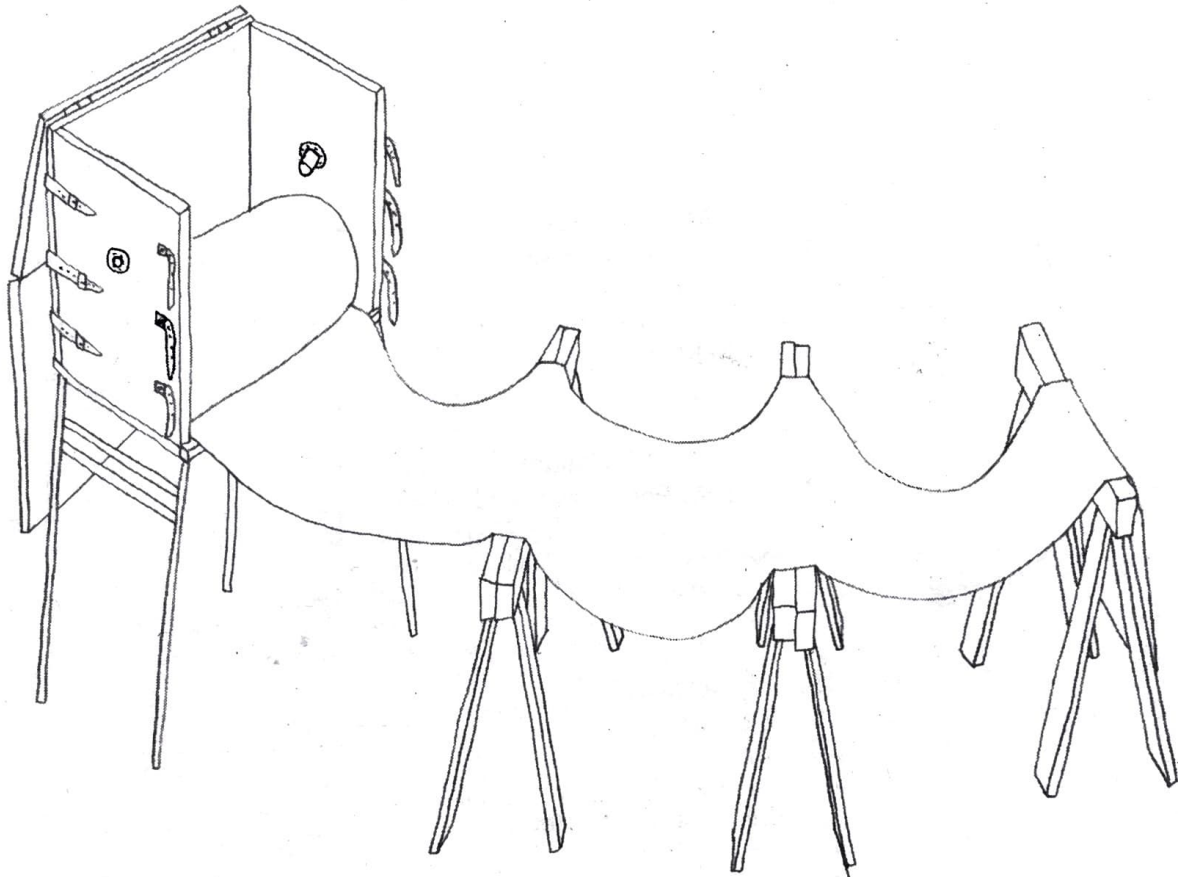

THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER

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JOHN ASHBERY

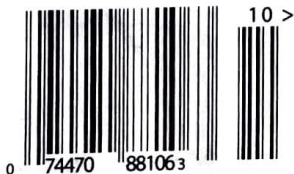
On Joan Murray

JACK COLLOM

Talks Spandrels, Foxes,
and Receding Paths

CAMILLE GUTHRIE

Poems



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NEWSLETTER EDITOR Marcella Durand
DESIGN Alberta Testanero

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PROGRAM COORDINATOR Miles Champion
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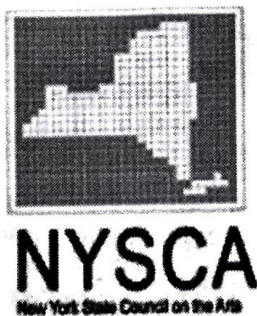
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COVER AND INSIDE ART: Ulrike Heydenreich is a graduate of Bauhaus University in Weimar, Germany, and of the School of Visual Arts in NYC. She spent her summer at Sculpture Space in Utica, NY.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

LETTER FROM THE DIRECTOR

Dear Readers,

Hello. It's a new season here at the Poetry Project, and there are a few changes taking place that you should know about before our events begin.

We will be lowering the general admission price of our regular events from \$10 to \$8. With economic difficulties continuing to plague New York City and the country in general, it seems only fair to cut the price of attending a reading at the Project.

The Project will now offer \$85 and \$125 membership levels, replacing the \$80 and \$120 levels, respectively. The back page of the newsletter spells out the new levels in detail, but the gist of it is this: an \$85 membership will get you into all regular readings free; a \$125 membership will get you and a guest into all regular readings free. All other membership levels, including the \$50 level, will remain intact.

It should be kept in mind, however, that these changes—made somewhat to ease the burden on poets and community members around the Project—are NOT due to a sudden influx of new funding to the Poetry Project. If anything, the funding situation for the arts is worse this year, as the budget cuts most public institutions and agencies have had to endure begin to take effect and the President asks Congress for \$87 billion more to fight his war on terrorism.

If a slightly cheaper admission price lets you

go to a few more readings, great. If you choose to go to a reading given by a poet or poets whose work you are unfamiliar with, even better—nine of the first 16 Wednesday Night readers have never read on a Wednesday night before, and many of the early autumn's Monday Night readers have never read at the Project at all.

We are introducing a talk series that will take place once a month on Monday nights, hosted by Prageeta Sharma and kicking off on October 27 with a talk by Major Jackson on Sun Ra. These talks will vary in subject, and may be supplemented with additional talks in early 2004 on Tuesdays and/or Fridays between the fall and spring workshops.

Due to budget cuts, the Friday Night Series has largely been put on hold, and publication of *The World* has been suspended indefinitely. We aim to get *The World* back on track some time in 2004, perhaps in a new format.

The poetry landscape, "poetryland" as Kenneth Koch sometimes called it, has grown considerably in recent years—and the qualitative merits of such growth are certainly open for debate. Perhaps one way the Project can serve such a debate is for the following questions to be asked: What, in the year 2003, is the Poetry Project community? Who does the Poetry Project serve and represent? What do you look for and expect from the Project?

Of course these are extremely broad questions, and they will inevitably provoke other questions, but so what. I ask them not out of doubt, but out of curiosity and the desire to

create some kind of conversation with the community as it stands. I would appreciate any feedback from anyone even remotely involved with the Project. Our mailing address is on the back page of the Newsletter.

See you around.

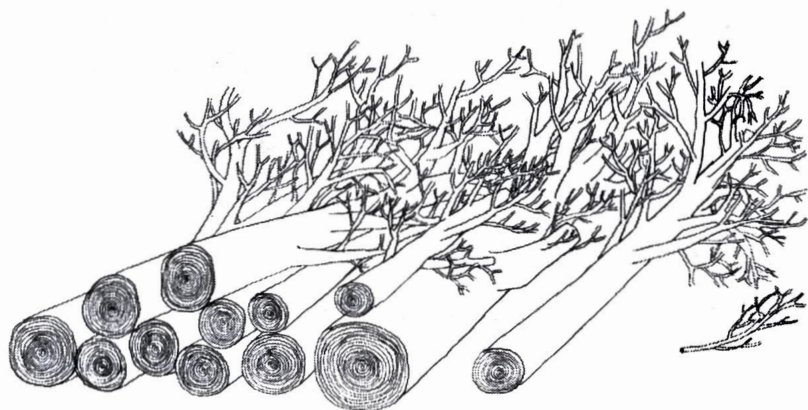
Anselm Berrigan
Artistic Director

NEW FACES

Yes, the Poetry Project is 38 years old this year and, boy, is it feeling every sec—I mean, boy, does it feel good to be back. Please allow us to introduce our office staff for the coming year. Firstly, we are delighted to welcome our new Program Assistant, Corina Copp, who sashayed in through the out door one humid morning in mid-August. Corina was born in Lawrence, Kansas, grew up in Boulder, Colorado, and was "educated" in places (and ways) we won't mention here. Her plays include "Cordelia" and "The Night Room," and her chapbook *Sometimes Inspired by Marguerite* is just out from Open 24 Hours. She is to literature what Linval Carter is to deejaying (it says here), and will be well-known to many of you as joint runner-up (with Alan Davies) in the Best Dressed Person in Poetry Awards, 2002.

While Cori was busy sashaying, Miles Champion was craftily sidling over to the Program Coordinator's desk, where he inherited Maureen Owen's legendary used Q-tip collection. Miles moved to New York from London, England, on doctor's orders in the spring of 2002 and took a job at the Project in an attempt to cure his writing habit, a treatment which has been largely successful. His *Three Bell Zero* was published by Roof Books in 2000.

These changes are, of course, small potatoes compared to the magisterial way in which Anselm Berrigan plopped into the Project's driver's seat on July 1st. Anselm (that's "Sir" to you) was born in Chicago, Illinois, and grew up on St. Mark's Place where he and his brother taught their parents how to write poetry. After taking a seven-year leave of absence to explore Buffalo and San Francisco, he came back to the city in 1996 only to find that Brooklyn was now Manhattan. His *Zero Star Hotel* and *Integrity & Dramatic Life* are published by Edge Books. Narrow House recently put out a CD, *Pictures for Private Devotion*. He would like you to send us \$50,000—oh, and a bookshelf for the office.



Outside of the office, your new streamlined Poetry Project is ably represented by its new Monday Night Reading Series Coordinator, Maggie Nelson, and Monday Night Talk Series Coordinator, Prageeta Sharma. Maggie is the author of *Shiner* and *The Latest Winter* (both from Hanging Loose Press) and Prageeta is the author of *Bliss to Fill* (Subpress). Your friendly neighborhood Newsletter Editor is Marcella Durand, whom some of you may recognize as the former Program Coordinator (1997-2000) for the Poetry Project.

We look forward to seeing many of you over the coming year, as we endeavor to harness the fear which we think should be harnessed, generally and specifically, within the world of poetry—a world of grandeur, yes, but also a world of intimidation. Meanwhile please address all Reading Series enquiries to Adolph Babel in our Shifting Whispering Sands Dept (joke).

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editors,

I was, of course very pleased to read Lewis Warsh's review of my book, *A Tall, Serious Girl*, in *The Poetry Project Newsletter*. However, I have to point out one typo: In the quotation from "Mountains & Air," the line "downward from the engine" should read "downwind from the engine."

George Stanley

DUG DEPARTS

The Poetry Project bids adieu to one of its most devoted volunteers, Douglas Rothschild, who left New York City in September for Albany. Not too far, but far enough that Douglas will not be the regular presence at the Project that he's been since he first arrived in the city, sometime way back in the '90s. So what does this mean for you, Poetry Project attendee? It means the chairs will remain stacked before and unstacked after readings. It means your empty wine cup will not disappear into the garbage. It means that after readings, poets will dally forever outside, aimless and confused. Douglas was the Swedish Vallhund to our sheep. We will miss his verve.

EXPLOSION OF POETS!

This year brought us a bumper crop of baby bards including Miranda Lee Reality Torn, born to Lee Ann Brown and Tony Torn on December 8th; Jacob Sander McNamara, born to Ange Mlanko and Steve McNamara on March 19th; Sophie Aster Prevallet,

born to Kristin Prevallet and Alan Gilbert on April 18th; Cosmo Clark-Shaw, born to Lytle Shaw and Emilie Clark on May 10th; and Caleb Beckett McCreary and Malcolm Lucas McCreary (you heard right—twins!), born to Chris and Jenn McCreary on June 20th. In 20 years, look for these names again in our Monday Night Reading Series.

JOB

University of California, San Diego, Dept. of Literature invites applications for two tenured Writing positions, both at the Associate level, one in poetry and one in fiction, effective July 1, 2004. Both positions require writers with substantial records of publications and teaching in an undergraduate or graduate creative writing department, or equivalent experience. Applicants with demonstrated interests in one or more of the following areas will be given strong consideration: new approaches to narrative and experimental writing; interdisciplinary approaches to writing and art, music, film/video and electronic media; or the performance of writing. Candidates must have a desire to teach literature within a world literature program with a focus on cultural, ethnic and gender studies. Duties will include participating in the affairs of a growing writing program. Salary commensurate with experience and based on UC pay scale. Noncitizens should state immigration status in CV. Send letter of application, CV, dossier, and writing sample(s) of published work to: Eileen Myles, Search Committee Chair, Department of Literature 0410, University of California, San Diego, 9500 Gilman Drive, La Jolla, CA 92093-0410. Refer to position #134PP. Enclose self-addressed postcard for acknowledgment of receipt of application and SASE for return of writing sample(s). Electronic applications will not be accepted. Closing date is November 14, 2003.

HELP OUT

Following the success of the Seeds for Afghanistan project, in which volunteers saved their seeds from everyday eating to send to Afghanistan to create food gardens, the Afghanistan Relief Organization is now coordinating the Midwifery Project. In Afghanistan most nursing is done by men, but tradition forbids them from attending women in childbirth, despite a maternal death rate of close to 20 percent. The Midwifery Project plans to lessen that rate by sending experienced American midwives to Afghanistan to train Afghan women in midwifery. Two midwives in Colorado are planning to go as soon as possible for as long

as four months, with the hope that more will soon follow—with our financial help. Donations in the form of checks should be made out to the Afghanistan Relief Organization, with "midwifery" on the memo line, which is a registered 501(c)(3) organization, care of Jennifer Heath at 1838 Pine Street, Boulder, CO 80302. For more information, visit www.afghanrelief.com, or e-mail Jennifer at HeathCollom@aol.com, or Judy Hussie-Taylor at staylor9@earthlink.net.

CONGRATS

To poet Chris Edgar for receiving a Greenwall Fund Grant for the publication of his book, *At Port Royal*, by Adventures in Poetry.

SMALL PRESS BENEFIT

The Pretty Ugly Future Lounge, a benefit for three Brooklyn-based presses, Belladonna*, Ugly Duckling Presse and Futurepoem, will take place on October 4 at 7 pm in Dumbo, Brooklyn, at Nest, 70 Washington Street. The event will include bands, raffles, designer T-shirts, gift bags and cheap cocktails, the first of which is included with the \$10 admission fee. For more information, call (718) 852-5529.

SMALL PRESS FAIR

The Cheap Small Press Fair will take place on Sunday, October 19 from 11 am to 5 pm, at Nest, 70 Washington Street (see above). Local and national publishers will be selling books and journals for \$10 and less. This event is part of the Dumbo arts festival and is sponsored by Ode to Go. For more information, visit www.odetogo.com.

