

# poetry project

NEWSLETTER

APRIL/MAY 1999

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\$5

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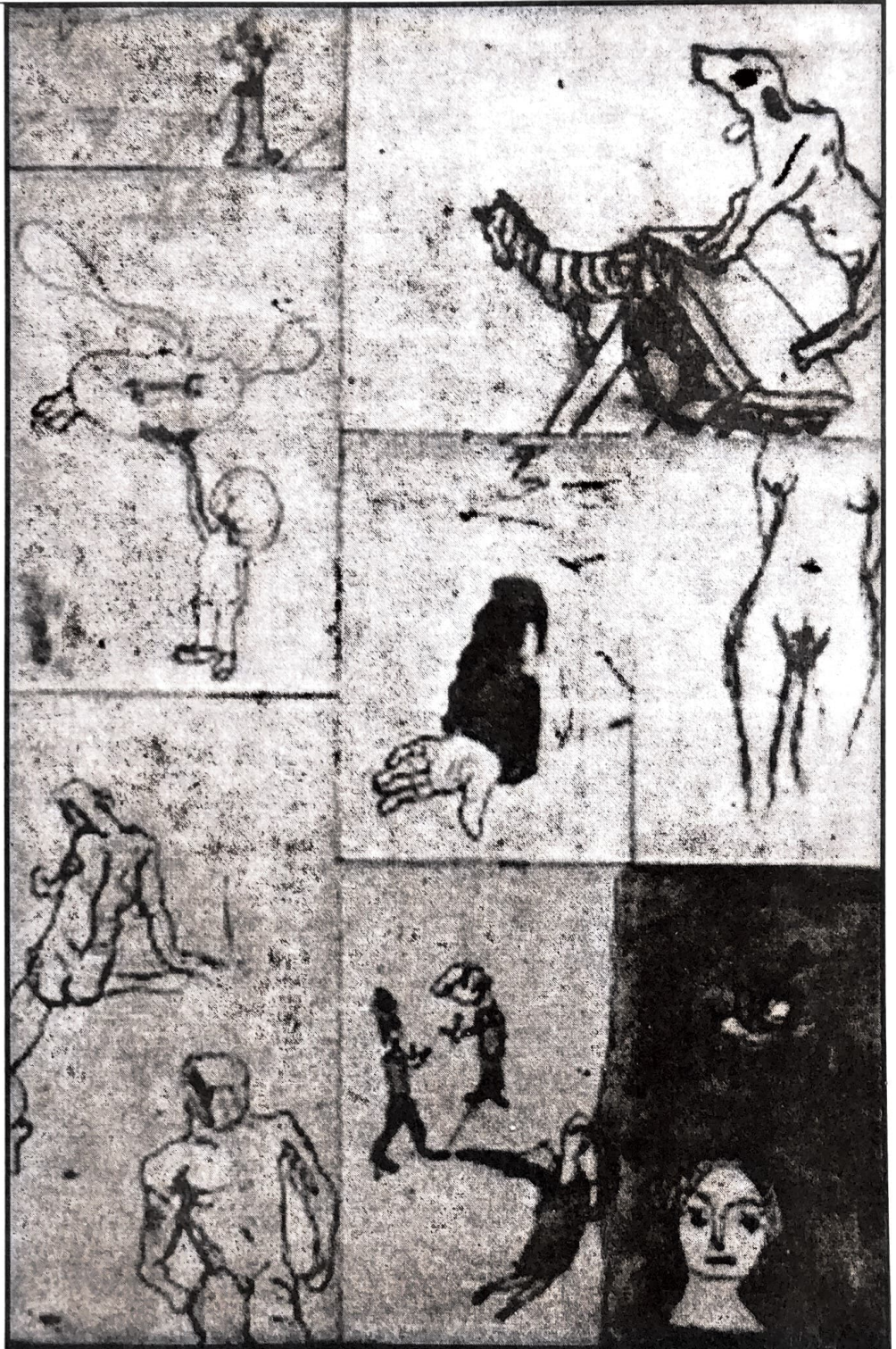
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# announcements

## Thank You

Many thanks to the volunteers who helped out with our recent William S. Burroughs event, *Word Virus*: Kelvin Fernandez, Merry Fortune, Jeanie Gosline, Jenny Hailstone, Brendan Lorber, Ange Mlinko, Linda Neiberg, Kara Roadina, Douglas Rothschild, and Cheryl Teran.

## Web Announcements

There's a new selection of "Poets & Poems," with work by Ange Mlinko, Linh Dinh, Camille Roy, Shannon Ketch & Gena Mason, on the Poetry Project website at [www.poetryproject.com](http://www.poetryproject.com). Also check out new "Features": **The Cyber-Journeys of Jeff Clark**, and **The Tiny Press Center**. Several pieces from issues of the Poetry Project Newsletter are now online, including Barbara Henning's **Interview with Harryette Mullen** and Edwin Torres's Symposium piece, **Esto Es Mi Porto-¡Culti-Perpo!**

## People's Poetry Festival

From Friday, April 9 to Sunday April 11, 1999, the People's Poetry Gathering, a three-day poetry festival sponsored by Poets House and City Lore, offers more than 70 events. Writers featured in the festival include Eileen Myles, Sherman Alexie, Lois-Ann Yamanaka, Jayne Cortez and the Firespitters, Ntozake Shange, Sekou Sundiata, Jerome Rothenberg and the Klezmates, Cowboy Poets, Jali "Griot" poets, Colombian and Mexican decimistas, Puerto Rican trovadores, and U. Utah Philips and The Rose Tattoo, as well as Robert Bly and Robert Pinsky, who, as part of the festival, will read at the Poetry Project on Friday, April 9 at 10:30 pm. For a full schedule, visit [www.peoplespoetry.org](http://www.peoplespoetry.org), or call (212) 529-1955.

## Calls for Work

Outlet (4/5) Weathermap: Call for work. Meaning a) themeless, for a change, with an inclination toward maps and weather; b)

concerned with the experimental poetics of the now, as well as the then, with a particular interest in various/variable feminisms thereof. Contact Elizabeth Treadwell at [dblucy@lanminds.com](mailto:dblucy@lanminds.com). There is a five-page limit to submissions. Deadline is June 15, 1999. Please send work (with a SASE) via regular mail to: Outlet Magazine & Double Lucy Books, P.O. Box 9013, Berkeley, CA 94709. Also check out the web site at <http://users.lanminds.com/dblucy>. Outlet (3) Ornament is now available for \$5 ppd from the same address.

*The Greensboro Review* is seeking submissions of poetry; no previously published works, works accepted for publication, or dual submissions are accepted. Send to: The Greensboro Review, English Department, 134 McIver Building, UNCG, P.O. Box 26170, Greensboro, NC 27402-6170.

## Finalists

Maureen Owen and Alice Notley are finalists for The Los Angeles Times prize in poetry for 1998. The other three finalists include W.S. Merwin, Donald Hall, and Jim Harrison.

## The Zora Neale Hurston Scholarship

Students for Ethnic Inclusion (S.E.I.) at the Naropa Institute are offering a 4-week scholarship to individuals from diverse cultural and ethnic backgrounds. Contact Julie Kizershot at the Summer Writing Program: (303) 546-5296.

## Williamsburg Poets

A new bookshop, The Read, at 196 Bedford Ave in Williamsburg is stocking local poets' publications. Terms are negotiable. Contact Brooks Singer at (718)-599-3032.

## NATIONAL ARTS CLUB literary events

**LOCATION: 15 Gramercy Park South, NYC (near 20<sup>th</sup> & Park)**

To RSVP: CALL (212) 604-4823 or even better, email [gshapirony@aol.com](mailto:gshapirony@aol.com)

Reservations are required & Business attire required (jacket & tie for men)

Events begin promptly at 6:30pm and are free, unless specified below;

subject to change. *No reservations accepted the day of the event; space limited.*

**April 5, 1999 Octavio Paz tribute** Susan Sontag [invited], Homero Aridjis, et al. 7:30pm \$5

**April 13, 1999 Nimrod Magazine's First-Ever New York Reading and Party**

Join Editor Francine Ringold and *Nimrod* authors, including Yevgeny Yevtushenko, Meena Alexander, Alicia Ostriker, Ron Padgett. \$10 admission includes a copy of *Nimrod*. 7pm

**April 29, 1999 Five Points Magazine Event** Join prize-winning author Ed Hirsch and others in *Five Points Magazine's* debut New York event.

**June 24, 1999 Literal Latte: 5<sup>th</sup> Year Party & Reading**

Join Editor Jenine Bockman, Philip Lopate, Lynn Sharon Schwartz, and Stephen Dixon.

**October 12, 1999 The Kenyon Review at 60: A Tribute Evening**

Join David H. Lynn, Editor of *The Kenyon Review* and others.

**November 3, 1999 Sewanee Writers Conference 10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary**

Hosted by Wyatt Prunty, Conference Director, in association with *The Sewanne Writers Series* at Overlook Press.

**December 2, 1999 Graywolf 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Party.** Join Fiona McCrae, Director and Publisher, who will be joined by Graywolf authors. Minnesota meets New York!

Also: Tribute to James Laughlin (New Directions) and many other events.

# regional updates

## CHICAGO

This most prosaic of cities experienced an unusual flurry of poetry events last autumn, including a visit by Susan Howe to the University of Chicago. Howe gave a fascinating slide lecture she called "A P[ei]rcing Virtue" on the philosopher Charles S. Peirce. She spoke of his voluminous late writings, his lack of acceptance by academic communities, and seemed to align him with Dickinson as a tragic figure of American non-conformity. In Peirce's notebooks, the organic interrelation of mathematical formula, alphabetic lists and scribbles reflects a pragmatist's emphasis on situational or contextual meaning as well as Howe's own attention to textual specificities. The next day, she gave a lively reading which ranged through her career, and interwove passages from *The Birthmark* with "Melville's Marginalia," explaining that they were essentially part of the same enterprise. At the center-city Columbia College, earlier in the fall, Barbara Guest gave a thoughtful, meditative reading. Paul Hoover introduced her as a poet without politics, and she qualified his statement by asserting that she was, like all faithful practitioners of their art, essentially anarchist. Speaking of anarchists: the poetry journal *LVNG* (P.O. Box 3865, Chicago IL 60654-0865) released its seventh issue, which includes writing by Chicagoans such as John Tipton, Patrick Lohier, and Michael Anania, as well as work from elsewhere by Nathaniel Mackey, Kristin Prevallet, Christian Bok, and many others. *LVNG* is free to those in the Chicagoland area, and its editors distribute it promiscuously on trains, in bookstores, and so forth. Number eight has been announced as the "Great Lakes" issue, contributors to which must live within thirty miles of one of the stipulated bodies of water (no, the Great Salt Lake does not count).

— Devin Johnston

## PRAGUE, CZECH REPUBLIC

Avant-garde Czech poets tend to be working with music and lyrics, or self-publishing books in editions of 25 or 30. Books of new Czech poetry available to an English-speaking audience are published mainly by Twisted Spoon Press, by poets such as Evald Murrer (*The Diary of Mr. Pinke*), and the late Lukas Tomin (*The Doll, Ashtrays*). Prazska Skola Poetiky (The Prague School of Poetics) will be opening May 31 of this year. Planned projects include a broadside series of new and avant-garde poetry published in Czech and English, poetry workshops for children and teenagers in Czech schools, and a poetry festival in the spring of 2000. They will be hosting regular readings and performances by Czech and international artists in Prague. For more information, or to submit work to the broadside series, contact Prazska Skola Poetiky, U Rajske Zahrady 20, 130 00 Praha 3, or email prazskaskola@hotmail.com.

— Jenny Smith

## SAN FRANCISCO

Accounts had been circulating that Ferlinghetti and comrades might lose the City Lights building. It was with profound joy I learnt they've just swung a deal to purchase it. Certainly the most storied bookshop in the country. And still as good and radically diversified as any. Literature, classics, politics, volume after volume. Not a crummy bestseller among 'em. Loans will help buy the building, as well as perform an earthquake retrofit—iron girders so the old wood-and-plaster building won't collapse while you're digging through anarchist tracts in the basement or for some comrade's recent poetry title upstairs. Nothing beats their creaky dim-lit upstairs triangular poetry room. Funny angled walls stuffed with

the century's best. They hold book-party readings there too (Philip Lamantia on February 11th). About eight chairs fit onto the old wood floor, but somehow a few dozen people squeeze in to hear poetry. Surely the place is one holy pilgrimage site. Across the street a bronze plaque on a brick wall commemorates The Condor, world's first topless bottomless dancer club. What about a plaque for City Lights, first paperback store in the country? Publisher of *Howl* and too many historic titles to list? I couldn't see one. Despite recently publishing Carla Harryman, Nate Mackey, Zapatista material, poetry from Bosnia, Mexico, India, Cuba... Remember a day when giants walked the earth, and a few booksellers cared so much for literature that they published books?

