

THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER
No. 85 November 1981
Greg Masters, editor
St. Mark's Church
2nd Ave & 10th St NYC 10003

WEDNESDAY READINGS: at 8 PM, suggested contribution \$3. Hosted by Bernadette Mayer & Bob Holman: November 4 - Robert Kelly & Paul Violi. November 11 - John Cage. November 18 - William Corbett & Charles Bernstein. November 25 - Fielding Dawson & Maureen Owen.

MONDAY READING & PERFORMANCE SERIES: at 8 PM, suggested contribution \$1. Hosted by Bob Rosenthal & Rochelle Kraut: November 2 - OPEN READING. November 9 - Cornelius Eady & Bob Heman. November 16 - Simon Pettet also Harris Schiff & Judy Pomerantz: Poems & Pictures From Latin America. November 23 - Nancy Ancrom & Diane Burns. November 30 - Films by S. Brooker, G. Masters, S. Timmons, J. Wright, A. Rower and more

FREE WRITING WORKSHOPS (held in Faculty Lounge of the Third St. Music School, 235 East 11th St)
Tuesdays - with Maureen Owen, 7 PM
Fridays - with Steve Carey, 7:30 PM

POETRY CONTEST

Here it is. The 1st Annual Poetry Project Poetry Prize. You are invited to take part in this scheme to raise money for the Poetry Project Newsletter by submitting your poem(s) (maximum 3 pages) accompanied by \$5 (which will entitle you to a subscription to the monthly PPNL) to us by November 30. They will be judged by a panel of experts & the winning poems will be printed in the Newsletter (circulation 2200) & winners will also receive copies of the 2 record set The World Record- Readings From the Poetry Project 1969-80. Please include a SASE, your poems & \$5 & send to:

Poetry Contest
Poetry Project Newsletter
St. Mark's Church
2 Ave & 10 St
NYC, NY 10003

(anyone who's had a poem in the Newsletter within the last year is ineligible to enter) So, you can help us by entering & all will receive a subscription.

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BOOKS & MAGAZINES RECEIVED

The Missing Men by Dennis Cooper: Am Here Books/Immediate Editions, 2503 Medcliff Road, Santa Barbara, CA 93109, \$3...The Apes of God by Wyndham Lewis: Black Sparrow, \$10p 20c...from TUUMBA PRESS: P-E-A-C-E by David Bromige, \$2 and Fade to Prompt by John Mason, \$3...from Hanging Loose Press: For a Living by Frances Phillips, \$4.50 and Darkness at Each Elbow by Harley Elliot, \$4.50...from Second Coming Press, PO Box 31249, SF, CA 94131: Small Stones Cast Upon the Tender Earth by Wilfredo Q. Castano, \$3 and Heart, Organ, Part of the Body by Terry Kennedy, \$3 and Return of the Shaman by Gene Fowler, \$4...The Art & Craft of Poetry by Daisy Aldan: North River Press, Box 241, Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10520, \$7.95...A Disc of Clear Water by Charlotte Mandel: Saturday Press, Box 884, Upper Montclair, NJ 07043, \$4...Cryptograms From a Telstar by David Avidan: NOW, POB 21366, Tel Aviv, Israel, npl...Minestrone by Ruth Krauss: Greenwillow Books, 105 Madison Ave, NYC 10016, \$9.95c...The Scenery for a Play & Other Poems by Ettore Rella: George Braziller, \$4.95...Rumor Verified: Poems 1979-1980 by Robert Penn Warren: Random House, \$5.95...My Body was Eaten by Dogs by David McFadden: Cross Country Press, Box 21081, Woodhaven, NY 11421, \$6.95p 12.95c...The Ptomaine Kid: A Hamburger Western by Conger Beasley Jr: Andrews and McMeel, 4400 Johnson Dr, Fairway Kansas 66205, \$6.95...