SUBPRESS BOOK PARTY

On Saturday, November 1st, at 2 pm, at the Bowery Poetry Club, the Subpress Collective will be having a book party for their newest publications. Readers/authors will include Daniel Bouchard, Camille Guthrie, Jen Hofer, Deborah Richards, Prageeta Sharma, Edwin Torres, and John Wilkinson. Five dollars admission with books for sale at discount prices. The Bowery Poetry Club is located at 308 Bowery at Bleecker Street.



READING REPORTS

TRANSLATING PEACE

On May 21st, we asked poet translators from seven countries to address the social implications of their translation activities at the alternative Galerie Eof in Paris. The idea for the event grew out of a number of international anti-war readings worldwide.

Translation, often remarked on its shortcomings and ultimate impossibility, models what is possible nonetheless in the face of cultural difference. If war is what happens when communication (or the desire for it) is refused, translation is the refusal of refusal.

“Un acte de décentrement créateur conscient de lui-même,” writes Antoine Berman in *L'Épreuve de l'étranger*: an act of creative decentering conscious of itself. The poets at the event generated a collective experience of the consciousness derived from their acts of engaging with another language, and of (dis)placing their own.

Poets read to an audience of around 80 in six languages: Arabic, French, Portuguese, Japanese, Italian, and English. Mixing commentary, philosophical reflection, personal anecdote, and readings from translated poetry, each spoke for a quarter hour marked by eloquence, intensity, and earnest presence.

Following opening remarks by Sarah Riggs, Omar Berrada read a passage from Giacomo Leopardi's *Zibaldone*, likening the work of translation to that of a camera obscura. Lebanese-American Etel Adnan spoke of how sea and sky are gendered differently in French and Arabic, which for a long time made it impossible to translate her first long poem, written in the late forties and based on that very difference, into Arabic. Ironically, a beautiful Arabic translation was recently achieved by Abed Azrie, and eventually published, while the original French never was. Abdellatif Laâbi spoke of the “hour of childhood,” “the hour of prison” (alluding to his imprisonment in Morocco in the 1970s), and of the eroticism of translation. Cole Swensen read her English translations of contemporary French poets, Jean-Michel Espittallier and Anne Parian, and spoke of wars as civil wars, with ourselves. Nicola Gardini addressed the significance of working in multiple languages, including Latin and Greek and regional dialects, and read a moving poem in Italian and French dedicated to his friend Julio Anguita Parrado, the Spanish journalist who died in Iraq.

“Une pause” (vin rouge, fromage, and informal conversation).

Nuno Judice read in Portuguese and remarked on impediments to translation, through his own experience of translating Emily Dickinson. Pierre Alferi scrolled a fax of his French translations of J.H. Prynne, and recounted how the British poet replied to his letters in “literature” French. Ryoko Sekiguchi spoke about the (non)translatability of proper names with a precision and speed that evoked much laughter. Balanced with the comic recognition of how much Italian is used by Starbucks were her comments on the irrecoverable loss of the proper names/objects in the bombing and pillages of Baghdad's archaeological museum. Andrea Raos read from Japanese, Italian, and French translations of Auden, as well as his own poetry, emphasizing time, place, and language, and gave voice to translation itself in a creative monologue.

The act of translating teaches that language involves a loss of control, a renunciation of perfect communication. At the Galerie Eof, nobody could claim to understand everything that was said in the whirl of languages. However, all efforts were made to embrace what is foreign and different, what is not known, into something not feared but desired. In the words of Gertrude Stein, “If it can be done why do it.”

—Omar Berrada and Sarah Riggs

PHILLY NOTES

The Philly Sound: New Poetry Weekend, on August 8th and 9th, was the brainchild of poets Frank Sherlock and Tom Devaney. The plan: bring together 50-plus poets, both locals and out-of-towners, to celebrate our city as a focal point for innovative writing. Friday night's reading boasted a 100-plus crowd and home teamers Jena Osman and Ron Silliman reading at peak form. Saturday kicked into high gear with CA Conrad's 9x9 panel and, as the audience spilled beyond the sweltering main room, it quickly became apparent that shout-outs and cross-references were the order of the day. Jen Coleman riffed on poems by fellow readers Barbara Cole, Pattie McCarthy, and Carol Mirakove; Greg Fuchs, nattily attired and boasting an outstanding mustache, gave extensive props to prior editors of the chapbook series *Open 24 Hours*; Tom belted out a blues song for poet-publisher Gil Ott, recovering from a stroke just blocks away. After a summer of blogs and listservs as my primary contact with fellow poets, how amazing to see so many old friends in one place! Tom pledges to update the event's website with testimonials from co-curators and readers, so take a look for more details: <http://www.english.upenn.edu/~wh/phillysoundwknd.html>.

—Chris McCreary

REPORTS FROM THE PEAKS

The Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics played host to some 18 faculty and student readings over the course of the four-week 2003 Naropa Summer Writing Programme. Ed Sanders, Eleni Sikelianos, Samuel L. Delany and Steven Taylor got things off to a smashing start at the Week 1 (“The Outrider Lineage”) opening faculty reading, with Rebecca Brown, Brian Evenson, Marcella Durand and Mary Caponegro all hitting home runs a few nights later. The week was capped off with Elizabeth Robinson, Kenneth Irby, and the inimitable Robin Blaser. Week 2 (“Cross-cultural and International Studies”) saw readings and performances by, among others, Jerome Rothenberg, Pierre Joris, Nicole Peyraffite, Alison Hedge Coke, Patricia Spears Jones, Renee Gladman, Bhanu Kapil Rider, and Anselm Hollo. Week 3 (“Cultural Activism”) was a treat. Anne Waldman, working with a group of stellar musicians and performers, shared the stage with Carla Harryman and Akilah Oliver, both of whom read fabulous new works. Barrett Watten, Joanne Kyger, Maureen Owen, Reed Bye, and Brenda Coultas were among the Week's other highlights. The final Week (“Performance, Collaboration and Publishing”) was a fitting end to the summer—Sonia Sanchez, Mac Wellman, Edwin Torres, Alexs Pate, Mei-Mei Berssenbrugge, Jack Collom, and Rikki Ducornet were just a few of the terrific writers who read.

—Laird Hunt

It's the best excuse we can come with: we weren't taking notes, we didn't know there'd be a quiz later. Here's some of what we remember from this summer's readings at Naropa.

Ed Sanders kicked things off by leading us all in a lively “Perp Walk.” Only the perps are still walking, alas.

Eleni Sikelianos frightened and bedazzled with her witty, erotic, super-charged lyricism. Better than Beyonce!

Elizabeth Robinson, I could have listened all night to the mesmerizing work from your brilliant new book, *Apprehend*. Come back soon.

OK, Kenneth Irby read too long, and Anne had to give him the high sign (a Naropa tradition), but some of us were damn glad of it because how else would we have heard his remarkable tribute to Gerrit Lansing?

Robin Blaser made up for the lackluster reading of his libretto here two years ago by displaying a magisterial *joie de vivre* as he sampled various keen delights from *Holy Forest* and then read from his recent astonishing collaboration with Meredith Quartermain, *Wanders*.

Ever a delight, Carla Harryman used an alarm to time her reading to the last startling second!

Barrett Watten delivered a tour de force that combined bits of critical prose from *The Constructivist Moment* with poems plucked out of *Frame* and *Bad History*. Meta-poetic vortex, anyone?

Hey New York—we got Maureen Owen and you don't!

Pierre Joris and Nicole Peyrafitte shook the rafters with a multimedia homage to Inanna that left some viewers gasping and others a bit hohum with the whole Goddess thing.

In her sort-of farewell reading to Boulder, Kass Fleisher gave a sharp, moving account of the wages of tenure.

Laird Hunt made the ineffable amusing with an excerpt, including the story of the finger lady from *Indiana, Indiana*. (The book's now out from Coffee House Press.)

Anne Waldman rocked the house with "The Devil's Working Overtime," but even he can't stop Anne, who, as usual, was working overtime and a half. All we can say is: We needed that!

Akilah Oliver's excerpts from her ongoing work, "An Arriving Guard of Angels, Thusly Coming to Greet," (dedicated to her son, Oluchi

MacDonald) were gut-wrenchingly on.

Joanne Kyger never reads long enough.

Anselm Hollo read from the latest in "Guests of Space" and gave the first public reading of some poems by Merv Arkin, who, as he explained, is a fabrication of Boulder's School of Continuation, itself something of a fabrication. But then aren't we all.

Now see what you missed!

—Laura Wright and Patrick Pritchett

THE WEST END

The West End Reading Series is an independent series devoted to providing a forum for innovative writers. Poets and writers who read this summer included: Anselm Berrigan, Edmund Berrigan, and Karen Weiser (June); Dawn Fewkes, Fred Muratori, and Joshua Corey (July); and Cynthia Bond, Nicola Morris, and Jeanne Mackin (August). Audience members included professors and staff from local colleges (Roger Gilbert, Jonathan Monroe-Cornell), poet David Lehman, local slam poets (Ben Porter Lewis, Andy Doyle, and Jenny Mikulski), and local non-slam poets (Amy Whitney, Cynthia Bond, and devoted fan Joshua Corey), as well as summer visitors to the Ithaca area. Highlights included the sighting of one of the slam poets drifting into the land of Nod during the July reading, while several Cornell students giggled and caught snatches of *Kangaroo Jack* through the window of the crowded café as the curator's son researched his forthcoming publication (politely plugged in to earphones and his DVD-equipped iBook): *199 Things to Do in Grass*. For more information, visit www.slyfox.org.

MILLION POEMS JOURNAL

JORDAN DAVIS

The first full-length collection from a poet Susan Wheeler calls "smart and generous."

Million Poems Journal more than lives up to the promise of its title—not only is the work various, full and immediate, it's also as cartoon-crisp as Picasso, fully torqued, fitfully laffy, as brilliant as it is moving. I envy Jordan Davis. —Gary Sullivan

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V. IMP.

NADA GORDON

Grotesque buffoonerie and furious wistfulness ring out among *v. imp.*'s cacophonous panoply of tones: "Some days my idiolect just betrays me/ as the hmm kind of interesting phoenix of gyroscopic angst."

Nadalisque! —Alan Davies

Nonsense galore, as in a bathhouse. —Viktor Shklovsky

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ALICE NOTLEY

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[COVER DESIGN BY GEORGE SCHNEEMAN]

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MY PSYCHOMACHIA

Camille Guthrie

My psychomachia, a close friend, moves in a seesaw motion, a symmetry of action
The endless task of engraving things in the mind
Into little islands of desire, a kind of permanence: the magic of names.
These attempts, anguished creatures, do not arrive, resounding train-like
At a green destination; nevertheless, made out of hopefulness, my words
In their best order wish to enter into the chaos of real things.

Are my words but the hunt for the shadows of things?
Do I suit the action to the word, or the word to the action?
I try. I fit almost any image, any idea or object into an arrangement of words
For this machine, and its glistening coils, which possesses my mind
Unrelentingly. I only think I have control. Well, it's a sort of pain I like
Which I can explain as a super-abstract withdrawal into a universe of names

Since it's so much easier to manipulate names:
Candor, childhood, CA, Coleridge. I feel they are better than the real things
That escape me: camels, clothes, clover, cuckoos, coal, coconuts. Do you like
Allegories? No? Look, what appears to be rigidity in action
May actually result in the product of an elusive, iridescent mind
Like Cézanne, for example. This is when I fear the enchanting effect of my words

On others! Emerson too said: words are a kind of action, actions words.
Even when describing you in classic formulas or pastoral names,
Like "Love's dart that wounds but does not kill," the mechanical mind
Selects terms to express its ambivalence about beloved things.
I should be more like Rilke, who wrote in his youth: "I am taking action
Against fear," or like Zola who said, "I always bite off more than I can chew, like

MY PSYCHOMACHIA (CON'T)

Camille Guthrie

When I attack a subject that I really like
I try to force a whole illuminated world into words;
Hence my torments, in my ambition, my drama shifting into action
All for the enormous, for totality, for immortal moments and names."
I too long for this exacting world built from the actualities of things
Dusted off and slipped into the apparatus of the reader's restless mind.

See a high degree of intensity can lurk in the back of one's mind
That must be out. When I realized I had this problem, more or less like
Others, I pinned above my desk: "The poet flees from the macrocosm of things
To the microcosm of words." To the microcosm of words.
"He loves the fatal fictions, cloudy figures, and shadowy names
For their own sake, dazed by the unruly content of his dreams in action."

I don't mind it at all. It becomes a familiar sort of engaging action
Like favorite lines one says over and over to oneself: tender names.
He who knows the word for a thing I know masters the thing.

After Angus Fletcher's Allegory: The Theory of a Symbolic Mode

Camille Guthrie is the author of *The Master Thief* (Subpress, 2000). Recent work from *In Captivity*, a series of poems about the Unicorn Tapestries, has appeared in *The Poker*, *Conjunctions*, *The Chicago Review*, and *Arkrush*. She teaches literature at a Quaker high school in Manhattan and lives in Brooklyn.



JOAN MURRAY

One of the poets of the forties whom I most enjoy rereading is Joan Murray, author of the 1947 volume *Poems by Joan Murray* in the Yale Series of Younger Poets. (She is not to be confused with the contemporary poet Joan Murray, author of *Queen of the Mist*, *Looking for the Parade*, and *The Same Water*.) Very little is known of her life, and what little biographical information I have comes from George Bradley, who did research on her when compiling the *Yale Younger Poets Anthology* (Yale, 1988). I haven't had a chance to consult her archives, which are at the Smith College Library and are said to be rather sparse.

Murray was born February 12, 1917, in London, apparently of Canadian parents who had met in Toronto. Her father, Stanley, was a painter. Her mother, Margaret or Peggy, had aspirations to become an actress and advertised herself as a *diseuse* or monologist, a genre whose most famous exponent was the American Ruth Draper. The couple soon separated and by 1927 Peggy and young Joan were back in North America, living in Chatham, Ontario, and Detroit (where Peggy had a sister), and eventually in New York. Joan's health was always frail; she had rheumatic fever in 1930 and thereafter, and eventually died of a heart valve infection on January 4, 1942, a month before her 25th birthday, in Saranac Lake, NY.

In New York Joan studied dance and acting, the latter at the School of Dramatic Arts under the famous Russian actress Maria Ouspenskaya. In the fall of 1940 she studied poetry with W. H. Auden at The New School. They became friends and Auden chose her posthumous volume as the first during his tenure as judge of the Yale Younger Poets series, which lasted from 1947 to 1959. (Her finest poetry was all written in the scant year and a half between meeting Auden and her tragic early death; Bradley says "the great outpouring of high-quality work all happened within a year.") The book was edited by a little-known poet named Grant Code, a friend of Peggy's who hadn't known Joan. He admitted that he did so with a rather free hand, but we have only his versions of most of the poems; a box containing the original mss. was lost by moving men when the archives were shipped to Smith College some time in the 1960s.

