

POETRY PROJECT

The Newsletter of The Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church in-the-Bowery

Issue 109, November 1984 \$1.00



ROBERT PHIPPEN

*Raymond Foye
on the
Beatest of the Beats*

*Move Over, MTV!
Here Comes
Poetry Video!*

*Poetry
from
Polyphonix*

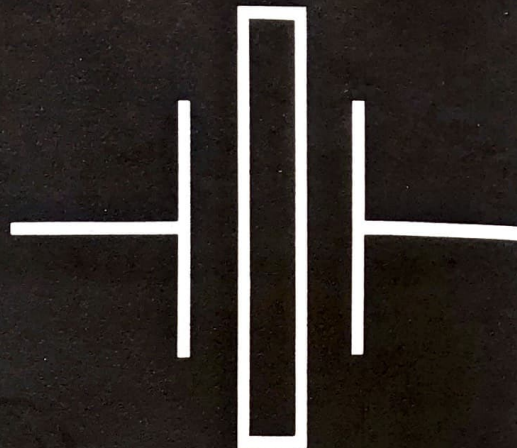
**AND: BARBARA GUEST ON H.D., JAIME MANRIQUE
ON OCTAVIO PAZ, PATRICIA JONES ON PAT PARKER,
AND STEVEN HALL ON KENNETH KOCH'S NEW PLAY**

AP

Steve Carey

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Tim Dlugos:

I enjoyed your first issue as editor of *Newsletter*, and wish you many more. All the words seem lively and pertinent. But as a former workshop "leader" in prose writing, 1967-69, at the Church* I have an Uncle Seymour interest in all those good standards that have characterized the project from the beginning. That is especially true now, when your inviting editorial reminds us that "The Poetry Project is now the largest and most active literary center in the United States."

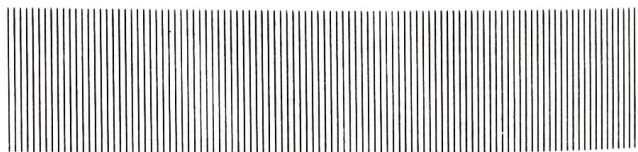
All the more reason—no?—that a book review praising Tom Clark, and Tom Clark praising Howard Hart, etc. gives a sympathetic outsider like myself the feeling of log-rolling or special pleading. Let me be clear. I've respected Howard Hart's poetry for years, and Tom Clark did indeed write a good small book on Kerouac. This is no reason to knock the other four bios, all the result of hard work, all of which I've read and in some cases reviewed. The subjectivity of Mr. Brodey's piece is so excluding of others that if I hadn't read the Hart poetry book on my own, I would be equally suspicious of Clark's praise since they are fellow San Franciscans. (Granted, he is much more objective than Brodey.)

Do I have a point? A first issue is a tough one, I've been an editor myself, and I did find it fresh and lively. But I see troubles ahead, and resentments among the left out, if the same people stroke each other.

Seymour Krim

*Joel handed me the job, an exciting time.

TIM DLUGOS RESPONDS: I regret any appearance of an "in-crowd" behind the October *Newsletter*. I had thought that the range of views and writers made the issue one of the least insular in recent memory. To assuage any fears, let me repeat that we're not in business to scratch backs. As is the case with every review we publish, Jim Brodey's opinions are his own, not necessarily mine or anyone else's at The Poetry Project.



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Tim Dlugos, Editor
Marc Nasdor, Production Director

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MOVE OVER MTV! HERE COMES POETRY VIDEO!

by Jeff Wright

On September 16, Joseph Papp and the Public Theater hosted the premiere showing of three poetry videos. Produced by go-getter Rose Lesniak of Manhattan Poetry Video, these three tapes are pilots to see if poetry can break into the huge video audience reached by MTV.

The influences of MTV and rock videos were apparent on all three poets. Allen Ginsberg, Anne Waldman and Bob Holman used music as the central vehicle for presenting their work. (All three poets worked with someone who could sing better than they could, noted the ever-astute Bob Rosenthal.) Three generations of writing are represented by these poets. It was interesting to observe the influences coming down from Allen to Anne and from Anne to Rose, and the cross-current of rock evident in Bob's "rapoetry." The closeness of poetry to popular, driving music was further underscored by the involvement of St. Mark's ambassador of rock, Jim Carroll.

Allen, now 59, chose his ballad, *Father Death Blues*, for video posterity. It is a tribute to his forebears, especially his own father. The video opens with Allen in the crow's nest of a municipal fireboat. Like a celestial lookout he scans the waves, one hand over his brow. In this powerful yet playful image, depth and accessibility combine, showing the full range of video.

The action shifts to haunted Ellis Island where Allen's ancestors, like so many, first touched America. Inside the dark, gloomy port of entry, ghosts are summoned from the cracked ceilings. People in rustic vesture pose in dim friezes, evoking the old days. Some of the indoor footage was dark, and there were no real closeups of anyone. In contrast, some old black-and-white snapshots of Allen and his father filled the screen and anchored the video, giving it the historic and legendary weight it aimed for. Particularly moving was a shot of a virile, hirsute Allen with no gray in his mane, hugging his smiling father.

Allen, in his usual tie and coat cast a sombre figure that was unrelieved even as the video ended. In the last scene he walks towards the bay, leading the irreverent to speculate that he might break the solemn tone and speed up the action, jumping into the bay like Monty Python.

Allen's awesome influence on younger poets was articulated in Anne Waldman's presentation. There is a great desire to tear poetry from the page and reach out to an audio/visual age. This is not to say that poetry can be yanked up by the roots and ignore its literary tradition. As if to underscore this, Anne began her live set with an imitation of a sonnet by Sir Philip Sidney (which was very likely an imitation of Petrarch imitating Virgil, etc.)

Ted Berrigan's spirit rose in the wings. Ted was quoted once in *Newsweek* asserting that Anne Waldman was the best poet of her generation. These are Big Times, he told me. Poetry is due another round of attention from the media which usually propagates mere megaboredom.

Anne's video catered to the eye, ear and brain with bright insistence. Her "hit single," *Uh Oh Plutonium*, is a hard-hitting disapprobation of the nuclear weapons industry. (One is again reminded of the influence of Allen's work, specifically his *Plutonium Ode*.)

Red hair flaming before a vivid, depthless violet, Anne questions her audience with a state equal to the forces of greed and

destruction. The skyscape flashed chrome blue to Buddhist orange; the twin towers in viridian were juxtaposed with rows of headstones. Behind Anne, Barb Barg, Syd Straw and Shelly Miller danced a slow pony, restoring us to grace, pony tails bobbing like a go-go set for *Hullabaloo*. This video seemed the closest to the genre as defined by the rock industry.

Bob Holman also paid homage to the rock video wizards. A child of the Howdy Doody generation, Bob was introduced by Lou Reed as a "plain white rapper." (Lou hosted the first set, but had to leave for the MTV awards.)

Holman's onslaught of words is like someone stuffing a ball lot box with rhyming valentines, or a human wave of godless communists attacking Hamburger Hill. There's a horde of them and they're flying at you faster than you can reload your ears. Every one of his words has your name on it and goes right to its mark. His rapidfire babble follows a zany logic at the speed of light. "All I can remember is the past. Who said that? I did!"

