

WEDNESDAY READINGS: at 8 pm, suggested contribution \$3. Hosted by Bernadette Mayer & Bob Holman: May 6 - David Henderson & Kathy Acker. May 13 - John Koethe & Jessica Hagedorn. May 20 - Ed Friedman & Lois Elaine Griffith. May 27 - Rudy Burckhardt's "Cerveza Bud" & a film by Red Grooms.

MONDAY READING/PERFORMANCE SERIES: at 8 pm, suggested contribution \$1. Hosted by Bob Rosenthal & Rochelle Kraut: May 4 - Open Reading. May 11 - Helena Hughes & Philip Dacey. May 18 - FREE (7 pm: Community Meeting) 8 pm: EVENING IN TRANSLATION (World Magazine Party in progress) including: Ron Padgett, John Godfrey, Paul Violi, Gary Lenhart, Didi Dubelyew, Daniel Krakauer, Bill Kushner, Ted Berrigan, Elinor Nauen, Greg Masters. May 25 - Laurie Price & Hilton Obenzinger.

ANNUAL WORKSHOP READINGS: 8 pm, free, in the Parish Hall, Monday June 1 and Wednesday June 3. Children's workshop reading Saturday June 6 at noon in the Parish Hall.

#### FREE WRITING WORKSHOPS:

Sundays, 4 pm, in the Parish Hall - "Tropical Sensibilities and the Immediacy of Language" with Jessica Hagedorn.

Fridays, 7:30 pm, at the Third St. Music School - Poetry Workshop with Steve Carey.

Special Workshop with David Henderson - Thursday, May 7th, in the faculty lounge of the Third Street Music School.

LECTURE by Yvonne Rainer, Thursday May 14th at the Third Street Music School, \$2.

Members of the poetry community: A Community Meeting will be held on Monday, May 18th at 7 pm, before the "Evening in Translation" reading. The Poetry Project invites questions, advice & theories about its workings and doings and the future of everything.

Last Saturday, while entering the St. Mark's Church Yard with Aliah to play with his new blue and purple ball, we witnessed the ending of this year's first Young Poets Workshop **led by Susan Cataldo**. Jill Benzer, a seasoned St. Mark's poet, said they studied Ted Berrigan's poem "Ten Things I Do Everyday" but Susan's assignment was Ten Things I Don't Do Everyday. The Young Poets all looked pleased with what they don't do. This workshop is open to young poets ages 7-14 and is free, Saturdays, noon to 1 pm, and continues through May.

- Bob Rosenthal

Maureen Owen's poetry workshop met for eleven consecutive Tuesday evenings in the fall of 1980 at the Third Street Music School. Poems were written in class, individually and collectively, and outside of class in response to assignments and suggestions. Inspirational sources read and discussed include: Emily Dickinson, H.D., Dorothy Parker's book Not So Deep As A Well, Lewis Carroll, Poetry Comics, Jaime de Angulo's Old Time Stories, Elizabeth Bishop's reading of Geography III, Jack Spicer, Virginia Woolf's essay on Christina Rossetti, Christina Rossetti's "Goblin Market", Taeko Tomioka's "Let Me Tell You About Myself," Renji Miyazawa's "The Breeze Comes Filling The Valley," Minoru Yoshioka's Comedy and Shonagon's The Pillow Book.

Classes had a good mix of reading, discussion and writing with some time thrown in by the instructor for individual comments on the written material produced. There was a major core of regulars frequently filling the faculty lounge, floor space included. An atmosphere of support, genuine concern and encouragement kept people coming back. Initially, I was hesitant to contribute, feeling sensitive and vulnerable about my words and structural combinations. The workshop motivated me to type things out, to begin to share contained experiential contents and entries of moments, risking an external realm of presentation - maybe to communicate orally instead of silently.

Proof that all this existed can be seen in Words, an edition of 200 copies of the works of the poets of the workshop, edited by Maureen Owen.

- Betsy Critchley



Employment of the Ages by Jeff Wright: Hard Press, 340 E. 11 St, NYC 10003, \$3 (a prose journal poem with collages & graphics by Notley, Codrescu, Egan, Moser & the author)...  
The Complete Poems of Marianne Moore: Viking Press, NYC, \$16.95...from Toothpaste Press, Box 546, West Branch, IO 52538: How Spring Comes by Alice Notley, \$7.50 and Droles de Journal by Carl Rakosi...Laura Riding: A Bibliography by Joyce Wexler: Garland Publishing, Inc., NYC, \$32...Gemini by Tony Towle and Charles North, Swollen Magpie Press, RD 2 Box 499, Putnam Valley, NY 10579, \$3.50...from TELEPHONE BOOKS, 109 Dunk Rock Rd, Guilford, CT 06437: Drastic Measures by Pat Nolan, \$2; Mythologizing Always: 7 Sonnets by Patricia Jones, \$2; and The Barbarian Queen, a broadside by Rebecca Brown in a special numbered edition 1 thru 200, \$2...Skinny Dynamite by Jack Micheline: Second Coming Press, PO Box 31249, S.F., CA 94131, \$4.95 (...a precise eye and an economical phrasing for concrete particular details of persons, looks, scenes, situations & actions - A. Ginsberg)...Mysteries of Afternoon and Evening by Rachel Sherwood: Sherwood Press, 9773 Comanche Ave, Chatsworth, CA 91311, \$3...from Black Sparrow Press: Hades in Manganese by Clayton Eshleman, \$5p, \$20c and Three Penny Lane by Fielding Dawson, \$5p, \$20c...The Busses by Steve Benson: TUUMBA PRESS, 2369 Russell St, Berkeley CA 94705, \$2...Blindspots by Steve Benson: Whale Cloth Press, Cambridge, MA \$4...

Compass, ed. Jeff Wright: Teachers & Writers, 84 Fifth Ave, NYC 10011, \$1 (the literary magazine of the Artists & Elders Project)...Nurse's Hipflask: Box 115, 118 Mass. Ave, Boston, MA 02115 (broadside Vol 1 #1 including Bill Knott, C. Dane, H. Welsh, E. Batchelder & B. Jordan)...Unmuzzled Ox, eds. Andre, Rothenberg, 106 Hudson St, NYC 10013, \$4.95 (Corso featured)...ME & M, TOO by Carlo Pittore, ea. \$1.50 + 30 Postcards by C.P. for \$7.50, send for their catalog of mail art etc. PO Box 1132, Peter Stuyvesant Sta, NYC 10009...Mag City 11, eds. Scholnick, Lenhart, Masters, 437 E. 12 St #26, NYC 10009 (Warsh, Levine, Timmons, Owen, Collom, Fyman, Cataldo, Barg, Hoover, Swartz, Brownstein, Carey, Bandanza, Schiff, Schuchat, Fox, Mayer, Violi, Carey, Holman, Greenwald & editors) \$2...

Lingomats by Ed Friedman & Kim MacConnel, production by Rex Heftman: place mats that allow you to learn a foreign language while you eat. Available in 3 different sets of 4. Collect all 12. Trade them with your friends. Available at Holly Solomon Limited Editions on 57 St. Lingomat parties available on request from Ed Friedman. (EF)

#### Steve Carey's Workshop

Alice Notley and Bernadette Mayer visited to discuss their on-going collaboration, Tom Carey sang adaptations of poems by O'Hara and Schuyler, Tom Pickard told about Basil Bunting and Simon Pettet read from his works. We heard Bernadette and Alice read at the Wave Bookstore, Ted Berrigan at the New York Culture Review, Steve at the Ear Inn, and Pickard and David Gascoyne at a gallery on 57 St. In between, we listened to Steve's elevated, elevating disquisitions on all those poets and others. Assignments included listening, seeing, looking at the dawn, reading, thinking, talking and writing. There soon should be a workshop magazine available, so you can enjoy it all for yourself.

