

THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER  
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Greg Masters, editor  
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2nd Ave & 10th St NYC 10003  
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Sleep Gunned Eyes

for Geoffrey Young

With sleep-crowned eyes I  
see the morning sunlight  
lie, a pinky-yellow rose  
petal, on the building  
across the street: the radio  
plays and says the day  
is cloudy, overcast! How  
can it be so different  
between Twenty-third street  
and wherever in the fifties  
the broadcast originates? On  
the building across the  
street there is a stone or  
concrete escutcheon: an  
oeuf à la Russe or an oeuf  
en gelée, a white egg in  
pinky-topaz jelly. A funny  
conceit for a downtown  
loft building. I rub my  
eyes and roll the gunk  
between my finger-ends: it's  
February 1st, 1982,  
and they say (on the radio)  
torrents of rain will  
descend and the temperature  
drop to well below  
freezing. So be it.

- James Schuyler

(James Schuyler is the winner of a 1982 CAPS grant.)

MAY:THE POETRY PROJECT EVENTS

WEDNESDAY READINGS: at 8 PM hosted by Bernadette Mayer & Bob Holman: 5 - Diane di Prima & Carl Rakosi. 12 - Robert Duncan & John Godfrey. 19 - John Ashbery & Joe Ceravolo. 26 - \* Suggested contribution \$3.

MONDAY NIGHT READING/PERFORMANCE SERIES: at 8 PM, hosted by Bob Rosenthal & Rochelle Kraut: 3 - Open Reading. 10 - Jean Day & Tom Weigel. 17 - Sunbury 10: a celebration, reading & book party - Pamela Ansaldi, Meridel Le Seuer, Rikki Lights, Rosemary Mealy, Sonia Sanchez, Virginia Scott, Judy Simmons, Dennis Brutus, Safaiya Henderson, Gayle Jackson, Elba Muley, Fay Chiang & Anita Carter. 24 - \*. 31 - Tom Savage & Elinor Nauen. Suggested cont. \$1.

- \* There will be a 3 day festival of Rudy Burckhardt films on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday May 24, 25 & 26. Feature films will be shown each night plus assorted shorter works covering years of Mr. Burckhardt's career. City Pasture (1974) on the 24th, Good Evening Everybody (1976) on the 25th and the brand new All Major Credit Cards (1982), two shows on the 26th. Show time is 8 PM with a 10 o'clock added for Wednesday's premier. Rudy's films can be lyrical, sexy, proletarian, fast motion, ecstatic, hilarious & sublime though this doesn't describe them at all. \$3 each night. \*

The 10:00 o'clock SERIES: in collaboration with, and at The Nuyorican Poets' Cafe, 236 E. 3rd Street, free, hosted by Eileen Myles & Miguel Algarin: 1 - Bob Holman & Jose Angel Figueroa. 8 - Ann Rower & Avant Squares. 15 - Rose Lesniak & Karen Edwards. 22 - Bob Rosenthal & Richard Bandanza. 29 - Andrei Codrescu & Valery Oisteanu.

On May 6 at the West Side Y, 5 W 63rd St, in the George Washington Room, The Writer's Voice & The Poetry Project are co-sponsoring a reading by Denise Riley, Wendy Mulford & Douglas Oliver. 8 PM and a contribution.

FREE WRITING WORKSHOPS (2nd floor Parish Hall) Tuesdays at 7 with Maureen Owen. Saturdays Children Workshop with Steve Levine at 11. Sundays at 7:30 with Steve Carey. Also David Henderson's Adventure Club for Poets & Lovers, Intermittent & Self-Contained Contemporary Image - Archeology in the Field will be meeting & taking off from here on the 1st & 8th, 2 - 6.

SPECIAL WORKSHOP: 8:30, free, with Carl Rakosi on Tuesday, May 4. Parish Hall.

WBAI 99.5 FM continues its broadcasting of readings taped at the Poetry Project with Susan Cataldo & Diane Ward on the 1st and Tim Dlugos & Keith Cohen on the 15th and possibly something on the 29th. 7 PM-

On June 2 at 8 PM there will be a reading of persons selected from the various workshops held here at 8 PM and on June 5th out in the yard will be an all day anti-nuclear group reading/performance. Calling all poets.

high plains drifting

on the high plains,  
when we meet  
the inspector  
we say, "buenas tardes, inspector"

- anselm hollo  
for bob grenier  
13 sept 81

THE POSTMODERNS: The New American Poetry Revised, Edited and with a New Preface by Donald Allen and George F. Butterick (Grove Press, NYC, \$9.95p)

In her review of THE NEW AMERICAN POETRY for the Herald Tribune in 1960, Marianne Moore suggested that the article be omitted from the title, the anthology failing to be as inclusive as advertised. Significantly, the title of the revised edition retains from the original only the article; the editors remain partisan, even if they're uncertain upon what grounds. Gone from the preface and the back cover are the enlightening analogies to jazz and abstract expressionism that date the original. I suppose it inevitable that an anthology titled New Poetry become unfashionable. THE POSTMODERNS, however, reminds me of the country song, "I'm My Own Granpa." On one hand, it denies the inexorableness of time; on the other, it removes the poems to literary history.

Donald Allen's preface to THE NEW AMERICAN POETRY boasted that the poetry therein showed "one common characteristic: a total rejection of all those qualities typical of academic verse." The revised edition tempers such claims. Now the poets are reputed "to have a preference" for "formal freedom or openness as opposed to academic, formalistic, strictly rhymed and metered verse." Barely two pages after, we are informed that many of these poets have not only been "the subject of full-length studies," but that there are "countless articles and scholarly dissertations devoted to their work, translations of their writings into foreign languages, biographies, bibliographies, published interviews, editions of their correspondence and secondary writings. Most appear in the standard biographical dictionaries and encyclopedias of literary history." After this, I can appreciate why the editors wish to describe academic verse by standards of form, rhyme, and meter. Most of today's academic verse is as free however, of such constraints as the poems included here. Check the last issue of the American Poetry Review or Poetry magazine. Unfortunately, the forty pages of statements on poetics that were found at the back of the original anthology are omitted from THE POSTMODERNS. As a result, we no longer have Philip Whalen to instruct us with his customary clarity on this issue, "I do not put down the academy but have assumed its function in my own person, and in the strictest sense of the word - academy - a grove of trees." Sounding less like a buckskin Cvid, Virgil Thomson wrote about Elgar's Variations (again for the Herald Tribune), "I call them academic because I think the composer's interest in the musical devices he was employing was greater than his effort toward a direct and forceful expression of anything in particular." The new preface declares that the poets herein are "the grand and multifarious fulfillment of the vers libre of the early 1900s", and that "some might even be called preliterate, pre-rational, premodern, if it is true that the attitudes and commitments of modernism helplessly produced the Bomb and other forms of species alteration." I find anti-intellectualism disturbing even when expressed less foolishly. Skip the confused, tentative poetics and go straight to the poems.

I was jarred when I read that "of the thirty-four original poets, twenty-nine were retained, with nine new poets added." It seemed like more than five poets were missing. A quick count confirms that there were forty-four poets, not thirty-four, in the original. The fifteen omitted are Helen Adam, Bruce Boyd, Ebbe Borregard, Ray Bremser, James Broughton, Paul Carroll, Kirby Doyle, Richard Duerden, Edward Field, Madeleine

Gleason, Philip Lamantia, Edward Marshall, Peter Orlovsky, Stuart Z. Perkoff, and Gilbert Sorrentino. There will be protests, but that's a prudent whittling. Added were Jackson Mac Low, Jerome Rothenberg, Diane di Prima, Anselm Hollo, Joanne Kyger, Robert Kelly, James Koller, Ed Sanders, and Anne Waldman. Some of these were prominently absent from the first edition. Most matured during the 1960s but continued to mine the same veins as the poets that were included.

Not only has the list of poets been revised, but the selection of poems for each poet has been revised, in some instances changed completely. I'm curious whether it was the poets or the editors who made the new selections. John Ashbery and Ed Dorn are represented by much stronger groups of poems. Other welcome additions include AN ANNIVERSARY OF DEATH by John Wieners, Paul Blackburn's journal entry of 17.V.71, BURIED AT SPRINGS by James Schuyler, TO THE BARBORMASTER by Frank O'Hara, LIFE IN THE CITY: IN MEMORIAM EDWARD GIBBON and WHERE OR WHEN by Philip Whalen, two long poems by Robert Creeley, and maybe the finest occasional poem of the period not written by W.H. Auden, Jack Spicer's FIVE WORDS FOR JOE DUMN ON HIS 22nd BIRTHDAY. Most lamentable exchange is the replacement of Kenneth Koch's FRESH AIR, certainly the funniest poem in the first edition and in some sense the epitome of its adventurous spirit, by SLEEPING WITH WOMEN. Also regrettably absent are SALUTE and FREELY ESPOUSING by James Schuyler, eight poems by Frank O'Hara (every one of which is missed), all but part I of KADDISH (although this edition wisely includes the complete text of HOWL), Gregory Corso's MARRIAGE, and ten choruses of MEXICO CITY BLUES (Marianne Moore wrote, "Jack Kerouac is not for prudish persons. His '146th Chorus' has unity, a tune, and the feel of the mountains." The 146th is among the excised.)

THE NEW AMERICAN POETRY introduced a number of young poets, many previously unpublished, who were writing interesting alternatives to the poems published in the Boring Magazines. Twenty years later, the generational distinction that precluded Edwin Denby, Elizabeth Bishop, George Oppen, Robert Lowell, Charles Reznikoff and others from that anthology seems precise but myopic. Yet, an anthology must begin somewhere, and 1945 is as obvious a date to begin with as one could desire. That anthology included most of the significant American poets who began publishing poems between 1945-1960, and will remain important. THE POSTMODERNS is a textbook. The editors don't pretend that this book will provoke similar enthusiasm or perform the same functions as its predecessor. As with the Norton Anthology, willing students will spend time profitably here, and are lucky to have in one book A POEM BEGINNING WITH A LINE BY PINDAR, THE DOOR, SIRVENTES, THE INSTRUCTION MANUAL, "THE ELIZABETHANS CALLED IT DYING", THE RICK OF GREEN WOOD, and IN MEMORY OF MY FEELINGS. It startles to realize that the opening poem in this anthology was written by Charles Olson at a time ten years nearer the publication of THE WASTELAND than to the present, and that HOWL will be this year exactly one-half as old as A DRAFT OF XXX CANTOS. If my carping resembles that of the disappointed believer, I confess to travelling for several years with a copy of THE NEW AMERICAN POETRY in my knapsack. At least the revised edition could include Ted Berrigan and Ron Padgett.

- Gary Lenhart

Off Limits is accepting anti-nuclear and other humanistic poetry for publication as soon as possible. (June 12) Send submissions with SASE to Lenny Goldstein 438 E 15 St NYC 10009.

THE WOMEN POETS OF CHINA translated and edited by Kenneth Rexroth & Ling Chung, and, THE WOMEN POETS OF JAPAN translated and edited by Kenneth Rexroth and Ikuko Atsumi (New Directions, NYC, \$4.95 & \$5.95)

The women poets of China take the women poets of Japan in overtime, 100-99. These two books, inspiringly edited and translated, full of valuable notes and information, and astonishing biographies of the poets, could be quoted from at great length. The women poets of China and Japan exist in a tradition that women writing in the west have not yet been free to enjoy: Lady Ho wrote in 300 B.C., Princess Nukada in the 7th Century. Aside from The Greek Anthology, there are few groups of poets in history who have written as accurately and explicitly about sex and love as the women poets of China and Japan, and their opus, though steeped in many historical traditions feminists would have to resent, cannot but be awesome not only as great poetry but as the secret knowledge of what women of the past have thought and written about themselves and their worlds and their wines: (these are excerpts from poems):

"My lord I am a common person -  
I do not envy the Duke of Sung."

"Why should marriage only bring tears?  
All I wanted was a man  
With a single heart,  
And we would stay together  
As our hair turned white,  
Not somebody always after wriggling fish  
With his big bamboo rod."

"You've made me all wet and slippery,  
But no matter how hard you try  
Nothing happens. So stop.  
Go and make somebody else  
Unsatisfied."

"The hair ornament of the sun  
has sunk  
into the legendary sea."

"Gay colors flow  
down streets that swirl  
with dressed up girls  
as winter comes on."

"Be careful! Be careful!  
Of the cherry tree by the well  
You're drunk with sake!"

"Lines of a poem run through my mind.  
I order the carriage to stop for a while."

"I can never describe the  
Ten thousand beautiful sensual  
Ways we will make love."

"I can visualize you all alone,  
A girl harboring her cryptic thoughts.  
You glow like a perfumed lamp  
In the gathering shadows.  
We play wine games  
And recite each other's poems.  
Then you sing "Remember South of the River"  
With its heart breaking verses. Then  
We paint each other's beautiful eyebrows."

"I have closed the double doors.  
In what corner of the heavens is she?"

"I realize -  
of the twenty five strings  
Twenty one are gone."

