

THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER
No. 63 March 1979
Vicki Hudspith, Editor
St. Mark's Church
2nd Ave. & 10th St., NYC 10003

READINGS AT ST. MARK'S: Wednesday Nights, hosted by Ron Padgett & Maureen Owen:
March 7--John Godfrey&Dale Herd. March 14--Jacob Burckhardt&Glen Baxter. March 21--
Lewis Warsh&Bernadette Mayer. March 28--Dick Gallup&Jamie MacInnis. Monday Nights,
hosted by Bob Holman: March 5--Open Reading. March 12--Woods Hole Poets: Meredith
Cloud, Eric Edwards, Kenneth Ketchum. March 19--Rochelle Kraut (Super Film), Simon Pettet,
John Yau. March 26--Patty Oldenberg, Ava Tzernane.

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READINGS AROUND TOWN:NOTE:NOTE:NOTE:NOTE:Locale Poetry Reading Series has moved to the
Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, NYC, 2pm, \$1. March 4--Joel Agee, Brian Breger. March 18--"Big
House" Poets: Michael Lally, Eileen Myles, Marjorie Welish, Bob Rosenthal. Viridian
Gallery, 24 West 57th St, NYC, 7pm, \$2. March 1--Jim Brodey, Michael Slater. March 22--
Charles Bernstein, Ted Berrigan. March 29--Jamie MacInnis, Bob Rosenthal. Zu, 140 West
24th St, NYC, 8pm, \$1. March 2--"Personal Injury" Magazine Reading. March 9--Ted Greenwald,
Jim Brodey (poems & collaborations). March 16--Hard Press (Postcard Reading). March 30--
Bruce Parks, Herb Vernon. EAR IN, 326 Spring St, NYC, 2pm (new starting time) \$2. March 3--
Douglas Dunn, Carter Ratcliff. March 10--Ann Kim, Jim Brodey. March 17--Douglas Messerli,
Jamie MacInnis. March 24--Jeff Wright, John Perelman. March 31--Lynne Dryer, Clark
Coolidge. PARK SLOPE FOOD CO-OP BENEFIT READING: March 2, 8pm, Park Slope Methodist Church
6th Ave at 8th St, Brooklyn, NY (by subway take the F Train to 7th Ave, Bklyn Stn).
Readers include: Phillip Lopate, Jean Valentine, Michael Lally, David Ignatow, Susan
Sherman, Robert Hershon, Honor Moore, Irena Kelpfisz, Jose Angel Figueroa, Jan Clausen,
Patricia Jones, cont. \$2.50. THE WEST END CAFE, 2911 Bway & 14th St. Sundays at 2pm, \$2.
March 4--T. Berrigan, Notley, Padgett: Reading Denby. Mar. 11--Frank O'Hara: Plays Reading.
Mar. 18--Open Reading. Mar. 25--Mayer & Notley.

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WORKSHOPS AT ST. MARK'S: FREE / Writing Workshops / FREE.

Tuesdays: Writing Workshop with Ed Friedman, 7:30pm at Third Street Music School (no
workshops, however, on March 6 & 13).
Thursdays: One-time workshop with Glen Baxter, March 15, 7:30pm at Third Street Music
School.
Saturdays: Poetry Workshop for kids aged 8-13, with Bob Rosenthal, 11am-12noon, in
St. Mark's Parish Hall.
Sundays: Poetry Workshop with Harris Schiff, 6pm in St. Mark's Parish Hall.

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LECTURES AT ST. MARK'S: F.T. Prince on "Milton the Phoenix: A Self-Begotten Bird"
(Thursday, March 1, 7:30 pm). John Ashberry on "The Writings of Giorgio de Chirico"
(Thursday, March 22, 7:30 pm). Both lectures at Third Street Music School, 233 East
11th St. off Second Ave. Two dollar suggested contribution/reservations call 674-0910.

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DANSPACE: Since the fire at St. Mark's Church, DANSPACE is being temporarily housed in
the auditorium of the Third Street Music School, March 2 & 3 (8:30): Frank Conversano.
March 9 & 10 (8pm): Diane Frank & Deborah Riley. March 16 (8pm): Deborah Hay.
March 23 & 24 (8pm): Yoshiko Chuma & Charles Dennis. Contribution \$3 or TDF-plus 50¢.
No reservations. For more information call: 254-6621.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS:ANNOUNCEMENTS:ANNOUNCEMENTS:ANNOUNCEMENTS:ANNOUNCEMENTS:ANNOUNCEMENTS
The Naropa Institute located in Boulder Colorado has the Winter/Spring Catalog 1979
ready and available to all: write Naropa Institute, 1111 Pearl St., Boulder Colo. 80302
or telephone 303-444-0202. The core faculty consists of Allen Ginsberg, Anne Waldman,
Michael Brownstein, and Dick Gallup. On the guest faculty are William Burroughs,
Diane Di Prima, Ted Berrigan etc. Special Wednesday night readings this summer. Looks
like a great time at high altitude. Check it out.