Pedro Pietri, the Gerard de Nerval of New York and Puerto Rico, made a spectral cameo carrying a black valise marked "COFFIN FOR RENT."

Giant murals from the Lower East Side, breakers and dancing bums complete the madcap scene. People said they liked the part where Bob throws buckets of paint over some graffiti. Bob's work seems to me like throwing buckets of words on the wall and having them follow natural laws.

Poetry videos are a complete natural. They could conceivably replace the novel as the predominant literary form, just as the novel replaced court poetry with the rise of the reading public. And as Allen's video made clear, there are many directions to go.

Rose has big plans. Luckily for us she has a big heart. I think she also has the golden touch and poetry video is here to stay.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Jeff Wright is the editor of *Hard Press*, a writer for the *East Village Eye*, and a poet whose most recent book is *Take Over* (Toothpaste Press). Steven Hall's book *New and Improved* will be published early in 1985 by Little Caesar Press. He studied under Kenneth Koch at Columbia. Barbara Guest's biography of H.D., *Herself Defined*, was published by Doubleday earlier this year. Jaime Manrique is a poet, novelist, film critic and translator who has lived in Bogota and New York; his novel *Columbian Gold* will be published in paperback in January. Patricia Jones is Program Coordinator of The Poetry Project. Raymond Foye is editor of *The Selected Poems of John Wieners*, out from Black Sparrow Press next spring.

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These programs are made possible by grants from the Roy and Niuta Titus Fund, the National Endowment for the Arts, and the New York State Council on the Arts.

This Month's Readers

Monday, November 5: POLYPHONIX with ARNAUD LABELLE ROJOUX, JOEL HUBAUT, and LYDIA SCHOUTEN. The Poetry Project hosts three poets from the international POLYPHONIX festival. Arnaud LaBelle Rojoux is a painter, performer, poet and publisher who has performed in Paris, London, New York, and Almara, Portugal. JOEL HUBAUT has performed his work in Paris, Los Angeles, New York, Mexico City and elsewhere; his book *Hobby or Not Hobby* is available from Westport Editions. LYDIA SCHOUTEN is a leading Dutch performance artists.

Wednesday, November 7: JOHN ASH and WENDELL BERRY. John Ash is one of England's best younger poets. Author of three collections including *The Goodbyes* (Carranet Press), he has cultivated a growing audience on both sides of the Atlantic. WENDELL BERRY is one of America's best-known poets, author of more than twenty books, most recently a revision of *A Place On Earth* (North Point Press). He is also a farmer and occasional lecturer at universities.

Monday, November 12: FRANCO MARINAI and CHRIS TYSH. Franco Marinai is a filmmaker whose works involve his altering the physical surface of the film: scratching, painting, transforming the emulsion. CHRIS TYSH is a poet from Detroit whose most recent work is *Porne* (In Camera).

Wednesday, November 14: KATHY ACKER and MICHAEL BROWNSTEIN. Kathy Acker is one of young America's most popular and controversial authors. Her latest book is *Blood and Guts in High School* (Grove Press). William Burroughs calls her "a post-modern Colette with echoes of Cleland's Fanny Hill." MICHAEL BROWNSTEIN has written nine books of prose and poetry, including the marvelous novel *Country Cousins*. His work has appeared in *The New Yorker*, *The Paris Review*, and elsewhere.

Monday, November 19: SCOTT B. and JACOB BURCK-

HARDT. Scott B. is one of the best-known younger independent filmmakers whose films (with Beth B.) include *The Specialist* (1984, starring Eric Bogosian), *Vortex*, and *Trap Door*. He will screen a recent work. JACOB BURCKHARDT's films include the forthcoming *It Don't Pay to Cheat an Honest Man*, starring Reed Bye, George Schneeman, Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, and other notables.

Wednesday, November 21: AMY GERSTLER and VALERIE MINER. Amy Gerstler is a poet from Los Angeles; Tom Clark has called her "the Emily Dickinson of the Eighties." Her most recent book is *White Marriage & Recovery* (Illuminati). She was co-director of programming at the Beyond Baroque Literary Arts Center in Venice, California. VALERIE MINER is a widely-published novelist, journalist, critic and political activist. Her novels include *Blood Sisters*, *Movement*, *Murder in the English Department* and *Her Own Woman*.

Monday, November 26: RICHARD ELOVICH and JEANNE LANCE. Richard Elovich is a fiction writer and performance artist. Dancer Jim Self has choreographed works to Elovich's stories for performances at NYU's Grey Art Gallery. Elovich has also performed his stories at Dance Theatre Workshop and The Ear Inn. JEANNE LANCE is the editor of *Gallery Works* magazine. Her most recent collection of poems is *Loose Arrangement* (Smithereens Press).

Wednesday, November 28: JAMES MCCOURT and JAMES MERRILL. James McCourt's first novel *Mawrdew Czegowchwz* (pronounced "Mardu Gorgeous") is a tour-de-force which caused Susan Sontag to compare him to Firbank and Nabokov; his second, *Kaye Wayfaring in "Avenged"*, appeared earlier this year. JAMES MERRILL is one of America's most highly-acclaimed poets. His most recent book is *The Changing Light at Sandover*. He won the Pulitzer Prize in 1977 and The Bollingen Prize in 1973.

This Month's Events

MONDAY NIGHT PERFORMANCE/POETRY SERIES

Coordinated by Chris Kraus and Marc Nasdor
Donation: \$2:00 All events begin at 8 p.m.

- Nov. 5 POLYPHONIX with
ARNAUD LABELLE ROJOUX, JOEL
HUBAUT and LYDIA SCHOUTER
- Nov. 12 FRANCO MARINAI and CHRIS TYSH
- Nov. 19 Films by SCOTT B and JACOB BURCKHARDT
- Nov. 26 RICHARD ELOVICH and JEANNE LANCE

WEDNESDAY NIGHT READING SERIES

coordinated by Eileen Myles and Patricia Jones
Donation: \$3:00 All events begin at 8 p.m.

- Nov. 7 JOHN ASH and WENDELL BERRY
- Nov. 14 KATHY ACKER and MICHAEL
BROWNSTEIN
- Nov. 21 AMY GERSTLER and VALERIE MINER
- Nov. 28 JAMES MCCOURT and JAMES MERRILL

SPECIAL EVENTS

Sunday, Nov. 11: David Antin speaking on "Line, Music, Counterpoint, Disjunction, and the Measure of Mind."
8 p.m. Donation: \$3:00

Sunday, Nov. 18: *In Praise of George Oppen*
An afternoon of readings and disussion hosted by the Poet Harvey Shapiro. Featuring Hugh Seidman, Michael Heller, Louis Simpson, Armand Schwerner, Sharon Olds, Paul Auster, David Ignatow, Rachel Blau du Plessis, and special unannounced guests.
2 p.m. Free admission.

FREE WRITING WORKSHOPS

Tuesday evenings at 7 p.m.: Writing Workshop with Alice Notley.

