood swinging from tide to tide,
never arrived, always just begun.
Begin. Again.*

Eléni's bones do sing, as do her words with ancient awe and beauty—she is Sappho's sister & contemporary troubairitz (female troubador). She seeks muses everywhere and finds them.

—Tania Elizov

JOHN HOLLANDER, ED.

American Poetry: The Nineteenth Century

Library of America, \$70 boxed.

The civic boosters of my homebase Hoboken will gladly bring tears of boredom to your eyes as they recite the colorful history of "The Mile Square City." To wit: the first brewery in Amer- ica, the birthplace of singers Frank Sina- tra and Pia Zadora, the hometown of photographers Alfred Stieglitz and Dorothea Lange. And, hey! did you know that Stephen Foster penned "Beautiful Dreamer" in a Bloomfield Street room- ing house and that Willem DeKooning spent his first months in America in a Dutch Seaman's House in the long- demolished Barbary Coast section?

Less-often mentioned is that Hobo- ken, for that proverbial cup of coffee, was a hotbed of 19th Century poetry. The reason for this was William Cullen Bryant, who commuted from Hoboken to his newspaper job across the Hudson. Back in the days before the creation of Central Park, Hoboken was a pleasure ground for sweltering Manhattanites. Many took the ferry over to "Hobuck" and walked River Drive (which still exists as Frank Sinatra Drive) to the Elysian Fields, where one could saunter,

imbibe or indulge in a cricket match (later it would witness the birth of the first book-rule baseball game). Bryant even helped publish a local literary magazine named *The Talisman*—which inspired the present-day version as edited by the peripatetic Hoboken poet-scholar Edward Halsey Foster. Bryant's Knickerbocker poet-cronies—such as Fitz-Greene Halleck, Joseph Rodman Drake and Robert Sand—often made it across the river to spend afternoons as men of letters in some form of repose.

For those schooled in the early part of this century, poets such as Bryant and Halleck were part of a standard public school education. So much so, that they were known as “the school-book poets.” Nowadays, the only 19th Century American poets with a significant contemporary readership are the outsiders of that era—Walt Whitman and Emily Dickinson. The vast majority of 19th Century poetry is only of interest to the academic specialist.

American Poetry: The Nineteenth Century, edited by John Hollander, is something of a revisionist endeavor—to rediscover forgotten figures such as

Jones Very and to reevaluate old warhorses like Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Hollander, a mainstream scholar/poet,

appears to have put together an anthology that reflects the tastes of that century rather than a volume that applies the contemporary sense of the poetic to that period. For Hollander, poetry is verse, and that stance eliminates works such as Thoreau's *Journals* and Melville's great nut-work *Pierre*—both of which seem very close to the prose poem form to a contemporary reader.

In looking through this anthology as poet, rather than the specialist I'm not, I'm struck at sheer wrinkle-browed seriousness of the enterprise of versemaking in that century. It took a great deal of effort to get through an excerpt from Josiah Gilbert Holland's (1819-1881) *The Marble Prophecy*—a poem as grim as its title. The biographical notes tell us that Mr. Holland was part of the small circle to whom Emily Dickinson showed her work—I wonder what he made of her? Holland was also the author of the very popular moral tome *Timothy Tit-*



comb's Letters to Young People, Single and Married.

Some surprises—Sidney Lanier's luminous

Hymns of the Marshes: “O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the vine,/ While riotous noon-day sun of the June-day long did shine,” and an effort by a certain Abraham Lincoln called “My Childhood Home I See Again”: “Poor Matthew! Once of genius bright,—/ A fortune-favored child—Now locked for aye, in mental night,/ A haggard madman wild.” Hollander also includes a generous selection of what is actually some of the most durable 19th Century poetry—popular verse. Included are “Casey at the Bat,” “The Purple Cow” and “America the Beautiful”—which contains that all-time great line: “Above the fruited plain.”

A truly useful section of this volume is a generous selection of American Indian poetry in translation—with some of these versions available in print for the first time since publication. Of equal usefulness is a selection of folk songs and spirituals. The richness of these

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works reflects the reality of a pre-mass-media culture—that people of that era actually recited verse for pleasure and thought little to sing songs in public, communal settings.

I would have appreciated an introduction for this massive anthology—what was the method of selection and who was left out of this book? At the very least, this book would have benefited from a historical essay that would contextualize these poets. What was the audience for poetry in the 19th Century? Did they have open readings in the 1870s? What were the literary journals of the era? Who was the Sparrow of the 1870s—if such a thing is imaginable. Without these annexes, this collection at times reads like an ahistorical parade of men and women with odd middle names. Nonetheless, it is an important contribution to our understanding of American poetry. Poets should invest a little time with these volumes (though the high price tag will limit their circulation in the community) and discover that there was a rich and varied poetic landscape beyond the two great monuments of that century—Whitman and Dickinson.

—Joel Lewis



WYNDHAM LEWIS

Time and Western Man

Black Sparrow Press, 650 pp, \$24.95

If Wyndham Lewis could not say something damning about someone, he apparently said nothing at all. One of the most interesting British painters of this century, he produced 40 books ranging from fiction and poetry to philosophy and criticism. He called himself “the Enemy”: the enemy of his time, the enemy of its intellectual and political drauds, the enemy of its artistic fashions, the enemy of his former patrons and associates (whom he excoriates in *The Apes of God*), and even the enemy of his friends (Pound, Joyce, and others). He was, as Pound said, “not a commentator, but a protagonist.”

In *Time and Western Man* he attacks (for he is always on the attack) the literature and philosophy and even popular culture of his time. Lewis imposes a responsibility on the man-in-the-street, the “Plain Man,” as he called him, to be able to think about ideas in a critical way. Certain philosophical notions

broadly and uncritically accepted had, in part, led to the “wastage as never before” of World War I. Lewis, while working with Pound on the “vorticist” magazine, *Blast*, was serving in the British artillery. It was Lewis’ hope that widespread development of the ability to think critically might prevent the recurrence of such mindless carnage in Europe. He had seen the inhuman deity “Time” or “the flux” on the front, and he declared himself its enemy. Against its mindlessness he would oppose mind, against its inhumanity he would oppose personality, against the flux, contemplation and human order.