— Andrew Schelling

### *Rising Café Reading Series*

**April 6, 1999 @ 7:30 p.m.**

Sabra Loomis  
Anselm Berrigan  
Greg Fuchs

**May 4, 1999 @ 7:30 p.m.**

Angela Carter Brown  
Cornelius Eady  
Lois Hirshkowitz

**June 1, 1999 @ 7:30 p.m.**

*Lungfull!*  
Issue #7  
Group Reading

All readings + open mike  
\$4 suggested

∞

Rising Café  
186 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue  
Brooklyn NY 11217  
(718) 789-6340

# *New Books* from **Hanging Loose Press**

**Kimiko Hahn**  
Volatile

"One of our strongest poets... fierce political/lyrical poetry" —Harvey Shapiro. "Destined to enrich the art with its power, perception and language" —Peter Ong. By the winner of the Theodore Roethke Memorial Award.  
*Paper, \$13. Cloth, \$21.*

**Gary Lenhart**  
Father and Son Night

"Tender heart, nimble wit, and tough mind... poems so well made that their craftsmanship is invisible — the ultimate graciousness of art" —Ron Padgett. "Brilliant meditations on family life and love... awe-inspiring and sublime" —Lewis Warsh.  
*Paper, \$13. Cloth, \$21.*

**Wang Ping, editor**  
New Generation:  
Poems from China Today  
Twenty three new voices from China, translated by Wang Ping with such co-translators as Keith Waldrop, Anne Waldman, Ron Padgett, Lewis Warsh, Ed Friedman, Gary Lenhart, David Shapiro, Murat Nemet-Nejat and more. "An important and moving collection"  
—Arthur Sze.  
*Paper, \$16. Cloth, \$25.*

**Donna Brook**  
A More Human Face  
"The poems are strong and moving" —Jayne Cortez. "A voice full of seasoned grief and enormous human authority" —Dorothy Allison. "No poet has a more human face than this one nor has any written poems more specific to... that authority"  
—Robert Creeley.  
*Paper, \$13. Cloth, \$21.*

**Paul Violi**  
Fracas  
Andrei Codrescu has said "The best satirical mind in contemporary poetry belongs to Paul Violi" and this new collection extends and intensifies his range. Featuring "The Hazards of Imagery," a 33-page wonder.  
*Paper, \$13. Cloth, \$21.*

**Douglas Goetsch**  
Nobody's Hell  
His "first full-length collection introduces to a wider readership a poet of subtle technical skill and wicked good humor... compassionate understanding of people's lives."  
—Robert McDowell. "Tender yet aware, ironic but open" —Cornelius Eady.  
*Paper, \$13. Cloth, \$21.*

## ***Hanging Loose Magazine #74***

Sherman Alexie, Harvey Shapiro, Wang Ping, Lee Briccetti, Paul Violi, Bill Zavatsky, Ha Jin, Wilma McDaniel, Chuck Wachtel, Janine Pommy Vega, Cliff Fyman, Stephen Beal, Ron Overton and others. Photos by Nancy Miller Elliott. \$7.

**Order from:** Hanging Loose Press, 231 Wyckoff St., #1C, Brooklyn, NY 11217. Enclose check or money order. Include \$2.50 postage for first two books, \$1 for each added title.

# Dick Higgins

1938—1998

DICK HIGGINS died of a heart attack in Quebec City, Canada, on 25 October 1998, after performing in an international conference on Sound Poetry and Intermedia. He was one of the most versatile artists I've known. The other was John Cage. They both typified the kind of art workers that Richard Kostelanetz has called "polyartists." Born in Jesus Pieces, England, 15 March 1938, Dick wrote, composed, and made artworks throughout his childhood, and in the later '50s became publicly active as an artist in many media and "intermedia." (In the '60s he initiated the use of that term for works falling between media categories or within several.) He was my friend for over four decades after 1957, when we met in John Cage's course in experimental music at The New School, in New York, after John had invited me to read some recent writings there, so I am not writing this "objectively."

Dick wrote poems, plays, music, performance pieces, lectures, criticism, scholarly works, and many intermedia works. Like Cage and myself, he was constantly engaged with contingency. In the late 50s he was one of the first to compose verbal and musical works by chance operations and the like, and most of his musical and theater works are "indeterminate as to performance" (quite different every time). Among Dick's many books are *Jefferson's Birthday* and *Postface* (1964), two books bound as one, printed upside down to each other, the first including verbal and musical performance works and plays; the other an 89-page critical essay; *foew&ombwhnw* (1969), a collection of poems, performance pieces, plays, lectures, and essays, bound and double-columned like a religious book; *A Book About Love & War & Death* (1972), a five-canto book-length poem in prose and verse; *Modular Poems* (1972), "one[s whose] principle structural factor is the repetition...of one or more elements of the text" [in my copy Dick wrote, "19.XII.74 dear jackson—here is where my publishing ends (for now)—the i.r.s. and all that—but no end to dreams or to new writing! love, Dick Higgins"] (1974); *Everyone Has Her Favorite (His or Hers)* (1977), a book of poems; and *Poems Plain and Fancy* (1986), selected shorter poems and performance works written 1957–85.

His plays, performance pieces, and music have been performed in many countries. His plays *Stacked Deck* (in *foew&ombwhnw*) and *St. Joan at Beaufort* (ibid) [in which I played Sitting Bull in a red blanket] were premiered in New York (1959 and '60).

His principal later critical work is *A Dialectic of*

*Centuries: Notes Towards a Theory of the New Arts* (1978). His scholarly works include *Pattern Poetry: A Guide to an Unknown Literature* (1987), a magnificent survey of visual poetry made in many different countries and centuries before 1900; and Giordano Bruno's *De Imaginum, Signorum, & Idearum Compositione—On the Composition of Images, Signs & Ideas* (1991), translated by Charles Doria, which Dick edited and extensively annotated. Manfredi Piccolomini calls this book in his preface "a fascinating and engrossing multi- and intermedia work whose symbolism is not to be read by the eyes of the body but with the eyes of the mind."

Not only is Dick's literary oeuvre, "creative," critical, and scholarly, published and unpublished, very extensive: he was possibly the most important publisher of so-called avant-garde books in the United States from 1964 to the middle '80s. He directed the Something Else Press (Barton, VT and New York, NY, 1964–74), which published very many "otherwise" works in all the arts, and then published several books under the imprint Unpublished Editions. In the later '70s he initiated the publishing cooperative Printed Editions (the name was my first contribution), which included John Cage, Philip Corner, Geoffrey Hendricks, Alison Knowles, Pauline Oliveros, and Jerome Rothenberg as well as Dick and myself.

Most of his musical works for instruments, voices, and/or other sound producers can be performed by larger or smaller groups, and some of his scores were produced by unusual methods such as machine-gunning sheets of orchestral-music paper or overprinting music paper or pages of music by himself or others, with semi-transparent photographs of trees, clouds, persons, etc. As a visual artist, he produced a large body of paintings and drawings. Many of the latter are also scores for performances.

He was also an agile performer of his own works and others', and participated in the first European "Fluxus Festivals" (1962–63—first in Wiesbaden), organized by the polyartist George Maciunas, and was continually active in Fluxus for the rest of his life. Indeed, his death in his sleep occurred after he had performed some of his prototypical Fluxus pieces called "Danger Music."

His innovative and disturbing presence will be greatly missed.

— Jackson Mac Low

New York: 13–16 February 1999

# Paul Metcalf

1917—1999

ON HIS 75<sup>TH</sup> birthday the Jargon Society sent out a card of congratulations to Paul. We published his first book, *Will West*, in 1956. And followed it with *Genoa*, *Patagoni*, *The Middle Passage*, *Both*, and *Araminta and the Coyotes*. We congratulated Nancy Metcalf too, "who has put up with the King of the Cranks for 50 years and keeps on singing 'He's Been a Good Ol' Wagon and He Ain't Broke Down'." Now there is one less bruised New England savant to give up on the Patriots at the end of the half and the Red Sox in the bottom of the fifth. Yesterday we drove over to Western Carolina University in darkest Cullowhee to hear the art critic and poet, Peter Schjeldahl, talk to students and faculty. I liked his blue-darter mentality. Rather like my own: able to hold onto a thought for about ten seconds and then race on. I told him Paul Metcalf had just died and asked him if he had known him or read him. He said he didn't recognize the name. Which reminded me yet again how men of the city distrust loners and ignore those in the tall grass.

The death of Kenneth Patchen occasioned one paragraph; Charles Olson, two paragraphs; Lorine Niedecker, no paragraph. I checked the record and discovered that *The New York Times*, the paper of record, did not record the passing of Mr. Metcalf's great-grandfather, a writer of the Berkshires named Herman Melville, in the year 1891. They are still up to their ignorant ways 108 years later... There are comic moments in the obituary of Melville in *The New York Daily Tribune*: "He won considerable fame as an author by the publication of a book in 1847 entitled *Typee*... This was his best work, although he has since written a number of other stories, which were published more for private than public circulation..."

For a Paul Metcalf issue of the magazine *Lillabulero*, edited by Russell Banks, 1973, I wrote a reminiscence called "The Roastin' Ears Are In And Vida Pitches Tonight!" Here's a bit of it.

"One can only speculate about how Paul Metcalf made the move from Cambridge life and the spell at Harvard to farmer-writer in the Blue Ridge and, later on, in the Berkshires. From a man who'd been subject to tuberculosis in his youth, he developed himself into a physical workhorse. The Metcalf calves and feet are built to stand firm—a pair of trunks with taproots. *Metcalf* means Middle-Hill in Wensleydale, Yorkshire, where the name comes from. Accordingly, he plants himself. His approach to reading and writing is precisely the same as doing the daily chores, i.e., nothing to jabber

about: do it ... Paul liked to work in an outbuilding away from the womenfolk—some old chicken coop or woodshed he'd converted and put a stove into. He worked to a schedule, with time out for pipe smoking and visits to the outhouse in the woods near the pond. The Metcalfs had things like indoor plumbing and home-freezers, but simply, and without self-conscious whimsy, they preferred the old two-holer and canning their own produce in Ball jars. They lived the quiet life and made sure not too many people came around to make it unquiet...

"There are always fresh herbs in the Metcalf salads; turnip or collard greens never far away; plenty of sorghum, plenty of garlicky dill beans and, in the spring, plenty of poke salad to tone you up. And Nancy does a mean, liberating chili..."

"The Metcalfs are clearly not fancy people. They don't eat fancy, or dress fancy, or live fancy. They live in old wooden houses, listen to old 78s of "The Lark Ascending," and "Appalachia," and Roy Harris's *Third*, and Howard Hanson's *Second*, and the "Concord Sonata." They buy overcoats at the next-to-new shop in Pittsfield; read used editions of Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson and WCW and Grandpa Herman. There are comfortable, venerable dogs sleeping all over the furniture. Mitzi is my favorite..."

"The Master of the House reads the sports pages of the *Berkshire Eagle*, dreaming of a new dynasty at Fenway Park, sips his bourbon, while the part of the self that fabricates those dark, peculiar New England books tip-toes into the cellar of the mind to see what devilment is brewing."

—Jonathan Williams

Skywinding Farm

Scaly Mountain, North Carolina

## In Memorium

Norman Bluhm

1921—1999

Paul Schmidt

1934—1999

Armand Schwerner

1927—1999

Memorials in the next issue of the Newsletter.

# Cross-Cultural E-Poetics

by  
Loss Pequeño Glazier



place a small pale-cream bowl (to signify abundance)

on the table-top in front of you.

— Maggie O'Sullivan

WHEN ONE EVOKES THE IDEA OF A HOME PAGE ON the Web, many versions of what might constitute a typical Web page come to mind. But I would guess that for most people, the page that comes to mind is in English. The fact is, though it is typically thought that U.S. practice is the dominant force, present-day advances in the electronic media extend more widely, and cross more borders, than one might think. Further, as with literary, theoretical, and visual works, different cultures can take a new medium and apply it in diverse and engaging ways. The hologram artist Eduardo Kac urges that we look at a larger context of "experimental writing"; by larger context Kac means "[n]ot only the multiplicity of forms, styles, and groups, but also the multiple traditions of distinct countries." Indeed, it is too seldom in electronic poetics that such multiple traditions are invoked. There have been, however, some important moments in the development of an international e-poetic consciousness; it's a rewarding prospect to survey the diversity of approaches that form the larger context of the electronic medium, and that put the "world" in World Wide Web.

One of the first of these moments was the "Assembling Alternatives Conference," an international poetry festival held at the University of New Hampshire, Durham in 1996. The topic of e-poetry was entertained through the inclusion of an electronic media panel. (Note that "assembling" has an echo here, "assembler" being "a computer program that translates," a portentous coincidence!) Though this conference was not about electronic poetics, the organizers recognized that the formal issues at the heart of experimental poetics are similar to those being explored by

the literary electronic media. Caroline Bergvall, one of the poets present at the conference, made this affinity of interests strikingly clear in her comment, "When I talk about the performance of writing, I do not mean to favor staged live work exclusively. I use the term in a broader sense, to indicate an activity of writing which uses and is aware of the various kinds of media it can (and does) manifest itself through."

The forthcoming "In the Event of Text: Ephemeralities of Writing" [<http://huizen.dds.nl/~sdela/wra/IET98/>] is a follow-up to the 1996 "Performance Writing," an international symposium held in the U.K. at Dartington College, and organized in part by Caroline Bergvall. "In the Event of Text," a collaboration between the Utrecht School of the Arts, Netherlands, and Dartington, will include artists from the U.K., the Netherlands, Canada, Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Norway, and the U.S. This symposium intends, in the words of its organizers, "to explore, through work and discussion, the ways in which writing can be seen to function as a time-based, transient, ephemeral art form when played out in the context of different media and environments," with work focussing on "the disappearing text and contemporary live performance, the dispersal of written material through new interactive and sonic media, electronic writings, cybertext and hypertext, [and] the local sites of mobilised writing including poetic and book-based practices." (Rather than diminishing the use of the book, Web pages and the Internet often effect dramatic increases in book sales.) The conference promises to investigate important intertextual areas and will feature an exhibition, "The Chute of Language," curated by cris cheek and Sianed Jones, and a virtual cybertext collaboration initiated by the symposium's writer-in-residence John Cayley.