Although it seems unlikely that Code could have improved on the originals, we are lucky to have his versions; my impression is that Murray's poetry was powerful enough to stand up to the ministrations of a well-meaning but somewhat heavy-handed editor. The volume seems not to have attracted much attention when it was published. Bradley, who calls it "one of the high points in the series," says that reviewers were "puzzled." William Meredith, however, gave it a mostly laudatory review in *Poetry* (September, 1947), saying that the book "introduces a powerful and distinctive voice. The distinction is not achieved without sacrifices, often of clarity, sometimes of music, but all the cost is justified by the fresh excellence of the best of Joan Murray's poems. These make strong reading."

Grant Code said that she left most of her poems untitled, and that he therefore chose the first line of a poem as its title in many instances, using her title if there was one, and occasionally supplying

one of his own. Using the first line turns out to have been a good idea; just reading the table of contents gives one an idea of the strength and sharpness of her work. Here are a few titles: "If Here in the City," "There Are Shapes Out of the North," "The Young Host of Rockledge," "As the Summer Sun Comes Down into the Autumn Trees," "You Spoke of Windmills," "Not That I Had Ever Laughed Too Much," "Talk of People in Warning," "Here Where I Tamper with the Inverted Walls of Tomorrow," "I Feel Only the Desolation of Wide Water," and "Even the Gulls of the Cool Atlantic."

These I think demonstrate her power of abruptly inducting the reader into the poem *in medias res*. In fact the second, third, and succeeding lines often veer in quite other directions. In "Here Where I Tamper..." we scarcely get a chance to wonder about the nature of "the inverted walls of tomorrow" or what "tampering" with them could involve; the poem is already off and running. The second stanza is typical of her whirlwind trajectories.

Leave the head to its particular swimming
The hand as fist where it belongs, the finger to its skimming
Know the new, and meet again the adult,
Walk the path with men and women, and consult
The attitudes of little children,
Treat with gravity the statements of the parrot and the hen,
Run with your hands in pockets, whistling, and listen to sharp wisdom
From your own spontaneous play, even from
The clip of your heels under night lamps and on in the dark,
While hieroglyph trees are marked thin and bare about the
winter park.

Here we have her fondness for unexpected rhymes (children/hen; wisdom/from), perhaps as a result of Auden's influence, and for lines of unequal length, suggestive of waves washing up on a beach, with every so often an unusually long one, like the wave that surprises you when you're walking by the ocean, making you run to escape it. (The sea is often a backdrop for her poems, though knowing little about her life I am not aware if she ever lived near a seacoast.) What is most startling here and elsewhere in her work are the abrupt transitions and changes of scene: the head and its particular swimming, the finger skimming, the attitudes of little children, the statements of parrot and hen, running with hands in pockets, the clip of heels under night lamps in the winter park. How did we get from there to here, and what have we been told? As so often, this remains partly or even largely mysterious. What we are left with is the sense of an act accomplished, an act of telling, and a feeling that we must take this communication away to study it; something important is hidden there. Repeated readings may not reveal it, but the mere act of reading Murray's poetry always seems to be pushing one closer to the brink of a momentous discovery.

John Ashbery is the Charles P. Stevenson Jr. Professor of Literature at Bard College. His most recent collection of poems is Chinese Whispers.

JOAN MURRAY

Men and Women Have Meaning Only as Man and Woman

Men and Women have meaning only as man and woman.
The moon is itself and it is lost among stars.
The days are individual, and in the passage
The nights are each sleep, but the dreams vary.
A repeated action is upon its own feet.
We who have spoken there speak here.
A world turns and walks away.
The timing of independent objects
Permits them to live and move and admit their space
And entity and various attitudes of life.
All things are cool in themselves and complete.



JOAN VINCENT MURRAY, CA. 1940
PHOTO PROVIDED BY GEORGE BRADLEY

Burning Deck Fall 2003

Pegasus Descending: a Book of the Best Bad Verse

edited by James Camp, X. J. Kennedy, & Keith Waldrop

Out of print for thirty years, this hilarious and disgusting anthology is again available, complete and unexpurgated. The editors have rummaged the arsenal of English poetry for its most spectacular fizzles. They have been no respecters of persons: Sarah Taylor Shatford rubs shoulders here with Milton, Keats and Wordsworth. The poems presented are absolutely sincere; no failure is faked. All infelicities are unintended. Here there is—as James Wright declared after hearing these poems—“nothing mediocre!”

Anthology, 240 pages, offset, Smyth-sewn, ISBN 1-886224-68-4, original paperback \$10

Dallas Wiebe: The Vox Populi Street Stories

A satirical novel, narrated by Gottlieb Otto Liebgott, a retired German doctor who lives in Cincinnati. It centers on the life and career of Dallasandro Vibini, a private investigator of petty crimes that are emblematic of the inanities of our absurd world. It hilariously blends the shaggy dog story with mock-detective fiction and, finally, mock-romance as Vibini (over 50) marries an eighteen year old girl and finds salvation in becoming a father.

By the author of *Going to the Mountain*, *Skyblue's Essays*, and *Our Asian Journey*.

Fiction, 312 pages, offset, Smyth-sewn, ISBN 1-886224-64-1 original paperback \$15

Marie Borel: Close Quote

[Série d'écriture Supplement, Nr. 4; trans. Keith Waldrop]

Borel forces “other people’s sentences” into a dialogue with each other, the spirit of irony ruling the space between. Something like *Everybody's Autobiography*: “A simple man, he loves the lake, money also somewhat...”

After an appearance in *The Germ*, this is her first publication in English.

Prose poems, 40 pages, offset, saddle-stitched, ISBN 1-886224-67-6, \$5

Elizabeth Willis: *Turneresque*. Poetry, 96 pages, offset, Smyth-sewn, ISBN 1-886224-62-5 original paperback \$10

Julie Kalendek: *Our Fortunes*. Poetry, 56 pages, offset Smyth-sewn, ISBN 1-886224-60-9 original paperback \$10

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Ludwig Harig: *The Trip to Bordeaux*. [Dichten=, Nr. 6, trans. Susan Bernofsky]

Novella, 104 pp., offset, Smyth-sewn, ISBN 1-886224-53-6 original paperback \$10

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JACK COLLOM

Talks Spandrels, Foxes, and Receding Paths WITH MARCELLA DURAND

In 2001, the publication of *Red Car Goes By*, a compendium of Jack Collom's work from 1955 to 2000, selected by a group of poetic heavy-hitters, including Reed Bye, Clark Coolidge, Larry Fagin, Merrill Gilfillan, Lyn Hejinian, and Collom himself, was the first step in remedying what, for many, was the unacceptable neglect of a poet essential to any innovative "canon." Exploring the environs of language and world, undistracted by trends, schools, or cliques, Collom has created his own place in poetry. As Ron Silliman has written on *Red Car Goes By*, "Part of what is so very interesting reading these earliest poems by Jack Collom is that he seems to have already figured out what it seems to have taken so many other poets another 20 years to get straight—it's not a zero sum competition. Liking the New York School need not preclude an interest in the Beats, the Projectivists nor anything else for that matter. In that sense, Collom is writing—these poems date from 1955 to 1964—very much like a poet of the 1980s. The man was literally a quarter century ahead of his time." Born in Chicago on November 8, 1931, Collom grew up in Western Springs, Illinois, and moved to Colorado at age 15. He worked at factories for 20 years and now teaches part-time and freelance, mostly at Poet-in-the-Schools and at Naropa University, including courses on Ecology and Literature. He has published 17 books of poetry with small presses and two CDs and has twice received a National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship.

MD: Some of your poems are formal, like the Sonnets, and then others have their own individual form—do you invent it for them, or do they invent the form for themselves?

JC: If you're asking how I come to this unusual variety, I'm surprised that everybody isn't as varied. Part of it has been through working with kids, developing an assortment of approaches. Also, I feel validated in "trying anything" by my sense of biology. I have a sentence here from Darwin that I find a real poetics root-statement: "The truth of the principle that the greatest amount of life can be supported by *great diversification of structure* [emphasis JC's] is seen under many natural circumstances." He goes on to say that a three- by four-foot patch of turf he had studied had 20 species of plants that belonged to 18 genera and eight different orders, and all of this was just by chance: it was the best and most workable thing, as opposed to a monoculture-type situation. To me, the sense of poets finding their "voice" in poems is artificial and overpsychologized. But maybe it's right for a lot of folks. How would we define somebody like Robert Creeley? Or Alexander Pope? They have very distinctly limited voices, but within that limitation, universes take place.

MD: You've said that you're interested in writing "what's in front of you."

JC: That's an old remark that I think I got from William Burroughs. It's a little odd that Burroughs would say that, when you think of some of the scenes in *Naked Lunch*... I suppose one can nudge the concept so that something happening in front of you in your imagination is eligible. Then at least it's not concocted out of a series of intellectual steps. For me, it's a corrective to the idea I originally had as a very young fellow trying to be a poet—that the poem was some wrestling of the universe into callow generalities.

MD: Could it also have to do with your interest in processes and systems—concepts of the natural world?

JC: Yeah. When I was a little kid, I was taken for walks in the woods by my father. I fell in love with nature and became a passionate birdwatcher at age 11. I guess what happened to me—I'm sure this happens to a degree with a lot of people—was that I became somewhat alienated from the human world. I felt that the adults that I saw were engaged in a deceptive series of conversations. I didn't have the maturity to realize that this is simply the grease the world needs to whirl on its axis.

MD: What did you love about nature?

JC: I loved the variability and the spaciousness. I was out with Jenny [Heath] recently and we looked into the woods and saw the darkening series of recessions that one sees.



PHOTO BY JENNIFER HEATH

It reminded me that the image of a path disappearing into the woods or just a sense of a way going into the woods was stunningly attractive for me as a kid.

MD: It's on the cover of your book [*Red Car Goes By*].

JC: Yes, snapped by my son Nat. That's, oddly, within the NYC city limits. And there's having a secret place of one's own. Then of course the animals, and this was partly through readings that I did when I was very small. Thornton W. Burgess wrote these little books about humanized animals wearing little jackets. *The Adventures of Reddy the Fox*, *Old Mother Westwind*, etc. Later, Ernest Thompson Seton's books.

MD: So many have that hope of communicating with animals...

JC: Oh, I had that so strongly. It was the hardest thing—I can still feel the pain of withdrawing from that belief that we could talk with animals. Of course, nowadays, the scientific evidence is piling back in that the communication of animals is much more evident, intricate and complex than some of the behaviorists and other sort-of cynical scientists have wanted to say. Nature as machine. When I was a kid, my favorite animal was the fox. I identified with the fox and his sneaking around the woods. But also with the gawky blue heron, just standing there.

MD: What about that mouse you've written about so much?

JC: That came later and was more of a deliberate choice, based on the desire to write effectively about nature and thereby choosing the despised little mouse, which, as my sister Jane says, might be called "mammalian popcorn." I thought if I could write a series of poems, if I could demonstrate that the mouse is a glorious complex of endless applications and glittering life, if I could hint at that by writing about the mouse in a variety of strange forms, then this would perform a service perhaps.

MD: Do you have hopes that poetry can shift perceptions?

JC: Yes, it always has. Probably most when it isn't attempted. There's that thought of poetry becoming preachy propaganda and of course ruining itself. Sometime in the late '80s, I was over 50 already and had been writing poetry for a long time, being a nature boy for a long time, and keeping the two more or less apart. Of course, nature entered my poetry, birds and whatnot, but I resisted any temptation to become a "nature poet" for the reasons given. You don't want to sound like Chief Seattle in a school play. But I was convinced by Jennifer and my paleontologist son Chris to give it a try. I thought, well, if I just try to write a "hip" poem as poem—the word "hip" is kind of silly, I don't feel like a hip person at all—but hip in the sense it's active in all details, if that's what hip could possibly mean. Even if *the* or *of* or *in* has to turn into a little jumping frog. If I do get something going, qua poem, then I can say, "Save a leaf!" (and blow the poem, Larry Fagin might say). Hence *Arguing With Something Plato Said*.

MD: What were you arguing with?

JC: With Plato's famous remarks about the cave, that all of the variety of actual physical life on earth is as ephemeral and unimportant as the flickering shadows on a cave wall. I doubt if Plato could light a bonfire; it's not inductive enough. By the way, I had been calling that manuscript "Around Here," which Anne Waldman, the publisher, thought kind of drab. Ron Padgett has termed it, "Arguing with Some Potato Salad."

MD: Some of your poems strike me as philosophical. Yesterday you were throwing Kant's name around...

JC: I threw it around twice, I think. But I don't know anything about Kant. I've never studied philosophy, but I am very drawn to it, as many people who haven't studied it are. I particularly like phenomenology and

Husserl. The emphasis that our perceptions are very much shaped by physical distortion, bias, and limitation, which becomes glorious.

MD: I'm interested in how you work out scientific concepts in poetry.

JC: I think I have a tiny, amateur feedback loop with my science readings, which are not in any way professional. It's just that I like to read people like Stephen Jay Gould. He, for example, has this concept of "spandrels." Spandrels are little architectural spaces in an arch. The arch is affecting a curve at its top and in older constructions of the arch—this had to be done in a series of little zigzags. You couldn't just bend an arch, you had to step an arch. So these little "steps" had little triangles of space in them. If you go by 90-degree increments when you're trying to arc over a space, then you have these space triangles—those are span-

drels. Gould uses the idea of spandrels for all "stuff" that doesn't perform an exact function. It's just the fluff, the effluvia of a natural process. This little extra space that's repeated is a byproduct. It's not anything in itself. It's a leftover of achieving something in a not-quite-direct way. And nature's *absolutely full* of this type of thing. When you look closely, everything real is spandrelized.

MD: Including poetry!

JC: Including poetry! You can see poetry as more central if you don't overemphasize the blunt logic of natural selection. People have this idea of natural selection as this series of very blunt logical happenstances. Nature's not a 12-step program. It's 90 percent spandrels and secondary uses. The human tongue was not created for yodeling. (Voice from the kitchen, "Amen.")

MD: Could this be seen as flexibility? A multi-use organ lends advantage?

about

on a that blue onto for the an
where tan when what why whiles
is of although through crimson
could are purple were till why
as was under white while to be
yellow throughout which in was
unto among chartreuse has have
thru gold out and but this tho
when magenta should is could o
wasn't until pink will neither
not or into brown can and over
without with do teal do either
ochre nor would upon the isn't
this which etc. in still there
there's aquamarine been hasn't
of especially greens that that
off-white those what won't hey
away inner these gray although
to turquoise who black them at
she it scarlet him their among
up before down after it beige-
rust outer them his but and/or
this upon under unto red in be
up through ivory her when then
uh to shouldn't will be orange
a over why battleship gray the

JC: Yes, and all of this is utterly parallel with poetry. It's just a percentage of randomness. If you're writing a poem and you feel strongly about this biological bubbling complexity that I'm trying to express a little about, then you're open to what happens to language in the same way. The language is bubbling along just like the gene pool. Each idea's a mutation. So I do feel encouraged by that kind of biological understanding to open up more in poetry, to subvert the intentional fallacy more, to just try things out and experiment, because nature is one big experiment.