Bonnie Bremser-Frazer will give a reading of her work on March 3rd, Sat. from her new novel and promises a roaring country fireplace in the background & good company. Greg Masters, Gary Lenhart, Eileen Myles, & Michael Scholnick will be reading with her. The Poetry Project By-Laws completed and ratified are now available to those who would like copies. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope or pick up a copy by asking at the back table at the Wed. readings.

Bill & Lynn Berkson and family are looking for a house in the country, New York State or vicinity, to rent for 1979-80. Possible to trade for their house in Bolinas, California. Interested &/or informed persons please write or phone: Box 389, Bolinas Ca. 94924. (415-868-0383).

SPECIAL THANKS in helping with the February 1979 "Newsletter" to: Maureen Owen, Ron Padgett, Rose Lesniak, Yuki Hartman, Debbie Allen, Harvey Lillywhite, Frances LeFevre and "Howard". Special Special thanks with the March issue to Bob Rosenthal for working on the Simon Shuchat letters and Johnny Stanton for reviewing Walter Savage Landor long enough to review Tom Savage's book.

DEADLINE: For all Newsletter material is the 1st of the month for the following month.

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

SUN, 456 Riverside Dr., NYC 10027: Since 1964 New & Selected Poems by Peter Schjeldahl (\$3.50p); The Happy Genius by Alan Feldman (\$3.50p); Lauds & Nightsounds by Harvey Shapiro (\$3.50p); The Bend, The Lip, The Kid by Jaimy Gordon (\$3.50p); CHERRY VALLEY EDITIONS, Box 303, Cherry Valley, NY 13320: The Tale of the Amazing Tramp by Dan Proper (\$2.50p)/BLACK SPARROW PRESS, P.O.Box 3993, Santa Barbara, CA 93105: Women by Charles Bukowski (\$5p/\$14h)/TELEPHONE BOOKS, Box 672, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC 10011: 3-Way Split by Rebecca Brown (\$1.50p)/ROSS-ERIKSON PUBLISHERS, 629 State St., Santa Barbara, CA 93101: The Visionary Poetics of Allen Ginsberg by Paul Portuges (literary criticism, \$4.95p)/United Artists Five, Box 718, Lenox, Mass. 01240: works by Bob Rosenthal, Steve Carey, Alice Notley, Lewis Warsh, Jack Collum, Bernadette Mayer, Ted Berrigan, Clark Coolidge (\$2p)/ANGEL HAIR BOOKS, Box 718, Lenox, Mass. 01240: The Golden Book of Words by Bernadette Mayer (\$3p); Own Face by Clark Coolidge (3p)/ANDREA DORIA BOOKS, 515 East 6th St., NYC 10009: Panic Hard-Ware by Tom Weigel (npl)/A Hundred Posters, 689 E. 17th St., Brooklyn, NY 11230: #37 January 1979; works of Kit Robinson (donation)/Un Poco Loco, c/o The Poetry Project, 2nd Ave & 10th St., NYC 10003; edited by Larry Fagin: works by Ted Greenwald (donation)/Caveman, January Tuesday 30, 1979: mysterious distribution, no price listed, interesting assortment of gossip and straight "poop"/THE ECCO PRESS, 1 West 30th St., NYC 10001: The Diary of "Helena Morley", translated by Elizabeth Bishop (\$5.95p)/SEAGULL PUBLICATIONS, 1736 E. 53rd St., Brooklyn, NY 11234: The Last Detective by Richard Vetere (\$2.25p)/INTERMEDIA PRESS, Box 3294, Vancouver, B.C. V6B3X9, Canada: Titmouse 7, magazines of poems and collages (npl)/Order from author at P.O.Box 304, Lewisburg, Ohio 45338: Nurses Notes by S.W. Bliss (npl)/POURBOIRE PRESS, c/o Burning Deck, 71 Elmgrove Ave., Providence, R.I. 02906: Wastepaper Theatre, works by Hannah Weiner, Rosmarie Waldrop, Jaimy Gordon, Keith Waldrop, James Schevill (npl)/THIS, order from Small Press Distribution, 1636 Ocean View Ave., Kensington, CA 94707: Country/Harbor/Quiet/Act/Around by Larry Eigner (selected prose, \$4p, \$10h); Series by Robert Grenier, poems 1967-71 (\$4p), Quartz Hearts by Clark Coolidge (\$2.50p)/NEW VICTORIA PUBLISHERS, INC. 7 Bank St., Lebanon, N.H.: Dying by Miriam Dyak (\$3p).

