

THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER  
No. 68                      October 1979  
Vicki Hudspith, Editor  
St. Mark's Church  
2nd Ave. & 10th St. NYC 10003

READINGS AT ST. MARK'S: Wednesday Nights hosted by Ron Padgett & Maureen Owen: October 17--Rudy Burckhardt (film) and Peter Hutton (film). Oct 24--Howard Norman\* (translations) and Willard Trask (translations). Oct 31--Imamu Amiri Baraka and Clayton Eshleman. Monday Nights hosted by Bob Holman: October 15--Helena Hughes and Tom Weigel. Oct 22--Robert Sherman and Ann Rower & Vito Ricci, Oct 29--Lynda Schor and Anne Forer.

WORKSHOPS AT ST. MARK'S: FREE / with the exception of the Sun. workshop all begin at 7:30pm and are held at the Third Street Music School, 235 E. 11th St. / FREE  
Tuesdays--Poetry Writing Workshops; Oct 16 thru Jan 15 with/Eileen Myles; Jan 22 thru April 8 with/Charles Bernstein; April 15 thru June 24 with Jamie MacInnis.  
Thursday--Oct 25 \* a special one-time workshop with/Howard Norman on his translations of Cree Indian Writing.  
Fridays--Poetry Writing Workshop with/Alice Notley.  
Sundays--Poetry Writing Workshop with/Harris Schiff at 6pm in the St. Mark's Parish Hall.

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There will be a publishing party for LICORICE CHRONICLES by Ted Greenwald on Monday, Oct 29 from 5 to 7pm at the Gotham Book Mart, from Kulchur Press, \$7(h) and \$3.50(p).  
++Bob Holman (ex-goose & all around nice-guy) is looking for a place to live, room to let, flat, space to share, or sublet. He can be reached by leaving a message at the Poetry Project Office (212) 674-0910.  
++The Poetry Calendar, 965-3985, is very extensive in its listing of readings in New York and vicinity. It offers up-to-date, meticulously correct, coverage of every poetry scene in the Naked City. Please write or call for information on how to obtain one of these on a monthly basis.  
++The Cultural Council Foundation in conjunction with the Dept. of Transportation presents, "Words to Go," an exhibition of literary and visual collaborations by poets & writers; Rose Lesniak, Madeleine Keller, Nathan Whiting, Roland Legiardi-Laura, Martha Tack, Jeff Wright, and Bob Holman with artists Sarah Wells, Marjorie Portnow, Susan Ortega, Anna Werner and Charles Stanley. The exhibition is located on 8th Ave between 52nd and 53rd Sts. at the Municipal Garage Windows. It will be on display through Oct.20.  
++Walt Whitman Poetry Competition opens Sept 15. Prize is book publication and \$1,000. Galway Kinnell is this year's judge. Deadline is November 15, 1979. For rules and entry forms, interested poets should send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Walt Whitman Award, Academy of American Poets, 1078 Madison Ave., NYC 10028.

++Donations of \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$ & cccccccc & \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$ & cccccccccccc  
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Anyone interested in volunteering help with newsletter production please call the Project Office.