harvest eds. C. Fagan, B. Whiteman & C. Matyas: 22 Fifeshire Rd S, Willowdale Ontario Canada M2L 2G5, \$2 (M. McCarthy, J. Harrison, J. Seim, C. Dewdney interview +)...L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E eds. Bernstein & Andrews: 464 Amsterdam Ave NYC 10024 npl (Supplement #3-R. Silliman, C. Bernstein & interview of the editors)...New Directions #13 ed. Michael Horovitz: Piedmont, Bisley, Stroud, Glos GL6 7BU, England, 1 lb/\$3 (J.C. Clarke, P. Brown, Lee Harwood, J. Nuttall, T. Raworth, J. Arden + much more)...Contact II eds. M. Kenny & JG Gosciak: Box 451, Bowling Green Stn, NYC 10004, \$2.50 (features pull out Baraka book- reggae or not! + bookstore survey & poems by R. Sanford, D. Burns, R. Herndon, A. Brown, G. Fincke +) ...Stony Hills #10 ed. this issue K & A Knight: Week Mills, New Sharon, ME 04955, \$1 (Special Beat Issue - Tytell, Huncke, Kerouac, Charters, Ginsberg, McNally, Welch, Kaufman, Burroughs articles, memoirs, poems +)...The Alternative Press, Grindstone City MI 48467 (interesting package containing mail art & broadsides by Allan Kornblum, Ray Johnson, G. Snyder, A. Codrescu, J. Giorno, J. Rothenberg, J. Gustafson +)... New Pages ed G. Burns: 4426 S. Belsay Rd, Grand Blanc, MI 48439, \$2 ("News and Reviews of the Progressive Book Trade"- small press helpful & celebratory articles, reviews, useful)... Mississippi Review 28/29 ed. F. Barthelme: Center for Writers, Southern Stn Box 5144, Hattiesburg, Mississippi 39401, \$4.50 (Chernoff, Hoover, Messerli, Banks, Ahern, Shigekane, Blackmon, R. Martin, Thurm +)

Ted Berrigan will be the first speaker in a series of lectures by poets talking on representational painting to be held at Cooper Union's Wollman Auditorium, 51 Astor Place, NYC. Ted's lecture, to be accompanied by a slide show, is titled "Representational Tradition & the Individual Talent (The works of George Schneeman, Joe Brainard & Donna Dennis)" and will be held on Monday, November 2 at 8:30 PM. The speakers for the following Mondays will be Gerrit Henry, John Perrault, Tim Dlugos, Marjorie Welsh & Carter Ratcliff in that order. A \$2 donation is asked.

Soldiers In Blue

Employment of the Apes by Jeffrey C. Wright (Chronic Editions, a cover for Hard Press, 340 E 11 St, NYC 10003, 1981, \$3)

At Random, I read:

Away all waves!

That's quite good. Jeffrey C. Wright's an inventive poet. Almost always extremely witty, a frolicsome suggestion of progressiveness pervades his unburdened vision. Again: "The heart clatters thru cluttered streets, hooves skittering on ice." Mere vain illusion or paranoia Jeff depicts not; rather, he endeavors to clarify, it is the nature of Poetry, the precarious condition of understanding and life.

Reading and rereading Employment of the Apes is, then, a particular matter of pleasure. In it, we possess a book which is at once succinct and profuse; perceptive, well-planned, estimable and sublime; doggedly lyrical; meditative, narrow, and tenderly sensual. The form adheres to that of a journal executed in March, 1979 and devotes one intense page to covering each of eighteen consecutive dates: 3.2.79 - 3.19.79. He manipulates quotes (attributed to the original proclaimer: "My whole idea is to throw the ball over the plate, Harris."), and writes, also, in brief paragraphs ("In the U.S. it seems useless to follow the ultimate stampede."); in easy-going, poetic generalities ("Matter tells space how to curve."); in stark revelations; philologically; in answering; in slim columns of verse; distractedly, very politically, autonomous, anonymous, suspicious and conclusively; phasing within and without these discordant operatives. Confronted by the prosaic expanse of the season's demise, J.W. amplifies his problematic concerns and coolly develops the themes of generosity, detente, acceptance, unilateral devotion, inevitable lust and built-in-to-the-boob-tube-apocalypse. He is a free man, talking, engrossed by hope.

The stylistic emphasis, apparently motivated by the calendar's temporal quickness and everyman's void-proof reality, is nevertheless with the quality of the multiplicity of absorptions in post William Carlos Williams American:

How so. At last, a cross-fire of headlights--a sway of fringed drapes. Does. It will do. It will have to.

obviously. It is Poetry Prose, like Prose; a magnificent, victorious texture the scintillating narrative deck of phenomena adumbrates:

What happened. Church Street appt. Subway buoys. Official run-around maze configurations. Postcard of a tear. Tour of duty. Back home to Korean produce mkt.--old Ukranian woman rifles thru onion box framed by rusty city air--rustles thru the loose peels, onions, potatoes, red hair shot with white above black persian wool coat.

yielding a consensus, as it were, of a tactile future. The author's human brand of self-control is ecstasy.