- Peggy DeCoursey

End of season thanks to friends who've helped to produce & assemble the newsletter each month: to Ron Padgett & Maureen Owen for asking me if I was interested in the job; to Bernadette Mayer & Bob Holman for allowing me perfect freedom; Jeff Wright for getting me Pedro Pietri's poem; Bob Rosenthal for Allen Ginsberg's 'lecture'; of course all contributors for their poems, articles & other; undizzying collators; all suggestions & criticism; continuing & new subscribers & most of all, Gary Lenhart, the editor's editor, who made the production work incentive to explore lay-out, so precise & dedicated to the copy & its reproduction- typing each stencil & roshi of the mimeo, height of friendship pleasure to work with, total reliance on his dependability & for his Diamond Noodle blurb. Rhododendron.

The World 35, edited by Daniel Krakauer, translations issue, will feature Ron Padgett's untranslated prose, Kurt Schwitters on his ursonata, St. Francis, Hanshan, T. Berrigan, O'Hara, Hollo, Reverdy, Violi, Schuyler, Vallejo, Gautier, V. Katz, Malanga, Waldman, Notley, Archilochus & Godfrey. Languages translated range from Nahuatl to Finnish to Chinese, in translation, sound translation, phonetics, & fun things. \$2.50 + \$1 postage.



## INTERGALACTIC TRANSPLANT

HEARTS IN SPACE (poems) by Maureen Owen (Kulchur Foundation, NYC 1980) \$3.50p

The juxtaposition of the right details keys the synapses, an electric charge leaps the gap, and we get the picture. It is a moving picture where one thing is immediately followed by another the way associations entwine in passing so that the saying takes lead over what is said. It is the movement of the "mind" inspired.

White sails clap behind the orange  
& tan trailer      parked on the edge  
of the strip of blue      Where  
starboard and aft are navigating.  
The light seems yellow      & the  
hemlocks are silhouetted to the right  
Right here & now      I would like to go on record  
to say that I have never      in my entire life  
suffered from even the remotest tinge      of  
penis envy!  
Or      as L put it in her interview  
"Even Freud said      sometimes a cigar is just  
a cigar!"

Maureen Owen's poems express awe, joy. She lets herself marvel. She also confides in her work much in the same way Emily Dickinson did in her own, and reveals a similar warm humor and ironic charm.

A heart that's been broken  
has a tiny hinge  
And when it happens a  
second or third time  
it just  
swings open & shut  
like a gate.

Her personal glimpses into the ordinary make it all brand new. These are landscapes or still lifes made up of the intelligent interplay between what is observable and what is conceivable which she depicts with the rough eloquence of an ink brush. These works dish out portions of a flux, the expanding fractured fable of the universe. She is joyfully unobsessed in this process, particular and mannerly with a marvelous, intuitive wisdom which is also known as finesse in another language. This is particularly evident in the exquisite manner with which she handles the intimate, tasteful eroticism of her words. There is an undercurrent in the works of Maureen Owen, a persuasive force that is compelling and fresh.

Visually pleasing, careful production values are always a plus when considering books from small presses. The Kulchur Foundation has amassed quite a considerable list of authors over the years. Unfortunately, its production record is rather spotty. Some Kulchur books have been totally unappealing in this respect. Hearts In Space is an exception. It is a shiny example of tasteful conception and professional standards. It is sparingly illustrated with the neo-deco ink wash drawings of Joe Giordano. And Vicki Hudspeth has delivered excellently on the typographic design. This book has a lot going for it.

- Pat Nolan

Cynthia Nibbelink will be editing a special issue of The Green River Review to contain work only by children (K-12). Children may submit work to her at 1200 Fifth Av, PH D, NYC 10029. Deadline June 10. No more than 3 pages per. SASE + name, age, address. Teachers are also invited to submit the work of their students.



## MY SYSTEM

When I go to the track  
I look at the jockeys  
warming up, to see if any  
look like someone I know,  
like Brice Marden.  
I bet on Brice Marden  
and won \$115.  
My horses kept coming in  
and I felt I could go on forever,  
looking at the jockeys  
and the white grandstands.  
I get sad about horses -  
horses and young girls -  
you could just love them so much.  
I rode horses in South America,  
and a camel at the pyramids -  
sad and old.

- Anne Waldman

### NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE IN HIS TIMES by James Mellow (Houghton-Mifflin, Boston)

I think James Mellow and I are the only two people in the universe who share a simultaneous interest in Hawthorne & Gertrude Stein. This biography of Hawthorne is in some ways the equivalent of the Dennis McNally book about Kerouac - it's spooky to know so much about someone from a book, even spookier to think of going about finding it all out. When I was 20 I resolved never to read biographies of poets because they made me want to be that poet, I'd get lost in them. Now that I can write biographies of myself I'm better able to know the others. The most astonishing parts of this book, which I believe aren't written like this anywhere else, are the details of how Hawthorne was involved in the politics and bureaucracies of his time and how that involvement turned him from a writer of tales to a prolific journalizer (in the English, French and Italian Notebooks) and writer of letters and how desperate was his need to earn money and how ready he was to be a "man of the world" and how perfectly he apparently carried out those tasks and what it meant to be a celebrity in England after having written *THE SCARLET LETTER*, etc. and how his absence from America for seven years seems to have somehow derailed him (though I am not of the school, as Mellow is, that believes *THE MARBLE FAUN* to be a failed work) and how in the 1850's American life was so lacking in cynicism and how obvious it is that Hawthorne should've stayed in his own country and how many natural deaths people in the 19th century wound up witnessing. Then there is always the stunning story of Sophia Peabody Hawthorne's awakening from her hysteric invalidism through sexual attraction to this moody handsome guy. And these people in New England, these privileged sophisticated Northeasterners, the Brook Farmers, were "sexually liberated!" Which, combined with life in the first English-speaking democracy, permits Hawthorne to address quite before his time the blatant questions of sexual psychology. But there's something hidden in Hawthorne's letters and in his shame at writing the books that, from Mellow's information and intimations, might be a profound guilt of the American times at proceeding forward having decimated the Indians (*SEPTIMIUS FELTON*) and too, taking slaves. Hawthorne, surrounded by a group of abolitionists so vehement as to convince a stone, could not get his radical psychological beliefs in tune with these most obvious practical political ones because of his association with Franklin Pierce and, it seems, his old-world tendencies about making a living, having had an upbringing as a poverty-stricken "gentleman." At Brook Farm people kept telling Hawthorne not to work so hard shovelling shit



all day, not to overtax himself. Indeed he writes more sublimely about cow manure than practically anybody. But who's to fault him? Certainly not me, I'm just saying I was amazed in this book of so much detail at how fragile and single is the battle of writing between the crack in the world and how a biography makes you think it's always been and always will be that way, but that's not so. I still don't know if Melville and Hawthorne had an affair, Mellow says they didn't.

