

THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER
No. 79 January 1981
Greg Masters, Editor
St. Mark's Church
2nd Ave. & 10th St. NYC 10003

WEDNESDAY READINGS: at 8 pm, suggested contribution \$2. Hosted by Bernadette Mayer & Bob Holman: January 7 - Michael McClure & Jerome Rothenberg. January 14 - Gerard Malanga & Leslie Ullman. January 21 - Alice Notley & Jack Collom. January 28 - Elio Schneeman & Rebecca Wright.

MONDAY READING & PERFORMANCE SERIES: at 8 pm, suggested contribution \$1. Hosted by Bob Rosenthal & Rochelle Kraut: January 5 - International Flavor: Valery Oisteanu, Ira Cohen, Charles Henri Ford. January 12 - Open Reading. January 19 - Avant Squares & Information. January 26 - Kate Farrell & Tim Dlugos.

ANNUAL POETRY PROJECT BENEFIT FESTIVAL: January 1 & 2 in the Parish Hall, 8 pm.

FREE WRITING WORKSHOPS (held in the Faculty Lounge of the Third St Music School, 235 East 11th Street).

Tuesdays - with Michael Brownstein, 7:30 pm.
Fridays - with Steve Carey, 7:30 pm.

The World, its current issue (of prose), #34, being edited by Ann Rower and to appear momentarily, has received an \$800 matching grant from the Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines. Therefore The World would welcome contributions to raise the matching money.

Michael Brownstein will be teaching a free writing workshop titled "Describing NYC" beginning Tuesday Jan. 6 (see Writing Workshops above).

LIBERTY

Just remember: pleasure
is not regret. At
the end of the ride
you stepped out
on the deck
& realized how pleasant
it was to be
standing in sunny
breeze. Just
get it. All the common
people were out here
all the time.
They just knew it.
But they don't like
art, the assholes.

- Eileen Myles

BOOKS & MAGAZINES RECEIVED

Words To Go, ed. Bob Stokes, Cultural Council Foundation Artists Project (this is an anthology of writers employed together under CETA money, the greatest public works since the WPA; this funding having put together for over two years painters, writers, dancers, video makers, photographers, musicians, etc. creating work to be presented to local communities &, as this book, documents to be left behind of their achievements. Those writers familiar around here included: Wright, Lesniak, Pietri, Holman, Hackman, Valenzuela, Whiting, Friedman, Legiardi-Laura + much more.)...from Shell Press, c/c Jack Kimball, 172 E. 4 St #10F, NYC 10009: From Roses to Coal by Steve Malmude, 18 Poems by Ann Kim, Recent Poems by Rando and Style by Steven Hall, all \$4 (all beautifully done) ...William Wordsworth by Hunter Davies: Atheneum, NY, \$17.95...Collected Poems by Lawrence Durrell: Viking Press, NYC, \$22.95 c...STABS by Larry Fagin & NICHT WAHR, ROSIE by Tom Raworth, both \$5: Poltroon Press, PO Box 5476, Berkeley, CA 94705...GIGGING by Bert Stratton: Acorn, 1778 Radnor, Cleveland, OH 44118, \$4.95 (readable account of some beer belly working class guys trying to put a band together, their cars & basement rooms & groceries)...Controlling Interests by Charles Bernstein: ROOF BOOKS, The Segue Foundation, 300 Bowery, NYC, NY 10012, \$4. Also from ROOF: LITTLE BOOKS/INDIANS by Hannah Weiner, \$4...from Tombouctou Books, dist. by NY State Small Press Publ. or Bookslinger or Book People in SF: No, You Wore Red by Michael Wolfe, \$5p & Wild Cherries by Dale Herd, \$5p...Zero Hour by Ernesto Cardenal: New Directions, NYC, \$12c, \$4.95p. Also from New Directions: It Depends: A Poet's Notebook by Eugenio Montale, \$4.95p, \$12.95c ...Eight Chinese Poems by Bob Holman: Peka Boo Press, 868 Teaticket Highway, E. Falmouth, MA 02536, n.p.l., I mean priceless (small edition of short poems enough for a voyage)... The Moose by Judson Crews: A Duende/Tooth of Time Publication, Box 571, Placitas, New Mexico 87043, npl...A Golden Story by Daisy Aldan: Folder Editions, 103-26 68 Rd, Forest Hills, NY 11375, \$5.95...Stone Age Robin Hood by Jon Daunt: Allegany Mtn. Press, 111 N. 10 St, Olean, NY 14760, \$1.50... The Faces of Being by George Strong: Morning Star Press, RFD Haydenville, MA 01039, \$9.50c, \$5.75p + \$1 shipping (a series exploration with sections on Breughel, Da Vinci, Van Gogh & Seurat)...Crystal by Helen Luster: Fur Line and Manroot, Box 982, South SF, CA 94080, \$4...Letters to Christopher by Stephen Spender: Black Sparrow, Santa Barbara, CA, \$7.50p, \$14c (Spender's letters to Isherwood 1929-39 + journals)...The Making of the "Pre" by Francis Ponge: U. of Missouri Press, PO Box 1644, Columbia, Missouri 65205, \$19.50 (for the libraries, 200 pages of the notes preceding the 7 pages of poem)...Writing Air, Written Water by Roberta Gould: Waterside Press, Box 1298, Stuyvesant P.O., NYC 10009, \$3.95...Words...for Lovers, Friends, and Enemies by Dennis Rahim Watson: A First Cousin Publication, PO Box 377, Southampton, Bermuda, \$5.95

