



THE POETRY PROJECT

APRIL / MAY 2017 ISSUE #251

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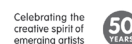
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Cover image: "Clothes that Fight Back" by Anastasio Wrobel. Courtesy of the artist.

Letter from the Director

For 50 years, The Poetry Project has been devoted to poetry as a way of life, supporting poets, inclusivity, curiosity, and community. I hope that you, as a supporter of the Project, will join us at this historic moment for our first-ever gala benefit.

The Poetry Project's 50th Anniversary Gala

Thursday, April 27, 2017
7:00 p.m. to midnight
St. Mark's Church in-the-Bowery
131 E. 10th Street

The arts— and other expressions of liberty— are under attack. The Poetry Project's 50th Anniversary Gala will be a celebration of the arts as urgent resistance and brilliance. We are thrilled to be honoring **Anne Waldman** for her radical and inspiring contributions to international contemporary poetry and activism, alongside her past leadership of The Poetry Project. The evening will feature performances by **Laurie Anderson**, **Yoshiko Chuma**, and **LaTasha N. Nevada Diggs** as well as drinks, hors d'oeuvres, and a late-night dance party.

When you **donate**, **buy gala tickets**, and/or **provide gala sponsorship**, you are also supporting the Project's 50th Anniversary Campaign— the first campaign the Project has ever undertaken— with the goal of raising an ambitious \$350,000. We have already raised over a third of the amount! In our first half century, the Project has hosted over 3,500 readings featuring more than 5,000 different poets, and connected with more than 200,000 people. Our future will focus on continuing our cutting-edge programming while strengthening local, national, and international connections through new web-based workshops, live-streaming our events and readings, and more. Our goal is to reach an additional 100,000 poetry-lovers with cutting-edge technology in the next three years.

Your support enables The Poetry Project to continue being a vibrant public forum and home for the most restless and challenging creative minds of poetry today. If you are interested in purchasing gala tickets or becoming a sponsor please visit our homepage at poetryproject.org. Thank you for being a crucial member of our community!

—Stacy Szymaszek

Letter from the Editor

This is my last issue of the newsletter, everybody!! Readers may or may not have noticed that I did away with the letter from the editor section when I took the helm with the belief that whatever statements I wanted to make would be clearly reflected in the content of the *Newsletter* itself. Now that my run is over, I'm plugging it back in here. What the next editor does is entirely up to them.

It's been an incredible honor to serve as Newsletter Editor and I have an immense appreciation for everyone who wore the lead cape before I got it. It was my intention to let the *Newsletter* serve as a reflection of and forum for the Project community. I'm deeply grateful to everyone who helped make it all keep happening.

I want to go on record as saying that there's a special place in "heaven" waiting for the people who sent in their puzzle solutions hoping for a prize. (I've also got a bridge for sale I think you might be interested in... Hit me up backchannel for details.)

Before saying goodbye to my post, I took the liberty of poking around in the Project's basement archives to look for treasure. Some of the images included in this issue reflect good times from the Project's past, treasure indeed. I also found a fascinating missive in a Fruit Loops box wedged between the file cabinets down there, it's included in Community Letters section.

As part of my own editorial statement for these very interesting times, I offer some words on navigating the present moment from friends on the west coast as convened by Jen Hofer and a note from Ed Sanders.

In a fit of editorial arrogance I wrote Ed an email after seeing a video of him from 1968 talking about love and light, curious about whether, given our current political landscape, he still stands by the views he held then. His very gracious response is on page 8.

Here's to love and light.

—Betsy Fagin

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Notes from the Project



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FOUNDATION FOR CONTEMPORARY ARTS POETRY RECIPIENTS

FCA announced that Liz Waldner received the inaugural Dorothea Tanning Award and Anselm Berrigan received one of the 2017 Grants to Artists awards. Congratulations, poets.

In Memoriam: Ray DiPalma

I first met Ray in 2005, after moving to New York from London in March of that year. Merrill Gilfillan, a friend of Ray's since Iowa days, had asked him for an artwork to accompany a pair of poems for a monthly mail-out magazine I was producing at the time called *Tolling Elves*. I went to visit him at his apartment on West 108th St to talk over the layout of the piece, and that afternoon— August 29th, 2005— began our friendship.

Loyalty, courtesy and generosity are the traits that first come to mind in connection with Ray's habits of friendship: loyal because he knew how to nourish the dailiness of friendship, to be present when there was both little and plenty to say, and when things were rocky; courteous and generous in his care and solicitousness of me, my wife, and our daughter (for whom he regularly bought books), and my work (which he enthusiastically fed with great suggestions). His always warm accounts of other friends— Paul Vangelisti, Merrill Gilfillan, Michael Lally, Vincent Dussol, SVA colleagues— made clear these traits applied to those relations also.

From the outset— that is, with his first book, *Max*, published in 1969— his poetry was defined by a keen feeling for pattern, balance of parts, abstraction rather than concretion, visual as well as musical rhythm, permutation, quotation and collage, the main design showing through without insisting on itself. After I began to see poems in manuscript, the work increasingly seemed analogous to the light-filled yet dense architecture and beautifully pallid color of the Lindesfarne Gospels. Ray of course loved manuscript painting; I remember great conversations about the work of the brilliant medievalists Mary Carruthers (with whom he and his ex-wife Elizabeth were friends) and Michael Camille on the mnemonic prompts populating the margins of manuscript paintings that made plain his affinity for miniaturism and plenitude of detail. Carruthers' books on the medieval memory arts and their essentially combinatorial, devotional function— *The Book of Memory* and *The Craft of Thought*— pertain closely to Ray's work. His working habits were entrenched in the recombination of well-chosen and well-digested matter, with the page generally functioning as a building site for architecturally defined materials; his love of inventory and of allegorical resonance in both language and image further this medieval affinity.

A sure indication of how deeply this disposition ran were Ray's letters and emails, which were uniformly of a piece with his work (Tom Raworth: "like the Balinese say, we have no art, we just do everything as well as possible.") Images and quotations balanced other components, the whole would generally feel daybook-ish or have the quality of a "document," and over all of it would hover the particular temporality attending his writing: time drifting in and out of being lived, the engines of thought chugging along but never mindlessly churning out product, detecting design or amusement wherever possible and taking human delight in shape. I would hate to portray Ray as "productive," though; I thought of him, at least, as dedicatedly at play— of course "hard-working" in some uninteresting sense of the term, but with no faux-modest Protestant display of labor itself as guarantor of worth. Ray was schooled by Jesuits: perhaps Ignatius of Loyola's *Spiritual Exercises* supplied a more pertinent model for a working life, and as for play, Huizinga's *Homo Ludens* was certainly mentioned as a key text, eventually coming to inform the sequence "New York Specific."

Mention of "key texts" dislodges a long list of books and authors that were dear to Ray and which perpetually informed correspondence. He loved great essayists like Walter Benjamin, Thomas Browne, Robert Burton and Thomas De Quincey (especially the latter's "The English Mail Coach"); virtuosos of the aphorism like Nietzsche and Antonio Porchia; diarists with a knack for vividly conveyed observation like William Beckford, Joseph Cornell and Thoreau; and the high-flown rhetoric of writers like Charles Olson or Baron Corvo— or, conversely, the headlong monolog of Bernhard, Walser and Beckett (his reading style could be seen as a weird amalgam of Olsonian grandeur and Beckettian flatness). In poetry, we shared a fondness for wizards of compression like Dickinson, Saroyan and the Creeley of *Pieces* and *A Daybook*; other of his favorites, like Zukofsky and Ashbery, for whom I personally have no instinct, were made more interesting for what he did with their work in his own poems.

Perhaps irrelevantly, I'm remembering Ray's hands: they were fantastically articulate in undertaking the most ordinary of activities— it was always a pleasure to see him leaf through a newly encountered

book. Many people will have that memory of him, I'm sure: and of course the codex form was a primary affinity, as all of his work and life indicates. But it was equally pleasing to see him, say, butter a piece of bread; in an email to Elizabeth after Ray died I commented on his hands and she revealed that she had thought likewise and had even persuaded him to do a photoshoot when she worked as an art director at Book of the Month Club. How wonderful that would have been, if Ray had kept a secret life as a hand model.

Another signature feature: his laugh. There is definitely a picture of Ray in the dictionary next to the word "chuckle."

I imagine aspects of this portrait of Ray will appear discrepant with the memories of many who knew him better and longer than I, but who ran afoul of a prickliness that would be dishonest to sidestep here. He was definitely quick to be hurt; for us there was never any question but that we would overcome conflicts, and so we always did. The foundations were there for that— Ray's typical sign-off from a phonecall was "I love you guys." I can only say that to me and my family he was a caring and dedicated friend, and there's no effort or rose-tinting in underscoring that fact. It's absolutely how I'll remember him, and— thankfully— how I thought of him while he was alive.

Thomas Evans is an editor and director of Pedestrian Thought Theaters. He is the author of *Furniture without Rest* (PTT Editions, 2012) and editor of the forthcoming *Selected Writings of Adrian Stokes* (2016).

I HID BUT HERE I AM

Let it be said of me
He was like grass on the moon
Unless that was blue paint
Improving the stars
Or ink that refused to dry

Some went as far as walking
On their hands to avoid
Looking concerned and maintained
It was a new posture for prayer and
The poor could keep the coins that fell

More than a few thought
I would never leave
But I must admit so did I
My eager silence easily arrived at and
At a gallop through the echoes

Few could have been harder to find
In a variety of voices I used
More paper than the late Egyptians
Who had it from the Chinese
My feet went before my shoes

I *hid* but here I am
I hid but *here* I am
I hid *but* here I am
I hid but here *I* am
For ubiquitous adieux

*Permission for the reproduction of this poem
given by the family of Raymond A. DiPalma for this purpose only.*

Creating a Body of Love and Light

Ed Sanders

You emailed me after listening to the September '68 William Buckley show where I appeared with Jack Kerouac and Lewis Yablonsky. (Kerouac had come to NY from Lowell with two pals from his youth. They checked into the Delmonico Hotel. William Burroughs was also at the Delmonico, writing his essay on the Chicago riots for *Esquire*. At the Delmonico, Jack had chugged and smoked pot until he was quite inebriated. Burroughs urged him not to go to the show, but Jack came anyway.)

In your email you wrote, "Having listened to that interview where you talk about how creating a body of love and light is a great force to demonstrate in the U.S. when faced with political/physical oppression, I'm wondering if you still stand by that.... Here, now, in this present moment?"

The situation at the time of the show with Kerouac and Yablonsky was that Soviet tanks had recently entered Prague to counteract the demands for freedom from the so-called Prague Spring. In the U.S. anti-war demonstrators had just been beaten and bloodied in the streets of Chicago during the Democratic national convention.

Buckley had brought up the situation in Czechoslovakia, and I mentioned that my band the Fugs was in a few days going to Europe and that we were going to try to enter Czechoslovakia as a protest "and visit Kafka's birthplace." I also brought up the situation in Chicago, stating "when you attempt to essentially get together to press a point about a war, about a freedom, or freedom of journalism; when you're confronted by people like the Soviet leaders and like the leaders in Chicago... that you're confronted with essentially the same position, you're not allowed, you're clubbed, you're maced, you're gassed, you're freaked, zapped, pushed over; if you're an old lady you're thrown through a plate glass window, if you're a cripple you're thrown against a street light; if you're a peaceful long-haired loving protester you're smashed and knocked down; if you're a cameraman you're bricked, and your camera is destroyed, and your blood is splattered all over you. It's a nefarious thing, and there's all kinds of correlations.

And the lesson you would draw, would be to prepare yourself, in the sense of, if you're nonviolent as I am, and if you believe in pacifism, you would attempt to create a body of love and light, so that that thing can't happen, that there will be so many loving people there, that you will have a Festival of Life and all its attributes, and you can do that by praying together, by loving together..."

I'll stand by what I said on the William Buckley show in 1968. We need to maintain a Body of Love, Self-Radiance and Nonviolent Direct Action. It's all we have. I have kept a photo of Gandhi's personal effects when he was gunned down. Just some sandals, his glasses, and a few other items. That's it. That's all we have, what Allen Ginsberg once called in a poem, our "naked accomplishment bodies."