- Bernadette Mayer

#### AS THE WORLD TURNS

To many in the Project, prose was an alien form. It was fun at first. I sympathizing with Alice's struggle to find the right person or voice for the telling. "Do you use 'she'?" she whispered like it was the latest douche. I knew someone would ask as Steve did, "Is a list prose?" I'm not big on reasons so I was glad when Gary countered, "Well, if you saw it in a poetry magazine you wouldn't think it was poetry would you?" "Is 'Swami' prose?" All I could say is if Anne Waldman submits it to an all prose issue, it is. Vicki said it was great to have an editor who had visual concerns but my idea of making a visual statement about the nature of prose by wantonly justifying all margins met with hysterics and threats. I withdrew it. But drew the line at Tom's suggestion that I observe all original line ends, though we did with him. Gary said prose took away his freedom and I felt personally injured, ran to Eileen but she agreed there was something more predictable about writing prose. "I can't wait to see what kind of prose the poets are writing!" Lita said. I got a sinking feeling and by the time the magazine came out, New Year's Day, I was sick of what is prose and sick of being no closer to knowing so it was soothing to have Cynthia who runs Danspace say "I never read poetry before." I thought my theoretical quarrels would end when the issue came out but they were just beginning. I should have seen it coming, what with my avowed intention to make WORLD34 appeal beyond its cover to my rock and roll friends. This was behind my trying to get Richard into the issue. I wrote the first fan letter I ever wrote, I also wrote one to Bowles, and Richard said it was the first thing anyone ever wrote about his work he could show his mother. But I wasn't ready for what seemed to me Bob's condemnation. He let me know, deservedly, how upset he was about all my typos. Especially important, he said, to be able to tell who was controlling the spelling 'n such, the writer or the poor typist, in a magazine where so much of the work is so non-literary. Needless to say I felt like I did when Greg said in print that my song lyrics were "understandable." Fortunately for my injured self, Gary and I agreed that it was not a question of literary versus non-literary but merely different literary styles, different styles period. But it kept coming up and back to haunt me. When I was introduced at my reading as the editor of the non-literary world, it was the last straw. I went to Hell. "What have people been saying about THE WORLD?" Richard said. "Oh," I laughed and tried to not sound defensive, "Bob says it's non-literary," expecting him to repudiate such elitist esthetics on instinct but I was wrong, again. "He's right. It is non-literary," said my literary hero. "You know, the kind of prose poets write."

- Ann Rower

Do-Si-Do

My great-uncle Alec, his arm cut off  
At the elbow, how I never learned,  
Tied a fiddle to the stump and sawed at  
Any squaredance they'd let him, even call.

He had 18 kids and was a horrible fiddler.  
I've never seen so much joking as at his funeral.

- Gary Lenhart



Francis Poulenc, Les Mamelles De Tiresias. Libretto by Guillaume Apollinaire.  
Metropolitan Opera. David Hockney, sets.

Much has been printed in the New York Times about the Metropolitan Opera's triple bill "Parade." Comparatively little has been said about Poulenc's opera though it occupied most of the first half of the evening. Is this an opera in which poets inspired by Apollinaire's play should be interested? The addition of music to this text becomes a problem because the music composed in 1947 by Poulenc has the wistful air of a "throwback." Perhaps the project made the composer sad about the passing of his own youth (he'd seen the play's premiere in 1917) but he drowned the mad humor of the text in a kind of hectic, happy-sad combination of tempo and melody. As seen and heard in 1981, this reduces the play to a kind of quaint "period piece." A further instance of the softening of Apollinaire's attack on conventional consciousness is the transformation of the "Newspaper Kiosk" into a female newspaper vendor with a megaphone. It is unclear to me whether this alteration was the work of Poulenc or of the director of this production. At any rate, Poulenc wrote much better music than is to be found here. The Dialogues of The Carmelites, his many songs, and a Trio for trumpet, trombone, and French horn (1922), among many others. The last opera of the evening, L'Enfant et les Sortilèges (music by Maurice Ravel, libretto by Colette) presented a similar problem of animating the inanimate and semi-animate. A child has a tantrum. He tears a page out of a book, kicks a cat, and confronts a clock. These objects turn on him and fight back. This was staged without compromise and proved effective.

The singing and the sets were superb in both operas. Satie's ballet Parade opened the evening.

- Tom Savage

WAX LIPS by Kathryn Nocerino (New Rivers Press, St. Paul) \$3.00.

WAX LIPS is a joy of a book of poems. It explores the world of the common absurd and finds it rather more fun than maddening, for Nocerino delights in the truly ridiculous and the brilliantly tacky. She sees everyday life as a continuum of parodies on the large, spectacular rituals of our times. Her poems and the world she sees through them, as through little black sunglasses with highly colored frames, are all right there; "sleek, chipper, well informed" like "the big feisty machine" which was enthroned on a flat bed truck like Cleopatra on her triumphal barge.

She collects urban clowns like the Hermes of 14th Street and her friend, Rasputin; their jazziness comes out jauntily. She wastes no breath moaning over lost loves, but conserves it for her satire. She is one who enjoys her calling. In her world nothing apparently works quite the way it should but the wax lips and the long false fingernails they sell around Halloween. Such artifacts as these really satisfy her. Therefore, she makes WAX LIPS her title, showing that most funk, like that in badly done old movies, can be a real treat. The clowns can become Ideal Men when they float down the racing currents of her verse tripped up occasionally by protuberant rocks but nonetheless dignified. The American Dream is orderly, even though it is a nightmare, but never with air conditioning. Ms. Nocerino's every page is always ready for the reader with a fresh surprise.

- Barbara Holland

#### DETECTIVE SHOW

In the morning  
I have breakfast and watch pigeons,  
but before I can get you  
you're in my room.

- Vincent Katz



LITTLE BOOKS/INDIANS by Hannah Weiner (ROOF, New York 1980).

"stupid  
WRITE  
ORANGE  
  
write a book  
now dear  
S  
T  
E  
V  
E" comes out of processor WRONG, ? ? ?  
call file/Han l/ E IS OFF stupids PIDS  
FIXITFIXIT backspace 1?2?3? set  
file/OOPS dont execute REJUST/exeCUTE/REPLACE/EXECUTE  
COMPLETED ACT (chunkachunk-splutter chunk--  
--ping-ping/ping-ping-whirrchunk-ping/ping-ping. . .)  
RELAX  
smoke  
  
P  
roof first run waiting FUCK! mistake fuck MISTAKE  
S T O P S T O P STOP STOP set/RED BUTTON reset/WAIT FIRST  
pop disk/ red button PUSH DOWN/ push down?/PUSH DOWN/call file  
WHAT A STUPID WAY TO scroll down/WRITE?/indent "NEWS PAGE"\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_DONT SET FILE TILL proof DUMMY\_\_\_\_PSYCHIC\_\_\_\_  
  
"I SEE WORDS ON SCREEN"  
what is WHAT this IS funny THIS word FUNNY here? WORD HERE?  
  
