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NEWSLETTER







THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER

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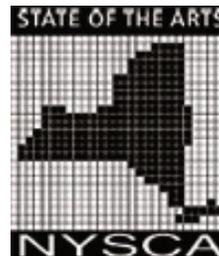
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These late summer days in the Poetry Project office have been very pleasant. Not only did we do a deep clean, we're also boasting some new office furniture and a water cooler. Arlo took a hammer to 2 old file cabinets with stuck drawers, inexplicably bolted to a particle board ledge. Who did that? I almost scrubbed the floor but then got nostalgic about all the poet's feet. Our main focus is getting the word out about our Fall season. It's another strong one with Matt Longabucco, Simone White, Corrine Fitzpatrick and me all returning as coordinator/hosts. We have 3 workshops led by 3 really amazing poets/people. To find out the details, read on.

Perhaps the most challenging role to fill is that of Newsletter Editor, and I was particularly stricken to have to say goodbye to Paul Foster Johnson at the end of his 2 year tenure. However, after some hand-wringing, I saw the light in the one of the darkest (and quietest) bars around, Burp Castle, aka "Temple of Beer Worship." Ted Dodson is the new Editor of this publication you are holding. Ted is the author of the chapbook "Pop! in Spring" (*Diez*, 2013). He's the co-founder and editor of the filmed journal *On the Escape*, a former curator for *Triptych*, and an editor and the program director for *Futurepoem*. We're really excited to be working with him.

I look forward to seeing you at the readings!

Stacy Szymaszek (Director)

Dear Readers of the Poetry Project Newsletter — welcome to our new season! We Poetry Project staffers are in our East Village work-home thinking about everything and getting ready for the readings & workshops to begin. Summer was wonderful. For us it began with the beautiful June 29th wedding of PoProj workers Nicole Wallace & Will Edmiston — a match that was originally made right here at the church! And then we all went our separate ways for a while, escaping the infernal New York City summer — to Maine, Minnesota, the Poconos, and various mysterious upstate locales—to end up back here together again being contemplative in the Fall. I think there's a poem about this exactly and there is. It's "A Few Days," in which James Schuyler has returned to the city as summer ends to think about it all. A few lines:

"...Here it is the Labor Day weekend and all my friends are out of town:/ just me and some millions of others, to whom I have not yet been introduced."

"...September day, how shall I color you? In blue and white airy tones./ September evening, you give your benediction. Ruth is in love with a priest/ (an Episcopalian) who smokes grass..."

Dear friends (and those to whom we have not yet been introduced) we are excited to begin our season and to see you again (or for the first time). Soon!

Arlo Quint (Managing Director)

First, Lavender and Bergamot.

Lavender and Bergamot dish detergent smells so good it makes me sad.

But sometimes, I'm too earnest. I don't think that I can really help it.

Like, right now.

Like, I like Reverdy and Mayröcker, like space and the closeness of friends, which I think someone once said was like air, like churches to nothing in particular.

Someone else once said, "If you don't take the opportunity to do it when you have the chance, you're probably uninterested in honesty."

It's not a Golden Age, but maybe a Lament Age. Everything is either turned on or on fire. People too, hoping for lucidity.

I want to see you, too! What a comfort.

You. Yes, you. I love you. You. I love you. Love you love you love you.

👤👤👤👤👤 : for you)

This doesn't pass. There's a wayward home for the fragments of our blues. They're ours now.

I'm sorry. But not because I love you.

Ted Dodson (Newsletter Editor)

CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN ASHBERRY (b. 1927) is the author of more than twenty books of poetry, most recently "Quick Question" (2012). Other collections include "Notes from the Air: Selected Later Poems" (2007), which was awarded the International Griffin Poetry Prize, and "Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror" (1975) won the three major American prizes — the Pulitzer, the National Book Award, and the National Book Critics Circle Award. *The Library of America* published the first volume of his collected poems in 2008, and he was presented with a National Humanities Medal in 2012 by President Obama.

JIM BEHRLE lives in Jersey City and "The Comeback" is due out from *O'clock Press*.

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ANDREI CODRESCU, born in Sibiu, Transylvania, Romania, is the founder of *Exquisite Corpse: a Journal of Books & Ideas* (corpse.org). His most recent books are "So Recently Rent a World: New and Selected Poems" (*Coffee House*, 2012), "Bibliodeath: my Archives (with Life in Footnotes)" (*Antibookclub*, 2012), and three books from *Princeton University Press*, "whatever gets you through the night: a story of sheherzade and the arabian entertainments" (2011), "The Posthuman Dada Guide: Tzara and Lenin Play Chess" (2009), and "The Poetry Lesson" (2010).

LEOPOLDINE CORE was born and raised in Manhattan. Her poems and fiction have appeared in *Open City*, *The Literarian*, *Drunken Boat*, *Sadie Magazine*, *Harp & Altar*, *The Brook-*

lyn Rail, *Agriculture Reader*, and *No, Dear* among others. She is a 2012 Fellow at *The Center for Fiction* and at *The Fine Arts Work Center* in Provincetown. Her chapbook "Young Friend" is forthcoming this year from *Perfect Lovers Press*. "And Satisfaction," her first full-length book, will be published in 2015 from *Coconut Books*.

JANE DALRYMPLE-HOLLO grew up in 1950's and 60's small-town Mississippi. She is an artist and occasional writer. She met her late husband, Anselm Hollo, soon after receiving her MFA from the Maryland Institute College of Art in Baltimore. They married in 1985 and eventually landed in Boulder, Colorado, where she still lives.

TYLER FLYNN DORHOLT's photography can be found at www.lackandsight.com. His manuscript, "Modern Camping," was recently selected by John Yau as one of the 2013 *Poetry Society of America* chapbook fellowship winners.

ANSELM HOLLO was born in Helsinki Finland. He is the author of more than 40 books of poetry, essays, and translation and was the recipient of several major poetry and translation awards. After receiving an invitation to teach at the Iowa Writers Workshop in 1968, he moved to the USA with his first wife, Josephine Clare, and their three young children. This post was followed by many years as an itinerant poet at various universities. He married Jane Dalrymple-Hollo in 1985, and taught at the Jack Kerouac School of Naropa University in Boulder, CO from 1989 until his death in 2013. Anselm's final book of poetry, "The Tortoise of History," is forthcoming from *Coffeehouse Press*.

BEN KOPEL just is the author of "VICTORY" from *H_NGM_N Books*. He is currently living in New York and working on his next collection, "Sutras of Love & Hate."

DOROTHEA LASKY is the author of "Thunderbird," "Black Life," and "AWE," all out from *Wave Books*. She is currently an Assistant Professor of Poetry at Columbia University's School of the Arts.

CARL MARTIN has published three books of poetry, "Go Your Stations, Girl," (*Arion*

Press), "Genii Over Salzburg" (*Dalkey Archive Press*), and "Rogue Hemlocks" (*Fence Books*). He has published in many journals, including *American Poetry Review*, *Denver Quarterly*, and *Fence*. He is now starting a new manuscript titled "Glister Tree for an Apple."

DAVID JAMES MILLER is the author of the chapbooks "As Sequence" and "Facts & Other Objects," and his manuscript "CANT" was selected as the runner-up for the Marsh Hawk Press Poetry Prize.

ALICE NOTLEY has published over thirty books of poetry, including (most recently) "Culture of One" and "Songs and Stories of the Ghouls." With her sons, Anselm and Edmund Berrigan, she edited both "The Collected Poems of Ted Berrigan" and "The Selected Poems of Ted Berrigan." Notley has received many awards including the Academy of American Poets' Lenore Marshall Prize, the Poetry Society of America's Shelley Award, the Griffin Prize, two NEA Grants, and the *Los Angeles Times* Book Award for Poetry. She lives and writes in Paris, France.

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KEN L. WALKER is a copywriter living in Brooklyn. His previous work can be found in *Atlas Review*, *Bright Pink Mosquito*, *Lumberyard*, *The Seattle Review*, *Washington Square*, *The Bakery*, *Likewise Folio*, and the anthology "Oil & Water." A chapbook, "Twenty Glasses of Water," (*Diez*) is forthcoming in Fall, 2013. More of his work can be found at kenwalker.tumblr.com.

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Starting now, the Workshop Membership is available for \$375 and includes a 1 year Individual membership (\$50 level), as well as tuition for any 2 workshops offered this season. If you wish to enroll in a single workshop, tuition for 1 10-session workshop is \$250 and tuition for 1 5-session workshop is \$125.

We are now enrolling people for Fall (workshops start in October). Reservations are required and payment must be received in advance. Each workshop can accommodate a maximum of 15 people so turn to page 23 for a look at the 3 fantastic options and email nw@poetryproject.org to reserve your spot.

IN MEMORIAM: ANSELM HOLLO (1934-2013)



Anselm Hollo and Simon Pettet on postcard made by Ted Berrigan (courtesy of the archives of Simon Pettet)

NOTES FOR ANSELM HOLLO

Alice Notley

Anselm and I meet at the University of Iowa, 1968; I am an MFA student in the fiction workshop, he is faculty, more or less, in the translation workshop? Knowing each other slightly we are invited to pre-reading dinner with distinguished poet who goes on to win the Pulitzer, Bollingen, Ruth Lilly Prize, Aiken Taylor Poetry Award for Modern American Poetry, the Wallace Stevens Award, the Frost Medal, the Tanning Prize, the National Medal of Arts, the Poet Laureateship. This man is very, very *bor-ing...* and now I have to go to the *read-ing...* "Let's get out of here," Anselm says to me. We go to Donnelly's and have a beer. We will be friends forever.

It's 1969. I am now a poet and taking a poetry workshop with Anselm. I can't ever go to class. I am compelled to spend every moment of my life in Ann Arbor in pursuit of Ted Berrigan, who came to Iowa City while I was away in San Francisco, Spain, and Morocco. I returned, we connected, then he left. At some point I show up in Anselm's office with over eighty pages of poems typed up roughly — Xings out, serif type from a Royal on two colors of paper, yellow newsprint and standard white. I am frightened that the poems exist. Anselm gives me an A for the course.

It's '71 or '2. It's morning. I come downstairs in the Diversey Street House in Chicago. The phone directory is splayed across the kitchen floor looking worn out. I had gone to bed at 1 or 2 AM when Anselm drunk, phone in hand was being told by Ted possible numbers, from said directory, of Paul Carroll's ex-wife last name uncertain, Latvian and a florist. Later, Ted tells me he only told him wrong numbers. He didn't want him to call up

OH, ANSELM!

Andrei Codrescu

In Baltimore when Anselm was determined to drink himself to death after his best friend, Ted Berrigan, died, I was in Anselm's company at least two days a week for a year or more. Even before Ted died, Anselm exhausted most of his friends, who took turns hanging out with him through his nightlong binges. Anselm was doing pretty well at self-destruction and was homeless when Alice and I went to Mexico in the early '80s. We set him up in our place and thought that the goodly distance between our house and the Art Bar might be salutary. It was. His romance with Jane Dalrymple began there. Anselm decided not to kill himself and eventually, under Jane's luminous and stern influence, to quit drinking. Baltimore was a hive of enthusiastic poets and artists in those days, with various scenes revolving around Joe Cardarelli, who taught at the Maryland Art Institute, and Anselm Hollo, who taught (like Ted Berrigan) anywhere he found himself but mostly at the Art Bar where Joe's students flocked.

When Joe died in 1994, Anselm and I put on our best clothes — in my case, a too-tight suit from my citizenship hearing at the INS, and in his, something that Jane, no doubt, put him in. Anselm was rather dapper when not in the disheveled mode, so we looked nearly respectable at the left of the altar. Joe lay in an ornate coffin before the altar, looking pretty dapper himself in a well-fitting suit. The ornate Cathedral was full of Joe's people, kin, colleagues, and students. He'd been well loved. Anselm and I were nervous about having to deliver eulogies from that impressive pulpit, with Joe's prone body looking up. Happily, a number

Paul Carroll's ex-wife, Latvian and a florist.