MD: And you think this idea has developed over your poetic career?

JC: Yes, I do. Because at first one feels intimidated. The only freshness is ignorance. The first day I ever wrote poems, on the shores of Tripoli, Libya, I thought you had to rhyme. I was 23.

MD: How did you come to write poetry in the first place?

JC: My little story—I say “my little story” because one tells oneself stories and they become a little too pat, perhaps—is that I went to college in Colorado and studied wildlife management and forestry, following

out my slightly misanthropic, throw-self-in-nature mode, then I got interested in culture suddenly and didn't want to sit in a swamp and count ducks the rest of my life. When I finished college, it was Korean War time. I joined the Air Force to beat the draft and met some artist friends in South Carolina where I was stationed and became very interested in being an artist. I'd always loved the quirks and humors of language, but had never thought to write before. Aside from essays and exercises, it wasn't encouraged in schools during the '30s and '40s. So I just started writing, wanting to be my own boss.

MD: Poetry as opposed to fiction?

JC: I started with stories and wrote a few horrible self-absorbed, exceedingly romantic stories and then turned to poetry one day and found that, I don't know, maybe I have a musical sense. Or my brain is fragmented. I found a home in poetry. Poetry was a discovery process. In a story, you're carrying a burden of some kind of mostly predetermined logical development. Or so I felt.

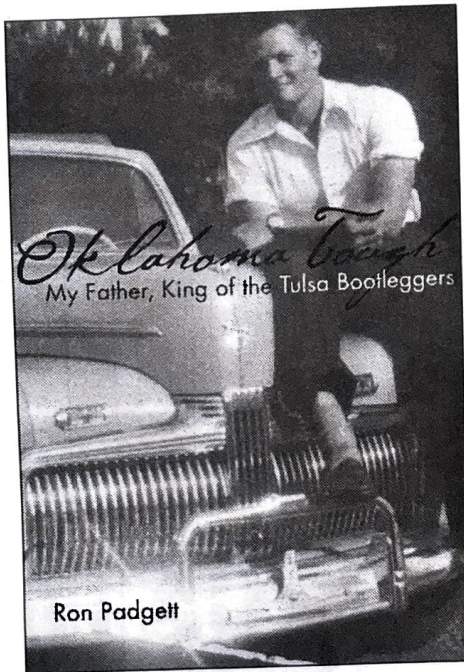
MD: How did you find the courage to break away from your initial view of poetry?

JC: It was sucking other people's courage

for a long time, whose examples I would follow, or just by getting deeper into the poetry that was available to me. I was pretty isolated. I did live in New York City for a couple of years ('56 to '57), but I didn't know any other poets. Then I went to Germany, then to a Connecticut factory town. I worked in factories for 20 years. I wasn't really in the soup of other poets as many people are, I fancy, in New York and San Francisco. Little by little, I would get examples of things. Donald Allen's anthology, *The New American Poetry*, was sent to me in 1960 by Stan Brakhage, who had married my sister. After an initial negative response to that book, which lasted about five minutes, I really came to love it. I still think of it as the great upheaval in my own personal poetry. Before that, I had been stuck with Louis Untermeyer's *Golden Treasury of English-American Upchuck* as a set of models. But even the more conservative great poets that one finds in such an anthology—you get into them. The conservative aspect just crumbles away and you find the genuinely exciting poet within. I was (am) certainly in love with Gerard Manley Hopkins, a dynamo of innovation. Even reading the Brownings, or Lascelles Abercrombie, at



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Oklahoma Tough

My Father, King of the Tulsa Bootleggers

By Ron Padgett

Wayne Padgett, a high-ranking member of the “Dixie Mafia,” was a contradictory mix of high principles and criminality, kindness and violence. In this book his poet son has recounted his personal memories of his father, the turbulent time in which he lived, and his famous exploits that are brought to life by his old acquaintances, be they friend or foe.

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POETRY PROJECT EVENTS CALENDAR

OCTOBER NOVEMBER 2003

OCTOBER

1 WEDNESDAY

Brenda Coultas & Bhanu Kapil Rider

Brenda Coultas is the author of *A Handmade Museum* (Coffee House Press, 2003) which was a recipient of a Greenwald grant from The Academy of American Poets, and *The Bowery Project* (Leroy Press), a long poem paired with a critical essay by Alan Gilbert. Her work has appeared in *Conjunctions*, *Fence*, and *The Poetry Project Newsletter*. She spent the summer in Mexico and is currently collecting and writing true ghost stories. Bhanu Kapil Rider is the author of a book of poetry, *The Vertical Interrogation of Strangers* (Kelsey St. Press), and a chapbook of prose, *Autobiography of a Cyborg*. A full-length book of expanded cyborg information, *A House Made of Water*, is forthcoming from Leon Works. She is currently collaborating with her sister, Rohini Kapil-Mitchell, on *Water-damage: a memoir*, an investigation of the high incidence of schizophrenia in the South Asian communities of London, England. She lives in Loveland, Colorado.

6 MONDAY

Open Reading: Sign-up at 7:45 pm [8 pm]

8 WEDNESDAY

Greg Fuchs & Carol Mirakove

Greg Fuchs is a writer and photographer who lives in New York City. He is the author of *Came Like It Went*, *New Orleans Xmas*, and *Uma Terma*, and is a regular contributor to *Clamor* and *Unarmed*. His documentary photography was recently on view at Soho Letterpress. Carol Mirakove is the author of *WALL* (Isxay, 1999), *temporary tattoos* (BabySelf Press, 2002), *FUCK THE POLIS*, and *OCCUPIED*, in which she names a lot of people who have been getting away with murder.

10 FRIDAY

Book Party for Keith Roach

Keith Roach is a well-known veteran of both the Poetry Project and the Nuyorican Poets Cafe, and a former host of the Nuyorican's Friday Night Slam. *The world changes at the expense of black people* is his first book, published by Clique Calm Books. Tonight he will be reading with Felice Belle, Kayo, and other special guests TBA. [8 pm]

13 MONDAY

Dürer in the Window, Reflexions in Art

A celebration of the publication of *Dürer in the Window*, *Reflexions in Art*, by Barbara Guest (Roof Books, 2003), a collection of reviews, essays, and poetry that reflects over 50 years of work reviewing art and collaborating with visual artists, and includes full-color reproductions and original artwork. Reading tonight will be *Dürer* editor Africa Wayne, along with Charles Bernstein, Mei-Mei Berssenbrugge, John Yau, and other special guests TBA. A reception will follow.

15 WEDNESDAY

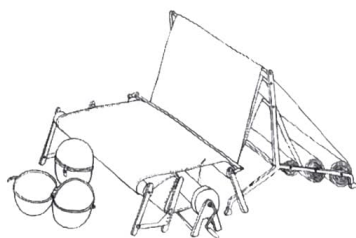
Rachel Levitsky & Monica Youn

Rachel Levitsky is the author of *Under the Sun* (Futurepoem, 2003). She is the founder and former curator of the Belladonna* Series, a matrix of feminist, experimental, and hybrid poetry events and publishing. Her current project is called *Neighbor*. Monica Youn is the author of *Barter* (Graywolf Press, 2003). Her work has appeared in various journals, including *AGNI*, *Fence*, and *Poetry Review*. She was raised in Houston, Texas, and currently lives in Manhattan.

20 MONDAY

Ishle Yi Park & Rachel Zucker

Ishle Yi Park is a Korean American poet who has been published in *The Best American Poetry 2003*. Her first book, *The*



Temperature of Water, is forthcoming from Kaya Press in December. Rachel Zucker is the author of *Eating in the Underworld* (Wesleyan University Press, 2003) and *The Last Clear Narrative* (also from Wesleyan, forthcoming). She is the winner of the Center for Book Arts Chapbook Competition, the Barrow Street Prize, and the Strousse Award, and lives in New York with her husband and two sons.

22 WEDNESDAY

Peter Culley & George Stanley

Peter Culley was born in 1958 and has published five books of poetry, including *The Climax Forest* (Leech Books, 1995) and *Hammerloven* (New Star, 2003). His writings on art have appeared in numerous catalogues and publications, including <http://mossesfromanoldmance2.blogspot.com/>. He lives in South Wellington, near Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island. George Stanley was born and raised in San Francisco, and educated by the Jesuits in Bohemian (i.e., non-Mormon) Salt Lake City and by Jack Spicer and Robert Duncan in North Beach. His many books include *Tic Rouge, You, The Stick, Flowers, At Andy's*, and the essential *A Tall, Serious Girl: Selected Poems 1957-2000* (Qua Books, 2003). For the past 30 years, Stanley has lived and taught English in British Columbia.

27 MONDAY

Talk Series: Major Jackson, "Sun Ra's Lyric Space"

Major Jackson was nominated for a 2002 National Book Critics' Circle Award for his debut, *Leaving Saturn*, and was the recipient of the 2000 Cave Canem Poetry Prize. He is currently a Witter Bynner Fellow of the Library of Congress and Assistant Professor of English at the University of Vermont. Tonight he will discuss how the music and life of Sun Ra has affected his own poetics as well as those of his generation.

29 WEDNESDAY

Frank Sherlock & Tracy K. Smith

Frank Sherlock curates the La Tazza Reading Series in Philadelphia, PA. His recent chapbooks include *13* (Isxay Press) and *End/Begin w/ Chants* (Mooncalf Press). *Ace of Diamond Satellite* is forthcoming from Buck Downs Books in 2004. He is currently collaborating with CA Conrad on *The City Real & Imagined: Philadelphia Poems*. Tracy K. Smith is the author of *The Body's Question* (Graywolf Press, 2003), a recipient of the 2002 Cave Canem Poetry Prize, chosen and introduced by Kevin Yung. Smith has been awarded a grant from the Ludwig Vogelstein Foundation and a residency at Fundación Valparaíso.

NOVEMBER

3 MONDAY

Open Reading: Sign-up at 7:45 pm [8 pm]

5 WEDNESDAY

Jeffery Conway & David Trinidad

A reading to commemorate the publication of *Phoebe 2002: An Essay in Verse*, a collaboration based on the movie, *All About Eve*. Jeffery Conway's poems have appeared in the anthologies *Plush*, *The World in Us*, and *The Brink: An Anthology of Postmodern Poetry from 1965 to the Present*. His chapbook *Blood Poisoning* was published in 1995. David Trinidad's books include *Plasticville*, *Answer Song*, and *Hand Over Heart: Poems 1981-1988*. He edited *Powerless: The Selected Poems of Tim Dlugos* and, with Maxine Scates, *Holding Our Oxen: The Selected Poems of Ann Stanford*.

10 MONDAY

India Radfar & Mark Wunderlich

India Radfar is the author of *India Poem* (Pir Press, 2002) and *The Desire To Meet with the Beautiful* (Tender Buttons, 2003). Mark Wunderlich is the author of *The Anchorage*, which received the 1999 Lambda Literary Award. His next book of poems, *Voluntary Servitude*, is forthcoming from Graywolf Press.

12 WEDNESDAY

Thomas Sayers Ellis & Anne Waldman

Thomas Sayers Ellis's books include *The Good Junk*, *The Genuine Negro Hero*, and *The Maverick*, forthcoming from Graywolf Press in 2005. He is a co-founder of the Dark Room Collective and the co-editor of *On the Verge: Emerging Poets and Artists* (Faber & Faber). Anne Waldman is an internationally known poet, cultural activist, performer, professor, and editor. She co-founded, with Allen Ginsberg in 1974, the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics at Naropa University and was the director of the Poetry Project for ten years. She is the author of over 30 books, including most recently, *In the Room of Never Grieve: New & Selected Poems 1985-2003* (Coffee House Press). In 2003, she co-founded the *Poetry Is News* coalition with Ammiel Alcalay and was part of the Not In Our Name/Poems Not Fit for the White House event at Lincoln Center.

17 MONDAY

Mark Bibbins & Jenny Bouilly

Mark Bibbins is the author of *Sky Lounge* (Graywolf Press, 2003) and a founding editor of *LIT* magazine. Jenny Bouilly's book, *The Body*, was published in 2003 by Slope Editions. Her work has been anthologized in the *Best American Poetry 2002*, *Great American Prose Poems*, and *The Next American Essay*.

19 WEDNESDAY

Robert Creeley & Jennifer Moxley

Robert Creeley's books of poetry include *For Love*, *Pieces*, *Windows*, and *Selected Poems*, and his works of prose include a novel, *The Island*, and a collection of stories, *The Gold Diggers*. His critical writings are published in *The Collected Essays of Robert Creeley* and his correspondence with Charles Olson is now in 10 volumes and counting. He has collaborated with a number of musicians and visual artists, including Steve Lacy, Mercury Rev, Robert Indiana, Jim Dine, R.B. Kitaj, Francesco Clemente, Alex Katz, and Susan Rothenberg. Jennifer Moxley is the author of *Imagination Verses* (Tender Buttons, 1996; Salt, 2003) and *The Sense Record* (Edge, 2002; Salt 2003). She is the poetry editor at *The Baffler* and a contributing editor to *The Poker*.

24 MONDAY

Talk Series: Kristin Prevallet, "On Elegy"

More a mediation than a lecture, "On Elegy" will present the visual, formal, and linguistic art of talking through and to the dead, meaning people and the social/emotional spaces that appear and disappear as they do. Visual art and texts traversed will include Whitman, Oppen, Noley, Schneemann, and Mallarmé. Prevallet's recent project is called *Fallen Left Behind: Forms for Elegy*. She is the author of *Scratch Sides: Poetry, Documentation, and Image-Text Projects* (Skanky Possum, 2003).

The Poetry Project is located at St. Mark's Church in-the-Bowery_131 East 10th Street, New York City 10003_www.poetryproject.com

All events are \$8, \$7 for seniors and students, \$5 for members and begin at 8 pm unless otherwise noted.

Programs are subject to change. For information call (212) 674-0910.

first you're struck by the conventional thing, but as you become more deeply acquainted with the poetry, your appreciation of it falls into insane grottoes of who-knows-what.

MD: But you started corresponding with some of the poets in Allen's anthology?

JC: I sent Diane di Prima a Bertolt Brecht translation that she printed in *Floating Bear*. Then she came to Boulder and I set up a reading for her. She very generously gave me a huge address list of "alternative" poets. I was in touch by mail for a few years with Gary Snyder, Ted Berrigan and others, then Naropa came to Boulder in '74.

DREAMED HAIKU

Slowly the castle
draws goodies from what if,
slides off cliff.

—Jack Collom

MD: What was that like?