\_\_\_\_TYPO! fixitfixitFIXITfixitfix  
  
"some t<sup>i</sup>l<sup>t</sup>s"  
i<sup>d</sup>i<sup>o</sup>re<sup>su</sup> FIX THAT manual MANUAL GET IT it it says LOOK-plus-minus  
point leading NEATO\_\_\_\_STAIRSTEP<sub>d</sub>  
on<sub>t</sub>  
sk<sub>i</sub>  
Plines----quad left  
  
space only  
"I still have some  
philosophy left  
to tell people"  
  
shift/quad left/return/return/shift/unshift/shift "I"/space  
only "yourself a "/space (X) off/"LITTLE BIT  
BIG DOT"  
  
"I am almost a  
subject  
AMUSING  
unto myself  
turns over & lie  
ampersand tough girl  
down"  
  
space only/"down"/space (X) off/  
"LIGHTS OFF"



RELAX  
smoke  
"BEST I SEE WORDS"

"you are almost  
TELLS TRUTH

<sup>a</sup> SCIENTIFIC  
MONSTER  
scientiss"

SHIT! cancel character/type "t"/HEY!  
IS QUITE SUPRI careful  
SED set file Han 4/make sense HEY!  
CAN READ/  
understanding quad left/  
voluntary

BIG THINK space only/  
IS GOOD!!!  
insert space/

"HALF I said dont indent ASSED  
explain it"

EXECUTE/  
UNDEFINED COMMAND??  
REJUST/  
EXECUTE/

ENTER FILE/  
EXECUTE/

COMPLETED (bleep)

SET FILE

ACT

- BarBara Barg (kachunka-ping)  
SKEEZO TYPOGRAPHY

Benefit Reading at St. Mark's: Joe Brainard, William S. Burroughs, Jane DeLynn, Joan Larkin, Michael Lally, Eileen Myles, James McCourt, Felice Picano, Donald Windham and other writers (list still in formation at press time) will read from their works Friday, May 1, at 8 pm to benefit the legal defense fund of John Zeh, Cincinnati gay broadcaster who is being prosecuted on 4 felony counts ("disseminating materials harmful to juveniles") because of a lampoon-style humor piece he broadcast on his radio show. Zeh, who faces 20 years in prison for exercising his right to free speech, has also been fired from his full-time job and evicted from his apartment. Donation at door - \$4.00 per person. Please come and support the right to free speech on which we, as writers, depend. For more information call Tim Dlugos, 237-9727. (TD)

Regina Beck continues her music and lyric writing endeavors. Hear her many new songs in two new productions: Goldilocks (1:30 pm) and Alice in Wonderland (3 pm) Saturdays and Sundays through June 28th at the Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove Street. For reservations, call: 765-9540. Bring your kids!



POEM

I want love &  
pornography in May.  
The wind is naked  
in glassine high heels  
caressing her  
labial delicacies---  
columbines, irises, puckery  
poppies. At  
night it's black  
garterbelt black stockings---  
it's to unfasten  
the buttons of.  
Lilac flowerlet, clitoral  
star, spark of genius.

- Alice Notley

Squib

MOLL FLANDERS commissioned  
to review The Joseph Cornell  
Show, "Sir, I says...(the  
text is lost).

- Alice Notley

MARION

Marion is standing holding baby Joe  
in ultimate haute couture establishment velvet  
floor & walls & ceiling, window full of premature  
spring sky, waiters bring her trays of drinks &  
hors d'oeuvres. She accepts a cute speared shrimp  
& a triple Jack Daniel on the rocks. Joe eyes  
the food then pulls her hair then stares at, &  
it must be red, velvet. A sulky-lipped unworthy-  
looking model strolls across the floor in a dress of  
pink rose petal colored silk calf length rather  
low cut with barely visible yellowed seed pearls  
tracing the hem- and necklines. The couturier:  
"As a special service of NENA Clinic, you, as the  
mother of Joe, are entitled to this dress." Marion  
accepts another shrimp from the waiter, as well as  
the dress, with a quiet, "Yes, please."

- Alice Notley

POEM

What else  
can be said  
modest & true?

I love you?  
Old old words  
for our youth--

Love me now  
or horribly  
die! I'd say

this to you.  
Fortunately  
you're nowhere

near. I hear  
plants move  
towards sunlight

and I, you.  
I'm sorry  
it's not complex,

I'm perplexed  
it's not  
True.

- Steve Levine

Freight

Standing on top a freight train  
Thinking about Allen Tate;  
90 degree July sweatbox  
Riverside Park football practice.

"I want everyone to begin and finish together!"  
Two white players, the coach and rest black:  
One a lineman, the other halfback.  
"The Swimmers" and "Sonnets at Christmas"

Radiate particularly, though guilt  
So typical apologizes more  
Than moves. How often  
I sat along this promenade

Unaware boxcars rolled out of  
Manhattan on tracks below.  
Several freshmen, exhausted,  
Finish calisthenics a trifle slow.

- Gary Lenhart



EVERYBODY SLEEPS IN ROYAL BLUE SATIN SHEETS  
LIKE CUCUMBERS IN A BOX OF SNOW

"What's your idea of a good time?"

--Bill Berkson

It's morning, I live on a farm at 10th St. & 2nd Avenue  
We yawn like warriors in bearskins amidst our 100% cotton sheets,  
Race to get fresh chives from our bowery for our farmer's omelette,  
Enormous rooms, champagne, salmon & smoked ham this morning  
(Since the revolution, accomplished pacifically, all artists  
Live on large sufficient farms in the city with other poor people  
All of whom now have plenty of food, shelter, health services & libraries).  
After breakfast we go to work on books and farms in libraries & fields,  
We read the news (The Times is revolutionary), we put on shows,  
Our children study music, languages & carpentry in the day nursery,  
We skip lunch and swim in the pond instead, then we have a beer,  
Afternoons we read, teach children about art and play basketball,  
Meanwhile an enormous meal is being prepared of seven vegetables  
And a rack of lamb with Homeric wines and demystifying lagers,  
We eat in hedonistic postures all the while engaging, for fun,  
In a mock rhetoric competition which is won today by Bill Berkson.  
Then we read Shakespeare, Kerouac & others aloud to the kids for hours,  
After this all the children go to bed without any sort of problem,  
We stay up and talk all night occasionally partaking of ancient  
Delicacies like English muffins & drinking an elucidating beer,  
We might call someone long distance who isn't here.  
We argue about the difference between the generous love poem of Alice's  
And Clark's more circumstantial, Bob R's of problems like lattices,  
Ted's of cursive lengths of life, Lewis's of observations, Gary's  
Of sealing off perfection, John Godfrey's queer rhymes, some are wary  
Of the so-called language & performance schools who seem harsh or  
Else all out of love -- without books love is just the signifier!  
We don't smoke cigarettes anymore but a mesmeric blend  
Which is the very elixir of life & clarifies all processes of the mind.  
At some point our conversation takes us outside on the bowery to see  
What's going on in the rest of the galaxy, we kiss, we plan a trip,  
When we awaken the night has gotten longer for our free pleasure  
& though we stayed up so late examining every known desire  
We still got plenty of rest & get up early nearly effortlessly.  
Frequently somebody stops to write a poem or a series of poems  
Which is immediately read and published in such a fine edition  
That all the world will know it and the author will make money from it.  
I'm writing a long prose work about all that exists this while --  
You read it & say it is my best work though you think I may be beserk  
(But I am calm, unselfconscious, healthy, useful & afraid of nothing  
And we are each in love but never mean & always think of everything).