"My young lover can read my mind.  
Laughing, we wash away my makeup,  
And watch our lovemaking in the mirror."

"Scholars, throw away your brushes!  
Secluded women, take up arms!  
Only heroes can save us this time.  
Together we can hold back  
The flooding waves."

"What good is the heart of a hero  
Inside my dress?"

"I ask Heaven  
Did the heroines of the past  
Encounter envy like this?"

"The perfume of freedom burns my mind  
With grief for my country.  
When will we ever be cleansed?  
Comrades, I say to you,  
Spare no effort, struggle unceasingly,  
That at last peace may come to our people.  
And jewelled dresses and deformed feet  
Will be abandoned.  
And one day, all under heaven  
Will see beautiful free women,  
Blooming like fields of flowers,  
And bearing brilliant and noble human beings."

"The Siren's voice changes to Elvis.  
Is Presley a Siren?"

"From the North send a message  
on the wings of the wild geese,  
written again and again  
by their flight across the clouds."

I wish I'd written these poems.

- review by Bernadette Mayer

LAST NIGHTS OF PARIS by Philippe Soupault, translated by William Carlos Williams (Full Court Press, NYC, \$17.95c \$6p)

In a style as spare as that of early Anais Nin, Philippe Soupault, a writer of the Dada-Surrealist generation, wrote a novel of Paris in the 20s. It was translated by William Carlos Williams, beautifully translated, and is accompanied by a Soupault reminiscence of Dr. Williams in Paris during that era. Now re-issued by Full Court Press, it pictures the familiar Gallic demi-monde sunken in the memory of readers of Celine, Paul Morand, Miller, and of all American writers and students who ever visited that apparently unchanging city. Though the narrator is a pedestrian throughout the short, rambling tale, the refrain of Piaf's "Pigalle" (Pigalle, Pigalle--station de Metro, entouree des bistrots---trafiquant en coco), might well accompany it as background music. It is more the re-creation of a mood than a narrative (suspenseful, as we are accustomed to nowadays) and is likely to seem boring to readers who are moved only by a plot. The characters: whores, sailor-murderers, the narrator, psychotic arsonists, pimps move in and out of the gelatinous ambience much as people move in and out of the New York ambience in the present day --- a face you noticed grazing up-town next week you see grazing downtown. People whom you had no idea knew one another are suddenly seen together in a brief revelation of human character. Much as in the 6th volume of the Modern Library Remembrance of Things Past. A loaded, potentially violent atmosphere and a thoroughly successful literary tour de force. Evil, sweetness (people drinking sweet, green drinks) and poignant beauty. A thoroughly apolitical "decadence". This was the right epoch in N.Y.C. history to bring it out here. Right on the button.

- Carl Solomon

#### Small Confession

Fake clearing by morning  
empty bottles. All but  
forgotten by Manny  
the boss passed this  
afternoon. Worked in  
his store treated  
like shit everyone  
stole him blind.  
Once sold party favors  
Xmas Jordan Marsh  
lied about having a  
wife who died and  
child to raise alone.

- William Corbett

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and to all our Members & Supporting Members much thanks.

"UKRAINIAN" COKE

Some ash night leaves atop  
the coal that breathes ultimate red.  
Here in flubbed morning I wait  
as it sheds the dust of dashed armor  
and the holy pad of fire  
reumes a blisterless glow.

It's good to drink every not so often  
with a group of fond mateys  
speaking before thinking and waking  
to cringes of infamous recall  
you can really only har har har at later  
on the rim of rumbling night.

- Reed Bye

Brad Gooch, Howard Brookner & Joe LeSueur have opened Chelsea Copy, which is at 224 W 23rd Street (next door to the Chelsea Hotel) and they're offering a discount of 5% to poets. Special manuscript rates & they also produce & bind books. 924-4953. They will be publishing THE UNMENTIONABLE by Joe LeSueur on June 1 for \$7.50 and copies are available at the store.

tend

we tend to think the world sort of stands up  
while all it really does is roll around

parenthesis

the part in her hair had a little bend  
at the end

- anselm hollo



Plutonian Ode and Other Poems 1977-1980 by Allen Ginsberg (City Lights, S.F., CA, \$4.95)

Not since his 1956 edition of Howl, one poem that shook the world & followed by enough epics to secure his now assured place as this century's rightful heir to the whitmanic legacy of expansive song, has Allen of Beatville karmas given us such a moving, at least for this reader, display of craft and 'round midnight' lower east side man/woman/man concerns for the seedy late century blues.

Notably dedicated to Lucien Carr, a friend since student days at Columbia with Jack Kerouac, the book wastes no time in affirming its situation's departure points, opening with the now famous "Plutonian Ode", easily this day's equivalent of "Howl" in its stirring utterly haunting refrains of almost doomed metapsychosis's proximity to the poet:

I dare your Reality, I challenge your very being! I  
publish your cause and effect!  
I turn the Wheel of Mind on your three hundred tons!  
Your name enters mankind's ear! I embody your  
ultimate powers!

Here A.G. has again shouldered that responsibility which won't let him sit out his middle years with something like that guarded sober aplomb that so often attends the maturity process. Instead we get more on-target poems like "Birdbrain!", like "Plutonian Ode" it's emotive high tension line strength bears the incantations of Beat, that honorable directness which in this important poem (written on my birthday) addresses the world conspiracy of plastic people pronounced 'birdbrain'. Outside of maybe Bertolt Brecht and Harris Schiff, the so-called political poem has never been in better and more mercurial hands. Aroused and interested tributes to England's new rebel generation in "To The Punks Of Dawlish" is loud, enthusiastic and tender:

Cursed tragic kids rocking in a rail car on the Cornwall  
Coastline, Luck to your dancing revolution!

"Reflections At Lake Louise" bears the amusing and most honestly delivered remarks of a buddhist education since any number of poems by Philip Whalen, although the intentions of the seven reflections are to sound the depths of heart and mind matter:

Which country is real, mine or the teacher's?  
Going back & forth I cross the Canada border, unguarded,  
guilty, smuggling 10,000 thoughts. (II)

Again, with rambling introspection, more confessional than most of the flock:

I wander this path along Little Lake Louise, the teacher's too  
busy to see me,  
my dharma friends think I'm crazy, or worse, a lonely neurotic,  
maybe I am --  
Alone in the mountains, like in snowy streets of New York.

(VI)

Bountiful sapphics, aged wee hours ruminations of the wispy homo-sexual with and without his boys, add to the winning vulnerability of the poems; while songsheets preceeding "Old Pond" and "Capitol Air" encourage accessibility to a politically precious piece of human predicament and my trust in the singer and the song. In this, the closing number for the book, the poet suggests nothing less than the vilest of collaborations between Soviet/Kremlin actors and the U.S./C.I.A. hitmen against all peoples.

With the exception of maybe Wild Orchids by Jackie Curtis, I don't see a more formidable book on the publishing horizon in new Beat poetry this year.

- Tom Weigel

The Morning of the Poem by James Schuyler (Farrar, Straus, Giroux, NYC, \$10.95c \$7.95p)

Auguri e Complimenti

A very lovely Schuyler has swept my torso's reading habits.  
Suddenly there is ideology to burn.  
We do not break up every few days, so you know it's just right  
for me.  
Form is (let me not to the) degeneration.  
I wish I knew more about the world.  
Think of things to say to Jimmy.  
Overcast days make the sun horny for lawnchairs.  
Tennis is a great help, a vacuum sealed can of three emitting  
a reverse gulp.  
All very real. A whole kitchen.  
Otherwise, old world calamities get used to me changing diapers  
and talking about The Morning of the Poem's buff frontality.  
I write a lot after reading it, some of it I really experience.  
Amidst such wine, is dry possible?  
I stop drinking.  
Once in a while health is startling & tough.  
Two of the women got married at 13 years old.  
You want coffee? A hospital bed? I love your green bow.  
Real people make me wander to human meeting ground, and I feel  
something stretching.  
A very straight something, but art is straight.  
Butter on one side, step into the jam.  
This morning book cooks, man to man.

- Geoffrey Young

Hair-raising poems for an anthology of scary poetry are wanted by  
Linda Spencer, 233 W 77th St, NYC 10024. SASE required for returns.  
Deadline: Sept. 7, 1982. Please indicate if poem has been previously  
published.

PHILIP GUSTON: "1980 / THE LAST WORKS"

The happy gift and incidence of this Philip Guston exhibit of drawings and paintings at the David McKee Gallery is an enticement wonderful to behold and see. 33 untitled works are on display. The ink drawings and acrylics were done on paper and board in a range of dimensions, typically measuring 20 x 30 inches. In substance, they stand golden descendants of the giant-sized, recent paintings such as Frame, Cabal, Wharf, Pull, Flatlands, The Street, and Source being astoundingly continuous imprints of object and cosmology linked by horseshoes and forearms to everyday, sonorous reality. One is constantly made enchanted by the delicacy of the painter's imagination, his sensitivity to the passions of a tea-kettle, for instance, regurgitating kite-string smoke wisps of Paradise, and yet simultaneously one must comprehend or struggle with the lingering will, the 5 o'clock shadows and vituperative bristles of discarded eons.

In 3 Untitled, the mythic appurtenances confabulate and a sort of igloo cum lawnmower blossoms which might serve a world's imagination militarily as a projective outpost with its wedged-in log and numerous throttles. The beautiful magnitude, however, is in the totality of the hand and is not simply to be had in the harshness of the fixtures: A plain, red-coated foreground is divided 2/3's from the paper's bottom edge by a straight black line in seven or eight strokes so as to appear a table upon which the pint-sized monstrosity is rooted before a flesh-colored horizon. Nowhere do we find an Artist whose strained insight is at such radical variance with itself. We accept, as we do in Picasso's depth-studded surrealism of Two Women on the Beach (Cannes, February 16, 1956) or his earlier (1928), searching masterpiece Bathers with Beach Ball, that the realm of the images' actuality is linear. A sculptor's mastery of scale and an opaque, metaphysical use of the acrylic's essential transparency informs the relative space that's interpenetrant with a demonstrable content. In this manner Guston's last works are reminiscent of Thomas Gainsborough's headlong portraits set outdoors. There's the enigmatic combined with an element of dignity.

In one all gray acrylic, 27, the devices of Guston's finesse emerge in an ink-lined drawing inswept with graceful color. It's an image of an unloading, helmet-like contraption near the dock at a pier of crates and klieg-lights. Here the texture is an emotive rendering of the organic and one can drowse in the forceful rollings of the heavy air. It is as if Guston admired the thoroughness of the paper and in his application of contexts, his lightness, achieved a direct embodiment of ideas in the brushstroke.

Sometimes in the drawings and palpable still-lives of his archaic structures, the columnar semiotics seem to produce a decipherable, epic tabloid in an alphabet which reflects the artist's close scrutiny of a subject's motile interstices: the R of a stride, the doomed C, the A's innocent embrace; whooshed into a theatre of life's altruistic fabric. The language is sparse. A blank scroll like a chest for time's shudder to inscribe. One's proud tombstone, heart-shaped, a granite butterfly, definitive. A cowboy sun. A ladder's three rungs to the sky, a section of an immense corral, a magnetized string of raw, uncut stones dangling from the uppermost regions of the medium downwards, to the painting's mind.

I find, tentatively, the #21 Untitled of this exhibition most riveting in its concise enactment of the artist's designs. On three plains, where whitened backdrop joins grizzily, brown sea and quiet strand, a mostly tiger (cream) colored furnace is lodged. The distilled concocted, sawed-off furnace thins an ardent, parabolical sun to a

robot Promethean disc of sublime eccentricity. Or the painting is like a factory, the granted openness of the universe in Guston's vision of interior and external light. Our human brain, stocked and utilized, is wrinkled with form, created, like a salient, furrowed sea.

These works by Philip Guston are not for sale. The uninhibited delight they manifest possesses a magic quality that is not unlike the perfection of an immortal rose.

- Michael Scholnick

#### On A Stream

late afternoon April on St. Mark's Place  
everybody slogging along  
really putting their shoulders to it  
gloomy wet day  
undercut by reflections of storelight  
syrupy liquid neon reds  
and the high yellow streetlamps  
that bang me in the forehead with their light  
as I'm juggled along on a stream of umbrellas  
my elbows falling into the eyesockets  
of everlastingly forward-moving pedestrians

- Michael Brownstein

#### REPORT FROM SPRING TRAINING

In between snorkeling in Key West, tanning and frolicking on various Gulf & Atlantic beaches, getting lost a lot (aka circling in), in the course of putting 900 miles on our rented economy Hertz Datsun, the Serpenterium with Dr Haast who has survived 124 poisonous snakebites including 2 from king cobras (only person ever), a tour through the Hemingway compound in Key West (all this from writing, what an inspiration), the Busch Gardens in Tampa (free beer), hot bald (boiled) nuts & honkytonks with drunks with scimitars in Ft Pierce, a \$3 suede jacket +++ at various (every) Sally Army & Goodwill in south Fla, a glass-bottom boat trip through 4' aquamarine & turquoise waves in the prow & vomiters in the stern, Janet & I (& now no one ask me anymore about my vacation except to admire my tanline)(quick it's almost gone) hit a bit of spring training, needless to say the Yankees, who look old & slow, which they shouldn't since they bought up South Dakota native Dave Collins, some of whose schoolboy track records still hold out there, and who stole a base as we watched as he is paid to do, as Lou Piniella did his job, lacing 2 singles sleek as shadows, while Guidry struck out 7 but gave up 6 hits, Goose Gossage later looking his remarkably vehement self, while we sat (by chance) in the Montreal cheering section, Janet standing for the Canadian but not the American anthem, me learning to say "merci pour la biere" till the Quebecois got the hint & plied us with \$1.75 Buds, & everyone was either tan or red, & everyone was happy (except owner Steinbrenner of course but that's against his constitution), since it's only spring & this doesn't count, only spring & we were lucky to be ahead of the season, which is a little unreal in Florida since it's always the season, which is why I left New York in March, whew.