The Cradle Robber, ed. Jack Rabid: 437 E. 12 St, NYC 10009 (this is the newsletter of the punk band The Stimulators, not as good as the single but you can read it on the subway).. Uroboros 5 & 6, ed. F. & H. Ruggieri: Allegany Mtn. Press, see above, \$2...rejection 1, ed. Nanos Valaoritis: 3828 Lundholm Ave, Oakland, CA 94605, \$3 (Abbott, Codrescu, C.H. Ford, Hartz, Joans)...Poetry Comics 12, ed. & illustrator Dave Morice: Happy Press, Box 585, Iowa City, IA 52244, \$1.50 (Levine, Nolan, Wright, Coolidge, Hall, Cage, more, cartooned versions of lines & poems)...Crawl Out Your Window 7, eds. M. Freilicher & E. Bluestein: 5533 Moonlight Lane, La Jolla, CA 92037, \$3 (Acker, Montano, Astle, Wong, Shaules, more, nicely done)...Tips & Tours, ed. Paul Decolator: 1453 Pawnee Rd, No. Brunswick, NJ 08902, \$1 (punk scene fanzine)...Benzene, ed. Allan Bealy: PO Box 383, Village Station, NYC 10014, \$2 (spiffy, no dessert)...New Departures 12: Poetry Olympics Issue, ed. Michael Horovitz: Piedmont, Bisley, STROUD, Glos GL6 7BU, England, UK price 75p + 25p postage, no US price listed (T. Hughes, Heaney, Beckett, Corso, L.K. Johnson, Spender, J.C. Clarke, much more)

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Donations of books, magazines, signed editions, broadsides & other relevant printed matter for a book sale at the New Year's Benefit can be brought to the Poetry Project office weekdays 10 am - 5 pm.

Bulb in Socket by Gary Lenhart (Crony Books, 437 E. 12th St. #26, NYC 10009, 1980) \$2.

It's fine to meet a young poet who is friendly and open, serious in intention, knowledgeable about what has happened before and is happening now in poetry, and involved in activities like magazines and reading series which help a community of poets come into being and grow. But it is even finer to see a bright, honest guy like Gary Lenhart publish a set of poems like these, equally bright and honest, which reflect his interest in a poetry of ideas, and bring the aim of such a kind of poetry closer to realization for all of us. It is positive energy become kinetic.

Quickness of mind brings turns of language that are notable, that hit the reader squarely. His attention is riveted to the poem, the thing that has surprised him so and made him take notice. But often the reader wants more after he's had this little epiphany; he wants his attention drawn to a serious mind and intent, to an idea. To get less than this from a poem often proves it only a glib ornament. The poems in this set are successful both in audacity of usage and in penetration of thought. But here is a poem you can judge for yourself:

O Where Are You, Great Lords of Earth?

I mean that sovereign of all plants, the oak
droops, dies, & falls without the industry's
saws, so why should you outstand
life's brief calendar, vainglorious executive
with digital computers & luminescent dials?
Time itself dies in time, like the universe
& you are what time is, except that you have less.

Your job is merely to count the hours
& give a good account. We live in time
& out of it nonetheless. Breath
grows heavy like the snore of an aging
umpire. Content to pinch-hit for wheels
we go to the opposite field.

Another poem I like a great deal is called "Lew Welch". It is a thoughtful and unsentimental view of a period of the recent past and its attitudes which have affected many of us deeply. It isn't necessarily the historic Lew Welch who emerges here, but a figure who stands for the thought of the 60s. Gary Lenhart's response to these opinions and worldviews is complex and troubled and expressed with clarity.

