

BOOKS RECENTLY RELEASED: p=paperback, h=hardback, npl=no price listed.

- **NEW DIRECTIONS**, 80 Eighth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10011: Later by Robert Creeley (\$4.95p). New Directions 39 contains tributes to Louis Zukofsky, poems by Gregory Corso and Walter Abish and introducing six African poets (\$5.95p). Landscapes of Living and Dying by Lawrence Ferlinghetti (\$2.95p/\$8.95h).
- **OUT THERE PRESS**, 156 W. 27th St., NYC 10001: Out There 14 Special Post Card Issue with work by Jeff Wright, Anne Waldman, Rose Lesniak, Charles Bernstein, Vicki Hudspith, Jim Brodey, Anne Rower, Susan Howe, and others. Don't miss this one! (\$2p).
- **ANDREA DORIA BOOKS**, c/o Tom Weigel, 515 East 5th St., NYC 10009: Kiss My Lips by Helena Hughes. Cover by Rochelle Kraut. (\$2p).
- **ROCKY LEDGE**, 723 19th St., Boulder, CO. 80302: Rocky Ledge 2 with work by James Schuyler, Ted Greenwald, Lisa Nuñez, Reed Bye, Lorna Smedman, Kenward Elmslie, Anne Waldman and others. Cover collage by Joe Brainard (\$2.50p).
- **SECOND COMING PRESS**, P.O. Box 31249, San Francisco, CA 94131: The Further Adventures of Crazy John by A.D. Winans (\$2.50p). Lust in 28 Flavors by Lynne Savitt (\$3.00p).
- **SEVEN WOODS PRESS**, P.O. Box 32, Village Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10014: After Such Pleasures by Frances Mayes (\$4.75p/\$9.95h).
- **OPEN PLACES** magazine, Box 2085, Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri 65215: Fall 1979--Number 28 contains work by Lynn Sukenick, Susan North, Walter Hall, Keith Waldrop and others (\$2p).
- **MARION BOYARS, INC.**, 99 Main Street, Salem, New Hampshire 03079: The Volcanoes From Puebla by Kenneth Gangemi. An unusual travel book of Mexico (\$11.95h). OLT by Kenneth Gangemi (\$3.95p/novel).
- **DIA BOOKS**, 107 Franklin St., N.Y., N.Y. 10013: Rene Ricard 1979-1980 by Rene Ricard (\$7.50p).
- **FOUR ZOAS PRESS**, RFD Ware, Massachusetts 01082: Dream Yourself Flying by Roberta Gould (\$5p).
- **BURNING DECK**, 71 Elmgrove, Providence, RI 02906: Seeing the Multitudes Delayed by Lissa McLaughlin (\$3.50p/\$12.50 signed/h). Avis or the Replete Birdman by Michael Gizzi (\$3.50p/\$12.50 signed/h). The World Was A Bubble by Patrick Fetherston (\$3.50p/\$12.50 signed/h). Communications Equipment by Kenward Elmslie (\$2.50p). Lined Up Bulk Senses by Larry Eigner (\$2.50p). Tea by George Tysh (\$2.50p). From The Book of Shine by Calvin Forbes (\$2.50p). I am Running Home by Susan Hankla (\$2.50p). Primavera by David Miller (\$2.50p).
- **ASSASSIN**, 65 2nd Ave. Suite 2H, NYC 10003: Assassin/6 summer 1979 translation issue with work by writers from Germany, Japan, Rumania, France, Chile, Netherlands, Haiti, Peru, Persia, by many well-known American writers such as Ted Berrigan, Frank O'Hara, Andrei Codrescu, Ron Padgett, and others. (FREE/ABSOLUTELY FREE). Also available is the Assassin/5 Hot Lunch Single (45rpm) "Dizzy" B/W "Celebrate The Criminal" (\$2.50).
- **# Magazine**, 86 East 3rd St., NYC 10003: # September 1979 with work by Jonis Agee, Peter Bertolette, Ted Enslin, Alex Gildzen, and Joe Napora (donation).
- **L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E**, 464 Amsterdam Ave., NYC 10024: Number 9/10 October 1979. Double issue with focus on political dimensions of current writing. Work by Kathy Acker, Barbara Barg, Alan Davies, Ron Silliman, James Sherry, Michael Lally, and others (\$4 for three issues).
- **Momo's Press**, P.O. Box 14061, San Francisco, CA 94114: Poems of Federico Garcia Lorca chosen and translated by Paul Blackburn with drawings by Basil King (\$3.95p).