He saw himself as a part of one. Even something as supposedly “revolutionary” and marginal as the literary avant-garde of his time was, he believed, slavishly accepting of the philosophical and scientific notions of the day. The Plain Man might tell you, having heard something about Einstein, that everything is relative. If you pressed him long enough, he might escape his native dialect to say that life is “a containing frame for a generation or sequence of ephemerids roughly organized into what (he calls his) ‘personality.’” The pointy-head gets the same message from his generation’s best novelists, say Proust or Joyce, as our Plain Man gets from advertising and the mass media: characters are shown saturated with Time and sensation. We get, for the first time, character revealed through stream-of-consciousness (the prattle of the mind or “the mob of the senses” as Plato called this condition) and Time itself as the theme of the novel. Lewis cites Gertrude Stein as an extreme example of this mental prattle, where the highbrow can, for the moment, indulge himself in faux-naivete, escaping the tyranny of reason and judgment (those Enemies of time’s meaningless flux) for the pure and guiltless experience of feeble-mindedness.

Although Lewis does not attack the Relativity Theory of Einstein, he claims a plastic artist’s suspicion of Time and love of Space. He accused plastic artists since the Impressionists and Rodin of trying to put a nervous tic into media that used to produce objects for contemplation. He preferred the line to the impressionist’s blurrings (injections of time and motion into spatial art), characters drawn solely from the outside to characters “drawn from the inside,” and form to the flux.

Lewis is a polemicist, and in his criticisms of his famous associates he is not always fair. Joyce’s Leopold Bloom may be shown to exist “in the Einsteinian flux” to a greater extent than the characters that peopled most novels before *Ulysees*, but Bloom certainly has a “personality” and is not an automaton. That Joyce actually liked his flux-ridden middlebrow ad-man seems more to his credit than not. After all, the elder Flaubert seemed, actually, to like his two perfect fools, Bouvard and Pecuchet. Joyce the morbid young aesthete had simply grown up. However partisan Lewis’ criticism may seem, it is still worth reading for its originality, its brilliant aggressive style, and for its broad examination of the forces that redeived ideas (“revolutionary” or otherwise) exert on art and vice versa. He writes about art as if it could have consequences.

The structure of the book is designed to ease the breathlessly busy Plain Man (or Woman) out of his trance of action into a philosophical examination of the ruling ideas of the time. The first book, “The Revolutionary Simpleton,” is thus the “easier” of the two books that make up *Time and Western Man*. It analyses the state of the arts in the West circa 1930 by discussing Stein, Pound, Joyce, Proust, jazz, and the Russian Ballet. It is useful reading for anyone interested in the modernists and in the philosophical underpinnings of their styles. Lewis also analyses the “high-bohemia” or gilded bohemia surrounding the art world (which he savages at greater length in *The Apes of God*), Romanticism, sex and popular notions concerning it, the “Child-Cult” and the cult of the unconscious, and Charlie Chaplin. Book II, “An Analysis of the Philosophy of Time,” deals directly with the philosophers who, according to Lewis, have had an unwholesome and conforming influence on all these artists and notions. Among these philosophers are Whitehead, Russell, James, the historian Spengler, and most importantly, the cheery champion of the flux, Bergson. Lewis was right in his initial warning that the Plain Man would find parts of Book II rather hard going. Still, its vitriol propels the reader on through even the densest passages. The reader, not quite sure what to make of some of the Time-philosophy analyses, may feel something like what Yeats felt towards this book: “I do not always hate what he hates, and yet I am glad

that he hates."

It is not possible to give a complete overview of all that this book discusses in the space of a small review. Hugh Kenner called *Time and Western Man* "one of the key books for the student of modern thought." It may be said to do for modernism what Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* did for Romanticism: this is, critique its philosophical and aesthetic elements from the point of view of one of the movement's chief artists. Like Coleridge's *Biographia*, this is a rambling book, full of genius and unexpected insights. And at the end one has the same feeling that it could have been tied together better, or that somehow that vast amount of commentary could have been made more manageable, as if one were remembering along and brilliant conversation, but its meanings start floating away in all directions. You grasp some of them, and are glad for their originality, but your brilliant conversationalist, Wyndham Lewis, is already at work on another book and you must make of these ideas what you will.

—Steve Moran

gence of women as they too began to utilize the legacy of Ruben Dario for their own exigencies.

To provide a context, any poetry at that time might link the "Conquest" initiated by Columbus to the brutal massacres utilized by the Contras in Nicaragua and the militaries of Guatemala and El Salvador. On the other hand, the poetas who shunned the term poetessas began to "remember." For example, it was not enough to write about indigenous women as heroes (hero is feminine in Greek), starting with Anacoana, who had sung *areytas*, i.e. lyric poetry, in the presence of Columbus' brother in 1494. (In 1503, Anacoana was hung for leading guerilla attacks against the Spanish, who were genocidally colonizing Hayti-Quisqueya, i.e. Hispaniola.) Breaking from exalting tendencies of Romanticism, even more rampant during times of war, Claribel Alegria and Daisy Zamora designated themselves, their family members and close associates in invocations solicitous of the commonplace in the present. In other words,



aware of time in its quantum wholeness, the momentous weight of each day demanded their focus as women. That kind of primacy, like a

page bare of any mark, manifests the challenge these two poets responded to.

Claribel Alegria, born in Estali, Nicaragua, moved with her family to El Salvador when she was eight because her father's life was threatened by Somoza's Guard. In 1932, newly settled to avoid political repression, she witnessed the massacre of 30,000 Salvadoran peasants who went on strike against plantation owners. She is a graduate of George Washington University where she met her husband Darwin Flakoll, the proficient translator of *Fugues*. She has collaborated with him on the forty-plus books she's authored, many dedicated to the restoration of human/civil rights in El Salvador. Her *Sobrevivo* won the Cuban Casa de las Americas Prize for poetry. Among her fifteen collections of poetry the following are available in English: *Flowers from the Volcano* (1985) tr. by Carolyn Forché, *Luisa in*

CLARIBEL ALEGRIA

Fugues

Tr. Darwin J. Flakoll. Curbstone Press, 143 pp., \$10.95.