- Elinor Nauen

WALTZING MATILDA by Alice Notley (Kulchur, NYC, \$3.50)

Of current vital interest to poets is the question "Who is writing the poem?" The answer ("the poet") is not so simple, and there is a giant analysis that goes in this space ( ) which involves linguistics, philosophy, politics, and psychology, as well as poetics, that says the very idea there is the "poet" whose self is the motive force of the poem is great pressure at root of the corruption of language and society. In part this is a matter of ideology, in part a matter of taste.

Short history of the poet: First poets function as religion singers and shamans, singing to plants and skies, with very little sense of the particulars of their personal situations (if there are any). These poems not written down, much less authorship acknowledged. Next come the storytellers whose works recount the "history" that starts off the self-consciousness of a "culture" identified as such. These guys may be anonymous or have names ("Homex") but we don't know who they are. Next comes "civilization" where you get "art" and a set of conventions that are strict in defining what the poems should be; so the poets craft the poems that way, you understand more "this is a sonnet" than that it's "a poem by Michael Drayton." Next comes Wordsworth who claims that "Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings," and with The Prelude we get the first major poem whose main character is the author, all his inner life. This gets solidified and we get the revolt of poets like Dr. Williams and later the Beats who want the real feelings. By mid-twentieth Century U.S.A. we get on one hand Olson who wants, moving away from the person of the poet, to compose in a "field" with "perceptions instanter" noted, and on another hand O'Hara whose "personism" is "all art" and "does not have anything to do with personality or intimacy, far from it!" What is it then? Central point is there is this "you" to whom the poem is addressed, opening it up thereby to a terrific recess of feeling, aesthetic passion-winds which translate into rushes of eloquence. Unlike Olson, and, let's say, the "Language" poets, where you get a powerful philosophical and intellectual basis from which the poem is purged of "the poem" and "the poet" in the name of a rigorous, powerful, open, and unbiased language.

All this to get off my chest to say the works of Alice Notley are the great continuation of the O'Hara tradition and that Waltzing Matilda is possibly her best book and for sure the one in which this character, this voice "the poet," is set out the straightest. Previous books have been very good and always moving toward including more, this one (and the later work in How Spring Comes, Toothpaste Press, 1981) includes it all, stories, sonnets, lyrics, playlets, journal poems, a novel in a page and a half, even a long interview with George Schneeman. Very straight personal stuff sometimes, but who is the person?

My pastures of plenty must always be free,

that's because they're mine. I possess  
where I do it. Where is it? Don't know.  
What is it? Don't know. Who is it?  
Dust friend wind gone river multiple.

This book also contains the best (simplest) poem on the death of John Lennon. The interview with Schneeman is very good little by little the participants working their way toward a thought-provoking conclusion that illuminated me and is about Alice Notley's work as much as it is about George Schneeman's (actually this interview reads more like a "work" than

an interview); where George finally says he's not painting real people but idealized people knitting in heaven because "everything that everybody does at every minute is in some other level than what actually is. Nobody is just doing the things they're actually doing. Everybody knows that they're not where they are. That everything is not what it is. Because if everything were only what it appears to be, they would all kill each other. I mean, they wouldn't be able to survive a day." So, three choices: think you are the person (false); abolish the person (difficult); or set up the person as kind convention, knowing in the end you don't know who that is (Alice). Read this book and be identified with yourself.

- Norman Fischer

WHY I CAN'T

COME TO YOUR POETRY READING

I know you'll  
understand I'm  
having a baby, my  
father's dying, I  
have to go to  
an art opening, I  
have to go to  
the airport I'm  
celebrating my birthday  
it's not really  
my birthday, just  
the only time  
I can celebrate,  
I have to chop firewood  
I have to balance  
my checkbook,  
it's too far to  
drive on Saturday, my  
wife's new girlfriend  
is my brother's new lover  
who's just getting over  
an affair with your  
editor, no  
I haven't seen your  
new book, but that woman  
you're reading with?  
she's unique, tell her  
to send me poems  
I wanna  
publish her work, I  
have errands to run  
I have a reunion, that's  
the night they start  
Med fly spraying, I  
have to take the fruit  
off the trees  
bring in the kids  
the toys, the laundry

the dog, the lawn furniture,  
cover the car and  
stay indoors, you're  
not a language poet, I  
didn't see it  
listed in POETRY FLASH,  
did you invite my  
ex-husband? did you  
invite my old lover?  
the one I broke up with  
October 12th in the afternoon  
two years ago, are  
all those dyke  
feminists going to be there?  
the last time I  
came to your reading  
one of them almost  
spit on me, besides  
your poetry's not funny  
it's just cheap shots  
at men, if I  
come to your reading I'd  
have to leave  
in the middle, take  
my boyfriend to his shrink,  
the baby just threw up  
I don't know, maybe  
he won't be feeling  
any better tomorrow I'm  
going to India  
to meditate if I  
wake up and it  
looks like rain I've  
been in Tahoe all week  
gambling, I know you'll  
understand

- Jana Harris

A b u n d a n c e

In Breughel's great picture "Canal Street,"  
restaurant customers order roast swan  
instead of chicken, hurled salad  
instead of tossed salad, while shoppers  
spill through a maze of stalled trucks  
and scurry around the sidewalk stalls  
jammed with countless nameless things  
that housewives sidestep to surround  
a Japanese man in a broad-brim hat  
and painted silk tie as he demonstrates  
how one gadget can cut food 50 ways  
and though they don't understand a word  
he says, they stand transfixed by his spiel  
amid the fumes and noise and loud fruitvendors  
dropping casual perfections of sun and rain  
into bags and sacks against a backdrop  
of silver towers and sea and fields  
vibrant with excess that giddy farmers hail  
by tossing animals, large animals into the air  
to be carried away on the winds of exuberance  
to the four corners of the globe  
where the romping gods bear so many  
attributes they're a bundle of incongruities  
and no one takes them seriously,  
not even their beaming angels  
who parachute drunkenly down to the shore  
distracting the dogs let loose on cormorants  
that ate so much they can't fly  
but not the boys in the rowboat  
who have caught a blowfish  
tickled its belly until it's about to burst  
like a balloon before dropping it overboard  
to watch it blow itself backward to kingdom come,  
nor the other children who have stopped  
clamoring over the stranded whale's back  
to swim out underwater, under the swans,  
grab them by the legs and yank them down  
in a slow fury of bubbles and light  
and then sell them to the market  
near the restaurant in the foreground  
of Breughel's great picture "Canal Street."

- Paul Violi

Please send a note letting us know what you think of  
the newsletter - which sections are good or bad, suggestions, since next  
year we're planning to change the format to an offset magazine-like thing  
so we'll have ads & not have to do the printing ourselves, which is me. Last  
chance for a subscription at \$5. Next year it'll go up to \$7. Greg Masters  
will be editor again next year.

# Summer Vacation

There's a place over here called  
Women Men Lake  
near Clothing Mountain

Behind Rent Strike Street  
the length of Guaranteed Income Alley  
runs the beautiful Food Kill

At the corner of Verhaine & Rimbaud  
is the entrance to  
the Arboretum of the Sexes

Have you ever been to the Finger Lakes  
at the foothills of  
the awesome Inspiration Range?

In Anti-Nuclear RFD # 2,  
not far from Naked,  
are the famous Humorous Seyzers

You can find out about everything  
at the Present Fountain  
in downtown Rhetoric



Michael Lally sent in a list of his 10 favorite books of the year which gave me the idea to ask others for theirs & so here they are:

Michael Lally

A QUINCY HISTORY, James Haining  
WALTZING MATILDA, Alice Notley  
THIS SLAVE DREAMS HER WORK AS IF SHE  
WERE A LAMB COMMANDED TO BE A MUSICIAN,  
Whaling  
LEGEND, Andrews, Bernstein, DiPalma,  
McCaffery & Silliman  
THE TEMP,E, Janet Hamill  
HUDSON (1-16), Harry Lewis  
THE Gnostic GOSPELS, Elaine Pagels  
TENDER IS THE NIGHT, F. Scott Fitzgerald  
VERONICA, Veronica Lake  
SEASON'S EDGE, Edith Hodgkinson

Bob Rosenthal :scratching the surface  
TESTIMONY: THE UNITED STATES, C. Reznikoff  
SELECTED POETRY OF AMIRI BARAKA  
LA BODEGA SOLD DREAMS, Miguel Pinero  
DABBLE, John Godfrey  
PURE NOTATIONS, Steve Levine  
THE GEOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF AMERICA OR THE  
RELATION OF HUMAN NATURE TO THE HUMAN MIND,  
Gertrude Stein  
THE FOX, Jack Collom  
HOW SPRING COMES/WALTZING MATILDA, Alice  
Notley  
HOPE AGAINST HOPE, Nadezhda Mandelstam  
MY GURU AND HIS DISCIPLE, C. Isherwood  
ENOUGH SAID, Philip Whalen

Jeff Wright

ZERO HOUR, Ernesto Cardenal  
REGGAE OR NOT, Amiri Baraka  
HOW SPRING COMES, Alice Notley  
HOW MICKEY MADE IT, Jayne Anne Phillips  
END OF THE LINE, Tom Clark  
Z-D GENERATION, Ed Sanders  
RIDING THE ONE EYED FORD, Diane Burns  
ARIEL, Yvonne Jacquette  
DABBLE, John Godfrey  
A FRESH YOUNG VOICE FROM THE PLAINS,  
Eileen Myles

Helena Hughes

WAR AND PEACE, Tolstoy  
SKETCHES FROM A HUNTER'S ALBUM, Turgenev  
NIELS LYNNE, Jacobson  
THE LETTERS OF VIRGINIA WOOLF, vol. 3  
MEMOIRS OF AN ANTI-SEMITES, Rezzori  
DABBLE, John Godfrey  
EARLY IN 71, James Schuyler  
ORACLE NIGHT, Michael Brownstein  
TELL ME NO MORE & TELL ME, Ralph Hawkins  
HOW SPRING COMES, Alice Notley

Lewis Warsh

JAPAN & INDIA JOURNALS, Joanne Kyger  
Early in '71, James Schuyler  
Mid-Winter Day, Bernadette Mayer  
NOTHING TO WRITE HOME ABOUT, Joe Brainard  
PURE NOTATIONS, Steve Levine  
HERALD OF THE AUTOCHTHONIC SPIRIT, Gregory  
Corso  
GREAT EXPECTATIONS, Kathy Acker  
PROGRESS OF STORIES, Laura Riding  
STORMY HEAVEN, Cliff Fyman

Ted Berrigan

A YEAR OR SO WITH EDGAR, George V. Higgins  
THE VIRGIL THOMSON READER  
GORE SONGS, Rosemary Mayer  
VOLS III & IV of the OLSON-CREELEY CORRES.  
BASIN & RANGE, John McPhee  
THE SELECTED LETTERS OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY  
COLLECTED POEMS OF FRANK O'HARA  
FREELY ESPOUSING, James Schuyler  
THEMIS, Jane Ellen Harrison  
ROBINSON CRUSOE, Daniel Defoe  
HISTORIES, Herodotus  
WE ALWAYS TREAT OUR WOMEN TOO WELL, Raymond  
Queneau  
THE DRUMS OF SPACE, Steve Carey