JC: At first, it was like Gulliver's Isle of Laputa, the island in the sky that rules various domains below and plops down upon them when it needs to exert its authority. There had been a lovely little mini-renaissance in Boulder just prior to Naropa's plopping in. People like Reed Bye were involved and some of the poets resented the oblivious incursion of the hotshot bicoastals. It's true that many of them were not very curious about this Colorado hick town they'd splashed into. I was a bit of a liaison there, because I was the one who happened to know these poets, at least by mail, and very soon, resentments dissolved away. Naropa was of course a great boon to Boulder, especially poetically. It's been a tremendous piece of luck to anyone living here to have the access to poets, in the summer writing program especially.

MD: I wanted to ask you about your collaborative poems. You're known for whipping out that paper and pen...

JC: It's a great love of mine. It was the '50s when I first got into that. I was living with some artist friends in New York City and they had a party game of making a collaborative poem. What you got was instant disjuncture and that pleased me so much. I've always had such a great love for absurdism.

Part of my fox-child image. The adults are talking a certain way and it seems pretentious and false to me, and I constantly want to break it up with absurdism. I absolutely loved Spike Jones—Clark Coolidge did too, by the way. Just a real break-up of the established modes with the most ridiculous, absurd goofery. Anything that broke up conventions was totally refreshing to me. Much harder, then, to break up my own conventions.

MD: Would you say you never really know a poet until you've written a collaborative poem with him or her?

JC: It's a great way to converse.

MD: Who have been some of your most successful collaborators?

JC: My own children. Reed Bye, Lyn Hejinian, Larry Fagin, classrooms of kids, many more. A buddy of mine here named Dan Hankin, who's not a poet, but a musician. He and I write collaborations all the time. All of this symbiosis resembles, uh, symbiosis, which is the hot revelation in biology. Lynn Margulis, a very precise relativist, Gaia proponent, champion of the mitochondria (the original "poets in the schools") is leading the way.

MD: So what have you been writing lately? What projects are you working on?

JC: Well, I'm cleaning my room and have been for weeks and I found this huge envelope containing a lot of very short poems. For years, off and on, I've enjoyed writing shorties, haiku, lunes, little senryu, teenyweenies of all kinds, usually three-liners.

Some have been published, but I have a vast collection. Part of it too was Ken and Ann Mikolowski's postcard project, which I did 600 cards for a few years back.

MD: 600?

JC: That's what they did. They would send you 600. Alice Notley did it twice, I believe. So that activity involved marshalling a lot of short works into examination. Then I stuck it away and that was years ago. I do have a habit of being organized, to an extent, of sticking things into big brown envelopes with the words "Short Pieces" on them in big marker. I get into these jags of concentrated hacking away at something and that's what I've been doing, trying to mark the ones that might be possible now. I'm 71 years old and I say that because I think I'm coming to an ability to work with my own writings, better than I ever have before. Just a slight maturing of my editorial eye. In the mornings, I don't jump up and go out to work in the factory anymore, so I've been taking advantage of the ability to lie in bed and think about things and thinking about poems. I find it a wonderful place to just come to a very nuanced feeling about what you're going to do with the poem once you do get out of bed. So I'm really enjoying that and am able perhaps to make good decisions with pages and pages and pages of poems. Within the last two days I typed up 50 pages of short poems and then went through and chopped out some. So now of course, it's got to sit there. And brew. I think I've finally learned to shut up in my poems. On the other hand, of course...

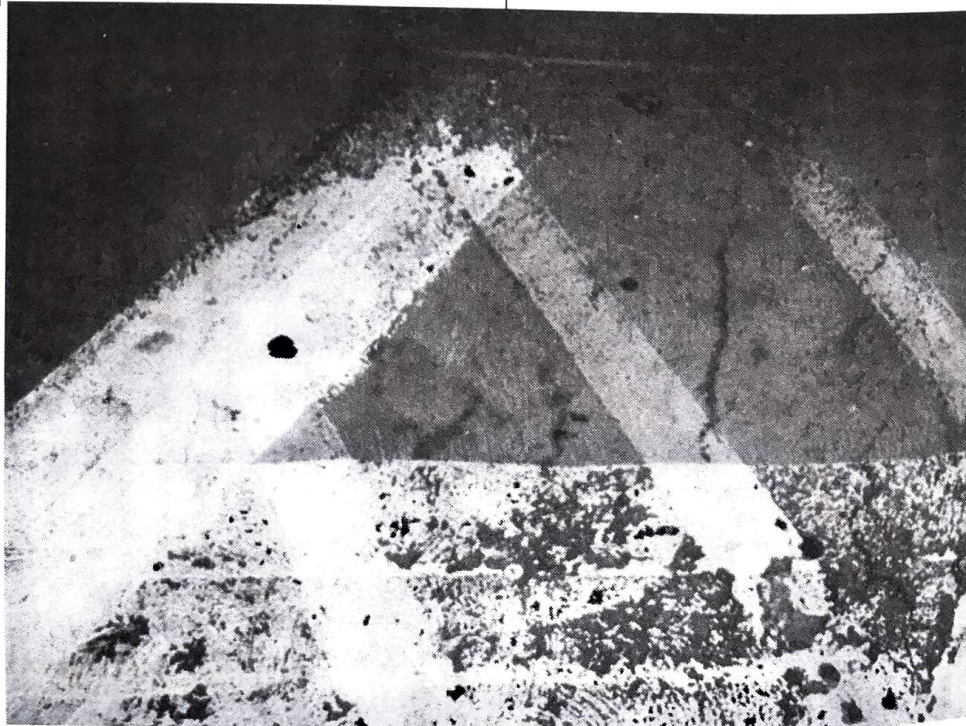


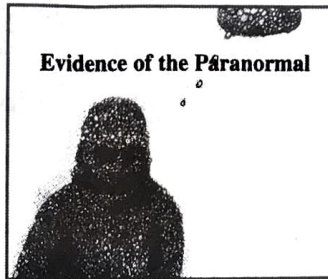
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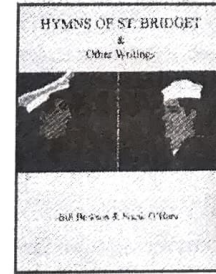
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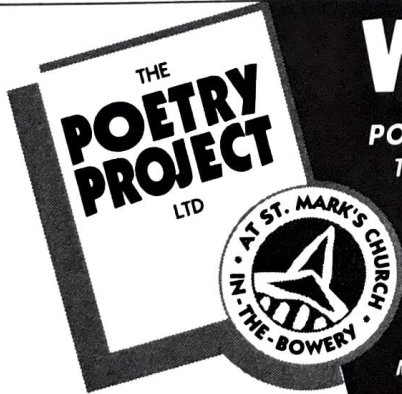
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WRITING WORKSHOPS

POETRY WORKSHOP - TONY TOWLE

TUESDAYS AT 7 PM: 10 SESSIONS BEGIN OCTOBER 21st

Towle writes, "It is assumed that participants will be serious, practicing poets. My critiques and suggestions will be made from the starting point of what the poet has already established, not advocating a total change of style. However, non-binding assignments will be suggested, perhaps on an individual basis, to expand the sensibility. Apollinaire, Keats, Stevens, Neruda, Max Jacob, Williams, and O'Hara are some of the writers who will be discussed, as well as more recent, lesser-known poets whose work will be talked about before their names are revealed. John Ashbery has written: "Tony Towle is one of the best-kept secrets of the New York School." His most recent books are *The History of the Invitation: New & Selected Poems 1963-2000* and *Memoir 1960-1963*.

GENRE & GAMES: A POETRY WORKSHOP - JOANNA FUHRMAN

FRIDAYS AT 7 PM: 10 SESSIONS BEGIN OCTOBER 17TH

Fuhrman writes, "Our class will be a laboratory in which we explore and experiment with genres, styles and voices. The goal will be to develop the somewhat contradictory skills involved in poetry writing: the ability to let the imagination go crazy and to view work critically. The class will be comprised of three parts: assignments based on handouts, in-class writing games (often involving giant ski-ball dice), and supportive, constructive discussions of student work. Poets read will include: Maureen Owen, Wallace Stevens, Robert Creeley, Alice Notley, Tu Fu, John Ashbery, Elaine Equi, Rae Armantrout, David Shapiro, Jayne Cortez, Paul Violi and others." Joanna Fuhrman's books include *Freud in Brooklyn* and *Ugh Ugh Ocean*

JAI-ALAI FOR AUTOCRATS - BRIAN KIM STEFANS

SATURDAYS AT 12 PM: 10 SESSIONS BEGIN FEBRUARY 19

Stefans writes, "This workshop will focus on the relationship between poems inspired by a sense of play - the way we appreciate words when they're randomly, surprisingly conjoined - and work, which might be loosely described as poems that are subtly crafted, resistant to easy meanings, even 'traditional'. We'll look at elements of prosody that extend beyond meter as it is generally understood - whether that be the counting of accents or the line by breath - into the use of literary masks, deviant syntaxes, Oulipian practices, writing in dialect (invented or not), and experiments with computers." Stefans' books include *Free Space Comix* and *Fashionable Noise: On Digital Poetics*.

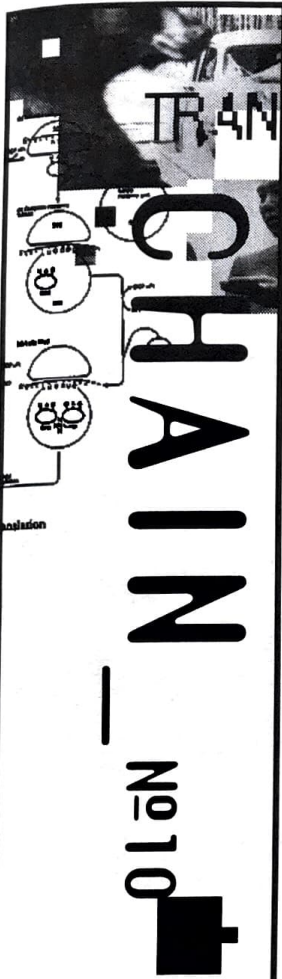
DIGRESSION, 5/10/03

“FOR” JOE LESUEUR

Tony Towle

Listening to Samuel Barber's
orchestrated Souvenirs of whatever it was
he was remembering with the Mets on the tube
with the sound off would be an oxymoronic
afternoon to some, even a gender-preference tussle,
or manly brawl, but to others a way
of building up the entertainment quotient
before adding actual activity to the mix
where I pick up a pen to work for others
who give me money, or labor over my poems
where I'm the one who pays while the Mets
are like an orchestra in need of rehearsal not
like "Sam's" exquisite little song for oboe
the most beautiful instrument
even though I too have never heard
a 20th-century piano concerto I didn't like,
a coincidence of sensibility I shared with Frank
although fortunately neither one of us
had to hear them all. And you left out
a great story that you told me back in '64
that you said Frank didn't like to talk about
of how at the Living Theatre reading five years before,
which wasn't the Leroi Jones benefit by the way—
which was in '63 and I was there—because Leroi
was one of the readers at this one, with Allen
and Ray Bremser; there is a famous Voice photo of the
three of them watching Frank read that Larry used
in a famous lithograph, incorporating Frank's "To a Young Poet"
about John Wieners—so Frank was reading that poem
and others and Kerouac was in the audience,
drunk, and yelling: "Get off the stage, O'Hara, you faggot,
I want to read some haiku!" and after a few minutes of this
Frank actually started to leave but the audience
said: "No, don't go, don't listen to him"
and so forth but Kerouac wouldn't stop
and finally Frank, walking off, said, "No, that's all right, let him read,
my silence is more interesting than his bullshit"
though delivered, as you related, with tears in his eyes.

Well, like the Mets I'm finally coming up to bat
in the bottom of the 9th or the 8th if I'm lucky
but far behind in the game,
and the music seems to have stopped to listen.



CHAIN 10, translucinación

Andrés Ajens & Erin Mouré • Shimon Ballas & Ammiel Alcalay • Charles Bernstein, Haroldo de Campos, Leevi Lehto, Ernesto Livon-Grosman, & Traduction collective à Royaumont dans le cadre de l'Atelier Cosmopolite • Inger Christensen, Denise Newman, & Susanna Nied • Chuang Tzu, Allison Cobb, Jen Coleman, & Burton Watson • Dante & Caroline Bergvall • Rubén Darío & Francisco Aragón • J. N. Kapihenui, Matt Kaleiali'i Ka'opio, & Ku'ualoha Ho'omanawanui • Li Yu, Amy Stalling, & Jonathan Stalling • Qays ibn al-Mulawwah, Alla Borzova, Denis Hoppe, Michail Kurgantsev, & Ann E. Michael • Kishwar Naheed & Mahwash Shoaib • Oskar Pastior & Rosmarie Waldrop • Thomas Scheibitz, Adam Degraff, & Pamela Lu • Gertrude Stein & kari edwards • Michel-Rolph Trouillot, A. Isadora Del Vecchio, Abdourahman Idrissa, Kiran Jayaram, & Karen Ohnesorge • Christian Wolff & Craig Dworkin • and much more

Each issue of *Chain* focuses on a topic. Past topics have included gender and editing, documentary, mixed media and hybrid genres, processes and procedures, different languages, and letters. We are always willing to read new work that is written to our topic. The topic for issue number eleven (deadline December 1, 2003) is announced in issue number ten.

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BOOK REVIEWS

BRENDA COULTAS *A HANDMADE MUSEUM*

Coffee House Press, 2003, \$15

Let's say you didn't "go" "anywhere" this summer. Just stayed around and worked, or whatever. You might need to read a book of poetry that evokes, in part, a certain kind of North American summer experience. "We built a fire and roasted corn, tried to sleep under stars until I got scared of the night sky & the howling of dogs ... In the sky I saw odd lights moving against all reason and us say, what is that in the sky." A book that confirms and invents a poetry of metropolitan engagement in which "going away" or possibly being "North American" are irrelevant notions. A book that excites you so deeply about poetic prose and cultural possibilities that you might feel happy just to be carrying it about the city all this strange 2003 spring and summer. "Each book an organ of thought, each book a brain sandwich."

If you find the following lines peculiarly relieving, perhaps like Joseph Cornell's profound, humane modesty and elated grandiosity in his journal excite with revelations, then you're ready for this book: "Woke up seeing garbage with new eyes and new fresh attitude. Felt transcendental all day."

In *A Handmade Museum*, the writing invents a universe of experience centered around the Bowery in New York City and, in some pieces, a Midwestern territory of farms, barns, roads and suburban malls, dirt holes, graves, a kitchen table. "The Bowery Project" (a performance in collaboration with random persons walking around the Bowery) and "Inside the Weather" (an interpretation of a 16 mm educational film) more formally document Coultas's experiments in structuring public experiences.

