

THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER

April 1984

#106

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Free at The Poetry Project



AGNES & SALLY by Lewis Warsh (Fiction Collective, Flatiron Book Distributors Inc., 175 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010, \$5.95/\$11.95)

With *Agnes & Sally*, Lewis Warsh's first novel, we encounter a new literary object, vastly ambiguous and disobedient. It is a poet's novel, situated between two forms of seduction, reality and language. The author can either impel us to the sacred shore of referentiality where we sit statuary, fixed on the din and stain of life, or to the other, elusive, mobile bank of language marked by absence of things to sit on, a sort of nakedness we engage in, playfully.

She was a bridge between two points, the bridge was swaying in the wind, there was water below and boats and she was walking slowly with her old winter coat, collar turned up, wrapped tight around her shoulders while the people in the cars crossing the bridge passed and looked out the car windows and honked their horns and shouted at her as if she was somehow intruding on some ideal image, out for a country drive and there she was like a character in a poem by Wordsworth stumbling along.

This "swaying in the wind" and "somehow intruding on some ideal image" (the ideological blanket we suck on in the way of reading) is what literature is all about. It is a novel, not the GREAT AMERICAN MACHO NOVEL ("oh catch up a dozen smelly names and find a good reason for murder, it will do" — William Carlos Williams) but something that submits the world to the test of language, a meticulous confection requiring a measure of formal scandal and a tropism for spending. A conspiracy against father.

Sometime in the early fifties, a group of prominent writers (Sartre, Beauvoir, Ricardou, et al.) held one of those symposiums for which the French are famous, around the question: *Que Peut la Litterature?* (What Can Literature?), it being understood that the mute part of the question read,

"before a child's death?" (in Biafra or elsewhere). Without entering into the hypothetical merits of such a formulation, I am tempted to offer Warsh's book as a possible answer, not because one can exchange it for rice, but because it punctures the deep-seated, albeit well-intentioned lie about a certain literature which is meant to teach, to inform us about the politico-economic determinisms of our times. *Agnes & Sally* neither comforts nor lulls about what makes Sally run, nor does it usher in an ideological transparency. I am rather tossing it in the air, delicious and complicated like a cream-puff, because its essence is elsewhere. If we must have a poet's novel (and we must, for the dead no longer fit), its place is naturally in the exploration of language, a making of a particular space in which the text is brought to light.

"Properly written texts are like spiders' webs: tight, concentric, transparent, well-spun and firm. They draw into themselves all the creatures of the air." (Theodor Adorno). If I seem to be dilatory about what constitute the pleasures of reading *Agnes & Sally*, it is with a design proper to the very mark of the novel, penetrating, nourishing all of its surfaces, crevices and silences. *Agnes & Sally* is not a hermeneutic construct which offers its unveiling figure at the end of the book as a well-deserved cherry to the reader. More aptly, it can be seen as cat-and-mouse ritual wherein Warsh plays a ubiquitous mighty cat with the mouse-grey narrative. With due voyeuristic delight we attend not the kill but the constant bounding and postponing of meaning(s). The story refuses to progress, it stagnates, backtracks, flies ahead, sidesteps with deliberate irregularities, leaving far behind the abominably stale music of plot, character, point of view, linear development and other glistening jewels covering fiction's aged body.

Lewis Warsh has produced a quiet masterpiece out of the impossibility to communicate. While breaking every rule in the book of novelistic discourse, the poet manages to juggle the paradox of writing based on absence. How speak then? How

to show Sally's sleeping pills, her *Anna Karenina*, unfinished letter to Agnes, her *wanting to speak*, without reducing her to the brackish stereotype of small-town aspiring heroine at odds with her environment? Ugh.

"No, I've never been to New York, Mrs. Price. You thinkin' of goin'?"

The narrative concerns an atmospheric web in the daily lives of two sets of couples (Agnes/Sally, Jacob/Bob or Sally/Bob and Agnes/Jacob) set against Huntington and New York, caught in the act of living, strangled by a sense of narrowness, an incipient aphasia, a strange, pervasive sleeplessness and the ultimate aberration of "never make contact, never touch." The text grows out of negativity, hurt. A huge nail engenders a pole of resistance in the middle of the bridge.

There was always the mass of language that got in the way of saying what you meant, of what was on the tip of your tongue at any given moment.