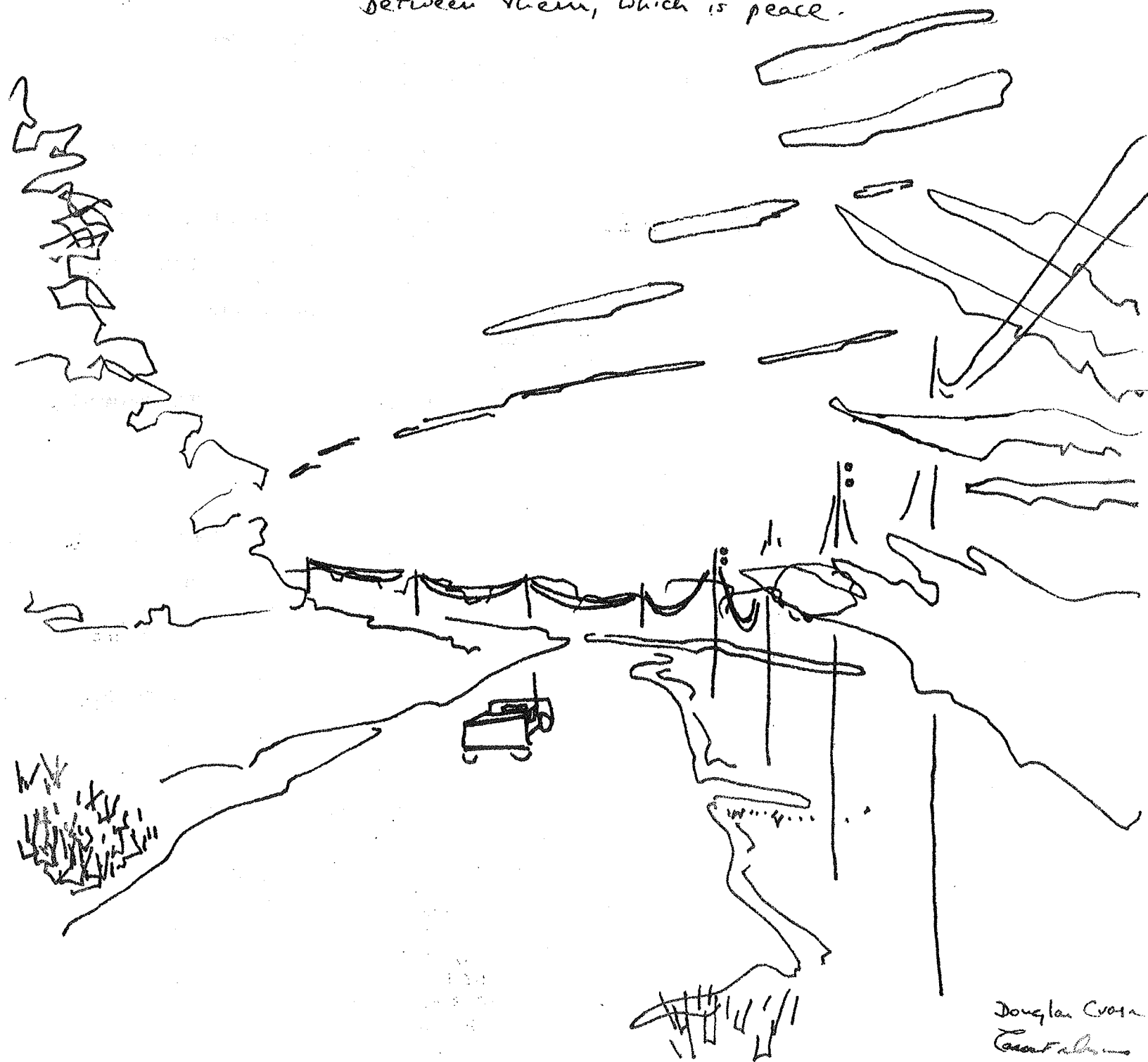
Tim Dlugos

ITALY, Donald Britton  
THE TENDERNESS OF THE WOLVES, Dennis Cooper  
THE REVISIONIST, Douglas Crase  
OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, Charles Dickens  
SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE, George Eliot  
SENTIMENTAL EDUCATION, Gustave Flaubert  
HOPE AGAINST HOPE, N. Mandelstam  
THE DEFENSE, Vladimir Nabokov  
THE POETICS OF INDETERMINACY: RIMBAUD TO  
CAGE, Marjorie Perloff  
A CONFEDERACY OF DUNCES, J.K. Toole

Eileen Myles

TROPIC OF CAPRICORN, Henry Miller  
DESOLATION ANGELS, Jack Kerouac  
MAN WITHOUT QUALITIES, Robert Musil  
LITTLE WOMEN, Louisa May Alcott  
LITTLE MEN, Louisa May Alcott  
CONFESSION OF A MASK, Yukio Mishima  
HUNGER, Knut Hamsun  
FREELY ESPOUSING, James Schuyler  
DUINO ELEGIES, Rilke  
LESBIAN NATION, Jill Johnston

To be made of so few things  
- of space and the fear of space.  
Where the best will be passing  
Between them, which is peace.



Douglas Cross  
Cassat album

Paul Violi

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, Paul Mariani  
THE BOOK OF LAUGHTER AND FORGETTING,  
Milan Kundera  
THE FOOL HIS SOCIAL AND LITERARY HISTORY,  
Enid Welsford  
ITALIAN FOLKTALES, ed. Italo Calvino  
JAPANESE LINKED POETRY, Earl Miner  
THE FIRST CASUALTY, THE WAR CORRESPONDENT  
AS HERO, PROPAGANDIST, AND MYTH MAKER,  
Phillip Knightly  
LEGENDS OF THE FALL, Jim Harrison  
THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE IMAGINATION, Guy  
Davenport  
CESARE RIPA, BAROQUE AND ROCOCO PICTORIAL  
IMAGERY, ed. E.A. Maser

Alice Notley: MS.'S OF YEAR

AS UPON NOW, Michael Scholnick  
ALLEGRA, Lewis Warsh  
A BAD CASE OF SCHENECTADY, David Anderson  
CONSIDERING HOW EXAGGERATED MUSIC IS,  
Leslie Scalapino  
THE ECONOMY, Bob Rosenthal  
GORE SONGS, Rosemary Mayer  
POEMS 1980-81, Clark Coolidge  
START OVER, Bill Berkson  
MILLENNIUM DUST, Joe Ceravolo  
I TAUGHT ENGLISH TO THE RED CHINESE,  
Simon Schuchat  
RIDE THAT ROLLER COASTER TO ITS FIERY  
FINISH, Vincent Katz  
SAPPHO'S BOAT, Eileen Myles

Anselm Hollo

SO GOING AROUND CITIES, Ted Berrigan  
THE CONFUCIAN VISION, Confucius ed.  
William McNaughton  
YELLOW LOLA, Ed Dorn  
now there's a morning hulk of the sky,  
Larry Eigner  
THE JEFFERSON BIBLE, Thomas Jefferson (T.J.'s  
edited 'Gospels', sans bullshit 'miracles')  
BLAKE'S DANTE, Milton Klonsky  
LEAVING CHEYENNE, Larry McMurtry  
DREAMSNAKE, Vonda McIntyre  
HOW SPRING COMES, Alice Notley  
SELECTED POEMS, Pentti Saarikoski, trans.  
Anselm Hollo (forthcoming Fall, Toothpaste)

Harris Schiff would like to announce that  
he is accepting manuscripts for the next  
WORLD #37 to be published in Fall 1982.  
The emphasis will be on poetry. SASE if  
return is desired. Send c/o The Poetry  
Project or give to the editor. The magazine is open. ALL will be considered. July  
1st deadline and the issue will be ready for the first reading in the fall.

Ed Clark

SHORT GUIDE TO THE HIGH PLAINS, Tom Clark  
THE RODENT WHO CAME TO DINNER, Tom Clark  
THE END OF THE LINE, Tom Clark  
ALICE KNOTLEY, Alice Notley  
THE COLUMBIAN EXCHANGE, Alfred W. Crosby, Jr.  
THE GREAT NAROPA POETRY WARS, Tom Clark  
DAMON RUNYON, Tom Clark  
JOURNEY TO THE ULTERIOR, Tom Clark  
A BIOGRAPHY OF JEAN KEROUAC, Tom Clark  
SELECTED LETTERS OF RAYMOND CHANDLER,  
Frank McShane  
HOBO, Richard "Dobro Dick" Dillot  
POEMS, Jeremy Prynne  
SPEAKING OF ROUTES, Paul Dresman  
ANGELS LAUNDROMAT, Lucia Berlin

Gary Lenhart

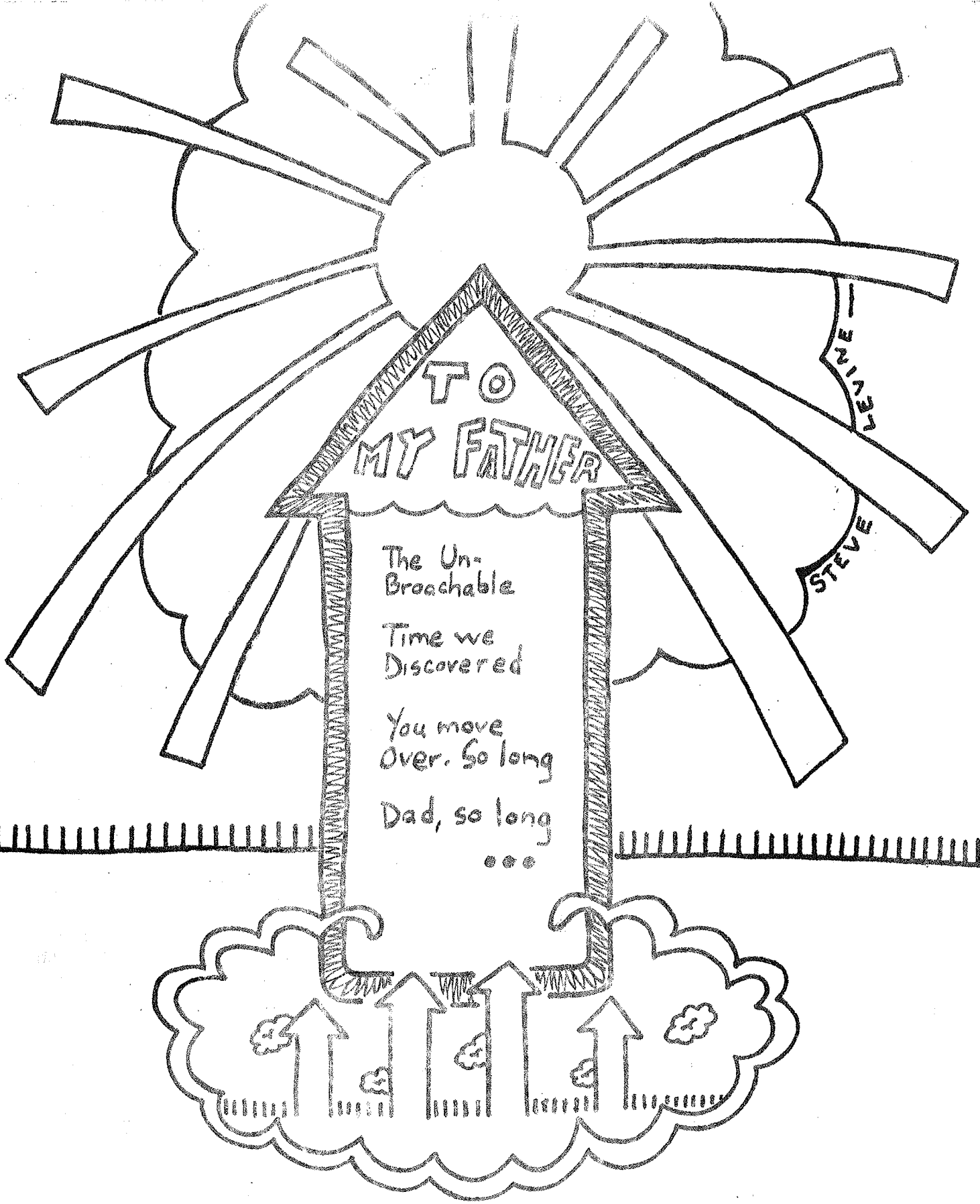
EVER SINCE DARWIN, Stephen Jay Gould  
THE BOOK OF EBENEZER LePAGE, G.B. Edwards  
THE HART CRANE-YVORS WINTERS CORRESPONDENCE,  
ed. Thomas Parkinson  
SELECTED ESSAYS OF E.B. WHITE  
TERMS OF ENDEARMENT, Larry McMurtry  
PURE NOTATIONS, Steve Levine  
THE COLLECTED POEMS OF W.H. AUDEN  
FOREWARDS AND AFTERWORDS, W.H. Auden  
HOW SPRING COMES, Alice Notley  
BASIN AND RANGE, John McPhee

Kenneth King

THE WHOLENESS OF LIFE, Krishnamurti  
MIND: AN ESSAY ON HUMAN FEELING (3 vol)  
Susanne K. Langer  
LECTURES ON PHILOSOPHY, Simone Weil  
PSYCHOLOGY AND THE EAST, C. Jung  
FOR THE BIRDS, John Cage  
THE ORDER OF THINGS/THE BIRTH OF THE CLINIC/  
POWER/KNOWLEDGE?THE HISTORY OF SEXUALITY,  
all Michel Foucault  
JOSEPH CORNELL, ed. Kyraston McShine  
THE PLEASURE OF THE TEXT, Roland Barthes  
THE POETICS OF REVERIE, Gaston Bachelard  
COSMIC SUPERIMPOSITION, Wilhelm Reich

James Schuyler

LETTERS, VOLS. 3 & 6, Virginia Woolf  
DIARY, VOLS 1 & 3, Virginia Woolf  
DIARY; 4 VOLUMES, George Tempelton Strong  
(A Lawyer's view of 19th C life in NYC)  
SWORD OF HONOUR, Evelyn Waugh  
SHADOW TRAIN, John Ashbery  
WALTZING MATILDA, Alice Notley  
SO GOING AROUND CITIES, Ted Berrigan



TO  
MY FATHER

The Un-  
Broachable  
Time we  
Discovered  
You move  
Over. So long  
Dad, so long  
...