Ah 1972! Ted and I name our first son Anselm. I am editing CHI-CAGO magazine in which Anselm (Hollo) is a huge presence. He is writing *Sensation 27* and *Heavy Jars* and *Black Book*. I will love all his poetry but remain especially attached to the books of this period. He often publishes what they now fastidiously call chapbooks; he writes what they call sequences. "This is his form," Ted says at some point, "this kind of publication. He uses it to organize his work."

And then there are all of those years. So much of what I remember can't be repeated. So much of what I know about Anselm — and he about me — is a secret. Our details are enmeshed; we are true friends; there are things I can never tell, our interplay that is only in light, though we have secrets, and only we will ever know them.

This would be 1980, from my poem "Waltzing Matilda": "What's happening Baby? Were you sober by then? Thank god for that, if you've got some pieces of identification that shows you're something. And the times the cops handcuffed you & threw you in the car. All you did was take a turn too wide or too narrow. And hit a tree & fucked up your life for nine years. Hey wait a minute I presume you might find twenty-five dollars, oh great. No it's not no it's great, I read a little piece it said this guy should be hung. Yeah well that was part 2 you know in New Hampshire snowed-in anything. And after that you were a little hard to find." (My version of Ted's side of a phone call from Anselm.)

From the Selected Inscriptions, 1986, Anselm's *Pick Up the House*: "For Alice Notley, Gringolandia's Greatest Poet & Critic."

Deaths, marriages, illnesses, everything. Fill in the blanks, dear reader. You know it all.

In the 1990s, I am an owl; Anselm is a crow. I have this imprecise memory that he might have wanted first to be an owl, but I already was, and anyway it was better to be a crow. May be apocryphal. He dresses only in black because it's practical. You always know what to buy, and stains don't show.

In 1998, Doug and I are visiting Anselm and Jane in Grez, outside of Paris. I walk with Anselm and tell him my theory that dreaming is a way of thinking. He is immediately interested. "Really? A way of *thinking*?" Later — it is a holiday and there is no *food* — I improvise massive amounts of pasta for everyone at the Grez-sur-Loing Foundation. A Swedish woman says that a tomato sauce usually takes longer than I've spent on it. Aside, Anselm says, "She's the kind of Swede who walked to school two miles in the snow."

In 2003, I have The Dream. Anselm is lying on a bed with his black corvus shirt unbuttoned, his chest exposed utterly hairless. I lie down beside him. Two days later, Eddie informs me over the phone that Anselm has successfully completed an open-heart surgery no one had told me of or of the necessity for. Later, I remind Anselm of the dream — which I had described to him in a letter — and he and Jane tell me what I don't know, that his chest has always been hairless.

(continued on page 28)

of other speakers were perorating up there before us. We paid them no attention whatsoever, concentrating instead on taking discrete sips from our shared flask, which in the solemn atmosphere was no easy task. We did, however, simultaneously look up when David Franks, notorious genius and poetic prankster, delivered an extraordinary appeal to Joe himself. David addressed himself to Joe, pointing his hand to his body, asking him if there was any doubt in Joe's mind that he, David, was the natural successor to Joe's position at the Maryland Art Institute. As David continued applying for Joe's professorial chair, Anselm and I had a crisis of that most perilous of solemn moments: we felt that we were going to get an insane fit of the giggles. We looked away from each other, but as David's performance got funnier and funnier, I thought that I'd explode. If I had as much as glimpsed Anselm out of the corner of my eye I'd have lost it. I'd had many inappropriate emotions at funerals, but I had never been so undone as I was by David applying for Joe's job while Joe's Dean and assorted faculty members looked mortified in the front pews. I think that only my training in early techniques of preventing premature ejaculation stopped me from dissolving. I don't know what Anselm used to check himself (I think that he was, overall, much more aware than me of certain ritual dignities), but we each eventually and soberly mounted the pulpit and delivered ourselves of sincere and moving eulogies. At the wake, we got shit-faced and honored our dead friend with healthy doses of warm reminiscences and plenty of giggles.

Of my very good poet-friends in the Cathedral that day, I am the only one still here. David Franks died in 2010. Chris Toll, the youngest of us, I think, passed away in 2012. And this past January, Anselm Hollo. What made Anselm a very special friend, more special than most, was the fact that I truly, sincerely, and from all I know, thought of him as a great poet. Others were good, even "terrific," as Ted used to say, but Anselm was world-class. In the next hundred years when the slow-moving critical sloths of the humorless Am-Po scene finally get down to what matters in poetry, they'll build Anselm monuments. They'll name spaceships "Hollo." Buckminster Fuller, informed over the phone by a weeping friend that a common friend was dead, said: "There is no death." I'm with Bucky on that one. There will be a long, postmortem amazement at the grandeur of Anselm's work.

When I last embraced him in London in Spring 2012, when he and Jane were returning to the U.S., I knew it was the last time. His body felt frail. But the giggles were still there.

Oz

May 18, 2013



Editor's Note:

Additional remembrances from Anne Waldman, Ed Sanders, Jane Dalrymple-Hollo, Reed Bye, and Simon Pettet can be found on the Poetry Project's website, poetryproject.org.

A POEM

Anselm Hollo

wild dreams

getting dressed in odd tweed suit
to catch train in helsinki call up papa mama
to hurry up “train is leaving at _____”
it appears we’re still living in soviet days
and some kind of petition is to be presented in moscow
for the freedom of some unjustly imprisoned person
but the weather is glorious and everybody in good spirits
except for my folks they respond grumpily
a la “do you realize what time it is?” and “no, dear, we’re not
going anywhere”
and “i” had been so enthusiastic about this trip
with my dead mother and father and sister
[Dreamt while imprisoned for circa 2 1/2 months in otherwise quite
congenial rehab home, an expression of wanting to go Elsewhere.]

2 (earlier)

in a stall not unlike one you keep your horses at night
there is a challenger next door
behind a small square opening
just about eye level
and i notice there is a wooden beam on the floor of the stall
it is my task to kick that beam through the small square hole
as soon as my challenger’s face appears
but wait there are 2 of them and there is water below them
enough said I emerge victorious
(Jane’s tape for further details!)
[I never was any good at athletics/ sports. It swelled my chest with
pride]

3

I get up and get dressed in order to catch
an airplane to Bucharest
because I have received an invitation
from the press attaché of Romania
to go there
I show it to a taxi driver
who is helpful and deciphers it
so off we go and are soon stopped in front of an impressive door
I realize I have no Romanian currency
but a few dollars will do
I check the board and recognize the name second floor
enter ancient elevator and ascend
I ring the doorbell there's no response
finally I turn the handle on the door it opens
to a vacant but well furnished apartment
nobody home here well I make myself comfortable
before retiring on a couch I entertain myself changing the décor on the walls
and so I wake up in the morning still alone
then there's a jump-cut and I'm with Jane and Tamsin
[Who totally pooh-pooh the whole idea, attributing it to Andrei C.]

Note on the text from Tamsin Hollo:

In the Autumn of 2012, as Anselm reconnected his brain to body after his second brain surgery, he began to piece together his experience during recovery. Translating thought to word to page was a frustrating, even anguishing process, but I was delighted to see his "just the facts" account taking form as poetry. In some dimension somewhere, perhaps there still exists an Anselm as he was then on a crisp Boulder day: tearing up and down 14th Street, chasing his racer red walker (the one with wheels); grinning, impatient, hopeful, free.

REVIEWS AND REACTIONS

Helen Arms

Robert Elstein

Green Zone Editions, 2013

Review by John Ashbery

I've been waiting six years for a sequel to Robert Elstein's slim volume, "The Hollandaise," whose manic vocabulary knocked me out of my chair the first time I read it. Sometimes his language then was downright chewy, as when he wrote, "restraint's not my bread and butter," following this with "Why not meet me after après ski/ I'll be working on a Topfenpalatschinken/ at the only decent Stube in Mürzzuschlag." More often, it breathes a kind of diurnal ventilatedness, as in "The wife of a Tampa podiatrist,/ who operates the government's spy satellites,/ telephoned me by accident./ 'Joe's Garage,' I answered." My favorite line, however, was in the poem, "Hermes Holding an Orange": after "you're leaving?" he writes, "I'd shake hands, but I left my mittens in the cafeteria."

Why is this line so unforgettable? Or rather, why do I think it's unforgettable? I suppose because it holds the fabric of daily life up to a light bulb. Elstein reminds me of the graphic novelist Ben Katchor, whose bizarre urban comic strips take us to a place other than the one their balloons seem anchored in. The ambiguities are multifarious. Why would forgetting mittens preclude a handshake? Surely, it would be rude to shake someone's hand with a scratchy mitten on yours. And why were they left in the cafeteria? It sounds like they were left on purpose, but if so, what could that be? Is it part of some anarchist plot or meant, perhaps, to ease things for the next customer? But one mustn't break butterflies on wheels. The butterflies will do just fine for themselves.

Elstein's new poems are lighter and tougher than the earlier ones, perhaps less anecdotal and more philosophical. There's certainly less punctuation, no periods as far as I can see, though question marks and exclamation points are occasionally given houseroom. He even touches on religion — sort of — when he writes, "The body must be buried soon after drowning/ You think that's funny?/ Then you can't be much of a Jew" ("Visionary Progress"). Urban life continues

to intrude: "...standing stock-still on the sidewalk/ Listening to a woman scream at a man/ On the third floor of a mysterious building" ("Five Departures"); "Two trombones/ Practicing in two houses/ In two adjoining neighborhoods/ At the same hour" ("Lines").

Elstein's poetry repeatedly returns us to a central question: What are we doing here and why do we enjoy it so much? The title of one poem, "Anything Will Do," is a clue; as is the last line of another, "Best to be insincere I mean sincere!" Between these vectors, time moves — "time better spent training for the classics or hyperventilating" ("Poet and Pediatrician Overture") toward further alternatives that define the space that, for lack of a more precise term, we call life. 🍷

Titties for Lindsey

Lindsey Boldt

OMG! Press, 2013

Review by Leopoldine Core

Reading Lindsey Boldt, I think of someone — like an audience member in her own life — who wants desperately to be admired and fucked and loved. But she's just more interested in the perfect joke.

The book reads like someone dancing in front of a keyhole and we're all down on our knees snatching little glances of her. Honestly, there's a "Girls Gone Wild" vibe here. The tits are out. Maybe they had a sweater on before. I don't know. They had something on — something restrictive. And they needed some air, they needed to sing and be known. So they get to be a book.

This is the voice of maniacal flirt, each poem a small-scale explosion — a wink. I say flirt because what she does is draw you in, then send you back out to shore with one final word like: "Put your face on my face" or "Persimmons taste like dick." It's interesting: Goodbye is generally some version of hello. There's a teasing togetherness, a push-pull that made me wonder where I was. A doorway? A bed? It's a little alienating, but it's also a little like candy. I mean, I read the whole book in one shot. And then I read it again.

Each time I finished "Titties for Lindsey," I had the same urge to go have dinner with her. Just to see who this person is. These poems remind me of crushes I've developed slowly and against my will. Like when I worked at a bakery and spent hours with someone and they just said so

many funny and not so funny and weird and revealing things in passing that one morning I woke up burning. The Lindsey in these poems is like that — the point is to burn for her.

The line "I want to eat your feelings" haunts the book. I think that's the point. Her appetite. And the sense in a way is that men — American men — are prudes: "Eh, hem / These things aren't going to cup themselves."