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Bob Holman is Old Man Moses in Jeff Jones' new play NIGHT COIL at St. Clement's March 15 - April 1. CI6-7277 will secure reservations.

Barbara Barg will be teaching a class on "Working With Sexists" at The Marxist School, 186 West 4th Street, NYC (enter on Barrow), Tuesdays at 8 pm, beginning February 20th thru March 26th. \$2 per workshop.

ANYBODY'S UNCONDITIONAL, AIR-CONDITIONED PLEASURE

DRUNKARD'S DREAM by Gary Lenhart, REMEMBER I DID THIS FOR YOU, A POWER MAD BOOK, 1030 Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, N.Y. 10009. \$2.00

The clarity of Mr. Lenhart's intentions calls across the pages, person-to-person, they may or may not be for you.

Be that as it may, Mr. Lenhart's apparent familiarity & comfort with the "classics", & his appreciation of his predecessors, offer a departure point while instilling trust in the reader.

So now that you're ready he starts switching horses in mid-sentence, as when a guy (supposedly the author) is suddenly a she. The air is so fresh it's visible & this freshness imparts a tone to the whole book. Following a participle (surprised) with an adjective (strange) is just that - surprised strange. Yet the entire sentence, "I'm surprised strange to say never in a room full", reveals a common usage doing doublework because of a comma deletion.

Further ungrammatical usages, such as using singular tenses when plural is indicated, add a light touch to the lightening speed of these works.

Occasionally to balance or anchor these novel usages, he inserts telling cliches, giving the poems a reference point, or direction, as in: "Food for thought", "I pass on the inside every chance", & "What's up my sleeve is obvious".

But what he's driving his T-Bird minus a stolen tapedeck at - is a hard edge with a final twist, like "Little feats don't fail me now."

If you don't think DRUNKARD'S DREAM will lend you unconditional pleasure, check this gem that sort of sums up the humor, the paranoic nostalgia, & the nerve of our days:

Groucho

Quick
Under the bed

-- Jeff Wright

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from The Telephone Book

- T. Hello?
E. Hi Terry. It's Ed.
T. Hi Ed, how are you?
E. I'm doin fine. How are you doing?
T. Fine. Okay, fine.
E. I know you're at work so I won't keep you long.
T. Yeh. Yeh.
E. When can we see each other?
T. Why don't you give me a call at home...like when I get home tonight. Is that cool?
E. Uh...um...maybe...how long do you stay up?
T. I don't know. I've been tired lately but usually...you know...til midnight anyway.
E. Oh OK cuz I'm gonna go to my mother's class tonight so maybe I'll call you when I get back.
T. OK. Um how late will that be? Ten?
E. Ten or eleven or so.
T. OK. Well don't call after eleven thirty...um cuz usually then I don't want to talk on the phone.
E. OK.
T. So if you can...if not um...you know...I guess call...just call...me in the evening, don't call me here anymore cuz it's during Christmas and it's just real bad.
E. OK. That or give me a call if you don't hear from me.
T. OK. Um all right...great.
E. OK, bye Terry.
T. Bye.

--Ed Friedman

The Luis Armed Story, by Tom Veitch (Full Court Press, 15 Laight Street, New York, N.Y. 10013) 200 pages, \$3.50 ppbk., \$9.95 cloth, \$20. signed ltd. ed.

In the recesses of the mind practically anything is possible. So too in the pages of The Luis Armed Story. Unlike the traditional novel with its assembly line of related events, Tom Veitch's latest novel is a vehicle for the grand exploration of an organic process.

"Like layers of an onion," writes C.G. Jung in the introduction, "the author strips away the lives of his characters, and what is revealed is an invisible kernel of truth which rests not on any one page of this book but somewhere three inches above the surface of the last page."