BOOKS RECENTLY RELEASED: p=paperback, h=hardback, npl=no price listed

- \*\*CHERRY VALLEY EDITIONS, Box 303, Cherry Valley, NY 13320: Blowing Mouth by Ray Bremser (\$3p). Journal Of A Hermit & by Janine Pommy Vega (\$2.50p). Poems All Over The Place--Mostly 'Seventies by Allen Ginsberg (\$3p).
- \*\*TUUMBA PRESS, 2639 Russell St., Berkeley, CA 94705: The Invention of Hunger by Rae Armantrout (\$2p). Percentage by Carla Harryman (\$2p).
- \*\*PETRARCH PRESS, c/o D. Friedman, 22 Grove St., NYC 10014: Her Beauty Likes Me Well by Luis Francia and David Friedman (\$3p).
- \*\*BLUE WIND PRESS, 820 Miramar, Berkeley, CA 94707: This Once/New & Selected Poems 1965-1978 by David Gitin (\$4.95p). Blade Runner (a movie) by William S. Burroughs (\$3.95p).
- \*\*UNITED ARTISTS, Box 718, Lenox, Mass. 02140: In The Heart Of The Empire by Harris Schiff (\$3p). Songs For The Unborn Second Baby by Alice Notley (\$3p). UNITED ARTISTS SEVEN (magazine) works by : Burckhardt, North, Thomas, Denby, Warsh, Mayer, Vermont, Berrigan, Berkson (\$2p).
- \*\*UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS PRESS, p.o. Box 7819, Austin, Tex 78712: Many Times, But Then by Ann Lauterbach (\$4.95p).
- \*\*FATHOM PRESS, available through Star Distribution, Box 11609, Milwaukee, Wisc. 53211: Cabbage Gardens by Susan Howe (\$4p).
- \*\*BOZEAUX OF LONDON PRESS, 87-89 Leonard St., NYC 10013: The New York Hat Line by Robert Kushner. Text by Ed Friedman. Photography and design by Katherine Landman.(npl).
- \*\*SEGUE FOUNDATION, 300 Bowery, NYC 10012: ROOF X, works by John Yau, Ray DiPalma, Lynn Hejinian, Dick Higgins, Ted Greenwald and others, art by Lee Sherry, Charles Wuorinen & others (\$3p).
- \*\*NEW DIRECTIONS, 80 8th Ave., NYC 10011: Collected Earlier Poems 1940-1960 by Denise Levertov (\$3.95p).
- \*\*DANAIDES PRESS, available from Two Hands Bookstore, 1125 W. Webster, Chicago, ILL. 60614: Rose of Lima by Elaine Equi (\$4.50p).
- \*\*RELEASE PRESS, available from Serendipity Book Distribution, 1636 Ocean View Ave., Kensington, CA 94709: Studying The Ground For Holes by Michael Andre. Cover by Erika Rothenberg. (\$3p).
- \*\*THE FIGURES PRESS, 2016 Cedar, Berkeley, CA 94709: Diary from A Journey to The Middle of the World by John Brandi (\$4p).
- \*\*I. REED BOOKS, 2140 Shattuck Ave., Room 311, Berkeley, CA 94704: Random Possession by Mei-mei Berssenbrugge. Cover by Lee Sherry. (\$5.95p).
- \*\*TOMBOUCTOU, Bolinas, CA 94924 (that really is all the address required!): The Air's Nearly Perfect Elasticity by Richard Duerden (\$3.50p). This eating and walking at the same time is associated all right by Leslie Scalapino (npl). Shameless by Jim Gustafson (\$4p).
- \*\* CROSS COUNTRY PRESS, LTD., Box 21081, Woodhaven, NY 11421: Letters Home by Michael Andre. Cover by Ray Johnson. (\$1.50p).
- \*\*LITTLE CAESAR PRESS, 3373 Overland Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90034: Je Suis Ein Americano by Tim Dlugos (\$2p). Travels in Abyssinia and the Harar by Arthur Rimbaud translated by Scott Bell (\$2p).
- \*\* BLACK SPARROW PRESS, PO Box 3993, Santa Barbara, CA 93105: Collected Stories by Paul Bowles (\$6p). Mad Dog Black Lady by Wanda Coleman (\$4.50p).
- \*\*FOUR SEASONS FOUNDATION, Bolinas, CA 94924: Was That a Real Poem & other essays by Robert Creeley (\$5p).
- \*\*GREY FOX PRESS, Bolinas, CA 94924: He Who Hunted Birds in His Father's Village/ The Dimensions of a Haida Myth (\$5p).
- \*\*THE SPIRIT THAT MOVES US PRESS, PO Box 1585, Iowa City, IA 52240: Volume 4 of The Spirit That Moves Us magazine with works by Jim Mulac, translations by A. Hollo, Allan Kornblum, Chuck Miller & others (subscription \$5/single copy \$1.75p).