In the main, however, the poems in Bulb in Socket deal with the reality of attachment, love as expressed in the title's metaphor. It is of course an important subject, and one that many have thought about. The thoughts expressed here are fresh, perhaps not conclusive, perhaps not simple. Someone once wrote "With the cadences of today let us construct antique verse." It is something akin to this, with streetwise lingo hard against the sound of classic English verse, that Gary Lenhart succeeds in doing.

- Jim Hanson

* * *

Neil Hackman (Ravi Singh) has won first prize in the Sri Chinmoy Poetry Awards, a national contest, for his poem "To the Tender" which is included in the Words to Go anthology mentioned elsewhere & which will also be part of the book the sponsors of the contest, The Committee for Spiritual Poetry, will be issuing. \$300 will go to help Neil's spirits. His latest book is Small Poems to God (Frontward Books, NYC, 1979).

Randolph Scott Cocktail

Warm two ounces Chivas Regal
with equal parts root bear and anisette;

sip engagingly wearing bunny slippers.

* * *

"Patriarchy"

Rose Lesniak as the penis playing the perfect prick with a real male glans on her head in "leave it to penis"...Cathryne Allport as the penis's mother (June Cleaver) on roller skates, balancing Marjorie Portnow's & Sarah Wells' plate of flying fudge brownies in one hand while stirring the mother's essential bowl with the other, simultaneously rendering her homilies and an unequalled homiletic song: "Close to the cradle/Moving the ladle/Those boys are my pride/Cause I'm a June bride..."...Jane Delynn giving a virtuoso performance as Wally- the older brother of the penis, her delivery in the masturbation scene impeccable, as it was throughout...Rochelle Kraut as "just" "Judy" actually bringing off a soliloquy called Judy-ism...Karen Cutler as Eddy Haskell, the penis's older brother's boyfriend, with such an ideal swishy 10-year old punk hedonism as to rise above her character...Susie Timmons in "you can have a career in poetry" as Ivy Dregnell, approaching the podium inside the kitchen stove she was contained in, opening the oven door and pouring forth her confessional poem ("This Dull Prison of Bones") so professionally as to practically preclude the oven altogether... Ann Rower as Emily Cuntoutdaughter performing from within her restrictive commode: "I never saw amour, I never saw TV..."...Barbara McKay as Froggie Strongdaughter in a totally terrific imitation of three (?) poets at once chanting, being hearty and sincere, militantly goose-stepping or foot-stamping to the rhythmic finale: "That is a fist at the end of your wrist"...Lorna Smedman as L.J. Smedwoman, giving her first reading in New York, winding up rendering "New York, New York" in the familiar voice of another, hilariously narcissistically, in the gold lame gown that was under the modest cover she threw off...Nora Chassler as the adventurous beautiful and shy young experimentalist... Lynne Jassem in the "dance #" tap-dancing with only just legs before the lined-up obedient paramilitary Rockettes of Poetry...the "girls" and "gals" at "the office" (Barbara Barg, Suzanne Fletcher, Rochelle Kraut, Ginger Miles & Ann Rower) mugging the ultimate presentation of self in everyday life to an astonishing tape of nearly unwieldy realism assembled by Ginger Miles...in "the dea donahue show" Eileen Myles as Ms. McDarling, talented virgin mother from Massachusetts who gave birth by parthenogenesis (from the Greek: development of an unfertilized ovum!) to Barbara McKay, the baby flaunting babyhood in adult diapers over fatigues...Dea Nobile as the grey-area talk-show host with a flabby erectile microphone she kept shoving in everybody's faces...Karen Cutler as the dedicated Dr. Wanda How with purchased amblyopic eyes...the famous "famous-women card game"--- was it just a beautiful throwaway?...Barbara Barg as "barjo" delivering the opening revivalist rap, an execution of the logic of the Bible so powerful as to revive the art of rhetoric among us...and as "the critic" Vicki Hudspith, Ms. Narrator, a neat secretarial Rod Sterling with a rose in a vase.

These are scenes from "Patriarchy," realized November 24th at the Poetry Project, before a huge inspired raucous illuminated audience, on a rainy night, co-produced by Eileen Myles and Barbara McKay, a true collaboration among more than thirty women. It's rare to see ideas meet appropriately with time in a place, so generously and with such great pleasure. Encore!