DAISY ZAMORA

Clean Slate: New and Selected Poems

Trs. Margaret Randall, Elinor Randall. Curbstone Press, 193 pp., \$12.95.

Poetry in Central America has flourished under the influence of Ruben Dario (1867-1916), the Nicaraguan poet who started the Modernist movement in Spain and the Americas south of the Rio Grande. Specifically, he interspersed his prose with prose poems, introduced the vernacular into poetry, and opened the form. Dario wrote poems of anamnesis: the process of remembering, not to undo an injustice of the past, but to reconcile it.

During my encounters with Central American writers from 1968 through 1983, I found that the national writers who were prominent from country to country acknowledged the esteemed lineage of Ruben Dario. At the Central American Writers Conferences in 1984, 1986 and 1988, I witnessed the emer-

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—Robert Creeley

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Reality Land (1987), *Ashes of Izalco* (1989), and *Family Album*.

Reading poems in *Fugues* compounds the realization that Alegria's younger vitality, in demeanor and previous poetry, still prevails deliberately lucid in the face of impending mortality. "Accounting," page-length at 26 lines, lists "a few electrical instants"—familial, intimate, political and internationally significant—from an exemplary life of 68 years. Alegria's longer poems alternate with brief observations or questions of this nature: "What will die with me?/ Will your gaze/die in my pupils?" ("Perplexity").

Not to evoke cheap sentimentality, the final four poems take stock of what remains worthy. Closure will prevail and with ample satisfaction "self-compassion" should mediate the measuring. It's as if Alegria sums up the realization that the lifelong effort to dignify oneself or ordinary people offers true serenity in a society where serenity comes at a high price, the result of a disciplined dedication. Undoubtedly Alegria learned the latter for survival's sake, first from a father whose proud inheritance came from the peasantry, and also from a

mother whose wealth did not forego "living off" ethics. Perhaps Claribel Alegria's only heresy was to live up to her name—Alegria—even when war forbade it. The poems of *Fugues* generously point to a destination enlarged by this poet's essence: courage.

Daisy Zamora served as a combatant on behalf of the Sandinista Liberation Front fighting the Somoza dictatorship in Nicaragua. In July 1979 she appeared in the jubilant streets of Managua, a hero among victorious heroes. Because a fascinating biography, written by the translators, introduces this volume, it may be sufficient to say that Zamora was appointed by Ernesto Cardenal to fill the post second in command at the Ministry of Culture. Even during this demanding time, Zamora continued to write poetry.

The influence of Ruben Dario with his most eminent progeny, Jose Coronel Urtecho and Ernesto Cardenal (also students of Mayakovsky and Pound), appears with vibrancy in "Radio Sandino." This poem of urgent announcements juxtaposed to narrative or medi-

tations finally erupts into plainspoken lines of homesickness. As a clandestine broadcaster, Zamora experienced the feelings (and dangers) of exile hiding and on the move within her country.

The new poems transmit a candor informed by a mind cognizant of the origins of aesthetics and ethos. In "Message to Poets," she admonishes those who "proclaim themselves immortal"—disguise artists "who get fat telling lies." Zamora spares no mercy when she's on target as in the case of the "international businessmen" with their "tender halitosis," or in "Requisites for a Beauty Queen," as a narrator instructs, "You must project your pubis."

Zamora jars loose insights on complicity in "Lassie (Her Autobiography)": "And joyfully wagging my tail/ I raced around, I barked, I jumped in delight/ when my master came home." Now an influence in her own right, Daisy Zamora stands among those endowing a new generation of women eager to explore the free forms of their writing as well as of their lives.

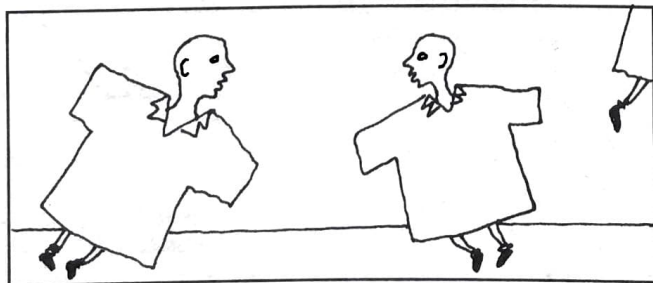
—Zoe Anglesey

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ELIZABETH MACKIERMAN

Ancestors Maybe

Burning Deck, 1993, 159 pp., \$8 paper.

Ancestors Maybe is a fantasy or ghost story or murder mystery starring three sisters named Marie, dwarves, professors, and the phantoms of Irish folklore and history. It is set in modern day Connecticut and spans a season of holidays: Halloween, thanksgiving, Christmas and the New Year. Our characters celebrate these unconventionally as pagans. This tale's biggest problem may be its hesitation at the fork in the road. It cannot decide what it is—consequently, its narrative does little more than list details. Will it be experimental as its form connotes? Will it be a zany comedy as its author seems to sometimes believe—laughing a little to loudly to herself? As a reader, I do not know. As an "assassin" or critic, I am compelled to demand an answer from Ms. MacKiernan.

I have here a story. When it begins I see that there are two narrators. One tells the story without asides, judgment, etc. The other carries on through the first fifty pages mischievously, offering disclaimers, sometimes affecting the

voice of an alter ego:

BE CAREFUL, MARIE CELESTE, A DIALECT WITHOUT VERBS LEAVES YOUR MIND STANDING STILL AND STARING...THERE IS NOT NOW NOR COULD THERE EVER BE A PLACE CALLED ORMSKIRK IN THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT. (DON'T FORGET TO BREATHE, MARIE ANGELIQUE)... MARIE CELESTE, DON'T BE DISTRESSED. A SINGLE BAD DREAM DOES NOT MAKE A WORLD.