Friday evenings at 7 p.m.: Writing Workshop with Dennis Cooper.

KIRBY DOYLE

"That Which Brings the Heart to Vocal"

by Raymond Foye

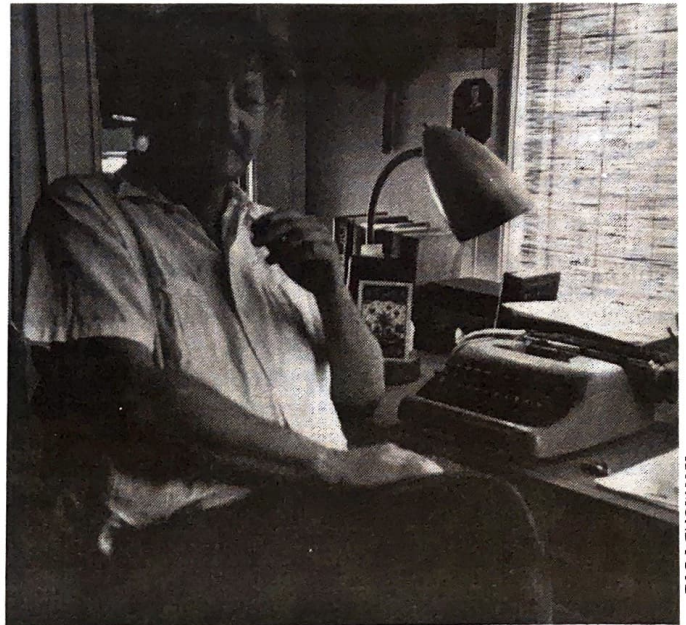
I once spent an evening watching Kirby Doyle from a distance, at a late-night party at Jack Hirschman's house in San Francisco. His appearance lent new meaning to the word disheveled. He resembled one of those mythic mountain men, half human and half grizzly. A threadbare tweed jacket hung loosely on large frame; when he stood he stooped, when he sat he slouched. None of this would have held my interest for more than a few moments were it not for the extraordinary air of sophistication that informed his every gesture. Like a ruined aristocrat, he inspired deference.

The poet Kaye McDonough later told me that this was the first time she'd seen Doyle in society in over five years. It seems he actually *had* been living a solitary life atop Mount Tamalpais and other peaks. After meeting Charles Olson at the Berkeley Poetry Conference in 1965, Doyle decided to take the elder poet's dictate seriously—that any examination of language afresh lay "in discovering this discarded thing nature." These discoveries, and much more, can be found in a recently published volume of exactly two hundred pages, *The Collected Poems of Kirby Doyle*, compiled, designed and published by Kaye McDonough's Greenlight Press. It contains three decades of vivid writing by this unruly an underground figure.

"I was born the year Roosevelt was elected to his first term, and Hitler became Chancellor of Germany: This was November 27th of 1932, on a snowy Saturday in San Francisco"—as if in recalling these circumstances Doyle wishes to remind us of the strange foreboding of a snowstorm in San Francisco, and the final pieces falling to place in the deadly drama of modern history, which would soon shape his life. When Doyle was sixteen he falsified his birth certificate and joined the U.S. Army. He was stationed at Okinawa with the Corps of Engineers: "My job was to run the power station for the base. Big huge tanks of electrical generators that put out an immense amount of power. I had to operate these huge diesel motors, to turn the generators at the same ratio. It was a tender, intricate job, working with these tough, brutish things. I learned poetics operating electrical power generators. It's how I learned to touch something too terrible to contemplate, too powerful for resistance, with a blind satisfaction for its own sake—at sixteen years of age."

Doyle returned to San Francisco in the mid-1950s and participated in the many readings and publications of the Poetry renaissance there; *The Collected Poems* begins with these activities in 1956. In a personal and utterly convincing manner Doyle preserves and furthers the tradition of vernacular love poetry. His subjects are the passions and sorrows of love. These are poems written either in exultation or dejection. Many are lyric poems in a literal sense—they were composed to music and meant to be sung: other retain their common origin in song. Tracing a line from Sappho to the medieval Troubadours, Doyle speaks in a kind of present-day dialect of *amour courtois*:

Ah Dido,
were the speeches of love
simple ones
I would break silence with your beauty
in huge mouthfuls of glistening words



RAYMOND FOYE

Words like mad exotic birds fluttering
from my thorax
whipping my speech—
moist and gaudy feathers. . .
(Untitled)

In his early poems the most conspicuous influence among his contemporaries is the noble and elegaic line of the young Michael McClure (likewise his centered alignment of the poem). But Doyle's voice prevails, strong and lusty:

Our Gods are used
and ready to die
yet plenty our heavens with lust—
Love leans forward
eager with lies
no sound is spoken—
Old Gods, Old Lies,
Violence is broken.

(A Whisper for Dido)

Like many of his Troubadour ancestors, Doyle reversed the customary reverence to God, damning him for his arrogant power, taunting him for his envy of the poet's paradise of earthly love. One could say that anger, or at least old-fashioned poetical *complaint*, is the prime motivator in Doyle's early work.

A sub-group titled "Crepescule for the Coast" consists of ninety-four poems, written between 1960-5, mostly under a dozen lines apiece. Here passion's rampage is tempered with an opiate-like languor. With maturity Doyle is keeping his distance; the poems are ironic, refined and artificial (i.e., with an eye toward art not nature). They are "a study of the lyric as critical statement," in the words of their author. The subjects are lover's homilies, love greetings and meditations. While Doyle writes to and of a tradition, he revives the universality of his themes through a pliable speech that ranges from street slang to lofty rhetorical declamation. The freshness of the love emotion, communicated as a young man through brute force, is

later achieved through arching language with a rhythmic surge from one line to the next:

How much paper
to prove a hand
that properly casts
and makes a line
perfection?
Do thus believe and
thus honoring, write
that which brings the heart
to vocal.

(Untitled)

While thinking of himself as solely a poet, Kirby Doyle has always devoted equal energy to writing prose. His first novel, *Happiness Bastard* (1959), is the story of a squalid love affair related in equally licentious prose. It was typed on long sheets of paper taped together to form a single roll (this now-famous method of Kerouac's was unknown to Doyle at the time). It is an exemplary work of poet's prose, and occupies a place on my bookshelf next to Irving Rosenthal's *Sheeper*, (1967), as one of the great picaresque novels of the Beat era. (Both, incidentally share John Winters as a chief fictionalized protagonist.) *Happiness Bastard* was followed in 1965 by *Angel Faint*, a novella whose plot has been summarized by Doyle thusly:

This 'angel' is a minor figure in the grandness of the schemata of the empire of God. But the witness of the criminality of this empire causes him to faint. He falls to earth and awakens, a man. And his lover is the ancient Carthaginian queen Dido, who has awakened after her anxious assignation with the asp. The story opens in 20th century America. The angel who has fainted from the violence is now a poet. . . ."