STEVE

( NOW HE IS A NATION / THAT IS A SOMBER NOTION )  
{ 3 / 3 / 82 }

Dennis Cooper (in alphabetical order)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS, Kathy Acker  
CITIES OF THE RED NIGHT, William Burroughs  
TRICKS, Renaud Camus  
JOURNEY TO THE ULTERIOR, Tom Clark  
MY NEWPORT, Steven Hall  
ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE  
MEAT, ed. Boyd MacDonal  
WALTZING MATILDA, Alice Notley  
PRIMER, Bob Perelman  
TJANTING, Ron Silliman

Steve Levine

THE LOVE OF BOOKS: BEING THE PHILOBIBLON  
OF RICHARD DE BURY  
BEAN SPASMS, Padgett, Brainard, Berrigan  
HOW SPRING COMES, Alice Notley  
KURT SCHWITTERS (Collected writings,  
collages, drawings, paintings)  
MAJOR POETS OF THE EARLIER 17th CENTURY,  
eds. Lewalski & Sabol  
THE DADA PAINTERS AND POETS, ed. Robert  
Motherwell  
OWN FACE, Clark Coolidge  
SELF-PORTRAIT, Man Ray  
SELECTED POEMS: SUMMER KNOWLEDGE, Delmore  
Schwarz  
DOWN AND OUT IN PARIS AND LONDON, G. Orwell  
EXPLORATION OF THE UNIVERSE, Geo. Abell  
ENOUGH SAID, Philip Whalen

Peggy DeCoursey

HOW SPRING COMES, Alice Notley  
HOW I WORK AS A POET, Lew Welch  
A SHORT WALK IN THE HINDU KUSH, Eric Newby  
COLLECTED POEMS, F.T. Prince  
LOST COUNTRY LIFE, D. Hartley  
THE DESIRES OF MOTHERS TO PLEASE OTHERS IN  
THEIR LETTERS, Bernadette Mayer (ms)  
CALIFORNIA PAPERS, Steve Carey  
165 MEETINGHOUSE LANE, Alice Notley

Robert Creeley

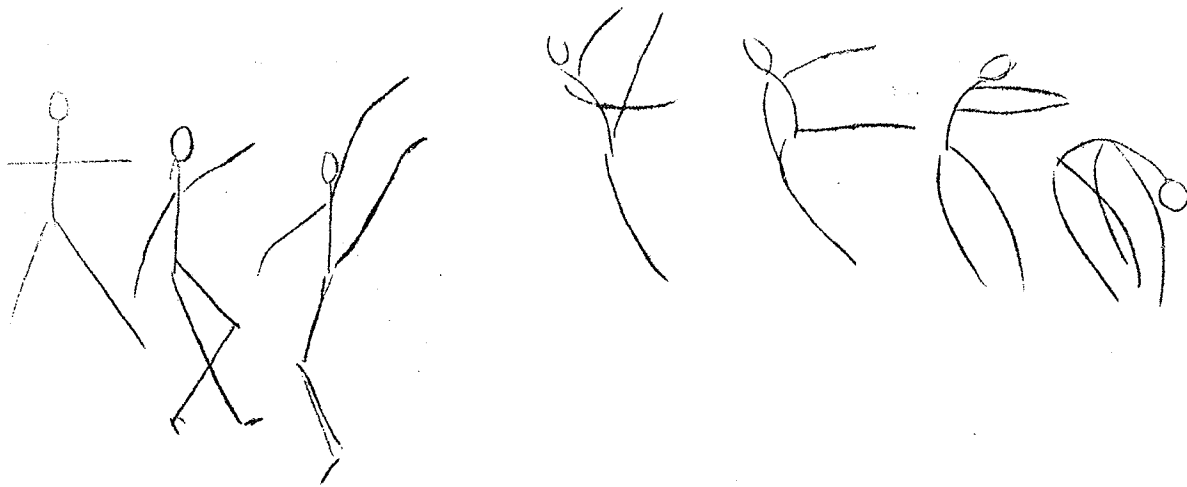
Apropos favorite books of the past year's reading, etc., poetry's unequivocally out in front with Alice Notley's HOW SPRING COMES, Gilbert Sorrentino's remarkably overlooked SELECTED POEMS 1958-1980, and two books of solid outfront accomplishment, William Corbett's RUNAWAY POND and SCHEDULE RHAPSODY (in fact, I really bet my own stake in the Continuity of Poetry in Our Next Six Weeks on these two; they are deft, inventive, 'mature' works of a boss poet)--and one for the Road: A FRESH YOUNG VOICE FROM THE PLAINS (or 'Jamaica Lives'?) By Eileen Myles. I'm dazzled that three of these major works, truly, are from the Boston area... That's all one ever wanted. It's not been a great year otherwise, at least that I can recall. Books

Bernadette Mayer: Best Utopian and Dystopian  
Books Read This Year

MERLAND, Charlotte Perkins Gilman  
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, Swift  
HOW SPRING COMES, Alice Notley  
SEVEN AMERICAN UTOPIAS: THE ARCHITECTURE OF  
COMMUNITARIAN SOCIALISM, 1790-1975 and  
THE GRAND DOMESTIC REVOLUTION: A HISTORY  
OF FEMINIST DESIGNS FOR AMERICAN HOMES,  
NEIGHBORHOODS AND CITIES, both D. Hayden  
PROGRESS OF STORIES, Laura Riding  
The literary dystopias: NEW GRUB STREET,  
George Gissing & KEEP THE ASPIDISTRA  
FLYING, George Orwell  
THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY (Loeb Classics Edition)  
SEXUAL LIFE IN ANCIENT CHINA, R.H. Van Gulik  
WOMEN POETS OF CHINA by Rexroth & Chung and  
WOMEN POETS OF JAPAN by Rexroth & Atsumi,  
translators  
THEMES AND VARIATIONS, John Cage

Greg Masters

WARS I HAVE SEEN, Gertrude Stein  
LEAVING CHEYENNE/TERMS OF ENDEARMENT,  
Larry McMurtry  
SO GOING AROUND CITIES, Ted Berrigan  
HOW SPRING COMES/WALTZING MATILDA, A. Notley  
MORNING OF THE POEM, James Schuyler  
THE BOOK OF EBENEZER LEPAGE, G.B. Edwards  
PURE NOTATIONS, Steve Levine  
DABBLE, John Godfrey  
DEVIL IN THE FLESH, Raymond Radiguet  
COMING INTO THE COUNTRY, John McPhee  
LAST NIGHTS OF PARIS, Philippe Soupault  
also NICARAGUA, Susan Meiselas; A FRESH  
YOUNG VOICE FROM THE PLAINS, Eileen Myles;  
WITH RUTH IN MIND, Anselm Hollo; TENDERNESS  
OF THE WOLVES, Dennis Cooper; LETTERS TO  
ALLEN GINSBERG/CITIES OF THE RED NIGHT,  
Burroughs. 'TYPEE, M. ; CLERGYMAN'S  
DAUGHTER, Orwell; CHRISTOPHER AND HIS KIND/  
PRATER VIOLET, Isherwood; WILD PALMS, Faulkner;  
BORDER THEME, Reed Bye; THE SWEET SCIENCE,  
A.J. Liebling



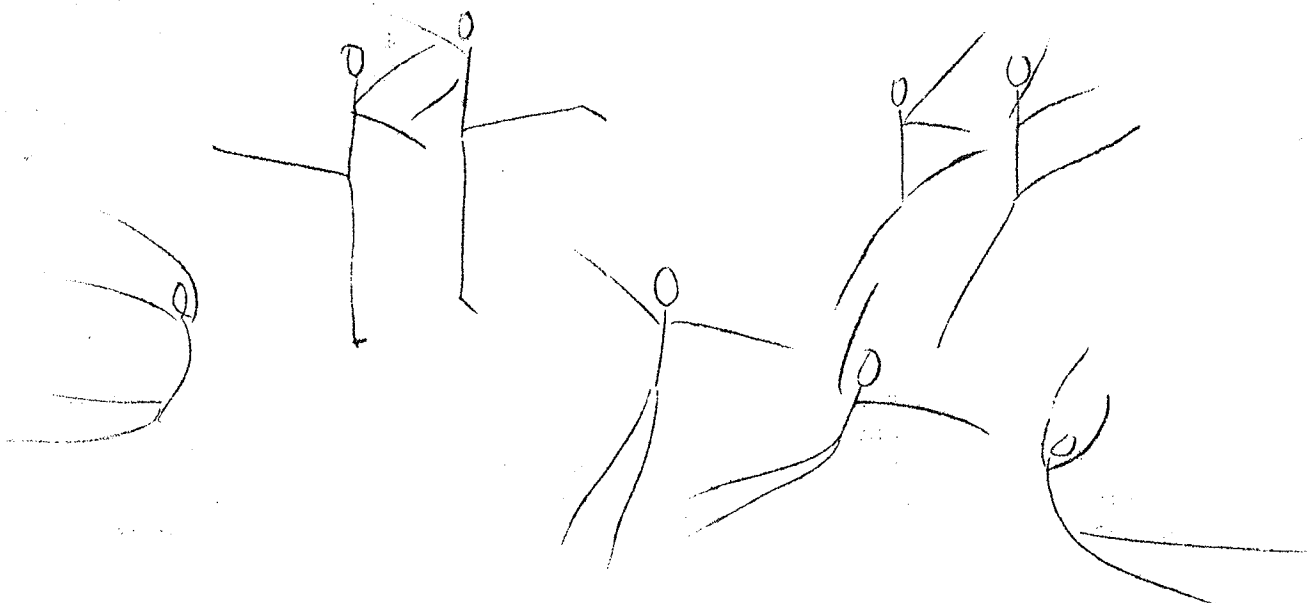
CONFESSION: Why I am Not  
A Poet

A giant  
blueberry  
in a  
forest.

You know  
what makes  
it  
enchanted?

-The  
t-h-o-u-g-h-t  
of it(!)

- Kenneth King



Ted Berrigan always a delight. I like mine too, as it happens--but I think it's a curious holding time. So I read more absorbedly books like L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E, Volume Four, edited by Bruce Andrews and Charles Bernstein (Coach House Press) than I did much else. Finally read Hamlet's Mill by Santillana & his German cohort--a lot of bright thinking and detail, but I can't believe 'myth' is finally this tone? Makes it feel like some anthropological supermarket. I guess I read the old favorites otherwise. "That's all she wrote."

Charles Bernstein

(I've excluded contemporary poetry from my list: I recommend, as a start only?!, all the titles in the 1982 Segue Distribution catalog. Here are some books of related interest.)

THE AVANT-GARDE IN RUSSIA, 1910-1930: NEW PERSPECTIVES, ed. Stephanie Barron and Maurice Tuchman. Catalog of the inspiring and sobering show at the LA County Museum of Art and the Hirshhorn in D.C.

SENSES OF WALDEN; EXPANDED EDITION, Stanley Cavell

WALTER BENJAMIN OR TOWARDS A REVOLUTIONARY CRITICISM, Terry Eagleton. Despite its often turgid style and unsubstantiated, but valiant, attempt to reconcile Benjamin's Messianism with Western Marxism.

POWER/KNOWLEDGE: SELECTED INTERVIEWS AND OTHER WRITINGS, Michel Foucault, ed. Colin Gordon. Foucault's conceptions of the relations of knowledge and power are weaved into an historical narrative of regimes of thinking that, while at times appearing to be overdetermined projections onto history, always seem well aimed at causing a re-evaluation of the concepts by which we measure the meanings of our "cultural" or "natural" lives. These interviews reveal an active thinking, a method of critique, that is remarkably useful.

ON THE WAY TO LANGUAGE, Martin Heidegger, translated by Peter D. Hertz. Handy, do-it-yourself guide to thinking, now in paperback.

POEMS AND FRAGMENTS, Friedrich Holderlin, translated by Michael Hamburger. "Near is/ & difficult to grasp..."

THE LAST LUNA BAEDECKER, Mina Loy. The "complete" Loy, just out this week: one I look forward to reading.

PROGRESS OF STORIES, Laura Riding Jackson

PRE-FRACES & OTHER WRITINGS, Jerome Rothenberg. A probing, enormously wideranging exploration of poetries and poetics that rejects traditional Western logocentrism and suggests radically alternative historical and contemporary traditions in a nonhierarchical, politically engaged manner. Our greatest anthologist sets the record(s) straight(er).