I'm reminded of Italy because I was there recently, and what I noticed was a whole other breed of flirtation simmering around me. Italian men really look at you when they're interested, whereas American men tend to look away — they behave like a commodity, not an animal. "Titties..." really seems to play with that problem — point at it, laugh. There's plenty of joy in these pages — a joy in her own mind and all this time to sit around, trotting it out like gold.

Ceremony

Mary Austin Speaker

Slope Editions, 2013

Review by Ben Kopel

"Forever/ Watching love grow"
(from "Ceremony" by New Order)

"Ceremony," the first full-length collection from Mary Austin Speaker, is aware of the ritual of reading. That's the ceremony at hand. It's right there with you, and yes, whether you know each other or not, you are together. You are a line in a couplet in a book born of couplets. Then something strange happens.

In Speaker's hands, couplets seek out the possibility of a conflict to be discovered within one's contentment. Our guiding lines have found a good love, yet they understand that this is not enough to survive a life. They offer gentle words to the masses in the largest of cities. They go out with us on Saturday night and get up with us to go to church on Sunday morning. Speaker's speaker wants a reader to feel like a part of something bigger than herself, and that is the great gift of "Ceremony." This book is less invocation than it is invitation.

following following
I and everyone
in the everyone song
together
we can do anything
(from "The Talking That Places Make")

We are in this together. We are both, participant and spectator. The balance is struck from the beginning, beginning with “Origin Story.” It begins, “It began...” From there, things begin to become other things. Weather becomes us. Owls become trees. Songs become animals. Dreaming becomes us. Through the lens of “Ceremony,” we become ourselves, allowed to belong to something bigger: a religion, a city, a relationship, a life.

We go to the movies. We go to a museum. We sleep in a pasture. We don’t concern ourselves with “whether/ the world was good or bad/ because it was only both.” (“Origin Story”) “Ceremony” creates a distinct sense of calm amidst the subway noise of the capital N Numerousness of city-as-poem/poem-as-city being inhabited by the poet’s people.

There is an amazing generosity in even the sparsest lines (“your hand/ releases// its/ everything” or especially the volume’s de facto slogan: “I am not keeping anything.”) that creates wonderful, little atomic love bombs in what are often poems of the Love variety. Once again, this is a numerous love in Speaker’s lines. There is the love for your city. Your love for its people. Your love for their traditions. Their spaces. Their gods. Their poetry. I loved the love in this book. “Ceremony” does not want me to be alone. It’s not afraid to tell me this: That real religious experience, the actual magic, the alchemy, the transubstantiation of poetry, the ceremony of “Ceremony,” is that, in its presence, I am no longer a line alone, on my own. I’m a line next to another. And another.

being infinite

a totalizing thrall
our evidence

for genuine
deliverance

from loneliness
to bewilder

is to join the wind
to hurricane right in

(from “Bewilderment”)

(a) lullaby without any music

Jennifer Bartlett

Chax Press, 2012

Review by Allison Cobb

Jennifer Bartlett’s “(a) lullaby without any music” opens with a series of field guides: to flying, domesticity, sound and the body. These are aids to identifying the rhythms of the daily — nests of houses and birds, city, sky, the night, the yellow school bus arrives and departs.

There are flashes here of Bartlett’s broad wit: “The boy’s going to drink non-organic/ milk! Next thing you know he’ll/ be in Rikers!” (“Flight”). But the overall feeling is one of loss. Sometimes the words skate so lightly over this world they fail to catch, they slide right off. That lightness is a component of the pleasure of these poems. They contain a lot of space, they float over a scene like lace, lovely.

I like best, though, the moments when the poems pierce right to the strangeness of being, the wild at the heart of what we call life:

at first the city found this presence
charming and lovely

the winter sun splashed against
the leaves

and then the noise, the dirt
so intense like the city itself

and those million voices screaming
into their million wings

(from “[Husband]”)

The notion of a field guide carries with it this sense of strangeness — there is something unfamiliar in what we call existence; we will need help to orient ourselves. Here, the strangest of strange encounters is with the body. If one were to make a cosmology of words in this book, “the body” would outshine all the others. It recurs with such insistence it becomes almost refrain, a mantra: the body, the body — its demands, its desires, its dying arc.

It is nearly always a “the” — body abstracted like that, a force, a material presence to reckon with, which always exceeds all attempts. It erupts particularly into the poem series “[Husband].”

The word always in brackets, implying at times a generic role, at times a constant presence taken-for-granted, at times that other force, physical:

[Husband] embodies
[body]
your body on mine
the erotic, say
say, out of context

if I could rip my body from within
I might see what you see

(continued on pg 28)

Unrest

Simone White

Ugly Duckling Presse, 2013

Review by Ken Walker

The last two poems in Simone White’s “Unrest” span an important transition of human distinction, from “li’l niggas” to “Something in the order of sentences,” offering a match point to the ugly work the Leviathan of the Corrections Corporation of America has been so stringently working out. Though topical attention is called to the current era of stop and frisk, on a more elementary level, that kind of sequence-prowess reflects the overarching mixtape glory of all that works so damn well in a single mind’s brilliance, especially the mind at work in these poems.

Simone offers the double entendre with such grace throughout this 26-page chapbook, each title anchored or perhaps pre-coursored by an alphabetically ordered letter, a call to the traditions of both Harryette Mullen and Gwendolyn Brooks. In “A. Something Lifted off The Anhedonic Floor,” she adds the terms “brother” and “poverty” to the gazing out of what’s to emerge — a female, raced body. And perhaps as an alternate notion, the title includes that enthralling term — *anhedonic* — weightlifting the implication of the facility to experience pleasure and where, how, and why that can or cannot occur in full capacity. Moreover, in that opening tercet so prose-apt, “music” seems to be denoted as the concept of *family*.

Bacon and body hair—
substance, indeed, of news. My
brother called on the phone. I
could hear the music
again. I needed to talk, but not now
and not about poverty.



Now, an age-old, postmodern question: Who's more oppressed — the poor, the Black, or the woman? Obviously, it is an intertwining of all three-in-one, but rarely do readers get a chance to be pushed into a pool where the Marxist layer is not being decimated but simply put on hold for 26 poems.

Later, on the idea of a bus, yet through an actual trip, the speaker of "B. Who Rode The Bus Discovered in Its Wet Heat The Rumpus Room of Inflationary Cities" traces her own "musculature" while being memorably reconnoitered via ancestry's presence and the larger effervescent consistence of ascension, from self to the dead to the cityscape — a place where "the true form" of a person may most accurately appear as a cadaver. This poem, as well, draws attention to Simone's use of the line as a contusion, a seeming drive toward long breath — more interstellar space than salty peanuts, more Stretch Armstrong than Kool Keith, more Kendrick Lamar than Jay Z.

Then, there's the visceral obscurity of a poem like "E. Two Leaves out of Leaves" where the poet trips over "the cobblestones dribbled from the road like teeth. mmmm,/ territory and a punch in the mouth." Readers are brought back to tension and conflict, to the social challenges usually ignored until collision, or death, changes that notion.

(continued on pg 28)

Miracle Mare

Corina Copp

Trafficker Press, 2013

Review by Kit Schluter

Meaning bound by static—calls an elevator—to the ground floor—but rushes up Chantal Akerman's stairwell instead—too impatient to wait—ping-ponging its way up the half-flights—back home in her apartment—how many flights up, again?—before the elevator doors open below—to no one—as an afterthought—vain—but knowing full well its vanity—in love with its Pavlovian commitment—opening to no one—to duty—as the "letter in the bottle" might bear no message—til the bottle is uncorked—then its language—but not meaning—will have always been chosen—forming a "disruptive kinship" of communication—as the push-&-pull-intimacy pronoun relations—pronoun-as-habitat—which strangely do inhabit the same world as "Spectrum®" & "X-Acto®" & "Swingline®" & "YSL Opium®" & "fini-

tude" or "touchable repetition" & power-play suicides—inhaling gas from the unlit stove—calmly—& the care it takes to "tend a garden"—with a horse sitting on a gardening book for companion—& as a wave, language moves in & out of clarity—now: transparent narrative—peering through to someone else's "real scenes" (Stein, "plays")—now: opaque material—but opaque insofar as a mirror might be called opaque—its reflectiveness another mode of transparency—a movement in the other direction—& so we, reading, 1) do "move through the park" ourselves—2) do "play someone else moving through the park"—& 3) do hear talk of this "other woman" doing the same—with the filmic clarity of a "heart that has borne everything it has described"—to a falsely violet you destabilized—but staked on the you's stochastic housing—of bodies constellated around a bluffingly "disconsolate" & "melancholic" I that "likes/ long grief, likes long, long/ grief in a musical"—"hate[s]/ times past"—& this "the poem/ I longs for not for long" satisfies—united by rich dissociative shifts—narratives played out via partial syntax—as in a film in which infinite bodies portray a finite cast—"passive innocence"—"promiscuity": "total disconnection interested in everything"—"hatred": an "easing away"—"commitment": the "play of reason's will"—"love": a "struggle toward"—a voice sings over the silence of the moving image—or is it the other way around—the image overdubbing the troubled song—direct lines in bursts of cumulative understanding-in-language—forking paths—committed to their vector until the moment of their veering—but not veering as along a curve—but as a hinge—an angular juncture of segmented thought—whole fragments—"promiscuously composed"—because, "the thing is no one knows what it feels like/ to be an erotic blank"—where language and body falsely unite, "I gallops from, words your eat, eaves I ate,/ beheaded slowly by a painter's voided/ boilish deer-hair and a twinge of bells/ falls to unclean substances."

Here Come the Warm Jets

Alli Warren

City Lights, 2013

Review by Alan Bernheimer

Bay Area poet Alli Warren's first book (with a spine), "Here Come the Warm Jets," is so good it makes your teeth hurt. It's everything poetry needs to be to save our bacon: unflinchingly honest, transcendent,

worldly, provoking, corporeal, iconoclastic, and sometimes funny.

Warren has reached the point where most every work she puts out excites the not ungenerous wish that you had, or could have, done that. She is hip to so many vocabularies from apparently panoramic reading, listening, and watching and naturalizes them to draw a devastating bead on the busted mosaic of, what she named in a Summer 2013 Poem Talk in Oakland, "our current era of late late neoliberal capitalism, or whatever we're calling it now." Just think: hyphy, dooby loom, perving, lesser scaup, yakitori, fontanel, camwood. For anyone shy on a particular reference, remedy is just a click away. Go ahead. Google "Bummer and Lazarus" *after* you read it. Then read it again.

A deadpan economy of expression and attention is one of her primary calling cards:

Another day at the sieve
administering the field

& all its relations
bound in custom

to enterprise and acquire
to load into carts

Everyone wants to hang glide
in colonial paradise,

no? To stand on the brink
and make a market

of every vital nucleus

(from "This Will Be the Material of My Song")

Warren is on the job here, literally as poet at work, filtering language into song, but also quite likely stealing time from her office gig triaging emails — the postmodern loom. This bivalent place setting rapidly opens out through the aperture of an ampersand and then swells syntactically in the third couplet. But almost before we figure out carts holding such abstractions may be virtual, we are soaring over a pre-industrial landscape of our choice, not to sightsee but to eyeball unbounded commercial exploitation, in the world as we live it in the shadow of the Valley of the Chip. And how excellent to enjamb the rug-pulling "no?" — simultaneously enacting and sending up this colloquial usage.