A Handmade Museum is about many things and in a weird way one thing: the idea of waste, use, and preservation. What gets discarded, by whom, and how. How processes of perception and processes of use bring about mutation of purpose and form. This is explored as an explanation of how writing gets done: "Could all these things be? Where could all these things be? The answer: inside a salt shaker, especially the

turtle-shaped one that shakes salt from this head: the top of this head dispenses salt. Were the Shakers right and should I make this poem as perfect as a Shaker broom (chair?) or bread? Should this poem be perfect for God—do you belong to God." These pieces can be hilariously strange, though probably in the way Coultas experiences the pursuits depicted in this book as strange. Coultas's humorous and humane reception to experience relieves the painfulness of these themes, but also takes delight in making up weird questions to keep herself amused as she writes: "A mammoth tooth larger than my hand turned up in a farmer's field. Would I know it if it bit me?"

I don't think the book's sense of identification with what's thrown away, and the sly and inventive forms that people's resistance to capitalism takes particularly determines the agenda of the author; instead, it's that we, along with the writer, are brought inevitably to these realizations, as we encounter how "the lot had been emptied by the police/city who had put up a new fence and padlocked, took down the trees and crops, and replaced soil with gravel. This year some crops pushed up again. Objects returned, this time under plastic, a long low stick of furniture with nine drawers, one missing, a yellow mustard color. Someone built a lean-to from mattresses, not steady, positioned a hubcap to shelter a plant from sun." Coultas's involvement in preserving the Lower East Side's gardens in the face of forces that would eradicate this zone's contested free social spaces, may be a source for these pieces. Both the book and the activism may come from walking around the neighborhood.

A Handmade Museum contains micro-themes and sub-projects that trace throughout its various forms: detritus, collectability, aloneness within the species, knowing you're a member of a tribe and family by your familiarity with its shared objects, decay, transformation, "My soap plates have gone back to animals, they've gone back to fat. I went back, I went back to dirt, I went back to black dirt," how cities change, how families circulate items, the afterlife of discarded cultural currencies, "Hi, I am an adorable discontinued Beanie Baby," how a local collec-



Photo by Bob Gwaltney

tive grieves for and with its public characters. Ecology. Borrowing and taking, as resistance to buying, and the longing for the ineffable. "Sometimes I drove a hundred miles to Louisville, Kentucky to eat lunch and to shop at a place that billed itself as the world's largest thrift store."

The longing that permeates *A Handmade Museum* is enacted in gestures of collecting, rescue, retrieval. Kurt Schwitters writes in his *Merz* (this quote is taken from an Internet site cataloguing avant-garde periodicals), "Take petticoats and other kindred articles, shoes and false hair, also ice-skates ... take mantraps, automatic pistols, infernal machines, the tinfish and the funnel, all of course in an artistically deformed condition." For all of the enumeration of objects found in *A Handmade Museum*, its project is not a formal collage or contrivance to juxtapose for effect. The operation behind how these things became named next to each other is an interaction between the cultural and individual—our situations have thrown up these things as testimonial to our attempts to reorder and restabilize that which is falling apart.

The narrative voice of *A Handmade Museum* is mostly kind of genderless, and the content is plotless without the author making a point of that, really. The *I* in these pieces serves to organize, receive, and process information. It is like a transfer station for the gusts of lyric that sweep through the prose, mutating its narrative microcosms into another kind

of writing. These lines are about how to read the alchemical changes in each piece, a particularly notable feature of Coultas's writing:

I thought I could start to lay it out, move it around, until an alchemy took hold./So I laid it all out: 2 super 8s, a 35 mm, found photos, books of the Bowery, poetry, and there was lots of poetry./Artifacts, flattened bottle caps, rusted cans, early tin cans, many interesting screws and bolts, sometimes found machines in enamel green, and sometimes bobbins and threads./I laid it all out/stared at it/moved it/talked to myself about it/read it all again/waited/nothing happened./I put it all back. (April 27, 2001, 75 E. 2nd Street.)

The narrator refers to a husband and friends in a few of these pieces, but those seem to be peripheral conditions for collecting, documenting, writing, and joining public characters and other people in the dumpster, in abandoned places or places about to be impinged upon. There is a kind of instantaneous sense of the narrator, like a noir film or detective story. This voice has a past and a life, but it's the characters who cross paths, literally, with it that are its concerns. That's kind of an unusual program in contemporary writing. In so many current prose novels, for instance, elaborately contrived things are always happening to so-called characters, keeping them very busy. It becomes exhausting even to read the blurbs of these books. *A Handmade Museum's* sense of what constitutes an instance of a story reminds me of Alice Notley and Lydia Davis, or in another sense, Kathy Acker, even Kafka: "I squatted down to touch gray Gap T-shirt outside Bowery Bar. I'd just seen an ad of 6 real people wearing same gray T-shirt, thought I could wear this one. Was damp with a liquid, got repulsed, dropped it." Or, "I'm going to dump it all in, everything that occurs to me or everything I see. That will be my data, my eyes upon the street; the firsthand observa-

tion of this last burn-claimed space, a small record before the wrecking ball arrives. I'm taking pen and notepad. Everything I truly need will appear—I'm not an archaeologist, but am a studier of persons and documenter of trails."

In *A Handmade Museum* little plot blisters do occur. "An Experiment in Misery" relates: "On two separate occasions insane persons asked me if I had seen her/his identical twin and both showed me a photograph of themselves sans glasses..." Coultas treats all of these encounters equally. The same even tone and sense of scale as she "looks things over" changes the magnifications wonderfully, so that "objects ensconced in a ball of tree roots" are the big events.

What can be said here is that the prose-like writings contain and become, in some instances, poems. The thresholds of the form becoming another kind of reading experience is an interesting process to analyze. I think the sentence is the unit of grammar that primarily compels this writer and I savor their strange unpredictable beauty. Each line seems to emerge from its own momentum. "This hayroll rolled home. See, here, this vomited a calf. Hail hayball in the shape of Mary. A virgin hayball of timothy grass. I've been watching these balls glow at dusk. That one is a thief, this one is a Christ and the other is a snowball." It proceeds out of necessity, as it takes its content from the memory and sight of its instrument, the poet. "Megalithic rotunda of balls fills the courthouse fills the Wal-Marts. Thinking about the suspension of these planets and starts, What rocky fiery balls they are burning through this dark."

A Handmade Museum has been anticipated by Coultas's readers who first read her uniquely utopian writings in chapbooks, literary magazines, and anthologies. And the writings contained in notebooks, shared here and there at presentations, are legendary. Something about the three-dimensionality of her notebooks reminds me of Duchamp's

Valise en boîte. Anyway, that memorable object, containing shards of her drawings, source clippings, and writings awaits replication. *A Handmade Museum*, with its opalescent cover, an aquamarine montage of Bowery photos by Coultas, should bring to her work a contingent of international readers beyond her devoted New York fans.

Kimberly Lyons's *Saline* is forthcoming from Instance Press.

STEVE MALMUDE
THE BUNDLE: SELECTED POEMS
Subpress/Goodbye, 2002, \$12

If you have Steve Malmude's three earlier books, you have 40 of the 58 poems selected here. You also know how badly you need those other 18. If, on the other hand, you are unfamiliar with his modest but quite stunning body of work, *The Bundle* will hit you like a revelation.

Malmude's poetry seems to have been buried under the academic and coffee-table books we lately associate with the poets of the Lower East Side/Poetry Project community. It remains clear, however, that alongside "I do this" and "I do that" there was always "I write in order to find out":

I'm into touring. I spurn
and hate this squealing area.
Right inside me the wards turn.
I have known the ulterior

vibrations and the short jerks
switching their tails behind them
like alley cats watching fireworks.
I throw things away to find them.

Friendships flabby from double adultery,
and smoke bucking the front teeth
like Turkish taffy. It's not ribaldry;
it's like hydraulics underneath

and pumps down in the hold.
Oh I shock my heart's desire
once in a while; the lolled
urethra breaks into a higher

falsetto, organs secrete glue;
then we deal, being sordid: tool!

That's my experience, and in a few
hours I hunt my fellow fool.

One of the extraordinary things about Malmude's early work is the way it becomes more mysterious by so candidly exposing its workings. Rhyme is, quite obviously, the key, and Malmude's workmanlike frankness quickly instills trust in the reader. He has suggested that "scaffolding around a simple thing is sometimes attractive"—an East Coast version, perhaps, of Spicer's "the wires in the rose are beautiful."

The system shouts
a phoneme.

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 touts
 hazard
 an acronym
 for DMZ
 but it's "demise"
 or "dooms".
 Such whimsy
 booms
 our marihuana highs,
 whoreson
 mother-of-pearl
 fetishes.
 But thorazine
 re-etches
 knurl
 on the handles.

While he often uses a one- or two-word line, Malmude's poems have a still center that distinguishes them from the forwardly propulsive work of, say, Greenwald or Raworth. His building block is, in fact, always the stanza, his stanzas frequently lines turned in on themselves:

You open
 the safe
 and begin
 the day
 peel
 citrus
 and feel
 it in your face
 expel
 a tracer
 of internal
 atmosphere
 choose
 how openly
 intrusive
 you'll be

Malmude has written exclusively in quatrains for some years now, working them over (and over) in a process he has likened to that of a teenager combing his hair in front of a mirror. A poem's opening lines might easily be added last: stanzas are collected, tampered with and *then* assembled to see how best they might mean, with, often, a great deal of material being left out. As Malmude puts it, "I put [the stanzas] together waiting to see if I could find something that I meant." One thinks of Coolidge's remark (apropos of *On the Road*) about writing from what you don't know toward whatever can be picked up in the act: Malmude's reach (and direction) is different, his physiology essentially the same. Each of his stanzas is a discrete and equally significant "take," and, despite the juxtaposition of materials in time, there is

always a connective tissue of emotion. His touch is delicate, and he makes decisive use of anything luck or coincidence throws his way.

At night I see the gas
 station settling on a lily.
 The vegetables stand motionless,
 the molehills and badgered earth
 under the moon's wig-exactness.

I know the gossamer
 break-away the dogs make
 chasing the locomotive.

And by midnight,
 one chimney star,

bathroom door
 ajar, gore,
 mousery
 (the spider
 webs across the menses of the mice).

Although their surface is less impacted, Malmude's poems bear comparison to those of Coolidge and Ceravolo in that words are used as objects and message carriers equally. Malmude bears down on his subject with considerate force, creating an effect of what might most simply be called truth, an effect which, once achieved, signals the end of the poem. His subject matter (Vietnam, child-birth, Jewishness, showbiz, writing, love, sex) remains visible even when it is at its most obscure, and the worked-over tightness of the stanzas sharpens the moment-to-moment focus. His poems are always, as he intends them to be, "strong communications."

Art, vulnerability, sincerity, embarrassment, novelty (the avant-garde) and (related to it) lameness: these are other words we might throw into the fire (which, incidentally, burns in a little shack in Maine). Steve Malmude has said that he likes to write. His poems remind us why we like to read. Don't let this remarkable book pass you by.

Miles Champion's books include Sore Models (Sound & Language, 1995) and Three Bell Zero (Roof Books, 2000).

Thanks to Larry Fagin for permission to quote from an unpublished interview with Malmude, conducted in the late 1970s.

GWENDOLYN BROOKS IN MONTGOMERY

Third World Press, 2003, \$22.95

How does one handle a poet's work once he or she dies? Who has control—the poet whose instructions are to be followed to the letter? His or her family? The editor of the volume? How can work best be explained in light of what was published during the author's time among the living? These are some of the questions raised by Gwendolyn Brooks's posthumous collection, *In*

Montgomery, from Third World Press. This volume includes Brooks's brilliant "In the Mecca," an epic poem of lives lived and lost in the decaying buildings of a notorious apartment complex, a series of poems based on the lives of children, and the title poem, originally commissioned by *Ebony Magazine* and published in 1971 with photographs by Moneta Sleet Jr. Brooks's deep commitment to the lives of African Americans, particularly the poor and striving, to social justice, and to self-determination, inform these poems as does her love of alliteration, slant rhymes, and allegorical tropes.

In both her epic and her serial works, Brooks narrates a community under stress. From "In the Mecca," a mother's anxiety is described thus:

What
 old poison could he spew, what stench
 commit
 upon a little girl, a little girl lost,
 lone and languid in the world, wanting..

Or consider Merle's panic about his "Uncle Seagram":

When we look at TV
 my uncle picks me to sit on his lap.
 As I sit, he gets hard in the middle.
 I squirm, but he keeps me, and kisses
 my ear.
 I am not even a girl.

There is an immediacy and vividness in these two works that engage the reader, that make the lives of these Chicagoans poignant and valuable, even universal. The children in "Children Coming Home" symbolize the vulnerability of all children, as does the mother of the murdered child from "In the Mecca."

"In Montgomery" begins with "The first thing I saw at Court Square corner/ was Black, lifting that bale." While the poem provides strong testimony to what was wrought by the Civil Rights Movement, it feels incomplete without Sleet's color photographs. Her dramatic profiles of a broad range of Black Alabamans showcase the vast differences between the Movement's Elders and its Young Black Citizens. But while the poem quotes many interesting people, you don't see them in the way you see the people chronicled in "In the Mecca." Ultimately, "In Montgomery" is a collaboration with the visual half missing.

While "In Montgomery" has its moments of bright testimony and historical importance, it is Brooks's poems about Winnie Mandela, written during the height of the anti-apartheid movement in the 1980s, that truly stand out. And so does Brooks's unheralded

feminism. How is a leader chosen? What qualities does she have? How is being a She a challenge? These complex questions are introduced in "Winnie," written from the point of view of Nelson Mandela:

Winnie Mandela, she
is there to be vivid; there
to assemble, to conduct the old magic,
the frightened beauty, the trapped wild
loveliness, the
crippled reach...

But it is "Song of Winnie," written from her point of view, that truly explores those complexities.

I try not to love me.
I try to be at big remove from me; I try
to do the good thing always because it is
good.

Why cannot I just go ahead and live?
Why must I keep High Arrogance at the
ready?

...

The beasts with terrible faces
are impervious to humanitarian concerns.
Humanitarianism is for other countries.

...

I know that I am a beautiful woman
But Ladyhood...
Ladyhood eludes me:
nor shall favor me ever.

In the poem is an admonition to poets: "A poem doesn't do everything for you./ You are supposed to go on with your thinking." Brooks's democratic view of poetry was evident from her earliest celebrated work in the 1950s to her death in 2000. But to me, it is thoughtfulness that most characterizes her work. Her deliberate embrace of Chicago's South Side, the teaching of children living in places of great danger, was as politically and poetically important as her willingness to back the work of radical Black poets in the '60s. After a certain time, "Ladyhood" eluded her as well.

So it is the "Ladyhood" poems in this volume that leave me scratching my head. Poems like "Danny Glover" and "Black Love" seem out of place in the collection. It is as though Brooks got her wishes as to what she wanted in this collection, but as a reader and admirer of her work, I wished the editors had only put in her best work and that they could have worked out some arrangement to use Sleet's wonderful photographs. *In Montgomery* is handsomely produced and hopefully signals greater sophistication on the part of Third World Press in terms of book production. It would have been useful to have an introduction by the editors or a scholar on Brooks place this vol-

ume in context.