Bernadette Mayer

Pretty Vomit

see through four blocks  
of see through buildings  
white smoke edging over  
grey morning roofs  
high rise pastel shades  
balcon bacon and bar-b-q  
helicopter trailing a seaplane  
over the East River skyway  
dogs collect in Tompkins  
Square and yowl bark  
Spring and smoke and  
dissolution where grass  
grows in isolation  
blades separated by  
caked building rubble  
slipping into pretty vomit  
St Marks Place  
where the night before  
twenty boys in  
black leathers  
lined the side of the bar  
a row of black plastic bags  
perforated leak red and yellow  
gauze into the curb  
bus stalls in the Avenue  
the super emerges  
from below the stoop  
a bucket of steaming water  
slop slop

- Bob Rosenthal

P o e m

John Lennon was shot  
where Rosemary's Baby  
was born.

He was shot on location.

Bob Dylan, come back!

Jesus needs you -

but we need you more!

- Daniel Krakauer



## COLLAGE DREAM

I glue a photograph of Kafka and Max Brod to a sheet of paper. They are sitting on a small couch, leaning towards each other, having an animated conversation. Max Brod is holding his infant son on his lap. Kafka is smiling, and almost touches Max's shoulder with a delicate hand. I want to enter their conversation, so I cut apart some words, and scatter the letters above the photo, hoping the men will use them to answer my questions. Focusing my mental concentration in a beam out the front of my forehead, I push it through the surface of the photo, into Kafka's mind. What are you saying? He doesn't respond. I try several times. The letters don't move. I form the question in the space between them, and increase its volume to scream level, but I can't break into their intimacy. Frustrated and angry, I go through the papers on the table and find a picture of two mexican bandits, wearing big black hats, holding old-fashioned pistols. I cut them out, and glue them down with their guns aimed at Kafka and Brod's heads. This trick fails to startle them into talking, they don't even notice the bandits, and I don't have the heart to really get tough with them.

- Lorna Smedman

## A E S T H E T I C   D I S T A N C E S

for Steve Levine

I am a businessman  
Allow me to sell you  
A blank book and a magic marker.  
I have **marked prices**  
Way way down on your heart.  
Buy now and hear it beat,  
My business and I are  
Consumed and **consuming**.  
You are 'consumption  
Hacking and spitting.  
Let's get together.  
Let's talk turkey.  
I'm dealing from a full **deck**  
And you're decked out in  
Aesthetic distances.  
Distance means nothing to cable tv,  
And you are a star  
Pitching my product,  
You sell, I sell,  
Swell,  
Just swell.

- Allan Kornblum

Poem

you inform me it's nice to have someone  
who shares your compulsion for mild drug  
like I have become  
the very thought of sun  
stirred from me the something  
I didn't know was asleep  
to send me into daydream memory  
the school yard just switched memories  
for weeks it was the memory of asphalt  
but now its the memory of snow  
beautiful warm black tough wet asphalt

- Rochelle Kraut

Pray

please God make me not desperate  
for friends again conversation  
about loves likes and all the dishes  
for time give me courage  
I never have enough of it  
time and courage  
help me not succumb to self pity doubt  
rage and hate and of the cruelest of fates  
jealousy it makes the beautiful ugly  
everywhere no matter what  
help me stick to my exercise regime  
give me time to swim in New York  
save me from the microwave soup can of New York  
bombarding and penetrating my brains thought  
let me not be too readily influenced  
to be strong in my mind  
help my art be itself

- Rochelle Kraut

Totem Pole

Orpheus  
Cyrus The Great  
Guilhem de Cabestanh  
Thomas Mo re  
Walter Raleigh  
Anne Boleyn  
Louis XVI  
Charles Stuart  
Robespierre  
Jayne Mansfield

- Paul Violi



Poem

The mirror that pretends to be accurate  
Should be shattered of its smooth reflections.  
Beserk with its facility,  
It beguiles to be miraculous and make men  
Self conscious, not humble. An attempt at likeness  
Already like a murder of the one likened to.  
The recording devices, also,  
Including history should be left to crumble:  
So we can't be a mirror image of anything  
But what we are: Incomparable,  
Yet not unique, a variant of the whole.  
There's so much wit, none left.  
There's so much life, and what's left  
Except the sumptuousness  
Of what we hold dear  
Turned to poverty  
Because of its richness.

- Yuki Hartman

The Chelsea

She had clouds in her head  
when the elevator stopped on  
the second floor, a calender  
hung on the wall. Two molten  
suns rose off her cheeks as  
the doors opened to expose  
the girl inside. "Up or down?"  
his face questioned. She lowered  
her eyes from his face with its  
too thin cheek bones. "Time  
passes, Senora," he said.  
and added "thank God".  
He lifted the clarity of  
his eyes upward, he had  
clearly wanted the other  
direction.

When she stepped into  
the lobby she felt  
he had vanished back  
into the mists which  
arise once behind closed doors.  
"Surely there should be some music  
to cover this crack" she pondered,  
"some untroubled voice to  
tell again the fairytale,  
Woman as I am."

- Helena Hughes

Lubitsch Lullaby

I enjoy the servitude of a good marriage. We lie down and close our eyes and spell Czechoslovakia backwards; but we never get past the e, which slides away toward some map of Nowhere floating in the invisible abyss. The phone rings. It's a sound effect. New York: Padgett speaking. The waves begin to whip and flow in the emotional system which connects us all. But how deeply? And my pantalon? Of course it isn't fashionable. Not here on the Riviera---another proper noun! The strange wattage of one's own name. I guess. A lot of this art shit can get you down. Sometimes I really feel like just going into the kitchen and having a beverage. Don't you?

- Ron Padgett

GREEN EGGPLANTS

My heart's in the gutter.  
back roof full of tiny doves  
light brings forth  
the hand you speak of is watchful  
I turn my closing vessel  
other people think  
a man light as a snowflake  
sunlight crisp  
a deserted street  
you see animals damaged  
beyond the gloom  
little miraculous hints  
just when I was  
visiting day nurses.

- Elio Schneeman

Alligator Feathers

There I was but where was I  
Arrange the hairs on the wall  
Slip into nuance  
Reject fetal position sleep  
and sobriety

- Nellie Villegas



SECOND VOICE

You are my witness, birds  
of the air and the undersea  
animals of wrong addresses

In my sleep the gargantuan  
are as fish seeking  
undersea glimmering abysses

Chum of the murk  
toward which I am sinking  
bottom stink mingling

I am all one to you  
beasts of the underair  
creeping in thicket

Downer of airplanes  
and sucker of bums' breath  
I see to everything

I am twinkling cadaver  
the strangler's lodestar  
the people's digester!

- Peter Schjeldahl

Foot On Pedal

Past the Incurable Collector  
Take a box lunch

Post No Bills Return To Sender

Is that that Hemingway girl?  
PLEASE KEEP FEET OFF JUMP SEAT

Use a street guide --  
The 44-caliber?

Coffee stains on desk  
They're tender imprints

Of a gone world  
Here in the flea market of my senses

- Tom Weigel

Short Prose Piece For Curtis Sliwa

Riding home from my bookstore job on the subway, all fagged out (pardon the expression) from standing on my feet for many hours, a big meshugenah-looking black man plunks down next to me and asks me for money. I am annoyed; I work fucking hard for my bread. I give him 75 cents and hope he'll cut out. I give him 75 cents and stammer out something about times being bad so I don't mind. Then he wants more and comes out with some shit about Jews. I am dead tired. Finally, he comes out with the crusher. Very loud, "Did you ever eat a white woman's pussy?" In a crowded car about 75% black. I get up, lug my weary and frightened ass over to another seat and sit down. The black schmuck gets up and stumbles into the next car. Two minutes later, about a dozen red-bereted Guardian Angels cut into the car and I gesture to their leader who comes over. He asks, "Has somebody been giving you a problem?" I say yes and describe the incident. The Angels go into the train and bring back the son of a bitch and ask me to identify him. I do. I also give the Angels my name and address. I was delighted to see them, all anti-racist and anti-paramilitary ideas aside. Brother poets, has this incident any political significance? If so what? I find it rather hard to figure out myself.