Aided by careful, exacting Skeezo's typesetting and cooperative mechanics and produced at the famous Print Center in Brooklyn, Employment of the Apes is spiced with arousing covers by the author and by Jim Moser, and ornamented by collages from Alice Notley, the author, Andrei Codrescu and Jim Moser and includes a graphic by Lisa Egan.

- Michael Scholnick

Taping the Blackburn Tapes

There I was on the sixth floor of the library at the University of California at San Diego in La Jolla, an inverted pyramid which resembles one of the Mother Ship's docking units in "Close Encounters", looking out a window across the eucalyptus grove, past the New Age scholars who are looking for Truth and the Perfect Wave, at the hang gliders gracing the horizon. I was on assignment from the Poetry Project to UCSDLJ's Archive for New Poetry, which houses one of the finest collections in the country as well as the papers of Lew Welch, Marianne Moore, and the Subtle Father of the Poetry Project, Paul Blackburn. Blackburn's famous tape collection is here: over 300 tapes, mostly poetry readings but a lot of pop music, radio gleanings, and interviews ---the 60's, reel-to-reel. My assignment, which grew out of a correspondence between Michael Davidson, Director of ANP, and Maureen Owen, past Coordinator of the Poetry Project, and accomplished with the generous permission of Joan Blackburn, was to track down tapes recorded at the Project, dupe them, and bring them back home.

From 1966-69 there was very little "official" recording of readings at the Church. A major reason was that "Paul was doing it," lugging his recorder to the Church and other readings around town.

The Blackburn tapes are well indexed (individual poems are listed for many readings). There's a good selection from the Metro, Max's, and Dr. Generosity's, and some of the readings at St. Mark's in 1965-66, after the Metro series ended and before the Project began. And from 1966-68 there are 67 tapes of Project readings beginning with the very first reading, on September 22, 1966, a solo reading by Paul Blackburn.

I had been warned by Edie Jarolim, who is editing Blackburn's Collected at UCSDLJ, that his voice put spells on you, rolled into you like a train ("Clickity-clack"), and stopped on time at stations you forgot to build the platforms for. This is true. Creeley line-stops start here, tilts with the Academy of Form, a broad, resonant, cranky voice etched with story, doubt on top but hope pushing hard, it'll break your heart. Blackburn read three full sets that night, setting up a tradition for long readings that was continued in readings that followed by Wakoski, Ferlinghetti (who opens his Church reading with his own "Lord's Prayer"), Berge, Kelly.

Other highlights: Ray Bremser sounding like a cross-cut saw between Lenny Bruce and Lord Buckley; the first group reading, GIANT EATING POEM, a benefit for the Bengali poet Ray Chadhoury; Bernadette Mayer's

first reading, shy but emphatic, "Two Dollar Bill"; Murray Mednick stepping across from Theatre Genesis to read "Poems on LSD" with the Eddie Hicks Ensemble; a nervous Anne Waldman introducing Tom Clark (very few intros are on the tapes) a few months before her own first reading, October 67; the Olson Memorial; an all-women's group reading for El Cornu Emplumado, before Hannah Weiner saw words on foreheads; the ceiling caving in on Ted Berrigan during "Tambourine Life"; the Koch "assassination"; the "Free Andrei" (Codrescu) Benefit; Louis and Allen Ginsberg; the Johnny Stanton-David Shapiro collabs; Gerard Malanga introducing Piero Heliczer, "poet, superstar, filmmaker". And the Blackburn Memorial, October 13, 1971. Just like Paul Blackburn, taping his own memorial.

(Tapes may be listened to in the Project office. Call for an appointment.)

- Bob Holman

THE ANSWER

I always wondered why a pizza cutter, sharp
enough to leave deep scratches
in the surface of a pie tray never

cuts through the bottom
of a take out box, so I asked the guy
in Mike's Pizza on First Avenue

and he told me that when you
cut it in the box you never press
as hard

- Chuck Wachtel

ARROW AT REST

35 by Tom Clark (Poltroon Press Modern Poets Vol. 2, Berkeley, CA 1976, npl)
How I Broke In & Six Modern Masters by Tom Clark (Tombouctou Books, Bolinas,
CA 1977, \$3)

The ease with which Tom Clark handles the language is what makes the poems selected for these two volumes interesting and, by and large, uniquely American. The language is plainly native and has all the raw directness of a young tongue. Besides having a strong literary base, the poems have a contemporaneity, a hip wisdom distilled through a remarkable poetic sensibility. Clark is with it, even when expressing cavalier sentiment,

as in his Edmund Waller imitations.

