



POETRY

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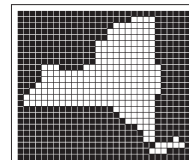
Celebrating the
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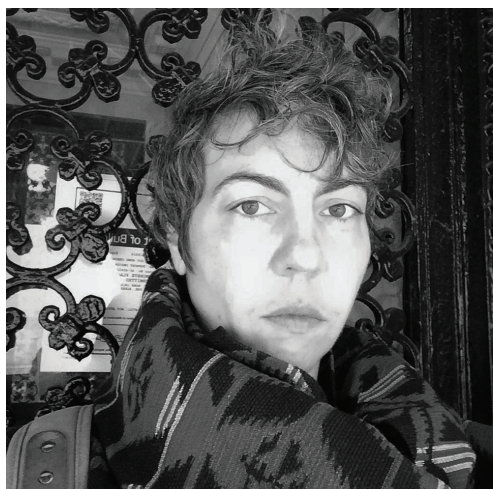
NYSCA

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Jane Freilicher, Woman in a Photograph, 1963, oil on linen, 40 x 32 inches.

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Oh Monday after the New Year's Day Marathon! We're moving slowly but steadily here at headquarters. Nicole just spotted a falcon, or a hawk, perched on the top of the building across the street. We decide to take it as a sign, of good things to come.

I was prepared for a slightly smaller scale Marathon this year, as last year was the big fortieth anniversary—not so! We maintained a capacity audience for most of the day, the event ran on time minus a couple of hours that flared out, the performances were outstanding, and the audience was characteristically generous, open and enthusiastic. And, we raised \$21,500! The New Year's Day Marathon Reading is a benefit that allows the Project to produce readings and plan for the future, but it's also an affirmation of our downtown arts community and a time for people to reunite with friends and colleagues for a new year. To the performers, we appreciate your willingness to come out and share your work on a holiday. To the 1,000+ people who annually attend, we appreciate that you've made the Marathon the way you want to start your year. To our volunteers, "without you, I'm nothing."

Our program committee did a great job bringing together music, dance, spoken word, beloved "regulars" plus 35 people who had never read at the Marathon before. This was the 10th Marathon I've worked and probably the smoothest. Even with bumps in the road, the Marathon always seems perfect to me.

Stacy Szymaszek (Director)

Did that really just happen? It did. Marathon #41 has passed and we have A LOT of generous people, organizations, businesses, and restaurants to thank! The time, effort, and assistance of these terrific volunteers imbued the organized chaos we call the Annual New Year's Marathon with grace, charm, and orderly thrill ::

Adam Degraff, Adam O'Reilly, Adeena & Safia Karasick, Alex Cuff, Alissa Gold, Ariel Goldberg, Ashleigh Martin, Batya Rosenblum, Ben Mankoff, Betsy Fagin, Brad Heck, Brendan & Aurora Lorber, Carlos Estrada, Carolyn Ferrucci, Carolyn Kohli, Catherine Vail, Charles Wolski, Cheryl Fish, Chia-Lun Chang, Chiara Di Lello, Chris Warrington, Chrissy Wilson, Conor Messinger, Cori Copp, Dakota Bouher, Dan Owen, Dave Morse, David Kirschenbaum, David McCarthy, David Satkowski, David, Laura, and Jake Wilk, Diana Rickard, Deanna Masselli, DeeDee Thompson, Derek Sands, Douglas Rothschild, E Tracy Grinnell, Elinor Nauen, Elizabeth Sanzari, Eric Dahl, erica kaufman, Erin Nagle, Evan Kennedy, Evelyn Reilly, Ezra Green, Filip Marinovich, Fran DeMusz, Gabe Barva, Gabriella Rieger, Geoff Mottram, Grey Vild, Hailey Rozenberg, Heidi Boyson, Holly Mitchell, Iris Cushing, J. E. Morrill, Jack Murray, Jack Nachmanovitch, Jamie Townsend, Jay Grabowski, Jeff Perkins, Jennifer Kietzman, Jennifer Mackenzie, Jennifer Nagle, Jessica Dagg, Jessica Fiorini, Jeremy Hovenaar, Jillian Mcmanemin, Jim Behrle, Joe Elliot, John & Julia Barclay-Morton, John Coletti, John Kropa, John Priest, John Wurzler, Jon Allen, Judah Rubin, Julie Turley, Kathleen Miller, Katie Fowley, Katy Lederer, Kim Lyons, Kristina Bicher, Kristine Hsu, Kristin Prevallet, Krystal Languell, Linda Hayes, Linda Kleinbub, Lisa Ozag, Marc Nasdor, Marcella & Ismael Durand, Margaret Carson, Mariana Ruiz, Marie-Helene Bertino, Marina Reza, Marisa Altamura, Martha Oatis, Maryam Parhizkar, Matt Longabucco, Mel Elberg, Melissa Tolve, Micaela Foley, Michael Honigberg & Brownie, Michael Newton, Morgan Vo, Nat Otting, Nathaniel Siegel, Nina Puro, Pali Sharwani, Paul Foster Johnson, Paul Mager, Peter Bogart Johnson, Phoebe Lifton, Phyllis Wat, Rachel Levitsky, Ryan Carson, Sara Akant, Sarah Haug, Sarah Sarai, Shane Hanlon, Shanxing Wang, Shelly Miller, Siddhartha Lokanandi, Sophie Prevallet Stephanie Gray, Sue Landers, Tarra Cunningham, Tasha Dwyer, Ted Dodson, Tom Savage, Tonya Foster, Trace Peterson, Tracey McTague, Vanessa Funfsinn, Victoria Soraya, Will Edmiston, Willow O'Feral, Zachary Gates, Zach Wollard, Zahra Patterson, and Zoe Hitzig ::