We're all outfitted in Gandhi's sandals, in a light-starved time, and to correct the course of the U.S.A. we all might face what Martin Luther King, Jr. called "unearned suffering." You'll need friends or supporters to take care of your pets, or store your stuff, if you're tossed into jail.

The future will wash over us, and ebb our fury. We'll need to submerge our egos in the required Uprising, and always recall José Martí's great apothegm, "All the glory in the world fits in a kernel of corn."

Edward Sanders
February 10, 2017

Ed Sanders is an Investigative Poet just now completing a book-length poem "Broken Glory, The Final Years of Robert Kennedy," with illustrations by Rick Veitch, in time for the 50th anniversary, 2018, of the shooting.



The Poetry Project's 50th Anniversary Gala Honoring Anne Waldman



Please join The Poetry Project on April 27th, 2017 as we launch our first ever gala in celebration of our 50th Anniversary. The gala will honor poet and former Artistic Director of The Poetry Project, Anne Waldman. For more info and/or to purchase tickets, please visit poetryproject.org.

- TICKETS -

General \$150.00

Cocktails and hors d'oeuvres // Performances // Dance party

After Party \$25.00

Come for the dance party!

- EVENT -

7 - 8pm // Cocktails and hors d'oeuvres

8 - 9pm // Toast by Ron Padgett and performances, hosted by Bob Holman

9:30pm - midnight // After party with DJ A. Radovski

Anne Waldman has published more than 40 books of poetry, including the monumental feminist epic, *The Iovis Trilogy* (Coffee House Press, 2011). She is a poet and teacher, and with Allen Ginsberg co-founded the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics at Naropa Institute in Boulder, Colorado in 1974. She was the Artistic Director of The Poetry Project from 1968-1978. Over the course of her career, Waldman has been an active member of the Outrider experimental poetry community as a writer, performer, collaborator, professor, editor, scholar, and cultural/political activist. To learn more, visit her website: annewaldman.org

Laurie Anderson is a performance artist, composer, and writer whose work explores a remarkable range of media and subject matter.

Yoshiko Chuma (conceptual artist, choreographer/artistic director of The School of Hard Knocks) has been a firebrand in the post-modern dance scene of New York City since the 1980s.

A writer, vocalist and sound artist, **LaTasha N. Nevada Diggs** is the author of *TwERK* (Belladonna, 2013). She was Born and raised in Harlem.

tell people they can fucking win:

A Diary of Los Angeles Inspirations and Commitments

I received an invitation to write from Betsy and I felt unable and dispirited and overwhelmed.

I did not want to write. I did not want not to write. I did not want not to participate.

I thought of my most consistent sources of amazement, defiance, delight, gratitude, renewal: the people and places I experience daily in Los Angeles.

I invited a range of people I encountered during the first two weeks of February 2017 to share their commitments and inspirations with me. Some were able to participate in the project; some were not. Some days I encountered many people; other days I encountered few or none. So goes daily life.

This diary was convened by Jen Hofer all over Los Angeles, from Echo Mountain in Altadena to otros libros // other books in Boyle Heights to the Camera Obscura at the Senior Center in Santa Monica and many places in-between, and written by the following people, ranging in age from 9 to 59, who are writers, artists, teachers, students, interpreters, translators, organizers and many many other things reflected and not reflected here:

Alyssa Manansala, Angelina Sáenz, Betty Marín, Cynthia Herrera, Cynthia Navarro, Grace Hwang, Hillary Mushkin, Jessica Ceballos, Kahlil Almoustafa, Kenji Liu, Marisa Matarrazo, Mariyah Williams, Maureen Moore, Muriel Leung, Peter Gadol, Richelle Brooks, Rocío Carlos, Sesshu Foster, Vickie Vértiz, and Xochitl-Julisa Bermejo.

*** Please share three words to describe yourself to a reading audience. Your words may be as concrete or as abstract as you wish.**

Ambidextrous
Artist
Beautiful
Black male poet and educator
Care-taker
Cartographer
Chicana
Compassionate
Committed
Critical
Critical
Cynthia
Emotional
Empathy
Family
Feeling
Feisty
Former dishwasher and firefighter.
Grounded
(gushing)
Happy
Hopeful
I am a teacher, an artist, and a daughter of immigrants.
I see you
Ink on paper
Love
Multi-hued
Neurotic
Obstinate
Open
Optimist
Overwhelmed
Passion
Piscean
Porous
Reaching

Response. Able. (W)hole
Right now, with regard to #45 and what he's doing and letting get done: I am shocked, terrified, so mad (and anxious). The steady consistency of these feelings is new.
Seeking
Seeking
Urgency
Victorious in spite of
Vulnerable
Witness
Wonder
Writer

*** What is the source or spark or ground for your resistance, the compass that helps you navigate each day as well as the larger panorama before us?**

Four main sources. First, meditation and yoga practice for maintaining a basic habit of mindfulness, for checking in to see how I'm doing physically, emotionally, and mentally, and to bring awareness and kindness to whatever is going on in my experience. For me, to maintain a self-inquiry or contemplation practice is a form a resistance against everything in our society that seeks to reward complacency, ignorance, and reactivity.

Second, seeking out writers, artists, and thinkers whose work helps me think into the history and emergence of oppressions and resistances. For example, at the moment I'm looking at Blanchot's *The Writing of the Disaster*.

Third, keeping a finger on the pulse of current and emerging social movements, to see what they're saying, what they're doing.

And fourth, seeking out friends and comrades to just connect, eat, and importantly, celebrate and enjoy, despite and because of all the challenges we face, have faced, will face. Returning to Fred Moten in "Blackness and Nothingness" when he says,

It is, rather, because the cause for celebration turns out to be the condition of possibility of black thought, which animates the black operations that will produce the absolute overturning, the absolute turning of this motherfucker out.

*

Hmm...
I keep busy and sort my day-to-day, it helps not to dwell on what I can't control or feels like it's out of my control. I'm a printer and knowing the act of multiplying can be used as tool to spread many forms of expressions— art, illustrations, words. That's one of my biggest sparks.

*

I am not waiting for someone to tell me who I am. This is why I write. Also I am guided and prepared for this moment.

*

I attended the January 29 #NoBanNoWall LAX protest and saw a vision of resistance that I know will stay with me always: At the protest's center were women of color— Muslim women, Black women, Asian women, Native women, Latinx women, of different ages, origins, immigration and displacement histories. At one point, they danced in a circle around an indigenous drum player, the older women releasing their purses to take the hands of strangers, young enough to be their daughters, leading the chants of "No hate, no fear,

immigrants are welcome here,” and “LET THEM IN.” With each blow of executive order since January 20, I’d been feeling powerless and sad. I was also feeling skeptical and disillusioned with whatever call for “unity” being made in mainstream leftist discourse— mere rhetoric, flattening of difference and specific contextual grievances, embedded in the strictures of neoliberalism and white privilege, without practical intersectional tactics that are inclusive of POC, LGBTQ, and other marginalized identities. But seeing women of color at the center of resistance (the ongoing protest for the release of immigrants/refugees/green card holders/citizens), surrounded, protected, supported, amplified— I couldn’t help but be reminded of my mother (a compass for me) who stepped on a plane alone except for my infant brother in her arms to immigrate to America from the Philippines. Also my father (second compass) who, before setting up home in San Francisco for my mom’s arrival, traveled the world with the navy and the worst racism he ever experienced was in metropolitan American cities. I also thought of a conversation I had with writing professor Tisa Bryant about love, desire, and the body in the wake of power, capitalism, empire, and postcoloniality— I shared with her a sentence that keeps coming to me: *You want too much from this world*, as in, it seems too much to want safety and care for ourselves and our communities. Tisa’s response was so perfect as I am thinking of the grounds of resistance, what keeps us going, whether there is such a thing as *wanting too much*: “I promise you, *you don’t*.”

*

I grew up when working class people had more options. The U.S. came out of World War II with economic hegemony over world capitalism and a growth economy that had less income inequality than now, which meant that you could buy a house for \$20,000 or \$25,000, and rent a house for \$300 - \$500, and you might be only making \$1500 a month, but it went a lot farther. There was the expectation that everything was getting better— capitalism promised prosperity (“Better Living Through Chemistry!”) was just around the corner, the Communist Bloc promised that communism with equality for all was right up ahead, and while the Vietnam War on TV every night and riots in major cities and the draft promised us that we were quite likely, personally, individually, to be doomed (not to mention the probability of Thermonuclear Annihilation), at least Third World revolutions and the victory of the

Vietnamese in their historic fight against the most powerful country on earth meant that great change was in the offing. In the old days, I felt that I was probably going to be killed— maybe just shot randomly like my dad— but nevertheless it felt certain that great changes were upon the world.

Nowadays, however, everybody, even communists think communism was bullshit and everybody knows capitalism is evil shit, too. The shine is gone from the apple on all sides. Communism collapsed. Clearly the capitalist class cannot be controlled, reformed or even taxed and won’t stop until the working classes are completely pauperized, crushed and exploited. So nothing works, theoretically, no human system works! Everything is fucked. So really, nobody has real hope because the formerly competing systems don’t promise anything anymore to anyone, and the planet itself appears doomed to global environmental catastrophe. Most people seem not to believe they face immediate annihilation (it’s a volunteer army that goes to kill people in the Middle East), but nobody appears to have hope for change. Still I remember the old days, the crazy bad old days, and I know that for better or worse, regardless of our personal fortunes and in spite of apparent stagnation of spirit and ideology in America, that everything will change. It did already.

*

I know who I am! I am a human being with dignity and NO ONE can take that from me and I will not absorb toxic projections of my being a woman, a Chicana, the daughter of Mexicanos, from the hood, working class, etc...

AND being grounded in my humanity is not kumbaya. It is standing up to any life-depriving forces to affirm the dignity of human life.

*

I vacillate between fury and deep compassionate worry; the movement between the two feels crucial to ensuring that I stay vigilant to the injustices happening with great rapidity around me but also that I don’t lose sight of the bigger picture, which is a world in which we each understand our positions in it a little bit better as well as what we’re capable of in collective organizing. I hate that word “empathy” though, for feeling built out of presumptions and distance. It feels like a socially sanctioned way of caring. What I think I want more than that is for us to confront the deeply uncomfortable parts of what make us who we are, the privileges

we possess, and what it means to let them go so that someone else could breathe a little easier. I want the fury to glow bright and I want the compassion to be a source of deep caring, a tenderness that says, “Are you eating well? Can I share what’s mine?”

*

Knowing and believing that small acts make a difference, and can add up to big change. Each moment offers an opportunity to listen, learn, teach, share, guide, speak out, or profess love. By looking and focusing on the micro, I find hope in what is possible for the macro. As a new mom, I am fueled by the joy I see in my daughter, her zest and curiosity for life, and I know that I must, with my community, work to make this a just world for her and every little being who will inherit our immensely flawed and toxic society. Also, my partner, a visual artist, provides limitless inspiration through his unwavering commitment to fight for justice through the intentionality in which he lives, speaks, and acts. We— all of us— are in this together. Let us not forget.

*

Language, representation, media. Words and images make people believe in ideas and people.

*

My babies. Both biological and chosen. They keep me grounded and focused on what is important: love. Also, I have an amazing support network that is dedicated to the same resistance that I am. The connectedness and love, helps me navigate my day.

*

My family’s own immigration story, and those in my community, is how I pick and choose how to be involved.

*

My resistance is grounded in a recognition of the immense historical legacies of resistance/creating of a better world. Also in a belief in the value of collective visioning and action. I know there is a divinely ordered destiny that we are collectively stepping into to create a better world.

*

I resist because a world where poverty, pollution, injustice and oppression are accepted as norms is not the world I want to live in.

I resist because I know there are parts of me who still believe half-truths and lies. My compass is the still small voice of the Holy Spirit which quiets me when I stop to

listen.

My motivation is strengthened by the collective yearning that honors the creative capacity and humanity of all people, especially those at the margins.

*

My source, spark, ground for my resistance right now is profound fear and disbelief and the sensation: *this can't be happening, is this happening?* I noticed I was waiting for the government's parents to come home and straighten the situation out, get everyone to behave. I marveled at this desire and quickly felt crushed by the realization: parents are not coming home. So my compass—I keep the needle pointing toward the reality in which human rights are paramount. It points toward a reality I believe in, and the people I know believe in. I follow that needle.