I ASK YOU

The ivory, coral, gold
of breast, of lips, of hair
myself so deceive
such pleasure have I
that if death sleep's brother be
and souls so relieved of sense
have sweet dreams
then I figure why not
chase pussy (as it were)
until my daying day
at the earliest

As always, Clark is fearless in his use of the syntax of slang (the spoken idiom), hoards of contractions, grammatical short cuts, and a spare, compressed image. His pace is brisk, cinematic, straight ahead with a bold spontaneity that doesn't look back. There are no compromises with a moldy literary past in these poems, yet they are informed and have the sleek, intelligent style of early Greek lyrics. The sentiment, unless a parody of such, is restrained, subtle, and thoughtful. And behind it all, serving as a kind of innocuous backdrop, a melodious, if somewhat ironic, humor that speaks for clear-sighted vision.

#6

I am filled with a light pleasant quiver
That persuades me of abilities
I can convince myself even now
That I do not possess
All the same, at this moment
Even their nonexistence
Is enough to fill me with happiness
It's like seeing a large log in the snow
And knowing you can roll it
And going up to it and trying it
And not being able to do it
And knowing it doesn't matter
All my sentences are perfect
Even if they crumble in my hands

Tom Clark's strength as a lyric poet is quite obvious in the forty or so pages of 35. How I Broke In & Six Modern Masters is essentially two works. In "How I Broke In" Clark sketches out a basic scenario that weaves together the past, present, and an ostensible future in a non-sequential pattern consisting of twenty-three sonnet-like (14 lines) poems. It is one of his more sustained works. "Six Modern Masters" are six portrayals in poetic form that pay homage to an odd line up of masters (Reverdy, Ungaretti, Vuillard, Kafka, Lenny Bruce, and Robert Creeley).

And did the royalty they got
off their articles and movies
pick you up off the bathroom floor
and wipe your face with a washrag
and put breath back in your mouth
so you could live again to talk dirty
(another day?)

(from "To Lenny Bruce")

Clark quotes Zenó in "How I Broke In" as saying "The arrow rests while it is flying", which seems indicative of his own poetry and poetics. The arrow in flight sails through the blue seemingly passive, at rest, just as Clark's poems in these two slim volumes seem completely at rest in their deceiving simplicity and facility yet they are possessed of an accuracy that strikes a bull's eye every time.

- Pat Nolan

Factory by Antler (City Lights, S.F., CA 1980, \$3)

The poet lives, in Antler's poem FACTORY. The poem persists, drives against an America that is committing "suicide by factories" that make bombs & chemical death--against all forms of factory existence where human presence & awareness is attacked by too fast production schemes. I think it takes a lot of discipline & inner work for one who has suffered, not to hate oneself but to see where the illness is in the society, to transcend oneself as Antler does in Factory, I say in all modesty. The poet sees when pain & joy are universal. The thoughts and feelings on life, time passing, suicide, work shifts, machines, eternity, boyhood, oppression, thunder storms, are jeweled to points that seem enduring, certain passages are timeless. I think if I were depressed I'd read FACTORY; the poem stands erect & keeps lifting itself until finally: "How in the sudden vast silence of factory/I heard my own voice for the first time."

It was written 1970-74; the refinement of the poem itself is anti-massproduction. (The refinement goes along with the stream of the poet's spontaneous notations.) We see that the form of the poem is long-line/idea units like in Whitman & Ginsberg's poetry, and I've heard criticism of FACTORY's borrowing of this basic form, but Antler takes the form further with variations and special dance steps.

The 64-page poem composed in XIII sections has an inspiring afterword in which Antler writes: "May we live to see a time when it seems that the world is not doomed, a time when each human enlightenment is worth more than all the money in the world!...I remember those sweltering months in the bowels of the Factory. Thousands of poets (perhaps millions) are working in factories as I write this. May poems more powerful and tender than I'll ever write leap from their brains!" FACTORY non-violently fights against the violence of factories. The warning cry is real. It's not only the so-called artist who is living on the edge of experience; anyone who does any thinking on the world situation knows that we are all living on the edge. We know that the globe can't stand another big war, that

couldn't be fought if the machines that make bombs were shut down. **FACTORY** is for the creative spirit, the sacredness of solitude and self-reliance. Rising above factory life, the poem celebrates sex and glorifies one's body, and envisions a future (perhaps Utopian) civilization in which factories lie in ruin and "Once more a squirrel can travel from the Atlantic to the Mississippi/from tree to tree without touching the ground."