There cannot be poverty. Only vast rooms, more rooms with windows and mirrors. It is a novel. The poet is under contract to spend lavishly, outrageously to the utter limit of his means. His words. A libidinal economy of pure expenditure. A pro-

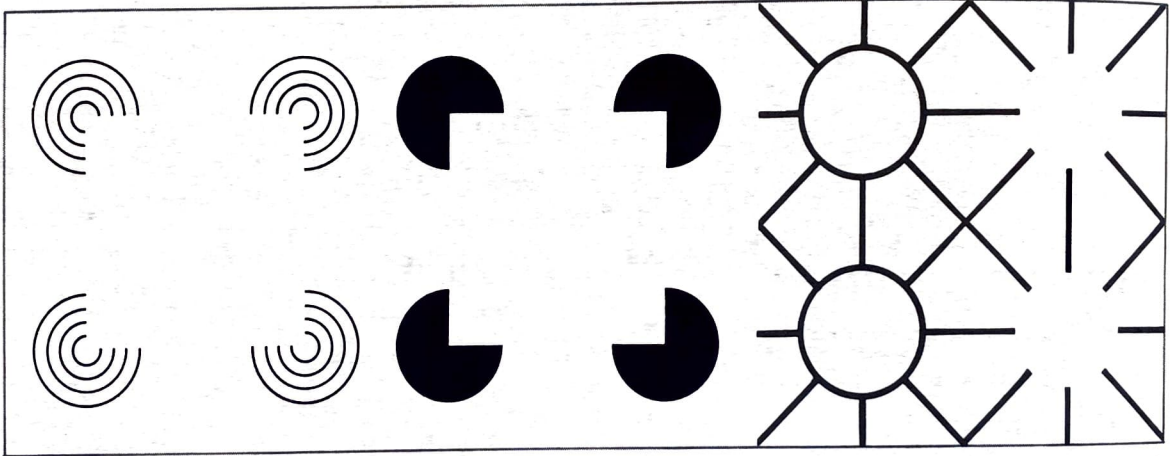
fligacy which pays off. Red to black. A "coney island" with everything on it. Let's have two, on the same page if necessary. Let Warsh take Agnes and Sally in his arms on the title page since nobody else will. Let him orchestrate a polyphonic text in which voices jam each other, obstructing sources and destinations. Let him run like a golden retriever after the perfectly intact piece of artifice made real:

If he had been a heavy drinker he'd probably be the type who wept on the shoulders of strangers in roadside bars. ("Hey Pete you better take the doctor home.")

Let him mother his own narrative, judging, justifying, explaining with phenomenal parenthetical asides, creating little skylights into which the speaking subject pops his head as if to say, see, you haven't been had, it's really happening, fellas, watch my quotation marks around the fluttering beige curtains.

Warsh fires off a whole arsenal of ammunition at close range — valentines to the novel, portrait-sentences, split-screen narratives, anachronies — without blundering once. Stupified, we stand up against the wall, before the untenable calm of such genius.

—Chris Tysh



VOLCÁN: Poems from Central America edited by Alejandro Murguía and Barbara Paschke (City Lights Books, 261 Columbus Ave., S.F., CA 94133, \$5.95)

There could be no better year than 1984 for the appearance of *Volcán: Poems from Central America*. Just when Americans across the United States were beginning to sit back in their armchairs and breathe a sigh of relief that Orwell's vision had not come to pass, this book has been published. It is a serious collection, one with an urgent message. As Alejandro Murguía writes in the introduction: "You will find no enchanting country scenes in this anthology, nor the travel-poster images of picturesque villages, pretty women and delicate folk-art. You *will* find the true reality that is hidden behind that facade..."

Politics and literature HAVE collided in 1984 — and a very real war is being waged through a poetic output that is without peer in this century — and it is happening right on our doorstep:

In my country, sir,
(I say mine because I want it to be mine)
even on the fence posts
you can see the longing
...they divide it, they rent it, they mortgage it,
they torture it, they kill it, they imprison it,

the newspapers declare there is total freedom, but it's only in the saying, sir, you know what I mean.

—Jaime Suarez Quemain, "A Collective Shot"
(El Salvador)

This volume brings together some of the greatest contemporary poets in the Americas. Many are living, some recently deceased. Included in *Volcán* are widely recognized geniuses such as Roque Dalton, Otto Rene Castillo, Roberto Obregon, Roberto Sosa, Rosario Murillo, and Ernesto Cardenal. The poems that are included are representative of four countries — El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras and Nicaragua — and the book is divided into four sections accordingly. This is a bilingual edition — the first that City Lights has ever put out, and also represents for City Lights a change of direction, perhaps, from its continued involvement with Surrealist revivalism. Hopefully, it is a sign that the small, maverick publishing house that defied the publishing industry and moral American public with its edition of *Howl* over two decades ago (and had the conviction to stand up for its rights in court and win) has found that there is another kind of censorship that is going on, one of human rights, and is lending its power to the struggle that exists in the contemporary Americas.