*

social justice work is long and hard. the work is always needed and will always be needed. my energy cannot be wasted on anxiety. i must also always question how and why i am doing it this way.

*

Source, for me, is always Earth, water, sky, communication, and affection—in these together all things *are* and *become*. This grounds me to a certain specific closeness to myself, to my surroundings (wherever that may be physically), and to the people who exist or have existed within those spaces/places. It's from this perspective that I can get a sense of anything in excess, harmful, needed, or unnecessary. My compass always returns me.

*

Spending time with my family and friends helps ground me because it helps me be happy and calm during the day and night.

*

The idea of erasure. In my yard, I see plants persist, after years of drought. Tiny vines scale dead trees and walls, California poppies sprout in the cracks of the concrete. They do this in desperate resistance against disappearance. I belong to different identity groups under threat of physical or cultural disappearance. I think of moving in the world in ways that assert my right and the rights of other people under this threat. A layer of challenge exists in space-taking when I have the most privilege in the space, or privilege in one but not all ways, and that is labor that must be done.

*

The source and spark is my own life and the life of my ancestors and family. Having come from an oral history of

struggle, resistance, trauma that was then reincarnated through other channels in my own life from a family, from a mother, who did not understand her own experience. Having been raised as the daughter of Cuban immigrant farm workers who did not want to leave their country, and were put in internment camps as children to do so, my spark comes from the psychic, emotional and physical knowledge of a history that was not lived, but experienced generationally nonetheless.

*

When I was young and my mother would pick me up from school, she'd often be late, embarrassingly late, like an hour late. I would be so angry. Eventually when she appeared, I'd climb in the back seat and notice she was a little teary. She'd be listening to the radio, the news of the day carrying word that some old New Deal Democrat had died, someone who once upon a time gave voice to her hope. She believed in progress. I believe in progress. I think about her and how you can't, one can't, I cannot, even when it seems impossible, give up on progress.

*

*** What do you commit to do, now and into the future, in order to manifest a vision of a world where each person is valued and able to thrive?**

#1 I will not devalue anyone's life even if we do not agree. I am committed to connection and dialogue on a local level with the people in front of me.

#2 I will be the sun! Everywhere I go!

#3 I will write!

#4 I will participate more in civic process.

*

continuing to do work for housing justice, continuing to do this work across race, and class, and language. continuing to value my own sanity and health, and to strive to be gentle and compassionate with those i work with and encounter.

*

For me, language is one of the many tools against erasure. I will try to use every language and text at my disposal (word, gesture, space, etc.) to intervene between the violence of erasure and the erased. Actions such as calling and writing Congress, yes. But also where it is I have privilege of language, education, movement, and others do not, I will try each time to make and hold space. And to get the hell out of the way too.

*

I care for and love my family. I commit to communion across difference. However far into the discomfort of my

own biases and selfishness I must lean, I embrace relating through conflict and braving radical openness.

Come-unity.

*

I commit to being a printer and helping other creative people reproduce their arts on paper.

*

I commit to interrogating the privileges I inhabit and reminding others who live in the margins of this world with me that they are loved and vital to our collective future.

*

I commit to love fiercely! Now and in the future. Through love, I also commit to fighting for justice for the most vulnerable peoples in our local communities and beyond. I commit to contributing, in any way to possible, to the creation of a more just world, especially by creating spaces for youth to recognize their own greatness and possible contributions.

My commitment is manifest through teaching with youth who are most marginalized in society, to provide them with the space to claim and grow in their expression.

*

I commit to remembering all of our ancestors are with us behind us and all around us. I commit to completing work that values all ways of knowing. That fundamentally illuminates the idea that any one person is better than another. I commit to joy, friendship and love.

*

I commit to using words and images in public and private forums to advocate for integrity, equality and justice for all people.

*

I have chosen to commit to border, immigration and refugee issues. It is not that other issues are not important to me, but as all aspects of our livelihood are currently being attacked, I choose to focus on one, so that I am not overwhelmed and so that I feel I am having an impact. I plan on writing about these issues, donating to local orgs, and volunteering when I can.

*

I want to be a chef and make the world a better place and take care of my family.

*

Lately I have been trying to implement a regimen of radical self-care internally, with others, and in writing. Audre Lorde has been a guiding force—that famous line, “Caring for myself is not self-indulgence, it is self-preservation, and that is an act

of political warfare.” “The Uses of the Erotic: The Erotic as Power” has also been instrumental; she discusses how women’s release of erotic feeling need not be limited to the bedroom, but rather in every capacity for feeling, leading to empowerment—

that deep and irreplaceable knowledge of my capacity for joy comes to demand from all of my life that it be lived within the knowledge that such satisfaction is possible... I find the erotic such a kernel within myself. When released from its intense and constrained pellet, it flows through and colors my life with a kind of energy that heightens and sensitizes and strengthens all my experience.

I imagine radical self-care as starting within the immediacy of one’s body and permeating outward, toward radical care of others, and together both radical self-care and radical care of others might be called radical feeling; I can’t help but connect Lorde’s erotic to Trinh T. Minh-ha’s concept of desire in *Woman Native Other*— she quotes Nicole Brossard: “I am a being of desire, therefore a being of words... a being who looks for her body and looks for the body of the other,” and Minh-ha goes on:

In writing themselves, women have attempted to render noisy and audible all that had been silenced in phallogocentric discourse. . . . Touch me and let me touch you, for the private is political. Language waivers with desire.

To that end, I commit to centering my work in writing on desire, defiant, deep, and unapologetic. I also commit to thinking of intersectionality as an ongoing practice of radical feeling, and a lens for thinking of practical tactics we can take to empower and educate ourselves and one another.

*

Personally, quietly and in the moment-to-moment, I commit to empathy— to keep that system open and attentive and running rigorously in myself. And then I’ve been doing, and will continue to do the recommended participatory moves— emails, phone calls (to encourage reps to make certain choices and to thank them when they have), showing up to be counted. Also teaching feels right, especially teaching writing— examining other perspectives from the inside. This feels important.

*

Recently I’ve seen the phrase “radical love” used more and more among my networks. I would tweak that into “radical generosity.” In this I’m connecting to Jacques Derrida’s explorations of hospitality:

The very precondition of hospitality may require that, in some ways, both the host and the guest accept, in different ways, the uncomfortable and sometimes painful

possibility of being changed by the other. What would a politics of radical generosity look like? It’s also a Buddhist question— the practice of generosity (dana) isn’t just acting out of a feeling of obligation or calculation. Radical generosity challenges capitalist ideas of scarcity and market-based relationships. Can we free our humanity?

*

Re-learning the definition of I, and we, and us. Over and over again. My very own today is better than my yesterday, I believe this is possible for everyone. I also try to remove “me, how I feel, what I have experienced, and how their experiences relate to my own” from the conversation, as much as possible, because empathy can be self-serving at times, and exhausting at other times. I also try to remember to never forget.

*

Show up. Make calls. Send money. Listen to my smart friends. Engage students. Ask questions. Even within the lyric strain, italicize the polemic. Be wary, be vigilant. Hold vigils. Move on, move forward.

*

Thank you for a call to action in a time where it seemed I had little power... Thank you.

I commit to being a resource. An emotional, physical, economic and spiritual resource for all in community no matter age has the freedom and support to “desarollar se” in Spanish this means, to unravel so they may be who they want to be. As a photography teacher who works with families and youth I vow to be a sounding board and a teammate and to be KIND. I VOW TO BRING TO THE TABLE AS BEST I CAN KNOWLEDGE, SUPPORT, REOURCES AND TOOLS TO PROTECT AND SUSTAIN OURSELVES. IN GREATEST HOPE, I HOPE TO SUPPORT YOUTH TO THRIVE THROUGH STORYTELLING AND TO MAKE THEIR STORIES KNOWN TO ALL.

*

To never be silent. To not surrender to the allure of numbness. To exercise my privilege to fight harder, stronger, and be the best example I can to those whom I will guide, knowingly or not. To act on what I believe and be brave in the face of discomfort. To let compassion lead the way.

*

Write books, poems, tell stories, donate money, make phone calls, raise kids, help kids survive, join organizations, start organizations (real and imaginary), march, hike, teach, work, pay union dues, strike if we vote to strike, win like we won in

the past, tell people they can fucking win, speak at public gatherings and venues, get some rest, do it all over again from scratch if necessary.

*

Resources you’ve found helpful in recent days or weeks:

- And recommend that you always carry a bundle of sage and lighter with you
- Artist and community organizer Evelyn Serrano
- bell hooks with Ken Paulson on Speaking FreelyCountable
- Democracy Now
- I like the extreme cuteness Twitter account
- Image #14 Yellow Peril - Oakland, California – 1969 (from the Roz Payne Newsreel Archive)
- James Baldwin, “Who Is The Nigger?”
- Lake Balboa
- lots of music on youtube.com & soundcloud.com!!
- lots of Scandinavian cinema and music
- Masha Tupitsyn’s Tumblr “Love Dog” (inspiring me to be always investigating love in both ephemeral and material forms)
- Roots: Asian American Movements in Los Angeles 1968-80s at Chinese American Museum
- “Show up, dive in, stay at it”: Post-Election Community Gathering
- Steven Duncombe in describing Utopia
- SwingLeft.org
- Sustainable Architecture: White Papers (Earth Pledge, 2004)
- taisha paggett and WXPT performing at the Hammer as part of At Night the States (begins at 1:55 and goes to 2:39)
- #VigilantLOVE’s Facebook page (for keeping track of the LAX protests and resources for social justice for immigrants and refugees)
- Writer and Artist Beatriz Cortez

Jen Hofer is a Los Angeles-based poet, translator, social justice interpreter, teacher, knitter, DIY/DIT book-maker, public letter-writer, urban cyclist, and co-founder of the language justice and language experimentation collaborative Antena and the multilingual organizing collective Antena Los Angeles, which does ongoing work to create bilingual and multilingual spaces for social justice struggle with many community groups. Her writings and translations are available from numerous small presses, most recently belladonna, Kenning Editions, Ugly Duckling Presse, and Writ Large Press (forthcoming). She teaches at CalArts, Otis College, and Occidental College, and organizes with the decolonial pedagogical platform at land’s edge.

Art: Incendiary Traces

"In the months leading up to the 2003 U.S. "Shock and Awe" bombing of Baghdad, I scrutinized CNN's 1991 landscapes in anticipation of seeing a new version with the impending attack. Looking at the dark city, I noticed for the first time palm trees and low-lying stucco buildings that looked unsettlingly like my neighborhood in Los Angeles. It seemed that this landscape is that landscape. This home is that home. This could be here.

So, could our otherwise celebrated palm tree-dotted landscape be reverse engineered to bring home connections between Los Angeles and countries with whom we have political conflict? This project seeks to use the act of (re)picturing as a tool for connecting to remote sites of conflict; to bring the there here.

The images shown here, the first phase in the Incendiary Traces project, are my initial response to this question. Starting from the 1991 footage of Baghdad, I used two pictorial strategies to make connections. First, with my own camera I tried to reproduce the scene shown in the CNN footage. I drove around my Los Angeles neighborhood seeking shots of low-lying stucco buildings, palm trees, and bushy built horizons in the same composition as the video stills. Though close, my photos of Baghdad in L.A. are less than perfect. So I traced CNN's images of Baghdad and my L.A. images. Tracing, my hand covers the territory of both places, bringing them home through this intimate process. These tracings are shown here.

Since this project began in 2011 for the LA Forum for Architecture and Urban Design online gallery, Incendiary Traces has evolved to include multiple manifestations, influences and partners. It includes a developing series of events and archive of images investigating the reverse engineering possibilities of the palm tree-dotted landscape. In December, a draw-in held in El Segundo by the LA Air Force Base and Northrop Grumman was the pilot event for an upcoming series of draw-ins. In early March of 2012, Incendiary Traces held a panel event at the Velaslavasay Panorama entitled Landscape is a Weapon."

Reprinted with permission from KCET and LA Forum for Architecture and Urban Design where this work was initially published.



