

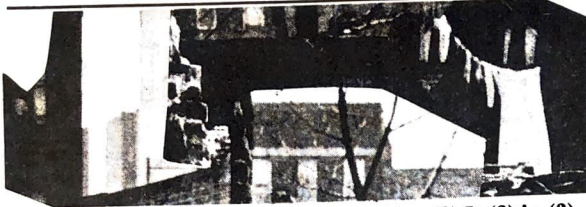
THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER

November 1983

#101

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(Free at The Poetry Project)



LITTLE ESSAY ON POETRY: Making (?) It (?) in (?) the (?) Big (?) City

even good poetry seems meant, it seems, or vocabulary leads us on that road. hey, I know what you mean, with the intentional fallacy and everything. air conditioner hums in a tiny apartment. I saw this guy Mike on a Dutch ship once going to Europe staring into the water "looking for lines," he said. haven't heard from him since. I'm getting nowhere fast, crashing into walls and things, waiting for mr. completely. but nothing is not local, certainly nothing in mind, as local at least as potatoes and Ireland. corn in Arizona seems universal by comparison. theory of resemblances, and things like that. if poetry is just, culled talk, what kinda combed-out shit is down the road? down to cases somewhat, you come to some new york or other, which there is only one, and, as when you face the sun you're not especially black in contrast, you go in and out of it synchronicously. taking on freight with the doors closed. a supple dodge is more than a necessity, it's true to electron physics. necessity coughs anything, more than once. you walk through the streets and you can't categorize what you hear because it's all typed. all the same distance from something. a little sickness goes a long way, but it all works out in the end. the survivors talk like dogs trot. don't stop much but keep an eye out. the words sniff, and you thought your "personal" smell was in the ballpark so to speak. I've kissed you and kissed you and turned you into a monster, they seem to say or rather to have said. a present like this is like somebody else's past. so you can't just follow the bricks into a simpler age. like yesterday across the river has all healed up when you look. a guy can only do so much. burn the ashes right out of you, cry like a baby and do what you please. leave things behind and home again, a little stupider and wiser, and never stepped out of the house. so much for advice. use drugs very seldom but usually in excess. copy when you're tired. they say come down here for some deals, man, what they mean is nothing doing. you can't decide whether the pragmatic side is liquid or solid. it's probably gas. the poetry may run, exactly as subjective as water. ad: ferociously intellectual atmosphere seeks opposite field. the moving finger writes but soon the blood runs dry. you'd be really interesting in some other context. nobody notices the complexity of my fingertaps. but somebody will. heap it up innocent, or, if you become real in print get it fucking down on paper!

—jack collom

THE N.Y. POETRY SCENE / SHORT FORM

Addressed to Paul Violi

Reprinted from JSC, the New York poetry issue, (edited by Martin Stannard, Suffolk, England) with the following introduction: "To place poetry within a current geography (for the benefit especially of British readers) a message went out appealing for an essay on "the current New York poetry scene." What came back was Charles North's "Short Form", the genesis of which is best described by Paul Violi: "North and I sat down with a tape but I could say nothing worthwhile, let alone write an essay. So Charles put it together in this format, a sort of questionnaire to me, which I left unanswered. In other words, it's all his, and besides he puts the answers in the questions."

Why are we doing this?

What does "scene" mean?

Seriously, if scene means "where it is" and the "it" is poetry, does that mean the reading spots (projects, institutions, coffee-houses, bars, clinic), bookstores that do and don't stock big- and small-press poetry, *quartiers* (Lower East Side, West Village, Upper West Side, Soho), etc.? Or does it mean something vaguer, something like The State of The Art -- which could conceivably have little to do with the aforementioned venues (which could, conceivably, exist in an *ironic* relation to them, i.e., maybe those are precisely *not* where it really is).

To what extent does one's perception of the scene depend on one's aesthetics? A. A great deal.

What is poetry?
(Just kidding, I know you know.)

If "scene" has something to do with health, vitality, quality, and opportunity, characterize the New York Scene.

The N.Y. Scene is clearly a number of scenes, most of which have little to do with New York per se. As we all know, the "New York School" tag which everyone associated with tries to snip off (with only moderate success and properly so) has to do with a state of mind, a sense of *Europe*, and the sense that the world is mad, rather than with this oceanic city.
(Not a question.)

Name some parts of the N.Y. Scene. Which of those, e.g., "original" N.Y. School, St. Mark's, etc., have additional parts, e.g., 2nd and third generations, splinter groups (Bolas, Naropa), etc.?

Is it logically possible to make any meaningful generalizations about the N.Y. Scene?

How parochial is your view of things (anyone's)? For example, what do you know about the Brooklyn poets apart from the redoubtable Bob Herschon and the *Some Mag* crowd?