THE YALE GERTRUDE STEIN

CULTURE AND VALUE, Ludwig Wittgenstein, trans. Peter Winch

Michael Scholnick

TENDER IS THE NIGHT, F. Scott Fitzgerald

BLUE HEAVEN, Lewis Warsh

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF MARIANNE MOORE

PRATER VIOLET, Christopher Isherwood

SILAS MARNER, George Eliot

ART IN ITS OWN TERMS, Fairfield Porter, ed.

Rackstraw Downes

HERZOG, Saul Bellow

THE CLASSIC ANTHOLOGY DEFINED BY CONFUCIUS

trans. Ezra Pound

PATERSON, William Carlos Williams

HYMN TO LIFE, James Schuyler

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, Paul Mariani

THIS SIDE OF PARADISE, F. Scott Fitzgerald

also: TOJOURS L'AMOUR, Ron Padgett; RIVERS AND MOUNTAINS, John Ashbery; THE DIAMOND NOODLE, Philip Whalen; IN THE AMERICAN GRAIN, Williams; DEATH SENTENCE, Blanchot; PURE NOTATIONS, Steve Levine; EARLY IN '71, James Schuyler; DOCTOR WILLIAMS' HEIRESESSES, Alice Notley; DABBLE, John Godfrey; THE WORLD AS WILL AND REPRESENTATION: Vol 1, Arthur Schopenhauer; A FRESH YOUNG VOICE FROM THE PLAINS, Eileen Myles; SO GOING AROUND CITIES, Berrigan; EMPLOYMENT OF THE APES, Jeff Wright; JAPAN AND INDIA JOURNALS, Joanne Kyger; THE CALIFORNIA PAPERS, Steve Carey

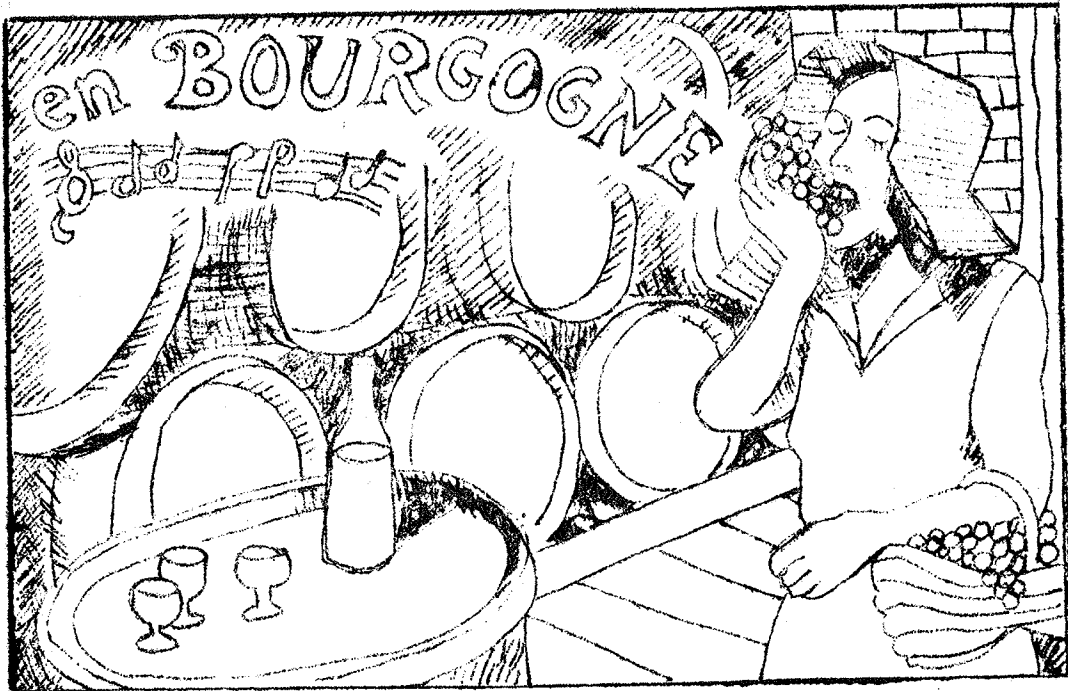


IN THE NIGHT

It wouldn't be so long  
If I could sleep  
Or maybe dreams make it longer  
But it doesn't seem so  
The moon clears everything  
Something, a voice, seems to be calling  
I look around, nothing, I answer, "Yes?"

Bob Holman & Elizabeth Murray

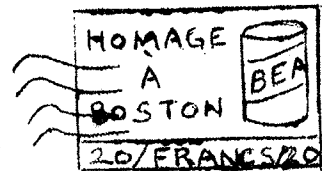




EN BOURGOGNE.  
 ORAL FIT (BURGUNDY, 20thc.)

Dear Eileen, 3/1/02

I was really looking forward to entertaining you (as if you needed any more entertainment in your life) at the EAR Inn this Sat (in the EAR, so to speak) and vice-versa of course (I, on the other hand always need more entertainment) but something always happens when you anticipate, and something did. Tony



Eileen Myles  
 Cultural  
 Affairs  
 Boston, Mass.

Jeanette Labrie 1982

Tony Towle

DABBLE (Poems 1966-1980) by John Godfrey (Full Court Press, NYC, \$17.95c \$6p)

This is John Godfrey's first major book-length collection. It contains 80 poems culled from their original publications in magazines, from his few previous mimeo books, and numerous unprinted manuscripts. It presents generously, the writings of an American master. The poems employ a modern versification utilizing instrumental techniques that create an immediacy of thought and pleasure. Their use of conventional speech heightens such pleasure as to rank evenly with such lucid examples of poets diverse as Virgil to Ashbery: who utilized this relation of music to common speech, each in their own times.

His expertise, generated with a fluidity that allows the poem to move so effortlessly, and seamless, from simplicity into elaborate colloquial space. It's the fluidity that keeps this poetry a continual novelty, perpetual revolutionary space. A state in which Mr. Godfrey effects a finely attuned personal idiom. His explorations of constant attention runs to current spoken language, the musical possibilities of this territory, which propels him and makes him rise from useful memories of all that which came before him in verse, causes him to extend the frontiers of what is already merely known, lifts him to an exhilarating realm of the absolutely new and senseful.

In his simply elaborate explorations of the orchestral language of word-music, Godfrey has made a quantum leap in poetical physics; influenced by the senseful music of his predecessors, mainly Dr. Williams, Wallace Stevens, Hart Crane and Frank O'Hara. He's grasped a structure contingent on both the use of open and compacted language, and an individual genius in his release from form. All of which exists in the same poems as a strong impulse to encourage form from within his stanzas. The effect of both bursts upon the reader causing them to discover his own generous 'idiom of the moment'. In the presence of this, John Godfrey is both the newest of adventurers and striking formalist set on renewing the oldest possible resurrection, a call to pens and typewriters in the service of stabilized structure sense.

What's created here is a return to poetry in its most common search for a meeting ground between the meaningful sense of his music and the proper colloquial idiom. His music makes for an experience solely peculiar to John Godfrey alone. He's lifted all literature one notch higher, making everyday language to sparkle anew. He's extended the music of words he first heard in the streets, overheard in the subway, that ran through his brain in an elevator, or fought for speech in an OTB. These poems improve on that music. And this beautiful ability, this distinction of craft separates him from merely decorative, though modern and healthy, eccentric or plain mad, poets of this ever-present time.

What these poems mean, how they mean, and how we come to grasp their knowledge so immediately, and what that means, is the music of a genuine master. This is no snap judgement of any near-great or possible importance. But a fact. An acute awareness of any real genuineness. This sense, this reason, can easily be gained through the naturalness of his literate spirit. Through the poem's occasion and context. All of which should arouse one's own classical instincts. For Godfrey has the comprehensiveness of a mature mind. And that, in any age, reflects the maturity of an individual; as opposed to the

relative maturity of any literary period in itself.

The pleasure of poetry, it's sensual meat, a fresh understanding of the familiar, this communication of such consciousness, are all underlaying factors, which exist in abundance in Mr. Godfrey's acknowledged realm. This is very invigorating stuff. There's this intent towards immediacy, that and great clarity in his use of emotional force. These poems are not ambiguous. Nor does one feel the need to unriddle some great utterances, for not unlike the role of improviser in Jazz, Godfrey's a fine-eyed master, an orator who knows and is privy to the same magic: that singing, even in the written word, is another way of talking.

The stories he tells, of the streets, of love and unquenchable desire, of near-narcotic flights across frontiers of consciousness, beyond the realm of the ordinary, beyond even the meanings his artful speech can easily conjure. It's a firm belief of mine that in DABBLE we have discovered a communicator, whose achievement's greatest reward, is the continuing enlightenment one gets from riding his lines.

DABBLE is beyond question: a modern masterpiece.

- Jim Brodey

#### The Death of Bop

Plip by plip

Strict dribbles of wasted snoop

accumulate into trickles

that wet the beaks of parched tributaries only slightly

Bud Powell died in 1966

with a cigarette still hanging from his lips

and from that point on

the long, coruscating lines that leap and dart with dry lunacy

have been hard to find

- Tom Clark

The Kulchur Foundation will be having a publication party for MILLENIUM DUST by Joseph Ceravolo at the Gotham Book Mart on May 3rd at 5-7. All readers of the newsletter are invited.

The Kulchur Foundation's MOMA reading series has been moved this year (due to the construction at the museum) to a loft at 450 W 31 St. The readings will be: May 10 - Diane Di Prima & Michael McClure. 17 - Robert Duncan & Ed Dorn. 24 - Anne Waldman & Taylor Mead. The series is still under the auspices of MOMA and a wine bar will still be available.