If all factory workers read & re-read **FACTORY** maybe they'd go on strike & find alternate ways of carving an existence. One wonders what that would be like. Antler's **FACTORY** is a light. Introduction by Allen Ginsberg.

- Cliff Fyman

NORTHEAST ORCHARD

Pregnant earth rears hill size domes over rivers
subterranean where refulgent pilot fish surge thru
roots dampening tinted flounce of scalloped petals
lustrous with dew. For twelve migratory years
Julio and a bunk house full trimmed pruned picked
from thaw and blossoms til bootsoles left no imprint.
Union talk spread from cuke and tobacco fields to
manzana groves, how Julio spoke--in Espanol. Now the
grower prefers employing underage youth and Jamaicans.

- Zoe Rita Anglesey

When Nobody's Looking by Michael Brownstein (Rocky Ledge, Cottage Editions, Boulder, CO 80302, \$3)

Brownstein streams out of himself in the act of watching and discovers astonishing things. The 15 prose poems in this collection are true psychic journeys as well as pristine objects of beauty. Springtime, for instance, felt in the body and watched on the ground, is also a quality of demiurgic memory: "The springtime flood bathes the hot tubes of my soul as I float around the room alone before remembering one or two others are floating around in theirs. When everyone remembers at least one other person, a mosaic of names forms in the ground cover. It is the quilt all of our grandmothers together hold up to the sky." This image whirls, like the sky which is the hero of most of these poems.

The sky is seen as few people see it. In it there are two eyes, masquerading as stars, looking down from "their perch with total control." "The distance and the power of those eyes," says Brownstein in the name of

his own eyes, "remind me of the distance and power of the Colorado tundra, a belt of flora on the highest mountain peaks that duplicates the flora of the arctic tundra, two thousand miles north, in much the same way that the eyes seek us out, wherever we are looking for them, and once they find us they don't let us go. Like a mirage, they duplicate our looking at them. As on the infinite electrical shock of the ocean, we look at the eyes and get scared. We lean back against the racks of cleverly arranged boards that make up our houses, and force ourselves to fall asleep."

Sleep is no more possible than forgetting. At this point, the Oedipus scene is as useless as religion because nobody has the pins it takes to go back on consciousness. (As in needles or safety or Homer I mean). The eyes have seen and the rest follows. All we need is one truly functioning organ and we can limp with that right into eternity. In fact, this is where the work begins, of bringing the imaginary to its tacking up points in reality like a huge tent top flopping desolately over the freezing children. It seems that those points can be best found by a kind of asceticism, including at one point the sacrifice of the very organ that brought you here. "There's no hope for you unless you disencumber yourself of everything," says the poet, "especially the pack of twenty cancers: name, address, age, sex, race, occupation, reputation, acquisition, sly wit, disillusionment, time-serving, security, cigarettes, children, sarcasm, noise, vindictiveness, sentimentality, touchiness, illness, seriousness, vanity and death." And, a Neitzchean guru would say, the will to abstain, that 21st cancer stick composed from the fished out from the garbage butts of all the others.

At the time when most of his contemporaries are working on saving the ear, which is in danger of being devoured by horrible lies, Michael Brownstein is out to restore the eyeball. Like an odd object found in seawater years after the wreck the eyeball is in dire need of decrusting. The film of conformity and oppression lies thick on its vaguely rotating orbit. Ear eaten by officious culture, eyeball encrusted with approved images, the body of 20th century human staggers to doom. Quick, we need these poems.

- Andrei Codrescu

(this review originally appeared in City Paper, Baltimore)

Cliff Fyman wrote the following description of the workshop Michael Brownstein conducted at the Poetry Project last year:

We wrote descriptive writing focusing on New York City as subject matter. We used exercises describing people, buildings, overheard conversation, and self-portraits which grew into internal, psychological description, too. Books read in workshop: Dale Herd's Wild Cherries, Erving Goffman's The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life, Lloyd Morris's Incredible New York.

Sitting across from me, on a bus passing the Holy Child Jesus Church in South Queens, is a guy who I had a fight with when we were both seven. I held him down in front of his driveway by sitting on his chest and pinning his shoulders with my knees until he managed to heave me off. I don't remember how it started. As soon as it was over I went home.

We went to the same public schools and at eighteen worked the same weekend job - driving truck loads of Sabrette hot dogs and canned soda back and forth between Astoria, Queens and Bergenfield, New Jersey. In the years between 7 and 18 we never spoke and we are now 30 and I have not seen him since.