Another important gathering, Digital Arts & Culture 98, occurred in Bergen, Norway, last November. This international conference aimed to provide a locus for the presentation and discussion of artistic and theoretical developments in digital arts, media and cultures, and to strengthen the links between the many different



players and subfields within the rapidly expanding field. The conference has added international awareness to the growing digital arts movement and has helped to strengthen ties between participants from Norway, Sweden, Finland, Germany, Denmark, Slovenia, Russia, Uruguay, Australia, the U.K., Canada, and the U.S.

French practice has included numerous works in the French generator poetry movement, and works by Philippe Bootz and Jean Pierre Balpe, important practitioners of digital poetics. An excellent Web site has been created for the Oulipo movement. The site [<http://www2.ec-lille.fr/~book/oulipo/>] includes a great deal of information about Oulipo in two sections, "Informations sur l'Oulipo" and "Interactivité, multimédia." The "Information" section includes lists of members, bibliographies, some fundamental texts about Oulipo and its activities, and more. In the Interactive section there are Oulipo related sound and image files, "Le petit Norbert pirate," and a "What's New" section. A new international project from France is the "Un bureau sur l'Atlantique" site [<http://wings.buffalo.edu/epc/orgs/bureau/>], recently constructed by Juliette Valéry. Un bureau sur l'Atlantique, founded by Emmanuel Hocquard in 1989, is a non-profit association dedicated to advancing the knowledge of American contemporary poetry in France. The related bilingual Web site, hosted by the Electronic Poetry Center [<http://wings.buffalo.edu/epc/>] (itself used by visitors from over eighty countries), provides several lists of publications, including a catalog of covers of the Format Américain series, information about Bureau activities, and work by Emmanuel Hocquard.

The growth of poetry sites on the Web has certainly not been limited to European countries. There have been numerous developments in

Latin American countries as well.

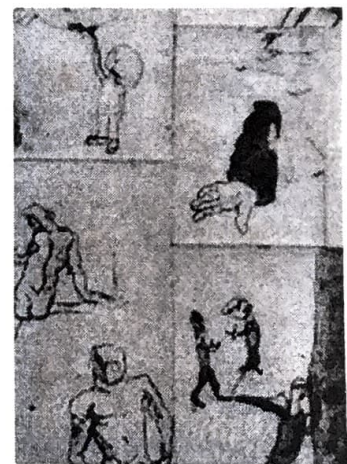
A forthcoming international gathering will convene in São Paulo, Brazil, in August of 1999. "Invenção: Thinking about the Next Millennium" [<http://www.itaucultural.org.br/invencao/invencao.htm>] will engage interdisciplinary topics of the coming millennium. In the words of its organizers, Invenção "will examine the consequences of [the] convergence of art, science and technology on our sense of self and human identity, on consciousness, community and the city, as well as on learning and leisure."

In Mexico, experimental poets recently assembled for a significant event: the Sixth Biennial of Experimental Poetry. This year's Biennial, organized by César Espinosa y Araceli Zuñiga, brought together participants from Mexico, numerous Latin American countries, the U.S. and Germany. In addition to an exhibition at the El Chopo museum in Mexico City, the Sixth Biennial maintains a virtual gallery, the Sala Altamira [<http://www.altamiracave.com/>]. Sala Altamira, curated by Juan Díaz Infante, includes a rich collection of texts about digital and experimental poetry, along with details about the activities of the Biennial, and other resources. Also included is a link to the "Light & Dust Poets" Web site in the United States, which hosted the U.S. and Canadian Pages for The Sixth Biennial [<http://www.thing.net/~grist/l&d/biennial/biennial.htm>], a collection of contributions of visual work done in the experimental spirit of the Biennial (though not necessarily relating to Mexican or Latin American themes). Also a part of the Biennial were conceptual works defining new forms of textuality presented and performed at Caja Dos/Artenativo, an experimental performance space in Mexico City directed by Armando Sarignana and José Guadalupe Lopez. Artenativo also plans a Mexico-U.S. Web col-

laboration project in conjunction with the Electronic Poetry Center in 1999.

It is clear that these international and cross-cultural events bring writers working in different countries together and help realize the potential for international collaborations. What influence will European and Latin-American practice have, as these potent interpretations of the medium increasingly become available through the Web and contrast with some of the U.S. viewpoints now dominating the conversation? One can't say for certain. However, the convergence of so many cultural perspectives will certainly produce an effect. A familiarity with diverse cultural practice must become more common, and we can thank poets such as John Cayley, Jim Rosenberg, Eduardo Kac, Juan Díaz Infante, and the directors of Caja Dos Artenativo for their part in spreading these diverse perspectives. Indeed, one hopes the facility with which one can communicate electronically and transmit data to and from geographically distant locations will make international collaborations increasingly common.

Poet Loss Pequeno Glazier is Director of the Electronic Poetry Center. Recent works include *Viz Études*, a series of performances that have taken place in San Francisco, New York, Washington D.C., Buffalo, London, Mexico City, and Bergen, Norway. He is the author of *The Parts*, *Leaving Loss Glazier* and a forthcoming book on digital poetics.



## Sixty-Second Responses: The Internet/Utopia

A LOT OF WRITERS who feel excluded from the traditional publishing world, which is highly influenced by the tastes of academia or the pressures of commerce, turn to the Internet for a chance for a freer, less limited expression and to communicate to a larger audience. Every Webzine editor creates another place for work that might have been excluded elsewhere. You could consider the Web a utopian forum where there is a place, a space and an audience for everyone.

— Wanda Phipps

FOR ALL THE UTOPIAN PROMISE of technological optimists, the answer is not in our machines but in our politics. As a structure, the paratactic links of a hypertextual environment short-circuit narrative closure and foreground open-endedness—there is always another link. I take it as an axiom that commercial culture will shrink and privatize this radical, possibly unbearable, open-endedness by creating contained environments. Indeed, the privatization and commercialization of e-space is synonymous with containment—limiting links by imposing defaults that consumers will “choose” in the sense of choosing one commodity over the other. While the defenders of popular culture like to attack new art for being inaccessible, the fact is that it is hypercommercialization of the communications media that most actively restricts access to “speech” by making inaccessible all that is not maximally profitable. Nor am I saying that limits are aesthetically or morally bad; on the contrary, they are the basis of aesthetics and ethics. But the aesthetic and political issue is what limits are chosen, who will do the choosing, how informed the choices will be, and who profits. At the same time, fears associated with computer medium, including the often stated concern about inauthenticity and impersonality and loss of “materiality,” are often in the service of an intensively anti-materialist assertion of cultural authority and legitimacy. On every

screen (computer, TV, movie), you can see the push to maintain humanist values. To be shrilly reductive about it: on the level of mass culture, humanist values emphasize mimesis of human presence and conventional modes of “realistic” representation as a means of maximizing the audience for cultural products by maximizing consumer passivity. One can assume that the stakes are high for the reassertion of neohumanist and mass-media forms in the new e-spaces; as a result, I would expect to see as the radical dimensions of hypertext and democracy inherent not to find their own spaces but to be put in their place, i.e. subdued. Constant e-mail warnings about viruses are worth taking seriously, but primarily in the Burroughsian sense. There is a virus out there but it is not trying to get to your hard drive but your inside and outside.

— Charles Bernstein

FOR ALL THE DIFFERENCES—practically, theoretically—between traditional and electronic media—it remains incumbent upon the producer to produce something of more than theoretical interest or practical novelty. The life of art as the other of culture is always at risk of decomposing into the fascination with the new. \*\*\* Given the mimetic aspect of art, ancient, modern and postmodern, it is neither a law of history nor of techne that the administrative tendencies of the managerial class be transparently reproduced as art.

— Garrett Kalleberg

SO FAR, WEB POETRY BREAKS DOWN like this, correct me if I'm wrong: 1. Straight text, a Utopian means to outflank commercial publishing/distribution systems and give yr poems away (also easily sampled by all) UTOPIAN! 2. opposite of 1.: poems created for Web, best exemplified by And/Damon's "Literature Nation" as touted on Mining Co (<http://poetry.mining.co.com>, or direct: <http://net22.com/qazingulaza/joglars/litnat/index.html>). NEW FORM: POETRY RULES: UTOPIAN 3. Poems utilizing performances cap-

tured on audio/video and relating to accessible text (<http://www.worldofpoetry.org>) accepting perf and text as equal transmission processes: UTOPIAN 4. Not poems, but list.serv's as community breeders, esp. Buffalo Poetics and Slam. Uniting diverse geographies, bitching local politics. Utopian.

— Bob Holman

*zoo-cough-dawg-bluffs-was-English-hoss-tequila-Vivi-ceci-hernia-Packard-beadwork-*

mz (A) — Soos-vo0 (1)

mz (B) — Soos-vo0 (2)

— Kenward Elmslie ("Breech Baby")

NO UTOPIA until those who are not students, credit-card holders, or corporate workers can have free access to the Internet. Perhaps the Internet can be implanted in all of our heads in a cerebral cybernetic frisson of freedom.

— Marcella Durand

THE INTERNET, OR specifically, the project of developing a web site, is potentially a location for building interest-specific community. In terms of a project like HOW2 (a women's experimental and modernist writing centered web-zine)[[http://www.departments.bucknell.edu/stadler\\_center/how2](http://www.departments.bucknell.edu/stadler_center/how2)], a broad range of people might be brought into the site simply by keying in words like “women's writing,” “modernist,” or “Mina Loy.” This allows expedition into new sites of potential readers, contributors and participants. For a project which is, by definition, extended primarily to women, the inclusionary tendency of the medium can offset a sense of defining audience by exclusion. My work on this project has forced me to contact the Internet reality and while this contact has been, at times, difficult, it also pushes me to confront my own fears and feelings of inadequacy around technology. In working with female contributors for the first issue of HOW2, I have seen other women combat their technophobias, and I believe this is a necessary part of our project. It is important for women, as well as men, to understand and control this new means of production and distribution.

—Jo Ann Wasserman

## A Few Comments On Utopia & Apocalypse

by Carla Harryman

We are surrounded by millennial discourses, both apocalyptic and utopian; medical science and technology promise us ever-greater control over birth, health, disease, and death, and promote an ethics of perfection reminiscent of late-nineteenth-century eugenic discourse. At the same time we are in the throes of confusion and conflict over what is often described in terms of plague as we watch the spread of AIDS both within and outside of what at first seem to be contained communities. While projective statistics (for 1991, for 2000) force us into fin-de-siècle imagining, the churches, communities, and states struggle over how to support and maintain those already suffering. And this is to limit examples of millennial thinking to the sphere of the lived body—healthy or ill.

Frances Bartkowi, *Feminist Utopias*

...there is in young people and in erotic personalities throughout their lives a kind of intransitive mental feeling of being-in-love, which its objects only enter retrospectively; they were not given narcissistically in advance of this being-in-love either, that is, in their own body. Thus there is—not as a mental feeling, but rather as a state of mind—a light-heartedness of character, even hope; it certainly does not only appear when it knows clearly what it is hoping for.

Ernst Bloch, *The Principal of Hope*

ONE DOES NOT have to write about utopia to engage with the questions of utopia in writing. One need not set about plotting a perfectly good or a perfectly bad world. This is what Bloch saw. The fantasy of the perfect world did not have privileged claims on what he called the "anticipatory emotion." His is a utopianism that refuses containment. And thus, countless human artifacts opened themselves to his hopeful senses.

What interests me then is a view toward an ambivalent utopia in which a writer can enter the writing without knowing "clearly what [she] is hoping for," within the terror that is part, a large part, of the world one inhabits. One wants and demands for AIDS to end, but a vision of the world in which AIDS is ended is beyond our knowing, for we all must live with the redefinitions of the body brought on by this particular pandemic beyond its end if it does end: so much of the entire world has been harmed by it.



photo by Barrett Wallen

Hope then is not only about the construction of a better world. And I do not mean to say that art does not or can not contribute to the construction of a better world! Bloch's "anticipatory emotion" enlarges lived experience in the present, the future, the past—in whatever way time presents itself, necessar-

ily, demandingly. Indeed, people are amazing in their ability to produce things that are meaningful to them in the midst of the hells-on-earth.

Utopia, however, is "nowhere." As a construction of language, it is part of the world. This is not a paradox but terms for a negotiation within all of the imaginable conditions of time.

What I like to do is think about utopian desires and set them up against other dynamic forces. I like to think about and represent "splitting" fantasies, because they are powerful and sometimes liberating in a limited and usually adverse and cruel way. I imagine the marvelous situation in which women separate from men (see Leonora Carrington's *The Hearing Trumpet*, Monique Wittig's *Les Guerillères*), then the women's lack of interest, their lack of belief even, in maintaining boundaries. Thus in writing a novel I call upon myself for an investigation of the actions people take in relationship to their fantasies when boundaries are lifted, disregarded, or permeable.