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Peter Hutton and Rudy Burckhardt, films at St. Mark's Parish Hall, October 17, 1979.

Peter Hutton showed two beautiful black & white films, silent and dark, the blacks richer than any I've seen on film, like deeply etched aquatint prints. The first film, N.Y.C. Chapter 1, a continuing work now two or three years old, looks at the city, usually at night, through a moody eye. Elements of wind, rain and snow are highlighted by long looks from acute angles, with emphasis on the motion of weather against the stillness of architecture. One particularly beautiful composition held the camera for at least two minutes on a slowly undulating sky of mostly grey clouds with a diagonal of white. Pigeons enter and leave the perimeter of the screen in formation, their wings catching the light of what must be a distant and setting sun. Silhouettes of rooftops and watertowers appear especially eloquent and still. The second film, Boston Fire, consists of five minutes of tumultuous clouds filling the screen like a fast motion abstract expressionist painting in the making. Then the camera suddenly lowers to expose the clouds as smoke from an enormous fire of burning buildings. It is a shock to discover an ineffectual stream of water pumped by tiny, helmeted firemen against a massive rectangle of white smoke covering the entire screen. The film ends that way.

The most impressive underground filmmaker today is Rudy Burckhardt. Since 1936 Burckhardt has made about 60 movies, ranging from documentary to slapstick. All are beyond commercial limitations, exemplifying creative prerogative, yet not self-consciously experimental. The prevailing characteristics are the clear and insightful ways he sees situations and things usually overlooked as well as his continued use of poets, artists, musicians, and dancers as actors.

Mobile Homes, Burckhardt's latest movie, opens with a banana still-life vignette seen ripening through time-lapse photography for several days on a rooftop. The energy-charged New York Marathon follows, suggesting the rush of locations, and pace about to unfold. Mobile Homes is Burckhardt's third epic in three years. Epic in that within the 33 minute length an indeterminable span of time and space is covered. The sense of travelling is persistent, we are taken from the Marathon in New York, to breakfast in Maine, back to busy city streets, to the Grand Canyon, to New York pedestrians, sky, the dancer Dana Reitz working out, poets posing, and the journey goes on. There is hardly a breather. Lines of David Shapiro's poem, "When a Man Loves a Woman," are printed occasionally across the screen. Classical music and disco pop in and out of the picture. In one segment, we hear Alice Notley read her poem, "A Woman Comes into the Room." Essentially a collage of images and sound, the precise order of events is unimportant. Overlays of time, season and location become a fulfilling and cumulative experience, the particular sequences like cuts on a diamond.

--Joe Giordano

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Bill Zavatsky

on the means theory wash yr mouth we're political stupid and
fights signed helpe bill zavatsky has a zero signed somebody
hannah i dont sign my name to anything in case sign it the
langugge MISTAKE stupid settle i just dont complete my
verbs neither d_id_mean_an_sl_an_t s

signed someone
(hannah weiner)

APOTHEOSIS OF THE SELFISH

Rene Ricard's first collection of poems is as unexpected a revelation of literary talent as the appearance of Proust's "promising" first book, Les plaisirs et les jours, in 1896. Ricard's position in the New York arts-world has been as ephemeral as Proust's was in Paris eighty years ago. "Famous at twenty" (he says) as a Warhol film actor, Ricard has been best known in recent years as the Man Who Comes To Parties (where his scathing comments and naughtiness are un-Proustian in the extreme). When Ricard's defiant answer ("Nothing") to that most impolitic, most New York of questions -- "What do you do?" -- was printed as an essay on the Times Op-Ed page, the biographical squib read "Rene Ricard is...well...Rene Ricard." After this humorous, electric, moving book, the Times can safely identify Ricard as a Poet when next he graces their pages.

I start with Ricard's reputation, rather than his writing, because that's what he does, too. As becomes a legend most, his work is about himself -- his public image, loves, disappointments, desires, jealousies, hatred of wicked ex-boyfriends, and total lack of what usually passes as "character." For all this self-involvement, however, the purity and energy of Ricard's language are able to transform "selfish" from a pejorative to a descriptive adjective, like "reddish" or "greenish," with aesthetically pleasing results.