- Bernadette Mayer

Summer Report: Poets Theater in San Francisco Presents an Evening of Two Plays

"Mister Sister" (pronounced meestair seestair) by Eileen Corder opens with a whistle and is a circus billed as a vaudevillian thriller. A Shy Man (Stephen Rodefer) with pen, paper, and compass enters from behind a screen slashed with tape. Calculating each step but never watching where he's going, he trips over a scarlet hassock. Flustered, and embarrassed, he exits, only to re-enter and try again. His ID badge is on backwards this time. We meet his fellow travelers: an Idiot in a pair of giant bunny-pajamas behind a half clown mask (including cigar), a Bearded Lady, a Foreigner, a Bob Barker Barker. Where they go "Don't take your clothes off", but lots of theatre game shtick and repetitive gesture a la Open Theatre, roll on the floor, repeat. Am I nit-picking, they mimed a lot of nit-picking from each others' heads, sneaking in, only the audience knows, ha. A fan opens! but it is blank. Language? A tension in the cast, but the Bearded Lady (Carla Harryman) is having fun, and so we do too, with her. "All of these toys are 100% store-bought," as crazy toy dog arfs cross stage. I believe it. Words like "slimy" and "pig in a poke" don't yield here. Big joke bombs at the end-- a "literal" offstage explosion. Idiot pulls a teddy bear from his marsupial womb (back-door pants in reverse). An odd feeling as he, after some birth groping on the floor, sheds costume, not naked but revealed to be just back from Mars and will give a brief speech. Seems he's learned all about snow. They all go off but the Barker, now with sheriff's badge, who picks up a plastic tree, pauses before picking up the idiot's cigar, and then walks off contemplating it.

Loose concrete block structures, walls with movable 10-foot poles stuck about, Carla Harryman's "Third Man" is art at play. A beautiful Giantess (Lyn Hejinian) perches on the wall in a diaphanous gown. Writing, again, on her palm. Thought, posing. The Third Man is a woman (Eileen Corder) and there is no dispute she is terrifically funny, an amazing mime edged on by the total concentration of Hejinian, and whose speeches are sharply sent over the footlights but which still live in poetry's fullness, and now I am carried away and.... "If I had to really explain it you'd die in your seats."

Direction by Mick Robinson (Barker in "Mister Sister") gives rooms aplenty for Harryman's marvelous, sliding language. Gestures evoke characters, but poets stay stage center, at ease, collectivized-- no easy trick. Scenes end in tableaux with cool language underplaying that drama. Blackout. Lights cheating up a mite so actors can find places for next scene result in ghost openings, like the pre-echo of the first riff before the needle mows the groove.

Steve Benson (Loop) and his tremendous energies propel language off page and off stage, Taylor Mead style-- was it written down?-- trying to hold Change as a cocktail glass. "What are you going to have for dinner? Shoes?" "No. You?" "Me? I'm no good."

Musical interlude between acts and the modestly titled Stagehands transform the walls, cracking, sculpting the "bricks and bars" into the next set. Kit Robinson and Greg Goodman stand shoulder-to-shoulder in hot patter race, wearing 40's suits and straight-faced hilarity. Alan Bernheimer exquisite in Boy Scout uniform, doppelganger intense, as is Steve LaVoie's Face. Johanna Drucker sings as full-punk Columbia. To make your hatred of the image absolute, this is Poets Theater, thrilled into belief.

- Bob Holman

* * *

Macho Fizz

Manfully toss rocks to the floor.
Add beer to eye and consume vigorously.
Slap buddy on back and beat up homo.
Laugh uproariously and repeat until NFL game.

A new poetry performance troupe, P.O.E.T. (Poets Overland Expeditionary Troop) is looking for gigs. This is a CETA spinoff which has organized into a "literary invasion force of writer/performers An extroverted experiment in presenting poetry through collaborative theatrical forms". They've already given many performances at schools, prisons, shopping centers, hospitals, rock clubs & are presently trying to set up tours & local performances. Members at present include Bob Holman, Ricky McKoy, Rose Lesniak, Roland Legiardi-Laura, Chris Kraus, Jeff Wright, & Barbara Barg. Besides a major ensemble performance, they also organize workshops, distribute small press publications & in general, as with their CCF/CETA jobs, bring great work to the public's attention, or are trying to. So if you want further information or can help write to them at 29 E. 8 St, NYC 10004 or call (212) 260-0365.

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Red Rice: Poems by Yuki Hartman (Swollen Magpie Press, 1980) npl.