Luis Armed is not a prisoner of the script. He can be in New York or Mexico, whichever suits his whim. He pops up in Washington D.C. suspected of foul play then, just as suddenly, we visit Luis cloistered in Rome, revealing good books to the faithful. There are no limits. This is the story of Luis Armed, the drug-fiend who loves his sister, Luis the proctophobe, Ozark Faith Healer, Luis the blasphemous monk. In every case Luis is The Chosen One, the meeting ground of hell and heaven, a later-day Jack-in-the-Beanstalk and a jabberwock prophet.

"Jellymen of the jury!" the big cheese says, "Creeps everywhere! I am an image-transformer! Gimme a moment to elucidate..... God picked me to act as his agent at this temporal juncture. When I was three years old he began feeding the mad movies of man into my skull and that was when I discovered my function as psychic regulator of the age."

Veitch aims at a fractured coherence and perceptual disorientation. His extravagant prose realizes certain Dadaist inventions and biases, such as the absence of narrative resolution, blasphemous comedy and the rendering of worldly absurdity. The story flies at you from a spinning core as if there's no beginning and no end. Jung calls this a "cyclic" novel, "an exteriorization of an interior movement toward expansion of consciousness."

If reading is an adventure then this "mandala" is truly a "psychic event". The Luis Armed Story is irreverent and totally mad, guaranteed to clean cobwebs from your cranial museum.

-- Tom Plante

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PERSONALITIES, by Tom Savage, New York, Jim Brodey Books, 1978.

Dear Tom,

Just received yr booklet. PERSONALITIES, in the celestial mail, along with my weekly copy of Time magazine. ("The one with the bear sniffing around the Persian Empire on the cover...")

Yr seven pieces (lucky number) are mini-gems of contemporary exotic literature, yet each one is still defined and structured by a particular insight. The seven personalities distinctly speak out to either silent interviewers or talk to a friend, or give an afterdinner speech, or write a letter to posterity: the personalities come across beautifully, especially the three women.

All the pieces are neat and clear ("It's too bad I can't say the same thing about the printing.") with a deft satirical touch now and then. ("Gabby Hayes and Zazu Pitts...oh my!"); even the trick of personality t.v. guessing games ties together yr splendid details. These pieces are prose poems, varied in style and tone and interspersed with directional action; and like the "personalities" they represent, yr pieces are both lively and entertaining....

Yr "personalities" are able to sum up their lives at a moment's notice: very theatrically done, old boy...like Arthur Reel's adaptations of famous short stories, chock full of literary ideas. PERSONALITIES inspired me to start writing a heavenly sequel to my Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen; the tentative title is : Real Conversations of Contemporary Poets and Writers. ("Statesmen aren't of interest anymore, except in their sex lives.")

Thank you for yr book, cousin, keep up the good work, and be sure to make the theatre of poetry yr lifelong career....Yr personable ancestor, Walter Savage Landor

WORKING AT ST. MARK'S, Preservation Youth Project/An Oral History, Community Documentation Wkshp, edited by Steve Facey, \$1.95, available at the Church office.

This book documents the pre-Fire renovation of St. Marks, from the 12,000 individually made paving stones in the West Yard to the steeple that was almost razed due to lack of funds. The workers are all Lower East Side youths, and the book is edited from their conversation, which is funny, incisive, colorful, straight, street-wise, & fully aware of the ironies of living on Aves C & D while working on an 18th century Episcopal Anglican Church.

The book is an experiment -- a history of a history-preserving project in which the only names mentioned are in passing -- Augie, Facey, Orlando. The work & the workers are full center, personalities shadow the corners, no generalized sociological statements are anywhere. Alright!

From the cover photo of the Great Clock, where it's always 3:20 (south face) & 3:45 (east face) you can flip through the sidepocket photos & see the building & rebuilding. The words saw into truth, life & work, hammering that the Church is many things, all connected. A place that's never stopped being built.

--Bob Holman

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Ne Hao = Hello

(21 Oct 78) It's 6 o'clock, I've showered & haphazardly done my yoga. It's very easy to get up early in the mawning here, the sound of Shanghai waking up wakes me up & as the light is beginning to get clear I can look out the window on the smokey city, with its buses & so forth -- mostly bicycles -- starting to fill the streets, before the people get there. ...I live in what was originally a luxury hotel & still is, by PRC standards. I have an interpreter at my disposal whenever I wish, and a car with a driver. The car drives me to work in the morning & back in the evening -- later I shall get a bicycle. The French teacher & I eat separately from the Chinese teachers, & have different, i.e., much more meat, meals. I feel uncomfortable with this, but my french colleague keeps telling me, they ask an awful lot of work & if we were to eat with the Chinese teachers, we wouldn't be able to keep up -- not enough nourishment for us. I don't know. Everyone in the English Department is very eager to talk to me. People rush into my office and ask me all sorts of questions. I have to be able to explain everything & it seems that my answers are all correct. This is even worse for the ego than the special treatment; everybody likes having their laundry done & that sort of thing, and the more work I am doing the more I will ignore & then take for granted that sort of thing. But being "expert" is strange, when in the middle of a culture which one knows absolutely nothing about.