(continued on pg 29)

YOU HAVE THE EYES OF A MARTYR

Jackqueline Frost

O’Clock Press, 2013

Review by Sara Jane Stoner

Nothing signifies and sounds the incoherence of our U.S. American present more acutely than the unjust political imprisonment of a person. And nothing so forcefully declares the necessity of poetics as an expression of the lived consequences of politics (currency of transnational oppression, sympathy with the police state, economic terrorism, cradle of corporate propaganda) as the incoherence of our U.S. American present. “YOU HAVE THE EYES OF A MARTYR” so throbs with the desire of the poet-activist to propose a way to be in such loss as that loss becomes a motivation for the acceptance of greater loss, even death, in her clear call for further resistance, in her pursuit of the translation of the protest question “to what end?”

Frost’s opening epistolary apologia gives language to a collective mourning for the addressed political prisoner and aligns the “eventlessness” of this imprisonment with the “inability for the poems to arrive.” Thus, the work is constituted as a haze with an ambiguous duration, articulated as a gesture of protest, a record of past action as well as present action in language; a space of text threading the eye of a needle of a period brief and intense enough to feel as if it could be forever ongoing.

This is not a linguistically decadent text, as so much contemporary writing is now; its poesis is metaphysical in its reverence for bodies as vehicles and inheritors and objects of language and violence and community, solitary and gathered in a kind of vulnerable dark, a space of combat so loud it’s almost silent; its voice — the Oakland commune — is thrown.

The two central poems are long, pausing over big spaces with gentle pulsings of motivation, witness, and outcome. To my mind, Frost’s speaker is an eager particularist aspiring to systematic description. Nouns are intimately grand and point to the arbitrary. Verbs hold immediate consequences. Maybe only the expletive is and does as it all desires to, as imperative, as lament, as thing remaining, in and out of longing in action:

(continued on pg 30)

Gravesend

Cole Swensen

University of California Press, 2012

Review by David James Miller

Extending the stylistic concerns of her poetic sequence, “Stele” (*Post-Apollo*, 2012), where lacunae demarcate and define both the visual and the textual geography of the poems, Cole Swensen’s “Gravesend” centers its attention on the subject of the ghost story both as historical and narrative construct shifting in time and place — also as a narrative genre and as confession. It considers the ghost itself a site where each of these combine, forming a new shape from what appears to be disparate elements. The genre of the ghost story then becomes at once historical narrative and cartography, while the ghost itself seemingly at the center of the story becomes an elision, a definition of the space where one thing borders another, where erosions between occur, and where new constructs emerge.

The book’s three sections draw attention to a series of questions Swensen asked friends and acquaintances while writing the book: “Have you ever seen a ghost?” “How did Gravesend get its name?” And, “What do you think a ghost is?” The answers inform several of the poems in the book, and in particular the “Interview Series” texts, where the responses combine to speak to each of the questions in myriad ways. Appropriately, the responses mark the memory of a place or person and how these retellings accumulate into something indeterminate, something “other.”

As such, Swensen traces the history of the many [ghost] stories of the British town which lends the book its name. Doing so, she maps a history of narratives — narratives tied to this specific geographical place at the mouth of the Thames river, narratives of naming (a recurrent matter throughout the book), and narratives of confession. As the town’s name may imply, each of these never seem to be too far from the telling of ghost stories; more to the point, though, is the relation one shares with the other. As a piece of documentary on the subject of the ghost story, the book becomes artifact, connected as it is to the history of these narratives which are inseparable as a constructive material of the book, itself a collective of multiple histories.

The opening poem, “Echo Body,” recalls a time when “the world thus re-

called// a man who walked into a churchyard...” — a man who, by the close of the poem, is apparently without a primary sense of being when Swensen tells us that “what walked on/ walked so lightly across.” Here the “ghost” isn’t an emanation from an individual’s personal memory, or the lingering spirit of someone long-since dead: It’s the collective memory of the world given shape and presence. That the churchyard is the place where this ghostly form appears, seems only incidental to the other distinctive elements making their way into the poem: “a fist ... the fence ... the single note// upon note that breaks in the sun,” and “the burning stones.”

Elsewhere, “[g]hosts appear in place of whatever a given people will not face” (“Whole Ghost”). This moment makes explicit the constructed nature of the ghostly, especially among a larger social entity. Lacking specificity, Swensen tells us in the remainder of the poem that

the entire sky is a ghost though
again it’s not necessarily
what you’d think

bright sun full of birds
you’re in a park and
everything in sight is alive.

But for all the book’s shifting definitions of the ghostly, Swensen doesn’t resist allowing concrete associations to congeal. In “Ghosts,” the narrative continuity between the poem’s title and its first line settles concretely, forming a rare moment of solidity:

Ghosts

are houses. (The places we exceed
ourselves can live.)

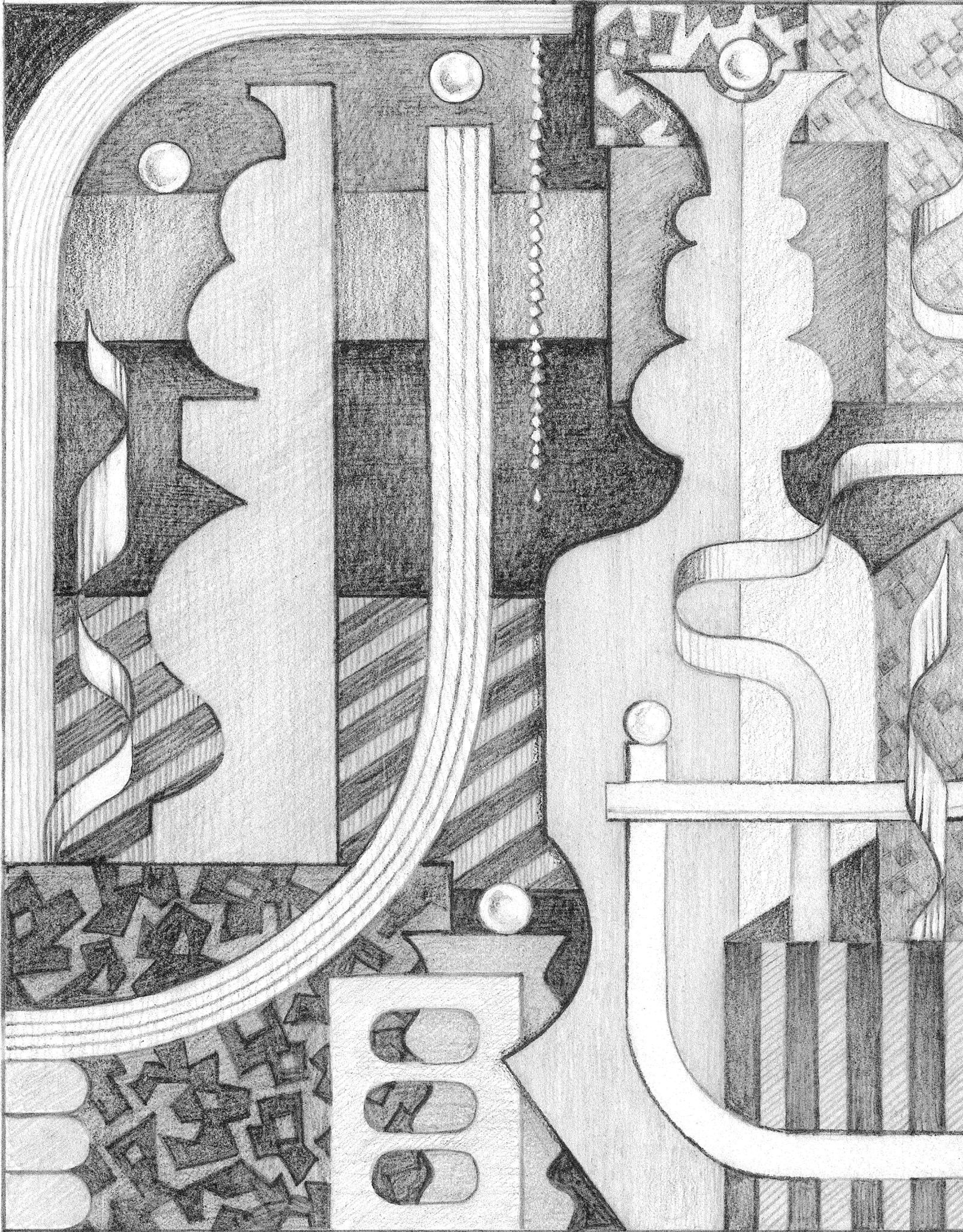
And every house

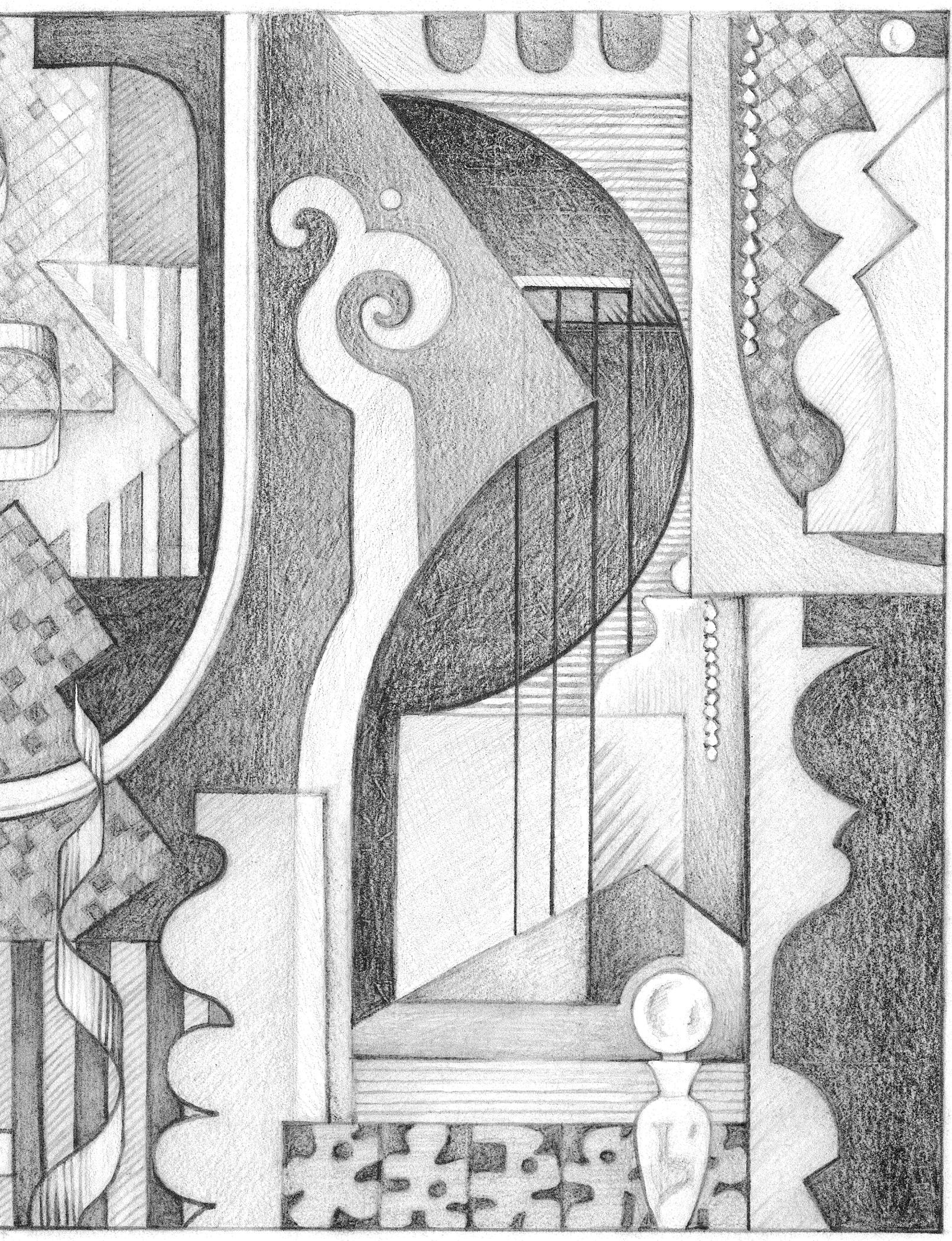
is a guest. I live in an old one.
I watch it move. “I am moved,”
I say

at inappropriate times. And then must
say “I’m sorry” though not to
whom

Immediately following this, the language again gives way to further instances bordering on the indeterminate, moving between these grammatical poles seamlessly, as though between the questions that inform the book’s writing.