These four countries are an excellent choice for a collection of Central American verse. There are the countries that

are witnessing tremendous internal turmoil and bloodshed — El Salvador and Guatemala; there is a country that is politically aligned with the military superpower, having to come to terms with its own identity in the overloaded balance of power — Honduras; and there is the country that has triumphed, that can show the fruits of its own autonomy, that, although not without troubles, can take a moment to look back and shout, “we have done it”:

Tisma is once again full of regal herons
reflected in its mirrors.
It has many starlings, snipes, guises, widgeons.
The flora has benefited as well.
The armadillos are very happy with this government.
We shall reclaim the forests, rivers, lagoons.
We’re going to decontaminate the lake of Managua.
Not only humans desired liberation.
The whole ecology wanted it. The revolution
is also of lakes, rivers, trees, animals.
—Ernesto Cardenal, “Ecology” (Nicaragua)

San Francisco is a city with strong cultural and ethnic ties to Central America and enjoys great distinction because of the work of its dedicated community of translators. This book brings together the finest translators working in San Francisco today: Francisco Alarcon, Wilfredo Castano, Juan Felipe Herrera, Jack Hirschman, Tina Alvarez Robles, David Volpendesta, and others, in addition to the editors. These are writers who are active in the current cultural exchange with Central American poets and writers enjoying great national recognition for their own creative work. The quality of the poems collected in *Volcán* could have no better rendition into English.

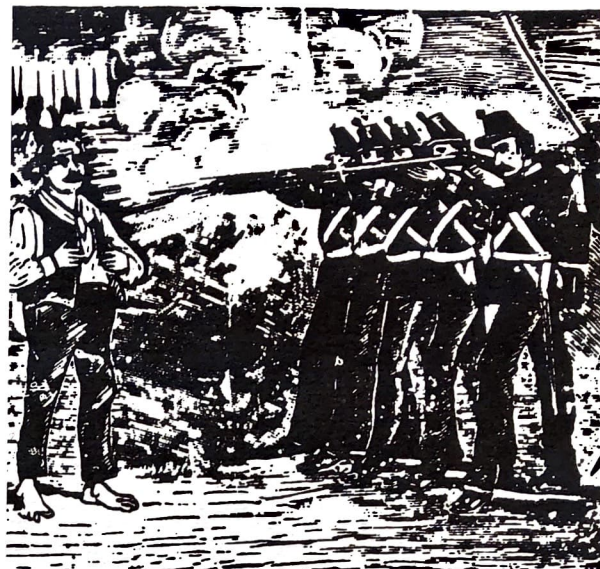
Much is recorded in this volume. There is bloodshed, there are the ardors of struggle, there is hope, there is the steel of conviction. The people in these countries are war-torn and suffering, beaten by the hugest military machine in the history of humankind — yet they carry on. It is we that are doing it. Each person in this country has a hand in it — by not deciding for themselves. It is 1984 when citizens of a country let a military machine carry on, fueled by the tacit approval of its citizens, when national policy is uncontested in the hands of national leaders and other national boundaries of other countries are violated and manipulated.

Ultimately, the power of this volume is in the quality of the literature that it contains. The language contained here is a lesson to every poet writing in the United States. It is a rare book because it reaches far beyond the boundaries of any limited personal experience, one that addresses contemporary international politics, and further, the evolution of human social consciousness. There are voices here: voices of sons lost in battle, voices of bereaved widows, of children yet to be born. There is conviction among these pages, dedication to a spirit of survival. This is a message that is worthy of being heard throughout the world. These are voices that, once heard, can never be forgotten.

FOR THE LAND BARONS

Land baron,
I’m going to cut strips from my flesh
to hang
from every barb of your wire fences
until it rots
and you can’t stand the stench
and have to march
some other place.

—Gaspar Garcia Laviana (Nicaragua)



—Loss Glazier

WHO SPEAKS FOR US — AN ANSWER TO LAURIE PRICE

“What S.F. needs,” writes Laurie Price in the February *Poetry Project Newsletter*, “is a counter force of poetry that initiates within its documents a check and balance system and a commitment to freshness.” The “bad apple” (to extend Price’s grocery store metaphor) is an alleged dominance by Language poets in the Bay Area. Barrett Watten’s writing she particularly dislikes.