Angel Faint is, like *Happiness Bastard*, a tale of love and squalor, written in lush, hypnotic prose; it is told through interior monologue, disembodied voices, shifting temporal and spatial frames, with an innate sense of the phonic substance of language. The novel ends with thirty-six *carmina*, recapitulating in verse the themes of the novel—desire, repulsion, cruelty, narcotics, atheism—reminding us that it is indeed the *poet* who is writing prose.

Shortly after composing *Angel Faint*, Doyle abandoned writing for thirteen years, years mostly spent living alone in the woods of northern California. "A direct line from Sappho to Apocalypse," Doyle told an interviewer last year. That's where I found myself. I was sitting at my desk, staring at my Underwood typewriter out over the city and I said 'If I continue to write this line I'm going to sign the check for my own casket, with this verse.' Since I am loathe to endorse my death, I just quite. This will be barren news from here to the grave, I thought. And that, my friends, was virtually the end of everything public poetica Kirby Doyle until. . . ."

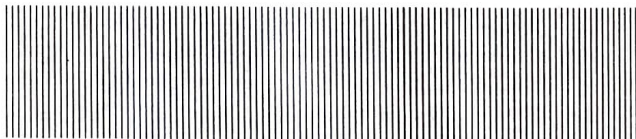
Until a day in 1979 when Doyle was wandering the streets of San Francisco, and noticed a 19th century photograph of a young girl, discarded in the gutter. Dressed in white linen and lace, she could have been the image of Victorian propriety, were it not for her bizarre, mesmeric gaze. Doyle took the photo home to his dank waterfront basement room. In time, the picture took on talismanic qualities. he christened the young woman "Pre," and each night made careful notes on her strange beauty. These notes form the basis of a massive work-in-progress, that has occupied Doyle for the past five years, tit-

led *Pre American Ode*. It is a massive work that carves a space where nature becomes synonymous with lyric utterance. Doyle embraces nature, "the green key," as well as the chants and folklore of the California Indians:

Deep forest, Our father
known only you—
Deep forest Our father
Deep forest Our father
slay thy alien enemy.
Deep darkness earthlight
the morn,
nature a mist o' itself.

Concurrent with *Pre American Ode* Doyle completed a novella, *White Flesh*, (1980–2). According to its author it is "a three minute examination of the implausible doctrines that inhibit the love of two people. It is a Romantic Comedy." True to the novella form, *White Flesh* is a narrative of approximately one hundred pages, restricted in characters, focusing on a single event—an encounter between the author and his lover in a city park at nightfall. The complexity of the relationship unfolds in a labyrinthine prose, and in the final pages of *White flesh* we are uncertain as to whether the woman Doyle has pursued throughout the text, once confronted, is not the text itself.

In *Eros and Idiom* (1970) critic George Steiner traces the evolution of the romantic novel from Jane Austin and Flaubert, to Jean Genet and William Burroughs. Steiner enunciates two chords which might well be applied to Kirby Doyle as a summation of his major literary themes—that "dark common root of the nerve of cruelty and the nerve of desire," and "the poetics of a new relationship between language and sexual imagination." These themes and Doyle's contemporary elaborations upon them in poetry and prose constitute much of the significance of his robust achievement.



A KIRBY DOYLE BIBLIOGRAPHY

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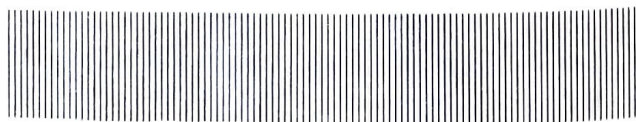
Angel Faint (1965); Sana Francisco: Digger's Communication Co., 1967.

Pre American Ode: Book One (1982); San Francisco: Deep Forest Press, 1983.

The Collected Poems of Kirby Doyle (1956–83); San Francisco: Greenlight Press, 1984.

Extensive excerpts from the work-in-progress *Pre American Ode* are published in *Beatitude* magazine, Tisa Walden, editor, 524 Columbus Av., San Francisco, CA 94133.

The Collected Poems of Kirby Doyle is distributed by Subterranean Co., 1327 W 2nd Street, P.O. Box 10233, Eugene OR 97440. *Pre American Ode/Book One*, and *After Olson* (1984) are available from Deep Forest, 902 So. Saint Asaph Street, Alexandria VA 22314.



Book Reviews

SELECTED POEMS by Octavio Paz. Edited by Eliot Weinberger. A New Directions Paperbook. \$4.95.

Octavio Paz's *Selected Poems* have been chosen by translator Eliot Weinberger from a poetic production that spans nearly fifty years. In those five decades Paz has been a Marxist (around the time of the Spanish Civil War); a Surrealist in Paris; a serious student of Hindu and Japanese poetry and philosophy; an advocate of semiotics/structuralism/deconstructionism in the past twenty years.

In his introduction, Weinberger tells us that "the latest edition of [Paz's] collected (not complete) poems fills some 700 pages." About the *Selected Poems* (147 pages) he says, "Paz advised, but I must take the blame for the final selection."

It is a tribute to Paz that he has attracted several considerable poets as his translators into English. The translations of William Carlos Williams, Elizabeth Bishop, Mark Strand, Denise Levertov, Muriel Rukeyser and Paul Blackburn stand out and shine. Poems such as "The River" (Blackburn), "The Grove" and "Objects and apparitions" (Bishop), and "Flame, speech" and "Wind and water and stone" (Strand), are classics of translation; musical, terse, supple. In "Objects & apparitions" there is beautiful description of Joseph Cornell's art:

Hexadrons of wood and glass
scarcely bigger than a shoe box
with room in them for night and all its lights.

Monuments to every moment,
refuse of every moment, used:
cages for infinity.

Paz's poetic eye is a camera that takes in stunning images. In "Sight, touch" (which Paz dedicates to Balthus) he writes:

Light shapes the breeze in the curtains,
makes a living body from each hour,
enters the room and slips out,
barefoot, on the edge of a knife

In the best Surrealist tradition, Paz spins memorable images

(this one suggested perhaps, by Luis Bunuel's *Un chien andalou*):

Someone
has planted
a forest of magnetic needles
in my eyelids

And in one of the many high points of the book, the long poem "Sun Stone," the fusion of Surrealism with Aztec mythology creates a scintillating and powerful sequence:

under the arches of light I go among
the corridors of a dissolving autumn, . . .
the tigers come to these eyes to drink their
dreams,
the hummingbird is burning among these
flames, . . .

you take on the likeness of a tree, a cloud,
you are all birds and now you are a star,
now you resemble the sharp edge of a sword
and now the executioner's bowl of blood. . .

Sadly for this *Selected Poems*, Mr. Weinberger has chosen a high percentage of Paz's shorter lyrics and of his philosophical poems. Too bad, because Paz the philosophical poet, the intellectual experiment, falls frequently for hyperbolic rhetoric:

I write because the druid,
under the murmuring syllables of the hymn
ilex planted deeply on the page,
gave me a branch of mistletoe, the spell
that makes words flow from stone.

Paz is also a master of this kind of trivial, pseudo-profound apothegm:

Silence is music,
music is not silence.

or

Your body is the footprint of your body.

The best that can be said about Paz's fondness for these conceits, paradoxes and oxymorons, is that they are clever, intellectual games.