- Carl Solomon

CYRIL

Opening the pearl box sky to discover  
The sun still white and shining, creating  
Paper platter patterns indescribable profound  
Upon toes and the tiny feet of a thousand winged  
Insects, and shining on me with its bright stain  
As if to say get up make hay start writing  
The book of your dreams you entitle it NOW.  
O shame that would turn me away!  
O many splendid worms that might devour it.

- Simon Pettet

McBottles

Console yourself with the floor  
The organ grinds on around your organs  
without identifying them, with pauses  
You fear, rising of heart, which is your doubt  
as if everything brown under your nails  
were blood, and not Prior Double Dark  
You dream you are prey for a day  
to all the Chrysler Building falcons  
because the wings in sleep could mean only  
one thing in light of your apostasy  
"You know my bars, they're in the book"  
is a rather feeble kind of elusiveness  
since mortality is a wireless service  
But then you awake at night without  
nervousness, because in at least one  
dream there was no love to lose, and whole heart

-John Godfrey

DROP AND HOME

I cannot understand  
how it can be  
a romance in  
a thirteenth floor  
expensive window  
and on ice  
a power play  
All the buttons  
are the same  
to me, I know  
I'll rise and  
pass the light  
that works the doors  
All I said to  
myself was  
"Get outta here!"  
I live in a place  
where the streets  
have a woman's smell  
There is a special  
feeling on my return  
I score a simple  
satisfying embrace, and  
over your shoulder  
read the time from  
a towering clock  
by the light of which  
two cats have grown

-John Godfrey



HORSEFEATHERS

When in sleep  
you press against me  
I touch you there  
there and there  
and the Police Horses  
of Central Park  
in technicolor day for night  
nuzzle standing up

- John Godfrey

from Journals

Blue: Drenk op.  
(drink up)

White: Ai laik tu teik mai taim.  
(i like to take my time)

Blue: Zdi trefic es steki.  
(the traffic is sticky)

Syu: Ezpesholi eraund faiv piem.  
(especially around five p.m.)

White: O jau du iu no?!! Jau du iu no einizding?!! Ai gev iu zdi  
(o how do you know. how do you know anything. i give you the  
bezd bloyab ov iuar laif ent iu stel dont no ef iu huant tu  
best blowjob of your life and you still don't know if you want to  
meiri mi.  
marry me)

Syu: Ai huant tu meiri iu....  
(i want to marry you)

White: O gud zden etz seteld.  
(o good then it's settled)

Syu: ...Aim yost nat shur.  
(i'm just not sure)

White: O fok!  
(oh fuck)

Blue: Luk joni ai dont keir ef iu huen en ekztra geim jir ornat  
(look honey I don't care if you win an extra game here or not  
ai dont laik zdi roshaur trefic.  
i don't like the rush hour traffic.)

Syu: Jau ebaut denur tumoro.  
(how about dinner tomorrow)

White: Fok iu. Denur tumoro. Juz gona lov iu mor zden mi?  
(fuck you. dinner tomorrow. who's gonna love you better than me)

Syu: O ai dont no...  
(oh i don't know)

- Ed Friedman

Some More

for Richard Bandanza

You come back & we look a little bit more  
crumpled, Ocean Spray cranberry juice 99¢  
and the Bel-Air fire on the old news  
--this is how the day goes--less &  
less unless we get some more  
of whatever it was. Did you roll a joint  
at home, did you change your pants?  
How did work go? I was writing this  
piece all day. Type it once  
more to see if it's clean &  
then only if they'll take it.  
Oh, I had a really good time Saturday.  
He did too, and reminds me of the ticket  
& of his opening Wednesday &  
her of how we flew out afterwards,  
coats flying, knocking over chairs.  
I don't know how any of us will get out of  
this life alive. I honestly don't,  
nodding, relaxing, watching  
teevee on Monday.

- Eileen Myles

Same old ode

Today I feel that tightness  
of wanting to pull skin off,  
Frank O'Hara had that feeling-  
he has beautiful liquor eyes.  
The old soul look.  
I read somewhere that wild lettuce  
valerian & cayenne  
can work just as well as liquor.  
I drink beer. I like the taste of  
imported beers. Like this Molson  
beer. It is beginning to make me fly.  
There's nothing more pleasing than being  
with friends and drinking beer.  
It's made from barley, malted and ground.  
Bitter beer, green beer, near beer & small,  
I'll take them all tonight in this bar.  
As soon as the liquor is released  
I'll want more  
then on the floor  
I'm peeling off the paint.  
Your face.

- Rose Lesniak

## MISTS & EXHALATIONS

A lonely walk at the end of  
a day filled with friends  
turns into an odyssey  
which never ends, the things  
you say come back to me  
but it all depends  
on the way the light deepens and the tilt of your head  
what good would it do any of us  
if my secrets fell into the hands  
of some numbskull  
I ask you that now that the fires  
have been put out and I cast my ballot  
for the Know Nothing party  
which wants to elect a native  
American to office  
it was also known as the Native American party  
a lover's quarrel over nothing means something  
to the lovers and I did not die not knowing that  
but with my heart my soul was stirred  
by the wine of possibility  
which someone offered me  
and which I drank till everything  
around me was blurred  
and I felt like a tadpole swimming in a jar  
which had once been a jam jar and which I'm drinking  
from now.

- Lewis Warsh

## Thirty-Five Pence

There will be Companionship,  
Statement, Felicity;  
I thought I'd thought  
Of everything.

You carry on.  
A man's not drawing  
A straight line, he's  
Drawing a curved one.

Precious like Certainty  
Were streets where glass  
Loads take over  
Fullness instead.

Neither is it a thing  
Mediated by time.

Filth of cigarettes  
And dirt, dirt, upsetting.  
Marvelous. I equally know  
The world is about tomorrow as well.

- Michael Scholnick



ALSO

I will walk  
I like to walk

Also,  
I like to ride  
in a cab  
or on the bus

I like to walk  
and move and ride

Also,  
I like to sit  
be seated with others  
or alone at times

I like to get in bed  
and go to sleep.

Sleep is perfect  
for awhile,  
its a perfect thing

- Susie Timmons

WELL

Quasar OH471 on the fringes of the universe  
is the most distant object known,  
traveling away from us at the speed of  
177,000 miles a second, 90% of the  
speed of light.

Raymond was a good boy. He loved his  
mother. He always did what his mother  
told him to do she was pretty and  
always smelled nice.

Pretty surreal, Huh?