In the preface to *Bodies of Work*, Kathy Acker asks one of those fundamental questions she is always asking, "why bother to write at all?" and then comments on the effects of millennial thought. "The problem, it suddenly comes to me, with this end of the world, with the apocalypse, is that the mind is so powerful that what is thought comes to pass." Millennial thinking invokes and records and encourages the continuation of violence. Without denying or ignoring or arrogantly refusing to represent the violence present

# Four Poems

by

Kimberly Lyons

## POSTCARDS FROM EUROPA

Dial a red telephone and meow  
to a cow.

Sweep with a  
pink broom  
that which accumulates  
every hour.

At the moment  
which is transient, doubted  
and crowded,  
visualize

a tremulous lavender ball  
vulnerably rotating in its  
cubicle of the cosmos

bang on bells, honk on any horns  
you have and chug your engine  
up a hill  
say: I thought I could, I thought I could  
endlessly row under a falling London Bridge.

Your punt is coppery, leaf shaped.  
Your green truck is now upside down.  
Conveyed via  
Red Radio Flyer

a retinue of animals and  
cars with transparent wheels  
follow you home

a location inconsistent  
as an entirety  
your  
familiar, mostly, with  
corners, spokes

shadows, dust and nickels  
the electrical and miniature.  
Home is really a great  
blue tent.

Crawl to the edges  
ponder  
accelerating universe.

## ATTACHMENT

To take, literally, incidents  
slight in themselves  
would leave all that nothing.

The word "obliteration" like  
a rip in lace  
dry November leaves under your shoes  
and the ones that will not tear  
red as a big teardrop  
the flick of fire slowed  
to a singular frame  
all this the hunter of ice  
brought from his belt with his hands.  
His three ageless sisters, a trio of voices,  
urge him to run  
through the sky  
after constellations of desire and  
resistance,  
object and void.

## APICAL MARISTEM

New trees and sky  
the presence between  
nothings

a sleeve, a tissue  
that falls in the position of  
skin

swings from a white cord  
mirror in  
your lap

consult, come see the snow

a paradox eventually  
breaks down

resemblance

conical light

given a broom, you of course  
sweep

the rind of an elephant  
labels  
of things nobody around here

remembers having had or  
deleted

just the terms barely remain

a witch with a squashed hat  
column of smoke

finds in relation  
a rocking horse

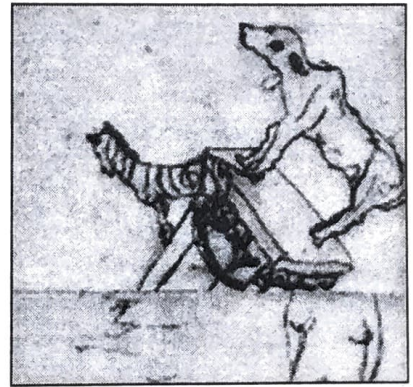
with closed eyes

in a trillion star depths

no one made visible

in the hemisphere's  
oblong loop of light

it's the letters that are left.



## PEONY

*for Martha & Basil King*

How such a tightly wound ball  
could two days later  
extend extravagantly.  
Wide as baby's palm (wider)  
on a wooden table.  
Old musique's  
formations of  
interpretation.  
Consider "home"  
vestiges of a  
location  
outside  
any diameter.

# book reviews

## CLARENCE MAJOR

*Configurations: New and Selected Poems, 1958-1998*  
Copper Canyon Press, 1998, 324 pages, \$17.00.



photo by Neil Michel

His poems have been surprising us for almost four decades, but what's really surprising is that Clarence Major hasn't yet received the attention he deserves. A timely and significant publication, *Configurations* offers well-chosen selections from eight of Major's books and 150 pages of new and previously uncollected poems. For new readers, this is an opportunity to fully experience the achievement of a writer who—despite his widely read novels and the many anthologies he has edited—remains underrated as a poet. For those who know Major's work well, this volume will reaffirm their delight while also opening a cornucopia of new pleasures. Reading *Configurations* is like visiting a favorite museum and discovering that, seemingly overnight, a new wing the size of the original edifice has been added.

One uses the word museum with care, however, because Major's muse bears little resemblance to the wan, petrified maidens of Art History 101. His muse, introduced in "Giant Red Woman" (1974) as a woman "living in my office," is something else:

She's too much—thighs hips arms hands

Face feet neck ass, too much.  
She continues to expand.  
My desk is crushed,  
the chairs are inaccessible,  
the bookshelves are smashed,  
the walls are cracking.

But the Art History allusion may be appropriate because Major, like e. e. cummings and Derek Walcott, is also an accomplished painter, and Stuart Klawans has suggested that some of his writing might have affinities to the analytical cubism explored by Braque and Picasso around 1910. There is, certainly, an interesting technique in many poems that allows Major to present two simultaneously conflicting and complimentary images at the same time. "Sailing" (1970) is an excellent example: "Helping her with her knots, / I spread my sails in her storm," he begins. And, yes, the poem is about both of the things you're thinking about.

In 1956, the Senegalese poet Leopold Sedar Senghor declared that what is important in the African worldview is "less the object's appearance than its underlying reality, its *surrealite*; less the sign than the sense." Senghor's *surrealite* is nothing less than the vital force that animates being, and in this respect Clarence Major's work from the 1970s might also be called surrealistic especially in terms of his grasp of the difficulties of his own mission. As he explains in "Words Into Words Won't Go" (1974), poetry—if it is to approach any serious vision—cannot even depend on simile:

There are no things rain is like.  
Trees are like brick walls.  
But there are no things the walls themselves are like.  
I'm like you. The contents of a book are like margarine.

All of these statements, like Rene Magritte's famous NO SMOKING sign, are both true and false. Thus, a few lines later, the poem correctly concludes:

There are no things the rain is like.  
I am not like myself.  
I am not myself.  
I change but change is not itself.  
There are no things change is like.

On a very different frequency, there is a poem written *en plein air* in the French countryside that begins innocently enough:

Sure, there is a hierarchy  
of worlds here, one place

is above or below another.

But, as usual, Major is setting us up for a sharp angle:

Even if Jacob's ladder is dropped  
it will not work. I am mineral,  
molecular. Cells. Though I try  
I excel at none of those systems.

Allusively titled "In Absence of the Tree," this is as radically skeptical an interrogation of the Biblical mythology that controls the Western view of life as any such statement could be. Like an accomplished jazz musician, Major is able to present his message in vocabularies ranging from the classical to "in the alley" vernacular—always with a sure sense of what will work.

"Surfaces and Masks," a brilliant 1988 sequence of poems set in Venice, meditates upon the city and literary tradition while capturing the concrete senses (sights, smells) in a line as crisp and elegant as the subject—and the Mediterranean sunlight—demands. The subject, which the tourist's situation perfectly highlights, is the struggle to apprehend reality; and it is with this series that Major begins to employ the figure of the tourist as his primary persona.

Major also examines what is unspoken in relationships; or tragicomic cultural confrontations such as the situation of the Native American speaker of "In Hollywood with the Zuni God of War":

Clowning, an Italian dude playing  
Cochise.  
An Apache guy on the set  
Told the director where to go.  
Nearly got us all fired; set closed.  
To them, we all looked alike  
Being herded and shot  
paid better than oranges  
in S. D. County

The ironic dimension of Hollywood versions of history is no more (or less) amazing than the inexplicabilities of the present moment. Being a migrant worker or movie extra

brings a day's pay—and the speaker points out that you get more than scale if you can elbow your way into being one of the Indians who bites the dust. This poem does not include the word (sign) *kachina*, but it shimmers with a mundane reflection of cosmic absurdity that *kachina* represents. We are reminded that in the Pueblo mythology, as Clyde Taylor puts it in *The Mask of Art* (1998), "humans entered the natural universe as its clowns, tumbling, falling, and running backward from the sky to the earth." And, as we all know, the show goes on.

Major's poems purposely keep us off balance, discovering unexpected new facets of our own curiosity.

Whether visiting the Zuni pueblo or Paris, Clarence Major is the unsettlingly alert tourist who sees everything, particularly the things he's not supposed to. In fact, he even sees through everything. His is a manifold world. As he writes in "September Mendocino" (1996), there is

our own romance in our oceanview room  
with its tiny sailboat wallpaper,  
ship's table and framed picture of  
paddleboats.

And, beyond that, when the room and the window vanish:

What will we necessarily remember?  
What we heard in the air.  
What we smelled in the air.  
The smell of the fresh corn muffins.  
Just the things a tourist needs.

Less fanatically driven than the pilgrim, more wholesome than the flâneur, the tourist is a perfect stand-in for those who seek to extract some knowledge from the world, who are required by their own uneasiness to decide the meaning of experience. Clarence Major's contribution is the reminder that we cannot accept the most facile framing, that every perspective implies multiple levels of interpretation. Furthermore—and importantly—the

tourist is neither exile nor outsider but, properly, a temporary inhabitant. And that, Major's *Configurations* suggests, is an appropriately puzzling metaphor for the human condition.

—Lorenzo Thomas

Lorenzo Thomas teaches at University of Houston-Downtown. He is editor of *Sing the Sun Up: Creative Writing Ideas from African American Literature* (Teachers & Writers, 1998).

### W.G. SEBALD

#### *The Rings of Saturn*

New Directions (80 Eighth Avenue, New York, NY 10011), 1998, 296 pages, \$23.95.

He said that journeys involving the company of the dead were notorious for their difficulty but that in truth every journey was so accompanied.

—Cormac McCarthy, *The Crossing*

Near the beginning of this his second book to be published in English, W.G. Sebald, in taking up the subject of Sir Thomas Browne, seventeenth-century physician and philosopher, says that he, Browne, "left behind a number of writings that defy all comparison." I confess to having discovered no better way to begin (and perhaps, just as well, to end) this note than to point up what to anyone who reads him should quickly seem obvious: that Sebald, first in *The Emigrants* and now in *The Rings of Saturn*, seems to be on his way to having done the same.

No bucolic travel diary this. Sebald's account (which has been transformed from the German into luminous English prose by Michael Hulse) of a walking tour through the county of Suffolk in East Anglia takes the reader through a terrain of dying towns, burnt fields, bleak seascapes, labyrinthian heaths, and abandoned or almost abandoned mansions. Built onto this amalgamation of past and present topographies is an associative landscape made up of Sebald's own reminis-

# poetry project calendar

events

## APRIL

### 5 MONDAY

Open Reading, sign-up at 7:30 pm. [8 pm]

### 7 WEDNESDAY

Victor Hernandez Cruz & Anne Waldman

Twice crowned World Heavyweight Poetry Champion in Taos, New Mexico, Victor Hernandez Cruz has published many books including most recently, *Panoramas*, from Coffee House Press. Anne Waldman is the author of over 30 pamphlets and books of poetry, including the 20th anniversary edition of *Fast Speaking Woman*, Iovis books I and II, and *Polemics* (with Anselm Hollo and Jack Collom).

### 9 FRIDAY

The Shadow Writing Project

A reading by teenagers from the Shadow Writing Project in Provincetown, Mass., featuring Carmen Thomas, Michael Cook, Tina Curtis, Ian Kain-Amato, and Kathe Izzo. Presented as part of the People's Poetry Gathering. [9:30 pm]

Robert Bly & Robert Pinsky

Robert Bly is the author of ten collections of poetry and several books of cultural criticism, including the bestseller *Iron John*. His most recent book of poetry is *Morning Poems*. Robert Pinsky is the current United States Poet Laureate. His recent books include, *The Sounds of Poetry: A Brief Guide* and *The Figured Wheel: New and Collected Poems, 1966-1996*. His verse translation of Dante's *Inferno* received the Los Angeles Times Book Prize. A professor of graduate writing at Boston University, he is also the poetry editor of the weekly Internet magazine *Slate*. Presented as part of the People's Poetry Gathering, co-sponsored by City Lore and Poets House. [10:30 pm]

### 12 MONDAY

Dan Farrell & Brian Kim Stefans

Vancouver native Dan Farrell is the author of (*Untitled Epic Poem on the History of Industrialization* by R. Buckminster Fuller, pp. 1-50) *Grid* (Meow Press) and *Last Instance*, forthcoming this summer from Krupskaya Press. Brian Kim Stefans's books include *Free Space Comix* (Rooft) and *Gulf* (Poetscoop/Object Editions). A new edition of his poetry webzine, *Arras* ([www.arras.com](http://www.arras.com)), will be online soon.

### 14 WEDNESDAY

Thalia Field & Nicole Brossard

Thalia Field's new book, *Point and Line*, is forthcoming from New Directions. She was a recipient of a NEA grant for her libretto, *The Pompeii Exhibit*. She is a senior editor at *Conjunctions*. Québec writer Nicole Brossard's books include *Picture Theory*, *Réédition de Journal Intime* and *Elle Serait la Première Phrase de Mon Prochain Roman/She Would Be the Next Sentence of My Next Novel*. She was twice awarded the Governor General's Award for Poetry. Brossard's reading is co-sponsored by the Québec Government House, New York.