Octavio Paz's philosophical inquisitions about the Mexican

St. Mark's Talks

David Antin will speak at the St. Mark's Talks series of the Poetry Project on Sunday, November 11, at 8 pm.

Antin will speak on "Line, Music, Counterpoint, Disjunction, and the Measure of Mind." Antin, whose *Tuning* has just been published by New Directions, will be making his first New York appearance in several years. His recent talks have appeared in *Art in America*, *Conjunctions*, *Alcheringa*, and *Symposium of the Whole*. New Directions published his *Talking at the Boundaries* in 1976.

"I reject the idea of a sacred language," Antin says. "For me, poetry is a mental act, not work which will become the object of a specialized cult." Since the early 1970s, his poems have taken the shape of improvisatory talk performances before live audiences—narrative pieces often autobiographical and even fictional, but always with the critical and philosophical base that is the ground of his poetry. On November 15, Antin will not only

present a new talk, but will lead a discussion with the audience on questions related to his presentation.

St. Mark's Talks continues on December 13 with Barret Watten and January 10 with Steve McCaffrey. The series will continue in the Spring with Anne Waldman, Nathaniel MacKey, Kathleen Fraser and Rachel DuPlessis, Lyn Hejinian, and George-Therese Dickinson and Peter Seaton.

Admission is \$3.

BORN IN THE FIFTIES

Greg Masters, former editor of this publication, is the curator of *Born in the Fifties*, a group show at Union Square Gallery (32 Union Square East, Room 408) that runs from November 3 to November 28. The show includes paintings by Louise Hamlin, Wendy Miller, and Lisa Egan; sculpture by Peggy Katz; photographs by Barry Kornbluh and Todd Weinstein; and a quilt by Chris Bobin.

soul/psyche, *The Labyrinth of Solitude*; his seminal theoretical studies of poetry: *The Bow and the Lyre*, *Los hijos del limo*, etc.; his important collections of prose pieces, plus his numerous volumes of poems, make him, arguably, Latin America's foremost man of letters—a poetic V.S. Naipaul.

Paz has the ambitions of a major artist, but great critics don't necessarily make great poets. The very greatest poets are often visionaries or exalted lyrical voices, not thinkers. Because of Paz's brilliant mind, all of his poems have a certain distinction, and he never writes a completely disgraceful poem. But a *Selected Poems* ought to touch our emotions and our fantasy much more deeply and with more frequency than this volume does. Nicanor Parra said it best when he made the distinction between Paz the poet and Paz the critic:

His poetry enchants many of us,
His thinking expresses all of us.

—Jaime Manrique

MOVEMENT IN BLACK by Pat Parker. The Crossing Press, Trumansburg, N.Y. \$5.95.

Movement in Black, the poetry collection by Pat Parker recently published by the Crossing Press, has work that is incisive, intelligent, the stuff of poetry that serves not only the art, but life. For several years now, Parker has published a series of chapbooks that displayed works that ranged from the autobiographical "Goat Child" to the elegaic "Womanslaughter." These books have heartened lesbian feminists in their battle against oppression and for visibility, especially Black women. They have also carried forth the fresh voiced work of women for the West Coast. Parker shares with Judy Grahn, Jana Harris, Valerie Miner and several other women, the desire to acquaint workaday language with mythbuilding. This is not always an easy task and often she and her sisterpoets stumble and fall and then pick themselves right back up before creating poems and stories that adhere to their passion to say what is right about themselves, about their lives.

Parker tends to write poems that build from short phrases. For example in "Pit Stop" she sets up a chant as she describes the dangers of drink and destruction:

a pit is a coward's suicide.
a hearty drink to any thing
Let us drink to your new lover
Let us drink to your love—gone
Let us drink to my lover
Let us drink to a bad image

As the poem progresses the calls to merrymaking get more and more desperate until a *choice* is made: to drink or to live. She does the same thing in "Womanslaughter," a terrifying poem about the murder of her sister and the "justice" meted out to her brother-in-law. Here she uses the blues line as her base with recurring phrases, one of which goes, "It is good, they said/that Buster is dead/He would surely kill/the quiet man." In her grief and outrage at the treatment of her sister in life and death, she describes the ease with which violence against women is accepted and on some real level celebrated. The "quiet man" beat her sister; tore her life apart well before he shot her. The "quiet men" do this with little or no impunity each and every day. Struggle against this violence, against injustice, against the harsh finality of death is choice that she makes. Strength of pur-

pose, of body is the only way to carry out the struggle. At the end of "Womanslaughter" the reader knows that no matter what, Parker will never let her sister's death be in vain.

It would be really terrific to say that all of Parker's work has the impact of "Pit Stop" and "Womanslaughter" but most of the poems in this collection do not share their power. They range from pithy political statements to overly sentimental love poems. I certainly do not quarrel with Parker's desire to write love poems—we certainly need all the love we can get—but her work has a kind of Rod McKuenesque quality. Occasionally humor saves the day as in "For Willdyce," but most of the poems simply remain unmemorable.

Movement in Black is in many ways a book that is more important politically than aesthetically. In "Pit Stop" and "Womanslaughter" and a few of the longer poems, Parker is as inventive a poet as she is as intelligent a political thinker/leader. But more often than not, these poems never rise above rhetoric. They lie flat on the page the way those dated Nikki Giovanni poems do, saying to the reader, don't think, it's been done for you. Of course, Parker is a much better poet and political thinker than Giovanni so these poems do have much to do with our lives, in these times. She shares with other women writers from the West Coast a desire to create out of the plain speaking of women's lives. As times, she can make that speech sing out loud, sing out beautifully. Other times, it's just plain flat. *Movement in Black* does signify one more important step especially in the Black aesthetics movement. That is, the ability of the Black Community to develop an outspoken Black gay aesthetic. Parker is not the first to do this, but she is the first to utilize almost exclusively the tenets of the Black aesthetic movements of the sixties in her own work. Although I have many problems with the limitations of that style, I am happy to see that it has gone past the macho overstatements of the sixties and that a Black lesbian has found a way to keep it almost fresh.

—Patricia Jones

TRIBUTE TO FREUD by H.D. A New Directions paperback. 194 pages. \$5.95.

"O that awful Kat. She had got in, hasn't she. She'll go unbearable. A pupil of Freud. She'll live on that till she dies." So wrote Kenneth Macpherson, lover of H.D. and husband of H.D.'s lifetime companion, Bryher, in March 1933.

Not only did she become an analysand who considered herself Freud's pupil, but H.D. lived to tell the story in what is one of her finest works of prose.

No matter that this is H.D.'s personal revelation of her hours with the Professor (five-day sessions for three weeks, and the following year another set of five-day sessions for three months); no matter that she occasionally mishears Freud's acute observations and fits them into the sequence of her own thoughts, or that she has positive belief that the Professor "wasn't always right"; it was she whose perceptions went deeper. This is her book. The relevance does not dwell on a mystical "cure" which did not take place. What Freud did was to restore H.D.'s faith in her own work as an artist; he removed the self-doubt that was disturbing her and interfering with her artistic process. He lifted her above the conditions of a difficult life which had made her its hysterical victim into a realm over which she could exert her own control.