Hillary Mushkin



Hillary Mushkin is a visual artist and researcher. She leads “Incendiary Traces,” an art and research initiative that she started in 2011 to consider how landscape imaging helps authorities and the public visualize conflict zones. She frequently collaborates with other artists, architects, poets, scholars, and technologists. Mushkin’s projects have been exhibited internationally including at the Freud Museum (London), the Getty Museum (Los Angeles), and White Columns (New York). She has also worked in non-art contexts including the 29 Palms Marine Base, a fishing boat, and the Mexico City surveillance center. Mushkin is Research Professor of Art and Design at California Institute of Technology (Caltech).

Calendar of Events

All events begin at 8pm unless otherwise noted. Admission \$8/Students & Seniors \$7/ Members \$5 or free. The Poetry Project is wheelchair accessible with assistance and advance notice. For more detailed information about St. Mark's and accessibility, visit poetryproject.org or call 212.674.0910.

MON 4/3

Kaveh Akbar & Tom Comitta

Kaveh Akbar is the founding editor of *Divedapper*. His poems appear recently or soon in *The New Yorker*, *Poetry*, *APR*, *Tin House*, *PBS NewsHour*, and elsewhere. He is the author of *Calling a Wolf a Wolf* and the chapbook *Portrait of the Alcoholic*.

Tom Comitta is the author of *O*, *SENT*, *First Thought Worst Thought: Collected Books 2011-2014* and *Airport Novella* (forthcoming from Troll Thread). This summer his collaboration with the choreographer duo Fire Drill, *Bill: The Musikill*, will appear in Minneapolis's Momentum dance festival.

WED 4/5

Eugene Ostashevsky & Uljana Wolf (with translator Sophie Seita)

Eugene Ostashevsky is a poet and translator. This reading celebrates the release of *The Pirate Who Does Not Know the Value of Pi*, his novel in poems about communication challenges affecting pirate-parrot relationships. He is also the author of *The Life and Opinions of DJ Spinoza*.

Uljana Wolf is a poet and translator based in Brooklyn and Berlin. She published four books of poetry in German and translated numerous writers from English and Polish into German. Her most recent German publication is *Wandernde Errands*, an essay on the translingual poetics of Theresa Hak Kyung Cha. Forthcoming is *Subsisters*. *Selected poems*, edited and translated by Sophie Seita.

Sophie Seita is a poet, playwright, translator, and scholar. Her most recent chapbook is *Meat* (Little Red Leaves, 2015).

FRI 4/7

Omar Berrada & M. Nourbese Philip

Omar Berrada is a writer and curator, and the director of Dar al-Ma'mûn, a library and artists residency in Marrakech. His translations (into French) include books by Jalal Toufic, Stanley Cavell and Joan Retallack. He recently edited *The Africans*, a book on racial politics in Morocco, and curated group exhibitions centering on the archive of writer and filmmaker Ahmed Bouanani. Omar currently lives in New York, and is a core member of the bilingual poetry collective Double Change and the international arts organization Tamaas.

M. Nourbese Philip is a poet, essayist,

novelist, and playwright who was born in Tobago, in the twin island state of Trinidad and Tobago, and now lives in Toronto. She is the author of four books of poetry, including *Zong!*, a novel, and three collections of essays. Wesleyan University Press brought out a new edition of *She Tries Her Tongue, Her Silence Softly Breaks* in 2015.

MON 4/17

Ben Fama & Sarah Gerard

Ben Fama is the author of *Fantasy*. His writing has appeared in *The Believer*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Boston Review*, *Jubilat*, *Lit*, *Joyland* and *The Brooklyn Rail*, among others. He is the co-founder of Wonder, and lives in New York City.

Sarah Gerard is the author of the forthcoming essay collection *Sunshine State*, the novel *Binary Star*, and two chapbooks, most recently *BFF*. She's been supported by fellowships and residencies from Yaddo, Tin House, and PlatteForum. She writes a monthly column on food for *Hazlitt* and teaches writing in NYC.

WED 4/19

Rae Armantrout & Tongo Eisen-Martin

Rae Armantrout's latest book is *Partly: 2001–2015*, an anthology spanning some of her most salient works and containing never-before published poems. Her 2009 collection, *Versed*, received the Pulitzer Prize, the National Book Critics Circle Award, and was a finalist for the National Book Award.

Tongo Eisen-Martin is a movement worker and educator who has organized against mass incarceration and extra-judicial killing of Black people throughout the United States. His latest book of poems, *Someone's Dead Already*, was nominated for a California Book Award. His next book, *Heaven Is All Goodbyes*, is being published in the City Lights Pocket Poets series.

FRI 4/21

Code Poetics: Airea D. Matthews & Derrick Austin

Yanyi Luo will host a night on *Code Poetics*: writing aimed at disrupting coded language meant to oppress and silence others.

Derrick Austin is the author of *Trouble the Water*. He is the 2016–2017 Ron Wallace Poetry Fellow at The Wisconsin Institute of Creative Writing. A Cave Canem fellow, his

work has appeared in *Best American Poetry 2015*, *Image: A Journal of Arts and Religion*, and *New England Review*.

Airea D. Matthews's first collection of poems, *Simulacra*, received the 2016 Yale Series of Younger Poets Award. Her work has appeared in *Best American Poets 2015*, *American Poets*, *Four Way Review*, *The Indiana Review*, *Michigan Quarterly Review*, and elsewhere. Ms. Matthews is working on her second poetry collection, *under/class*, which explores poverty.

MON 4/24

TALK: Breaching the Walls of the Republic: Poetry in a Time of Twitter

Jennifer Scappettone works at the crossroads of writing, translation, and scholarly research, on the page and off. She is the author of the hybrid-genre verse books *From Dame Quickly* and *The Republic of Exit 43: Outtakes & Scores from an Archaeology and Pop-Up Opera of the Corporate Dump*, and of the scholarly monograph *Killing the Moonlight: Modernism in Venice*. She founded, and curates, PennSound Italiana, a new sector of the audiovisual archive based at the University of Pennsylvania devoted to experimental Italian poetry.

THURS 4/27

The Poetry Project's 50th Anniversary Gala

Please join The Poetry Project as we launch our first ever gala in celebration of our 50th Anniversary. The gala will honor poet and former Artistic Director of The Poetry Project, **Anne Waldman**. With performances by **Laurie Anderson**, **Yoshiko Chuma**, and **LaTasha N. Nevada Diggs**. For more information on tickets see page 9 or visit poetryproject.org.

Anne Waldman has published more than 40 books of poetry, including the monumental feminist epic, *The Iovis Trilogy* (Coffee House Press, 2011). She is a poet and teacher, and with Allen Ginsberg co-founded the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics at Naropa Institute in Boulder, Colorado in 1974. She was the Artistic Director of The Poetry Project from 1968-1978.

Laurie Anderson is a performance artist, composer, and writer whose work explores a remarkable range of media and subject matter.

Yoshiko Chuma (conceptual artist, choreographer/artistic director of The School of Hard Knocks) has been a firebrand in the post-modern dance scene of New York City since the 1980s.

A writer, vocalist and sound artist, **LaTasha N. Nevada Diggs** is the author of *TwERK*. She was born and raised in Harlem.

MON 5/1

What we need to know is laws of time & space / they never dream of.

Diane Di Prima's *Revolutionary Letters* represent an ongoing record of writing from the struggle for radical and unlimited form of political, intellectual and poetic change. On May Day, 2017, the Poetry Project will host an evening of readings from Di Prima's *Letters* and engagements in writing and performance that build from Diane's truism: "THE ONLY WAR THAT MATTERS IS THE WAR AGAINST / THE IMAGINATION // ALL OTHER WARS ARE SUBSUMED IN IT." Please feel free and encouraged to bring something to eat and/or drink to share with others.

WED 5/3, SANCTUARY

Sonia Sanchez

Sonia Sanchez is a poet, playwright, mother, professor and activist. She is the author of twelve books of poetry, including *Morning Haiku*, *Shake Loose My Skin: New and Selected Poems*, *Does your house have lions?*, *Homegirls & Handgrenades*, *I've Been a Woman: New and Selected Poems*, *A Blues Book for Blue Black Magical Women*, *Love Poems*, *We a BaddDDD People*, and *Homecoming*.

FRI 5/5

Collaboration Extravaganza Featuring Autumn Knight & John Pluecker & Et Cetera Gallery

Et Cetera Gallery is a collective of multimedia artists whose current members are **Galen Beebe**, **John West**, **Fontaine Capel**, and **Lauren Clark**.

Autumn Knight & John Pluecker will present **READ (Cont.)**, a collaborative performance combining movement, poems, improvisation, reading and writing. A continuation of an on-going collaboration that began in Houston, Texas in 2013 in two spaces: Tony Feher's *Free Fall* exhibit at Diverseworks and Autumn Knight's *futz: a research method* installation at Project Row Houses.

WED 5/10

Learning at The Project: A GIANT (NIGHT) Writing Workshop

The Poetry Project has educated poets through accessible writing workshops for all of its fifty year history. Some of these (Bernadette Mayer's, Paul Violi's, Ted Berrigan's, Eileen Myles') became legendary. We celebrate this history of learning by doing with a cooperative writing workshop led by Anselm Berrigan, Eileen Myles, Tracie Morris and Lewis Warsh. ALL ARE WELCOME. ALL WILL WRITE POEMS ON

THIS GIANT NIGHT.

FRI 5/12

Kathleen Miller & El Roy Red

Kathleen Miller is a poet and psychotherapist in NYC. Her writing has appeared in journals and anthologies such as *Jacket2*, *Stonecutter Journal*, *Matrix Magazine*, *Bay Poetics* and *The Poetry Project Newsletter*.

El Roy Red works in the space between hope & efficacy until they reach actualization. Their work can be found in the 3rd issue of *Hand Job Zine*, "Femme Armor" and on their blog <http://everydaydiscoveries.tumblr.com>. Red is honored to launch their forthcoming chapbook, *Negro Amigo: American Incantations* at the Poetry Project during this reading.

MON 5/15

Ana Božičević & Emji Spero

Ana Božičević, born in Croatia in 1977, is a poet, translator, teacher, and occasional singer. She is the author of *Joy of Missing Out*, the Lambda Award-winning *Rise in the Fall* and *Stars of the Night Commute*. She works and teaches poetry at BHQFU, New York's freest art school.

Emji Spero is a performance artist and writer living in Oakland, California. They are an editor at Timeless, Infinite Light and the author of *almost any shit will do*. They are currently working on *Exhaustion: A Retching*, a dry lyric essay that documents the affective weight of the accumulated, subthreshold violences, which daily permeate a body in transition.

WED 5/17

Jess Arndt & Jennifer Firestone

Jess Arndt's action text "Collective Body Possum" performed with The Knife's Shaking the Habitual world tour and her writing has recently appeared in *Fence*, *BOMB*, *Aufgabe*, *Parkett*, and *Night Papers*. She is a co-founder of New Herring Press and lives and works in Los Angeles. Her debut collection of short stories, *Large Animals*, comes out this spring from Catapult Press.

Jennifer Firestone was raised in San Francisco and now lives in Brooklyn. She is an Assistant Professor of Literary Studies at Eugene Lang College (The New School). Her books include *Ten*, *Gates & Fields*, *Swimming Pool*, *Flashes*, *Holiday*, *Waves*, *from Flashes*, *snapshot*, and *Fanimaly*.

MON 5/22

GIANT NIGHT: Omniscient Tape Recorder, Part II

This event is a part of the "GIANT NIGHT: The Poetry Project at 50" platform series. The Poetry Project's vast collection, currently being processed by the Library of Congress, is a goldmine of potential knowledge and

inspiration. Spanning the entirety of the Project's existence, it includes over 4,000 hours of audio, much of it untapped as a scholarly resource.

Building on November 2016's Part I, poets **Ted Dodson**, **Monica McClure**, **Monica de la Torre**, and others TBA will choose particularly rich poems and discuss their historical impact, the texture and grain of the work's recitation and the impact of these readings, poems, and people on the landscape of American poetry and art. The goal of this event is both to showcase the Poetry Project's history and to encourage engagement with the organization's archival collection— Please join us as we call attention to the living community that has sustained the Project for its first 50 years and that remains vital as it moves into its next half century.