- \*\*GARLAND PUBLISHING INC., 545 Madison Ave., NYC 10022: The Poems of Charles Sackville Sixth Earl of Dorset edited by Brice Harris (\$22.50h).
- \*\*BC MONTHLY, Box 48884, Vancouver BC Canada V7X 1Z8: magazine with works by Victor Coleman, Michael Carlson, Cathy Ford & others (sub \$15 for 6 issues).
- \*\*THE PARIS REVIEW, 45-39 171 Place, Flushing, NY 11358: Number 75, Irwin Shaw, John Gardner interviews, Peter Handke journal, Paz, Oates, Heaney poems & more (\$2.25 single copy/\$11 for six issues).
- \*\*NEW LAZARUS REVIEW, 1809 Whitsboro St., Utica, NY 13502: (mag) works by anne waldman, cid corman, dick higgins, michael andre, anselm hollo, charles bukowski & others (\$3.25p/\$18 for sub of six issues).
- \*\*NOT GUILTY PRESS, Box 2563, Grand Central Station, NYC 10017: Not Guilty magazine no. 4 has works by Anne Waldman, Richard Kostelanetz, Tuli Kupferberg, Derek Pell, Steve Abbott, Charles Haseloff, & others (\$1.75p).
- \*\*SHELL MAGAZINE, 172 East 4th St., NYC 10009: issue number 5, terrific magazine with a very funny contents page with contributors matched to little doggy drawings! Ann Kim as poodle, Ted Greenwald as beagle, Steven Hall muzzled, Alan Davies braying at the moon, Ron Padgett as dignified "King" dog, Paul Violi as mutt, Jamie MacInnis as Schnauser, & others, very substantial issue full of good work! (npl)
- \*\*# magazine, 86 East 3rd St, NYC 10003: # May 1979 with Brian Breger, Harry Lewis, Chuck Wachtel (special nepotism issue). # June 1979: Ted Greenwald, Susan Mernit, Janet Noble. # July 1979: Jack DeWitt, George Economou, Steve Katz, Armand Schwerner, Ron Wray. Subscription by donation.
- \*\*Patterns of Oppression by Morrie Warshawski, 3918 S.W. Garden Home Rd., Portland, OR 97219: Incredibly interesting concept. Originally composed poems on graph paper are typeset and reduced 32X onto microfilm, mounted on glass biology slides and housed in a wooden slide box. To read the work you will need a microscope (a toy one will do). Only 75 copies in this edition for \$11 each. Check this one out! Unbelievable!
- \*\*DOUBLEDAY; Confessions of Summer by Phillip Lopate, first novel. "Extraordinary writing about the mystery and beauty of human communications. A very special and important book," New York Times (\$9.95h). Also: Ferlinghetti: A Biography by Neeli Cherkovski (\$10.95h).
- \*\*RANDOM HOUSE; Desolate Angel A Biography of Jack Kerouac, the Beat Generation and America by Dennis McNally, almost 400 pages of incredibly comprehensive research and information (\$15h).
- \*\*MCGRAW-HILL; The Collected Poems of Muriel Rukeyser. An amazing body of work, 570 solid pages of poems (\$17.50h).
- \*\*UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS, 2223 Fulton Street, Berkeley, CA 94720: Francis Ponge: The Power of Language. Texts & translations by Serge Gavronsky (\$14.50h).
- \*\*WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY PRESS, Middletown, CT 06457: Empty Words by John Cage, writings 1973-1978 (\$16h).

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Margot Farrington and Yuki Hartman, reading at Eric's Back Room, 88th St. and 2nd Ave., September 8, 1979

...Margot Farrington prefers to read without a microphone. She has a sharp, dramatic delivery and I can't help noticing how it goes so well with her looks. Her poems are narrative with shiny images. Her poems tend to be romantic, they suggest that life is more than what we see. The audience of approximately 40 people is attentive. She reads with serious intent occasionally injecting bits of sarcastic humor. She gives us real life stories of living in Little Italy and dining with her brother. In the poem "Photograph" she recalls a picture taken on the Chesapeake Bay the year that she was born. Her father is described, as she proclaims, "...and my eyes will be green/like yours/like yours."