Since I myself have criticized aspects of so-called Language-centered writing on several occasions (including a review of Watten’s *I—10*), I won’t quarrel with Price on this account. I would, however, challenge her assertions that a) San Francisco is “dominated by Mr. Watten and his circle, b) no counter force to this poetics has been offered, and c) language poetry is a tendency indigenous only to the Bay Area.

The February ’84 *Poetry Flash* calendar listed over 130 poetry readings. Of these, Barrett Watten was scheduled for none, Michael Palmer, David Bromige, Steve Benson and Karla Harryman were scheduled for a combined total of three, and Ron Silliman was listed for one in March. Is this dominance? Of some 40 February writing workshops *Poetry Flash* lists, Kit Robinson teaches two at Hospitality House in the Tenderloin. Is this dominance? As for *Poetry Flash* reviews, I can’t think of any in the past couple years either *by* or *about* Language poets. Is this dominance? I think not.

As for the supposed Language poet hegemony in regard to presses, The Figures moved east several months ago and *Hills* is currently in abeyance. That leaves *This*, Tuumba Press, *QU* and *Poetics Journal* — hardly dominance in an area of some 180 small presses and magazines. Indeed, I can think of more magazines that have taken issue with the Language-centered poetics and supplied the “counter force” Ms. Price somehow missed noticing during her two year stay here (eg: *Life of Crime*, *No Apologies*, *Poetry Flash*, *Soup*, *Zephyr* to name a few).

This isn’t to deny that Language writing has had some influence among serious writers here — Bay Area poets like to check out what seems different and new — but I don’t think the extent of this influence has been exaggerated. I doubt that it’s any greater than the influence Charles Bernstein, Bruce Andrews, James Sherry and others have had back East in such mags as *The Difficulties*, $L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E$, and so on. From what I’ve seen the best writers profit from this influence and get better while retaining their unique voices (eg: Dennis Cooper, Kathy Acker, Robert Gluck, Aaron Shurin) while 2nd rate writers remain 2nd rate no matter which style or fashion they imitate.

Even in terms of literary theory, Structuralism here has been challenged, if not superceded, by Marxist New Narrative (eg: Fredric Jameson, Robert Gluck, Bruce Boone), New Hermeneutics (eg: Julia Kristeva, Tzvetan Todorov), Situationist (eg: Guy Debord, Jean Baudrillard, Deleuze and Guattari), and second wave Feminist theory. The talks and arguments around here about these conflicting tendencies are hardly boring.

What Bay Area Language poets have done well is a) organize and work collectively towards b) presenting new writing theory and practice. Laurie Price is on solid ground when she addresses her objections to the problems (and gaps) between this theory and practice. What’s interesting to a few

may be boring to many, but this is a problem not limited to Language poets. As Julia Vinograd says in an interview in the February *Poetry Flash* about academic poetry in general: “There was a cut-off feeling. I didn’t care for the sterility, poets talking only to poets, making references that only people with several degrees, like themselves, would understand. It wasn’t snobbery, really, just a sheltered loneliness.” This boring, cut-off feeling could also infect feminist, gay or street poetry too, as well as movies and rock ‘n’ roll.

Just because a few prestigious poet visitors to San Francisco have been aggressively confronted by Barrett Watten and a few of his cronies doesn’t mean theirs is the only game in town nor does it indicate that all Bay Area poetry has become rigidified and sterile. In fact I think it indicates the opposite. Whereas the Beats, Black Mountaineers and a couple Feminist/ethnic poets had hegemony five years ago in the Bay Area, a true poetic plurality now reigns. The reason why, I think, was given by Milton: “One is purified by trial, and trial is by what is contrary.”

—Steve Abbott

FINALLY A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Poetry Project Newsletter Ed.:

Re. Stephen Malmude review of Tony Towle’s new book: Whadda ya mean Malmude? I’m sure Tony would never sell out to the lure of filthy nacre. And didn’t you know you gotta watch the levels on triradiation? People who work with that stuff wear badges that turn funny colors when they get too big a dose, fer Chrissakes. People like you oughta be burned in effulgy! Furthermore, if the current section of a man’s autobiography includes gambling, skirts, and inconsequent debutants (not even female at that), I think he should keep it as arcane as he can, don’t you? Why don’t you just tittup on out of there, Malmude? And by the way, if Tony wants privacy & formal language in poems about his life, I suggest he redo the “Autobiography” as “Hagiography,” much safer.

Yours,
Carol Gallup
San Francisco



THE EXPLORER'S STORY

"I started with nothing. Not even a pot to pee in...."