Somewhere along the line, however, the rift in narration tends to merge until finally there is little difference between the two and the purpose of the first and more interesting one is lost. The general prose is traditional though its content is more or less absurd:

The days grow rapidly shorter. Marie Madeleine does not have much time to study the science of Heraldry. She rides the bus to Hartford every day. She walks past the municipal building and the two stone lions look back at her. "Soyez sages, pussycats," she whispers.

One has the sense at the start of this ribaldry that it isn't an end in itself. By the end of the first half of the story—when the wheels are set in motion and our characters are as defined as they are going to be, we realize that the narrative game is unaware of itself and the possibility for abstraction of time goes untapped. MacKiernan doesn't take advantage of these lovely contemporary vices. Most modern Western novels accept as a matter of course the problem of narration. It may be going along way to say that a concern for the "democratic" in storytelling has eclipsed the omniscient narrator. We no longer trust a

device that belives itself to be objective. More and more we distrust continental exclusion which is why Ms. MacKiernan's love of languages and exploration of national American holidays—even, briefly, of our hero Kennedy—do at first gleam like jewels at the bottom of a murky sea. Marie Celeste, a collage-maker, finds a hobby studying a collage of languages. She studies Swedish, Portuguese, Scandinavian and any manner of old English, Irish or Celtic. More hopeful is the scene where Marie Madeleine sends postcards to friends from all over the world—Peking, Greenland—when she is only in Paris. If the characters are indeed clamoring towards a utopian notion of religion or language, it is truly disappointing that this novel ends on a note of commercial platitude and homogeny.

A subplot emerges once Marie Madeleine loses her job as an information systems designer for one of the giant insurance companies of Hartford. She creates a ruse in the security program just before she is fired adding King Dagobert II's date of death to a death benefit screen. King Dagobert is a kind of mythical hero throughout the novel—akin to our Kennedy (well, somebody's Kennedy), who disappeared after going hunting in 679 A.D. Marie Madeleine enters Hugo, the dwarf, neighbor and amateur future-seer as Dagobert's sole beneficiary in an act of vengeance. The system processes an inheritance of eleven million dollars written out to Hugo the dwarf on the day of Dagobert's death two days before present Christmas, and unwittingly, the dastardly sisters go and cash the check for Hugo. Deus ex machina. Saved by



the random plot, revenge on the evil insurance company. A happy ending for all but not for me.

Both of the free-spirit Maries depend on their scientific sister to win the bread—after all, she is good at earning it and likes to. They'd rather study languages and make three-dimensional collages, keep company with the improbably Dr. Sandwich who is always on rollerskates and make cookies merrily with their New-Age mother the Princess Yzumruda accompanied by her cryptic parot Quetzalcoatl. don't forget Hugo the dwarf, amateur future-seer and friend Professor Davenport who is writing a book on St. Brendan. what the entire cast would like to do is find their maybe ancestors in Europe, probably Ireland, and worship the elements in the shadow of Stonehenge. In fact, this is precisely what they do when they con the computer system, insurance company and bank teller into making them eleven million dollars rich. The poor Marie Angelique still believes Paris is the "Land of Promise of the Artists," an outdated fantasy in itself but more the fault of the author than Marie, and everyone dreams of the ancestral land.

What I wish is that the childlike excitement about stopping at Western Europe, tracing the Trans-Siberian railroad route, peeling posters off walls in Paris metros, studying Icelandic and bird-watching in European trees—I wish it was a deliberate travesty. And I wish it had taken a stand and made a decision at that fork in the road. It is always a failure in cinema when a film attempts both art and commerce. An artistic film can topple egos, empires, ideologies—can change the course of

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history—so too can an artistic work of fiction. An endeavor designed to entertain or provide comic relief alone can never risk what the artistic does—it will never change the world, its ambitions are distinctly other. I don't really think Ms. MacKiernan thought her book could be a bestseller if she tacked on a computer scandal but as an artist, shouldn't she have put to herself the question, "Where do I stand, I who say this?"

The most interesting fact of Ms. MacKiernan's story is that its absurdly rendered world does not have a serious point. Self-doubting narrative assertions alone do not an ambivalent form make, a form in which changeability is built into it. So why use it? Why bother yourself or us?

The narrative prattlings were waiting for the computer caper. That is a Christmas carol, indeed—it brings the ambivalence safely, opaquely home.

—Jeanette Montalvo

REVIEWS

worthwhile, but how was each process diverted, or facilitated, by my initial transgression of readerly protocol?

A preliminary notice of method might appear marginal to a review, especially to a short one—but *Djbot Baghostus's Run* privileges the marginal, unstuck positions any reader, in a community accepting of difference, can assume (e.g., "I should add that I haven't forgotten that reactions vary. So be it. I wouldn't, even if I could, have it any other way."). In particular, it is relevant to recognize that the conditions of flexible readership are the living-conditions Mackey ascribes to the hero-signature N. Through a constant exchange with his "Dear Angel of Dust," N.—a member of the jazz group Mystic Horn Society—submits the etymology and riffs of daily life to rigorous, skillful critique. His dreams, writing, and musical compositions and those of friends, their conversation, the weather, Thelonius Monk, New York City, a visit to the park, a rehearsal, a performance, and the group's search for a new drummer: each entity within the text moves *into* and *inside* a long-distance virtuoso discourse.

Involved with the supplementary word-play of the letters are fragments of N.'s similarly discursive "after-the-fact lecture/libretti." Stopping "at a loss" after one paragraph—N. remarks: "That the self gets all the more talked about by way of its widely insisted-upon disappearance turns out to be an irony I'm

• • •

The Same Song

I had a boyfriend who was so handsome,
she said, that you only had to take one look
at him, & you wanted to pull down your pants.
And then he'd get out of bed, grab his guitar,
& play a love song he just wrote about you,
which made you want to keep your pants off.
But then I found out that he was playing
the same song to every woman that he slept with,
he was just changing the name, so I
put my pants back on, & left.