Apart from those I know you'd mention -- So, I'll mention them for you: Larry Fagin, Jamie MacInnes, Joe Ceravolo, John Godfrey, Yuki Hartman, Martha LaBare, Jim Brodey, Eileen Myles, Michael Brownstein, Bill Zavatsky, Anne Waldman, the St. Mark's Legions, John Yau, Barry Yourgrau, Tony Towle, -- who are some of the in-

interesting NY poets, keeping in mind that you can't remember all of them at any one point and are likely to offend many? Do you think in terms of "movements" or factions?

Do the large venues, the 92nd St. Y, the Guggenheim Museum, the Academy of American poets, have anything whatsoever to do with the NY Scene?

Why is there a sense that the best lack all conviction while the worst are full of polemical intensity, that things have somehow gone awry, and that NY's fabled energy is more fable, or rather more mere energy, than formerly, or is that only my sense, bound up with my own limited perspective and efforts at selfhood? (Choose two.)

Do any of the following apply to any, few, or all of the scenes and portions of scenes described (by you, one hopes) above? world-weariness, careerism, art-world madness -- speaking of which, when we tried to do this on tape and failed miserably, we did seem to agree that the current state of the Art World, always in the picture for NY poetry at least since the golden-haired fifties, has something to do with what's *wrong* in the poetry world, something like, the loss of "quality," the overpowering of literature by performance (notwithstanding the rightful claims of that brightly lit power-puncher), the much publicized and boring, the excellent and retiring, etc. etc. If I seem to be grinding an axe, that is because it is somehow continually being handed to us at the zenith of dullness.

What is your perception of the national perception, if such a thing can be considered, of the N. Y. Scene? (I have in mind the ridicule in varying degrees received by the N. Y. School Poets, St. Mark's, etc., over the years. Has this changed?)

Here's an interesting one. Do you think John Ashbery together with his acclaim has had a positive or negative effect on attitudes to New York and its poetry? I can see several sides to that. What about the "meteoric" aspect of his rise up the versified heavens?

There are, as I think we said on that selfsame dismal tape, loads of poets in NY who aren't very different from poets elsewhere, as I think is probably the case always. The business of the "prevailing style," the common idea of aim and effect, tone and language, grants and nepotism (just kidding). Could you characterize that style and give some idea of how many poets it applies to, and what all this has to do with NY?

No? Then I guess it's my own idiosyncratic and simplistic way of bringing order to chaos.

How important is St. Mark's City-wide? Nation-wide? (Descriptive linguistics.)

Does big press publishing, centered in NY, producing a limited number of poetry books each year which appear in most of the bookstores, having nothing to do with the NY Scene (whereas, for example, *Sun Press*, *Full Court*, and *Kulchur Presses* do --)

How would you change the NY Scene, if you had 3 wishes? (Short answer.)

Is NY still the center of the universe?

The "language" -- "poetry" phenomenon has one foot in NY, which seems proper, the latter being the modern-day Babel. As a lot of us have flirted and more with that sort of writing and continue to be as interested in language as we are in the striving depicted world, would you feel it proper to comment on those of our colleagues in NY who have given themselves over to language without fear?

Is "criticism" a part of the NY Scene?

Is the *NY Review of Books*? *The NY Times Book Review*? *NY Magazine*?

Is the continuation of gentrification, "sliver" buildings, condo and co-op conversion; and cynical design?

Speaking of criticism which is a sensitive and important issue, does whatever you said above about it constitute a plea for a more informed and aware response to what's going on in poetry now, a profound disappointment at the missed opportunities in the widely read organs, missed opportunities for *Poetry* is what I mean, its health, distribution, and ability to excite?

Do you ride the subways to work? how many taxis do you take in a month? do you believe in commuting? do you walk to poetry readings? are there too many readings in this area so that the *idea* has lost something essential? can there never be enough readings? should poets be helped to produce poetry? do you believe in poetry on the page? Is it significant that Schuyler wasn't noticed nationally until well into his 50's? do you think there will be, or is there currently, an Ashbery backlash? is O'Hara likely to go down in history as a Major poet? Does the *New Yorker* emanate secretly from Connecticut? does what poets in NY do to earn \$ say anything significant about the NY Scene? does anyone in England care about any of these? (Answer in order.)

What about Third World Poetry in NY?

I keep having the feeling that this scene business is fundamentally elusive, essentially so, that it looks different to everyone who looks at it. It probably has to do with age as much as poetics. When you're starting and come here from the midwest (or the New School) it's one thing, when you've sat through a thousand readings and resented a thousand bookstores for not stocking what you think is important, it's another. Let's title this Disillusionment of the Eighties. I know a lot of people *don't* feel that way. It's interesting. Frances (Waldman) really was someone in a position to have an overview. We should dedicate this to her. I didn't entirely go along with her taste, of course, it was somewhat over on the conventional side in spite of everything, but she was properly removed from each specific scene and somehow clearly saw it as well. This is off-topic. The question is, to what extent does commenting on a poetry scene produce that scene which, until that point, didn't quite exist?