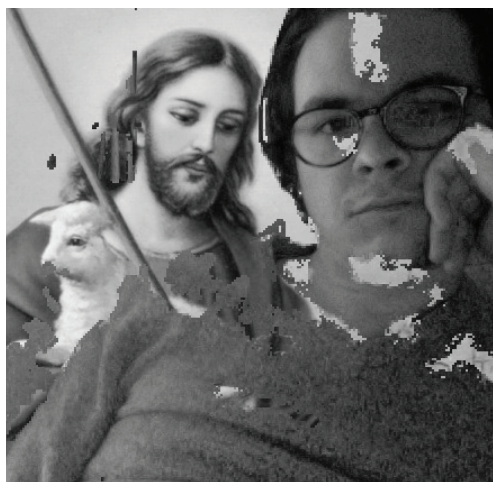
A huge thanks to these very generous donors of food and bev: Bob Rosenthal & Don Yorty, Fat Sal's Pizza, Gillian McCain, Grandaisy Bakery, Joe Elliot, Nicole Peyrafitte, Patricia Spears Jones, Porto Rico Coffee, S'MAC, Tonya Foster, Two Boots, and Veselka ::

And to these very generous presses and bookmakers: Belladonna*, BlazeVox, BookThug, Brooklyn Arts, Burning Deck, Chain, City Lights, Coconut, Coffee House Press, Compline Editions, Cuneiform, Edge, Fewer & Further Press, Futurepoem, Granary, Hanging Loose Press, Least Weasel, Litmus, Penguin / Random House, Pressed Wafer, Straw Gate, Susan Mills Artist Books, Tender Buttons, Ugly Duckling Presse, United Artists, Wave, and Wonder ::

And to the very generous organizations and businesses who donated prizes for the second year of the raffle: Anthology Film Archive, BAM, Brooklyn Brainery, Danspace, JACK, Spectacle, Strand, Unnameable, and Veselka ::

We are grateful. The Poetry Project lives! Into 2015 ::

Nicole Wallace (Managing Director)



Happy New Year, everyone.

I wrote last issue of clearing skies. Or was it changed air? Dusk-charged? I'm hopefully not sappy enough (anymore or yet) for a loose Ashbery reference, however much I may love that poem. I mean, *Rivers and Mountains* is a forever favorite. Hi, John! Sorry for spilling wine on you at the Project, like, six years ago and running away. Call me!

I'm a sucker for a new year, the return, the reset, the 1-up, the periodic celebration of a period. Though, the older I get the more I can't ignore the feeling of compounding accountability for a politics of memorializing, how one's life gradually coalesces into a mapping upon which many more maps have already been laid, and the importance of the redirecting graces of others, friends and collective voices.

I suppose if I have a resolution it is this: Be a better poet. I don't mean this as a promise to "write more" or "write better" or "make something [of myself]"—in fact, I don't think a poet has much to do with actual writing sometimes—but to listen with more care to more people and to be truthful, which is what is needed most amongst poets. No more telling slantwise truths (sorry, Emily), it is the poet's charge to radically listen to the truth, to charge our air with it.

Ted Dodson (Newsletter Editor)

NEWS/ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONGRATS TO JULIE PATTON AND TONY TOWLE

The Poetry Project extends its warmest congratulations to Julie Patton and Tony Towle, the 2015 Poetry recipients of the Foundation for Contemporary Arts (FCA) Grants to Artists. Fourteen unrestricted grants of \$35,000 each—a total of \$490,000—have been made to individual artists and one collective in the United States. The grantees are nominated confidentially by prominent artists and arts professionals and selected by the Directors of the Foundation and noted members of the arts community.