Farrington seems concerned with the message. In "Buzzard" she writes of a trip to Colorado to see her friend Chris. The bus is crowded, the trip long. She falls asleep and dreams of a bird crashing through the windshield. The passengers' insensitivity to the bird is equal to the obstacles in her life. She thinks it best to "...fly on,

dying like the buzzard".

Yuki Hartman prefers to use the microphone. He starts off with a funny poem, "Jade Garden", about a trip to Chinatown. He asks, "How the dog, who is trying to get into the Jade Garden, knows it's the best restaurant in Chinatown". Hartman reads straight out and quick. His Japanese accent seems odd to hear because his use of the American idiom is so perfect. He probes ceaselessly, questioning his motives, using wonderful metaphors deep and humorous. There are repeated bursts of applause and laughter. He follows a funny, intelligent poem with a short, sweet, sensitive image. He always keeps us on the track even though the lines are laced with an intricate complex of references. Hartman selects the poems quickly, with a concern for the rhythm of the reading and a sensitivity to the audience. I feel that Hartman knows that we are out there.

I thoroughly enjoyed the reading, waiting for the next surprising metaphor which poured out at times clear and precise like August meteor showers in Maine. I was amazed at his arsenal of images. Delightful! The reading ended too soon but with an enthusiastic ovation!

---Joe Giordano

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Boxed Up

Obtrusive to glass  
a fly enters the flow of evening's assured belch  
safe as a diary's system of subtractions

For elbows the sounds of splendor in the ruins  
banks the tide's out of touch rush  
where opportunists get their desserts

Lights designs are approachable too  
tonite where curves a global palm fronds aplenty  
to call your own sweet here & there

You of summer's most magnetic contacted eye  
glad to be open as a favorite bridge  
attention spans the weather's big front

---Tom Weigel

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Snake-Back Solos by Quincy Troupe, I. Reed Books (2149 Shattuck, Berkeley, CA 94704), 79pp., \$5.95.

The Blue Cloud Quarterly, Blue Cloud Abbey, Marvin, SD 57251. \$2 per yr. for 4 issues.

Before Columbus Foundation Catalog of Contemporary American Literature, 1978-9, (1446-D Sixth St., Berkeley, CA 94710) 126pp, \$2.

Snake-Back Solos, as the name implies, has deep rhythmic undulations and sudden turns in its five sections of poems. Author Quincy Troupe, who hails from East St. Louis, currently edits The American Rag magazine and teaches literature at Richmond College in New York, fuses his own personal memories with tribal myths in his poem for his grandmother, "The Old People Speak of Death" in which the living and dead can commune with each other by climbing through the holes the old folks leave in their eyes.

Troupe's language is a compressed stream of movements, pictures, and sounds which evoke the jazz sounds of Miles Davis, Duke Ellington, and others. There is "piranha teeth violence" in a poem about American politics dedicated to Evel Knievel; also the "chit-chat of ice cubes" in his poem "New York Black Disco Scene; 1976." Troupe's New York City poems contain exploding images. "New York City Beggar" begins:

"his body held the continece  
of a protruding tongue  
of a hanged man twisting and turning  
in sweltering needle-sharp heat..."

Quincy Troupe's poems always have their own distinctive sound.

Likewise, every Indian writer in The Blue Cloud Quarterly has his/her own voice and cannot be catagorized. The quarterly was started by Brother Benet Tvedten at the Benedictine Blue Cloud Monastery in Marvin, South Dakota in the early seventies. Each magazine, beautifully printed and illustrated on rough-grained paper, features one or more Native American writers and artists. In vol. XXIV, No. 2, Marine veteran Geary Hobson, who is Cherokee-Chickasaw, likens the death of his people to that of the Meo people in Viet Nam in his poem, "Central Highlands, Viet Nam, 1968"; Hobson's poem conveys the eagle as bird, plane, and spiritual ancestor as it powerfully concludes:

"The eagle flies blindly  
into the smoke of his past."