I was bemused recently when interviewed by the Canadian Broadcasting System about my biography of H.D. when the interviewer questioned me about H.D.'s "unnecessary" visits to

psychoanalysts. Why did she need to resort to psychoanalysis, asked this person, when H.D. was a "liberated" woman? In order to bring an end to this absurd questioning it suddenly occurred to me that it has not been sufficiently underlined that H.D., along with Bryher, was one of that early group in the 1920s who were the first to comprehend the need for psychiatry. Bryher and H.D. first went to Havelock Ellis; later they consulted Hanns Sachs. Both Ellis and Sachs recommended H.D. to Freud. These women were pioneer analysts of their day. So much is now taken for granted of the results of the explorative research of those early days of the inventiveness, daring and courage of early analysts, that it is now forgotten that for the lay person to be interested in this field showed an accompanying intelligence.

Tribute to Freud was first called "Writing on the Wall" when it appeared as a series of articles contributed by H.D. to Bryher's journal "Life and Letters Today." She completed *Tribute to Freud*, now in book form, in 1944. She had, however, kept a journal when she was in Vienna. This journal, called *Advent*, was at Kenwin in Switzerland, where she and Bryher made their home in an eccentric Bauhaus-style, very non-Swiss chalet. While repeating some of the material in *Tribute*, it is different in style and tone and succeeds in bringing her book to a conclusion with the overreaching sound of her own voice.

Writing during wartime in Britain, H.D. was under great emotional duress, and the book may have been prompted by her need to evoke the loving ghost of Freud himself. There isn't anything in psychoanalytic literature that it could remotely resemble. In style it is experimental. She writes in a series of carefully modulated flashbacks. Comparing the book to novels written previous to her analysis with Freud there is more lucidity, more maturity, and difficult for H.D., there is an attempt to be direct in her contact with the reader. She is willing to expose herself, or rather she is willing to unwrap the draperies she has chosen to conceal the persona of H.D.

We learn about her childhood, her own child, her husband, lovers. She makes innumerable references to Attic and Egyptian gods and goddesses, to the Ka, and insistently to her Moravian heritage. She and Freud disagreed about immortality; she held firmly to her belief in a life after death as firmly as her belief in "magic," which Freud naturally would attempt to explain away. The irony here is that early she tells us that she had come to Freud to rid herself of her obsessive preoccupation with the past. Necessary as this recall was to her therapy, this obsessiveness never left her when she had finished her final session. She would continue forever to seek a definition of herself.

In another writer, or another sort of book, this encircling egoism could be distasteful and annoying. But there is H.D. lying on that couch at Berggasse 19, weeping and explaining, and she is not boring, she is *interesting*. And so is her description of Freud's study. Of the afternoon light at her favorite hour between five and six which she had requested for her sessions. And that nasty chow dog, a favorite of Freud, of whom H.D. is secretly jealous. There is the mysterious patient who precedes her and around whom she weaves a little mystery, whose sudden death as mystifyingly unnerves her. It is Vienna of the early 1930's with swastikas everywhere. And there is H.D. sitting in the midst of pre-war chaos, enjoying the student cafes, and (what she does not reveal in this book) going to the naughty shops where she could buy provocative photographs of actresses to send back to Bryher. Most provocative of all are the protagonists, Freud and H.D. What a drama, richly enjoyed, sprang up between them. In fact Freud, ever clever, asked her if

she had not wished to be an actress. She was always an actress and the book is her theater.

How she delights in confiding that Freud had said, "You do not think it worth your while to love me." Was it because he was too old? She was embarrassed; she had not considered the possibility. How candid we find Freud with his fondness for gossip. How artfully artless he was, and how consumed is H.D. by her status, both as a beseecher at the shrine and as a sharer of the priest's secrets. The alert reader will catch Freud privately winking. The admirer of H.D. will cherish her book with its privileged assembling of those human moments in the consulting room of the Professor.

—Barbara Guest

THE NEW DIANA by Kenneth Koch. Minor Latham Playhouse, Barnard College. Performed by the New York Art Theater Institute, starring Taylor Mead and Kate Farrell, Directed by Donald Sanders. Sets by Reuben Nakian.

I.
NEW DIANA GIVES ME THAT SHANGRI-LA FEELING. THIS NEW PLAY BY KENNETH KOCH IS QUITE INVIGORATING. LIKE THE FIRST OLYMPIC GAMES INTERRUPTED BY THE SPACE SHUTTLE LANDING. A POP CULTURE JUST ABOUT TO, THAT IS TO SAY. WORLD SERIOUS CARTOONS. LET'S CELEBRATE REFRESHMENT-MODAL STREAMLINING. BANTER HIGHLIGHTS TO ACE REPARTY. SUDDENLY I'M GOD, READING THOUGHTS AND INTERFACING. TRANSLATION OF HITTITE MOXIE. THE WEATHERLY SOUND OF A JET TAKING OFF IN THE DISTANCE—THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A ROCKET AND A TURBOCHARGER. WAKING IN A PLASTIC BUBBLE SEVEN MILES DOWN OR ON THE SEA FLOOR LOOKING UP. FELT TIME LOEWY. PRE-COGNITIVE DEVELOPMENT RECITATIVE (LITE). HOW SHARP AND EXCELLENT! SOMETHING STRANGE IS HAPPENING! O DIANA!

II.
It would be interesting to have Kenneth Koch direct his own plays. The movie version of *The New Diana* should be directed by Peter Weir, though. The movie could star Sigourney Weaver as Diane Diane. In the play, there should be no intermission between the first and third acts. More attention could be paid to fashion characteristics—maybe Kenzo logo. That Springsteen/Jackson/Hartman top-doubling flanged.

III.
OCEAN UNUSUAL
Koch's writing "manifests an inherent feeling for natural architectonic space, formal and coloral explicitly fundamental to. One finds contrast between subjective and objective elements, statements of positive-negative spatial masses."

IV.
I remember hearing a dog-boy talk. I remember the way Keith Dunlap said, "Hot." I remember when the young industrialist came back from the dead with wet hair. I remember the clarity and intelligence of Dan Farrell's voice. I remember the Valsalva Maneuver. I remember the Steve Martin accents. I remember Diana Ross singing "Swept Away." I remember multiple machinae ex deii, display leaps (farewell). I remember Ching Ta Fu (Large Quiet Teacher). I remember glamorous Peter Clayton. I remember linking up with powerful factions. I remember Taylor Mead (Tailor Made for poetry) singing "I Saw Them Kissing" as a four-year-old girl.

—Steven Hall

POLYPHONIX Hits New York

This month, The Poetry Project co-sponsors a major international poetry and music event: POLYPHONIX 7, the transatlantic gathering of leading North American and European poets and other performance artists. This is the first time POLYPHONIX has taken place in the United States. More than thirty artists are taking part.

Some of the European artists, Jean-Jacques Lebel and Felix Guattari, for instance, may be familiar by name to New York poetry audiences; for most of the poets, however, this will be their first exposure in the United States. Here is the work of two of them: Romanian-born Gherasim Luca and Hungarian Tibor Papp, both of whom currently live in Paris.