Mixed Gift

My new big silvery earrings

with some messy etched pattern

that is only visible  
from up

close only as close as you are

are allowed to be

no one else & that's why

you chose them

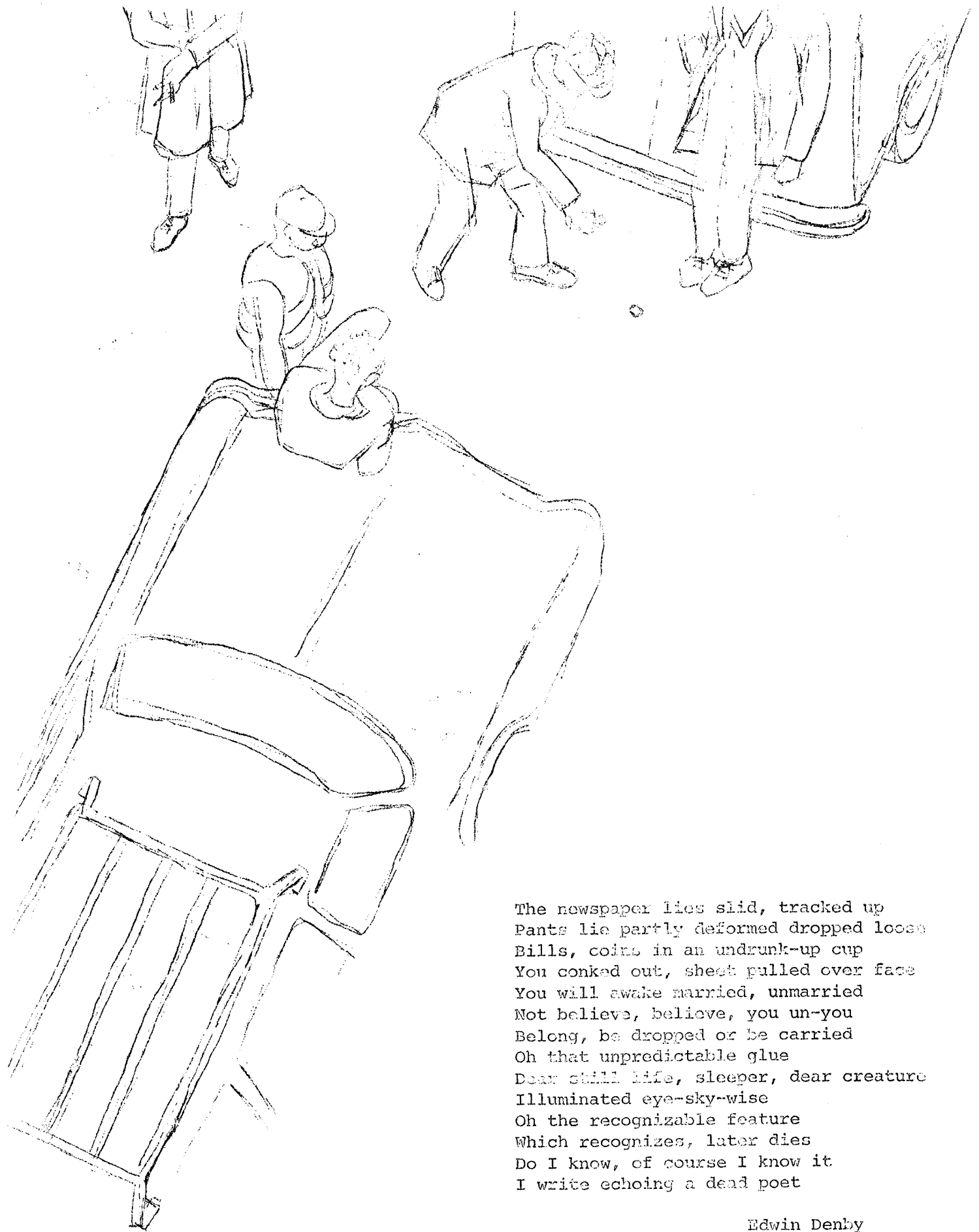
for me

for only you to enjoy

the delicately etched

pattern

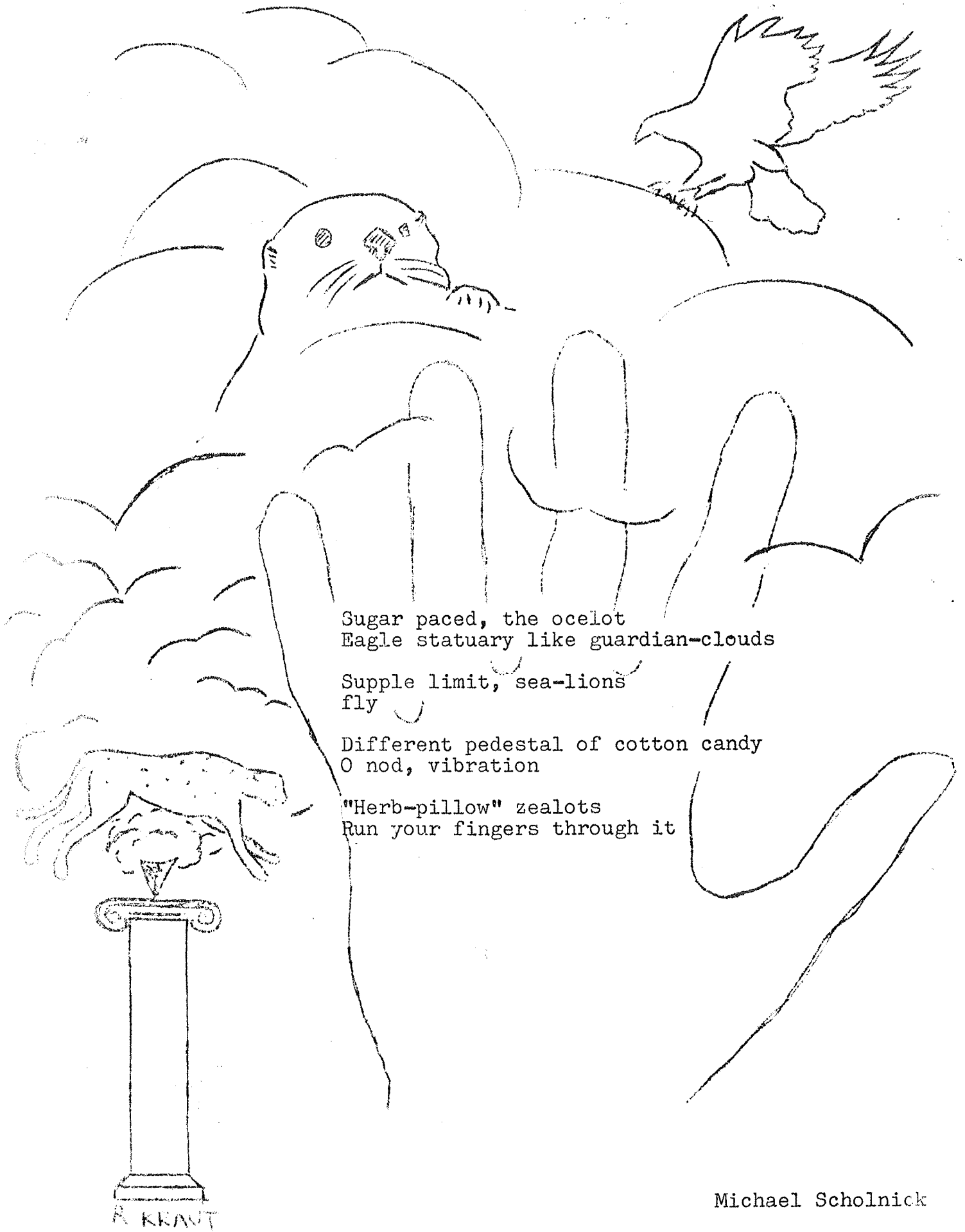
Shelley Kraut & Rudy Burckhardt



The newspaper lies slid, tracked up  
Pants lie partly deformed dropped loose  
Bills, coins in an undrunk-up cup  
You conked out, sheet pulled over face  
You will awake married, unmarried  
Not believe, believe, you un-you  
Belong, be dropped or be carried  
Oh that unpredictable glue  
Dear still life, sleeper, dear creature  
Illuminated eye-sky-wise  
Oh the recognizable feature  
Which recognizes, later dies  
Do I know, of course I know it  
I write echoing a dead poet

Edwin Denby

Jacquette



Sugar paced, the ocelot  
Eagle statuary like guardian-clouds

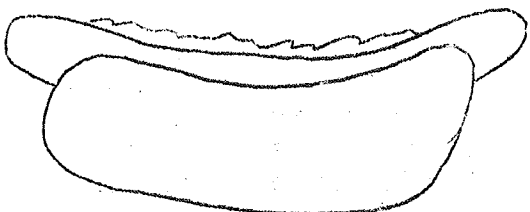
Supple limit, sea-lions  
fly

Different pedestal of cotton candy  
O nod, vibration

"Herb-pillow" zealots  
Run your fingers through it

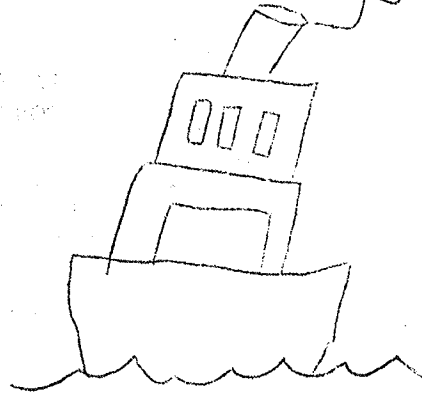
A KRAVIT

Michael Scholnick



LIFE ON THE BUN

I'M PUTTING MY WEEK ON REWIND  
TO HOOK UP WITH YOU, YOUR FRIEND &  
HER SISTER - WE'RE ON THE STATEN  
ISLAND FERRY, WHICH THEY DID EATING  
HOT DOGS, CALLING YOU FROM THE  
OTHER SIDE, YUM, TO SING DUTCH  
SONGS ON YOUR ANSWERING MACHINE  
BUT YOU ANSWERED



GreyMatters  
BARNEY  
KOPFBLUH

COMMENTARY



the city rises like the sweet face  
of Alice plastered to its walls  
the flamingo is caught under night

patchouli ice cream & coffee drops  
umbrellas surround the clouds  
as they float into the East River

all life in its quest and cloudless  
death attains suitable regrets  
which can be dropped to the floor

there is possibly my one resounding  
regret that men do not own panties

Guggy's in sunny arizona elite family  
dining now strikes a light to my joint  
No bob dis is nut ah clappear

If dis where a clappear it w'd be denTed  
on onlee two sides nut all around  
somehow my elevated tone lost it on panties

the secret of our long romance is that  
she is smaller and her under things  
would rip over my hips save my lips

so secret is oxygen, imagination  
before breath, glory before the goal  
playground wet yellow pants extension

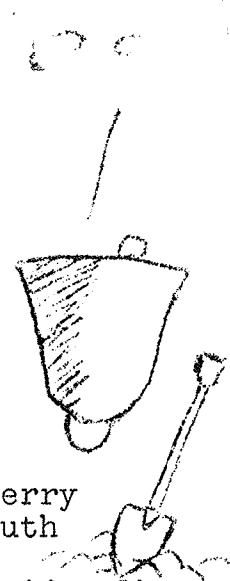
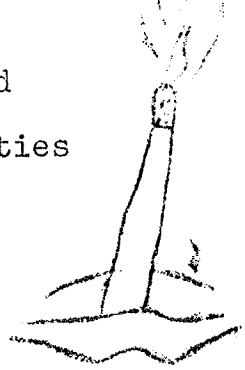
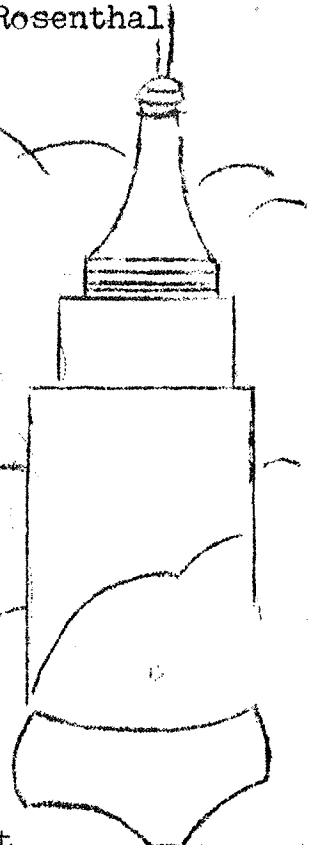
the telephone building top is being  
raised the empire state in a fog  
the sky is bright with promise snow

wanting so to use a word mimeographic  
gawd this way all love is repulsive  
but confess I like to turn the crank

with so much road to hoe you would think  
there'd be some earth in our passion  
all I saw upon the road was a shovel

standing fully in a 12th Street window  
a women dressed in a red polka dot strawberry  
hanging limp pea green drapes hooks in mouth

Cerveza Fria the gold letters say on the sidewalk  
red boots red beret sculptress pulls her white statue  
by a rope a human being pushing & guiding behind



R. KRAUT



BOOKS & MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

Rude Awakenings by Bob Rosenthal (The Yellow Press, Chicago, IL \$3.50 - long awaited this volume collects most of Rosenthal's best poems from the last several years & his best is boss)...from AmHere Books, Santa Barbara CA, each \$4: Tell Me Again by Alice Notley (the reluctant valedictorian of a desert town shoots gentle awareness reciting a legacy of yardfence & reading epiphanies) & Altered Steaks by David Perkins, Lewis MacAdams & Tom Clark... from Little Caesar Press, LA, CA: Entre Nous by Tim Dlugos (a large collection, \$4.95) & Diary Cows by Ron Koertge (when he doesn't sound like Bukowski this guy hits - title poem piece: "Got up early, waited for the farmer./He hooked us all to the machines as/usual. Typical trip to the pasture..." \$3)... from Doris Green Editions, Box 798, Monte Rio, CA 95462: Fundamental by Pat Nolan (\$3 - "Nolan takes child-like pleasure in sorting through the chaos of language to fish out the odd & humorous examples"); Bodies Nearly Touching by Marianne Ware (\$2) and On the Way by Steven LaVoie (\$2)...from Sun & Moon Press, College Park MD: Dinner on the Lawn by Douglas Messerli (\$4) and The Travelogues by Peter Frank (\$4)...Some Distance by Douglas Messerli Segue Books, 300 Bowery, NYC 10012 \$4)...from Black Sparrow, Santa Barbara CA: The Magician's Feastletters by Diane Wakoski (\$6p \$14c) and The Complete Correspondence, Vol. 4 by Robert Creeley & Charles Olson (\$7.50p \$20c)...Seaview by Toby Olson (New Directions, NYC, \$6.95p \$15.95c)... Complete Thought by Barrett Watten (TUUMBA, Berkeley CA, \$3)...The Well-Springs by Harry Lewis (Momo's Press, SF, CA \$5.95p \$12.50c)...

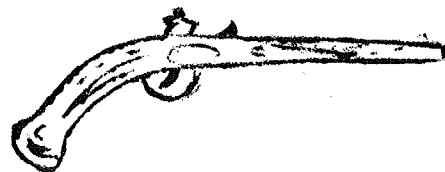
FERRO-BOTANICA eds. James Ruggia & Mark Rogers (813 Willow Ave #1, So. Hoboken, NJ 07030 \$3.50 - jumping at you with foldouts, photos, embossed corners the work of Cope, Owen, Clausen, Guynup, Duncan, Weinberg+++)...INK 4/5 ed. John Daley (\$3.50 from JUST BUFFALO at Allentown Community Center, Buffalo, NY - intl. issue - Raworth, Pickard, McClure, Hawkins, Creeley, Pettet, Notley, Beltrametti, Crozier, Cruz, McCaffery, Hoogstraten+++)...BC 29, PO Box 48884 Vancouver V7X 1A8 Canada, sub \$20, plenty of poets...Stony Hills #11, ed. Diane Kruchkow, Weeks Mill, New Sharon ME 04955 \$1.50, focus on Nuclear Power issue + reviews, photos, reports)...and from the Beyond Baroque facilities in LA: Little Caesar 12, ed. Dennis Cooper (3273 Overland Ave, LA, CA 90034 \$3 - guest ed. Ian Young - Overlooked & Underrated, pieces on Kaufman, Butts, Bulgakov, Windham, Niedecker, Schuyler+++by Dlugos, Purdy, Lally, White, Williams. Congdon, Abbot+++); SNAP, ed. Lori Cohen/Amy Gerstler, 530 S. Barrington #108, LA, CA 90049 \$3, sub. \$10/4 -Clark, Cooper, Myles, Equi, Fein, Trinidad, Koertge, Dlugos, Skelley, MacAdams+++ & looks great); BARNEY ed. Jack Skelley, 1140 1/2 Nowita Place, Venice CA 90291 \$5 - Creeley, Winch, Bukowski, Wurtz, Krusoe, Rex, Manning, Rosenfield +++)

Of special note: The Library of America, 1 Lincoln Plaza, NYC 10023 has just issued the first volumes in its ambitious republishing of great American classics in beautiful editions. There plan is to make accessible the complete works of Melville, Hawthorne, Stowe, Whitman & within the next two years Twain, London, Jefferson, Adams, Poe, Emerson, Crane, Irving +++-Bookstore price is \$25 per volume but subscription rate is \$19.95.