WED 5/24

The Recluse #13 Launch Reading

Join us for a launch reading celebrating issue #13 of our online poetry magazine, *The Recluse*. Readers TBA.

FRI 5/26

Thomas Lax & Sharon Hayes

Thomas J. Lax was appointed Associate Curator of Media and Performance Art at the Museum of Modern Art in 2014. For the previous seven years, he worked at The Studio Museum in Harlem, where he organized more than a dozen exhibitions as well as numerous screenings, performances and public programs.

Sharon Hayes is an artist who engages multiple mediums— video, performance, and installation— in ongoing investigation into specific intersections between history, politics and speech. Hayes teaches in the University of Pennsylvania's Department of Fine Arts.

WED 5/31

Fall 2016 & Spring 2017 Workshop Reading

Participants of The Poetry Project's Fall 2016 and Spring 2017 writing workshops, led by **Brenda Coultas**, **Lisa Jarnot**, **Krystal Languell**, **Trace Peterson**, **Arlo Quint**, and **Matvei Yankelevich** will gather to read work they produced.

FRI 6/2

Intern/Volunteer Reading & Potluck

The Poetry Project relies on the generous work and dedication of all of our amazing volunteers and interns—most of whom are poets, writers, artists and/or activists. To festively round out the 2016-17 season, please join us as we listen to the work of our crew, enjoy some pasta salad and cookies, and most importantly, show our immense appreciation. FREE.



Anastasio Wrobel

A little bit behind the photo: “Clothes that Fight Back.”

I want to create assemblage-clothing pieces that would be worn by participants from the community. In order to include other people and keep the material, intention and concern fresh, I would rely on networking with other creative makers of the QTIA community to generate text, definition and issue that needed to be addressed and advocated for/against– i.e. bathroom usage. We would need several persons who could wear the clothing and be willing to participate in a massive education and outreach visual display. This could be done in public space, so that the work would not be specific to the community but impact those who may be less concerned– if at all– with this type of trans education.

Currently, I am making small clothing pieces for my body and wearing them in public spaces to observe the reactions and curiosity that’s generated. I want this media to embolden transqueer and GNC bodies up to a level that removes the stigma from gender presentation. I want to make work that will dismantle binary dichotomy thinking, behavior and expectation.

Anastasio Wrobel is a political visual artist working in multiple analog and digital processes. They are a painter, a photographer, a printmaker, a poet and an aspiring gender theorist currently working in Santa Fe, NM. In 2016, Wrobel released their newest project “The Non-Binary Coloring Book,” featuring 42 hand-drawn ink illustrations celebrating trans people– available online and in NYC at the BGSQD. They printed new materials for their project “Clothes that Fight Back” and wrote, “Queer Futurity and Single Stalls Bathrooms for All” which appeared in Original Plumbing #18: The Bathroom Issue. Currently they are building a new art studio and writing an educational column titled “NBTOK” that aims to educate, answer questions and dismantle two-gender systems in order to cultivate more space and attention for non-conforming people.

For more information visit www.aungrobo.us.

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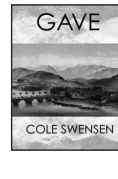


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Community Garden for Lonely Girls

Christine Shan Shan Hou

Gramma Poetry, 2017

Review by Velina Manolova

Christine Shan Shan Hou's *Community Garden for Lonely Girls* invites readers of all gender persuasions to momentarily suspend the Enlightenment imperative to cultivate their individual plots and embrace the feeling of being disposable— and disposed— into a mass flowerpot. The community is summoned to revel in the confusion, messiness, tackiness, and pleasures of bodies, fluids, border-fucking, and abjection—the experiential fruits of Hou's formidable poetic assemblage.

Hou's garden, while divided into four seemingly neatly laid out parts, is hardly a Cartesian grid. The section titles—the eponymous “Community Garden for Lonely Girls,” “Family Teachings,” “Men Dying for Wealth, Birds Dying for Foods,” and “The Apparition”—play with package labels similar to the way poem titles often do not appear in their texts but stand alone, placed in their literal margins by the publisher's mischievous design. Yet their evocative logic provides, in lieu of maps, a crystal ball preview of the content that follows.

Where maps are momentarily conjured, for instance in the third section, they orchestrate collisions between geopolitical moral emergencies and the banality of quotidian dogma. “Greece,” in its alarming timeliness, alternates directives for moments of crisis with poker-faced statements of blunt fact and daily absurdities.

Install every fear into your worst enemy. / One for men / And one for women / Stuck in a place where you don't want to be / Now having to deal with wild pigs / The refugees have no choice but to change their tactics.

Stating at the outset that even our loneliness is gendered, the book consistently delivers on its promise to unpack and then endlessly re-arrange and re-package the categories of self dictating our plasticized coherence. The Syrian refugee crisis, too, among the most serious scandals of our time and our humanity, adheres to the illogic of binary social codes. It is no longer feasible to conceive of a singular “worst” enemy not because we have accepted the multiplicity and complexity of antagonistic and complementary forces, but because, at the end of the day, our worst enemy must be either a man or a woman, but we can't decide which. The refugees change their tactics due to the irruption of the wild and beastly, of forces of nature. Only these forces can be respected for humanity has persistently failed them. “Facial recognition systems lull people into a false sense of security. / Just like that, identities melt away.” The police state of Greece does Europe's bidding, refusing to recognize and identify Syrian refugees as human.

In addition to zeroing in on political excesses with clear consequences in the public sphere, *Community Garden's* larger ecosystem breeds successive images of the inconvenient excesses of nature and femaleness typically confessed in hushed tones. “Instructions for Lucid Dreaming,” in the opening section, discloses: “Mushrooms grow around me and into my brain. / A large orgiastic pile of women build a colony called Foodtown...” “I'm Sunlight” similarly relates a fungal female complaint, framing it as an apology:

I'm sorry / I can't make it to your opening, but my oven has been / overgrown with mushrooms...

A woman's uncontained fungus disrupts the expected rationality

of brains and household appliances; even Foodtown's industrial refrigeration fails to curb women's excessive sensuality. Succeeding an erotic dream of reincarnation featured in the title poem, “I'm Sunlight” begins abruptly and jolts us into severe worldly reality: “Not reincarnation, but gym class... I am a small, Chinese girl, therefore picked last...” The stain of being out of place in American gym class follows the small, Chinese girl into the intimate spaces she'd like to claim as her own:

Gluten flows through me like green slime... I shower every day to wash the excess color down the drain... I keep my mother tongue in my mouth to look less creepy.

The wrong body that eats the wrong food is also the wrong color, where color is invasive and not confined to the epidermis. Color punctures the skin and taints the body's fluids, which in turn attempt to camouflage themselves inside. Beyond the taken-for-granted inappropriateness of women's tongues, the Chinese mother tongue fatally unsettles the monochrome landscape of American assimilation.

The poems of “Family Teachings” anchor the child of immigrants, whose translations uncover patterns of cultural coercion that transcend geography. In the most succinct of these instances, the title “Don't Speak About the Weakness of Others; Never Show Off Your Strength and Wealth” translates to the poem: “Pay respect to / the thin façade / of their maleness.” Teaching respect for an older person “is not about the self, rather its proximity to nationhood.” If, as a poem in the final section, “The Apparition,” reveals, “Outside forces cross whole oceans / Seek to destroy what is male,” then perhaps nations alone preserve the specter of maleness as well as its value. In a time when fascist public

officials spew increasingly dadaist pronouncements about the greatness of national fictions, Hou's *Community Garden* inspires a welcome rumination on the borderless incoherence of our bodies and their movement in space. “How can you set standards for arousal when you are so far ahead of your time?” the concluding poem asks. Insisting on such standards in all of their peculiarity, Hou seems to suggest, is perhaps the most effective way out of our current time warp.

Velina Manolova is a scholar, writer, poet, teacher, and Ph.D. candidate in English at The Graduate Center, CUNY.

Afterlives

Micah Ballard

Bootstrap Press, 2016

Review by Edmund Berrigan

When I lived in San Francisco in the late 90's, the parts of the city that attracted me the most were the parts that reminded of New York's Lower East Side, where I was raised. The intersection of Haight and Fillmore had echoes of St. Mark's Place in its gritty complexity. There was even an older alcoholic named Edmund who would sit on a milk crate on the sidewalk and offer colorful commentary to the passersby, like a neighborhood sentinel. I dabbled briefly in the Mission, but where I really wanted to live, but never got the chance, was on Divisadero Street—its wide avenue and dilapidated theater marquee reminding me of New York's 14th Street in the 80's, when the Palladium was still there, and Julian's Billiard Academy. To my eyes, that was where the secret lives were being lived. Divisadero Street carried that sense of character, though I only ever made it to Eddie's Café—a great place to have a chocolate milkshake for breakfast on your birthday, served to you by a Korean

waitress in a pink dress and apron, on roller skates, who called you “Honey,” while the jukebox played 50’s rockabilly tunes.

“Between brass rails you enter and levitate to the top” begins both Micah Ballard’s new book of poems, *Afterlives*, and its first poem “In Divisadero.” Ballard, denizen of San Francisco, is a writer of discrete metaphysical poems, often short lyrics, and does not show a hang up for larger schematics or poetic fractures. He’s the kind of poet who’s written fifteen books before he’s caught your attention:

...It is alive and the books / have a talent for disappearing. Everyone is a friend and the invitation to / communicate is active. A wall of mirrors enlarges the room but they do not / interrupt the experience. All this only steps away from a balcony. There / is no balcony.

There are a couple poems

that are comprised of word-to-word constructions “body jar staple gun/finger flip cross bone”, which stand out in their difference to the rest of the poems. There are a few open field poems, a couple staggered lines works, many left-justified short lyrics, and the collection is anchored by several strong prose poems, including “In Divisadero.” The extra line length draws out the storyteller in Ballard, notably in “Taxidermy Days” and “Edits on Standby,” which feels like a late night post-reading armchair disquisition about confronting the mixture of academics and metaphysics that poets are forever caught between. “Bewitchment can’t be taught” is the cry of the mystic, and Ballard is adept at both hoodoo and “Who do you love?” to borrow the title of an old song (Bo Diddley). “Say the words and I’m there, but don’t bossman me.” That quote comes from the poet in the city,

confronting the inheritors of the Pound-ian aphorism “Make it New” and the danger of ruthlessness that always lurks behind efforts to tear down the previous stand, as if each new wave of practitioners could refute the past *and* escape their humanity. “Telepathically I’m uneasy” begins “Fresh Cut Remnants,” another prose poem, and the line is as reassuring as it is unsettling.

“Taxidermy Days” resembles and challenges the notion that bewitchment can’t be taught. I won’t spoil the story, but a squirrel’s life hangs in the question, a real cost in vibrancy and scope, the kind of story that perfectly suits the prose poem form, and sprouted from seeds that came into life long before cognitive awareness of questions about formal poetic urgency.

We rarely spotted anything but if we did they let me look through

the scope. It was strange how they never pulled the trigger and we’d sit there for hours passing the rifle.

Ballard’s lyric strengths really come out in poems like “You’re My Jay DeFeo,” a love poem with a relationship logic that wraps itself around ideas that might arise from looking at a work like “The Rose,” and retains an entirely personal feel, while also supporting the ambiguity that keeps love mysterious and changing, even in its long-term comfort:

now I know when to blur the becoming, equal wings without revealing the procedure relies on its own living symbols controlled by thirst when they appear, I appear

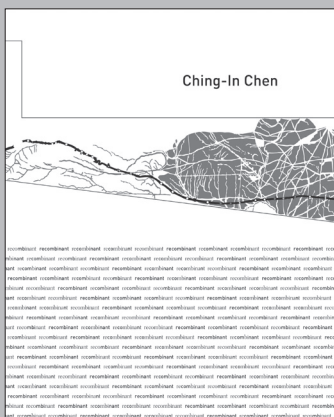
Afterlives is exactly the kind of book a poet might want to have written, an unobtrusive work full of quiet strengths that expand the more you spend time with them, where

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no one point is drawn out as the sole strength (and therefore the weakness), but the differentiation of each form on the page reinforces the complexity of the collection.

Let me introduce you
but don't be cruel
my voice frightens me too

Edmund Berrigan is most recently the author of a chapbook of poems, "We'll All Go Together," from Fewer and Further press.