In the same issue, Pastor Mark Trechock speaks pointedly of his own heritage and his disappointment with Western civilization in the poem "Anachronisms":

"I have my two feet on the ground  
great-grandfather leveled off  
when Owatonna meant "straight"  
beside the crooked stream."

In other issues of Blue Cloud, Mohawk, Osage, Hopi, Papago, and other Indian voices are heard.

The Before Columbus Catalog One, 1978-1979, goes one step further on the road to cultural understanding and offers an illustrated sampler of books, magazines, and anthologies which "speak to the diversity of life in this country," according to Bob Callahan, one of the six directors of Before Columbus. Each book excerpted in the Catalog is available for sale and can be ordered from Before Columbus Foundation.

One of the most unique offerings, Calafia anthology, explores the multi-cultural history and literature of the state of California and opens with an elegy to the original land by writer Sotere Torregian:

"We take up our fight with the Elements of  
this State, our home, Atzlan. Poetry wears the  
clothes of a Zapatista of Orozco, reflected in  
the sun by day and the moon by night. An Aztec  
heart beats in this soil--I feel its pulse as  
I walk over the terrain. And the white beard  
of Quetzalcoatl appears reflecting its own  
imminence upon the shore..."

Among children's books from diverse heritages, Red Power on the Rio Grande clearly depicts ancient Pueblo traditions which were attacked by 17th-century Spanish invaders. For younger children, there is a modern version of an African tale called Daxius, who is half kid, half panther.

The book selections are diverse. It is easy to see spiritual forces at work in the selection from Rudolfo Anaya's novel, Bless Me Ultima, to feel the pointed humor in the Poetry of Maureen Owen, and to hear the bewitching lyrics in Jessica Hagedorn's book, Dangerous Music.

The best way to order Snake-Back Solos, The Blue Cloud Quarterly, and the Before Columbus Catalog is to write for them.

--Jan Castro (editor of River Styx Magazine)

Interview with Phillip Lopate (poet, teacher, novelist, 35 years old, N.Y.C. resident).

Vicki Hudspeth: What has it been like having your novel, Confessions of Summer, come out?

Phillip Lopate: Actually, the reaction has had a great effect on me, because the first book that came out with a major publisher, Being with Children, got unanimous praise, and in a way, it was a safer book. On the basis of that nonfiction book, Doubleday gave me a contract to write a novel. They had a strange notion that I was going to write a male Fear of Flying. I had intended to write a series of sketches about bachelor life, but I found that before I could do that I had to tackle something deeper and more difficult. I decided to write this novel, and the only way I felt that I could sustain my interest for the year or two that it would take to write it would be to do something that made me very anxious--something that had a lot of disturbing content. In a sense I'm always moving into taboo areas, but those areas aren't for me, incest or murder or any of the large taboos. They're more like the daily uncomfotableness of life and the judgements that we make about them or ourselves--our own treacheries.

So, I wrote this book. Immediately, there were two different reactions to it: some people just really liked it from the start, and some people were really thrown off by it. It was not noble in the way they had expected from my first book. They complained that the people were ordinary. I exactly wanted that--people who had pretensions of being extraordinarily special, but who--in the moral crises of their lives--responded in a completely ordinary way. But it's been a very puzzling time for me. One day I'll receive a review in the mail that's terrific, about how this book is in the Great Tradition of European Psychological Fiction. Then another reviewer will say, "Well, I don't like the way the woman character is made to be so silly." I've discovered that critics often review the characters instead of the book: they decide whether they'd like to be friends with these people. For the first time in my life I was really perplexed about the effect of my work. I've led a kind of charmed life; I've written fairly accessible poetry and fiction. Just through the inevitable growth process, though, I've finally come around to dealing with material that I think is a little darker.

V.H.: Will you still write the bachelor sketches?

P.L.: Yes. I'm now writing what essentially has turned into a book of personal essays about daily life.