The old explorer was reminiscing. He was remembering — as he sat by his swimming pool perched above the sunny blue Caribbean — the long days of snow and ice and cold in the Far North, cold such as you would not believe. He had been frozen solid, not moving, for seven months, and survived. He survived to tell about it out of sheer determination. It took guts to tough it out like that, in the wind and dark cold, without a blanket or fire, and not moving or shifting his weight one inch in any direction. He couldn't have done it, actually. He must have been dead. This is what many people thought: they were sure he was dead. They came in their snowmobiles and battery-operated gloves and set up their searchlights and watched him. At the center of the faintly stained snow marking the perimeter of a movement which had been restricted to a few centimeters and no more, the explorer stood and gritted his teeth and looked back. He observed the people and the people observed him, then those people left and others took their place, and never in all the times they came out there was one word exchanged. Never was one word even spoken. After seven months the northern spring finally came, and the explorer survived, and one day he walked away, not looking back. He walked through the mountains to the town and through the town to the city, and boarded an airplane to Florida, where he caught a boat to the islands. He will never forget, however, the feeling that went through him when, on the day he was leaving the frozen north, the people who had watched him and doubted him all winter long, with shameless smiles on their faces finally said to him as he left, that they would never believe him, that as far as they were concerned he was dead, and that if anywhere rumors sprang up that a man had done what he had done, they would testify to the opposite, and communicate their testimony to the entire world.

The explorer sat at the edge of his pool, built on a rocky outcropping hung high above the aquamarine seas, and as he looked out at the blue horizon — still gritting his teeth over the hatefulness of those people in the Far North — the heavy black plastic protective covering, stretched over the shape of the empty swimming pool, shivered fitfully in the warm tropic wind.

—Michael Brownstein



The Cat Club presents the **Del-Lords** in a benefit party for The National Writers Union, N.Y. Local, co-sponsored by Out There Productions, Inc., Thursday, April 26, at 8 PM. Complimentary hors d'oeuvres, dancing, cash bar. Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. Tickets are \$8 each in advance, \$12 each at the door. For more information call Writers Union, 212-473-3753.

The Hawaii Literary Arts Council sponsors readings throughout the year by writers in all genres. Writers interested in being considered for readings are invited to submit information about themselves, their work (including a sample, if possible), fees, and dates of availability. Send to President, Hawaii Literary Arts Council, P.O. Box 11213, Moiliili Station, Honolulu, HI 96826.

I sincerely apologize to Kenward Elmslie for omitting a word from his lyric, "Brazil", in the last issue of the *Newsletter*. I am reprinting the last stanza, correctly, so that readers can savor the rhyme that was lost when the word "wanna" was missing.

I guess I won't wanna fish
Cause of piranha fish
So I'll go catch a toucan,
Where even Canadian Mounties can't get their man —
Brazil!
Brazil!

UNITED ARTISTS BOOKS

- The Sonnets* by Ted Berrigan * \$5.00
- Judyism* by Jim Brodey * \$3.50
- The California Papers* by Steve Carey * \$3.50
- The Fox* by Jack Collom * \$3.50
- Own Face* by Clark Coolidge * 3.00
- Columbus Square Journal* by William Corbett * \$3.00
- One At A Time* by Gary Lenhart * \$4.00
- Erudito Ex Memoria* by Bernadette Mayer * \$2.50
- The Golden Book of Words* by Bernadette Mayer * \$3.00
- Songs For The Unborn Second Baby* by Alice Notley * \$3.00
- Cleaning Up New York* by Bob Rosenthal * \$2.50
- In The Heart of The Empire* by Harris Schiff * \$3.00
- Selected Poems* by Charlie Vermont * \$3.50
- The Maharajah's Son* by Lewis Warsh * \$3.50
- Clairvoyant Journal* by Hannah Weiner * \$3.00
- Forthcoming: *Utopia* by Bernadette Mayer * \$4.00

Catalogue available

United Artists Books

Bernadette Mayer & Lewis Warsh

172 E. 4th St., 9-B

New York, N.Y. 10009

EVENTS AT THE POETRY PROJECT

Monday Reading & Performance Series

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

April 2 - Open Reading

April 9 - Steve Levine & Tim Dlugos

Steve Levine's "clarity, attention, understatement, and formality owes something to the French poets of the early 20th Century, mainly Reverdy and, to a degree, Mallarme. On the other hand, to emphasize only this aspect of Levine's approach would be a disservice to a distinctive young American poet. The elliptical fades, dichotomous harmonies, startling segues, the American twang to the swing and sway of his lines, the compactness of the poetic units all indicate a background rich in a solidly native style." — Pat Nolan, *Poetry Project Newsletter*. Levine's books are *Pure Notations* and *A Blue Tongue*.