(17 Oct) After I wrote all that, I went out for a walk, a little trepidatious, I walked out of the hotel, turned north, towards the upper banks of the Whangpo & rambled. A lot of factories, or workshops rather, & near to the river, warehouses & loading docks, a lot of people pushing or shoving carts or pedicabs loaded with things whose purpose I can't imagine, & freshly painted pieces of metal stacked in the sun, people in doorways, walking up & down the street, a lot of mothers with little children, everybody looks like they work hard, very hard -- this is a kind of Peter Orlovsky paradise, I wandered further. I was near a bridge over a canal & an old woman with a very beautifully lined face smiled & started talking to me in Chinese! and pointing at the cuffs of my pants, & her pants. ? Anybody's guess, but sounded friendly & even solicitous of my welfare, even tho what she meant -- bad shoes, funny pants, odd socks, shit on my shoes, who knows? --was as far off as higher mathematics. Oh yes, on the other hand, some of the looks were not as friendly as ...but who knows what a look means? I would nod &

smile, sometimes they nodded & smiled back. Once or twice I said "Ne hao" & the shock of hearing a foreigner feebly speak a word of Chinese seemed to be pleasant for them, & then I found a great big market inside what in the states would have been a parking garage -- huge place, there was a big table set aside at the entrance with a sign saying "This Counter For Foreigners" in English. Lots of tables, with different vegetables (including something called, in the romanisation, "shucaï") There were counters with cooked food, & a lot of counters with meats; big beef carcasses off in the corner (maybe lamb? I don't know animal parts that good) & tables with eggs, some of which were oddly "dis" colored & others of which were covered with a strange kind of brown coating, like a coconut shell. I kept seeing the same guy with a tied up duck that he seemed to be trying to trade. I saw a barbershop which was very busy. On some streets there would be four guys playing cards & another four or five kibbitzing. The streetcars & buses kept running past. I passed a furniture store where a man loaded two big red upholstered chairs onto a worn looking cart, but he didn't try to put them on the streetcar which had stopped right in front of him. I saw two girls almost run over by a bus that kept beeping & finally stopped just in time while one girl pulled her friend to safety. I walked along another road -- I can't remember their names but "Lu" (pronounced differently from the name of my interpreter which means "earth") means street, so there is Nanking Lu (most famous street in town, but on south side of Soochow Creek & not where I was walking) & Yennan Lu -- the big streets are named for cities, & the main street corresponding to Michigan Avenue is Sun Yat Sen Lu, -- I walked along another road & came to a bridge over Soochow Creek, not garden Bridge which is by the hotel, & walked along the south bank, where more people were playing cards & where I saw the only other foreigners on the streets, 3 apparently western businessmen (looked Spanish to me) with their interpreters & of course I felt terrific to be out by myself, not that I was doing that much, . . . It's just like New York but so different -- I mean people are always doing the same thing & a bunch of guys playing cards on Mulberry Street is the same as a bunch of guys playing cards on some Lu in Shanghai, but just to know that, & to see that for oneself is worth so much to me. Okay, enough . . .

(26 November) I've just come back from being out, on a bicycle with some other teachers . . . First we saw an exhibition of paintings by three recently dead painters (persecuted to death by the gang of 4 it is implied) which was great. I still don't quite understand the chinese sense of color -- the most common color is of course black/gray/white, & the second most common is a bright pink-red. In a lot of the pictures my eye can't resolve the harmonies at all, & the pictures don't explain their balances. Also the kind of accuracy in drawing is very curious -- I can't figure out what distance they are meant to be seen from. Beautiful landscapes of traditional types with a real cute bus crossing the bridge, instead of the old man leading a buffalo. There were a few absolutely perfect pictures; one small black & gray landscape, traditional style picture of hills in mist, very small & very perfect; a couple of still lifes especially one in a delicate shade of green, another with a shocking burst of yellow; several pictures of animals including a cat about to leap into the air after an insect -- maybe butterfly? -- which is incredible! you see the actual tension in the cat, its eyes are up & almost quizzical, one leg is just barely lifted for the spring; & another animal picture is just a brown baboon with a pink face & a wonderfully intelligent expression sort of looking past you, the viewer. And besides there were all sorts of great things, historical paintings of workmen & guards in the winter, children playing &c. No specific portraits, no nudes. That's correct. . . . Last night I went to see a play, which is the newest sensation. It was written by a young Shanghai factory worker & it's quite good, as a play. It's about an upper cadre, supporter of the gang & his son & daughter. The son is a cynical doctor who quotes gang slogans in a sarcastic manner. The daughter is engaged to marry the head of the Shanghai militia & works in the Dept of Public Security. The wife is always