V.H.: What interests you about the essay form?

P.L.: It seems to me that an essay is at the juncture between poetry and fiction. It has the lyrical afflatus of the poem; that is, you're excited about something as a starting point. In fiction you're working with a narrator, but a personal essay, no matter where it starts, often gravitates toward a situation. In an essay, you can avoid the deadliness of the well-made story, which has to rise and fall in a certain way; you can digress more easily from your ostensible subject matter; you can move the way you can in a poem, through association or leaps. The models that I've found most pertinent are those done by the 19th-century essayists like William Hazlitt and Charles Lamb, whose sketches are very idiosyncratic, but very observant of the manners and mores of the time.

V.H.: Were you working on the essays while you were writing the novel?

P.L.: I finished the novel and then started the essays. The essays cannot be written like a novel. A novel is like a long march, a death march. You get on that road and you don't look to the left or right--and your social life is kaput! But a book of essays accrues in the same way that a collection of poems accrues. They are given to you more or less. I don't know that an idea is coming, and then one day I'll be in a certain kind of sunny or amused mood or in an ironic mood and then I'll start to write one.

V.H.: Is there any correlation between the essays you're doing now and your earlier book of poems titled The Daily Round (Sun Press)?

P.L.: Well, the essays are an attempt to translate the feeling of The Daily Round into prose. There are problems in that I don't want the thing to get too facile. At their best, the essays are complex and can be taken on many levels but only in an invisible way.

Interview with Susan Howe (poet, radio producer, mother of two, currently lives in Conn.)

Vicki Hudspith: Would you like to talk about the series poem you're working on?

Susan Howe: Okay, I'm working on a long poem, so far it is not resolved. It started out as a series poem and right now it's about 40 pages long--broken into three sections. I've been working on it for almost a year. Very generally--I'm using three characters; one is Stella Johnson, who was Swift's niece? pupil? companion? wife? what? Everything about the relationship was, and still is, a mystery. Except the fact that they were completely devoted to each other. They are buried together in St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin. Under two slabs in the floor. And they remain, after death, the main attraction of that gloomy building. The mystery of their relationship has obsessed Irish writers ever since. The second one is Cordelia in Lear. She's the fictional character. And I, in a weird way, am the third.

V.H.: Why did you choose these two women?

S.H.: There is a connection between those two women: their truthfulness. They told the truth by saying nothing. They both suffered for it, but they remained true, and silent. That is why they never stop being fascinating. There are other things about them. Both were "boyish women." Right now, in my poem the two of them are wandering around in the wilderness talking to each other. And Jonathan Swift said things by what he didn't say. His truths are often in what he left out. I am thinking of his autobiographical fragments, and his journals to Stella in particular. Saying something by concealing something.

V.H.: You mentioned this same "concealment" being present in New England writers when we spoke a while back...

S.H.: Exactly right. I think I'm probably attracted to that kind of writing because I'm part New England and part-Irish. It's a New England puritanical characteristic in a way.

V.H.: Secret History of the Dividing Line (Telephone Books) and Cabbage Gardens (Fathom Press) are both very different books of poetry, would you talk about that difference a little?

S.H.: Cabbage Gardens was like a poem that took me maybe two months, it just isn't the sort of thing that comes out of tearing your hair and spending days and days not knowing where it's going to lead you, which both Secret History and the piece I'm working on now are.

V.H.: Most of your work is very well researched isn't it?

S.H.: I live from books. My whole life is made up from reading and that reflects in all my work.

V.H.: Have the interviews you've been doing for WBAI affected your work?