### 16 FRIDAY

Poetry Nation

Readings by contributors to *Poetry Nation: An Anthology of North American Fusion Poetry*, just published by Vehicule Press. Readers include Guillermo Castro, author of *Toy Storm*; Marcella Durand, author of *City of Ports*; Cheryl B., author of *Public Enemy #1*; New Feminist writer Audrey de la Rosa; Elena Georgiou, co-editor of *Gay & Lesbian Poets of the New Millennium*; Nuyorican Poet's Cafe Grand Slam Champion Tish Benson; and *Poetry Nation's* co-editor, Regie Cabico. [10:30 pm]

### 18 SUNDAY

Book Party & Tree Dedication for Allen Ginsberg

A book party in celebration of the publication of Allen Ginsberg's last collection, *Death & Fame: Poems 1993-1997* by HarperFlamingo. In conjunction with the book party, a tree dedication will be held in the East Yard of St. Mark's Church. A reception in the Parish Hall will follow. [3 pm]

### 21 WEDNESDAY

Carmen Valle & Philip Lamantia

Carmen Valle is the author of several books of poetry, including *Preguntas* and *Entre la Vigilia y el Sueña de las Fieras*, and a book of short stories, *Diarios Robados*. She was the co-editor of the poetry journal *Ventana* in Puerto Rico from 1976-79. Philip Lamantia's most recent collection, *Bed of Sphinxes: New and Selected Poems 1943-1993*, was published by City Lights Books. Lamantia was associated with André Breton and the European Surrealist movement, as well as the San Francisco Renaissance.

### 23 FRIDAY

In Collaboration: Performances by Writers & Artists

Performances by writers and artists who collaborate in diverse mediums, including: Joy Glidden, visual artist and founder/director of D.U.M.B.O. Arts Center, in collaboration with poet Marco Villalobos. Dancer and teacher Alice McIntyre will dance to the words of Austrian poet Axel Fussi. Performance artist, poet and installation artist Julie Patton will interact live with *Palms*, a film of her artists' books by Euphrosyne Bloom. [10:30 pm]

### 26 MONDAY

Pamela Lu & Rob Fitterman

Pamela Lu is the co-editor of the publishing collective *Idiom* ([www.idiompress.com](http://www.idiompress.com)). Her work has recently appeared in *Shark* and *Log*, and is forthcoming in *Tinfish* and *Tool*. Book 1 of Rob Fitterman's extended work, *Metropolis*, is forthcoming from Sun & Moon Press. Fitterman is the editor/publisher of *OBJECT* magazine and *Object/poetscoop* Editions.

### 28 WEDNESDAY

Juan Felipe Herrera & Anselm Berrigan

Poet, playwright & performer Juan Felipe Herrera's most recent books are *Border-Crosser with a Lamborghini Dream* (Arizona, 1999), and *Mayan Drifter: Chicano Poet in the Lowland of the Americas* (Temple). He has founded percussion and jazz poetry ensembles, Chicano teatros, and poetry brigades. Anselm Berrigan is the author of the just-published *Integrity and Dramatic Life* (Edge Books). He is the Program Assistant and Monday Night Series Coordinator at the Poetry Project.

### 30 FRIDAY

Night Errands: How Poets Use Dreams

*In Night Errands: How Poets Use Dreams*, is a collection of essays and poetry published by University of Pittsburgh Press. Participants include poet/photographer/filmmaker. Gerard Malanga; Nicholas Christopher, author of the novels *The Soloist* and *A Trip to the Stars*; and Laurel Blossom, author of *Any Minute, What's Wrong* and cofounder of The Writers' Community. [10:30 pm]

## MAY

### 3 MONDAY

Open Reading, sign-up at 7:30 pm. [8pm]

### 5 WEDNESDAY

Overtime: Reading for Philip Whalen

A celebration of the publication of *Overtime: Selected Poems* by Philip Whalen (Penguin). This long overdue collection publishes poems written over 47 years. Readers include Jackson Mac Low & Anne Tardos, Charles Bernstein, Edmund Berrigan, Mei-mei Bersenbrugge, Ammiel Alcalay, Anselm Berrigan, Eileen Myles, Tom Carey, Lewis Warsh, Wanda Phipps, Michael Rothenberg, Leslie Scalapino, and Ron Padgett.

### 6 THURSDAY

Later Auden: A Talk by Edward Mendelson

W.H. Auden's literary executor, and the author of *Early Auden*, Edward Mendelson will give a talk on the second part of his ongoing biography of Auden, *Later Auden*, just

published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. *Later Auden* follows Auden's life and work from the time he moved to the United States in 1939 until his death in 1973.

### 7 FRIDAY

New Writers from Saint Ann's School

A reading by students from the Saint Ann's School Poetry Workshop/Seminar. [8 pm]

### 10 MONDAY

Tom Devaney & Greg Fuchs

Tom Devaney is the author of *The American Pragmatist Fell in Love* (Banshee Press). He is the editor of the Brooklyn Review Online and on the editorial board of *LUNGFULL!* magazine. Greg Fuchs is the author of *Uma Ternura* (Canvas and Companhia, Portugal) and *Came Like It Went* (BD Books, Washington DC).

### 12 WEDNESDAY

Paul Beatty & Michael McClure

Paul Beatty is the author of *Joker, Joker, Deuce* and *The White Boy Shuffle* published by Penguin. Michael McClure will read in celebration of the publication of his book, *Huge Dreams: San Francisco and Beat Poems*, from Penguin.

### 14 FRIDAY

Big Bridge: A Webzine of Poetry, Art & Everything Else

*Big Bridge* celebrates its first year online. Contributors include: Tom Devaney, Tom Savage, Merry Fortune, Brendan Lorber, Bernadette Mayer, Phil Good, Jill Rapaport, Carl Watson, Mike Topp, James Graham, Bridget Meeds, Joel Lewis, Wanda Phipps, Sharon Mesmer, Ernest Slyman, and West Coast co-editor Michael Rothenberg. [10:30 pm]

### 17 MONDAY

Mary Burger & Rosa Alcalá

Mary Burger is the co-editor of *Proliferation* and editor of *Second Story Books*. Her chapbook, *Nature's Maw Gives and Gives*, is forthcoming from Duration Press/Lower Case Chapbooks. Rosa Alcalá is the recipient of the Galway Kinnell Award in Poetry. Her translation of Cecilia Vicuña's *Palabra e Hilo/Word & Thread* was published by *Morning Star*.

### 19 WEDNESDAY

Catriona Strang & Nános Valaoritis

Catriona Strang's most recent publication is *Steepe* (Seeing Eye, 1997). She often performs with clarinetist Francois Houle, with whom she has just released a CD, *The Clamorous Alphabet* (Periplum). Nános Valaoritis was born in Greece and lived in Paris in the 50s and 60s, where he was connected with the surrealists and André Breton. He is the author of *My Afterlife Guaranteed* from City Lights.

### 24 MONDAY

Lytle Shaw & Camille Guthrie

Lytle Shaw co-edits *Shark*, a journal of poetics and art writing. He is the author of two chapbooks, *Flexagon* and *The Rough Voice* (both in collaboration with Emilie Clark), and one book, *Cable Factory 20*, forthcoming from Atelos. Camille Guthrie is the author of *The Master Thief* and *Articulated Lair: Poems for Louise Bourgeois*.

### 26 WEDNESDAY

Jo Ann Wasserman & Cecilia Vicuña

Jo Ann Wasserman's work has appeared in the *Poetry Project Newsletter*, *The World*, and *Grand Street*. She is currently serving as the managing editor of *HOW2*, an electronic journal of experimental women's poetry and prose. Cecilia Vicuña is a poet and artist from Chile. Her books include *QUIPOem-The Precarious: The Art and Poetry of Cecilia Vicuña*, *Word & Thread*, and *Unravelling Words & The Weaving of Water*.

## JUNE

### 7 MONDAY

Gordan Ball & Ruth Altmann

Ruth Altmann has worked as a journalist, writer, teacher, and editor. Her poems have been published in *And Then*, *Telephone*, *Tamarind*, and other journals. Gordan Ball edited three books with Allen Ginsberg, and has made 14 independent films. *'66 Frames* (Coffee House, 1999), from which he will be reading, is a memoir of New York City's avant-garde film and literary circles 33 years ago.



cences (and inventions), which serves to enhance and to personalize the troubling catalogue of observations. In one representative instance, Sebald drifts from his bed in the Bull Inn in Woodbridge, via a dream involving Edward Fitzgerald, to a country house at the foot of the Slieve Bloom Mountains in Ireland, where some years before he had been a guest. There, in the inexorably collapsing house, via a slow unravelling, he begins to piece together the history of its inhabitants, two of whom, sisters, spend most of their time sewing fantastic items of clothing out of all manner of shreds and scraps of cloth, only, in most cases, to tear them apart.

Such observation of curious, strangely beautiful, human endeavor, which ends or will end in one form or another of desolation destruction, is paradigmatic—throughout the book, Sebald is drawn, half horrified, half amazed, “like a child craving marvels,” to the dark and to the wonderful. Take for

example Sebald's meeting with retired farmer Thomas Abrams, who for more than twenty years has been building a scale model of the Temple at Jerusalem as it was before it was destroyed; or (in one of the book's more poignant sections) his afternoon spent with Michael Hamburger, translator of Paul Celan, deeply identified with Hölderlin and elegantly awash in a sea of unfinished memoirs; or his evocation of Morton Peto, nineteenth-century entrepreneur, and his legacy, a palace once perpetually lit with countless Argand burners, now home to little more than solitary Chinese quail; or, finally, his description of Frederic Farrar (born “too late” into the already moribund resort city of Lowestoft), breeder of rare roses and violets, who contrived somehow to set fire to his dressing gown, and “was found an hour later, unconscious and with severe burns from head to foot, in a cool, half-shaded place, where the tiny *viola labradorica* with its almost black leaves

had spread and established a regular colony.”

As in *The Emigrants*, Sebald has effectively incorporated visual images into the text of *The Rings of Saturn*. If, however, in *The Emigrants*, the images seem to serve almost as a counterweight to the steady elegiac onflow of the text, here, in this even more intricately woven work, the photographs, drawings and facsimiles seem placed in order to accentuate the spiraling verbal blooms that, page after page, arise. Another interesting part of Sebald's plan for transmitting this journey and its effect on him, is the precis of each section (there are ten of them) included at the work's beginning. Here, in haunting miniature, we find the outline of his itinerary. Take an example (section IV):

The Battle of Sole Bay — Nightfall — Station Road in The Hague — Mauritshuis — Scheveningen — The tomb of St. Sebolt — Schiphol airport — The invisibility of man — The Sailors' Reading Room — Pictures

# burning deck



**Lisa Jarnot: SOME OTHER KIND OF MISSION**

“A particle accelerator where connective sense is bombarded by shards of broken grammar and dream-of-consciousness.”—Albert Mobilio, *Village Voice*.. Poems and visual work, 112 pp., smyth-sewn ISBN 1-886224-12-9, paper \$11

**Marjorie Welish: THE WINDOWS FLEW OPEN**

“explores the inner landscapes of psyche and dream, but also the surface tensions and contradictory currents of the world before us”—Michael Palmer. 80 pp., offset, smyth-sewn, ISBN 0-930901-74-6, paper \$8

**Claire Needell: NOT A BALANCING ACT**

“It is the flesh is the chief performer...creating new frictions between language and what seems to lie beyond it.”—Leonard Schwartz, *Poetry Flash*. Poems, 64 pp., offset, smyth-sewn ISBN 0-930901-89-4, paper \$8

**Rae Armantrout: PRECEDENCE**

“Her ear shapes solid landscapes...More typically she prefers an elusive humor, layered with parody.”—Geoffrey O'Brien, *Voice Literary Supplement*. 48 pp., letterpress, smyth-sewn, ISBN 0-930901-24-x, paper \$5

**Barbara Guest: THE COUNTESS FROM MINNEAPOLIS**

“This consummate poet's craft mimes the evanescent sense of shimmer that life's splintered transparencies present us with.”—Tom Clark, *San Francisco Chronicle*.. 52 pages, 2nd ed., offset, smyth-sewn ISBN 0-930900-06-5, paper \$8

**Tina Darragh: STRIKING RESEMBLANCE**

“an experimental writer in the scientific sense—she tests premises, questions her procedures.”—Ben Friedlander. Poems, 64 pp., letterpress, smyth-sewn, ISBN 0-930901-64-9 paper \$7

**Pam Rehm: THE GARMENT IN WHICH NO ONE HAD SLEPT**

“...the singular brilliance of this poet. She makes each edge of sound, of a word's various meaning, articulate with impeccable art.”—Robert Creeley. Poems, 64 pp., offset, smyth-sewn, ISBN 0-930901-87-8, paper \$8

**Mei-Mei Berssenbrugge: THE HEAT BIRD**

1984 American Book Award of the Before Columbus Foundation. “A canticle of visually stunning observations”—Kathleen Fraser, *Poetics Journal*. Poems, 64 pp., 2nd ed., smyth-sewn, ISBN 0-930901-03-7, paper \$6

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from the Great War — The concentration camp at Jasenovac on the Sava.

Sebald's wanderings, and his encounters with dark, often inexplicable wonders, have something of the tone of the medieval pilgrimage about them. A recent *New York Times* article stated that at no time since the Middle Ages have there been as many reports of visions and miracles and other instances of divine and diabolical intervention as now. It is as though that sense of the apocalyptic (brought on, as Sebald might put it, by war, centuries of disastrous industrialization, the "triumph" of capitalism, the onslaught of AIDS...) had swept over us again, stirring up a concomitant receptivity and attraction to bizarre, unexplained, or violent phenomena. One thinks, for example, of the millions who gather each evening in front of their televisions to watch the ritualized and carnivalesque blending of the trivial with the calamitous that is the evening news.