(continued on pg 30)





TWO POEMS

Carl Martin

Psychological Profile

It may be that in the village the festering inkpot
blooms, swamping chains of nucleic acid.
Limbs of catalpa seduce the wind: a woman's
black cord is suicide around her neck;
resurrected lines try this test: queer gulps
of disaffected air as hanging wasps circle the May Pole.

On the bed orchids wilt. Her legs' residual arch
burns you, a mill on fire, lighting the night.
Groom the wind's animal whiskers. Below, juvenile
mouths in naked distress form perfect black O's.
Rapine incisors do sometimes visit this florid North.
Succor the fool, for he shall inherit the dark precipice.

Captif

The ethereal “text” word eschewing body,
thus bodily imprecations,
simplicity/buzz “predictability,”
desuetude of spirit as engaged valor.
Un-mastered didactic disguised as notes.

An undefined Not-Being-There
revels of Time the projection
channeling, defacing
the vine in its browning, innate historicity,
indivisible silence as wind bates the leaves.

And if “emoting” reserves
the moldering of summer laud
this wine, this seat, this pitted table,
for false confined lovers of fiery comets
then limestone cellars and ineluctable elocution.

UPCOMING READINGS AND EVENTS AT THE POETRY PROJECT

ALL EVENTS BEGIN AT 8PM UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED ADMISSION \$8 / STUDENTS & SENIORS \$7 / MEMBERS \$5 OR FREE
THE POETRY PROJECT IS LOCATED IN ST. MARK'S CHURCH AT THE CORNER OF 2ND AVE & 10TH ST IN MANHATTAN
CALL 212 674 0910 FOR MORE INFORMATION

THE POETRY PROJECT IS WHEELCHAIR ACCESSIBLE WITH ASSISTANCE AND ADVANCE NOTICE *schedule is subject to change*

WED 9/18

PAUL MALISZEWSKI & LYNNE TILLMAN

Paul Maliszewski is the author of "Fakers" (*News Press*), a book of essays, and "Prayer and Parable" (*Fence Books*), a collection of stories. He has published essays in *Harper's*, *Granta*, and *Bookforum*, among other magazines.

Lynne Tillman's most recent book is "Someday This Will Be Funny," her fourth collection of stories. Her most recent novel was "American Genius, A Comedy." In January 2014, her second essay collection, "What Would Lynne Tillman Do?" will be published by Richard Nash's *Red Lemonade Press*.

MON 9/23

R. ERICA DOYLE & CHRISTOPHER STACKHOUSE

R. Erica Doyle was born in Brooklyn to Trinidadian immigrant parents and her first book, "proxy," was published by *Belladonna* Books* in 2013. Her work has appeared in *Best American Poetry*, *Our Caribbean: A Gathering of Gay and Lesbian Writing from the Antilles*, *Bum Rush the Page: A Def Poetry Jam*, *Gathering Ground: A Reader Celebrating Cave Canem's First Decade*, *Ploughshares*, *Bloom*, and *Sinister Wisdom*.

Christopher Stackhouse is the author of a chapbook "Slip" (*Corollary press*); co-author of image/text collaboration with writer/translator John Keene, "Seismosis" (*1913 press*). His poems have been published in journals including *EOAGH*, *Octopus*, *GlitterPony*, *Aufgabe*, *Hambone*, *nocturnes (re)view of literary arts*, *The Volta*, and *The Recluse*.

WED 9/25

PATTIE MCCARTHY & KEVIN VARRONE

Pattie McCarthy is the author of four books of poetry: "Marybones," "Table Alphabetical of Hard Words," "Verso," and "bk of (h)rs," all from *Apogee*

Press. She is the author of the recent chapbooks "scenes from the lives of my parents" (*Bloof Books*) and "L&O" (*Little Red Leaves*), as well as the forthcoming "x y z &&" (*Ahsahta Press*).

Kevin Varrone's most recent publications are "Eephus" (*Little Red Leaves Textile Series*, 2012) and "box score: an autobiography," available as an iPhone and iPad app (boxscoreapp.com). His previous publications include "Passyunk Lost" (*Ugly Duckling Presse*, 2010), "id est" (*Instance Press*, 2007), and "g-point Almanac: 6.21-9.21" (*ixnay press*, 2000).

FRI 9/27 10PM

FURNITURE PRESS READING

Furniture Press Books kicks off its 3000-mile poetry tour in NYC with a crew of writers culled from 10 years of successful and innovative publishing. Readings and performances by Martine Bellen, Deborah Poe, Magus Magnus, Ryan Eckes, Joshua Ware, Elizabeth Savage, Chris McCreary, Alyse Knorr, Iris Cushing, Chris Mason, and Jacob A. Bennett, plus a free raffle give-away of a lifetime subscription to *Furniture Press Books*.

MON 9/30

MY POEMS WON'T CHANGE THE WORLD: PATRIZIA CAVALLI WITH JONATHAN GALASSI, JORIE GRAHAM, J.D. MC CLATCHY, MARK STRAND, & DAVID SHAPIRO

The Italian philosopher Giorgio Agamben said of Cavalli that she has written "the most intensely 'ethical' poetry in Italian literature of the twentieth century." One could add that it is also the most sensual and comical. "My Poems Won't Change the World," published this fall by *Farrar Straus & Giroux*, is her first substantial American anthology, and this rare appearance, together with her illustrious translators is not to be missed.

WED 10/2

ANNE BOYER & MATIAS VIEGENER

Anne Boyer's works include "Anne Boyer's Good Apocalypse," "The 2000's," "My Common Heart," "The Romance of Happy Workers," and more. Her latest work, "A Form of Sabotage," was recently released in translation by the Turkish collective *Kült Neşriyat*. Matias Viegner is the author of "2500 Random Things About Me Too," a book of experimental writing, and has co-edited two books, "The n/o/ulipian Analects" and "Séance in Experimental Writing" with Christine Wertheim. He is the editor and co-translator of Georges Batailles' "The Trial of Gilles de Rais."

FRI 10/4 10PM

TRACEY MCTAGUE & CAT TYC

Tracey McTague is the ornithologist consigliere for *Lungfull! Magazine* by day. By night, she is a root doctor, alchemist and hunter-gatherer. Her book "Super Natural" (*Trembling Pillow Press*) was just born in New Orleans. Cat Tyc is a Brooklyn based poet/vid-eomaker. She has been a Fellow at the Flaherty Seminar "Creative Demolition: Reconstructing Culture through Innovations in Film & Video" at Vassar College and has had short films that have screened in galleries & festivals in Seattle, Portland, New York City, Los Angeles, Berlin and London.

MON 10/7

OPEN READING

Sign-up at 7:45.

WED 10/9

CORNELIUS EADY & BOB HOLMAN

Cornelius Eady is the author of over a half-dozen books of poetry, including "Hardheaded Weather: New and Selected Poems" (*Putnam*, 2008). His work in theater includes the libretto

for an opera, "Running Man," which was a finalist for *the Pulitzer Prize in Drama* in 1999. In 1996, Eady co-founded, with writer Toi Derricotte, the *Cave Canem* Summer workshop/retreat for African American poets. Bob Holman's reading is a book party for "Sing This One Back To Me" (*Coffee House*) so he'll be performing with his griot, Papa Susso, master kora player/singer whose poems are central to the book, and special guests.

MON 10/14

**TED DODSON &
KRYSTAL LANGUELL**

Ted Dodson is the author of the chapbook "Pop! in Spring" (*Diez*, 2013). He is the co-founder and editor of the filmed journal *On the Escape*, a former curator for *Triptych*, and an editor and the program director for *Futurepoem*. Select publication can be found in *LIT*, *The Brooklyn Rail*, *The Death and Life of American Cities*, *la fovea*, and *SET*.

Krystal Languell is a member of *the Belladonna* Collaborative* and edits the journal *Bone Bouquet*. She is the author of "Call the Catastrophists" (*BlazeVOX*, 2011) and her work has appeared in *esque*, *la fovea*, *DIAGRAM*, and elsewhere.

WED 10/16

**TONYA FOSTER & MARTHA
RONK**

Tonya Foster's poetry, fiction, and essays have been published in a variety of journals from *Callaloo* to *The Hat to Western Humanities Review*. She is the author of "A Swarm of Bees in High Court" (*Belladonna Press*) and co-editor of "Third Mind: Creative Writing Through Visual Art."

Martha Ronk is the author of nine books of poetry, most recently "Partially Kept" published by *Nightboat Books* and "Vertigo," a *National Poetry Series* selection published by *Coffee House Press*. Her forthcoming book, "Transfer of Qualities," will be published by *Omnidawn*.

FRI 10/18 10PM

BIG ENIGMA

Big Enigma is a new group dedicated to performing Frank Carlberg's settings of poems by select 20th and 21st Century writers. Their upcoming release, "Big Enigmas," will feature new compositions to poems by Ken Mikolowski. Big Enigma features Christine Correa, Matt Moran, John Carlson, Jeremy Udden, Frank Carlberg, John Hebert and Michael Sarin, with poetry by Ken Mikolowski.

MON 10/21

**AUFGABE AND THE POETRY
PROJECT CELEBRATE POETRY
FROM QUÉBEC**

Guest edited by poet/translator Oana Avasilichioaei, "Aufgabe #12" (*Litmus Press*) contains work by 14 Québécois writers translated by 12 Canadian and American translators, including Martine Audet, Nicole Brossard, Daniel Canty, Philippe Charron, Jean-Marc Desgent, Geneviève Desrosiers, Kim Doré, Renée Gagnon, Benoit Jutras, Suzanne Leblanc, Chantal Neveu, Steve Savage, Franz Schürch, and François Turcot.

WED 10/23

**AT ONCE YET SEPARATE: POET-
ARTIST COLLABORATION AND
THE WORK OF LESLIE SCALAPINO**

Leslie Scalapino's engagement with other artists via collaboration, exchange and performance provides the foundation for this evening's panel presentation. Discussion with visual artists Marina Adams and Petah Coyne, filmmaker Konrad Steiner, and poet/playwright Fiona Templeton will begin with an exploration of each artist's particular work with Scalapino and open out to broader conversation around the nature of collaboration, process, and influence. Moderated by poet E. Tracy Grinnell.

MON 10/28

**MICHAEL VEAL: RE-THINKING
THE 'FREE' MUSIC OF JOHN
COLTRANE IN THE DIGITAL AGE**

Michael Veal is Professor of Music at Yale University, and the author of several books, including "Fela: The Life and Times of an African Musical Icon" (*Temple University Press*, 2000), "Dub: Soundscapes and Shattered Songs in Jamaican Reggae" (*Wesleyan University Press*, 2007), and "Wait Until Tomorrow: The Music of John Coltrane and Miles Davis Re-Assessed in the Digital Age" (forthcoming from *Wesleyan University Press*).

WED 10/30

**DAVID BRAZIL &
BOB ROSENTHAL**

David Brazil was born in New York and lives in California. His first full-length, "The Ordinary," is just out from *Compline Press*.

Bob Rosenthal's is the author of the poetry collections "Morning Poems," "Lies About the Flesh," "Rude Awakenings," "Viburnum," and "Eleven Psalms" among others. His prose works include "Straight Around Allen" and "Cleaning Up New York."