- Susie Timmons

Found In My Notebook One Morning

My pen is just dashing---I haven't time  
To think, this is writing! I'll let the pen go  
On by itself, take a drink of wine & talk  
To you. Such a hero you've become! How  
Many bad people you have vanquished! I've  
Been reading all about you. Yes, I blush,  
Indeed (stutter), I did write some of your press.  
Here comes the pen! There it goes. Me? The same.  
Nothing much changes here. Our pens don't stop  
Humming & singing praises, especially when we're drunk.  
And we're drunk. Tell me more. Snore. Ok, let's sleep,  
Tomorrow to wake with each other's arms.

- Bob Holman

from All In All

2.12 Everyone is so different.

What do you mean?

I mean the girls were so pretty last night,  
bangs like Maya's veil, blond as Berlin, black  
as Rome, I could barely stand my absorption.  
It made it easy.

What you really mean is how do you stand it?

Oh, don't get me wrong - I forgot everything  
I didn't lose. I can gaze on the unparallel  
beauty of a wink while inside my organs are  
playing to beat the band - they will never  
give up, learn, etc.

Yes. & what brave thought do you glean from  
all this?

Everyone is so different.

No one sees eye to eye on any of it.

I could look at all of you forever, every  
part, separated by little baby forevers nod-  
ulating a bit like when the wheels look like  
they're running backwards.

- Jeff Wright

"You gave me too much."

Should I have kept it? He never would have known the  
difference, drunk.

Next time I won't say that I was given "too much." I'll  
say, "Do you know that you're giving me ten dollars?"

- Cliff Fyman

PROVIDENCE

for Peg Berrigan

Two different kinds of sleeping aids  
(three if you count a splash of Jack Daniel's)  
(four if you count a boring movie)  
and, as I heard a lady say the other day, nada.  
Holiday Inn, South Attleboro, Mass.  
with Ted, visiting his mother, ailing,  
she's short, a beautiful woman, with what they call  
salt and pepper hair, much of her face  
in her son. I will kiss that face  
twice more. She buried her first love  
at 40. Now, at 70, she, her second love,  
first born and his friend sit around  
a card table, a bottle of Taylor port  
and her medical files sliding back and forth  
between her son and myself.  
(It is not incidental that later on,  
talking back at the hotel,  
the subject of magic should come up.)

What comes from the heart  
is often best shot from the hip...  
But, dear God, not always.

- Steve Carey

POEM

The clouds break open late in the day  
Turning and soon losing their swift booming pink  
(Though I doubt I'd say swift  
If I weren't in England) and dimming scud under  
A still very bright sky, dim-(rightly too)  
Ming any minute sure and curtain-time soon,  
Back to it, a hasty autumn sun sets across Buxton Road,  
Probably a whopper I've still to look at one head on  
Since the day (though forewarned: Nancy M.) I laid eyes  
On the God-awful paintings of Mr Ford Maddox Brown  
In the Art Museum of Birmingham, England --  
When a strict, ground-hugging wind whips up  
Loosing all the neighbors, at least one half of the sketch  
As smoke blows back the other way  
From the chimney pots down along Station Road  
(Signs lost on the Yank)  
Ten minutes: rain.

- Steve Carey



Shelley

I saw you first in half-darkness  
by candle-light two round table tops away  
sitting in perfect attention with perfect self-awareness  
waiting, for the poetry to begin, in The Blue Store;  
I accepted a drink from your companion's surprising flask,  
never taking my eyes off of you, radiant nineteen-year old,  
and I thought, as I was losing my heart,  
"Jesus, there's obviously a lot more to Bob Rosenthal  
than meets the eye!" . . .

- Ted Berrigan

ANOTHER NEW OLD SONG

for Dobe Carey

My Grandfather was a Hasidic scholar,  
he had his picture in LIFE Magazine, swaying  
slightly from side to side, his voice with its  
characteristic quaver gently raised in sing-song pitch,  
engaged in high concentration in the now all but lost art  
of pilpul. Last year  
two Swiss scientists coined a new word, punding, now the name  
for obsessive behavior due to amphetamine abuse. Hah!  
The woman, now that I could see her,  
was wearing a plain but expensive summer print,  
no jewelry, her hair was dark & showed gray,  
it was neither short nor long. She was as grand as  
Stella Adler, as regal & tough as Bette Davis, a  
saltier Mary Worth, all at once or each in turn.  
Just what a semi-brokendown 44 year old Private Eye  
really needed.  
He lived in Cranston, near the city line, next-door to  
The Riviera Cafe. She  
used to work in Chicago, not in a Department Store. They  
are survived beautifully, that unlikely pair, by  
their daughter Peg,  
an indomitable beauty, who has herself survived  
these past 21 years  
her own husband, Ed, that enigmatic man,  
whose son each passing year makes more clear I am.  
Crossing Western Europe on an Eastbound train  
I had these half-thoughts & know well they will fade & remain.

- Ted Berrigan

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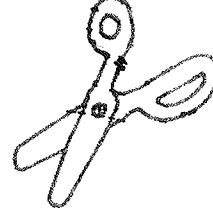
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#### 4 PLAYS BY EDWIN DENBY

MR. MAN HOLMAN

The Eye and Ear Theater production of 4 PLAYS BY EDWIN DENBY, I went to see it three times---which was as many times as I saw THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK---and not just because I was supposed to review it. It was radiant, and Edwin Denby's text not only stayed alive, its halo got brighter. You went home happy & fascinated and wrote a poem with real space between the lines. Well if you were a poet. Artists tended to go once or twice and say, "It was better than FOUR SAINTS IN THREE ACTS " or "I especially liked the guy who looked like What's-his-name Flintstone." One person (poet) said he "hated it"---he made the other decision. "It" being the production, since the text comes complete with no directions & few clues for staging. Furthermore, by minimal research it's found out that the plays were intended to be film episodes, part of a pipe-dreamed larger movie which would include scenes written by several poets. This movie, MESSY LIVES, never really got started; 4 PLAYS was probably a title stuck on this text by an underground magazine editor; and so on. So what has the director, one Bob Holman, done? Working with, as givens, this bare text approx. 3 pages long, props by Elizabeth Murray, a movie by Jacob Burckhardt (focusing entirely on play Two). Five actors "do the plays" several times several ways, straight, scrambled-lined, partly sung, mimed, chronologically re-ordered, feeling of endless recycling, moving the props around, dancing, Laugh-In jokes, necking, never exactly telling the story but instead making something. "The lines have been made into characters," someone said. "I think the line about yodelers and blank faces is underdealt with." That kind of comment was not a criticism but a way of being involved. In my household it seemed necessary to discuss the line, "Let's all go out together," at least once a day. Which word should get the emphasis? My husband was an adamant supporter of "Let's all go out together." In another sense no one really cared about all that---the actors were so beautiful, and the lines got funnier & more glowing. E.g. the line "My sky has entered my head, so I imagine your sky entering my head, mine included," which can hurt the head when taken in on the page, on the stage floated into the head very comfortably, especially as delivered by Yoshiko Chuma. Of course the play was different in myriad small ways each time you saw it: "That gesture lasted longer last time!" The five actors---Miss Chuma, Jim Neu, Tom Carey, Rochelle Kraut, and Jose Rafael Arango---had been freed to be of equal weight & presence, the way people, your friends, are ideally: no one eclipses the other one because each is their real whole self. The five characters are five "extraordinary ordinary people," to quote X. Y and Z and everyone spoke of how the plays were something to love looking at. Well, they began in a sort of darkness and then the lights went on & it was all in color. Near the end, the lights went out again for the black & white movie, which was shone on the "sky" prop. Then the lights & the actors & color came back briefly, then the ending was acted in darkness. That was the shape. People enjoyed quibbling about whether the movie meshed with the play: "I'd seen the film before and thought it would be too good for the play. Then when I saw it in the play I just wanted it to go away and the actors to come back." "Well, I liked it better every time, and I loved it in the play." This film, THEY LIE BUT THEY DON'T MEAN IT, a previously known beauty, makes for the play the beginning of the ending. But also it shows the techniques of the production and makes the structure feel right. The text is filmic, X sort of said, and we finally got to see or feel how the director has been using movie techniques all the time. Well. "And did you know the last play was meant to be a conversation between two doctors?" I said to someone. No one cares, they said. And no one cares about theories of doubles & Comedy Of Errors & Twelfth Night stuff. We just want to see what we saw. Mr. Denby consistently looked happiest of all. Special praise for the lighting, sound, and costumes: Mullins, Burckhardt, Shea. Gardens of roses to Holman & to Burckhardt.