Is this too long already?

Let's return to the Art world/poetry world connection. I assume everyone gives lip service to that. Name some real ways in which the NY poetry scene is as it is because of the way the NY art scene is (not necessarily direct influence, such as, though it's certainly true for some, having painters for friends and lovers causes one to see things in other ways, try to do similar things with words -- though *not* to paint with them). Jimmy (S.) titled his short prose piece for the poetics section of the Allen anthology *Poet and Painter Overture*, Ashbery's the art critic and writer of masterpieces such as "Self Portrait in a Convex Mirror," O'Hara wrote, curated, mentioned, hung out with, adored; Koch was and is extremely close to; Edwin Denby and Barbara Guest similarly. And of our "younger" poets, Berrigan, Padgett, Ratcliffe, Schjeldahl, Yau, Yourgrau, Towle, Shapiro, Welish, Lauterbach, Greenwald, me, you, and others. Writers have married painters, gone on vacation tours with them, enjoyed a cool glass of beer on a sweltering day in front of the NY traffic while talking about everything under the poetic sun. John Yau was and for all I know still is a housepainter. So in one sense, one (rather large, it's true) group keeps alive the poetry/painting connections. Oops, forgot the other way around too, Rivers, Katz, Motherwell, Dine, Freilicher, Winkfield, Bluhm, Guston, Jaquette, Schneeman, (Paula North), Dash, Jean Holabird, etc. etc. What about other groups? This isn't what I mean. I mean what Schuyler was, essentially, talking about: the air we breathe. I see it for better and for worse, worse meaning, these days if not before, the Business of Art, the Business of the Meteoric, as well as those other problems tossed off above; better meaning the desire of every poet to do something as beautiful as some of the paintings we see around us every day. And the sense that art is important, part of the scheme of things, easy, or easier, for

painters to feel nowadays -- the actual importance if any of Schnabel, Salle, et al being a whole other issue -- than for poets to feel. Or is that a wild understatement. So Art, art acts as a kind of emotional resource, the business management side of the Muse, as well as whatever it performs in the way of specific and general cross-influences, inspirations, and the like. What was the question?

Would you like to reject those questions you feel are too frivolous? Does frivolity have something essential to do with the NY Scene?

For, we know that some poets from more rural, or less frenzied, areas of the country think that New York poets (by which they mean, more or less, the amplified NY School) are, by virtue of being in the grip of the "artificial and curtailed life," subject to a decadence that forces them to the peripheries of life, poetry and the American Way. Don't we?

Speaking of art, why isn't music, NY being a "world-class" concert hall, more important to the NY poetry scene than it is? Or is it? Consider rock, punk, Cage, Thomson, poet/instrumentalists, aspirations towards the condition of music, the poetic equivalent of Muzak, the Drones, hymns to intellectual beauty.

I'm running out of gas, in case you hadn't noticed. Time to end, or go to your questions, or get my typewriter, the manual, fixed. It broke down after page 1 of this, and I see now that the questions got less coherent after I switched to the electric portable, some sort of comment on technology, which brings up a new slew of further considerations regarding the influence of environment upon city attitudes, like winter sunlight on an otherwise disengaged scene.

What about "subject matter?"

Be sure to reread your answers.

—Charles North
January 1983

TAKE-OVER by Jeffrey C. Wright (The Toothpaste Press, West Branch, Iowa, 1983, \$6.00).

no complaints by Anselm Hollo (The Toothpaste Press, West Branch, Iowa, 1983, \$8.50).

Jeff Wright has culled 17 pages from his prolific output of the past five years, and the selection is correspondingly astute. These 16 poems evidence many of the concerns of his longer works: politics, the economy, the family, lust, work, death, and imagination assaulted by verbal and photographic graffiti. A good deal of the work is satirical. At his most distinctive, however, he's celebrating, raising the casual notes of the ordinary to song by the transforming power of his Shelleyan muse. Like Shelley, he often addresses macroeconomics, political rhetoric, and love of humanity when we suspect his pressing concerns are paycheck, probity, and personal affection. At times the inflated rhetoric reminds me of the July 4th block party when, after the fireworks were exhausted, a couple of revellers ran inside to fetch their shotguns, which they fired into the air until a neighbor complained to the police about the pellets spraying his roof. The shotguns that pepper these pages are likewise exuberant. Recurring trumpets fanfare the poet's airshaft muse.

But

today even the sky is blue
and trumpets from car radios
massage the resilient air.
I keep thinking of things
to do to keep me going, too.
A girl sings in broken
English, with gusto off key.