—Hal Sirowitz

evidently not able to get beyond." In a sense, however, the irony derives from the opposition between N.'s "get beyond" (a definite action for the char-

acter) and Mackey's *get beyond* (a signifier whose direction is idiomatic rather than real). Consequently, we can read *Djbot Baghostus's Run* as the attempt to get at what it means to "get beyond." This paradigm begins to explain the clumsy (or "eroded") language I mentioned earlier—the density of English cliché which immediately (and purposefully) bothers the reader. For instance, there are the clichés of letter-writing which begin and end many of the letters: "Sorry to've taken so long getting back to you. I've been meaning to write for some time but it seems one thing or another has managed to get in the way"; "Thank you for your letter. It arrived a couple of days ago"; "As always, I look forward to your response." Gradually, however, the presence of the cliché assumes a clearly stylistic design, as *Djbot* (on one level) transforms into an encyclopedic litany of dead metaphors. In one short paragraph the pastiche includes "call it quits," "call it a day," "take some time to cool out," "hang out together," "cruise around," "head up to," "hit the streets," "end up in," and "came to the fore."

By balancing the "technical-ecstatic" vocabulary of N.'s letters, the clichés make the theory-informed text more readable. And yet they also do the opposite; their frequency "obstructs" a linear reading of *Djbot's* narrative (hence, my own early-reading consternation and need to bypass the narrative-order). The clichés are comparable in function to "the mock awkwardness of Monk's deliberate, somewhat halting attack, his way of out-maneuvering an otherwise too sweet, saccharine ambush [in his rendition of 'April in Paris']." The writing-self's tendency towards rhetorical overdetermination is undermined—not at the expense of the text. As in *Ulysses's* "Eumaeus," the systematic frolic of exhausted quotation doesn't yield bad writing but a hermeneutical conundrum.

While seldom beautiful in the way that Mackey's extraordinary *Song of the*

Andomboulou is beautiful (or even in the way that his criticism is at times—poetic), the writing in *Djbot* is fascinating in its mediation of the formal limit

NATHANIEL MACKEY

Djbot Baghostus's Run

Sun & Moon, \$12.95 paper, 204 pp.

After reading the first five or six letter-sections of *Djbot Baghostus's Run*, I skipped to the end (15.II.82) and began reading the novel backwards, section by section. My realignment was due more to anxiety than to impatience. Mackey's language seemed unusually clever, but also, at times, deliberately bland; and the two forms of eloquence, situated within an almost incompatible proximity, made me want to rush ahead of the text, that is, get beyond it—as quickly as possible. If Mackey's text doesn't conspicuously endorse such an *ex-ergon* reading, it does speculate, throughout, on its utility. Furthermore, I'm not sure that what I read in reverse order was precisely different from what I subsequently read in its as-published, chronological order. Certainly both readings were striking and

where "revelation and recuperation lock horns." The narrative is an improvisation with objects (cowrie shells, glass bottles, sesame seeds, musical instruments, tears, eyes (spheres), clouds—and situations (running from danger, waking up into a dream (cf. Mackey's *Septet for the End of Time* and Wilson Harris's *The Palace of the Peacock*—important texts in *Djbot's* genealogy), rehearsing, driving a car, waiting for the light to change. The morphemic particles of the text's Finnegans-style—*ah, ba, bot(tle), ghost*—the dream-run (drumming) into a plurality, into an us—move through the novel's language of ritual, illusion, coincidence, and transformation. "Namesake" (punning) connections form the links that asymp-

totically approach "a pregnant, rotund integrity eternally and teasingly and whirlingly out of reach." Hence, Aunt Nancy meets Ain't Nancy; the eponymous *dj* rides through Djamilaa, Djeanine, and Jarred Bottle until "numinously" returning to *Djbot*; "Deus" becomes "Broom" becomes "Knife Ex Machina"; Bird's "Ornithology" becomes a Drennette-infatuated Penguin's "Drenethology"; and, in many ways prefiguring this, Monk's "April in Paris" becomes a fictional April living in a fictional Paris.

Read backwards or forwards, *Djbot* refuses to be totalized. Its metaphors of work (and the danger of "trying to make things happen rather than letting them happen") and integrity (the redirection

of fugitive parts within a glass sphere/bottle/eye) refer to the trace of themes and the possibility of completion; but never for more than the duration of a sentence. "Operatic" and "global," N.'s thoughts are also necessarily "aborted," broken, dropped—by semantic displacement, a new letter, or the danger of fixity that drives the text. Figures of breakage and pain in the narrative include headaches, fear, auto-accidents, misunderstandings, somnambulism, bad nights, and unreturned love; with only (ever) a partial recovery, and when the novel ends (for now) Penguin is still missing.

—Jonathan Bass

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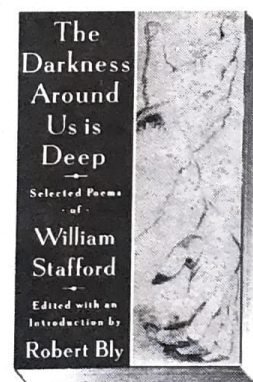
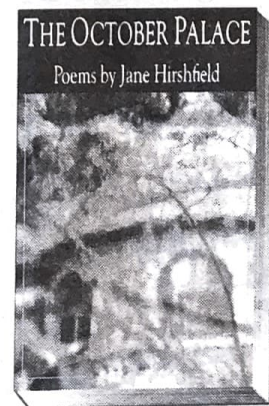
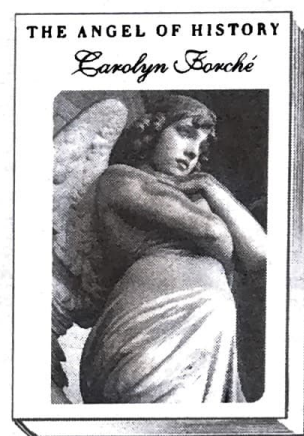
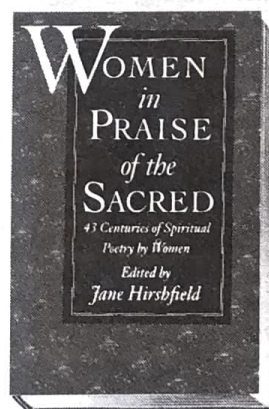
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Dirt