From the fantastic Alternative Press, Grindstone City, MI 48467: Poetry Postcards Series 2 (Baraka, Berrigan, Giorno, Notley, Rothenberg, Snyder, Waldman ++ - \$5); Palais Bimbo Snapshots - 10 postcards by Kenward Elmslie & Ken Tisa, \$5; Autoeroticism - 10 postcards by Mr. Alternative Ken Mikolowski; and mailing packet #11 - cards, broadsides, art, etc by Berrigan, Hocht, Padgett/Schneeman, Kyger/Okamura, Owen, Baraka, Anderson, Sestok, Torgersen, Semlvan, Dorn, Andre. A subscription for 3 packets is \$15 & worth it...

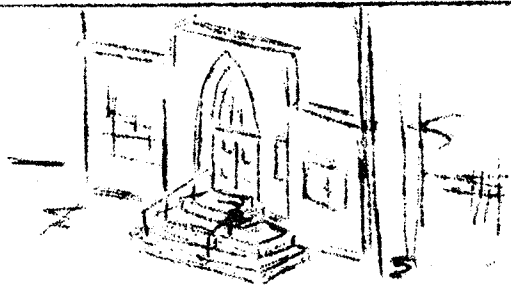
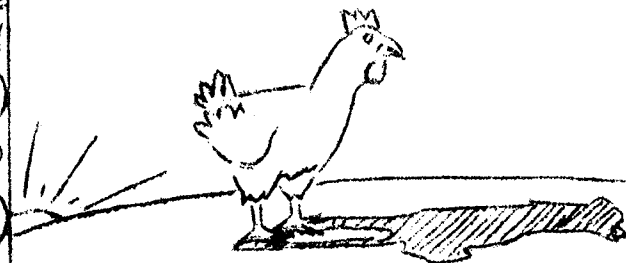
# PORT OF AUTHORITY

All that remains actually  
is a gun, plus some  
drinking water, a few ships  
drifting  
from what used to be called  
moorings



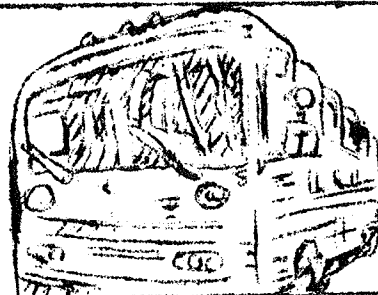
down the commercial  
coast and so out to sea...  
the lights in the apartment  
complexes, the newly scratched  
by light coops and warehouses

warehouses which look  
like coops -- co-ops! -- for  
chickens -- but if the afternoon  
thins beyond recognition,  
evening  
remains to stun with newfangled-  
ness



the appropriate misdirection  
being itself a directive and so  
in  
on the right to cloud  
philosophically. Philosophically  
the calm is not a portal

any more than rose madder light  
is the bus to Montclair, though  
doormats and fumbling edge  
a little close to the unhinged,  
which contradicts the billowing  
air



and brighter dark, wet satin  
gloss, wearing thin its attitude  
of knowing what to do and when  
as when bridges hold boats in  
abeyance, taxis blaze

The art/poem work in this issue was drawn directly onto #62 Gestetner mimeo stencils & run off on a Gestetner 420 electric mimeograph (except for the piece by Steve Levine & that of Dash/Crase which were drawings from which a stencil was cut on a Gestafax.) A portfolio of these pieces is being prepared & will be offered for sale. Write for details. (the sale to benefit the newsletter). The portfolio will also include pieces not in this issue of the newsletter. In this issue: (artist/poet)

Rosemary & Bernadette Mayer  
Jean Holabird/Tony Towle  
(two pieces in some issues,  
one of their stencils ripped  
halfway through a run, blank  
on back)  
Yvonne Jacquette/Edwin Denby  
(two pieces)  
Rudy Burckhardt/Rochelle Kraut  
Rochelle Kraut/Bob Rosenthal

Rochelle Kraut/Michael Scholnick  
Robert Dash/Douglas Crase  
Barry Kornbluh/Greg Masters  
Steve Levine  
Kenneth King  
Elizabeth Murray/Bob Holman  
Paula North/Charles North

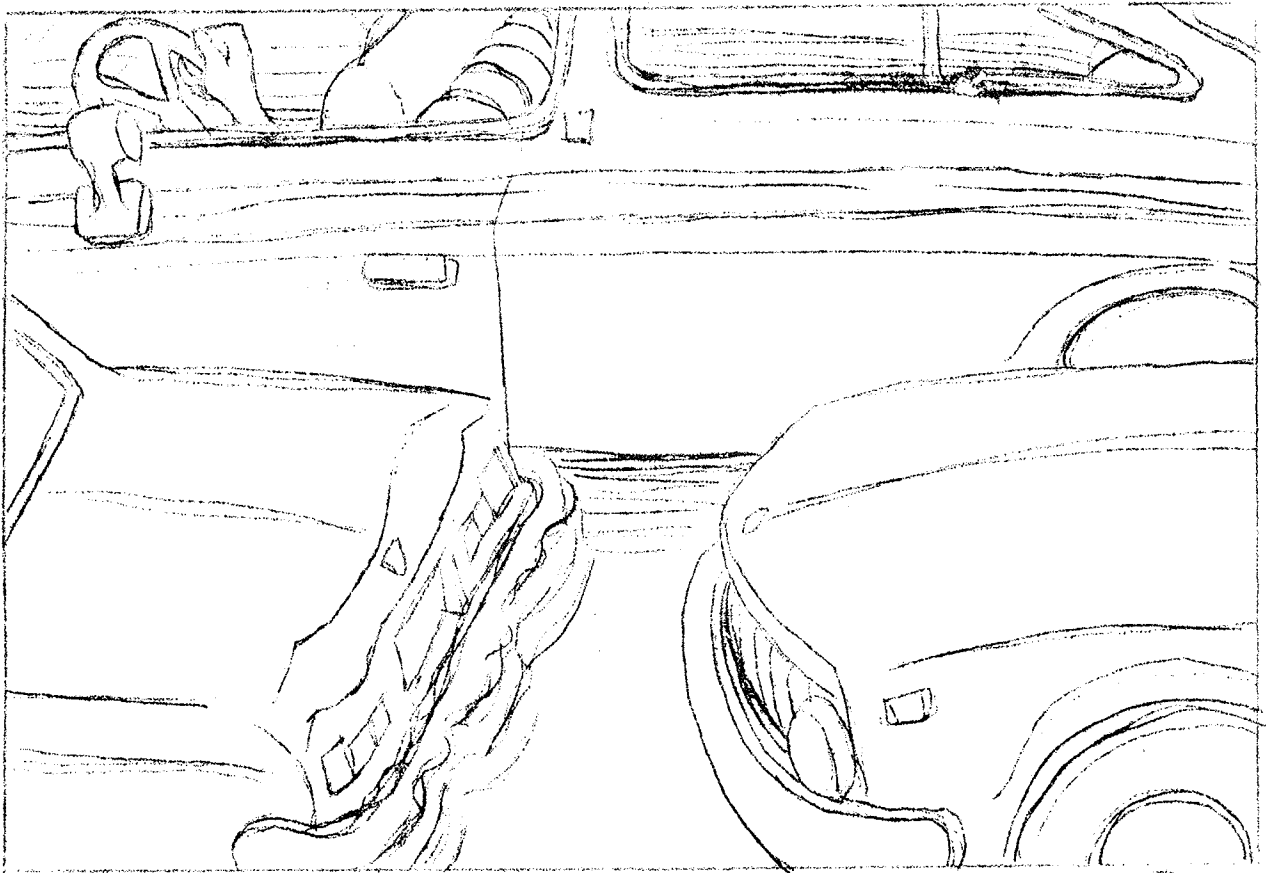
Jean Holabird & Tony Towle have a show of their collaborations about to open here in NYC. These are pieces similar to those in the newsletter but hand-colored, nice paper. Really gorgeous & hilarious. I forget the name of the gallery & they're not home this minute for me to check but call if you want & I'll know by then.

Glen Baxter has a show opening on June 2 at Bernie Jacobson Prints at 20 W 57th Street.

and Ann Mikolowski will be having a show at the Gotham Book Mart opening on November 1st of her matchbook size oils, a whole selection of which she pulled out of a cigar box at the bookfair to show me. These are bright renderings of poets opening mail on the stoop expectantly & content (Ted & Alice) or forgetting the west side in a rocker on a country porch, & they're extremely soulful, meaning I guess, that its like watching one of those miniature Sonys.

It's been a great pleasure to be present during the reconstruction of St. Mark's & observe the care that Steve Facey & his master craftsmen & Preservation Youth Project guys have used in their work. Though it's been frustrating not having access to the Main Sanctuary these last years, we could see that the best possible job was being done of reconstructing it, that it'd be beautiful once it was finished, & besides, we liked having those guys around. The sanctuary opened on easter sunday to much media coverage, the first reading was held a few days ago in there & Danspace is in the middle of its 4 day Judson Memorial dance reconstructions festival. So, for The Poetry Project, thanks a million times to the crew.

Please excuse the number of typos in this issue (the most glaring which I've noticed so far being the leaving out of the word 'by' somewhere in the twilight zone between pages of Robert Creeley's book list, also 'Pre-Faces', Melville, 'The Temple'.)



#### CITY SEASONS

The spring goes drifting, angel of deceit  
Touching the towers' ledge with rosy feet  
Descending to the sidewalk flower-soft  
And letting float like a balloon my loft

In uptown streets the clothes grow light and quick  
The taxis foolisher, the eyes more sleek  
Persons who hated, meeting by chance they smile  
As if insidious spring should reconcile.

Dear angel, carelessly you make us bloom  
More clear than ours, more transient is your doom  
And grateful as a cat I take your stroking sweet  
That mews and rolls in my nocturnal street

Edwin Denby

Exhibition of Paintings by Milton Resnick at the Max Hutchinson Gallery,  
138 Greene Street, March 1982

Milton Resnick's show smells good. Paint is applied so thickly to these large canvasses that a resinous aroma fills the gallery and the surfaces bulge and erupt, to cast amusingly fringed shadows on the white walls. They seem more like artifacts than paintings, several dark corners of Monet's waterlily pond perhaps, carved in granite. It is incredible that such large surfaces, so heavily painted, can eliminate movement or space. They do however; and are even, impenetrable, and exclusive of other possibilities. Nor is there anything that may be recognized in these paintings. Legend has it that at the Studio School Resnick would slip into the studios at 1 a.m. and paint out the area where a student picture was focussed - to prove that their periphery was just that and should be awarded more careful attention. His own paintings refuse focus, yet the whole is precise.

Resnick remarked once that he wanted to "kill light", because the paint was better seen without it. Light (to his eye) divides, means light and dark. Although these paintings flicker with color, they do not have light. Color is applied in varying amounts and is layered, mixed, or scumbled. Yet each picture has a remarkable uniformity of color and surface and differs from the others. They grow darker and heavier towards the back room, so that upon returning to the main gallery 3 vertical pictures which seemed lugubrious upon arrival now look like a river, a meadow, the sky.

That he can carry off such big paintings confirms Resnick's careful control and single-minded intent. The two smallest in this show (40" x 30") are not as convincing because they seem more random and gestural, not as compelled. Yet the very uniformity and exclusivity of the large paintings lends them a quality of miniature, despite their huge density. (Dense like an 80 pound chocolate cupcake, a friend observed.) That Resnick was aware of this is witnessed by his comment in a lecture several years ago that a blade of grass contains the forest, which is lost once you put in the rocks, the brook, the branch.

However ugly the blistered, cratered surface of these paintings may be, however armored and aggressive they feel, the very largest one in this show (106" x 191") has a lovely rosiness and an inexplicable calm, the pursuit of which may have been recognized by painter Bill Midgette who described Milton Resnick as "the high priest of art, the purest painter alive."

- Louise Hamlin

on the phone

"when do you go to bed?"

she asked me.

"when do you go to tibet?"

was what I heard.

"never," was my reply. "i've never felt like going there."

- anselm hollo

NO WAY

Couldn't guess it,  
couldn't be it--

wasn't ever  
there then. Won't

come back, don't  
want it.

- Robert Creeley

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