(“Companeros”)

Foremost among the virtues of these verses is music: the music of words, not melodies. I know Wright has written the second, as in the beggar's chant, S-A-V-E M-E. But the poet is most eloquent in poems like “Companeros” and “Ubiquitous Addiction” (an invocatory ode to tender felicities and the power which bestows on them immortality) where the terrain is familiar, and he can attend lavishly to detail. Too, he can provide us with compelling drama, the ostensible protagonist of which is the color yellow (“POEM: Leaves on the hedge”). Sometimes he sacrifices a line, or stanza, to a mellifluous string of syllables. For all the beauty of the following, for instance, the image eludes me.

Now afternoon cleaves viscous to the wall,
raw sun aims its ray beyond the sill
like a poolplayer sighting down a cue
before shooting and coolly making a shot.

(“Doubtless”)

I wouldn't wish those lines unwritten, because as music they're exemplary. So it is with other poems herein which are better in part than as units. We're distracted instead of connected when Wright pushes a metaphor too insistently (“dark is falling like a bruised parachute”), or hustles Father Time into a rock 'n roll band (“Who will make the music of forever's fervor?”). Yet almost every poem contains redeeming lines and striking images.

On shady stoops guys in sleeveless
tee shirts sit & old women
roll down their stockings into
beige donuts around their calves.

(“You Must Pay the Rent”)

Like most everyone who lives in New York the poet has been ripped off, but he's not discouraged. *Take-over* is notable for the poet's enthusiasm, affection, and commitment to beauty. Its gaffes are those of over-eagerness; in this case indulgence is a sign of vigor. The poet was born in Delaware, raised in West Virginia, has family in Alabama, and spent time in Virginia, Arizona, and London en route to New York. His itinerary deserves mention because I think you can hear it in the poems. I don't imply that this delightful hybrid idiom was concocted anywhere but in Jeff Wright's poetic imagination.

After several go-rounds we expect poets and musicians to sound recognizably themselves, and seldom do the good ones disappoint us. For the author of *Heavy Jars* we have special expectations. Anselm Hollo is an adventurer, so anything might happen. Although what happens in *no complaints* is, as they say, “uneven”, I've no complaints. This poet's never dull and most often charming, at once intelligent, amusing, and sentimental. Much of what's collected in this book is occasional, including poems for friends and lovers in which circumstances remain hidden from the reader, although the emotive charge convinces. The book could be an homage to Paul Blackburn or Lorraine Hansberry, who are mentioned, as are Robert Grenier, Milton Klonsky, Alice Notley, Ted Berrigan, Diodoros of Aspendos, et al. As sometimes happens with a poet who keenly appreciates the work of his fellows, Hollo doesn't hesitate to take what he needs, or imitate. Here are bittersweet love poems elemental and tender, blasts at the smugness of American culture, swatches of vivid idiom unladen with prosaic interpolation, and reflections such as the following:

the images of day recede

the pleasure principle tends to start squeaking after a
while

just like this wood frame canvas chair of mine
does to remind me that nothing related to human
activity is simply automatic, or predictably continuous
(page 33)

The product is always his own, stamped with his joyous grace and wit, his affecting and resilient melancholy. Aside from the short lyrics, there's an 11 page poem which collages material from his extensive reading with a year's yearnings, acts, dreams, thoughts, and listenings, set in the midst of shopping mall America. Composed in the poet's familiar informal, receptive style, the poem is nonetheless winnowed and spiny. That doesn't mean there's nothing extraneous—I'm not even sure it coheres. I've heard the poet read it, have read it myself many times, and find sustenance there, but can't claim to have it in hand.

On the contrary, there are also ten Cheremiss (Mari) songs based on the Finnish translations that are wonderfully simple and direct.

woke up early
went & carved my name
in the bark of an apple tree.
contemplated what i have
& what i do not have.

(page 42)

These songs contrast with the efforts of the poet to pierce through to the simple and uncluttered in his own poems, an effort usually interrupted by the poet's integrity (which won't allow him to present the complicated as simple) or the furniture (which trips us all occasionally in the consumer culture). But it's in the intensity of the effort to break through to the clarity of the naive balladeer that Hollo's work sometimes attains to the sublime. The epigraph for the book could be these lines from the title poem:

good
to do the little
physical
things
in the lonely place
sung by
the ancients
we swim to meet

(page 45)

—Gary Lenhart

MY FATHER

I find a document that shows my father was born hundreds of years ago. I bring it downstairs to my mother. When she finishes reading it she looks off to the side, chewing over a thought. "Well no wonder..." she murmurs to herself. A flicker of a smile plays over her lips. "No wonder *what*? I demand, if possible more stupified by this comment than I already am. "Oh, nothing," she says. "Well," she says, handing the parchment back. "It's quite something, isn't it?" "Yes," I tell her, "it is."

I go up to my room and sit by the window and wait for the sight of my father coming home from work. Certain things about him now fit glaringly into place: his preference for shoes with buckles; his fondness for, and extraordinary knowledge of, sea-chanties; his eccentric habit of going to bed by the light of a candle; his continual mutterings of amazement at ordinary things like hot running water or bananas or umbrellas -- even smallpox vaccinations. With a

sudden start of insight I realize that all those smelly dusty wigs up in the attic aren't my mother's at all, they're his.