by Gillian McCain

I have had such good luck in second-hand bookstores lately that it's time to celebrate. In one visit (I'm not naming the name of the bookstore cuz I don't want anyone stepping on my turf) *The Poetry Room* by **Lewis MacAdams** (Harper & Row), *The Perfect Accident* by **Ken Norris** (Vehicule Press), *None of the Above: New Poets of the USA*, edited by **Michael Lally** (The Crossing Press) and *100 Years Have Passed* by **Gerard Malanga**, with cover photograph of **Benedetta Barzini** by **Billy Name** (Little Caesar Press) and all for **\$6.78!** All out-of-print and some first editions! Speaking of Gerard Malanga, did anyone read his letter to the editor published in *The New York Times Arts & Leisure* section in early February? Reading an article about **Sharon Stone** wearing a see-thru-top to a breakfast meeting seems to have really upset him. **Ed Friedman** is having a book published by Hanging Loose Press! Yeah! Ed was nice enough to bring me back a copy of **Joe Brainard's** *Nothing To Write Home About* (Little Caesar Press) from the Beyond Baroque Bookstore in L.A. And coincidences of coincidences, I hadn't given him his birthday present yet, but it was *Twelve Postcards* by Joe Brainard (Z Press) that I had ordered from Anacapa Books in Berkeley. They even threw in an extra postcard to be nice—an announcement for a Brainard “collaborations with poets” show at Gotham Book Mart featuring one of his great “Nancy” drawings. Anacapa Books (3090 Claremont Avenue, Berkeley, CA 94705) is a place I know nothing about except that we got a catalogue at the office titled *New York Poets* filled with out-of-print books and mimeographs. The entire series of **Larry Fagin's** *Adventures in Poetry* (1-12) is going for \$350, **Lewis Warsh's** and **Anne Waldman's** *Angel Hair* (1-6) can be gotten for \$200, and if you really want to blow a lot of dough, send a check for \$1100 and receive **Frank O'Hara's** *A CITY WINTER and Other Poems* (First edition, one of 150 numbered copies, Tibor de Nagy Gallery, 1951). Some of the stuff is affordable, and the catalogue is

a good read to find out what stuff is out there (for example, I had never heard of **Ed Sanders' BUGGER: An Anthology**, Fuck You/Press, 1964), but a lot of it you could find around New York without too much trouble—the aforementioned Malanga book I got for \$2 and they are selling it for \$45. **Vyt Bakaitis** handed me an envelope at the Valentines Day reading with the following typed dirt: “Dropping windchill signalled another first for Howl on January 20th. To cap their first Carnegie Hall program, **Kronos Quartet**, seasoned pioneers in channeling new music to the classical mainstream, brought on **Allen Ginsberg** to join them in launching **Lee Hyla's** just-finished string quartet on its world premiere. Hyla's music has strong, searing immediacy to support a full-voiced reading of the one long poem from the last half of this American century that's tripped the world as roundly as any since *The Waste Land*. It was a luminous evening, all around. Nearly anonymous in a grey-flecked overcoat, and two-day stubble to match, **Richard Gere** was spotted at intermission, a silver-maned lion toying with the affections of the star-struck.” Speaking of star-struck, it was nice to read something in *Spin* magazine that wasn't simply press release copy. In their “Printed Matter” section they asked ten writers to write on their fav book of 1993. **Dennis Cooper** wrote on **Darius James's** *Negrophobia* (and by the way, don't miss Darius's fiction workshop here at the Poetry Project starting late spring—how to use ritual practices in prose writing), “a spooky and hilarious take on racism in youth culture at a time when blandly PC, pseudo-literary critiques are the general rule.” Also, look out for Darius's book on blaxploitation films (along with a good dose of autobiography) upcoming from St. Martins Press. **Madison Smartt Bell** on **Simon Black's** *Me and Ke* (Baskerville), “the story is told by Steven Jones, who's either a lunatic or an illuminatus ... you know that [he's] crazier than cat shit, but you still can't shake the feeling that everything he's

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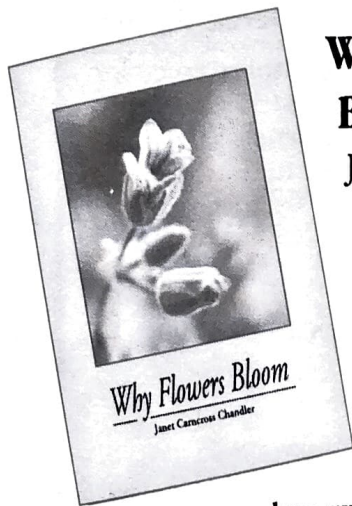
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"I aspire to grow old like Janet Carncross Chandler...She provides for me a wonderful guide to

keep my sensual self, my sexual self, my whimsical self as I age."

—Margaret Mann, The Older Women's League

Why Flowers Bloom is a thoughtful and vivid collection of poems sharing the joys and challenges of the long life of a woman in her eighties. Chandler speaks of the love of a husband no longer living, her hopes for a better world, the challenges of starting a writer's workshop for women. Poetry is an important and at times capricious companion for Chandler as she faces daily and lifelong milestones with humor, courage, and strength. Refreshingly honest, *Why Flowers Bloom* is a look at life through the eyes of a wise and witty soul.