Patricia Spears Jones is the author of The Weather That Kills (Coffee House Press) and a 2003 NYFA Fellow.

PATRICIA DIENSTFREY AND BRENDA HILLMAN, EDS.

THE GRAND PERMISSION: NEW WRITINGS ON POETICS AND MOTHERHOOD

Wesleyan University Press, 2003, \$24.95

ALICE NOTLEY

WALTZING MATILDA

Faux Press, 2003, \$13.50

Blame it on Sylvia Plath. Her suicide a year after the birth of her second child became superstitiously correlated to it, as if in the psychic economy only those who renounce biology can bear children of the mind.

The Grand Permission's title alone says oceans about a certain generation's post-Plath agon (I seem to hear Diane di Prima, Martha King, and other pre-Boomer mother-poets chuckling at the idea of *permission*; likewise for younger poets, the idea that one could not do both is just a quaint vestige of sexism, nothing mystifying).

One could reject the notion of a psychic economy altogether. But *The Grand Permission* simply inverts the old superstition: now it seems mothers reap special insights, or rehabilitate "lost knowledge." For Brenda Hillman and Carolyn Forché, motherhood made their poetry more open and polyphonous. Eavan Boland asserts that Plath invented a new kind of nature poetry in *Ariel*. Mary Margaret Sloan argues that motherhood breaks down a woman's sense of perspectival space (my sister-in-law said it more pithily: "They're inside you for nine months and then they're hanging off you for nine months"). Most of the essays, in fact, read as variations on a theme of the poet opening the borders of the self. After Whitman, Keats, Eliot, Ashbery, O'Hara, et al., that's hardly groundbreaking. But there's an irony there: after reading 32 mostly ecstatic essays about each woman's personal transformation, I got the impression mothers are no less self-absorbed than any other kind of poet.

And yet, Fanny Howe's "The Pinocchio Ideal" might be reason enough to buy this book. By positing one's poetry as a wooden child that one can experiment with, i.e. be a bad mother to, she solves her generation's preoccupation with the psychic economy in four pages. It is brilliant. It is appropriately brutal too: the poet's "crisis comes at the threshold to a world where there is a terrifying cacophony of machines awaiting her and her children." That could be the start-

ing point for a different book by poets on motherhood: one that girds us for the war we must inevitably wage for their, and our, souls in this society.

Rachel Blau du Plessis's foreword acknowledges that there is "some discretion about material conditions and social class," but I was still shocked that the most obvious connection between poetry and motherhood was left unexplored: they are both unpaid work, with doubtful social status. Alice Notley's oeuvre explores this in some depth, and now Faux Press has reissued *Waltzing Matilda* (1981), which, according to her essay in *The Grand Permission*, came out of a period of experiments designed to keep her writing while tending her children. No treatise could prove as these poems do that motherhood is a viable poetic subject; the title poem, which ends, "Please go to sleep now. Please, honey" is a masterpiece. And yet—permission or no permission, about the sacrifice involved in anybody's being a poet Notley is unflinching; the last lines of the book are "oh each poet's a/ beautiful human girl who must die."

Ange Mlinko edited *The Poetry Project Newsletter from 2000-02. She lives in Park Slope, Brooklyn.*

JORDAN DAVIS
MILLION POEMS JOURNAL

Faux Press, 2003, \$13.50

Echoes as masks, but it's really his voice somewhere unmasked that I want to find in these poems. When I see one of the masks, say one with the name "Jerome" in it, I think to myself, I know that word, it came from the poem by that slapstick Oklahoma poet with the funny French influence. Or that other moment, "I miss your pussy." Was it lust there? The obscenity of some lost approval? Do I want to know what follows that? (I do.) But what about

Even dumpsters shine beer for
A bird at war
With a bottle cap in the marigolds.

from the poem "The Tourist and the Tsarist"? I'm thinking that's a great title for a poem with some bizarre fusion of political contemporary and imagination in clear tones. I'm starting to stretch that comparison thing a bit thin: all of a sudden in my mind and then the words "chocolate milk" appear, and I'm right back thinking and seeing those names flashing in the poems: Ron, Alice, Kenneth, Kerouac (wasn't he naughty generation?). Well, hell, Jordan's not running from it. There are some fine poems in this book, a wide range of forms, and the

edge of the cuts he makes tend to only reveal their influence in perfect aftertones. The words themselves always belong to Jordan (except chocolate milk, which is public domain). What I want (I the reader? the person? friend? rival?) is to see Jordan unmasked, to see what's beyond the wink of: "Turpentine is the Paul McCartney of your letting me know." That wink floors me, though, and something in the guise of the personal follows anyway: "I'm Mother Superior thrown in the snow/ I'm the headlights of the car at twilight/ I'm my own spoiled son/ I'm a shop window of things for you/ I'm a boy meant to be a girl." But it's never clear which to take at face value. "I'm my own spoiled son." Suddenly I'm not so sure the tone of joy I keep thinking I'm finding is really there, though I do feel it contained within. I keep looking for that next telegraphed moment, but instead I find experience balanced on the thread of the tones, beyond the moves I thought I was anticipating. It's an excellent handling of form to keep that line thin and these poems keep pulling me back in.

Edmund Berrigan is the author of *Disarming Matter* (The Owl Press).

ANYSSA KIM
OVARIAN TWISTS, NEW & SELECTED POEMS
Fly by Night Press, 2003, \$14

Anyssa Kim's world is a world of disintegration and tenderness that compels readers by degrees from one sitting to the next.

Her work is at its best when she meditates on desire and states of loss. The poem entitled "deposit" gestures toward transient satisfaction, represented by the title itself: a bank "deposit." The narrator waits "to make my/ deposit/ in line the bank/ dotted line/ impatient/ there are ghosts/ between me/ and the next/ we wait/ together," revealing that the unseen is as important as the seen. People and ghosts present a fractured existence that calls for an unavailable resolution.

A later poem, "longitude (east)," perhaps the collection's finest, explains consciousness by detailing disconnection. The narrator directly addresses an absentee mother: "mother, you are/ the missing twin/ the ghost limb," achieving through her language an instant, unsatisfied longing immediate in each stanza.

Cyclical disengagement and reengagement feed many of *ovarian twists*'s successful poems and extend into the experiences of women other than the narrator. In "prologue to Sarah" and "for Samira," the poet devotes her meditations to the realm of sexual abuse, doing so in such a way as to trans-

late experiences of victimization ("she carries my slouch/ though she hasn't yet/ even reached/ puberty") into instances of triumph ("your message can/ not drown...more shall carry/ your song to freedom"), thereby implicating the reader in these tragedies while simultaneously passing forth an everywoman-strength.

There are also more subtle sexualities, as for example in the short work of "ad infinitum":

I have flowed in and out of you infinite times
 In another reality we are indistinguishable
 Prejudices aside
 The flesh we wear, a barrier we carry
 Created by human folly
 Call it Experience
 Out of a single possibility

Kim has found a way to articulate connections between individuals as well as connections between being and nonbeing, testifying to a oneness at once spiritual and scientific, presenting in this way a world dissolved of borders. This dissolution carries over into even more playful selections such as the poem "fish": "do you etch your thoughts in bubbles/ an ocean wave—does it feel like breeze."

In all, the selections throughout *ovarian twists*'s 78 pages prove Kim a young poet whose voice and curiosity are genuine and lasting.

Marco Villalobos is a 2003 *Unesco-Aschberg grant* recipient in residence at the *Centre d'Art Marnay Art Centre (CAMAC)* in Marnay-sur-Seine, France.

MAGREGOR CARD
SOUVENIR WINNER
Hophophop Press, 2002, \$5

Macgregor Card tries something comedically different in *Souvenir Winner*—short verses that carry on about lonely hearts out there where "teeth soak of their own accord" and "fluency is the chart of an architect/ eyeballing space, and the chart, a poet's diplom'."

Card dedicates his upbeat romp to Alexander Scriabin and Achilles Rizzoli. Scriabin is felt throughout the screwy grammar shifts and compressed harmonics. Yet Rizzoli is the recurring motif for *Souvenir Winner*, which features three of his designs, as well as swatches of quotes from his prose, slogans, and working titles. Rizzoli, an architectural draftsman who lived in mid-20th-century San Francisco, is revered for his enormous Beaux Arts "outsider" renderings. Card supplements Rizzoli by lifting text or ideas from a range of better-known sources, including Lord Byron and John D.

Rockefeller, Jr. Not all borrowings are straightforward. In the final poem, Card miscues the reception at the opening by referencing *Romans*, Chapter 12 just below and to the right of line four:

My roof is done like a faun into tears.
 Never seen despite all its rich article.
 A fairy wand in a court of law, twittering
 faultless,
 Mute, staked as a mare to a formal lawn.

Card rocks the sweeping, representational register of the referenced text ("we," "members," "one body," "Christ") into utter reversals of Paulist dogma: fugitive simile and Gnostic incongruity through which glints of representation shine, but only briefly. Card smart-bombs Paul's certainties (sitting targets, admittedly): "we have many members" is taken down several notches by "I'm a poet, showdog"; "one body" melts into "one plate of soup." As for his reference to the biblical passage, Card tells me his intent is to have Paul's *Romans* "echo" within, without direct quotation.

Card calls out the name Paul or Pauline over a dozen times in these nine poems, and refers to Rome or Romans six times. For added pleasure (and ghostly after-affects), the passage from *Romans* referenced in the final poem is ascribed historically to Paul. Echoes happen within architectural plans that afford vast interior space to exceed normal acoustical barriers. Cathedrals come to mind, certainly to Rizzoli's mind. Card has examined Rizzoli's drawings and writings on Kathedrals and in his "Notes" he gives evidence of his search for inspiration in other Beaux Arts structures, such as banks and post offices in New York and Brooklyn. An impression I have is of a poet so on the verge of elaborated ceremony that he plunges into it physically, and, over time, creates a process-under-the-influence that might appear to some as extraordinary or even excessive.

I love mourning on Earth,
 decorating my fortune wheel.

Souvenir Winner is grandstanding as poetry, *mysterium profundum*, and ostentatious paradox rhymed with a vocabulary of romance, dreamy totality, and unfashionable gods. Its Beaux Arts pedigree requires nothing less. In aftermath, its fireball wit blazes.

So wrest the dough of toll from me.
 A lot is sad, but the habitat's a fine
 place to be.
 We'll intuit a city-intimate ray – you
 and me and the other ones ...

Jack Kimball writes about contemporary poetry and edits *Faux Press*.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON

APPREHEND Apogee Press, 2003, \$12

In her introduction to *Apprehend*, Ann Lauterbach writes that Robinson "wants us to apprehend and comprehend." But Robinson also wants to apprehend us. She wants to seize us and hold us there.

Robinson foregrounds her narrative through image or, as Lauterbach puts it, "language as act." At first Robinson's descriptions seem vague and "arbitrary like all the designations/ that are received from above/ or elsewhere." But, like these very "designations," Robinson's words are carefully placed as she moves through poems that are fairy tales and fairy tales that are poems. She uses words sparingly, creating a type of surreal lyric. To say what Robinson's poems are "about," however, would be wrong. For Robinson language is what Jorie Graham would call "the thing itself." Unlike the typical "narrative" poetry of writers like Louise Glück, the texture of Robinson's work is closer to Lauterbach's who, after all, chose the work to be a recipient of the 2003 Fence Modern Poets Series Prize.

A major part of *Apprehend* is spent retelling classic fairy tales: "The Three Little Pigs," "Hansel and Gretel," "The Little Matchgirl," and others. These act almost as love letters, perhaps to her own children, perhaps to others. One briefly thinks of a less bloody, less destructive version of Sexton's *Transformations*. Yet, Robinson's tales are no less implicitly and explicitly sensual. In this book's "Hansel and Gretel," the children cling to each other. They "share a tentative kiss./ Not of passion./ But its many alternatives/ they choose security." Robinson's Hansel and Gretel, like other characters in the book, seem more victimizers than victims. They are hungry little things:

Two children, mad with hunger,
impose themselves on a gentle old crone.
They hustle her into her house,
and finding her larder bare,
they attack the house itself, and try to
consume it.

The most startling poem in the collection is "Topple," in which the World Trade Center disaster is recounted. I believe many have avoided writing on it because it is nearly impossible to engage the sublime in such circumstances. However, Robinson does just this. She does not tell the reader how to feel, but rather lets them do the feeling for themselves. She describes "Not the sense/of loss, but actual lostness." She is somewhat critical of those who want to move on too easily; "who try to tack it up/ frustrate the shape it had wished/ to be by the one-too-many fingers."

For the most part, Robinson's narrative is one that "sticks to the bone." However, in terms of language, I wanted, as James Laughlin once said, "Big Ben to go off in my head" more often. It is often difficult to do anything other than echo an earlier innovation. I am happy, however, we have voices like Robinson's adding to the line.

Jennifer Bartlett is co-editor of the literary magazine, Saint Elizabeth Street.

RACHEL LEVITSKY UNDER THE SUN

Futurepoem books, 2003, \$12

Levitsky's latest book slyly examines what a text is and what it is capable of. *Under the Sun* elucidates ideas of failure in the everyday—the incapacity of our human gestures and the capacity of language to transcend the linguistic tool of the sign itself to determine larger ideas of consequence: formal choices, personal actions and intimacies, and the consistent failure of prose (or perhaps all writing?) to rise above the story's insistent conceit of plot.

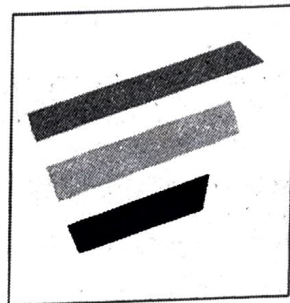
Threaded with a pseudo-"story" of two flipped sides of female gendered sex, the characters "Turtle" and "Lady" engage in back-and-forth negotiations between lovers treading difficult edges of desire and gendered space. Levitsky plays with the double-meanings of words, engaging the sound quality of language as much as the multiple meanings attached to words, rendering the transparent opaque and revealing the ironies so readily apparent in language. Using rhyme and associative play, lines like "Lady clicking her heels" (31); "falter" and "fault her" (25); and "Hare today, goner tomorrow." "Shall we race?" (1) are ironic and dead serious while implicating the uncomfortable positioning of feminism within a largely white, male, hetero-centric Western literary tradition.

Under the Sun throws down a gauntlet for the constraints and constructs of theoretical writing, particularly that writing which (largely) leaves women out: "[Between Benjamin/Brecht, Beckett—/ brackets/ my feminine problem.]" (57) As a thorough probe into literary traditions and strategies ("avant-garde" included), Levitsky challenges what we accept (to the point of no longer noticing) as status quo. *Under the Sun* dismisses notions of poetry as mere esoterica; instead it is the only apt vehicle for the strange conveyance of life lived among others and a methodology for analyzing that life. The questions in her text are doors to other questions. "[I value the idea/ of writing/ about writing/ in writing—/ poetry is the vaguest/ of writing, I haven't got/ the vaguest idea/ how to fix that.]" (58)

Jane Sprague lives in Ithaca, NY, where she publishes Palm Press and curates the West End Reading Series.