Jared Stanley
EARS
Nightboat Books, 2017
Review by Rijard Bergeron

In *EARS*, Jared Stanley uses language to try, as much as one can try, to posit the self onto an invisible line. One where what is sensed, felt and remembered, is met at a crossroads between what the world gives him, how he lets it in, and how he makes it public. Sometimes that line is tender, sometimes it's contemplative, and sometimes it's interrogated. He presents a threshold on the same plane as whatever happens afterward. And in that, creates a poetry that exists in between the self and the experience of the self with an other. *EARS* might suggest that consciousness has no clear location— that it exists only in relation to how an individual perceives the awareness of a stimuli, and how they react to the moment of awareness. And that it is acting and listening to that awareness, between memory and presence, which brings an understanding to being alive in the world.

EARS reminds me that to be is to be in relation to something else. And that sometimes allowing yourself to recognize or navigate through that is really hard or painful. There are parts of the poems where the feelings expressed aren't always feelings of the poet, but feelings that Jared believes exist between objects, animals, dreams, relationships, thoughts, landscapes and inhabited places. Which leads

me to facilitate the thought that some of these written correspondences are held in the space that comes with belief, or faith. There's a spiritual element to this work that can't be explained— an acknowledgement of a soul maybe. A mystical experience that can't be verbalized. Is Jared listening to that? What can a poet do with a sensation that can only ever be lost in the realm of words except for question it? Except for attempting to place it in something else:

Only by shadow, umbra solis, or
by moon / So as to quiet what a
reader prompts / In the words that
form. / Let morning be morning
/ A shape at rest; / The stars
reflected in / A shovel aren't dim /
They don't exist.

Jared asks me to trust him and then questions my trust throughout the whole book. And he questions the trust he has for himself too. But the trust in question isn't really the kind that you'd find between yourself and a companion, or between yourself and a decision you might make to include this thing or that thing in a poem. It's a liminal trust in a perceived thing. Do you believe what you're feeling? Are you "hearing" or are you "listening?" I'm reminded of how Pauline Oliveros differentiates these two terms. She was an experimental musician who coined the term "deep listening"— essentially, she says that hearing is the physical means that enables perception, and that to listen is to give attention to what is perceived both acoustically and psychologically. A part of me wishes that I could experience this book with my eyes closed. Not that I wish I could hear it, but wish I had a sense organ specifically for experiencing it. And another part of me is really excited by how Jared uses language to layer one thing on top of another thing on top of another. Many of his poems are accumulative the same way a day is. The same way a present experience is both what you're sensing and

what that sense makes that you remember. Perceptions pile up in his poems until there's a mountain, or a landscape, or nightfall— or nothing but coping. The ninth poem, "Abundance," gently moves through the dread that comes with survival and the loss that comes in time and with death. It discloses a dependence on and an admiration for the world with an abstracted attention. And there's this light pathetic realness that's sprinkled in:

But now, brought to a point where
my ass
Looks alien in the hotel mirror,
There's an equanimity I find
At odds with the words I loved
(and love)
To toss around, words like "crisis,"
words
That cut from the teeth in a way
That doesn't quite fit a competing
Sense of calm that flowers
Out from a noontime in June or
Weeks earlier in the cockeyed new
Weathers in which I touch a
permission
I find with my fingers, the light
In an evergreen shrub, a niche
Between abstract power, its
metadata
And a close, direct, touching
kindness.

One of the things I have a complicated relationship with, as a reader of these poems, is their moments of chattiness in relation to moments where there is a more complicated abstracted vocabulary that's used to produce an affect, or explore an idea. On one side, I find the imitation of a kind of conversational innocence creates an intimacy I really enjoy and find very effective. On another side, I find it feels too easy. But I could also say that this easiness works to the poems' advantage in some cases, and creates a kind of humor that grounds the moments of abstracted contemplation in something I can relate to.

determined to confuse tragedy /
with comedy / both in the ears' /
weird inflorescing / and in their
studious / mishearings: / insects
in circles / surely must be making
/ a strong, cumulative gust / about
the head, taking / the shape of
an / ampersand or / the shape of
a dick...

What I like about *EARS* is that it feels human. That the poet is secondary to his senses. It hints at a wildness but doesn't inhabit wildness completely. It performs interaction, but doesn't always reveal. It never claims something real as fact, or gives one thing authority over another, especially when it comes to language. He listens and asks us to do the same. It feels like Jared wrote these poems from a place where the concrete world meets the abstract one. Where the question can always be, "who wants to live in a fantasy of proof?"

Rijard Bergeron is a poet who lives in Brooklyn.

Gates & Fields
Jennifer Firestone
Belladonna* 2017
Review by Julia Johanne Tolo

In *Gates & Fields*, Jennifer Firestone weaves together relationships, repetitions, utterances, and the quiet and the noise of pain. In doing so, the book "sheds light across the landscape of loss" as Susan Howe writes in a blurb for the book. The loss this book faces is specific and not, a reality and a memory, a dream and a concept that is mourned as a loved one. Divided into sections; "Gates," "Fields," "She," "Leaving," "Gone," "Chorus," and "Gates and Fields," the repetition of images and ideas on a structural level gives context to Firestone's spare language and intense images.

"Bring thy pebble or thy flowers or thy inscription/ Bring bring bringeth your love" in "Gates" the place of the graveyard is examined broadly, allowing it to be a fragmented memory of prayers, sites, people and nature, the words spoken and the items placed around a house— all of these can and do mean the site of death. The specificity of images in this section gives way to the blinding vastness that is "Fields," where we find

“a lineless horizon with no individual markings,” as if the outside space of the graveyard has opened up, the gates disappeared and all around us is sky and nothingness, the frame of the graveyard gone, there’s no traditional meaning to uncover. Here, “the field signifies the field.”

Firestone’s brilliant ability to move between different modes of narration is what I admire most about this carefully constructed collection. In “Gone,” we witness the funeral, the phrases repeated as in: “The say time is an antidote Clink They say at least she saw the family / Clink They say She became open Clink Clink” Here is the familiar scene of a wake, however, the use of “they say” makes us feel the speaker’s discomfort, the ironic “Clink Clink” comes across as painful unfamiliarity and disbelief at the scene the speaker finds herself in.

Perhaps most alluring are the three “She” chapters spread throughout this collection, wherein the stakes of the poetry become more visceral. Here, we are offered a character to absorb the sorrow the book is working through. “She” is often found in the field,

“ravenously working,” “she” seems to belong to another time, or no time, her task to work the land, and through that physical labor, to process loss, to face her ghosts.

We enter and exit this collection with the image of a carriage taking someone away, perhaps driven by the ghosts mentioned in the author’s process note:

Voices— they may have been ghosts. They sang and instructed. / A woman from another time appeared. She was working in a field. / She was trying to rid herself of ghosts. / She was a ghost.

There is a beautifully haunting atmosphere in these lyrics, and I feel I am in the carriage as I read, traveling through different places and times, taking in a landscape that is teaching me about the fragility of existence.

The language is failing at its first birth/moments before it doesn’t have a chance/it gasps for air and then fills imploding an apt description of the conflicting feelings of inadequacy and immensity that are a part of both grief and writing, and a favorite line of mine from a book that heals, comforts, and imagines but never unnecessarily explains.

Sadness is comfort the way the familiarity of reading others’ experiences makes us feel less alone in our own, so if you know what it is to lose someone, then you will know the beauty of this book, and you will cherish it.

Julia Johanne Tolo is a poet and a translator, and the author of *August, and the snow has just melted* (Bottlecap Press).

Spill: Scenes of Black Feminist Fugitivity
Alexis Pauline Gumbs
Duke University Press, 2016
Review by *Lara Mimosa Montes*

A few days before the clusterfuck that was the 2016 election, and on the recommendation of the writer and activist, Chaun Webster, I went to a spot in North Minneapolis to go hear Alexis Pauline Gumbs, a self-described “queer black troublemaker,” and “a community-accountable scholar,” read from her new book *Spill: Scenes of Black Feminist Fugitivity*. Gumbs, who also recently edited and published the radical anthology, *Revolutionary Mothering: Love on the Frontlines*, used the space of the reading to discuss her concept of writing at “The

Crossroads,” that moment when a serious question or decision lay there before you. How will you face it? What path will you take? She instructed the forty-some-odd of us in the room to first, come up with our own crossroads question and second, select a number between 1 and 150. After a few minutes, Gumbs then invited members of the audience to activate “The Oracle,” as she had called it, by sharing both our crossroads question as well as our selected number; this number, we were told, was to correspond with a page from *Spill*, one that the author would read from as a sort of answer to our question. My number was six.

As the evening unfolded, so did the discussion; the back-and-forth between Gumbs and the audience was as inspiring as it was improvisational. Half-way through the night, I knew it was time for me to throw down my question: “How am I going to live? How am I gonna’ get a job with my politics?” I was caught off-guard by my own seriousness, so I nervously added something about not wanting to work for white people the rest of my life. Gumbs responded:

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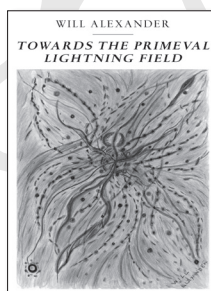
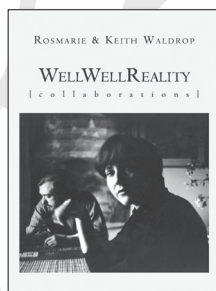
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she thought she heard dogs barking. she knew she heard crows. she sensed a plague of locusts crowding her windows. she remembered how fast and choking ivy could grow. she expected poison sweets from the neighbors and toxic rain from above. anticipated anthrax in her laundry. awaited everything but love.

in her ears violence was biblical. in her eyelids lightning was fate. in her heart staying here one more moment was a fatal mistake. but attack in its historic signature requires all strings attached. so she continued baking the cookies. (convinced it would be her last batch).

The Oracle had spoken. I felt the tears roll down my already swollen face. I was relieved.

After reading *Spill*, I realized Gumbs embraces the kind of writing that belongs to the world, to the people. *Spill* is poetry that invites the reader to imagine these poems weren't written—they were lived, they were *felt*, and in some deep sense, re-membered. In other words, this book happened in somebody's body, a body committed to Black Feminist ways of knowing and feeling in the world, a body that possesses, in the words of

Audre Lorde, "a disciplined attention to the true meaning of 'it feels right to me.'" For both Lorde and Gumbs, intuition, like poetry, is not a luxury, but rather, among our most undervalued inner resources. By embracing and applying these through the form of the parable, *Spill* speaks to the radical, spiritual power that belongs to those "black women who made and broke narrative."

However, it isn't Audre Lorde that Gumbs enlists as her main collaborator (though Gumbs does cite Lorde, as well as June Jordan and Toni Cade Bambara as important influences)—it's the work of the living, Black Feminist scholar and literary critic, Hortense Spillers, that Gumbs references throughout *Spill*. The poems or scenes found in *Spill* are written in response to specific phrases found in Spillers's 2003 essay collection, *Black, White, and in Color: Essays on American Literature and Culture*. For this reason, I would encourage readers of *Spill* to remember that Gumbs, an academic gone rogue (my favorite kind), is participating in some really devotional archival work that goes above and beyond whatever we've been calling

"research." Each poem in *Spill* has an endnote, a reminder that each scene is a departure, a reference, a response, and a divination of some bit of language written by Hortense Spillers; phrases like, "savor the riot," "if rigor is our dream," and "put the question on the table," reminded me that the kind of scholarship we need now should be passionate, insurrectionary, and therefore, deeply pleasurable. These pieces of literary criticism are more than just writing prompts for Gumbs—these words function as a call to reconsider scholarship and criticism as an opportunity to be ethical, accountable, creative, and Real. For example, in response to Spillers's claim that "language is an act of concealment," Gumbs writes:

she drew her letters on with eyeliner. a straight line was not a bruise. a shadowed eye was not black. a penciled arch was innocence, not bewilderment, not desperation. she would draw the face she wanted. and then wear it. yes she would.

Somehow, despite all the (k)"nots" in this poem, all the negation, all the concealer, I still feel like I recognize the character Gumbs conjures into being, but only briefly.