Tim Dlugos, author of *Entre Nous* and *A Fast Life*, lives in New York City. "This group of poems makes me think of James Merrill, Adrienne Rich, John Ashbery, and James Schuyler — of the extraordinary way in which their poetry, technically superb at the outset, deepened as the poet opened his decade of publication, often in unexpected ways to the point where they are now our richest writers. Dlugos seems to me to be a poet who will continue to surprise and delight us with his new works." — Patrick Marla, *Christopher Street*

April 16 - Jim Neu, Charles Borkhuis & Joel Chassler

Jim Neu is a writer and performance artist living in Brooklyn. Among other varied credits, Neu acted in three plays produced by the Eye and Ear Theatre: "4 Plays by Edwin Denby", "Heroes" by John Ashbery, and "Paid on Both Sides" by W. H. Auden. With S. K. Dunn, he has recently written and staged a performance of "Mutual Narcissism" at the Kitchen.

Charles Borkhuis has written the plays "Bruises", and "Phantom Limbs", both produced in New York City. He is a founding member of Re.Cher.Chez performance group. In 1973 he won a Schubert Award for playwriting. His book of poems, *Night of the Somnambulist Shoppers*, is forthcoming from Midnight Sun.

Joel Chassler makes dirty money writing for glossy magazines. He is the brain(s) behind Skeezo Typography, president and chief executive officer. His book, *Work Hard, Play Dead, and Other Best Loved Easy Poems*, is forthcoming this year. Watch for "Uptown Girls on Downtown Drugs" in the May 1984 issue of *Mademoiselle*.

April 23 - Lenny Goldstein, Lyn Swanson & Henry Hills

Lenny Goldstein is a poet who has written text for dance pieces which have been performed in Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa and San Francisco. Most recently he wrote the text for Marsha Blank's "Groan", which was performed at the Poetry Project. He is the author of *Both Sides of the Goat*, and has been published in numerous small presses and journals.

Lyn Swanson is a performance artist creating solos about undated mythological heroines in a polyphonic, "mono-kinetic" style. Her "The History of Eurydice: The War Years" was presented at Franklin Furnace and Re.Cher.Chez. She will be performing "Looking for the Face on the Front of My Face", an excerpt from "INSOMNIA (Clues for Ariadne)".

Henry Hills has been making films for 10 years. He will screen his most recent works: "Plagarism", "Kinoda", and "Radio Adios", with all star casts of poets. A selection of his earlier silent films will be shown later this season at P.S. 1, and his new work, "Money", will premiere in the fall with an accompanying book published by Segue.

April 30 - Roberto Echavarren & Ruth Danon

Roberto Echavarren was born in Montevideo, Uruguay, and lived in Europe before moving to the United States in 1975. He currently teaches at NYU in the Department of Spanish and Portuguese. His books include: *El Mar Detras del Nombre*, *La Planicie Mojada*, and a volume of criticism, *Amirique Libre*. His work has been included in several anthologies.

Ruth Danon is a poet, author of *Living with the Fireman*, and a forthcoming volume of criticism, *Work in the English Novel: The Myth of Vocation*. She currently teaches at the Great Lakes Colleges New York Arts Association. Her poems have been published in *Mudfish*, *Tendrill*, *Berkeley Poetry Review*, and she will be published in *Vanity Fair*.

Wednesday Night Reading Series

at 8 PM, hosted by Bernadette Mayer & Bob Holman, suggested contribution \$3:

April 4 - Ron Loewinsohn & Ron Silliman

Ron Loewinsohn's most recent book is his first novel, *Magnetic Field(s)*, which was nominated for a National Book Critics' Circle Award. His books of poems include *Goat Dances* and *Meat Air*, and he is a contributing editor of the *William Carlos Williams Review*. He is currently teaching at Berkeley, and this is his first reading at the Poetry Project since 1967.

Ron Silliman comes from San Francisco and is the author of *Ketjak*, *Tjanting*, and the recent *ABC*. His anthology, *In the American Tree: Language, Realism, Poetry* is forthcoming from the National Poetry Foundation.

April 11 - Ray Bremser & Herbert Huncke

Ray Bremser is the poet-laureate of the universe; he has been a poet all his life.

Herbert Huncke, chronicler of the Beats from the inside out, is the author of *The Evening Sun Turned Crimson*. He continues to work on the legendary *Guilty of Everything*, and promises to read from his journals and perhaps a new story.