FRI 11/1 10PM

**ALEX DIMITROV &
CARLOS SOTO-ROMÁN**

Alex Dimitrov is the author of "Begging for It," published by *Four Way Books*. He is also the founder of *Wilde Boys*, a queer poetry salon in New York City. Dimitrov's poems have been published in *Poetry*, *The Yale Review*, *Kenyon Review*, *Slate*, *Poetry Daily*, *Tin House*, *Boston Review*, and *the American Poetry Review*.

Carlos Soto-Román has published in Chile: "La Marcha de los Quiltros" (1999), "Haikú Minero" (2007), and "Cambio y Fuera" (2009); and in the States: "Philadelphia's Notebooks" (*Otoliths*, 2011). His work can be found in *Crux Desperationis 3*, *Newport Review*, *Coydup 5*, *Summer's Stock*, *P-Queue*, *Capitalism Nature Socialism*, *Where Eagles Dare*, and *Dear Navigator 4*.

MON 11/4

**ALLI WARREN &
STEPHANIE YOUNG**

Alli Warren's first book, "Here Come the Warm Jets," is just out from *City Lights*. Previous works include "Grindin'" (*Lew Gallery*), "Acting Out" (*Editions Louis Wain*), "Well-Meaning White Girl" (*Mitzvah Chaps*), "Cousins" (*Lame House Press*).

Stephanie Young lives and works in Oakland. Her most recent book is "URSULA or UNIVERSITY." Other poetry includes "Picture Palace" and "Telling the Future Off." She edited the anthology "Bay Poetics," and is managing editor of *Deep Oakland*.

WED 11/6

**THURSTON MOORE &
ANNE WALDMAN**

Thurston Moore is founder in 1980 of NYC rock group *Sonic Youth*. He records and performs as a solo artist as well and has worked collaboratively with Yoko Ono, Merce Cunningham, Cecil Taylor, Lydia Lunch, John Zorn and Glen Branca. He currently records and tours with *Chelsea Light Moving* and resides in London. His latest publication is "NO GO" (*Ecstatic Peace Library*, 2013).

Author of more than 40 publications of poetry, Anne Waldman's most recent books include "The Iovis Trilogy: Colors in the Mechanism of Concealment" (*Coffee House Press*, 2011), which won the PEN USA 2012 Award for Poetry, "Soldatesque/Soldiering" (*BlazeVOX*, 2012) and "Gossamurmur" (*Penguin Poets*, 2013). "Jaguar Harmonics" is forthcoming from *Post Apollo Press*.

FRI 11/8 10 PM 10PM

PERFECT LOVERS PRESS

Perfect Lovers Press is based in Cincinnati, Ohio, and edited by Paul Coors & Dana Ward. We publish books & editions, as well as a little online monthly called *Time Magazine*. Join us for a night in celebration of our first two years of things. We'll have readings & performances, embodied or delivered from afar by John Coletti, Leopoldine Core, Dan Thomas-Glass, Debbie Hu, Susan Landers, Micah Freeman, Shana Moulton, Yvette Nepper, Wendy Trevino, & others.

MON 11/11

OPEN READING

Sign-up at 7:45.

WED 11/13

RON PADGETT & TONY TOWLE

Ron Padgett's books include the poetry collections "How to Be Perfect," "You Never Know," and "Great Balls of Fire," as well as three memoirs, "Ted: A Personal Memoir of Ted Berigan," "Oklahoma Tough: My Father, King of the Tulsa Bootleggers," and "Joe: A Memoir of Joe Brainard." His new book is "Collected Poems."

Tony Towle's poetry career began fifty years ago, when he attended workshops with Kenneth Koch and Frank O'Hara at the New School. His first major collection, "North," was published in 1970, in conjunction with the Frank O'Hara Award for that year. His 12th book of poems, "Winter Journey," appeared from *Hanging Loose* in 2008.

MON 11/18

TALK SERIES: LISA ROBERTSON, CINEMA OF THE PRESENT

What if the poem's not written to fulfill a discourse or to address an institutional formation but to open new living and thinking? How much privacy would this poem need in the making? How much time? How much silence? Does the poem have, in Denise Riley's words, "The right to be lonely"? I'm trying to think about solitude as an organ or an ornament of the social, not its opposite. Can the poem become the space of that solitude? In this instance, I took 9 years to build a pronoun. During that time I didn't talk about it, and that was a freedom and a pleasure.

Lisa Robertson lives with her dog in La Malgache, France, population 4. During her time in this place she has published "Revolution, A Reader," an annotated anthology made in collaboration with Matthew Stadler, and "Nilling," a collection of essays.

WED 11/20

**NICOLE BROSSARD &
JOCELYN SAIDENBERG**

Nicole Brossard is a poet, novelist and essayist who has published more than thirty books since 1965, including "These Our Mothers," "Lovhers," "Mauve Desert," and "Baroque at Dawn." She has won two Governor General's Awards for poetry, as well as le Prix Athanase-David and the Canada Council's Molson Prize.

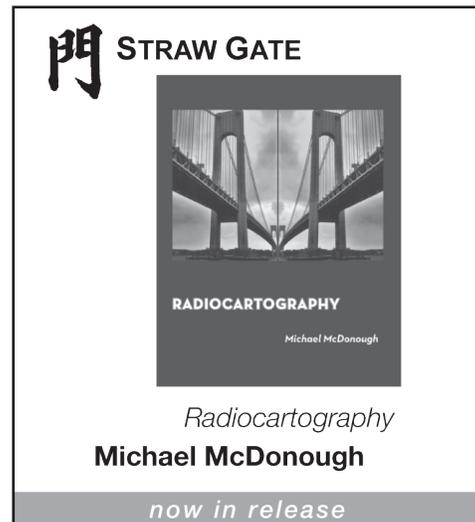
Jocelyn Saidenberg is the author of "Mortal City," "Cusp," "Negativity," "The Dispossessed," and "Shipwreck." She is the founding editor of *Krupskaya Books* and has curated events and performances for *New Langton Arts*, *Small Press Traffic*, and *Right Window*.

FRI 11/22 10PM

KAREN LEPRI & JESS ARNDT

Karen Lepri is the author of "Incidents of Scattering" (*Noemi*, 2013) and the chapbook "Fig. I" (*Horse Less Press*, 2012). Her poems, translations, & reviews have appeared or are forthcoming in *1913*, *6x6*, *Boston Review*, *Best New Poets*, *Chicago Review*, *Conjunctions*, *Horse Less Review*, *Lana Turner*, and elsewhere.

Jess Arndt is a fiction writer and co-editor of the new prose experiment, *New Herring Press*. She was most recently published in *Parkett vol. 91*, *The Diner Journal* (Fall, 2013), *Randy! Art Zine*, and *Put A Egg On It*. She teaches fiction at Rutgers University and lives in WA state and Brooklyn.



FALL WORKSHOPS AT THE POETRY PROJECT

USING THE VOICE:

ANNE TARDOS

Thursdays 7-9pm

10 sessions begin October 3rd

Breathing techniques. Performance techniques. The fact of being on stage. Facing the audience. Overcoming stage fright. Finding the best way to read our own and others' texts. How to use the microphone. Paying attention to the cadence of the text. Exploring the timbre, varying dynamics of expression, and accentuation. How to use silence. The tempo of the reading. Articulation, gesticulation, and body language. Learning to use the full range of one's voice. When to look at the audience and how to generate a connection with the audience. How to read the text convincingly. The importance of trusting the text while performing it. Confronting and combating shyness, vagueness, and doubt. How to be real when reading. Basically, lifting the poem off the page. Workshop participants will be asked to bring their own writings for this performance workshop. Anne Tardos, a New York Foundation for the Arts fellow, is the author of "Both Poems," "I Am You," and "The Dik-dik's Solitude," among several others. Her web site is www.annetardos.com.

WRITING THROUGH THE SENSES:

BETSY FAGIN

Fridays 7-9pm

10 sessions begin October 4th

A writing workshop in which participants will delve into physical experience: writing through the senses — to create an embodied poetics and journey along a path toward a new body of work. Over the ten-week course we will incorporate/examine/manifest/experience Sight (visuals!), Sound (beats!), Taste (mad flavor!), Touch/Sensation, and Scent through writing exercises, readings and possibly field trips around the neighborhood. We do not subscribe to the notion that there are only five senses, but there are only ten weeks in the course: At least a few sessions will be dedicated to an investigation of other, less familiar senses and what constitutes a sense. Make sense? One of the primary aims of the workshop is to kickstart the writing process — there will be a focus on generative writing exercises and collegial feedback. Betsy Fagin's latest work is "Poverty Rush" (*Three Sad Tigers*). She has worked as one of the librarians at the *Occupy Wall Street People's Library* since September 2011.

See more at betsyfagin.com.

SHIFTING DEGREES:

JOHN GODFREY

Saturdays 2-4pm

10 sessions begin October 5th

Godfrey will lead this unique workshop/symposium experience. He will read and comment on participants' poems, of course but will focus on encouraging participants to build their skills as readers of poetry and to approach reading as a practice intricately linked to writing. Each week, Godfrey will address topics he chooses to call *Shifting Degrees*: of contextuality of the poem; of grammar; of "aboutness"; of diction; of directness, or telling; of indirectness, or telling; of humor as serious expression as opposed to entertainment; of entertainment as disguise. All to the end of sensitively evaluating the intentions of the writer. He hopes there will be fruitful disagreements, and we all will better appreciate poems we would not want to write ourselves. And maybe write them. John Godfrey's latest books include "Private Lemonade" (*Adventures in Poetry*, 2003) and "Push the Mule" (*The Figures*, 2001). "Tiny Gold Dress" was published this year by *Lunar Chandelier*.

Burning Deck 2013

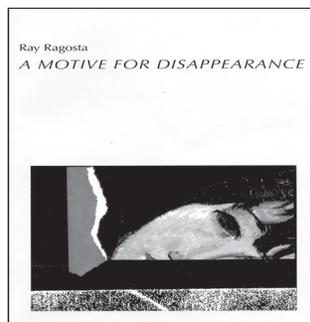
Claude Royet-Journoud, *Four Elemental Bodies*

[Série d'écriture, No. 27; translated from the French by Keith Waldrop]

Claude Royet-Journoud's Tetralogy assembles his central volumes *Reversal*, *The Notion of Obstacle*, *Objects Contain the Infinite*, and *Natures Indivisible* [*Le renversement*, *La notion d'obstacle*, *Les objets contiennent l'infini*, *Les natures indivisibles*]

Royet-Journoud is one of the most important contemporary French poets whose one-line manifesto: "Shall we escape analogy" signaled a revolutionary turn away from Surrealism and its lush imagery. His spare, "neutral" language, stripped of devices like metaphor, assonance, alliteration, questions the nature of "poetic language" as he explores the experience of loss.

Poetry, 368 pages, offset, Smyth-sewn, original paperback \$20

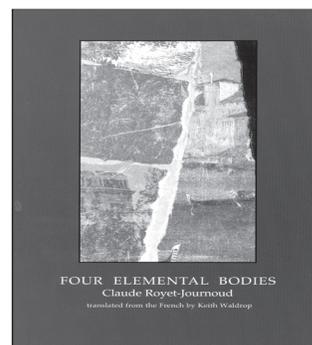


Ray Ragosta: *A Motive for Disappearance*

Against a background of traumatic events we hear the voice of the outsider or exile. He is part of a different "tribe" whose ancestors include Ovid in Tomis (whose fears and discomforts make his exilic works disturbing and cloying at once), the observer who, as Kafka describes himself, inhabits a "borderland between solitude and community," and Hawthorne's Wakefield who abandoned his wife for some twenty years, but took up lodgings only one street over.