Do not raise the void from the ground
and keep ideas and death straight

Angst well apart
and life above your head

Bend the void forward
at the same time twisting to the left
to bring your sensations towards death

Return to the original position
Keep your *angst* straight
and bring life as close as possible to death

Ideas well apart
sensations held slightly outwards
life between ideas

Lift your *angst* straight up over your head
A brief pause
then bring life back to its original position

Do not lower your sensations
keep the void well back

Death well apart
void inward
life behind *angst*

Bend death to the left
straighten up
and without pausing
bend it to the right

Do not twist your sensations
keep your ideas straight and death outside

Raise your *angst* from the ground at the same time lower death
while moving your ideas backwards
to lift your sensations

A brief pause
then return to the original position

Do not separate life and *angst*
Keep the void straight

Upright
angst joined
void supple
on either side of death

Jump lightly on your sensations
like a ball bouncing

Keep your *angst* supple
Do not stiffen
all your relaxed ideas

Void and death bent forward
angst brought back and kept slightly bent
behind the ideas

Breathe deeply in the void
throwing void and death backwards

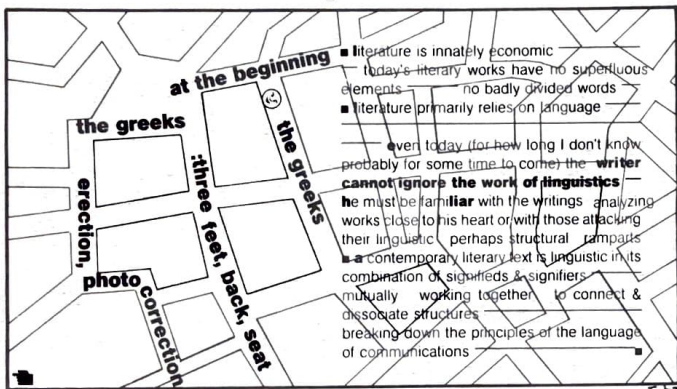
At the same time open death
on either side of ideas
life and *angst* held forward

A brief pause
breathe in through the void

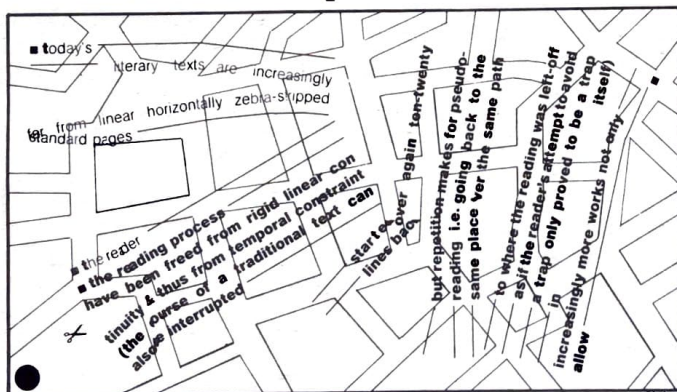
Expire while inspiring
inspire while expiring

—Gherasim Luca

scrambled maps 2



scrambled maps 5



—Tibor Papp

A SHORT SESSION OF METAPHYSICAL CULTURE

Stretched out on the void
lying flat on death
ideas straight
death extended over your head
life held in both hands

Lift your ideas together
but not completely upright
at the same time bringing life
in front of the void keeping this perfectly straight

A brief pause
Then bring ideas and death back to their original position

Translated by Edward Lucie-Smith

Magazines Received

Gandhabba 1:2. Tom Savage, editor. Published at The Poetry Project. (Notley, Myles, Oppenheimer, Watten, Bernstein/Collom collect. lab... a whole issue packed with Project people and simpatico types.) \$2.50.

Crazyhorse 26. (Includes a smart essay by Michael Ryan on "Eliot's Assumptions." Dept. of English, Univ. of Arkansas at Little Rock, Little Rock AR 72204. \$4.00.)

Indiana Review 7:2. 316 N. Jordan Ave, Bloomington IN 47405. \$4.00.

British Columbia Monthly 34. P.O. Box 4884, Station Bentall, Vancouver V7X-1A8 CANADA.

Action 2 (Ginsberg, Oppenheimer, Robert Panara.) P.O. Box 436, Henrietta NY 14627.

B City (Art Lange, Jerome Sala, Paul Hoover, H. Kanabus, E. Equi—many of our favorite Chicagoans—plus A. Codrescu and an interview with Anne Waldman.) 1555 W. Pratt Blvd., Chicago IL 60626. \$4.00.

Gallery Works 6. (D. Bromige, Steven Vincent, Maureen Owen, et al.) 1465 Hammersley Avenue, Bronx NY 10469. \$4.00.

ABACUS 1 (*Backbite* by P. Inman), 2 (two works by Maria Richard, 3 (*The Matter What Is* by Dan Raphael) and 4 (*Exposed Faces* by Tina Darragh). Edited by Peter Ganick. Potes and Poets Press, 181 Edgemont Ave., Elmwood CT 06110.

River Styx 14. Guest Editor Quincy Troupe. (Derek Walcott, Z. Anglesey, Amy Clampitt, Ishmael Reed, Luisa Valenzuela, Wm. Melvin Kelley.) Big River Association, 7420 Cornell, St. Louis MO 63130.

Another Chicago Magazine 10. (Berge, Bruchac, Simon Ortiz, interview with Meridel LeSueur). Thunder's Mouth Press, Box 11223, Chicago IL 60611. \$3.50.

Mississippi Review 36. Frederick Barthelme, editor (James Tate, Phillip Lopate.) Ctr. for Writers, Southern Station, Box 5144, Hattiesburg MS 39406. \$5.00.

Crawl Out Your Window 12. Melvyn Freilicher and Eleanor Bluestone, editors. (Rae Armantrout, Michael Davidson, Freilicher.) The Foundation for New Literature, 5533 Moonlight Lane, La Jolla CA 92037.

Brunt 2:1 Libre School, Inc., P.O. Box o, Farrisita CO. \$2.50.

Straits 3: 1 and 2. (Chris Tysh interviews Bernadette Mayer, prose by Jim Gustafson.) Detroit River Press, c/o Glenn Mannisto, 39 Moss, Highland Park MI 48203. \$5.00/yr.

Vagabond 4,5, and 6. ("Produced on hand-cranked machinery without the aid of computers, the government or electricity." Issue 5 has an interview with Bern Porter, "avant-garde" art practitioner and self-described "advanced thinker.") \$3.00 each from Vagabond Press, 1610 North Water St., Ellensburg WA 98926.

San Fernando Poetry Journal VI:2. 18301 Halstead, Northridge CA 91325. \$3.00.

Berkeley Works 3. (John Brandi, Lyn Lifshin.) Tom Plante/Berkeley Works, 2206 Martin Luther King Way, Suite C, Berkeley CA 94704. \$2.00.