I hear the report of his walking staff on the sidewalk. I look down: he comes marching along, his briefcase in one hand, his staff hefted smartly in the other. My heart beats wildly. His whole manner now possesses something suddenly heroic. He has breasted the passage of the centuries. Involuntarily I start to rise to my feet. How will I approach him in his new stature, how will I behave? My mother appears on top of the porch steps below me. She says something to him, wagging her finger. He stops. She rushes down the steps and jumps into his arms and he laughs and with one powerful arm around her and his feet planted wide he swings her about so her skirts fly up. My heart feels fit to burst at this sight and I exclaim outloud, "What a splendid figure of a man my father is!"

—Barry Yourgrau

THIS WILL BE HER SHINING HOUR

*
"This movie has Fred Astaire and Robert Ryan in it!"
*

"He got off the train!"
*

"I have a feeling this is an unknown movie."
*

(laughs)Q: "What the hell is going on?"

A: (laughing) "Dialogue."
*

"This movie has no plot."
*

"Fred Astaire was on this train with a whole lot of soldiers, going to Japan. And then, he got off the train!"
*

"Robert Ryan keeps saying, 'Let's kill Japs,' & Fred Astaire keeps saying, 'Fuck that.'
*

"He fell in love with her!"
*

Q: "Who?"

A: "Joan Leslie. She's a photographer. There keeps being a whole lot of stuff by Johnny Mercer."
*

Q: "Joan Leslie is just my type. Is she?"

A: "Un-uh. Fred Astaire is nobody's type, either."
*

(laughing) "He changed all the lyrics."
*

Q: "To what?"

A: (sings)
"This will be my shining hour
drinking rum & bacardi
like the face of Mischa Auer
on the Beauty Shop marquee."
*

(laughs)

"You have to watch it."
*

"You have no right to get anything out of my evening!"

*
Q: "Give me the Book Review section, will you?"

A: "Sure. You'll love it."

*
"I haven't written anything for years. I'm going to move away."

*
"Oh God, she's gorgeous.
(for a little ugly person)."

*
"I can't tell which is Waldo."

"Pretty good line, huh?"

"I can't tell which is Waldo."

*
Q: "Did you write that down?"

A: "No."

*
(laughs)

"You? Working?"

(laughs again)

*
(laughs)

"This is my wife. She follows me around."

*
Q: "Where are they?"

A: "They're in some giant building. Fred Astaire is yelling, 'Help, save me!!'"

*
"I think this movie is some Homage to BalanchineIt's out of the question."

*
"Man, instead of cracking an egg on that woman's hand, they're putting diamonds on it."

*
"I think my life is really awful."

*
"Oh God, write all this down."

"Oh, what a great song!"

*
"This is my night at the canteen...."

*
"It's nice work if you can...."

*
"Oh, great...."

*
"She's dancing."

*
"They're in New York City!"

"Of course they are."

"Just like us."

*
"Oh God, he's so great!"

*
"Oh, he just got taken down from the table.
He did a snake dance."

(It was a Johnny Mercer snake dance.)

*
It's 4 a.m.

(laughs)

"Wordsworth put it pretty well."

"He hasn't done too much in this one."

"Now he's going to do it...."

*
"It's all so wartime."

*
"It's so wartime no one gets to do much of anything."

*
"It's all so unfair."

*
"Are you having fun?"

*
"You are too! (sigh)"

*
"That's Robert Ryan. You should come see him. He's being in a musical."

*
"Oh God, he looks so great!"

*
"He looks too much like my father."

*
"It has Averill Harriman in it."

"Doesn't everything?"

*
"Have you ever said to her how your life would be incomplete without her?"

*
Setting: Beekman Place. The usual Penthouse. Its almost summer.

*
Hmmmm.

*
"I haven't seen a movie in ten years."

*
"Oh God, I'm seeing double."

*
"You're the one he'll never forget."

*
"Will you keep it on while I get in bed?"

*
"What?"

*
"Will you keep it on while I get in bed?"

*
"Sure."

*
"Their lives are as fragile as *The Glass Menagerie*."

*
Saturday Night on TV

*
"Oh, she dances, Ted....and it's so great!!"

"She's not supposed to be able to dance!"

*
"You're making a big mistake,
writing a poem,
and not watching this."

*
"Shut up. I'm getting the last lines."

"You are not."

—Ted Berrigan
15 May 83

NIGHT AT GRACIE MANSION

On September 22nd poet Stanley Kunitz welcomed the "clan of poets" to Gracie Mansion to celebrate the 50th Anniversary of the Academy of American Poets. The mayor gave a warm address in his home, the people's mansion as he referred to it. The room we were in was reservedly opulent, high ceilings and tinkly crystal chandeliers.