saying might be true." But surprise of all surprises was **Nick Tosches'** choice. Nick wrote *Dino: Living High in the Dirty Business of Dreams*, the quintessential **Dean Martin** bio and read on a Friday night with **Daniel Richler** last year. Quote unquote: "Given: Twenty-seven centuries ago, **Hesiod** said all that needed saying, and said it most beautifully. Given: **Charles Olson** was one of the very few who, to use **Ezra Pound's** phrase, made it new. Olson's *Selected Poems* (U. of Cal.) are what the doctor ordered—an antidote to poetry as we know it, and to small thinking." **Vincent Katz** sent me a copy of his chapbook *Acid* (Soncino Press) with amazing cover photographs by **Luigi Cazzaniga**. I adore the lines from the title poem: "I love my friends:/ if they hate, it is/ but lack of knowing./ It's like **Sondheim**:/ trash unless you/ flip the switch—/ then it's great!" I also really liked **David Greenberg's** *Feeling Gravity's Pull* (Soft Scull Press). From "Trevor Take 2": "Only calls when loaded .../ Seventeen year-olds are so/ unreliable/ especially when they're junkies/ impersonating prep school boys." At the Hysterical Male reading I met **Thaddeus Rutowski** through **Michele Madigan Somerville** (reading here on April 25th with **Owen Hill**—her book-length poem *Wisegal* is brilliant and should be published by anyone who knows what's good for them). He sent me his chapbook **Desperate Measures** (Pinched Nerves Press) with a great prose poem (overheard someone at Fez rename this form "promes") called "Pictures at an Exhibition": "Got into that old Abstract Expressionist mnemonic: '**Newman** shut the door; **Rothko** pulled the shade; **Reinhardt** turned off the light.' Very soothing, but sketchy." Other books to check out: RESEARCH's **Bob Flanagan, Super-Masochist**. I've always loved Bob's prose and poetry (especially his piece "Balladeer" that was published in the last issue of *Shiny*—unfortunately I've never been able to get my hands on a copy of *Slave Sonnets*) and although I haven't read this RESEARCH book yet, I wouldn't miss it for the world. The book includes numerous photographs by his partner

Sheree Rose, who I was glad to have met at **Ira Silverberg's** and **David Trinidad's** apartment when she was in town from L.A. for the opening of the **Mike Kelley** show at the Whitney. The book to check out when it comes out in June is *The Green Lake is Awake: Selected Poems* by **Joseph Ceravolo** (Coffee House), edited by **Larry Fagin, Kenneth Koch, Charles North, Ron Padgett, David Shapiro** and **Paul Violi**. Also upcoming from Coffee House Press (in April) is *Self-Reliance*, a new novel by **Michael Brownstein**. The protagonist is a struggling journalist and ex-music critic in the 70s who is in pursuit of one last big interview to pay the rent, and in the process becomes broke, crazed, paranoid and haunted by hallucinations. **Eileen Myles** has a book of short stories coming out on Black Sparrow called *Chelsea Girls*. If there are all on par with "My Father's Alcoholism", her story published in February's *VLS*, it's gonna be a great book. Another book to check out is **Pagan Kennedy's** *Stripping and other stories* (High Risk Books). Pagan read here last Fall at the Travel Diaries reading, has another book of essays on the 70s coming out on St. Martin's, and has a monthly column on zines in *VLS*. The highlights of the book for me were the title story, and "The Black Forest," a bildungsroman in twenty pages about a college freshman from a strong protestant background whose "life had been like Ohio: flat, but with a fast, sparkling river of doubt running through it." Then she meets Nira, who turns her on to **Nietzsche**, and life just isn't the same after that. Another new book I really liked is *Good Blonde & Others* by **Jack Kerouac** (Grey Fox Press), edited by **Donald Allen** and with a preface by **Robert Creeley**. Great uncollected writings like his introduction to **Robert Frank's** *The Americans*: "And I say: That little ole lonely elevator girl looking up sighing in an elevator full of blurred demons, what's her name & address?" Also the classic pieces "Essentials of Spontaneous Prose," "Belief & Technique for Modern Prose," and "Statement on Poetics for The New American Poetry," ending with one of the all-time best lines on writing poetry: "I myself have difficulty covering up my bullshit lies."

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Norton is putting out a book of **Patti Smith's** poetry, prose and lyrics, selected works from her previous and hard-to-find books *Babel*, *Witt*, *Seventh Heaven* and others. Looking through the Anacapa catalogue I was happy knowing that my copy of her sweet book *Ha Ha Houdini* only cost me about twenty bucks, when they're selling it for three digits. One of the most exciting anthologies I've encountered in a long time is *The Girl Wants To* (Coach House Press). Edited by Toronto poet **Lynn Crosbie**, who read here last Fall with **Jeffery Conway** and **David Trinidad**, this anthology features work by young female writers and artists from Canada and the U.S., including **Kathy Acker**, **Barbara Gowdy**, **Xavier Hollander**, **Mary Gaitskill**, **Lydia Lunch**, **Nicole Brossard**, **Pamela Des Barres** and **Evelyn Lau**. The book also includes drawings, photographs, and cartoons, most notably by one of my favorite cartoonists—Vancouverite **Carel Moseiwitsch** who occasionally has work published in *The Village Voice*. Carel's work also accompanies **Judy Radul's** book *Rotating Bodies: Alexis Crystal Blake* (Petarade Press). "Forgetting language the way it forgets you isn't a strategy." Speaking of more Canadians, **Michael Fournier** from Northern Lights Press in Orono, Maine (they're the people who re-issued **Peter Orlovsky's** *Clean Asshole Poems* with that amazing new cover) has turned me on to a whole new group of poets that I had never heard of before—**Artie Gold**, **Claudia Lapp**, **Endre Farkas**, **Stephen Morrissey**, **Tom Konyves**, **John McAuley**, **Ken Norris**—known as the **Vehicule Poets** because they all hung out at the Vehicule Gallery in Montreal from the mid-seventies through the early eighties. Ken Norris now teaches Canadian Literature at the University of Maine and along with Michael Fournier is editing an homage book to **Leonard Cohen** in celebration of his sixtieth birthday. Michael describes the Vehicule Poets' work as all sharing an interest in the same poetic concerns, "largely those exemplified by the work of **Frank O'Hara**, **James Schuyler**, etc., but with a dose of **Margaret Atwood**, **Leonard Cohen** and **Irving Layton** as well ... As it is,