Painted Bride Quarterly 18, 19, 20 and 21. (The house organ, if there is one, of the Philadelphia poetry scene. Work by such mainstays as Jack Veasey, Peter Bushyeager, Susan Dailey, Louis McKee, and a talented newcomer, James Cory. In #19, Codrescu, D. Messerli, and Rosmarie Waldrop.) 230 Vine Street, Philadelphia PA 19106. \$3.00 each.

Books Received

Shaking Off the Dark by Tino Villneuva. Arte Publico Press, University of Houston, Houston TX 7704. \$78.00

Literary Assays, Portraits of Writers by Allen DeLoach. White Pine Press, 73 Putnam Street, Buffalo NY 14213. Postcard set. \$4.00.

Sunday by Phoebe MacAdams. Tombouctou, Box 265 Bolinas CA 94924. \$6.00.

Mole's Pity, a novel (\$3.95) and *Mourning Crazy Horse*, stories (\$5.95), both by Harold Jaffe. The Fiction Collective.

Porne by Chris Tysh. Incamera, Detroit MI. No address, no price indicated.

Alone With the Wind by Tony Seldin, Fairhaven Press, 1204 11th St., Bellingham WA 98225. \$5.00.

Superbounce by Tom Ahern. Burning Deck. 71 Elm Grove, Providence RI 02906. \$3.00.

Manicomio by Ivan Arguelles. Silverfish Review, P.O. Box 3541, Eugene OR 97403.

Olt by Kenneth Gangemi. Marion Boyars. \$5.95 (A gem of a short novel.-T.D.)

Notes from a Child of Paradise by Alred Corn. Viking Press. Hardbound \$14.95, Penguin paperback \$8.95.

Memory Breaks Off by Sanford Pinsker (\$6.95); *Edwin: A Character in Poems* by Clifton Snider (\$6.95); *Beau Jest* by Ralph Lowe (\$6.95); *Sleeping Through Seasons* by Stuart Bartow, Jr. (n.p.i.); all from Northwoods Press, P.O. Box 88, Thomaston ME 04681.

Improvisations by William Mann, 64 Turk Street #20, San Francisco CA 94102. Privately published. \$2.00

Explications/Interpretations by Jay Wright. Callaloo Poetry Series, University of Kentucky, Lexington KY 40506. \$9.00.

Coagulations: New and Selected Poems by Jayne Cortez. Thunder's Mouth Press, P.O. Box 780, New York NY 10025.

Tomorrow Triumphant: Selected Poems of Otto Rene Castillo, translated by the Roque Dalton Cultural Brigade. Night Horn Books, Box 1156, San Francisco CA 94102. \$6.95.

Tribute to Freud by H.D. New Directions. \$6.95.

Poetry, the Ecology of the Soul by Joel Oppenheimer (\$7.50); *The Mama Poems* by Maurice Kenny (\$5.00); *Poems at the Edge of Day* by John Brandi (\$4.50); *Apex of the Earth's Way* by Jaime Pommy Vega (\$2.00); *Be Drunk* by Charles Baudelaire and *Athena's Screech Owl* by Hide Oshiro (\$3.00). All from White Pine Press, 73 Putnam St., Buffalo NY 14213.

Ground Work: Before The War by Robert Duncan. New Directions. \$10.95.

The Kiss by Ron Androla. Bogg Publications. 422 N. Cleveland St., Arlington VA 22201. Free for postage.

Movement in Black by Pat Parker. The Crossing Press, \$5.95.

Mnemonotechnics by Alan Davies (\$3.00); *a n a v e s* by Alan Davies (n.p.i.); *Meditations on Varied Grounds* by Theodore Enslin (\$3.00); *B A R T* by Ron Silliman (\$3.00); *Learning to Move* by Barbara Moraff (\$3.00); *in case/this way two things fell* by Beau Beausoleil (\$3.00); *Excommunicate* by Bruce Andrews (\$3.00); *Nijoles House* by Hannah Weiner (\$2.00); *Zone du Jour* by Dan Raphael (\$2.00); *Print-outs* by Keith Rahmmings (\$2.00); *The Asks* by Craig Watson (\$3.00); *Disfrutes* by Charles Bernstein (\$2.00); *Two Space Six* by Peter Ganick (\$3.00); and *A Geology* by Clark Coolidge. All these hard-to-find texts by the "language-centered" gang published by Potes and Poets Press, 181 Edgemont Ave, Elmwood CT 06110. (Peter Ganick is publisher of this excellent series.—T.D.)

The Fertile Crescent by Yvonne Sapia. Arhinga Press, Department of English, Florida State University, Tallahassee FL 32306. \$3.95.

Equinox. Jo Anne McFarland. The Hourglass Press, 420 12th St., Brooklyn NY. n.p.i.

One Voice by Michael Goliger. Harry Margel, Publisher, Toronto. n.p.i.

The Winters of That Country by John Sanford. Black Sparrow Press. P.O. Box 3993, Santa Barbara CA 93130. \$12.50 paper, \$20.00 cloth. (A series of meditations on violence and injustice in American history, written by a radical novelist of the Thirties. Dated in style, it's nevertheless a vastly moving collection of short prose.—T.D.)

Thinner You Grow by Richard Lyons. San Pedro Press, R.R. 1, Box 221, St. David AZ 85630. \$2.00.

The Writer's Voice

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READINGS

- November 2 **ROBERT CREELEY & DENISE LEVERTOV**
Introduction by James Laughlin
- November 15 **MIDWEST VOICES: JIM MOORE & RUTH ROSTON**
Introduction by Richard Howard (\$2)
- November 16 **MARLYN FRENCH & VALERIE MINER**
Introductions by Jim Silberman & Jana Harris
- November 20 **DUTCH INTERIOR: POSTWAR POETRY OF THE NETHERLANDS & FLANDERS—HUGO CLAUS, GERRIT KOUWENAAR, CEES NOOTEBOOM, LEO VROMAN**
Introduction by William Jay Smith (8:30 pm)
- November 29 **HILDA MORLEY: 1983 WRITER'S VOICE CAPRICORN AWARD WINNER**
Introduction by Stanley Kunitz
- November 30 **MARGE PIERCY**

8 pm

Reservations Suggested

\$5

SAUL BELLOW will open the Winter/Spring 1985
Writer's Voice Season on Friday, January 18, 1985.
Reservations now being taken.

BUSINESS OF BEING A WRITER WORKSHOPS
THE BUSINESS OF BEING A WRITER: Cheri Fein
Wednesdays, 6:30-8:30/Nov. 14-Dec. 5
AN AGENT'S EVALUATION: Robin Rue
Thursdays, 6:30-8:30/Nov. 15-Dec. 6

SONNET

The first thirty to sixty days I was
simply insane, if not most mentally
incapable of the simplest tasks: brush
teeth, wash dishes, face, dress for work, drive on
streets, freeways. I had headaches, radio
static, anxiety attacks. Then I
couldn't speak, not in meetings in utter
terror of others and in the fog of
craziest thoughts. The shakes, the coffee pot,
my cigarettes. "Get numbers." "Sit down, shut
up and listen." "Do not drink or use, *no
matter what.*" This I did (not alone) and
fell for the most brilliant though mad of them.
But oh I was such a sick one myself.

— David Trinidad

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