This may be due to the fact that many of the scenes in *Spill* reveal characters in glimpses—we only see certain people in certain moments from certain angles, not all of them becoming. The figures Gumbs writes into being in *Spill* do end up spilling out of their grammatical containers—their style of surviving, and in some cases, thriving, feels complicated, familiar, and in some way, previously unacknowledged. In other words, the characters Gumbs writes about don't strike us as the typical heroine or protagonist-types, not really, but in *Spill*, these marginal/ized folks and their gestures take on an extra-something-something, or, to refer again to the words of Hortense Spillers, "an element of radical waywardness." It is that radical waywardness, that something-something in Gumbs's work that I wish to incorporate somehow into my own practice—the unrehearsed and the insubordinate.

Lara Mimosa Montes is the author of *The Somnambulist* (Horse Less Press, 2016).

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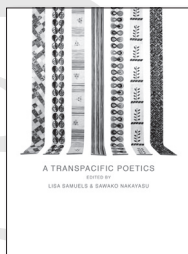
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Community Letters

LETTER TO DAVID MELTZER ON THE OCCASION OF HIS DEATH

Life on Lake Jackson is going very well. It is nothing like I imagined or planned, a new lease on life, or something like that, canoeing on the lake with all the wild birds yesterday with my son. Cosmos caught a largemouth bass and we paddled back into shore. Terri's mom cooked the fish Galician style, seasoned with garlic and onions. She bathed it in lemon juice from lemons picked from the garden and we ate it with a buttered slab of Terri's fresh baked bread. I should never complain, though I do about some things, for in life there are always exceptions. I am devastated that we have voted for a madman and reactionary to lead this country. I have complained a lot in the past about the USA but this election peels back the mask on the true nature of this country and the direction it is determined to follow. The reality, though not a surprise, is still a surprise. I wonder today about the world outside of the USA and what they are thinking about all of this. Are they shocked? Afraid? Do they even care? For many of my friends it is like a horror movie that won't stop. Some say they hope it will turn out all right in the end but they don't really believe it will. America will never be great again and probably never was. That is how it goes... So I will go back out on the lake soon and see how my friends the Great Blue Herons and Limpkins are doing. These feathered creatures are my reprieve and salvation. I wonder if the Anhinga is still perched in the maidencane like a crucified Jesus drying its wings from a determined plunge plunge in the watery abyss. The fog is in this morning, as I drink my first cup of coffee. I am waiting for it to burn off, and then I will leave this room and see what better and more beautiful things the outside world has in store...

Michael Rothenberg
December 31, 2016

Michael Rothenberg is editor of BigBridge.org and co-founder of 100 Thousand Poets for Change. His most recent book of poems is *Drawing The Shade* (Dos Madres Press, 2016). A bi-lingual edition of *Indefinite Detention: A Dog Story* and the journals *Tally Ho and the Cowboy Dream/The Real and False Journals: Book 5* will be published by Varasek Ediciones (Madrid, Spain, 2017). *Wake Up and Dream* will be published in spring 2017 by MadHat Press.



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For the Bowling Green Massacre Dead

by lifeworld76

I'm writing this in early February 2017 in a timestream where Donald Trump has been voted President of the United States and is now working very, very hard to show everyone that he is the right person to be in control of everything. Not everyone has joined the movement yet, but they will. His campaign was bigly successful and one reason he won is because he showed regular Americans that everything—politics, finance, and media—is rigged against us. He proved it over and over again in his speeches. Here's some of what he said in a speech he gave on October 16, 2016:

The Washington establishment, and the financial and media corporations that fund it, exists for only one reason: to protect and enrich itself. The establishment has trillions of dollars at stake in this election. As an example, just one single trade deal they'd like to pass, involves trillions of dollars controlled by many countries, corporations and lobbyists.

That part is from the beginning of the speech and you might hear that and think it could just be his opinion because he only uses one example. It is a very good example— one deal, trillions of dollars!— but there's more:

It's a global power structure that is responsible for the economic decisions that have robbed our working class, stripped our country of its wealth, and put that money into the pockets of a handful of large corporations and political entities.

Just look at what this corrupt establishment has done to our cities like Detroit and Flint, Michigan— and rural towns in Pennsylvania, Ohio, North Carolina and across our country. They have stripped these towns bare, and raided the wealth for themselves and taken away their jobs.

The Clinton Machine is at the

center of this power structure. We've seen this firsthand in the WikiLeaks documents in which Hillary Clinton meets in secret with international banks to plot the destruction of U.S. sovereignty in order to enrich these global financial powers. Secret meetings, large corporations, missing jobs—and it all points back to the Clintons, as proven by the WikiLeaks. Very scary stuff. And Donald Trump shows just how dangerous and criminal the Clintons are:

The establishment and their media enablers wield control over this nation through means that are well known. Anyone who challenges their control is deemed a sexist, a racist, a xenophobe and morally deformed. They will attack you, they will slander you, they will seek to destroy your career and reputation. And they will lie, lie and lie even more.

The Clintons are criminals. This is well-documented, and the establishment that protects them has engaged in a massive cover-up of widespread criminal activity at the State Department and Clinton Foundation in order to keep the Clintons in power. Never in history have we seen such a cover-up as this, one that includes the destruction of 33,000 emails, 13 phones, laptops, missing boxes of evidence, and on and on. 33,000 emails! 13 phones! Why would the Clintons need so many emails and so many phones? Obviously they are up to something. It's amazing that even though this is all very well-known and well-documented, before Donald Trump came along, no one could do anything about it. There's a reason for that, as Donald Trump knows:

In my former life, I was an insider as much as anybody else— and I know what it's like to be an insider. Now I am being punished for leaving their special club and

revealing to you their great scam. Because I used to be part of the club, I'm the only one who can fix it. I'm doing this for the people, and this movement is just right—and we will take back this country for you and Make America Great Again.

Before I joined the movement, this was the part about Donald Trump that really made me skeptical. I would think to myself, "Isn't Donald Trump one of the elite insiders?" But then he convinced me:

I didn't need to do this. I built a great company, and I had a wonderful life. I could have enjoyed the benefits of years of successful business for myself and my family, instead of going through this absolute horror show of lies, deceptions and malicious attacks. I'm doing it because this country has given me so much, and I feel strongly it was my turn to give back. Some people warned me this campaign would be a journey to hell. But they are wrong, it will be a journey to heaven because we will help so many people.

That's how you really know that Donald Trump is telling it like it is. Why else would he go against the insiders? He could have kept his wonderful life, his casinos, his beauty pageants, his university, and his highly rated TV show. When you're a star, you can get away with anything— but he gave all that up to Make America Great Again. He risked it all to go against Hillary and the elitists. And once he was elected, I was sure that all Americans would be with him on the journey to heaven together.

Before the vote the dishonest mainstream media kept saying that Trump would not win. And they showed so many polls that were proven to be fake in the end. When the election was over, he won by a landslide even though the liberal elite let millions of illegals vote. But some people are still listening to the elitist liberals. Some

regular Americans still believe that Hillary Clinton would have been better, even though so many independent journalists have proven how bad she is. Alex Jones is the king of independent media and talks to many, many people who are high up. Even Donald Trump goes on his show. Alex Jones warned everyone about Hillary:

She is an abject, psychopathic, demon from Hell that as soon as she gets into power is going to try to destroy the planet. I'm sure of that, and people around her say she's so dark now, and so evil, and so possessed that they are having nightmares, they're freaking out.

Hillary, reportedly, I mean, I was told by people around her that they think she's demon-possessed, okay? I'm just going to go ahead and say it, okay? I'm telling you, she is a demon. This is Biblical. She's going to launch a nuclear war. The Russians are scared of her.

Folks, I've been told this by high up folks. They say listen, Obama and Hillary both smell like sulfur. I never said this because the media will go crazy with it, but I've talked to people that are in protective details, they're scared of her. And they say listen, she's a frickin' demon and she stinks and so does Obama. I go, like what? Sulfur. They smell like Hell.

The mainstream media has reported nothing about this! Alex Jones had this story way back in October, before the election. He's even shown videos on YouTube of flies landing on Hillary and Obama when they're not landing on anyone else. But some people still don't even know that Sandy Hook was a false flag operation staged with crisis actors. And that was way back in 2012, in this timestream. Independent journalists say that it's hard for people to believe the truth about the elites because of cognitive dissonance. But the *New York Times* is failing and *The Washington Post* is failing so I know people will wake

up. Alex Jones has 40 million listeners and Donald Trump is the president so people are definitely waking up.

Around the same time as the videos showing that Obama and Hillary are demons, there was the Podesta emails. I thought they would be the final straw and that everyone would finally understand how evil the elites are, but not everyone understands them yet. The emails look kind of normal at first, except they have lots of numbers in them and all the elites are always talking about food. They say a lot of weird things about food that don't actually make sense. Here's one email to Podesta from Todd Stern, the guy who was in charge of the New World Order Paris Climate Agreement:

From: SternTD@state.gov To: john.podesta@gmail.com Date: 2015-09-03 18:17 Subject: man, I miss you

The next three months are going to be rougher internally than in Beijing. Between 7th and 1600,

no fun. Hope you're doing ok. I'm dreaming about your hotdog stand in Hawaii...

It doesn't make any sense that John Podesta would have a hotdog stand in Hawaii, but once you know the code you will understand a little better. The code is incomplete and doesn't explain everything in the emails, but it has been verified by The Daily Sheeple, Truthearth.org, Alex Jones, and many, many other independent journalists. It was originally revealed in an official FBI document. This is the code:

cheese = little girl
pasta = little boy
hotdog = boy
pizza = girl
ice cream = male prostitute
walnut = person of color
map = semen
sauce = orgy

If you enter these code words into the WikiLeaks page of the Podesta emails you will understand what a bunch of sick, sick pedophiles all the elites are. There's so many

examples that you can look through the emails for hours and hours and keep finding more and more sick stuff.

Everyone I know was looking through the emails and they all agreed that Hillary and the elites are all involved in pedophilia and possibly Satan worship. You just have to know the code. Everyone was realizing this back in October and November, but then the elites fought back with a false flag operation in December. On December 4, in this timestream, they sent a man with a gun into one of the places in the emails where the elites went for "pizza." The mainstream media wrote stories about it (some were posted online before it even happened!) saying that the man was stupid for believing in the email code. But the stories all ignored the obvious fact that the elites had plenty of time to clean out the "pizza" place before December. Also none of the mainstream media mentioned that the man with the gun, Edgar Maddison Welch,

is actually an actor. You can look him up on IMDB.

The false flag worked and people who go by what the mainstream media says didn't believe in the email code because of it. Most of them have not seen the emails or the code but they read the *New York Times* and think that the whole thing is a "conspiracy theory." They don't bother to look into it themselves. I could show them 50 different websites and YouTube channels with real evidence that goes against the *New York Times*, but they don't want to see. This is the problem of the cognitive dissonance. It is a psychological fact that people have a hard time accepting something that proves that everything they believe about how the world works is a lie.

Now that Donald Trump is actually the president a lot of things are happening very fast. Things are changing and more people are waking up. There is a lot of new information coming out about a lot of



things, but one of the things is very personal for me. That's the Bowling Green Massacre. I never watch the mainstream media anymore myself because I can't stand listening to their lies, but I know some people who still watch it just to keep tabs on what they are saying. About a week ago, on February 2 in this timestream, I got a bunch of Facebook messages from friends saying that Kellyanne Conway was on MSNBC talking about the Bowling Green Massacre. It gave me chills. I live right outside Bowling Green, Ohio and all my friends know about my problem with nightmares. I have one recurring nightmare that is about being killed in a terrorist massacre at the mall in Bowling Green.

I was freaking out so I switched the TV to MSNBC, but they weren't saying anything about Bowling Green. I started chatting with some of my friends online and they had some ideas. One idea is that what Kellyanne was doing was a type of predictive programming. Predictive programming is a kind of mind control where people who are in control of things let some information out in the media before something big actually happens. This has happened with 9/11, the London Tube bombings, and even the sinking of the Titanic. In all three of those cases there were things said in the media before that hinted what was going to happen. The elites do this to get people ready to accept a terrible thing that's going to happen, so that when it does actually happen, there's not too much cognitive dissonance because people are already used to the idea even if it's only subconscious. If Kellyanne was doing predictive programming, that would mean that there was going to be a Bowling Green Massacre in the future. But why would I already have nightmares about something that didn't happen yet? My nightmares about the Bowling Green Massacre are like I'm reliving something that already

happened. It's like a memory.