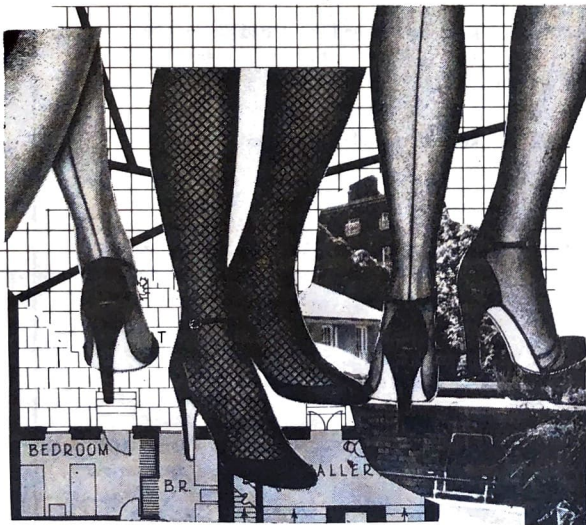
About 200 people were there. Our editor, Lorna, was dressed in a longsleeved green silk jacquard dress. She introduced me to Jean D'Amico, one of our hostesses. Jean introduced me to another Wright, Annie Wright, who is a spritely, warm person.

Everyone was glad to have something to call home to Mom about. Not only were we at the mayor's, but someone our parents would know of was there: Kitty Carlisle in a red jacket, white gloves and a double strand of pearls. Clearly not a poet or politician, Bess Myerson talked about the starving poets, while the hungrier poets clustered near the kitchen door to get the hors d'oeuvres, but unless you had on a tie, forget it.

Ira Cohen was photographed with his cousin, the mayor, by Gerard Malanga, who was in a pink polo shirt. John Ashbery looked truly rosy as he accepted a fellowship to the Academy, and Sharon Olds was recognized as the Lamont winner. Miguel Algarin was debonair in a black watch tweed waving to Alexis De Veaux. Carole Bovoso introduced me to Jill Hoffman who was wearing bronze eyeliner. In her inimitable style, our fearless leader, Bernadette, had everyone going for their guns when she went in search of the bathroom. Anne Waldman, dashing in a cardinal orange scarf, was ready to move in. Bob Holman was last seen jumping into a cab with Cyn. Zarco and Jayne Cortez.

Lots of people were there (who could resist seeing the mansion): Kenneth Koch, Milton Kessler, John Hollander, Charles Bernstein (who didn't know why he was invited), Greg Masters, Lewis Warsh, the Padgetts, Jimmy Schuyler and Helena Hughes.

—Jeff Wright



Homeplate, a storefront environment of works by George Schneeman, including ceramics, furniture and fresco paintings, will be open until Nov. 15, Tues.—Sun., 2—9, at 309 E. 5th St., NYC.

EVENTS AT THE POETRY PROJECT

Monday Reading & Performance Series at 8 PM, hosted by Chris Kraus & Marc Nasdor, suggested contribution \$2:

November 7 - Open Reading

November 14 - Abigail Child & John Jesurun

Abigail Child will show "PREFACES" and "MUTINY", two sections of her ongoing *Is This What You Were Born For?*, a seven part sound film exploring image and sound relation, plus one new work. Abigail Child's first book, *From Solids*, was recently published by Segue.

John Jesurun will present *Birds*, a "living film". Jesurun is best known for his long-running serial which played last year at the Pyramid Club, *Chang in a Void Moon*. "Some of the most imaginative and exhilarating theatre now found in New York." (Village Voice)

November 21 - Readings from the Diaries of Hugo Ball by Susie Timmons, Daryl Chin, Danny Krakauer, Michael Kirby, Linda Hartinian...

Hugo Ball, founder of the Zurich dadaist Cabaret Voltaire, kept diaries between the years 1915 - 21. "Too much an artist to be a philosopher, too much a philosopher to be an artist" (Paul Auster). Ball's diaries include the text of his famous sound-poem, chronicles of events, and Ball's own exhaustive attempts to define an aesthetic which was apart from, but responsive to, European politics and culture.

November 28 - Lilia Dlaboha & Norman MacAfee

Lilia Dlaboha is an editor at *The Little Magazine*. Her poems have appeared in *The Little Magazine* and *Tangerine*. She lives in Jersey City.

Norman MacAfee has translated the poems of Pier Paolo Pasolini (with Luciano Martinegro, Random House, 1982). His forthcoming book, *A New Requiem*, will be published by Station Hill Press and Retigraphic Press. His articles have appeared in *New York Arts Journal*, *Italian Journal*, *Bogus*, *New Writing and Writers*.

Wednesday Night Reading Series at 8 PM, hosted by Bernadette Mayer & Bob Holman, suggested contribution \$3

November 2 - An Evening for Edwin Denby: Poetry and Dance

November 9 - Ed Friedman & Barrett Watten

Mono-lingual poet, singer and performance artist Ed Friedman is the author of *The Telephone Book*, *The New York Hat Line* (with Bob Kushner), *Black Star Pilgrimage*, *The New Space*, and his newest book *La Frontera*. He is the creator of lingomats and author of the plays "Chinoiserie" and "The White Snake".