Here's the first poem, for instance: "HELLO,/ THIS IS THE MUSICAL/ VOICE OF RENE/ RICARD/ THIS IS THE HEALING/ VOICE OF DR. RENEE RICHARDS/ TENNIS PRO.../ THIS IS THE COMFORTING/ VOICE OF RENE RICARD/ ENTERPRISES/ RENE RICARD/ AGENCY." Here, Ricard changes identities like hats. At the same time, he lampoons those whose particular selfishness manifests itself in businesses and careers bearing their names. (A love-hate relationship with the rich and "successful" appears throughout the collection. Ricard excoriates artists who suck up to power: "I will never chase the rich again. Let me starve./ I will never apply for a grant. Let me starve." On the other hand, his book's cover imitates the robin's-egg blue Tiffany & Co. catalog -- a half-humorous touch, but only half.)

The two best poems in Rene Ricard 1979-1980 are about love and its fallout. One is a long diatribe that begins "I was born/ to live for him/ to die for him/ now I could kill him." It's a magic work that transforms a towering rage into a stately, almost Biblical exorcism of an unfaithful lover. (The monumental character of the poem clarified for me the architectural origin of the expression "towering rage.") And there is the overwhelming pathos of "Caravaggio and His Lovers," a poem about paintings, a poem about rough sex with boys:

Amor leering victoriously over the broken attributes of civilization:
Industry, science, flashing lights, loud music, poppers:
Make him forget what is taking place in your bed...

I saw your head banging against the wall, little fucker,
You screamed bloody murder. You posed for that picture
When you were young.
This is Love's victory.

In addition to these more ambitious works, Ricard has done wonders with the poetic equivalent of stand-up comic material -- the Joke ("Yesterday I saw a man/ In front of a hotel/ Calling "Dick, Dick."/ How many times have I/ Wanted to stand/ On a street corner/ And yell for dick?"), the Ethnic Imitation ("Tar"), and the Politically Topical ("I support the striking coal miners/ But will the striking coal miners support me?"). And his "Loose Poems" are facile, off-handedly effective collages.

With wit, nerve, and keen intelligence, Rene Ricard uses self-indulgence as a torch that both illuminates and burns. THIS BOOK IS HOT: PICK IT UP AND READ IT.

-- Tim Dlugos

COUNTRY HARBOR QUIET ACT AROUND by Larry Eigner. (THIS PRESS, distr. by SBD: Small Press Distribution, 1636 Ocean View Avenue, Kensington, Calif. 94707, \$4 paper).

Say Can You See

Each view contains story. Narrative rises from conglomerate fact. Nebulous areas escape facts and survive parasitically in the narrative.

The prose is voiced to move to its own settlement, the possible but unobtained demise, before it is stopped. A spectacle element is permitted to rejoiner the prose. Prose faces narrative, narrative, prose, through clear glass, mirror an indistinct intrusion. Prose stands stillish while eyes do not, while anything happens.

This author approaches or leaves words of in a certain place, dense or light: the reader there knows himself approached or left. The author: his words cluster, retrieving a reader to or from him. This author's position, continuously and angularly determined by whichever reflection, does not at all relieve him of that precarious balance, of interest.

When interactive abstraction bumps into nouns, yet there is no dream. It is consequent of faith in words. And out of this and he, the stutteringly admmissive story. Language produces a slope of word down which words roll over the story they roll into.

While holding remembering the language, the author takes to remember. The humanly diligent sticks in the present past, not stalling: memories are punctuated (... clauded...phrased) patches. While this, thought nuggets.

The space behind the eyes is where the memories live which is why we see them when we think.

Memory is a case of spaced seconds, such that the advance is made over truth and into fact.

Each element of the prose proses a ratio of space over time. And then, talk times. The verb of this latter word, time to do time well, in space of time unevenly elected for attention. The time that, there, is fills the small space. Speech bloats space with no change in size: one dimension moves, unaltering.

There is no premonition in this prose. Time taken to say is time it took to happen, a feat of prose language into tense. Voice and mind mirror the exact credible distance between, a zero distance of balanced thought.

Story performs an analytic on language. Story questions language, exacting posed phrases. A story is what happens when anything happens. Telling performs a moment, world turns to that spot, alters between being there and being there.

Speakers speak their owned voice: their minds wait. Nobody listens, yielding the equation from which we read. And the depth of speech fills all the room with thought.