they've written some of the best poetry in English since Watergate." In the Spring of 1995 McGill University will be hosting a 20th Anniversary reunion for the Vehicule Poets (they are scattered all over North America now). But for now, please check out *Full Sun: Selected Poem* by Ken Norris and *The Beautiful Chemical Waltz* by Artie Gold (both The Muses Company, 51 rue de l'Eglise, Dorion, Quebec, Canada J7V 1W5). Really beautiful and powerful stuff. Another long-awaited book is one by **John Giorno**, called *You Got to Burn to Shine: New and Selected Writings* (High Risk). Poems and

prose pieces, including the one he read at the New Year's Marathon, "**Andy Warhol's** Movie Sleep,"—"Where were you in '63, when JFK was shot? I was with Andy Warhol. I was a poet working for a brief time as a stockbroker on Wall Street ..." Another thing not to miss is the December 93/ January 94 #14 issue of *Poetic Briefs* (19 Southern Blvd., Albany, NY 12209). The issue is subtitled "Forum on the Avant-Garde (In Honor of David Antin)" and consists of discourse on what "avant-garde" means in the 1990s, taking Antin's book *what it means to be avant-garde* (New Directions) as a spin-off point.

Interesting works from **Serge Gavronsky**, **Jeff Conant**, **Dan Featherston**, **Bill Tuttle**, **Spencer Selby**, **Roger Riggins**, **Sheila E. Murphy**, **Cynthia Kimball**, **Dennis Barone** and others. Edited by **Elizabeth Burns** and **Jefferson Hansen**. **Mike McGonigle**, the publisher of *Chemical Imbalance* (who will be celebrating its tenth anniversary this Fall) has a new magazine forthcoming called *Dandy*. **Rudy Burckhardt**: "Are you the lady who does MILK? It's wiiiild." Don't miss the Beat Writers Festival in May at N.Y.U. See you soon.

One of our finest poets has completed her most ambitious work.

"A voice that spoke, speaks, and will continue to haunt the future." —Derek Walcott

"Carolyn Forché makes a complex voice for all the mute victims of our destructive world as the killing goes on and the patterns of our lives continue our committed self-destruction. Hers is the heroism which still cares. Bless her for that."

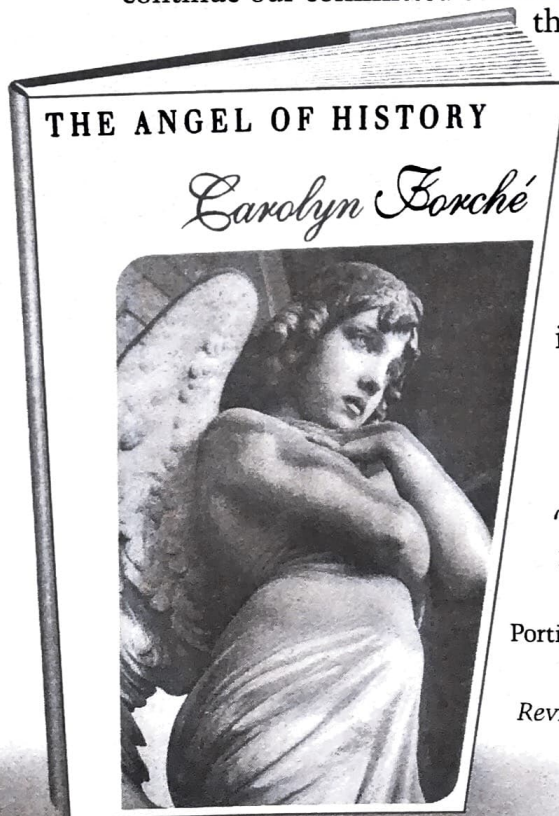
—Robert Creeley

"I don't think I have ever come across a poem of such length that is nevertheless so beautifully transparent and haunting."

—James Merrill

"An extraordinary narrative." —Jane Miller

Portions of this work have appeared in *Antæus*, *The American Poetry Review*, and *The Graham House Review*.



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lingo 2 \$12.50 192 pp. **A Journal of the Arts**

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Poems by Bernadette Mayer, Barbara Guest, Clark Coolidge, Rosmarie Waldrop, Carla Harryman, Marjorie Welish, David Shapiro and many more. In translation: Edmond Jabès, Marcel Cohen, Jean Frémon, Joseph Guglielmi, Elke Erb and others.

A color portfolio including Trevor Winkfield, Darragh Park, Suzanne McClelland, and Barbiero Barros Gizzi. Poetry and photography from *The Berlin Book* by John Yau and Bill Barrette. Essays on music, art and film including an interview with Leroy Jenkins by Peter Occhiogrosso, Ron Padgett on Trevor Winkfield, and Gus Blaisdell on Carroll Dunham.

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John Yau interviews George Herms; Kent Jones interviews Abel Ferrara; fiction by Hubert Selby, Wang Ping, Cydney Chadwick; poetry by Jean Day, Kit Robinson, Killarney Clary, Stephen Radcliffe, Gillian McCain, John Godfrey, Ted Greenwald, and many more; color portfolio including John Wesley, Julio Galan, Jimmy Durham, Llyn Foulkes. Photography by Judy Fiskin and Hiroshi Sugimoto. Poetry and photography from *Providence* by Clark Coolidge, Michael Gizzi and Celia Coolidge. In translation: Liliane Giraudon, Anne Portugal, José LaPeyrère, Michelle Grangaud, Joachim Sartorius.

**Lowell Connector** \$12.95

By Clark Coolidge, Michael Gizzi, and John Yau. Photographs by Bill Barrette and Celia Coolidge.

As homage to a writing hero, and as catalyst for their own work, the authors of *Lowell Connector* made several trips to Kerouac's hometown of Lowell, Massachusetts. The procedure was to visit specific sights described in Kerouac's work, taking in the homes, haunts, schools and literary memorials as a kind of memory protein in the activation of their own work.

What do you see if you walk in a place where explosive acts of imagination had their source? And then what further acts are possible? . . . We were attracted here to find out. . . . Perhaps we thought to Geiger up some remnant bits from the rubble of Jack's Lowell. . . .

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