Barrett Watten is the author of *1 - 10*, *Complete Thought*, *Plasma/Paralleles/"X"*, *Decay*, and *Opera Works*. His new book is *Progress*. He is editor of *This* magazine and books and co-edits *Poetics Journal* with Lyn Hejinian.

November 15, Tuesday - A Memorial Reading for Ted Berrigan on his birthday

(Suggested \$5 for this benefit reading)

November 16 - No reading

November 23 - Patricia Jones & Stephen Rodefer

Patricia Jones is the author of a book of sonnets, *Mythologizing Always*. A 1983 CAPS recipient, she co-edited and published the anthology *Ordinary Women*. Her new book, as yet unpublished, is *Tense Geography*. Stephen Rodefer's most recent book, *Four Lectures*, recently received the San Francisco State University Poetry Center's annual Book Award. He lives in California where

he writes, teaches and participates in poets' theater productions. He is also the author of *The Bell Clerk's Tears Keep Flowing*.

November 30 - Max Blagg & Kit Robinson

Max Blagg was born in Retford, Knotts. He resides at and presides over the Hotel Firbank. Publications include *Nine Years in a Wind Tunnel*, *Pet Wreckage* and the forthcoming *Tales of Sex and Fashion*.

Kit Robinson, actor, poet, essayist and playwright, is the author of *Riddle Road*, *Tribute to Nervous, Down and Back*, and *The Dolch Stanzas*. He has written and acted in poets' theater productions, is director of the Tenderloin Writer's Workshop in San Francisco and poetry editor of *Tenderloin Times*.

Lecture - On Tuesday, November 22, the distinguished anthropologist **Stanley Diamond** will lecture on *Poetry and Experience*. Currently chairman of the Anthropology Department at the Graduate Faculty of the New School for Social Research, Mr. Diamond is the author of *In Search of the Primitive: A Critique of Civilization* (Transaction) and the recent *Totems* (Station Hill), a collection of poems. He is also the editor and founder of the journal, *Dialectical Anthropology*. The lecture will begin at 9 PM, \$3 suggested contribution. The lecture series is hosted by Joel Lewis.

A Translation Workshop, six 6-week sections led by a different poet/translator, will take place on Tuesday nights at 7:30. Each section will concentrate on a different language, to give a feel for that language, its poets, poems, and poetics, and to delve into the specific translating difficulties. Participants may take one or all sections; a knowledge of the language is not a prerequisite. **Ron Padgett** is leading the first section, French. **Miguel Algarin's** section, in Spanish, will start on November 22. The following languages will be Chinese, Ancient Greek, Tagalog, and German. Many thanks to the Witter-Bynner Foundation for funding this workshop.

Friday Evening Writing Workshop will continue to be led by **Jack Collom** at 7:30 PM. The basic system will be: poems handed in, some of them reproduced, distributed, read and talked about. Plus as much variation on this as we can think of — study of great works old and new, in class writing, and spontaneous topics.

The World 39 edited by Susie Timmons, is available at The Poetry Project.

THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER

St. Mark's Church
10th St. & 2nd Ave.
NYC, NY 10003
212-674-0910

The Poetry Project Newsletter is published monthly Oct.—May. Subscriptions are \$7 a year. Advertisers please write for rate sheets. Deadline for the December issue is November 20th, deadline for the January issue is December 20th.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

From Burning Deck (Providence, RI): **The Heat Bird**, Mei-Mei Berssenbrugge, \$4 or \$15; **Species of Intoxication**, Michael Gizzi, \$4 or \$15; **The Space of Half an Hour**, Keith Waldrop, \$4 or \$15; **Six Minnesinger Songs**, W.D. Snodgrass, \$5 or \$25; **Explosion in the Puzzle Factory**, Nancy Condee, \$3

From Random House (NY, NY): **Tar**, C.K. Williams, \$5.95 or \$10; **The Sacrifice**, Frank Bidart, \$5.95 or \$10

Selected Poems, Jack Anderson, Release Press, Brooklyn, NY, \$6 or \$10.95

Me Again, Uncollected Writings of Stevie Smith, Vintage Books, NY, NY, \$6.95

Biting Sun, Thalia Kitrilakis, Kelsey St. Press, Berkeley, CA, \$5
Casual Ties, David Wevill, Curbstone Publishing Company, Austin, TX

Fathering, Frederick Feirstein, Apple-wood Books, Cambridge, MA, \$4.95

Beat Hotel, novella, Harold Norse, Atticus Press, San Diego, CA, \$6.95 or \$25

Quiet Lives, David Cope, The Humana Press Inc., Clifton, NJ, \$4.95 or \$12.95

Part of the Story, Richard Jackson, Grove Press Inc, NY, \$5.95

From Clown War (Amherst MA): **Bar Napkin Poems**, F.A. Nettelbeck; **Clues**, Bob Heman