"Ray Ragosta, like the serpent swallowing its tail, does not describe the event, but things close in, as in a dark room or desert. His poems convey the emotional intensity of the gap between articulation and experience; between the possibility of expression and the effort toward that expression."—Gale Nelson

Poetry, 88 pages, offset, Smyth-sewn, original paperback \$14

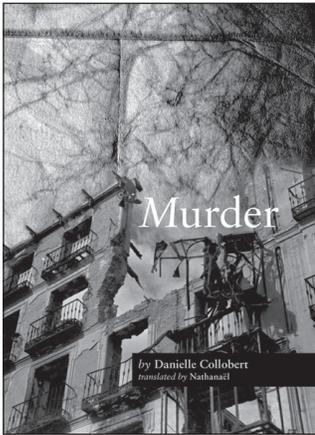


Elfriede Czurda: *Almost 1 Book/ Almost 1 Life* [trans. Rosmarie Waldrop]

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Danielle Collobert; Translated by Nathanaël

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—Lawrence Joseph

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Oscarine Bosquet

MUM IS DOWN



How long does it take a body to
hit the ground
when it falls from I have no idea
what height?

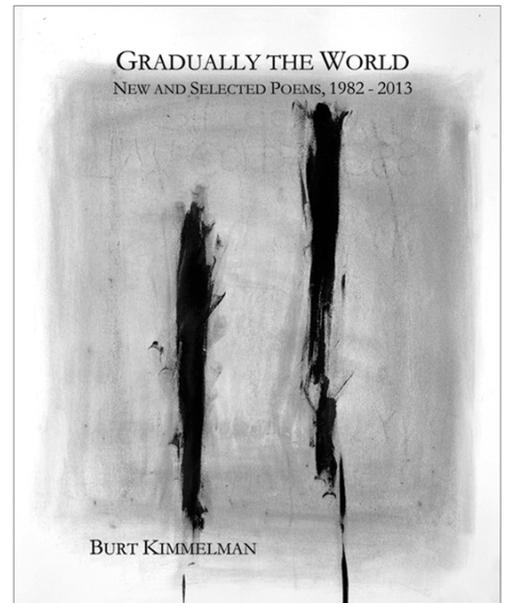
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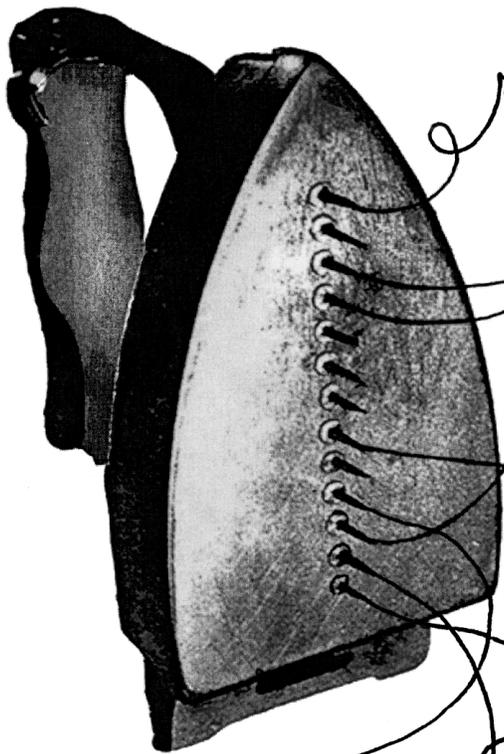
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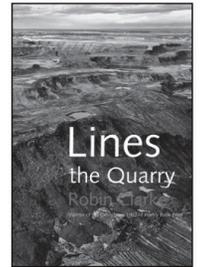
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Sara Mumolo *Mortar*

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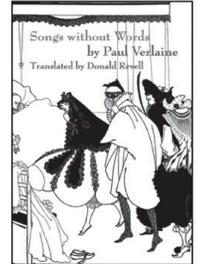


Paul Verlaine *Songs without Words*

Translated by Donald Revell

French on Facing Pages \$17.95 96 pages 978-1-890650-87-2

This is the book in which, unabashedly, Paul Verlaine becomes himself and, in so doing, becomes the iconic poet of the French nineteenth century. A book of musical sequences, it seeks and finds exquisite purity of expression, best exemplified by "Il pleure dans mon coeur," the most famous and most inimitable of all French lyric poems.



Martha Ronk *Transfer of Qualities*

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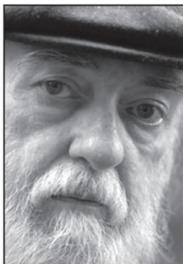
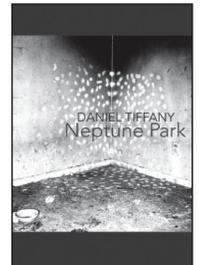
"Martha Ronk's *Transfer of Qualities* belongs to the same tradition as Stein's *Tender Buttons* and Ponge's *Le Parti pris des choses*, but Ronk's homage to the 'not-me' of objects, and of others, is suffused with an elegance, melancholy, and intimacy all her own. Her meditation offers quiet, multiple, and profound insights into intimacy, grief, and the 'residue of lost time.'"—Maggie Nelson



Daniel Tiffany *Neptune Park*

\$17.95 88 pages 978-1-890650-86-5

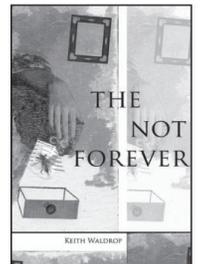
"*Neptune Park*'s uncanny couplets are not like anything else—they read like Lynchian jingles, 3 AM blurts, off-key songs overheard in a Shell station mart. They are pastiche distillations or riddling alchemies that switch from the profound, to the kitsch, to the crass. Read these tantalizing, unfamiliar telegrams from a world that's a theme park of our own."—Cathy Park Hong



Keith Waldrop *The Not Forever*

\$17.95 112 pages 978-1-890650-88-9

"Lifting vocabulary and tone from the philosophic, the mythic, the scientific, and the biblical, these pieces take a vast range of knowledge and of ways of knowing and fold them in together to create a millefeuille of idea and image in which the only real thing is language. This is a work whose beauty and intensity anchor us to the present, and keep us there."—Cole Swensen



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(NOTES FOR... continued from pg 9)
Sometime around 2007 or 8. Whenever I visit Boulder, Anselm and I go to used bookstores. I find an edition of Tennyson's *Idyls of the King*, Boston: Ticknor and Fields MDCCCLXIII. It is inscribed "To Carrie L. Miller, March, 1864." I show it to Anselm and then stand at the counter to buy it. I'm suddenly aware he's there, looking at me urgently. "What is it?" "I want that *Idyls of the King!*" "You can't have it." "I know."

In 2010, Jeffrey Trevino is setting work of mine to music, using live recordings of me reading and a score of electronic, percussive, and other sounds. "That's Anselm Hollo's laugh at the end of the first poem," I write to him. "I'll put that in the score," he writes back. "Laugh by Anselm Hollo."

Anselm's poetry is wiser than he is, as all great poetry is probably wiser than its poet. But it couldn't exist without the mix of cultures and persons he was, his prodigious reading, his wildness. But Jesus, wasn't he a gas? Wasn't it terrific to have known him? As he says of Stevie Smith in *Heavy Jars*, "no way you are dead/ you were such a good head". I was always interested in his eyes, because they could seem so pale, so transparent as to be opaque. Blue, or blue-yellow? Maybe they were no color; I tend to remember them as having almost no color. 📷

(Cobb/Bartlett continued from pg 13)
Body of bird, child, husband, of self. The physical veers from comfort to threat, at once the condition of existence, that joy, and its terror:

[Husband]
burning
throughout the night
small candle lit beside me
glowing into the firefly image of the bed

you cradle me
douse me with gasoline
light the flame first to my back
I am afraid and the fire has difficulty
catching

it burns and burns
I alight the darkened rooms
in dreams dying

These poems full of birds come to rest in California, not really a specific geography, more a dream space, or again an attempt to map, to circumscribe the impossible

body. I read this penultimate poem as an act of alchemy, transforming dross into rarity:

Your mother is this outline of California —
this left-footed coast —
the progressive waves, nothing-
ness heading into nothingness —
a language that many do not understand.

She is an impossible mumbling
or pure mistranslation
as though speaking, but not speaking
a startling blindness
or a gesture held in negative space.

Your mother is not a map most can
navigate by.

You do not know this, rather
regard her
as a warm place to hide —
a landscape with no particulars.

Your mother is paper created from
redwoods.
She cannot be read by just any light.

(from "A Natural History of California")

This book reminds me why poetry. It is music, and thought, enacting — what? — the contingency, the complexity, the mysterious of being in ways that all other kinds of writing — philosophy, fiction, essay — can't touch. 📷

(White/Walker continued from pg 14)
One of the more beguiling though alluring lines of the book happens at the end of "H. 'This Tradition is Concerned with The Opening of A New Enlightenment, One Made Possible by The Ongoing Improvisation of A Given Enlightenment'" where Simone writes (and notice, here, the length of the line):

Anyway, fire that bitch. Under her
dress, inaccessible to meme
GFE-tiger.

The humor there becomes another factor — risen, dry, intellectual, enticing — just as in "O. Look into My Eyes" (which to paraphrase would be criminal):

The cat was trying to *look into my eye*.
Turning her head and bobbing a
little to get a
better look into the eye I had opened.
She pressed her nose against

mine, and looked
into my eyes, pressing her brow, her
3-inch skull underneath it,
against mine.

It would be interesting to call attention again to the double entendre of "cat" as slang referential space but then again as pet, a reversal of patriarchal oppression turned domestic partnership. But that's what so many of these poems do — signify, call, and rope back inward where one can be held so close, something intimidating and sensual at once.

It's challenging to make this claim, but the pinnacle moment in "Unrest" occurs in "P. Honorifics Lack Specificity" when the otherwise occasional illusory obscurity Simone is so apt to present becomes a two-headed creature, where one representation is the pinpointing inside and about the *individual* versus the form of the allusive precision of *human relations*. Historically, when these two aspects are pitted against one another, brought in tow is the dichotomy of resistance and ignoring; thus, unrest. The poem says:

We should talk about back-handedness,
perceiving it, for example, in,
"Thanks for
your help."

It is difficult to get around the notion that the graciousness of gratitude can so easily be couched as invisible privilege, as intricate systems of oppression, especially while this poet elaborately dances and smiles all the while. If one were to thank someone else so built into history's stature, the thank you only appears as weakness. That long poem sardonically and decidedly ends, "What must it be like, to be so far ahead in one's body."

Simone's attention to the helix of liberation and struggle travel full force here. It feels like a Nikki Giovanni poem finally woke up, like apologism has to take a backseat to the party going on around it, like there's no getting away, as much as white folks might require casual indifference. It is difficult to encounter a chapbook (repeat: chapbook) with this many layers, that is so dastardly readable yet contains and spreads such an intellectual capacity, bigger than itself.

Though, technically it's not the last line (or, last poem even) of the book, the speaker arrives at the last moment in admittance of her own embarrassment in "XY." after, ironically, developing such a

brutally dashing geography. This admittance follows the best sentence “Unrest” has to offer:

My paranoid (to beat it up, to hit it)
beauty.

Beauty, there, so close to the word body but transmogrified, which here makes the object of beauty an actively emotional engagement, where it absorbs itself. Because, to suspend the pussy getting beat up, the woman getting “hit” (as in abused, as in used, drained, removed), but to also suspend (thus, paranoid as paranoia is just such) doing the beating up is to wantonly postpone the deferral that destroys dreams. Moreover, when the resistor is the one postponing, deferring, nothing ever comes back down; it remains mid-air, again, in resistance to leaving the gray area, to falling over those sides of the fence that attempt to prove the oppressive illusion of black and white, of one thing or another thing, of division, of ignorance.