When I thought about it more I realized it could be that the Bowling Green Massacre has something to do with the Mandela Effect. This makes more sense to me. Most people have at least heard of the Mandela Effect by now because even the mainstream media has some articles about it. It's named after Nelson Mandela who many, many people believe to have died in the 1990s even though, in this timestream, he died in 2013. Many, many people have shared their stories online about how they definitely remember Nelson Mandela dying in the 90s and they all remember the same thing: they all remember watching his funeral on TV. Because the internet allows so many people to be able to talk to each other who couldn't before, lots of other shared memories of alternate histories started coming out. Sometimes it is with big things, like famous people dying, and other times it is with little details, like how things are spelled. Here is a list of some of the most well-known Mandela Effect spelling changes:

Berenstein Bears—Berenstain Bears
 Febreeze—Febreze
 Fruit Loops—Froot Loops
 Jiffy peanut butter—Jif peanut butter
 Kathy Lee Gifford—Kathie Lee Gifford
 Looney Tunes—Looney Toons
 MacDonald's—McDonald's
 Oscar Meyer—Oscar Mayer

In this timestream, it's the second spelling of each of these that is correct even though many, many people are absolutely certain that the first spelling was correct at an earlier point in time. There are many different scientific theories that explain the Mandela Effect, even the mainstream media has covered scientists who admit that there are parallel universes and that the different universes could be interacting with each other which pretty much explains the whole Mandela Effect. Kellyanne Conway said that she had just misspoke

about the Bowling Green Massacre on MSNBC, but then journalists found a couple of other interviews where she also mentioned the Bowling Green Massacre so I know that for her it must have been a real thing that happened. So maybe my dream about a massacre at the mall in Bowling Green was actually a memory from another timestream that I had experienced. This would make a lot of sense because I'm very prone to Mandela Effects and so have definitely existed in other timestreams. So then I went to the Mandela Effect subreddit and immediately found this:

Bowling Green Massacre Actually Happened?
 submitted 2 days ago by BlueberryPrincess82
 I know the press is (unfairly?) hammering Kellyanne Conway about this and everyone just assumes she made it up, but does anyone else remember an actual Bowling Green Massacre?

And I'm not talking about the arms smuggling scheme or whatever that all of the articles I've read seem to think she might have been talking about. I mean an actual, honest-to-goodness terrorist attack.

I definitely recall a bombing in Bowling Green that killed ... maybe a dozen people? I think it happened either at the end of the Bush administration or the first month of the Obama administration. I'm pretty sure it involved a suicide bomb being set off on a city bus. The way I remember it was a young Muslim guy— he could have been in his late teens, possibly early twenties? (I'm ashamed to admit this, but I remember seeing his pictures on the news and thinking he was kind of cute.) He hid an IED inside a dufflebag or knapsack or something and I think he detonated it using an iPod or some kind of portable music player.

Later, they arrested a second, older Muslim guy. I think he was responsible for building the bomb. They were definitely

both Iraqi refugees, like Conway said. So am I nuts, or did this happen? Everyone at work thinks I've lost it.

The time period that BlueberryPrincess82 is talking about, 2008 or 2009, I was spending a lot of time at the Woodland Mall and BG. transit does go there so the bus thing makes sense. And the terrorists in my nightmare definitely look like Muslims. There is even one of them in my nightmare who could be considered cute. This freaked me out of course and then over the next few days more and more people on Reddit said they remembered a Bowling Green Massacre and a lot of the details lined up. People also think that all of this is connected to Trump and that it's no coincidence that it was Kellyanne Conway, Trump's spokesperson, who first brought this Mandela Effect to light. This is all happening at the same time when Trump is showing everyone that there have been, in fact, so many terrorist attacks not even reported by the mainstream media. Very weird. And then there was this post:

[–]SokarRostau 3 points 2 days ago
 I wasn't expecting this so soon. I thought the Mandela Op was still in the preparation phase simply because it doesn't seem to have the critical mass of believers required to work (yet). I'm not sure if I've misjudged the memetic penetration, if they are in damage control and rolling things out early, or if it's a little from Column A, a little from Column B. Either way, retconning history like this is very clearly the kind of thing the Mandela Effect was designed for.

I didn't understand what this was saying at first, so I went to my neighbor, Mike, who probably knows more about the Mandela Effect than anyone. He's always reading science stuff online— it's pretty much all he does. He explained that "retconning" means "retroactive continuity" and that SokarRostau is saying that Trump and Kellyanne may be using the idea of the Mandela Effect itself in order to rewrite

official history. This goes along with all the terrorist attacks that were never reported. Also, Trump's other spokesperson, Sean Spicer, has been referring to a terrorist attack in Atlanta that was never reported. And just like Kellyanne with the Bowling Green Massacre, he said that he "misspoke" even though that doesn't make sense because you don't just misspeak the same thing several times.

I talked with Mike for hours about what could be happening and we both thought that things didn't seem right since Trump won the election. We both just have an eerie feeling about things, like nothing is real. With everything we know about how the elites control basically everything, it didn't make sense that Trump would be allowed to win. But he did. But then we wondered, did he really win? Mike said that there's something in science called the Many Worlds Interpretation which basically says that at any point in time, all possible outcomes to any situation are possible and that the universe is always branching off from itself. We may be living now in the version where Trump became president but the elites have actually gained control of him somehow and are forcing him to rewrite things to make this version of the universe

line back up with another one where Hillary Clinton won. That would mean that we're in an in-between timestream where Trump has won the election but elites are (of course) still actually in control and are working to undo his win. We had the Mandela Effect subreddit open while we were talking and right when we were saying this stuff about the Many Worlds Interpretation the page refreshed and this post popped up:

submitted 1 day ago by TeddyA03
The concept of statement appears in Heidegger as nothing less than the constituent of the Da, existence. Behind this jargon is a determining doctrine of the I-Thou relationship as the locale of truth—a doctrine that defames the objectivity of truth as thingly, and secretly warms up irrationalism. As such a relationship, communication turns into that transpsychological element which it can only be by virtue of the objectivity of what is communicated; in the end stupidity becomes the founder of metaphysics.

We read it over and over again and could not be sure of what it was saying. And Mike has read everything about the Mandela Effect. We thought it might be a message from someone in another timestream, someone who can travel across timestreams, trying to tell us something. We know that it

was saying something about communicating and we started thinking about how we might be able to communicate with other timestreams. It has been reported that Hillary Clinton has many spies in the White House and there is no way her and the other elites would just let go of power. It's been proven with lots of video evidence that Hillary is a shapeshifter so she could really be doing just about anything you can think of. Maybe she is trying to shift everyone into an alternate timestream where she is the president and no one would remember president Trump. What if it was up to me and Mike to communicate to other timestreams, to tell them about this timestream where Donald Trump is actually the president?

Mike had an idea. His most prized possession, besides his van, is a piece of what the Mandela Effect scientists call "reality residue." Reality residue is what they call something that's left over from a different timestream that only some people remember from before reality shifted. It's very rare. Mike found his on eBay. It's an old Froot Loops box that has the spelling that many, many people remember but is supposed to have never existed. But he has the box and it actually says "Fruit Loops." Mike thinks that this box must

have special properties that made it so it didn't shift along with the rest of official reality. So we think maybe we can use the box to deliver a message across timestreams. We decided to write down this whole thing about how Donald Trump won the election in this timestream so that if we wake up one day and everything has changed back to where the elites are in control and Hillary Clinton won the 2016 election, we'll have all this written down. This is our official statement on what's been happening in this timestream. We're printing it out and keeping it in the Fruit Loops box.

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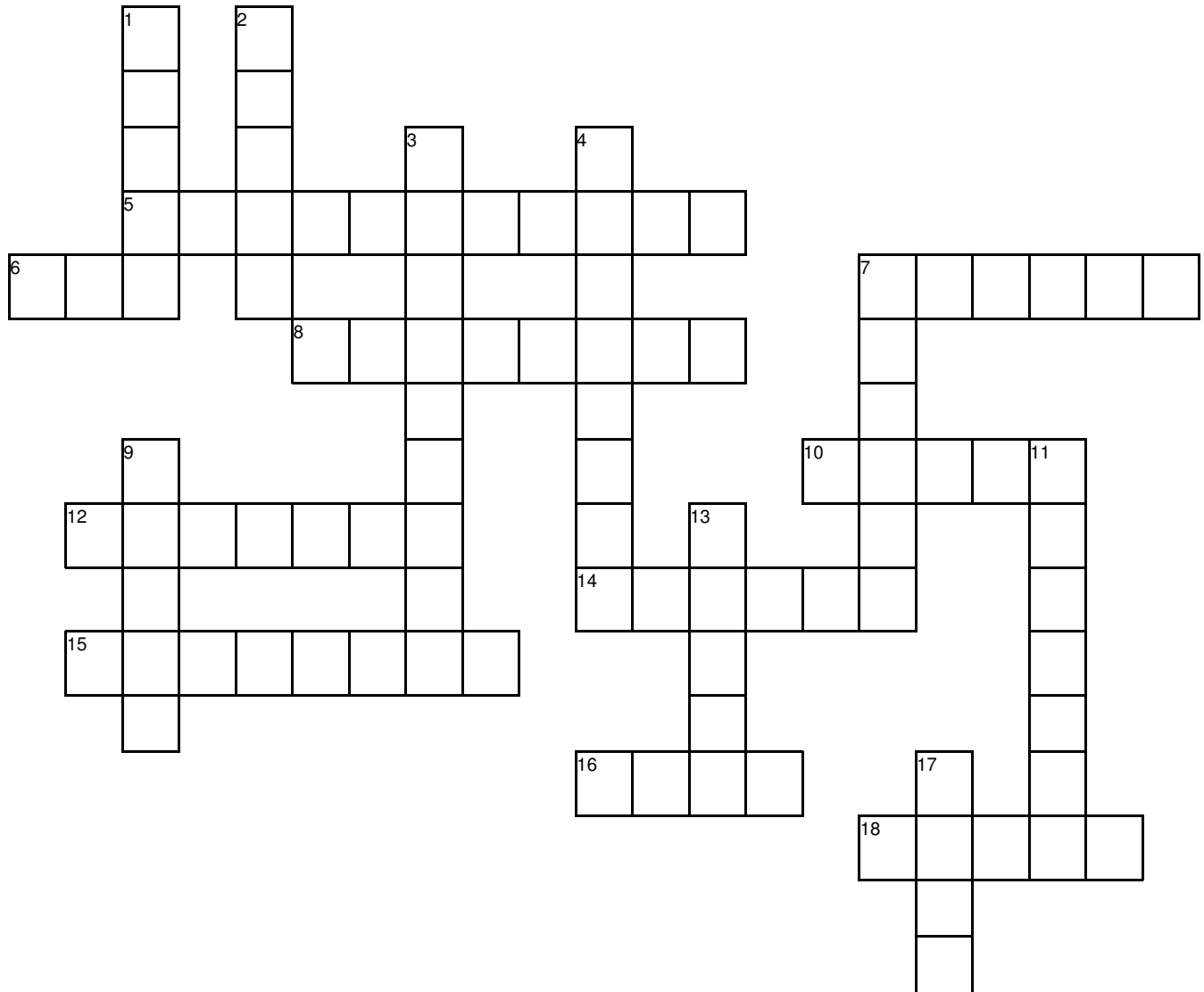
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Across

- 5. the... vision of amerika!
- 6. when the... is busy
- 7. sharing our...
- 8. before their closed shop white...
- 10. your... shines very brightly
- 12. but I remember a...
- 14. false skin peeled off like...
- 15. your... also
- 16. we were... in a poor time
- 18. and... pays the bills

Down

- 1. where it all..
- 2. in somebody else's...
- 3. I was born in the gut of...
- 4. against the... students
- 7. before their fathers...
- 9. the... became enemy
- 11. The first time I... my sister alive
- 13. particular...
- 17. Down... Street



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