His right eye is slightly closed as it has always been. His neck and cheeks are fuller. His left hand lies over the back of his right hand which holds a folded newspaper that hangs between his knees. I think it's between the ages of 18 and 30 that the act of holding familiar objects, from sheer repetition, becomes completely unconscious.

He's wearing work shoes, green uniform pants with the seams sewn into the legs, and does not look back when I look at him. I can't remember his first name but his last name is Parelli. I do recall his having a brother, two years older and more outspoken, called Artie.

- Chuck Wachtel

SWAMP

I get dressed, put the tape recorder on,
 put the wash in the machine
 & take a walk on Connecticut Avenue.
 I remember the way it used to be
 in 1975, before I painted my apartment,
 before you left Washington for New York
 in a butter-colored U-Haul
 & a blue pants suit.
 The helicopters chop the air
 over the Hilton on the edge
 of the Dupont Circle valley
 where Ronald Reagan was shot.
 I can't stop sweating in the laundry room.
 I imagine myself at the end of August
 as a little puddle in the middle
 of my living room floor.
 I tell my friends I am not smiling.
 What you see are gas pains.
 Nothing changes in my life.
 I want to sleep more but I can't.
 I stay awake at night like the trees,
 a mild breeze blowing through my hair
 in the moonlight.

- Terence Winch

CLOUD HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO

I went to Cloud House this past summer. San Francisco. Before the open reading began, old tapes were played of Lew Welch reading his great poems, "Chicago Poem" and "Ring of Bone". Then an old blues recording was heard. Then the open reading began in a circle seated there, turn by turn poems were brought forth; a healing chant; an om. The Cloud House collective has been supporting this open reading series-crossroads for five years, a seed. In general, poets on the West Coast seem real overtly political in their poems: politics involving the land, ecology, landlords, sexual politics (intimate relationship bonds or no-bonds), the poetic tribal dance that is lyrical, rhythmic observations of San Francisco's flow. In political poetry--poetry with a political message--there should be some perspective and insight as to who is the person writing that poem. (Opposite of this, personal poem should have some overview of life, some universal aspects). One gets a rather close sense of the poets reading at the Cloud House, sitting on the rug at night. Suddenly at this one reading, a strange man broke the mood ranting that the coming of Halley's Comet would coincide with the next big San Francisco earthquake. That stopped the reading. Kush calmed him by saying that he was among friends, but he should take that sort of (furious, ranting) energy downtown to the Federal building. Jungian, whitmanic waves of poetry continued.

- Cliff Fyman

BUSINESS PERSONAL

Poet James Schuyler quite recently, had the unfortunate experience of discovering that during the course of this past summer, a good number of valuable personal items had been removed from his files, including among other things, letters from Frank O'Hara, W.H. Auden, Mss. of published books of his own, small art works, and working notebooks including among other pages, unpublished & incomplete poems. Most of these items had been taken for the purpose of resale to dealers, & private individuals, and through the generous cooperation of dealers around the country, much of the material has been recovered. Still missing, however, is a Working Notebook, approximately 6" x 9" in size, with a Green Marble-ized Paper Cover, & a red leather spine. Among other hand-written poems and assorted writings contained in this notebook is a hand-written, revised version of Schuyler's poem, KOREAN MUMS, which appeared in Mr. Schuyler's recent Pulitzer Prize winning volume, MORNING OF THE POEM. Anyone having this notebook in their possession, or information as to channels it has been and/or is passing through, should contact Mr. Schuyler, or Ms. Helena Hughes, c/o The Hotel Chelsea, 222 W 23 St., NYC, NY 10001 (tel. 212-243-3700), (ext. 625) in order that its return can be negotiated.

COLLAGE ON STANDARDS

to Susan

So nice to come home
to embraceable you
stepped out of a dream
lover green dolphin

I concentrate on you
tenderly
do nothing til you hear
from me and my shadow

Everything happens to
tea for two
sleepy people will say
I can't get started

Perdido
for all we know
it might as well be
spring can really hang

- Larry Fagin

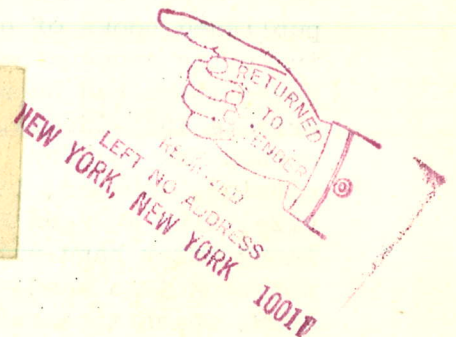
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