That is the confrontational nature of such a thing with such thingliness, if not *the* only thing (i.e. body, personhood, world); we have to be paranoid we’ll lose *us* just like I’m so unreasonably suspicious that I might lose *me*. 📖

(Warren/Bernheimer continued from pg 14)
Of course explication is reductive, privileging a selective slant over other resonances. Much more pleasurable to kick back and swoon at the taut swing of inventions like “The squad and I ski and swan,” the dazzling dismay of openers like “I need help with long term hope,” or the nonchalant rigor of “this dog is the way I know / there is a breeze / and it does not cease.” She also knows monosyllables pack the big punch, but there I go again.

Which is just to say she has some scary chops. And Warren’s technique sustains a mature and steel-eyed worldview. Again, from her Poem Talk (Oakland, 2013): “I’m committed to a materialist view of things, which for me is a way of understanding person and place and time as deeply influenced by the larger systems under or through which they appear — the body is in so many ways determined by the socio-economic conditions where it appears, and the material conditions we experience in lives, various as these conditions and that ‘we’ is, are part of historical and ongoing struggles.”

The body is not just a frequent visitor but reciprocally inhabits the writ-

ing, as a center of gravity, as in “Getting Ready to Have Been Fully Ensconced”:

I touch the work
the work touches me

the backdrop is a fine mesh
through which posses thump and leak

icing emerging markets
in which the gathering mound protrudes

Can we take a minute here to salute “through which posses thump and leak”? Word music just doesn’t get any better than this, at least in English, no matter what Western you may or may not be watching. A few lines later, the predicament is just as complicated and even more “personal”:

And this is the story
of how I earned my purple heart

Balled up on the murphy bed
accusing nipples of gold digging

lacking the conviction necessary to move
off the unconfused upholstery

Ted Berrigan couldn’t have known he was describing this writing in his Perry Street invocation, “feminine marvelous and tough,” but it fills the bill. Only now in 2013 even more is up for grabs, and Warren’s triad is “I want to rub along ... elective, hypothetical, en croute” (“Let Them Run in Cotton”).

Warren is a master of the disjunctive appositive—the line, the word, the phrase that unexpectedly crops up like an ejection seat or pulls your rip cord. You are no longer in the same place, on the same trajectory. And you have to put it together. That’s your job:

Smacking the board
Face full of fronts
To get out from under
The cult of personality
Commas, those fuckers, ruin everything
Patience, understanding, even

(from “Vocation & Industry”)

Most of Warren works are brilliantly honed, compact, condensed as if distilled, with short lines, and would fit on an 8.5 x 11 page (even though she composes in small notebooks). The big departure is “Personal Poem,” the final piece in “Warm

Jets,” a tour de force in extended lines and commodious stanzas. She calls it a translation of Alice Notley’s “The Prophet” (1979), with which it shares a similar form and imperative mode of address.

The translation process includes both form and tone, “which seems to me very free and nonchalant and tough” (Poem Talk). Warren forgoes her typical honing habit, leaving in place a longer, conversational line and what she calls “some flab.” The work swerves at times nearer and farther from “The Prophet,” sometimes with direct quotation. The result of this looser leash is a powerful and free ranging self-prescription, materially inclusive in the way not only of the Notley poem but of Williams and O’Hara before it.

Open your mouth say what you think you
might mean
Your skin is interesting to the extent it
allows you
to walk into this bar
that pink thing covers the tits or sits
in your pants holding you in place
“your body is already here for you”
Stretch the way an ape does

And later,

Translate your sadness to anger then be
done with it
everyone knows you’re no good at
staying mad
Decorate your loved ones with green
garlands
touch the mosses know the names of
vegetation
The acts of parliament the elimination of
holydays
one should not rise before the first
light

This personal Rx bookends “Warm Jets,” paired with the opening work, “Acting Out,” which elaborates numerous definitions of the poet’s You — “You are whatever you can afford and arrange, / wherever you can imagine to appear,” for instance. First the who, then the how, in this survival guide for the soul.

When Warren reads her work there is a hint of growl (think Nina Simone) that keeps you on your toes, in a voice as knowing as Noir dialog but not jaded. When you read it you should watch out too. These are early days. She will continue to amaze in ways you’ve never thought. 📖

(Frost/Stoner continued from pg 15)

fuck / what good are poems /
poems have eyes like us / when we've
changed / imperceptibly
/
/ and get in / with the / danger /

And then there is Frost's urgent (implied) question: To what does one refer when one wishes to speak or write of resistance? What obstacle — the sun? The Feds? Kings? What kind of speaker can afford to name the location of this obstacle as everywhere and nowhere at the same time?

/ the problem / with our bodies /
is this and other countries enduring /

A fragment of a poem like a note passed through bars. One hopes, with some passion, that Frost has the will to continue tracing the terror of the obstacle's form. And that hope lives in her writing, its meditation on fidelity as an expectant art of believing, as an adherence to a practice of observation, engagement, and action. ☞

(Swensen/Miller continued from pg 15)
At once ephemeral, though paradoxically static in its presence, what the ghost story reveals is not so much the subject of its discussion as its context. Swensen alludes to this many times. The revenants of the changing shape of the ghost story genre continue to shift while the core of the story remains centered on the unknown. Yet, the reasons given for why ghosts actually "return" shifts as well, reflecting less about ghosts than the changing shape of human desire. As in "What Ghosts," we find that "want has greatly changed across the ages." Again, the narrative continuity between the title and the first line belies intent, calling into question what apparitions really reflect. Accordingly, ghosts become little more than our projected selves into the spaces outside us and beyond. What we call the spirit is a half-seen reflection in a window, as in "A Face," where a person's face "is always a ghost it's what we lost" and where

in particular, the eyes ... must be returned.



★ ASTROLOGICAL ADVICE ★ with Dorothea Lasky

Aries: There is just something about the new that you love and so you love fall for a lot of reasons. Sure, the leaves are dying, but a lot of things are beginning, too. We know that you relish all of this electricity of turning energy in the air. Make it shine all dewy for when you enter a room to make a dramatic pronouncement and then leave abruptly before anyone can disagree with you. The nail polish color to wear this fall is TEAL with GOLD SPARKLE topcoat. ♈

Taurus: The Summer makes you a bit grumpy. How cozy can you get in your blankets when everything around you is sweating its brains out? But September brings lots of cuddly nights either by yourself or with a sweetheart, while you secretly plan your next big takeover. Try to be driven in a car at least once in October by a person in sunglasses. The nail polish color to wear this fall is OXBLOOD with a tiny WHITE dot on your right pinkie. ♉

Gemini: Let's face it, you have been a little lost all Summer. You have played tennis, done cartwheels, made ten new friends, cried your eyes out, wore a purple sweatshirt, packed a purple sweatshirt neatly and then lost it, but still you know better than anyone: something is missing. I'll tell you what it is: It's your twin. You left your twin in the Spring, and s/he's waiting there for you, among the wildflowers, talking to a bear cub. Unleash its earthly coils. You two deserve to be together again. The nail polish color to wear this fall is NEON GREEN. ♊

Cancer: The best Cancers in history have been the mad ones. But you yourself keep the lid on very tight. Part of it is that you deeply fear the loss of control. Most of the time you only show your face to others. And don't get us wrong, it's a very beautiful face. But the mushy, soupy mess inside of you is what's interesting. If this Summer hasn't already heated it up a bit, chip away at least one of your layers of armor this fall. People have been waiting to see the real you. The nail polish color to wear is RED with BLUE, GREEN, and MARIGOLD polka dots. ♋

Leo: When you are adored as much and as deeply as you are, it is hard to really exhibit your obsessive side. Oh but it is there! Is it getting fed by your current job, lover, pack of cigarettes, new fall pair of corduroys, set of lottery tickets? If it isn't, you deserve something intense this fall. This may mean spending some time away from your current home. The nail polish color to wear this Fall is SILVER and ORANGE zebra print. ♌

Virgo: Ah, Virgo, you have been working very hard all year, and I know that you are not sure that this Fall is the time to stop. But really, there are some people around you who love you who would like you to stop. Please just stop! We love you, and let's go just take a break. We will take you in the woods and we can collect ladybugs and put them in tiny jars and eat sweet potatoes. And yes, October brings you the potential for two new lovers. The nail polish color for you this Fall is WHITE with EMERALD GREEN vertical stripes. ♍

Libra: You will find that this Fall will make you even sweeter than usual. You will get what you wanted all along. Of course, what you wanted isn't money but fame and attention. Things look good careerwise but more in this longterm way, like lots of people are taking your work very seriously. Is this what you wanted? I think what you wanted can't be said here, but I will pass the idea into your mind. When you get the message, make sure that you think about the fact that the siren can be anything. The nail polish to wear is GOLDEN YELLOW on your thumbs and GOLD on your pinkies. The rest of your fingernails should be (what else?) BRIGHT CHERRY RED. ♎

Scorpio: All I am saying is that it is possible for you to make a mistake. The case you should most consider is yourself. When you give to yourself, we all win. I think that there is someone you think you are in love with, but the only person you really love is The Bear. The Bear will never save you from the Devil. Timber! The best nail polish to wear this Fall is NO NAIL POLISH at all because, let's be honest, naked is your best costume. Happy comforter season! ♏

Sagittarius: You are wild, always, but this Fall you will give new meaning to it. Part of the reason is that you have been cooped up so long. Anyway, you attract a lot of people, but this season is the time to think about — who do YOU really like? I think that we know. *Ahem*, we think that WE know. But do you? It may be the horse riding through town. Is that you? Do you like yourself? We hope so. The nail polish color to wear is CRAB APPLE RED on your right hand and NAVY with VIOLET stars on your left. ♐

Capricorn: Someone has broken your heart, but it is time to forgive and go on to the next thing. The next thing is a blue bottle filled with blue water. It's not your color, but go ahead. Do you like the ocean? The idea of the answer. The idea of the answer. No, we take that back. Dance around in semicircles. You always have a very beautiful dress on. The nail polish color to wear this fall is NEON ORANGE and BRONZE splattered leaf prints. ♑

Aquarius: Earthling, earthling, where are you? You've been creating that new theorem, right? Listen, it won't be done for a very long time, so maybe you should just leave it be and go to the movies. You are scared of horror movies, but the world needs you a bit unnerved to go onto the next thing. To apply the theorem to your dreams, which are simple and true. Your heart is full of beating beating beating out blue. Beat it blue. Beat the world til it all goes blue. The nail polish color to wear this fall is NEON PINK with BLACK turtles on your middle fingers. ♒

Pisces: Sometimes you think you can't take it anymore, but then you realize that you can withstand anything. I am sorry that darkness is all that there is, but when you smile, we all feel better. And isn't that the opposite of darkness? I think that the elephant you seek is waiting in the forest, so it's just about finding the forest. No, not forest so much as the thing with sand. I don't know, you tell me. You are always better at that than we are. Anyway, and thank you for your eyes. They are very pretty. The nail polish color to wear this season is BLACK with GLOW IN THE DARK TOPCOAT on your left pointer finger and on your ring finger. I take that back — wear PETAL PINK. ♓

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I PROMISE TO WRITE TRENDY AND MAKE YOU SO PROUD!!



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by Jim Behrle



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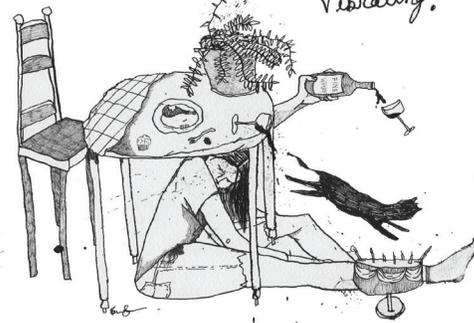
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