It is little wonder that Sebald, whose gaze cuts back and forth across centuries, discerning "the traces of destruction, reaching far back into the past," pays a price for his journey: one year to the day after he began his tour, he was "taken into hospital in Norwich in a state of almost total immobility. It was then that I began in my thoughts to write these pages." Pages of certain but excruciating beauty. Not for nothing does Sebald, later in the same section, evoke the angel in Dürer's *Melancholia*, steadfast among the instruments of destruction.

Like other important works, *The Rings of Saturn* stands both apart from and inextricably linked to the works which have preceded it, i.e., it has company in its uniqueness. Examples leap to mind. Basho's *Oku No Hosomichi* is one; Marguerite Yourcenar's *Memoires d'Hadrien* is another. There are others, several of which (Borges' *Ficciones*, Kafka's *Metamorphosis*, certainly Sir Thomas Browne's *Hydriotaphia*...) Sebald, as if both calling up and acknowledging a company of familiars, evokes himself. One such illustrious predecessor, Edward FitzGerald, wrote the following words, which could almost be Sebald's own, "I do not forget these things: nor cease to remember them with a sincere, sad, and affectionate interest."

Treatise, memoir, travelogue, elegy, novel, dance of the dead... *The Rings of Saturn* seems built of elements of all of these and of none. Like his patron saint, Sebald, who is credited with the miracle of making ice burn, Sebald, in having penned this strange, extraordinary book, has succeeded in achieving a miracle of his own.

— Laird Hunt

Laird Hunt's *Dear Sweetheart* is forthcoming from Jensen/Daniels.

MAUREEN OWEN

*American Rush*

Talisman House (P.O. Box 3157, Jersey City, NJ 07303-3157), 1998. 157 pages, \$15.95 paper.



If you've been really busy and/or have sort of forgotten why you like poetry, pick up Maureen Owen's *American Rush*. Its 25 years worth of Midwestern-optimistic-rueful-despite-everything poetry will disarm you as fast as a kick in the trigger finger. What's here?

Raising kids, love gone sour, clothes and food and the condition of women, literature, Japanese and Chinese poets, driving around, the prairie, her daily life, Blake, bugs, birds. Fresh from beginning to end.

Owen's learning and vocabulary are precise: like a batter letting a pitch go by that just misses the plate, you want to call "good eye, good eye!" In "Days & Nights," she describes a painting as not by Ni Tsan "practically all brush & hardly any inkwash" and more in the milky monochrome style of the 14th-century master Shen Shih-ch'ung. And then she does a characteristic Cary Grant pratfall: "The Pavilion of the Luxuriant Trees where / two figures discussing on a balcony seem to be immersed / in a pile of Necco wafers." Owen often throws up her mental hands and throws in the towel—but with it a jab: "only the whippet / understands me only the parrot and maybe/ the comet who knows what it means / to be perfectly in orbit and still crack up / just because something gets in your way just because / something else didn't know you were coming / forgot to move or couldn't and there you were / spinning around each other for a moment then / flung out again quite breathless and puzzled."

Although her poems are rarely obscure or convoluted, you can't glide through without paying attention: Lines like "T or t ing" (in Halloween costumes) and "It's Steel shades shaded tin" must be read carefully. A signature Owen technique is her idiosyncratic use of the exclamation mark. It can serve as a comma or pause ("Often the simplest words! only take you to the edge") or question mark ("Can I be on the street again!"), as well as emphases of every shade of irony, exuberance, whistling in the dark courage, silliness or dismay. There is probably no other poet who uses them better or more frequently; from the first line of the first poem "That's

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it!," only a couple dozen poems in this 156-page book are minus at least one.

What makes one poet a "genius," and another, just as good, overlooked or underappreciated? I had a professor once who said Pound was great because the Cantos took the whole world as their subject, while Paterson was mediocre because it focused on just one town. Owen, like Williams, sees heav'n in a grain of sand, not to mention Hell, Minnesota and a bunch of stops along the way. Is it her light touch? Which doesn't mean she's not deep! As she writes, "It's / another example of Just because you're funny ..... / doesn't mean you're joking." Her (false) modesty? "[A]nd all my life I've answered 'a little' / when what I really meant was 'a lot.'"

As with many poets, it's hard to pull out lines that represent her

without shredding the poem, although there are plenty of bon mots ("Remember when the word moonlight meant romance & / now it just means holding down two jobs") and swell descriptions like "buttercups of crêpe de chine" that she dashes past and lets us go back and pick up for ourselves. Her titles give almost as much a flavor of her work as lines: "Ode to Asexuality," "Poem to Piss Everyone Off," where she sensibly kicks Gertrude Stein out from under, "Frogs Ringing Gongs in a Skull."

*American Rush* is not missing any or many greatest hits, but of course like any good "selected" it should—and will—send readers back to Maureen Owen's other books for more.

— Elinor Nauen

Elinor Nauen is working, with poet Maggie Dubris, on *Tidbits for Nitwits*, a book of literary riddles.

**CAROL SZAMATOWICZ**  
*Cats & Birds*

Stuyvesant Books (524 E. 20th St 7D, New York, NY 10009), 1998, 56 pages, \$7.00.

Empires fall under the somnambulant, life-like word. Only part of experience is speech and utterance, rhetoric or communication. What is the solid symbol, the trustworthy symbol, the reliable symbol?

Basket ogress, sister monster, I have painted your soul on cloth with a shovel-nose shark above it, I left you across the river and now you're stranded company.

— from "Zoop"

Szamatowicz's immediate untimely words are compositions of highly unused images, highly unlikelies of discord and sensual knowledge. Time becomes ultimately possessive. Writing is not driven by the essentials of judgment but uniquely and bravely and happily lays bare the nature of things in their own time and on their own terms.

There are stills: the massage with feet,

the sun roofing sideways, blue night falling in the streets. The child cooks, her parents steep. I have two aims in view, the first contumacious with the second, the bell pulled down the ladder.

— from "Startrekian"

Szamatowicz's method is such: writing at DiRoberti's pastry shop on First Ave, with cut-ups tooling the poems, she goes through perhaps twenty-five versions before she talks with Larry Fagin, friend and influence. This collection of poems was written between the winter of '97 and the winter of '98. Six phrases in twenty lines are cut out of prose from writers to whom she relates or feels a biographical connection with: English, woman, or radical. She lives alone with the constant mind of this writing. No radio. No TV. No voices. No other or not too many other writers. In the poems we see an interior dialogue, a mind breaking free of the rhythm of parochial masses, a mind which holds inside apple orchards, buzzing of insects, water, and all of nature.

Tomorrow we shall pick our sticks, remembering the guards we blew off. Mines, offices, mills and waters, the young give heat to hew deliberate deaths out of stone.

— from "Sticky Picket"

Szamatowicz reveres her freedom from prepositions and connecting things—"you should not need directionals." She chooses the prose form absent of typical prose conceit and absent of prepositions or conjunctions. Szamatowicz likes the comma. She uses them as flags dreaming of a wordless world.

Why am I here and then why are you here and then how far can I reach you the listener and walking forward and then backing away from knowledge but then always coming back to the truth. From "Way Out West":

Musicians' hands are well met, they appear to know each other when they are strangers.

— Merry Fortune

Merry Fortune is the author of *Blind Stints*, published by Linear Arts.

**VINCENT KATZ**

*Pearl: poems by Vincent Katz and painting by Taboo!*

powerHouse Books, New York, 1998, 69 pages, \$30.00.

I should be outside. But in here is so perfect—  
light blowing through window shades. It will never end.

This book made my day. It made me marvel and smile (and think!) and it still makes me happy to look at it. Frank and Jimmy will never die! Pearl takes up the New York grown-up (flippant, tough, kind), supremely alert, language-high methods bestowed by F. and J., and keeps them new. Ted Berrigan and Eileen Myles, of course, have proved the durability of O'Hara's and Schuyler's stylish benedictions, and here comes Vincent crooning and muttering. The book's a perfectly up-to-date and personal (of course) realization of that famous New York poetic value system of unpretentious everydayness taken to astral heights. It was written in six months in a daily notebook five years ago. It's a hard book to quote from as most of its effect is cumulative, and it's wonderfully not "afraid to fuck up." It's full of the music of the moments (literally: Happy Mondays, Heavy D, Mozart, Rebel MC, Maria Callas, Charlie Parker, etc.): movies on TV, parties, subway rides, art

shows, walks in the park, stoned flashes in the night, and words...

Did you ever elapse on a subway?  
I did it was painful. I'm not  
avoiding punctuation, just denying  
it the power to change my life.

And the moments add up until a life is present; the pages are always alive with unexpected turns.

You go down a long, brightly lit  
hall, push a door into a room. Someone  
takes you by the hand, pulls you  
through the crowd and close to her. You  
want to clasp something, but the  
something has always been just inside you.

The spirit of the book is beautifully enhanced by Taboo!'s glowing New York cityscapes. They're "decadent, dreamy, extravagant," says Vincent, and they're sweet and pretty and show biz-glitzy. Taboo! comes from Boston, out of the milieu that brought us such of his cohorts as Jack Pierson, Nan Goldin, and Pat Hearn, and he was inspired by punk and the queeniest gay world (he does a lot of drag performing himself).

The book's design and format are excellent too. Taboo! says that when he first saw it he was kind of disturbed, thinking it looked like a children's book. I can see what he means: the book's laminated—bright dust-jacketless hardcover, and glossy colorful large-type pages make an effect unlike any volume of sophisticated poetry—illustrated or not—that I've seen before. It's nice to see poetry presented in a context that suggests

it's a source of delectation. The typography is elegant too. The book is an object of pleasure.

—Richard Hell

Richard Hell is the proprietor of Cuz Editions and his novel *Go Now* is forthcoming in its French translation entitled *L'oeil du Lézard*.

# Crayon

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**SHARON MESMER**

*Half Angel, Half Lunch*

Hard Press (West Stockbridge, MA), 1998, 70 pages, \$10.00.

The poetic use of the first person persona as a conduit for anything other than self expres-

sion has been questioned by some poets and critics in recent years. The infamous New Yorker poems about birdbaths and bourgeois Connecticut lifestyles have certainly brought no credit to the persona as a formal strategy. While the New York School mixed the first person with a dash of French surrealism, and the "Language" school banished the "I" altogether, a bunch of loose cannons rolled around Chicago, brash and unconcerned about whether such tactics were "in" or not. They revived the first person persona as a field for poetic discourse, and they invented the poetry slam phenomenon, which has fueled the return of the Nuyorican Poets Café as a venue for poetry. The Nuyorican Poets Café has yielded a huge crop of exciting and sometimes innovative young poets. Very few critics have traced the slam craze back to Chicago, where poets like Jerome Sala, Connie Deanovich and Sharon Mesmer crowded the plate, knocking homeruns over the poetry fence on a regular basis.

Sharon Mesmer writes these unsentimental poems that can make you laugh and break your heart at the same time. The contradictions wear down all resistance and take up residence in the mind as truth. Her poems often come at the reader from left field, replete with sarcasm and fast edits, establishing boundaries between the "I" and the "you," sometimes attacking the "you" while deflating the "I." She is a sly writer, her poems sneak up on the reader, tweaking one's sense of what one is reading. "I deliver it hard and fast,/words loud and square/from round red lips."

It is night and you've just been stood up by some stud who promised the moon and disappeared with your wallet. Or worse, the slug shows up and belches at dinner, scratching his balls while he pontificates about matters that fly way over his head. You've just discovered what your mother looks like naked and she's fishing for compliments on her features. For some, these obnoxious settings would lead to the poem as complaint. But Mesmer takes the situation in hand, turns it around to reveal facets of color and detail.

She ruined my roof  
but now I'm drowning in light;

Mesmer's sense of light and dark goes beyond simple description of the physical world to a gnostic place, where a Catholic upbringing has been modified by sex and drugs and soul music. It is a particularly urban gnosticism, not at all the New Age version. The decay of the physical world is offset by a brightness from someplace else, where the saints and martyrs actually inhabit the rosary and are absorbed like (and along with) alcohol into the bloodstream, suffering their horrible fates in a slapstick universe.

Reality is the raw material for the process of personal demise as the Great Work.

Mesmer conflates the dream with the real, firing witty repartee from the very personal to the abstraction of consciousness itself. From the wise-cracking prose poems (especially "Eleusis") to the bittersweet lyrics (like the title poem), Mesmer commands a range of language and feeling, a depth of poetic character which refuses to be limited by any persona, real or imagined. I believe that is what the persona should be—an instrument for poetic transcendence. The fact that Mesmer's poems are tough and sexy just makes them all the more alluring.

— Mitch Highfill

Mitch Highfill's most recent book is *Blue Dahlia*, from Detour Press.

#### MICHAEL SCHOLNICK

##### *Clinch: Selected Poems*

Edited by Gary Lenhart, Steve Levine, Greg Masters and Bob Rosenthal, with a preface by Eileen Myles  
Coffee House Press, (Minneapolis, MN), 1998, 87 pages, \$12.95.

I'm so glad to learn what spirit is/Now I'm not hungry/I'm a disciple peeling an orange"

— from "Catskill Song and Dance"

Following on the heels of his two previously published chapbooks, *Perfume* and *Beyond Venus*, *Clinch* is the first major (and posthumous) collection of the poems by Michael Scholnick, who died an untimely and sudden death in 1990, at the age of 37.

Born in Queens, NY, Scholnick began as an athletic youth in the Bronx, moving from all-star baseball status to a decade-long stint as co-editor of the literary journal *Mag City*. A prominent figure in New York's downtown cultural scene of the '70s and early '80s, Scholnick has been described as one of the few poets who "successfully bridged the gap between the New York School and the Beats."