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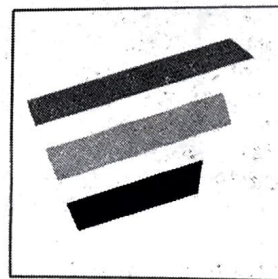
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FROM THE START OF THE HUNT

Camille Guthrie

2.

What to bring on a Hunt:

a sense of boredom, or awe, a need for lost rituals and early abundance,
a desire to miss nothing, a flashlight & a handful of pseudo-narcissi
cause it's early spring, that juxtaposition of the seen and unseen:
like if I say "daffodil" everyone thinks of a different radiant.

In the deli you, the lookout, finger the labels—BLUE CORNFLOWER Clears Sight

With Extra Snake Repellant—and write EAT ME on the brick wall.

A man with a crane's head for a hat in singular white linen suit

buys the news and a green carnation for his buttonhole.

The overworked woman laughs and wraps green onions in tissue paper:

"Be careful. This is very heavy."

Changeableness

& the resilience of objects

is the best combination of things

if you like that. I do

You prefer the song of the ice cream freezer

and climb in, I'm pulled in by rows of boxes

Liveliness in configuration:

Red glass yellow jars white Styrofoam

Insatiable landscape Full-on artificial color

Adjacent pyramid Orange specials

Dusty plastic Available blue rectangles

Animated system in use Random panoramic

Row of water bottles pull me in

I step from that riverbed

The lookout rustles a plastic bag

Drawn in I follow

THE POET'S HOROSCOPE

Your monthly guide to the stars and poetry whatnot

BY MADAME BLAHBLAHLATKSY

Aries

You're a firecracker Aries, so get crackin'. An old wiseman told me the other day in Washington Square Park that for every stone you throw, an alligator's made into a handbag. Now doesn't that make you feel bad? Why don't you write a poem about it, then, for fuck's sake?

Taurus

You will find several crumpled up poems in your sock drawer. Upon closer inspection, they turn out to be socks.

Gemini

October is a month of spectacle, Gemini, and you're one to shy away from it. Unless your high-spirited twin is dressing in pink chiffon again. Plan for the full moon this time, and leave *The Best American Poetry 2003* at home. No one wants to hear that.

Cancer

Why are you hiding in that shell? Go out and snorkel with the ones you hate best. As George Orwell put it, who may or may not have been a Cancer, "It is much quicker to wipe the sawdust off." He was talking about toast, but I'm talking about your livelihood here!

Leo

Mars has dwindled away and so have your finances. Maybe a new sock drawer will help. And there's always those 200 "review copies" gathering dust under the bed, just waiting for a comfy new home at the Strand. Don't spend it all at Grassroots on your way home.

Virgo

"If one has no vanity in this life of ours, there is no sufficient reason for living." Tolstoy was a Virgo. I dated a guy named Andy in tenth grade who was a Virgo. He dumped me for track. But you—you never ran track. You might be a swimmer. Or a poet. If you're a swimmer, skip to page 33. If you're a poet, you probably like Tolstoy. Then heed his call! Love thyself!

Libra

This month you'll be stricken with a new defense mechanism: writing sonnets. If your significant other can't handle it, remind her/him/it that at least your worries are finding truer expression. If s/he/it still complains, remind her/him/it that at least they're not villanelles. Poetic humor! It's sort of like dentist humor! Avoid any Novocaine this month.

Scorpio

What you thought was a New Narrative tour-de-force has revealed

itself in the light of day to be a grocery list. Time to put the funny cigs away and get that carton of milk and roll of toilet paper you've been doing without for days now. And don't even think about using this Newsletter!

Sagittarius

Are you down and out? Leggy like Lenny? Will all be revealed, or is that tap dancing just nostalgia for the days of Shirley Temple? It ain't a depression yet, my friend. Sagittarians are like occult schools—you teach the intrinsic. Forget the aerobics and down the hatch—but hey, that's been my advice since I started this job.

Capricorn

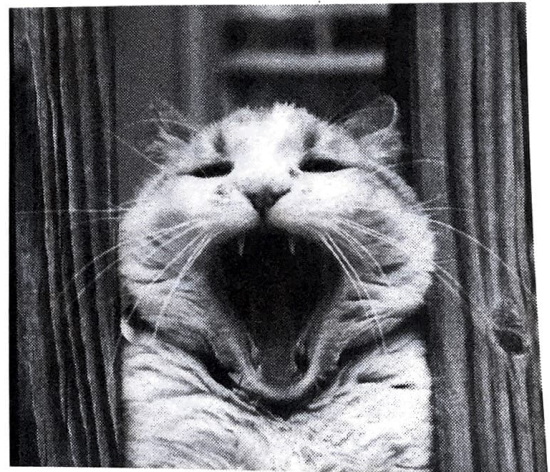
If you'd like some corn with that, try the midwest. It's always brighter out there, though there ain't mountains to climb. But with your ingenious wherewithal, it's a wonder more people aren't barreling toward your apartment with their arms outstretched, daring to succumb to your strength. Just don't hit them if they interrupt your steaming.

Aquarius

With your art-and-satellite theories in hand, you're bound to take over a meeting or two at work this month. Make sure that you paint the hallway the color they ask for, though, or your position may topple. Favorite day: October 31. Favorite poetry movement: Imagist. Go rumble with the Vorticists, if you can find any.

Pisces

For the most enlightened of all, Pisces: "If a leaf of gold were beaten to transparency, and all that here roots and extrudes were tarnished silver, and blackened bronze—bumped and brushed against here and there into high lights—were seen through it by the wind-flickered quick-setting sun, October would look no different than it looks"—James Schuyler. ■



BOOKS RECEIVED

BOOKS

STALIN'S EYES

Tony Brinkley
Puckerbrush Press, \$19.95,
213 pgs.

IT WAS TODAY

Andrei Codrescu
Coffee House Press, \$25 cloth,
\$15 paper, 152 pgs.

NOTA

Martin Corless-Smith
Fence Books, \$12

LETTERS: POEMS 1953-1956

Robert Duncan
edited by Robert J. Bertholf
Flood Editions, \$16.95, 71 pgs.

SIGNS & SYMPTOMS

Róbert Gál
Twisted Spoon Press, \$12.50,
84 pgs.

ANTHROPOLOGY OF AN AMERICAN GIRL

H.T. Hamann
Vernacular Press, \$30, 576 pgs.
Letterpress cover, limited edition

ASHOKA

Andrew Levy
Zasterle, 54 pgs.

A BOOK OF WITNESS: SPELLS & GRIS-GRIS

Jerome Rothenberg
New Directions, \$15.95, 118 pgs.

HOW SMALL BRIDES SURVIVE IN EXTREME COLD

Steve Shavel
Verse Press, \$14, 131 pgs.

OPERA: POEMS 1981-2002

Barry Schwabsky

Meritage Press, \$14, 102 pgs.

THE TOWER OF DIVERSE SHORES

Leonard Schwartz
Talisman House Publishers,
\$14.95, 120 pgs.

DISTRACTED

Jalal Toufic, 2nd ed.
Tuumba Press, 134 pgs.

CLARK ASHTON SMITH

The Last Oblivion
S.T. Joshi and David E. Schultz, eds.
\$15, 194 pgs.

THE FALSE SUN RECORDINGS

James Wagner
\$12, 3rd Bed, 96 pgs.

DARK ARCANA: AFTERIMAGE OR GLOW

Anne Waldman
Heaven Bone Press, \$12.95,
40 pgs.

MAGAZINES

3RD BED 8

3rdbed.com. Elizabeth Robinson,
Tomaz Salamun, Tristan Tzara,
Rosmarie and Keith Waldrop, and
others, \$10

THE CANARY 2

www.thecanary.org. Aaron Kunin,
Katy Lederer, Patrick Herron,
Charles Bernstein, Catherine
Wagner, and others, \$10

COLUMBIA POETRY REVIEW 16

English Department of Columbia
College, 600 Michigan Avenue,
Chicago, IL 60605. Alice Notley,
Jane Sprague, Daniel Nester,
BillKushner, Thurston Moore, Lewis
Warsh, and others, \$6

HANGING LOOSE 82

www.hangingloosepress.com.
Jordan Davis, Sharon Mesmer,
Wang Ping, and others, \$7

KIOSK 2

Wings.buffalo.edu/epc/mags/kiosk.
html, Rae Armantrout, Rodrigo
Toscano, Leslie Scalapino, Pattie
McCarthy, and others, \$4

LIT 7

New School University, Writing
Program, Room 508, 66 W. 12th
St., New York, NY 10011. Maureen
Owen, Prageeta Sharma, and
others, \$8

TAMEME: NEW WRITING FROM NORTH AMERICA

www.tameme.org, Jose Skinner, Ray
Gonzalez, Farley Mowat, CA
Conrad, and others, \$14.95

VAN GOGH'S EAR 2

Committee on Poetry, P.O. Box
582, Stuyvesant Station, New York,
NY 10009. John Ashbery, Anselm
Berrigan, Linh Dinh, Lyn Hejinian,
Alice Notley, Diane di Prima, and
others, \$17

VERSE 19 AND 20

Department of English, University
of Georgia, Athens, GA 30602.
Cole Swenson, Charles Borkhuis,
Daniel Nester, and others, \$10

XCP: CROSS CULTURAL POETICS 12

bfn.org/~xcp/. Myung mi Kim,
Ammiel Alcalay, Adrienne Rich,
Thien-bao Phi, Kirin Narayan, and
others, \$10

TINY PRESSES

PLAN B

Chris Carnevale
The Sea Press, 63 Woodland Road,
Lee, MA 01238. Chapbook with
cover by Barbeio Barros Gizzi.

SOMETIMES INSPIRED BY MARGUERITE

Corina Copp
Open 24 Hours Press, c/o Greg
Fuchs, 105 Thompson St., Ground,
New York, NY 10012, \$5. Chapbook.

COPPER

Mike County
Pressed Wafer, 9 Columbus Square,
Boston, MA 02116, \$5. Chapbook.

EXPLOSIVE 9

www.spectacularbooks.com, Chris
Edgar, Jennifer Moxley, Jeff Clark
and others, \$6. 8 1/2 x 11 maga-
zine with silkscreened cover.

FOR EVERY SOLUTION THERE IS A PROBLEM

Betsy Fagin
Open 24 Hours Press, c/o Greg
Fuchs, 105 Thompson St., Ground,
New York, NY 10012, \$5.
Chapbook.

ANOTHER STRANGE ISLAND

Mariana Ruiz Firmat
Open 24 Hours Press, c/o Greg
Fuchs, 105 Thompson St., Ground,
New York, NY 10012, \$5.
Chapbook.

FO A RM 1

122 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, NY
11238, Robert Kelly, Bethany
Wright and others, \$6. Saddle-
stapled magazine, topic of "utility."

BLUE CHIPS

Donald Guravich
Blue Press, 386 Madeleine Court,

Palo Alto, California 94306, \$5.
Chapbook illustrated by Kevin
Opstedal.

WHAT BECAME OF THE TRIP

Drew Kunz
Bronze Skull Eight #1. Chapbook.

MY PICAYUNE ANXIETY ROOM

Marc Kuykendall
Barretta Books. Chapbook.

MOBTOWN WRITERS COLLECTIVE

NewLights Press, 1800 Maryland
Ave., Apt. G, Baltimore, MD
21201. Aaron Cohick, Lauren
Bender, and others. Saddle-stapled
magazine with hand-painted cover.

THE NOLAN ANTHOLOGY OF POETRY, VOLUME II, THE MODERN ERA

Pat Nolan
FEEL SWAB #65
Revue Fell Swoop, 3003 Ponce De
Leon Street, New Orleans, LA
70119. Ron Padgett, Clark
Coolidge, and others, \$5 each. 8
1/2 x 11 collection and magazine.

OUTLINING

David Pavelich
Cuneiform Press, 383 Summer
Street, Buffalo, NY 14213, \$10.
Letterpress chapbook.

CUMULUS

Tim Peterson
Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs, 596
Bergen St., Brooklyn, NY 11238.
Chapbook with drawings by Toshi
Iijima.

POESY

P.O. Box 7823, Santa Cruz, CA
95061. Jack Hirschman and oth-
ers, \$12 for yearly subscription.
Saddle-stapled magazine.

SAL MIMEO #3

437 E. 12th St., #18, New York,

NY 10009. Ron Padgett, Lyn
Hejinian, Carla Harryman,
Bernadette Mayer, and others.
8 1/2 x 11 magazine with cover
by George Schneeman.

SUBTERRANEA 14

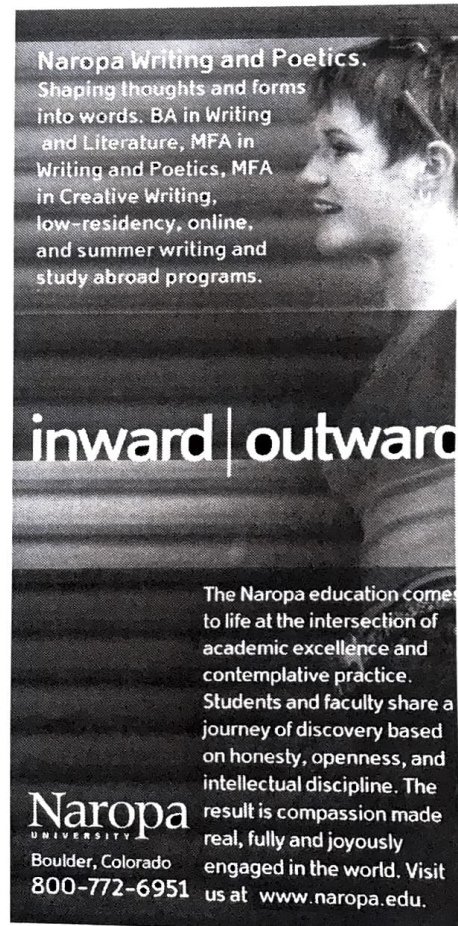
Produced by the ECO-LIT class,
Spring 2003, Naropa University,
and edited by Jack Collom, 1838
Pine Street, Boulder, CO 80302.
8 1/2 x 11 magazine.

THE GLOWING FORGOTTEN

Tristan Tzara, translated by
Lee Harwood.
Leafe Press, 1 Leafe Close,
Chilwell, Nottingham, NG9 6NR,
\$7. Chapbook.

EIGHT POSITIVE TREES

Karen Weiser
Pressed Wafer, 9 Columbus
Square, Boston, MA 02116, \$5.
Chapbook.



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