These twenty-two delightfully deft and constantly strong long-short poems, so filled with insight and compassionate laughter, fulfills the promise of this poet's earlier books. Red Rice revives one with its remarkable sense of the tactile experience.

Hartman is a master at invoking spectacular tableaux from the common place. Which are set here amidst the slush and glare of a city winter's annihilated landscape.

A graduate of the New York school, it's not so important who he has been reading because he's taken them so well into his own self-contained and perpetuating realm. Poems such as "Evergreen Year", "A Field Day", and "Poem (The little snow on the ground)" impressively demonstrate this. He's widened his ability to weave sinewy concertos in sonnet ("Snow Symphony") and twelve-line forms ("After The Snow"), that can also blaze with end-line invention ("Through The Night"). These extensions to his earlier handling of similarly sized works generously reveal his maturing as a poet and his intentions to reveal the inner man.

As well as these aforementioned new and maturing directions this poet has taken his verses, there are also examples of his short (two & three line) joke works ("Some" & "Red Vision"). This vein of his talent, too, has been extended, into a delightful fifteen-line "neighborhood" poem, "Amsterdam Avenue."

Red Rice should be at the top of your poetry shopping list.

- Jim Brodey

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Regina Beck has written the music & lyrics for 2 plays by Robert Stark being presented by the Little People's Theater Co. at The Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St, NYC. They're children's plays & are playing till Jan. 11 on the weekends. \$3. 765-9540.

MSS. WANTED: The Spirit That Moves Us, Morty Sklar, PO Box 1585, Iowa City, Iowa 52244 is looking for ms. for 2 collections - a writers against nuclear energy anthology & issue 5 of The Spirit...FRESH TRACKS, 42-35 156 St, Flushing, NY 11355 is looking for contributions from all poets .

Poets interested in reading at The Literary Storefront in Vancouver, B.C. contact Mona Fertig, 4817 Joyce, Vancouver, B.C. V5R 4G4 and give several months notice.

INCISIONS PRISON ARTS (directed by George-Therese Dickenson) gives poetry workshops and performances in prisons and prison hospitals with many of your favorite poets. It has helped many poets and prisoners. Now INCISIONS needs help. Funding by N.E.A. requires matching. Can you send a check? Even a small one. Or stamps or books or magazines or xeroxing services. Whatever you can contribute will help, a lot. Please send donations to George-Therese Dickenson at 65 2nd Ave Apt 2H, NYC 10003. Make checks payable to the Segue Foundation. All contributions are tax-deductible.

GOODBYE OLD PAINT

You brought me to water
but I only drink alone.
I thought I was crazy--
I'd open a door, you'd close one.
It wasn't bad inside there
very loving
we both had bodies
as opposed to library cards.
I arrived in Denver with a cowboy hat on.
Naked, shifty, under a blue sky.
On March 18, 1980 I entered the physical plain.
A bird soaring over your beach.
Interesting to fight with you, Skinny Arms
--yellow & grey bruise on my upper arm
after your playful jibe
during play practice. Corn Maiden.
I hope you get married.
To a woman just like you.
I'm drinking to that one tonight

- Eileen Myles

* * *

On Call by Miguel Algarin (Arte Publico Press, Revista Chicano-Riquena, U of Houston-Central Campus, Houston, TX 77004, \$5).

Miguel Algarin arrives at "Continuity" but the spontaneous line of lyric medium for his voice is blurred by the Music's dependency on ornate, rigid landscape. In no way does physical exactness and purity of emotion correspond to the transitory inseparableness of the incidental moment's News:

that's when Salsa comes in showering hand slaps
after storing six Boone's Farm half pints in the row boat,

But it is commendable and major that Mr. Algarin can so lucidly give his skill in structuring drama to the volatile and fearsome situation of economic ingenuity with which friend and foe and loves are exploited.

now at night I wash my soul of ingrained hatred
before sleep catches me in Dostoyevksy's snow white nights

He writes, too, virtuously, soliloquies of despondency and charm.

- Michael Scholnick

* * *

Mafioso Sour

Into broken glass place:
one legitimate businessman, Jewish;
ignore.
Open up nightclub and belt class scotch.

Walter Hall writes from Colorado--

I live at the edge of one of the largest and purest wilderness areas in the 48 States, the San Juan Range of the Rocky Mountains. I live in a deep, dramatic canyon close to the town of Creede (pop 750), but well separated from it. I have two large, old log buildings, one of which is my house. The other contains several guest rooms which are reserved for traveling or visiting poets. One room we offer to one poet each year as a place of residence. This allows a poet whose situation might otherwise be desperate to have a free place to live and work for one year. There are no obligations of any kind and there are no government funds or regulations involved in any way. I pay for all services to poets from my income as a non-fiction, outdoor writer. This allows the greatest freedom and freedom is what North Creede is all about.