looking sad. She knows a secret. She knows that her husband, 9 years ago, gave false evidence against their old friend, an old cadre who was thus kicked out of the Party & who is also the mother of O-yan, the former fiance of Hsiao yin, the daughter, who still loves O-yan. O-yan and his mother show up at the house & thus we have complications, & eventually the father is isolated & left by all the rest who have finally become wise to his renegade behavior & they leave just as the rain begins pouring outside. ... Yesterday I was walking around after work -- this part is frightening but actually great & heavenly -- I was looking at some beautiful houses I'd like to live in when I grow up & lighting my cigar when from I don't know where I heard very clearly the first few bars of yankee doodle dandy being whistled, I was utterly freaked out. I couldn't tell if it was coming from inside my head or outside. I couldn't see anyone on the street who looked like they had done it. ... Now about the Tien An Men incident. This was 5 April 76, a big memorial ceremony for Chou En Lai, & the thing was, people wrote poems. They stuck them up on walls, they distributed them surreptitiously through the land, they went to jail in a mass movement etc, all over these poems. Or more precisely, over what the poems said. According to a few people who've read them, many of them are good poems as poems, as well as politically important. & anyway it is fascinating to think of the political power of poetry in a land where people are fond of saying "There's a poem to prove it!"

(3 December 78) It's colder than shit in Shanghai. Today I moved from my old room in this apt to a new one across the hall, therefore facing south -- good sunlight, beautiful view of the river & Chongsan Lu, which used to be called the Bund & looks a little like Chicago, When I wake up in AM at 6 I can stagger to window (if I don't fall over chair first) & see the retired workers doing their tai chi, which is only done by old people because "it takes a lot of patience." ... Let me tell you about a movie. It was made before the cultural revolution, but after liberation, & as a movie, just pure visuals, it is excellently made; it's made of light & shadow that way. A lot of Chinese movies are very static, bright colors (this was black & white) beautiful poses slow moves. "Family" is about an old-style Chinese family up in Szechuan during the teens, twenties, & thirties. #1 grandson is in love with Miss Mei but is forced by his grandfather to marry another woman. #2 grandson is rebellious & falls in love with servant girl. Well I can't retell the story line it's too complicated but basically this nasty old grandfather ruins everybody, or tries, by ordering them to do things they don't want. There's a great scene where he has one of his sons "punish himself," so this guy, a middle-aged man with grown sons of his own, starts slapping himself. #1 grandson's life is totally fucked up, #2 grandson leaves home (he's a minor character) & at the end #3, who is beautiful & who is political & whose servant girl love committed suicide rather than marry nasty old man (head of Confucian Society) &c, he goes to Shanghai, "to the masses!" in a beautiful heroic pose in the wind on a boat rolling down the Yangtze past the gorgeous gorges. Great film.

WALKING ALONG THE WANGPO AMONG THE LOVERS
AROUND 8:30 PM ONE NOVEMBER THURSDAY

It's very real
I'm alone it's true

Even the stars are different
All the poems are very short

-- Simon Schuchat

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ATTENTION: The Project is collecting books and magazines of the small press to send to our foreign correspondent, Simon Schuchat. Simon is teaching and longs to show his students some up to date publications in American letters. So send or bring in your contributions to the Poetry Project office.

Bouquets & Engagements

Humility strokes the cat of no hurting thoughts
Yugoslavia on the Dalmation coast
A shade-away from disinterest
Tequila vase swirling

My whole scene
getting teeth back in shape
beneficence bestowed on fragility
chomping on two apples

Absence is concise
Ambiguity is a dragon
Wind pursues engraved
the chill on steep terrain
In the year of Vince Baggetta

-- Michael Scholnick

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