Sounds of the River, Naranjana & The Tablets I - XXIV, Armand Schwerner, Station Hill Press, Barrytown, NY

American Express, Paul Violi, JSC, Felixstowe, Suffolk, England

MAGAZINES RECEIVED

Acts, vol. 1, no. 2,

Sagetrieb, a journal devoted to poets in the Pound-Williams tradition, Univ. of Maine at Orono, Orono, Maine, \$12.95

Paideuma, a journal devoted to Ezra Pound Scholarship, Orono, Maine, \$12.9

The Alternative Press no. 12, Grindstone City, Michigan: Postcards & Broad-sides, \$15 for 3 packets

JSC, NY poetry issue, ed. Martin Stannard, Felixstowe, Suffolk, England

Equivalences/Equivalencias, a bilingual quarterly from Spain, Fernando Rielo Foundation, Forest Hills, NY, \$7, \$26/yr.

MR33, Winter/Spring 83, essays and lit crit, Hattiesburg, Mississippi, \$4

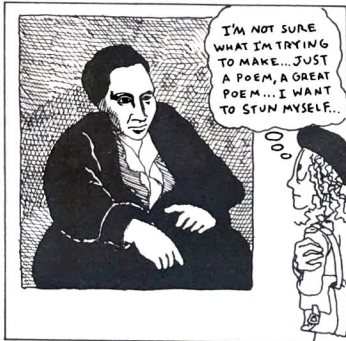
Another Chicago Magazine, no. 8, Thunder's Mouth Press, Chicago, IL

Abraxas 27/28, Madison WI, \$8/4 issues

The Committee For International Poetry in collaboration with The Writer's Voice presents Translator's Voice: An evening of Turkish poetry and prose with W.S. Merwin, Talat Halman, Brian Swann, Murat Nemet-Nejat and others, Friday, November 18, at the West Side YMCA, 63 St. at Central Park West. Members free, public \$4.50.

The Poetry Center at San Francisco State University has announced its fourth annual Book Award to be presented to an outstanding book of poetry by a living writer, published and copyrighted in 1983. The winning poet will receive a \$500 cash award and an invitation to read at the Poetry Center. Submissions will be accepted until December 31, 1983. To enter, send two copies of the book, plus a \$3.00 entry fee to: The Poetry Center, San Francisco State University, 1600 Holloway Ave., S.F., CA 94132.

Order the The Toothpaste Press 1984 Calendar, featuring 12 new poems by Robert Creeley, from: Bookslinger, 33 E 9th St, St. Paul, MN 55101; \$10.00, plus \$1.25 shipping.



MCMLXXXIII SMEDMAN & BORCHART ©

OINK! 16

An essay by Ron Padgett on translation, a radio play by Robert Coover, an Andrei Codrescu short story, drawings by Ken Tisa with captions by Kenward Elmslie, poems by Charles Simic, Charles Bernstein, Clayton Eshleman, Paul Carroll, Elaine Equi and others.

"A cri de coeur against provincialism"
—Exquisite Corpse

Forthcoming in #17

James Laughlin, Clark Coolidge, Russell Edson and others.



Order from OINK! Press, 1446 West Jarvis, Chicago, Illinois, 60626. \$4/copy.

St. Mark's Church In-The-Bowery
THE POETRY PROJECT
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NOVEMBER

MONDAY NIGHTS POETRY / PERFORMANCE SERIES 8 PM \$2

NOV 7 OPEN READING

NOV 14 ABIGAIL CHILD & JOHN JESURUN

NOV 21 READINGS FROM THE DIARIES OF HUGO BALL

NOV 28 NORMAN MacAFEE & LILIA DLABOHA

WEDNESDAY NIGHTS READING SERIES 8 PM \$3

NOV 2 AN EVENING FOR EDWIN DENBY

NOV 9 ED FRIEDMAN & BARRETT WATTEN

NOV 23 PATRICIA JONES & STEPHEN RODEFER

NOV 30 MAX BLAGG & KIT ROBINSON

TUESDAY NOV 15 6:30 PM TED BERRIGAN MEMORIAL READING

TUESDAY NOV 22 8 PM LECTURE STANLEY DIAMOND "POETRY & EXPERIENCE"

TRANSLATION WORKSHOPS TUESDAYS AT 7:30 "FRENCH" w/ RON PADGETT

BEGINNING NOV 22 "SPANISH" w/ MIGUEL ALGARIN

POETRY WORKSHOP FRIDAYS AT 8 PM w/ JACK COLLOM

FRIDAYS AT 8:30 PM "READINGS FROM THE POETRY PROJECT" ON WBAT 99.5 FM PRODUCED BY JOHN FISK