I am also pleased to supply most of the food needed by visiting poets. This largely consists of wild game, especially elk, and wild fruits and vegetables gathered locally. Many of our visiting poets enjoy learning about wilderness travel and living during trips to a nearby tipi, a trapper's cabin and several other wilderness shelters. Many poets, of course, are here very briefly, often only over-night. The point is, traveling poets are most welcome to drop in anytime, unexpected. They always find a good room, good meals, an awesomely beautiful setting and as much adventure as they care to experience.

Again, visiting poets are under no obligation of any kind, but we who are here year-round very much enjoy hearing the works of visiting poets, as well as news, gossip, anecdotes, etc., from the City.

The NORTH CREEDE POETRY CENTER also sponsors a series of six poetry readings each summer, in cooperation with the CREEDE REPERTORY THEATRE, a 15 year-old institution in the Town of Creede. We hope to soon launch a mimeo mag, WHISTLE PIG, a series of broadsides and chapbooks and an annual Poet's Carnival to be held in a secluded wilderness meadow just two miles from North Creede. We hope to offer much more in the near future, including a stipend for urban poets who desire some isolation and who wish to learn something about living in an area like this.

All I have ever asked of any government arts agency is assistance in spreading the word. All agencies have refused to take me seriously, either as a poet or as a host for traveling or visiting poets. But some poets have learned for themselves just how serious I am. I hope you will help inform the poets of New York and especially the St. Mark's Project of our activities and existence here. I want all poets to know how anxious we are to receive visitors. You would be too, if you lived here.

I think you should all realize that Colorado is something other than Naropa, Boulder and the C.I.A., all of which are far from here.

Sincerely,
Walter Hall
North Creede Poetry Center
P.O. Box 194
East Willow Canyon
North Creede, CO 81130
(303) 658-2607

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An edition of 50 lithographs by Robert Motherwell is available for sale through Brooke Alexander, Inc., 20 W. 57th Street, NYC, for the benefit of the Poetry Project.

Ted Berrigan wants the Newsletter to correct an erroneous attribution. "It was I", he says, "who did the reading" in the selection of points in his book So Going Around Cities where George Schneeman's drawings were to be, & it was not solely George who made the selections, as reported last issue, but more of a mutual going through the book with George correcting, if need be, Ted's suggestions.

DANSPLACE: January Performances. Jan 15,16, & 17 - Liz Pasquale. Jan 22 - Benefit Performance by Daryl Chin. Jan 29 & 30 - Blondell Cummings. All performances take place in the Parish Hall of St. Mark's Church, 2nd Ave. and 10th St. Performances begin at 8:30 pm, except where noted. Reservations may be made by calling 674-8112, and tickets are \$4.00 or TDF Voucher.

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THE AMERICAN PUBLIC SPEAKS

FOR THE PRESIDENT-ELECT:

(Three books that might help him organize his administration)

The Earl of Louisiana - by A.J. Liebling
The Ambassador's Journal - by John Kenneth Galbraith
Clear The Range - Ted Berrigan

- Ted Berrigan

Home and Abroad - by Lord Strang
Oranges - by John McPhee
Thank You, Jeeves - by P.G. Wodehouse

- Steve Carey

Terms of Endearment - by Larry McMurtry
By the Waters of Manhattan - by Charles Reznikoff
Mollie & Other War Stories - by A.J. Liebling

- Alice Notley

Dante's VITA NUOVA. This love.

Bernardette Mayer's

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF WORDS. My love.

Allen Ginsberg's and

Peter Orlovsky's STRAIGHT HEART'S DELIGHT. That love.

- Bernardette Mayer

* * *

Kaiser Wilhelm Cocktail

Drink beer.
Invade France.
Drink cognac:
Get lost.

The 4 cocktails in this issue are A Few Drinks by Tony Towle.

In My Cab

"Broadway and Thirty-First," she said.

"Broa'way and Thurty Furss," he said.

"He knows," she said, "I told him."

"Broa'way and Thurty Furss!" he said.

"He knows," she said, "he knows, he knows because I told him."

"He knows," he said slumping in his seat, "he knows, he knows--
because you told him."

- Cliff Fyman

St. Mark's Church In-the-Bowery
The Poetry Project
10th St. & 2nd Ave.
New York, NY 10003

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