Perhaps his background as a catcher contributed to his supple grasp of life's detail and depth. Scholnick's work is lithe and loaded, sensual and moral, Jewish and universal. Seizing intently on observation, the 87 poems in this volume convey integrity and an uncommonly intimate contact with life and its import. Scholnick's phrases possess a sudden, surprising clarity, like clouds parting to reveal rinsed city streets in dazzling afternoon sun.

A divine quality pervades these poems, which are both "like an angel stepping onto a bus" and "wickedly impish," with a simultaneously celestial ethic and earthy passion. At times curiously imbued with the urgent lan-

guage of Old Testament prophets, these verses dwell also on landlords and new jobs. As in the poem "Valentine's": "Jerusalem is/A crucial place—/disaster and insistence reign//The food vendor's done,/reattaching axle wheels to/his scoured cart..."

Such passages are frequent in *Clinch*. Faultlessly precise, Scholnick's attention extends from the heavens to yellow-lined highways. The title poem offers these lines: "Inside sings,/Zeus molestation,/Mind rages, still—/Fingers tap/Thighs, crossed/Legs, naturally/Awaiting..."

Scholnick has been called a sculptor of words, but his poems remind me more of music, and not merely because of their aural beauty. Dreamy and rhythmic, his verses consist of amassed one-line observations seamlessly strung into a delicate counterpoint of spirit and sense, light in tone and weighty in impact. The result is a fresh, pleasantly startling harmony. Perhaps Scholnick summarizes his life's philosophy in the closing lines of "Ernie": "Life not enjoyed/To the utmost is a sin."

— Gena Mason

Gena Mason read at the Poetry Project on March 15. She is at work on a novel.

**CADDELL, QUARTERMAIN, EDITORS**  
*Other: British and Irish Poetry Since 1970*

Wesleyan Poetry, Wesleyan University Press  
Press, 1998. 352 pages, \$45.00 cloth, \$19.95 paper.

*Other* is the latest in a recent surge of anthologies of English-language postmodern poetries, but the first since 1988 to take as its mission the goal of presenting twentieth-century British poetry to the States. The editors, Richard Caddel and Peter Quartermain, create an intriguing

image in their introduction of a multicultural Britain that extends back for centuries: "Langland's fourteenth-century field of folk was already an intensely plural society, where elements of Saxon, Norman, and Cymric were evident alongside each other [...] and, never far away, mainland European culture jostling alongside the other elements of the linguistic mix." They also observe a "long, dissenting, and largely disregarded if not indeed suppressed [modernist/experimental tradition stretching] back to Clare, Blake, Smart, and the two Vaughans, Henry and Thomas." This is in opposition to what they see as a "mainstream" that has sought a "great tradition" which seeks to be "unshakably monolithic and centralized," a mainstream probably more ingrained within the social (national, popular, etc.) consciousness than, say, the American cultural "mainstream" (think of William Cullen Bryant). Whether or not one chooses to adopt this sketch

of British poetry culture as true, it is interesting to note that it has proceeded fitfully in its discoveries without any fetishization of the "new" in a way that characterizes American poetry, and that it is populated with some pretty strange figures (Horace Walpole, Emily Bronte, Swinburne, and Hopkins come to mind). Furthermore, its most "ethnic" component, the alliterative tradition, was nearly entirely suppressed, hence rendering its very old poetry rather strange in both sound and substance. This complicates any easy notion of the "break with the past" as the sign of modernism, since quite often the poets are trying to break with the present and rediscover the fractured—colliding, synchronous, artifice-defined, strange, deviant—subterranean U.K. linguistic geography. This is only one way of looking at it, of course, and certainly many poets do not play into this schema at all.

So who is in *Other*, and what's in it for the American reader? Most

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### Theodore Dreiser

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likely, the least interesting aspect will be those poets who have carried over some version of Projective Verse into their poetics, probably because these techniques—which center on the “local” but are often not as rhetorically fired as Olson’s bardic rants, nor as word-centered and precise as the Williams/Zukofsky /Creeley line—have made their way into American poetry quite well. One strong exception to this umbrella statement would be Jonathan Griffin (1908-1990), who was a close reader of Rakosi in particular, and who seems like an answer to the Robert Duncan of *Roots and Branches*, though less turgid in his Elizabethan samplings: “And let no despair/stop/praise for the human ear/staker of music—picking /out of the welter of waves octaves and simple scales / and from them forming a pride of rainbows / glancing.” Some of his poems in *Other* riff off the alliterative tradition (“packed, polyhedral, pointed”) while others are simple, short, and ethically drenched, often pushing a quasi-misanthropic Green philosophy (which he does extensively in his collected poems): “To be earth patriots/is to become not nothing, / Earth of the Universe not the centre /but/the sense.”

Bob Cobbing has some interesting, though perhaps dated, graphic work—the page from “Prosexual,” which like all his work is a score for reading, is a microscope image of

sperm cells swimming amidst some tubular something-or-other—but his inclusion, rightfully, in yet another British poetry anthology makes one ask if the British concrete poetry tradition has extended beyond him. Another poet who has worked in concrete modes, Peter Finch, is also included, but the absence of Finlay from this anthology is regretful, since it is he who pioneered an international, quasi-discursive idiom for the movement—more so than even the Brazilian Noigandres group—and one that continues to grow in complexity over decades. Maggie O’Sullivan, who can be said to have synthesized concrete and composition-by-field poetics along with a Hopkins-like awed observance of nature (her many hyphens suggest the imposition of the invisible fractal subatomic structure of nature on the societally-defined corridors of language), is represented by strong work. “Hill Figures” is a play of structural breakages, heterodox information and visceral delight in movement and form: “Mesocysted / BELL O W geometrics // Oxidised / Dalliances— / chain-blue // KID-EYED ICER BARS— // So go, / Purplea Down. Pursea. Vents Trembling.” Also included are a number of “Cambridge Poets,” generally defined as those who have spent some time studying with J.H. Prynne in Cambridge, but oddly the two most linguistically investigative and most formally achieved—John Wilkinson and Drew Milne—are not included, nor is Prynne himself. This may have been the result of the editors’ feelings that the poetry of Andrew Crozier, John James, Wendy Mulford, John Riley and Peter Riley would be the most attractive to an American audience as it is more colloquial in diction and looser in form in the spirit of New American poetics—only speculation, as there is no such clue in the introduction—but the absence is significant, espe-

cially as Wilkinson's and Milne's attention to sound patterning (influenced by everything from the Anglo-Saxon to Language poetics) and a highly wrought syntax offers a very strong basic tonal option for the burgeoning "new lyric" poets of the States. Veronica Forrest-Thomson, who died in 1975, is also considered to be of this Cambridge group, but her two poems in *Other* are distinctive in her intense, but playful investigations with language, her persona of the hapless intellectual, and her diction which ranges from confessional to fairy tale without succumbing to either: "Though my deserted frying pans lie around me/I do not want to make it cohere./Hung up to dry for fishing lines on the side of grey wharf of Lethe./Old, we love each other and know more." This is probably the only work by the author of *Poetic Artifice*—one of the foundational theoretical texts for Bernstein's "Artifice of Absorption" essay—available in the States. Another poet who has something to offer the "new lyric" is Denise Riley, who has probably been more successful with the O'Haraesque run-on than many of his New York followers, mostly because of her formal restraint. "your vanities, and pleasure in theatrical self-blame, have got you where you are today / that's here: and though you've noticed now that you can breathe again, you do," run the last two lines of "Take Two of These Tablets Tonight and in the Morning Go on Living," almost acknowledging the breathless track star's ending to "The Day Lady Died." John Agard is one of the five West Indies poets represented here, and his "Listen Mr. Oxford Don" is a manifesto that flips the entire great chain of language-being on its head: "I ent have no gun /I ent have no knife but mugging de Queen's English /is the story of my life," he writes, and elsewhere, "I ent serving no jail sentence/I slashing suffix in self-defense," finding slippage in the neologism and pun while not sacrificing cultural specificity. Linton Kwesi Johnson's poem "Mi Revalueshanary Fren" operates along similar lines but without the self-reference, and though it probably comes most to life in recording, on the page it is a splash of codes and graphemic "revaluing": "soh Garby gi di people dem glashnas/an it poze di Stallinist dem plenty prablem/soh Garby leggo peristrika pan dem/canfounidin bureacratric stratetegems." "Dialect" also enters into the poetics of the the Scottish writer Tom Leonard, who finds the political in the particular in his tiny, Williams-like sketch of lower class Glasgow life, "song": "yi surta/keep trynti avoid it thats /thi difficult bitty it/jist/no keep findn yirsell/sitn/ wotchn thi telly ur/lookn oot the windy." His moral authority is clearly evident in "The Evidence," a very careful observation of the weaving of a lie—the national lie of racism, in this case—which doesn't betray its meaning until the very last line. Tom Raworth is probably the best known in the United States of the *Other* poets, and he is well

represented by four later works. Allen Fisher is one of the most ambitious postmodern British poets, and though his writing often borders on the style of later Andrews—including the staccato rhythms and panoptic range of reference—there is something hallucinogenic about his sense of detail and emphasis, such that the writing offers a state of manic consciousness along with the formal estrangement. "How production of perception itself leads inner story/Now reduction of receipt begins to self bore me/Encourages narrativity and prevention's dream state roar/Until copy parades convention, demonstrates to the poor their waste away/How evolution to simulate promotes extinction/Now revolution to emulate derives from distinction downloaded." Not unlike Robert Sheppard, a younger poet also included in *Other*, Fisher's work is a knotty accumulation of observations, deep reading, bellicose grunts, scientific mysticism and lyricism, in all an impassioned cry from the existential ghettos buried in the depths of global capitalism.

This is just a sketch of *Other*, and like any review of an anthology, has to make exclusions due to space. Writers not even mentioned in the present review include the performance artist chris cheek, Geraldine Monk, Bill Griffiths, Roy Fisher, Carlyle Reedy, Barry MacSweeney—there are 55 poets in all. Now that the "American Century" is more than likely over for poetry, perhaps this flawed but valuable map of the Old World can offer poets the provocation to make way for a vigorous reassessment of the "new"—not as national product, but dialogic process.

—Brian Kim Stefans

Brian Kim Stefans is the author of *Free Space Comix* published by Roof Books and *Gulf* from Object Editions both published this year.

## COLE SWENSEN

### Noon

Sun & Moon (Los Angeles CA), 1998, 113 pages, \$10.95.

"Noon" is a specificity of name, not number. Neither morning nor afternoon but exactly and eternally in-between a cusp, a recurring point. *Points by definition have no shape. They mark.* "Noon" calls to noun, and room, moon, nine. Noon, from the Late Latin "nona" meaning the hour after sunrise. *Noon* is imagistically and linguistically expansive, formally taut: nine nine-section poems that make up one long poem in nine sections. *The nine grey trees compose a single move.* A single move that moves: no stillness in this landscape. *Trees and all their hands repeating some gesture as a grammar of ungraphable space.*



The poems in Cole Swensen's *Noon* function within a geometrically expanding terrain of internal references, a shifting series of images that repeat, recut, mutate; a diagram of the book might look like nine leafless trees superimposed one in front of the other: connections connected by further connections while simultaneously remaining alone and unconnected, very complicated and very beautiful and no two branches quite the same. *Noon* returns to concerns that recur throughout Swensen's eight earlier books: the hand, the face, the heart, erasure, movement, beauty, sight, blindness, the breathing body that is the body and the breathing body that is the world—never stable, never static. These elements are *Noon's* landscape, the faultlines along which fissures of connection and demarcation are drawn and redrawn, split and fracture into a moving skein of perception.

Like noon, *Noon* is a moment of pause in the midst of constant motion, where motion is the only constant. *Noon* begins here, in a "here," with a body, a "you" and an "I," in a landscape of expanse, of tree, of God, of if:

There is someone here who looks like you. Face after face across this expanse. Extend and turn. If you turned around you 'd be facing a forest. There is someone (If I turned around) (I should say "if" and then "I"). The face is by definition something turning (Everywhere you turn you see the face of God). (Koran, Chapter 2 Verse 115). There is someone looking through a magnifying glass at his hands.

Immediately the ground is unsettled, the self made conditional, the conditional even further unsteadied. You turn, you are the face turning, and everywhere you turn you see the face of God (itself expressed as a textual reference), by definition something turning.

"Poetry," Swensen writes in an essay in *Writing from the New Coast*, "as it stands at a point of intersection between linguistic and artistic expression, should be in an ideal position to put this paradox (between our world as linguistically constructed and unremitting sense that there does exist a territory of impression not accessible by language) into an interesting kind of motion, thereby exposing more of this territory to expressibility." (*Everything that moves (which is everything) is newly legible though unsayable*). Perhaps all that can be said, expressed, is the paradoxical motion of the space between impression and expression. *Repeat after me: You can now see the world as a single streak, something built of transparent speed; pure white of the sort they say no one person, unaided, can perceive*. The poem is both an aid to perception, a guide (though not a steady one), and a persistent reminder to perceive, and perceive more, again.

In *Noon* there is a train, a child, an Einstein and a Wittgenstein, a view of a lake with nine trees, a heart attack, a bridge, a bee crossing a road, photographs, birds, the Baltic, Cantor, bodies, you, I. There is the

world, and a seeing consciousness, and it intruding into the consciousness, making it and being made by it.