S.H.: I don't know that they've directly affected my writing, but they've affected my thinking. You interview one poet who never reads a book, and you get another who reads 5 million books. There's nothing that's right and nothing that's wrong. I think that's wonderful! I've made a point of interviewing women poets and found their comments very helpful. Why they're writing, struggles they've had. Very importantly, I'm interested in who their role-models were. Some women are mothers, and they talk about the way they split the time between their kids and their work. My children right now are old enough that on days when I'm not at WBAI, I work from 10 in the morning till 2 in the afternoon, but when they were small it was much harder. There are few role-models in the past you can look to. My role-models are women who did not have children: Emily Bronte, Emily Dickinson, Laura Riding, Virginia Woolf, Simone Weil. I am looking forward to Barbara Guest's forthcoming biography of H.D. Not only because H.D. and Barbara Guest had children --but also because Barbara Guest is a fine poet. It is wonderful to have one poet write about another. This problem of being both a mother and a poet is extremely complicated on many levels. It's less a "problem" now, then something profoundly exciting to explore --because there are other women out there with you; Maureen Owen, Lyn Hejinian, Bernadette Mayer, to name a few. Ten years ago that was not true.

DOG BITES BURROUGHS AT BUDDHIST AUCTION HELD IN ROLLER SKATING

Boulder, Col., August 19--Poet Eileen Myles and friend & travelling companion Barbara McKay arrive in Boulder. Meet Ginsberg, Burroughs, Orlovsky et al in Naropa administrative offices. Warm & cold hand-shakes all around. Confused dispersal of group. Two days later Myles and Helen Adam and Anne Waldman read their poems at buddhist roller-skating rink. Party following with very little liquor. Denver Poet's Day--Post-Beatnik Macho poets consume vast quantities of Michelob Lite and read hideous sexist poems under beating August sun. Earlier same summer Ken Kesey & merry friends read at Naropa--quipped poet Lorna Smedman--they look like a bunch of meat-packers. Poet Ted Berrigan spied sitting under umbrella of New York Deli in downtown Boulder wearing navy blue alligator shirt and straw coolie hat. Later in a workshop Berrigan expounds upon "The Three Vows Of A Poet," always a perennial favorite. The students are enchanted. Rinpoche keeps roomfuls of persons on pillows waiting for two hours. He appears, speaks on the topics: "Blue" & "Yellow." Later he is seen pissing on a wall outside of roller-skating rink. Rocky Flats anti-nuke reading held at Boulder Theater: Poet "Mike" Brownstein reads strange long mushroom-flavored political poem. Helen Adam sings hundreds of ballads, one of which, "The Jericho Bar," is quite contemporary & a real crowd-pleaser. On August 19th a dog bites William Burroughs at Buddhist auction held in roller-skating rink.

--A.P. Wire Release

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Simon Schuchat reading at the Ear Inn, 326 Spring St., NYC August 4, 1979

In the sweltering heat of August, New York City, Simon Schuchat emerged fresh from the classrooms of China. Despite the disagreeable weather, approximately 35 people packed in to hear Simon's new work and hear anecdotes on the difficulties of teaching American idioms. He named one poem after such an incident when his students asked him to define the term "a field of experts". Simon challenged his audience to venture a definition but had no takers amid the laughter. Though "culture-shock" is still present in the work, one would expect it to be after the first year of living abroad. Insights emerge, the most important of them being that Simon is still very much in command of American idiom himself. So saying, Simon joked in Chinese between poems and promises more letter/journal excerpts from the second year. Ne Hao=Hello Simon!

--V.H.

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For the past several years there has been increased awareness of the fact that an amazingly small part of the federal and state arts budgets go to literature. This is partly because literature, unlike the performing and visual arts, has no organized group of people lobbying on its behalf: just thousands of us writers scattered all over the country tapping on our typewriters deep into the night. Which is great. But then some of us wonder naively why there wasn't enough grant money for us to get that fellowship, or have our magazine and/or press funded. Oddly enough, there are things you can do to help remedy the situation. For example, take the National Council on the Arts, which is ultimately responsible for how the National Endowment for the Arts spends its money. At the moment there is no one on that Council to represent writers. Eight positions are open, to be filled soon by presidential appointment. If enough people write directly to President Carter, White House, Washington, D.C. and urge him



to appoint writers to some of those vacant positions, he might actually do it! Then, over the next few years, the effect of that change would be felt on the local and individual levels, in terms of more money for writers. In any event it can't hurt, so give it a try: even a postcard would do.