April 18 - Bill Berkson & Paul Hoover

Bill Berkson is the author of *Recent Visitors*, *100 Women*, *Blue is the Hero*, *Saturday Night*, *Selected Poems* and *Start Over*. He has edited *Homage to Frank O'Hara* and *Big Sky* magazine and books. He is currently at work on a Dante Diary and *Parts of the Body*.

Paul Hoover is the author of *Letter to Einstein Beginning Dear Albert and Somebody Talks A Lot*. He lives in Chicago and edits *Oink!*

April 25 - Laura Chester & Maria Gitin

Laura Chester's recent books include *Nightlatch*, *Primagravida*, *Proud & Ashamed*, *Watermark* and *My Pleasure*. During the last few years she has been working on *Lupus Novice*, a non-fiction book, and on a collection of poetry. She will be reading from these manuscripts and from *My Pleasure*, published by The Figures, a press she co-founded with Geoffrey Young in Berkeley, California. She now lives in Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

Maria Gitin is the author of *Little Moves*, *Makeshift*, and *The Melting Pot*. She is a native of California and the founder of a shelter for battered women and children in Monterey, for which she received a California State Senate Commendation. She now works as an independent consultant.

Workshops:

Poetry Workshops continue weekly with **Jack Collom-Fridays** at 8 PM, and with **Diane Burns** Saturdays at 2 PM in the Parish Hall.

"Philippine Writing" will be the final section of this year's Translation Workshops, so generously funded by the Witter Bynner Foundation. **Jessica Hagedorn**, author of *Pet Food & Tropical Apparitions*, and **Luis Francia**, author of *Her Beauty Likes Me Well*, will lead the workshop. Participants will read and discuss contemporary Philippine poetry and experimental prose, in English. Special renderings of Tagalog poems will also be used, to give a feel for that language. 6 Saturdays, beginning April 14, at noon.

The Children's Poetry Workshop will be taught this year by **Robbie McCauley** and will be held in the Parish Hall Saturdays at 11 AM, beginning April 7th through June 9th. Robbie McCauley is a performance poet and lyricist whose work appears in "Regeneration Report", an album by the Sedition Ensemble. Her song "Loisada Children" will appear as a new Sedition recording this fall.

Lecture:

Tuesday, April 17, noted poet and man about Bolinas, **Bill Berkson**, will deliver a lecture entitled, "Dante's Book of Thoughts." Mr. Berkson is the author of *Blue Is The Hero*, and *The Enigma Variations*. Lecture begins at 9 PM; a \$3 contribution is suggested. Your host, Joel Lewis.

Special Event:

On Friday, April 20th, at 7 PM, a special benefit reading for Bob Kaufman will be held in the Parish Hall.

BOOKS RECEIVED

From Merging Media Press (59 Sandra Cir. A3, Westfield, NJ 07090): **Dialogue of Days**, Rochelle Dubois & Adele Kenny, \$3; **Refusing the Frog**, Adele Kenny, \$2.25

From Garland Publishers, Inc. (136 Madison Ave., NYC, NY 10016): **Derek Walcott, Annotated Bibliography**, Irma Goldstraw, \$39; **Medieval Latin Poems of Male Love and Friendship**, selected and translated by Thomas Stehling, \$31

The Torture Poems, Daniel Wolff, *The Sons of Leisure & the Daughters of Commerce and Industry*

Modern Heaven, John Kruth, Jackalope Press, 211 Highview St., Mamaroneck, NY 10543

Finding the Name - anthology of women poets, edited by Elisa Vieta Ritchie, Wineberry Press, c/o The Writers Center, PO Box 606, Glen Echo, MD 20812, \$15.95

Raking the Snow, Elisa Vieta Ritchie, Washington Writers Publishing House, PO Box 50068, Wash., DC 20004, \$4

Volcan: Poems from Central America, edited by Alejandro Murguía & Barbara Paschke, City Lights Books, 261 Columbus Ave., S.F., CA 94133, \$5.95

The New Surrealists, edited by Rose Sayre, Pig Iron Press, PO Box 237, Youngstown, Ohio 44501, \$5.95

From the Inside, Barbara Adams, 57 Coach Lane, Newburgh, NY 12550, \$4

Anticipation, Frederick Ted Castle, McPherson & Co., PO Box 638, New Paltz, NY 12561, \$12.50

Madame Realism, Lynne Tillman, with drawings by Kiki Smith, PO Box 360, NY, NY 10009

Sweat & Sex & Politics, Bob Holman, PeKa Boo Press, 868 Teaticket Highway, E. Falmouth, Mass. 02536

Traffic, Tom Smith, The Smith Publishers, 5 Beekman St, NYC, NY 10038, \$4

Collected Prose, Carl Rakosi, National Poetry Foundation, 305 EM Building, Univ. of Maine, Orono, Maine 04469, \$12.95