- Clive Notley

SHE (GETTING IT ELSEWHERE)

or

EDWIN DENBY: A COMPLAINT

That old romantic bucket won't shrivel  
So wet brimmed with juice should she stab me  
Monkish appreciations somehow don't suit  
Not at least as well as this dark bulb bobs  
These walks across the park? To him  
I once wrote And now with child I understand  
Then it was Sonnets Now it is my love  
All the more fairly played all unfair to me  
She is so sated in his being and her action  
I am another light blinking on her switch  
Thinking of opening night and closing night  
And then how it all comes home spring flowers  
Not another poem nor another rose not even a lapel  
Foreplays by E.D. on my little heart rock

- Bob Rosenthal

"This Way To The Swimming Pool!"

Early last January, I was lying on my bed, eating a bowl of Captain Crunch cereal and watching The Bugs Bunny/Road Runner Comedy Hour on television when the phone rang. It was Johnny Stanton. "Tom Carey?" "Yeah," I said. "You asshole, get your butt down here to the Parish Hall." "Oh my God!" I said. "The auditions for the Denby plays!" "Yeah, you shithead, get your ass over here before I come after you with a baseball bat." Normally, I do not respond well to this kind of intimidation, but since it was Johnny who called & since Johnny and I are very close friends, I strolled over to the Parish Hall of St. Mark's Church.

Now, three months have passed since that day. The plays have been rehearsed, staged, performed, and now are over. I don't live in the same apartment that I lived in three months ago, I've lost weight, and all of my hair has fallen out. Anyway, I've been asked by the editor of this rag to record some of my impressions of what it was like to work in the Eye and Ear Theater's production of Four Plays By Edwin Denby. Since "impressions" connotes half-formed opinions, or uncoagulated remembrances, that is what I shall record:

Bob Holman is a director. The guy rarely makes an inessential move or gesture in conversation; and the same is true when he stages or choreographs a scene. Most actors, I think, instinctively mistrust their directors; at the same time, we harbor the secret wish to trust them completely; the former is the result of continuous abuse of the latter by untalented directors. Bob Holman is very talented and very sure of himself in a very funny way. It's not that he allows no room for doubt; with Bob, doubts, mistakes, all the "negatives" of a situation are part of the way a thing gets done; are therefore "positive". In this way, a lot of what began as accident found its way into the finished piece. At the beginning of rehearsal, Bob would read us a passage from Dancers, Buildings, and People in the Street, a collection of Denby articles on the dance, painting, and everything. These readings always made me feel like a dancer, so during rehearsals I did a lot of leaping and falling down. When the piece was performed however, I did a lot more falling down than leaping; because when a dancer makes a mistake, he falls down - it's a talent I was born with. It wasn't until about two weeks before opening night that we found out what the actual scenario of the plays would be

and all that time Bob kept drilling into our heads the notion that there is "no such thing as a mistake"; a doctrine easy to understand, very hard to believe in, but very rewarding once one does; particularly if one applies it in areas like love and high finance. All in all, the best thing about working on these plays was, at the risk of being corny, working on these plays with these people. The closest analogy I can think of to describe what it was like is that of a soldier or sailor on a ten week furlough who becomes involved in a very subtle but madly exhilarating love affair; which is consummated in the most wonderful way possible, and then ends, the only pain being that of parting: it's time to go back to the war. My most vivid memory is of Edwin Denby: on opening night someone came up and asked us how long we had been working on this production. I said, turning to Edwin, "Since January, right?" Edwin said, "I don't know. I've been working on it since 1947."

- Tom Carey

#### THE WORLD RECORD

The World Record Volumes 1 & 2, like its namesake The World magazine, has become a broader and more inclusive project than originally planned. Our first proposal called for a possible forty contributors but Bill Berkson and Bob Rosenthal, after listening to the 500-plus hours of recorded material, have packed forty-nine contributors onto this two-hour record. While the editors claim the selection only reflects their intuitions and personal developments as poets themselves, nevertheless an even-handed representation of poets at the Poetry Project over the last decade has been achieved. Some of the rare or unique material includes: Edwin Denby reading "Elegy--The Streets," a live improvisatory poem by Allen Ginsberg & Kenneth Koch which to this date has never been transcribed, the very moving and delicate reading by Robert Creeley of "Anger," an inspired political poem by Amiri Baraka called "Pressure To Grow," a section of Bernadette Mayer's classic Studying Hunger read by the poet soon after its writing, Robert Lowell reading his famous "To Speak of Woe That Is a Marriage" at what was to be his last public reading, the late Charles Reznikoff who opens the record with three poems recorded a few years before his death.... Young poets such as Eileen Myles, Gary Lenhart, Jeff Wright and Steve Levine are included. Kenward Elmslie performs his poem with harmonica accompaniment by Kenneth Deifik. Rochelle Kraut sings a capella a beautiful song by Thomas Campion. Howard Norman presents a Cree Indian lullaby in both Cree and English. Victor Hernandez Cruz has a hilarious story which has pointed meaning for poets at St. Mark's Church.

It took the editors over a year to listen to the original tapes and a subsequent few months to edit their selections. The importance of maintaining a high quality and complete archive of readings at the Poetry Project is easily demonstrated by the record. In the process of its production, we have learned the strengths and the gaps in our archive and have endeavored both to improve the technical aspects of high quality live sound recording and to systematize the storage and retrieval process. Many different records (and cassettes and radio broadcasts) could emerge from this poetry archive and thus insure another ten years of experimental and traditional forms of writing being preserved.

The World Record will be a double album with cover photographs by Rudy Burckhardt. The record will sell for \$10 and can be ordered directly from the Poetry Project by adding \$2.50 for postage and handling, or can be purchased at the Poetry Project office before June 10.

- B & B

St. Lawrence University, Canton, NY 13617, is offering a "Summer Institute in Narrative Poetics" to run June 28-July 3, faculty including George F. Butterick (ed. Olson-Creeley Letters), John Clarke, Albert Glover & Fred Wah. They are seeking 30 students- enquiries: Albert Glover, Richardson Hall, St. Lawrence University (315) 379-6177



Velvet Roses

Katie is making  
velvet roses: next  
to a green pair, she  
fastens a bunch of  
wooden spoons. How  
striking they will  
look, on the bodice  
of her dance frock!

And Anne is cooking,  
and Lizzie is there.....

Sleeping again,  
dreaming again.....

- James Schuyler

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