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#### POETRY PROJECT SUMMER "SATELLITE" PROGRAM AND POETS THEATRE

Able directed by Bob Holman, courtesy of the Cultural Council Foundation CETA Artists Project, the Poetry Project summer series was a smashing success. While the St. Mark's Parish Hall was undergoing restoration, readings were held at the club hot, Club 57, at 57 St. Mark's Place, a sort of Poetry Project-in-exile. Each reading was preceded by an open reading of 15-30 open poets. On three evenings the open readings continued after the features, the Graveyard Shift. Featured were: July 4: Frontward Books Poets Neil Hackman, Daniel Krakauer, and Susie Timmons, introduced by Rochelle Kraut, with a guest set by Regina Beck at the piano. July 11: The Judgement, a play by Mitchell Redmon, with Poetry Dance Bands: Cindi Haring, Tim Milk, the Moroccan Green March Army, Tom Carey with Mark Breeding and the Bar-ettes, Ace-in-the-Hole, and Jeff Wright reading Employment of the Apes--whatta night! July 18: Susan Cataldo, Kate Hammon, Gary Lenhart, with special guests Jim Brodey and Mark Breeding doing poetry/jazz. July 25: Jame-Maceo Camier, Sandra Esteves, Cliff Fyman. Guest star: Stacey Erra. August 1: John Batki, Maggie Dubris, Mark Fisher. Midnight show: Jill Kroesner. August 8: Frank Murphy, Allen Planz, Chuck Wachtel. August 15: Enid Dame, Simon Schuchat, James Sherry. August 22: Yolanda Garcia, Michael Lally, Rose Lesniak. Oops: also, June 20: Lee Brueur, Charles Borkhuis, and Ruth Landowne. June 27: Maureen Owen, Nathan Whiting, and David Zimmer. Thanks to Poets & Writers for partial funding for poets.

As if this weren't enough, Superbob also conducted a Poets Theatre Workshop, which began June 14 and culminated in gala performances on August 9, 10, and 11 at St. Clement's Church, setting a three-day attendance record. All plays were written and produced during the workshop, except for Henry Carey's Chrononhotonthologos (1743), directed by Johnny Stanton. Other plays: Delouz Entango by Janet Hamill; Bob Holman & Bob Rosenthal's adaptation of Ted Berrigan's Clear the Range; Starship Vasco by Daniel Krakauer; and Barbeque Music by Jim Brodey; Grinding Out the Bucks by Liz Theisen, directed by Juan Valenzuela.

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NEW LITERATURE PROGRAM DIRECTOR AT NYSCA: Gregory Kolovakos has been named the new director of the Literature Program at the New York State Council on the Arts. Mr. Kolovakos, formerly at the Center for Inter-American Relations, succeeds June Fortress.

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Due to lack of funding, Dodgems magazine has decided to call it quits. Too bad, because editor Eileen Myles had produced several outstanding and spunky issues.

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BROWNSTEIN BREAKTHROUGH: Word is that Michael Brownstein has had a story accepted by the New Yorker, apparently the hilarious story called the UPS Man which he read at the Project last year. What a guy!

## Progression

Each Monday alone you make a chart  
diagramming days -- can't forget  
what they look like -- allowing  
the white space for poems. By Tuesday  
some painter has challenged you  
to describe unrequited love,  
uninteresting but to those who suffer it.  
Still, it's a useful task,  
taking you to the arctic or mid-ocean  
with no visible limits,  
providing the inevitable energy  
of a waterfall. Falling is easy;  
discovering which end is up  
drags Wednesday out beyond the map  
till formulae are made:  
blood is masculine, milk feminine,  
tears androgynous. Before things get too wet,  
you are moved on to Thursday  
with the need to visit some monument,  
perhaps to a poet born on the moon  
and pitched headfirst to New York  
where there would be air  
to carry his voice. You hear it  
and tear up the rest of the week.

--M. LaBare

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