Asking Myself/ Answering Myself, Shimpei Kusano, translated by Cid Corman with Susumu Kamaike, New Directions, 80 8th Ave., NY, NY 10011, \$5.95

Makeup On Empty Space, Anne Waldman, The Toothpaste Press, order from: Bookslinger, 213 E 4th St., St. Paul, Minnesota 55101, \$8.50

Dangers of Reading, Lorna Smedman, Prospect Books, 500 E. 11 St., NYC, NY 10009, \$3

MAGAZINES RECEIVED

San Fernando Poetry Journal, Vol. V, no. 3, 18301 Halsted St., Northridge, CA 91324, \$10/4 issues

Yet Another Small Magazine, Vol. 3, Andrew Mt. Press, PO Box 14353, Hartford, CT 06114, \$1.95

Mr. Cognito, Vol. VI, no. 2, Davies & Gogol, Box 627, Pacific Univ., Forest Grove, OR 97116, \$1

New Leaves Review 9, 41-50 48 St, Sunnyside, NY 11104, \$2 (Kupferberg, Holland)

Magazine, Vol 14, no. 1, Beyond Baroque Foundation, 681 Venice Blvd., Venice CA 90291, \$7/year (Einzig, Giorno, Soupault)

Volition, One & Two, Vortex Editions, PO Box 42698, S.F., CA 94101, \$4 (Hawkins, Harryman, Owen) (Berkson, Friedman, C. Gallup)

Soup 3, 545 Ashbury, S.F. CA 94117, \$4, (translation issue)

Poetry Flash, Feb. 1984, No. 131, 545 Assbury, S.F., CA 94117

Luna Tack IV, c/o David Duer, PO Box 372, West Branch, Iowa, 52358, \$3 (Metcalf, Tarn, Hoover, Corman)

THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER

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

The Poetry Project Newsletter is published monthly Oct.-May. Subscriptions are \$7 a year. Advertisers please write for rate sheets. Deadline for the May issue is April 1st, deadline for the October issue is September 1st.

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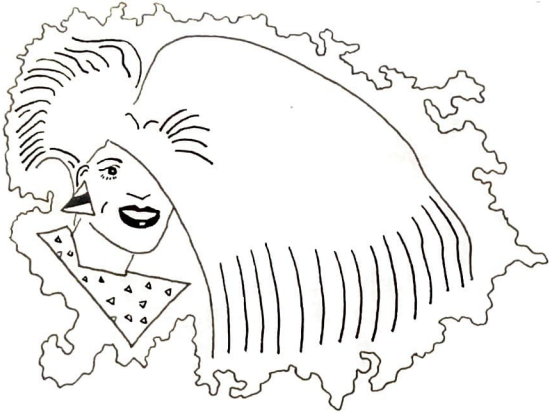
Readings from the Poetry Project are broadcast weekly Fridays at 8:30 PM on WBAI-FM 99.5 and Mondays at 9:30 PM on WRPR-FM Mahwah. Produced by John Fisk.

St. Mark's Church In-The-Bowery
 THE POETRY PROJECT
 10th St. & 2nd Ave.
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MONDAY PERFORMANCE/POETRY SERIES
8PM \$2

- A 2 - Open Reading
- P 9 - Tim Dlugos / Steve Levine
- R 16 - Charles Borkhuis & Jim Nau / Chasler
- I 23 - Henry Hills / Leonard Goldstein
- L 30 - Ruth Danon / Roberto Echavarren

CLASS

APRIL

WEDNESDAY READING SERIES
8PM

- A 4 - Double Ron Night - Ron LOEWINSON / Ron SILLMAN
- P 11 - RAY BREMSER / HERBERT HUNCKE
- R 10 - BILL PERKSON / PAUL HOOVER
- L 25 - LAURA CHESTER / MARIA GIMIN

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2ND AVE & 10TH STREET

LECTURE!
TUESDAY APRIL 17 9PM
ONLY \$3
BILL PERKSON

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Fridays at 8 - "Poetry" avec Jack Collom

Saturdays at 10:30 - "Children's Poetry" avec Robbie McCauley (Ages 7-13)

Noon - "Philippino Poetry in Translation" avec Luis Francia and Jessica Hagedorn

2 - "Poetry" avec Diane Burns

"Readings from the POETRY PROJECT"
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Fridays
8:30 PM

SPECIAL

EVENT
7PM FRIDAY
APRIL 20
BENEFIT READING for BOB KAUFMAN

WARNING:

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