It's a moving scene

You pass  
and the window frames  
for a fraction of a minute  
a passing face

And there is something both pointed and poignant in that frame, that face, something moving in it, but then it moves. It is moving, so exists only in fractions, fractures: things which hold their shape, suggest what once was or might have been, but will dissolve, into something else.

It's not irony that unsettles the lyric aspects of Swensen's writing, or the kind of seven-seven sound-byte motion that sends radically different dictions and poprock-sizzling references zinging across poems with all the earnestness of fast food claims to nourishment. Rather, it is the exploration itself that undoes itself: the unsettling feeling of being, of being coaxed into a landscape of belief and beauty, one which, these post-modern days, is awkward and uncomfortable—and moving, mobile, instantly and repeatedly unsettled by the dissolving of the very beauty thought to have been glimpsed.

"The Incredible Beauty of the Physical World," *Repeat to dissolve*. Swensen does repeat, incredibly beautiful image after incredibly beautiful image and does dissolve, refusing to succumb to a stillness of belief in beauty, even as the poems want to approach the beauty of the world. *And now one is returning on the train because the train goes back but never on the same route to prevent its recognizing the world, which in all its beauty would freeze from the seeing*. What might be read as a precious or problematic seeking to fix the world becomes instead a repeated seeing of the problematic, beautiful world.

*Noon* is gorgeous and disturbing. That point, noon, fleeting and recurrent, insinuates itself against the sights, bodies events of the book, outlining the real in sharp photographic light while simultaneously unsettling, blurring, exposing that very outline. *The proximity glides. There is someone and there is something and often in the forest alone and it slides. Repeat. It practically lives. Repeat. I remember only the parts that begin. And begin again, repeating. Noon is a book that asks for more: Again. You will have to say/again so many times*.

— Jen Hofer

Jen Hofer is currently editing and translating an anthology of contemporary experimental poetry by Mexican women.

**EILEEN TABIOS, EDITOR***Black Lightning: Poetry-in-Progress*

Asian American Writers' Workshop (New York, NY), 1998, 410 pages, \$19.95.

It's an act of bravery to show yourself at your worst. *Black Lightning: Poetry in Progress* is a courageous howdunnit—playful & intimate. In a series of essays & interviews, enthusiastic editor Eileen Tabios catches 14 Asian American writers in the act of creating their work. Lush with annotated drafts of each poem, the book hands you the voyeuristic thrill of witnessing poets screw up then recover with a flourish of sharp-sensed perception. At over 400 big pages, the anthology yields an impressive & articulate, if sometimes repetitive, picture of how individual writers shape their work against a landscape of linguistic, social & political issues. The contributors' self-critiques extend representations of contemporary Asian American writing beyond the scope of more traditional anthologies.

And unlike traditional anthologies, *Black Lightning* is not designed to canonize so much as present its contributors in the roles of teachers for beginning poets. Throughout the book, Tabios places herself among the collection's students and in the Afterword admits she was "most ignorant" on the subject prior to beginning this project. Some might be put off by that inexperience—after all, isn't she the principal of this school?—but her exuberant tone reflects a refreshing and personable approach that speaks to the pleasure of reading as well as writing. Beyond that eagerness however, Tabios' voice changes markedly from essay to essay, depending on the poet under examination, and at the same time this keeps the book lively, although it makes a central current hard to find.

What does connect this astonishing range of sensibilities is each poet's willingness to spill the beans. Each begins with advice to a young poet but the real advice comes later when the contributor rolls up the old sleeves & retraces the hells & heavens of a poem's progress. "No one should ever listen to what writers say about their own work," says Kimiko Hahn—and it's true! But Tabios augments their testimony with the actual evidence, printing the many drafts & origins of each poem. All this leaves you knowing more than the poem wants you to know, dispelling conscious ambiguities & removing some of the mystery—like walking in on a friend wrapping your birthday present. That's perfectly fine because the book is *about* poems more than it is *of* them. That is, it's concerned more with "work" as a verb than as a noun.

Happily, the completed poems are usually pretty fantastic & the structure of *Black Lightning* allows you to determine the success of a poem according to the criteria of the poets themselves. Some essays zero in on the wherefores of addition and omission from draft to draft

while others gather themselves around experiences, texts, and broader social & linguistic ideas the poets address. Arthur Sze, whose provocative poem "Black Lightning" gives the book its title, messes with his work to avoid saying too much & to control the degree of intimacy. David Mura's process—in which the first draft is a wheelbarrow for whatever he can gather—makes for dramatic revisions later on. In editing what would become "The Colors of Desire," he broke the poem up & renamed it before realizing that strategy just wasn't going to happen. Perhaps the most dramatic event of the entire book are three pages of his work entirely crossed out. By the time you reach the final version of such a heavily reworked poem, it's like attending the wedding of a kid you used to babysit—"I remember when you only came up to here on me!" The cleanly typeset edits are fascinating and easy to understand, but I longed for a few reproductions of the crazy, handwritten broken penciled scrawls that say more about the recursive cursed process than any afterthoughts could.

The analysis of origins and rationale behind each writer's work penetrates some of the social, political & aesthetic challenges Asian American writers face. The struggle of living in several cultures at the same time, being caught between desires for assimilation & autonomy, informs much of the poetry in *Black Lightning*—& one of the book's strengths is its ability to show the individual methods by which each arrives at a stance relative to that tension. Indran Amirthanayagam, a Tamil poet from Sri Lanka, presents some of the most politically discursive poetry in the book, with work that admits influences as wide-ranging as Yeats & Star Trek. Meena Alexander maps the "unquiet borders" between cultures, using a variety of Englishes as well as Hindi and Malayalam. She builds a "community of voices" within individual poems in an affirmation of her "acceptance of the United States as her world in the face of people in India who question this residence." Mura works with the relationship between Asian American & African American histories and looks more personally at his own. Jessica Hagedorn presents an even more complex relationship to politics in her lyrical work. Mei-mei Berssenbrugge's struggles to "create a continuum between the abstract and the concrete" at the same time she recasts scientific jargon in a feminist critique of language.

The final interview contains *Black Lightning's* most & least effective moments. When Tabios' respect for the poets slides into adulation, as it does from time to time throughout the book, she loses focus and becomes repetitive. In her essay on John Yau, she assigns herself some Yauian constraints—interrupting her essay with lines from his work & writing as multiple selves—which does more to distract than enlighten. Despite that, she does lead Yau into a compelling discussion on process

in poetry & painting as well as how concepts of identity & race have shifted from one narrow channel to another equally narrow one. "Why is the author dead at a point when...people who were once marginalized and silenced can now talk?" The demise of the authorial self is one that *Black Lightning* does much to refute through its detailed reflections and steadfast enthusiasm. Because the notion of authorship is increasingly fluid, and the possibility of communication increasingly difficult, it is increasingly important for writers to sharpen their senses. As Arthur Sze says in the title poem, "I feel/the nerves of my hand flashing/in the dark, feel/the world as black/lighting." Here are 14 poets giving up their startling secrets, their instructions on how to see in the dark.

— Brendan Lorber

Brendan Lorber edits *LUNGFULL!* magazine and co-curates the Zinc Bar Reading Series. He lives in a window.



in the world, one can propose a world in language that defeats the values of violence within invested millennial discourses. This is why I invoke Bloch's language: "erotic personalities," "in their own bodies," "light-heartedness of character, even hope."

My hope at the moment is that I have been able to suggest something of the complexity of the relationship of utopian desire to millennial thinking and that utopian desire is not equivalent to apocalyptic narrative.



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Soft Skull Press (New York, NY), 1998, 115

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Crab Orchard Award Series in Poetry (Southern Illinois University Press, P.O. Box 3697, Carbondale, IL 62902-03697), 1999, 77 pages, \$11.95.

**RACHEL BLAU DUPLESSIS***Renga Draft 32*

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Coffee House Press (Minneapolis, MS), 91 pages, \$13.95.

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Bootstrap Productions (Boulder, CO), 1998, 10 pages.

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Tangram, 1994, 9 pages.

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Cedar Hill (3722 Hwy. 8 West, Mena, AR 71953), 1999, 56 pages, \$8.00.

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Grove Press (New York, NY), 1998, 100 pages, \$20.00. Hardcover.

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Penguin Poets, 1999, 312 pages.

**ROSMARIE WALDROP***Split Infinities*

Singing Horse Press (P.O. Box 40034, Philadelphia, PA 19106), 1998, 106 pages, \$14.00.

**MAGAZINES***The Asian Pacific American Journal [Vol 7, #1]*

Editors: Eileen Tabios, Hun Ohm (37 St. Mark's Place, New York, NY 10003), 1998, 200 pages, \$10.00. Contributors: Timothy Liu, Jessica Hagedorn, Chi-Wai Au, others.

*Big Scream #37*

Nada Press (2782 Dixie SW, Grandville, MI 49418), 1999, 44 pages. Contributors: Joanne Kyger, Jim Cohn, David Cope, Diane diPrima, others.

*Black Dirt [Fall/Winter 1998]*

Editor: Patrick Parks (Mattoon, IL), 1998, 131 pages, \$6.00. Contributors: Janet McCann, Paula Sergi, Brian Cochran, others.

*Calyx [Vol 18 #2]*

Editor: Micki Reaman (P.O. Box B, Corvallis, OR 97339-0539), 1998, 128 pages, \$9.50. Contributors: Susan Spady, Christine Sneed, Thea Sullivan, others.

*Crazy Horse #55*

Editor: Ralph Burns (Little Rock, AR), 164 pages, \$5.00. Contributors: Lisa Knopp, Philip Levine, Michael S. Harper, others.

*Fessenden Review*

Special issue edited by Lolita Lark, (San Diego, CA), 64 pages, \$10.00.

*The Hat #1*

Editors: Jordan Davis, Chris Edgar (331 E. 9th St #1, New York, NY 10003), 1998, 64 pages, \$7.00. Contributors: Kimberly Lyons, Hoa Nguyen, Ange Mlinko, others.

*Key Satch(el) [Vol 3, #1]*

Editor: Gian Lombardo (Quale Press, P.O. Box 363, Haydenville, MA 01039-0363), 1999, 26 pages, \$3.00. Contributors: Shannon Conboy, Sheila E. Murphy, Stephanie Taylor, others.

*Outlet #2 Fairyland*

Editor: Elizabeth Treadwell (Double Lucy Books, P.O. Box 9013, Berkeley, CA 94709), 1998, 60 pages, \$5.00. Contributors: Tan Lin, Michelle Murphy, Ann Guy, others.

*Penny Dreadful: Tales & Poems of Fantastic Terror #8*

Editor: M. Malefica Grendalwolf Pendragon Le Fay, (Pendragonian Publications 407 W. 50th St #16, New York, NY, 10019), 1998, 45 pages, free. Contributors: Scott Thomas, Cindy Main, Linda Herring, others.

*6ix [Vol. 6]*

Editors: Alicia Askenase et al. (914 Leisz's Bridge Road, Reading, PA 19605), 1998, 88 pages, \$6.00. Contributors: Donna Cartelli, Lewis Warsh, Shira Dentz, Spencer Selby, others.

*Skanky Possum #1*

Editor: Hoa Nguyen (2925 Higgins St., Austin, TX 78722), 1998, 92 pages, \$5.00. Contributors: Eileen Myles, Anselm Berrigan, Alice Notley, Roger Snell, others.

*Small Press Review [Vol 30, #11-12]*

Editor: Len Fulton (Dustbooks, P.O. Box 100, Paradise, CA 95967), 1998, 24 pages, Subs \$25.00 yearly. Contributors: Hugh Fox, Douglas Spangle, Edmund Conti, others.

*Small Press Review [Vol 31, #1-2]*

Contributors: Joe Napora, Tim W. Brown, Susan Raymond, others.

*Sub-Terrain #25*

Editor: Brian Kaufman (Vancouver, B.C.), 1998, 58 pages, \$3.95. Contributors: Billie Livingston, J. Jill Robinson, others.

*Talisman #19*

Talisman (Jersey City, NJ), 1998, 195 pages, \$9.00. Featuring Armand Schwerner.

*The Temple [Vol 3, #1]*

Editor: Charlie Potts (P.O. Box 100, Walla Walla, WA 99362-0033), 1999, 80 pages, \$5.00. Contributors: Maureen Owen, Xin Hong, Rick Beaty, others.

*Tool a Magazine*

Editors: Erik Sweet & Lori Quillen (P.O. Box 3125, Albany, NY 12203), 1999, 80 pages, \$7.00. Contributors: Brenda Iijima, Phillip Good, Brian Lucas, others.

*Tripwire: a journal of poetics [Issue 2]*

Editors: Yedda Morrison & David Buuck (P.O. Box 420936, San Francisco, CA 94142-0936), 1998, 183 pages. Contributors: Danielle Collobert (trans. Norma Cole), Rodrigo Toscano, Kristin Prevallet, Rob Fitterman, Dodie Bellamy, others.

*West Branch #43*

Editors: Karl Patten and Robert Love Taylor (Bucknell Hall, Bucknell University, Lewisburg, PA 17837), 93 pages, \$7.00. Contributors: Carrie Etter, Patricia Farewell, others.

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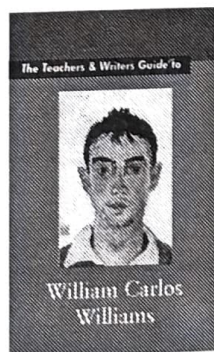
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