-- Alan Davies

Interview with Lyn Hejinian (poet, publisher of Tuumba Press, living in California).

Vicki Hudspith: In your letter to me last summer you said the new work you're doing feels "like war today." Does it still?

Lyn Hejinian: Things are much better! (laughter) For a few months I couldn't get any work done at all. I got entangled in a lot of questions having to do with the difference between lines and sentences -- which determines whether the work is poetry or prose. That was an essentially formal problem but absolutely central to the work of writing itself. The other issue seems to be what one might call motivation for work. I don't mean my own -- I'm motivated -- I mean the work's. Really, very very little of my work has ever been "motivated" or "occasional" -- occasioned -- that is, written because of or about some occasion. All of my writing seems to have come out of initial sentences or words -- backgrounded by the dictionary, I suppose. So I've been working for years in what could be considered "unmotivated" writing, which to some degree is abstract. I am very much interested in abstraction in language, in pushing language to the point that it becomes a fact itself rather than some intermediary or condition. The danger is that the work becomes solely decorative -- that it degenerates into something that is maybe lovely, turning on the surface music of language, but it's nonetheless superficial. I do worry about that -- it seems to be a real problem. The other issue is a concern with what it means to work from the observed world and from personal experience. That means thinking about a language that can make a match with that. So lines vs. sentences and abstraction vs. content are the basic issues.

V.H.: Are you trying to pull content back into the work?

L.H.: Well, content is always there. One of the most interesting thing about working directly out of language -- getting inspired by the dictionary -- is that words always do want to say something. Language always wants to shape itself and is restless in that way. I'm becoming very conscientious about the "content" of those shapes. I can't allow a line or sentence to stand in my work if I can't stand behind it in some way.

V.H.: How has your concern with the line affected your other writing projects?

L.H.: I began thinking of a new piece of mine, NUMBER PRESENT, as a "work" after I had already written quite a lot of material. I imagined it originally on the page in lines. Partially, I wanted the reader to see the words or phrases individually -- they are very condensed, tense, have a lot of possibility. Also NUMBER seemed to imply metrics and I was thinking in terms of 12's -- the piece begins "Fine morning." As a half-day, morning has 12 hours. And there was an analogy with music, too, in the 12 notes of the chromatic scale. It was useful for thinking about form. I began typing the material into lines -- casting it into a range of possible shapes -- 12-line stanzas, 4 stanza sections of 3 lines each, and so forth. Every form did a different thing to the material. It was a terrific exercise. Finally, I realized the line wasn't working at all with that material, that I was more interested in what the sentence could do, in paragraphs. I ended up with a prose-like form of 12 paragraphs of 12 sentences each. I've had a wonderful time writing in all the forms and shapes I happened on in my struggle with that work. I want to try them all now.

V.H.: You print a beautiful series of letterpress books. How did you get started printing?

L.H.: Oh, thanks. I began learning to print when I began publishing the Tuumba Press books. At the time I didn't know the difference between offset and letterpress. We were living in northern California then, and the commercial printer in town had both, but he preferred letterpress and printed the first Tuumba that way. I wanted to learn to print, so I applied for a job. It was unheard of for a woman to do any printing -- the printer would only hire me as a janitor. So, literally, I mopped my way back to the presses. (laughter) One of the first times I tried to adjust something on a press, one of the press crew slapped my hand and said, "Don't you touch that, girlie." Eventually the head of the shop let me come in nights and taught me how to run the letterpresses. And when we moved to Berkeley I bought a press and put it in the room where housewives are supposed to put the washing machine -- the so-called utility room.

The Days are Glorious

As when one listens through the voice of another
for the vehicle, faint but nursed,
that conveys reproach, I have waited for this day.
I have weighed this day against the immaculate waves,
and I have weighed opportunity,
placed deliberately to astound one, against
the voice that, like a breakwater, is imperfect against opportunity.
The days are glorious, blue, gazing so long
at this world.

Through one insatiable window another is singing
reception and applause,
and all that fray is heard again
in the immaculate compliment one needs so much
one is shattered.
The effect is of laughter
or of darkness annealed to the rock.
Caught up in waves, one's fortune is heard as another's
or as one's own foreign voice. Green appears deliberate,
and as one is shattered the other hears, "Then you my darling,"
and an acrobatic darkness goes unassisted across time.
All the gazing fishermen are known before they are ready.

--Marjorie Wellish

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