A STATEMENT FROM NEW FRIDAY NIGHT READING SERIES COORDINATOR, ARIEL GOLDBERG

Whoever is the last person at the church has to alarm the building and lock up parish hall. The last person also takes a lap around the perimeter of the graveyard to make sure no one gets locked in overnight. When I do this lap, the reading that just transpired begins to both congeal and escape. The writing starts to reverberate in a way that I can never predict. I have not come close to understanding all that can happen from my combinations of readers and the substantial work they choose to read. The unknowns within our routines of listening to new writing are the most exciting part.

CONTRIBUTORS

MORIAH ASKENAIZER is a painter, writer, and occasional drag prince and dog from New Hampshire. They hold a BFA from the Cooper Union School of Art and are currently working on writing a manuscript and becoming potty-trained.

ANSELM BERRIGAN is the author of *Pregrets*, recently published in Australia by Vagabond Press, as part of the deciBel series edited by poet Pam Brown. A new book from Edge Books, entitled *Primitive State*, is on the way. The two poems in this issue are not part of the *Pregrets* publication but are part of an on-going set of poems that continue working from the title and related words.

CHARITY COLEMAN is a writer and curator of the winter Segue Reading Series.

CYNTHIA GRAY was a poet and artist. She passed away in late 2014. Full biographical details can be found on page 8.

erica kaufman is the author of *INSTANT CLASSIC* (Roof Books, 2013).

RANDY LEE MAITLAND lives in the United States of America.

JONAS MEKAS, born in Lithuania in 1922 and based in NYC since 1949, is a leading avant-garde filmmaker, artist, and poet. He founded Film-Makers' Cooperative in 1962 and what eventually became Anthology Film Archives in 1964.

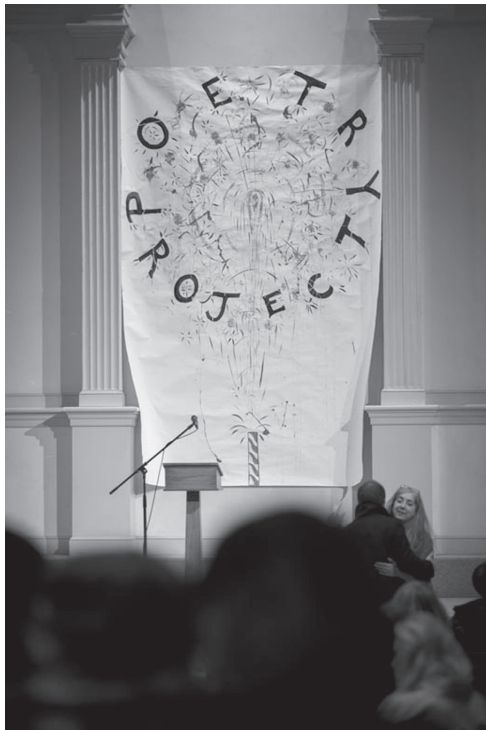
MORGAN PARKER is the author of *Other People's Comfort Keeps Me Up At Night* (Switchback Books, 2015), selected by Eileen Myles for the 2013 Gatewood Prize, and *There Are More Beautiful Things Than Beyoncé* (Coconut Books, 2016). A Cave Canem fellow and poetry editor for *Coconut Magazine*, she also contributes writing to *Weird Sister* and co-curates the

Poets With Attitude (PWA) reading series with Tommy Pico. She lives in Brooklyn and at www.morgan-parker.com.

JUSTIN PETROPOULOS is the author of two collections of poetry, *Eminent Domain* (Marsh Hawk Press, 2011), selected by Anne Waldman for the 2010 Marsh Hawk Press Poetry Prize and *Legend* (Jaded Ibis Press, 2013), a collaborative work with multimedia artist, Carla Gannis. Justin is a contributing editor for *Entropy* magazine and an adjunct faculty member at New Jersey City University, where he teaches composition and creative writing.

DOUGLAS PICCINNINI is the author of the forthcoming novella, *Story Book* (The Cultural Society, 2015). His first full-length collection of poems, *Blood Oboe*, will appear with Omnidawn in the fall of 2015. His writing has appeared or will soon appear in *Aufgabe*, *Boog City*, *Lana Turner*, *The Seattle Review*, *So & So*, *Verse*, and *The Volta*—among other publications.

SARA JANE STONER is a PhD candidate in English at CUNY Graduate Center who currently teaches at Cooper Union and Baruch College. Her first book, *Experience in the Medium of Destruction*, will be published by Portable Press @ Yo-Yo Labs in February 2015.

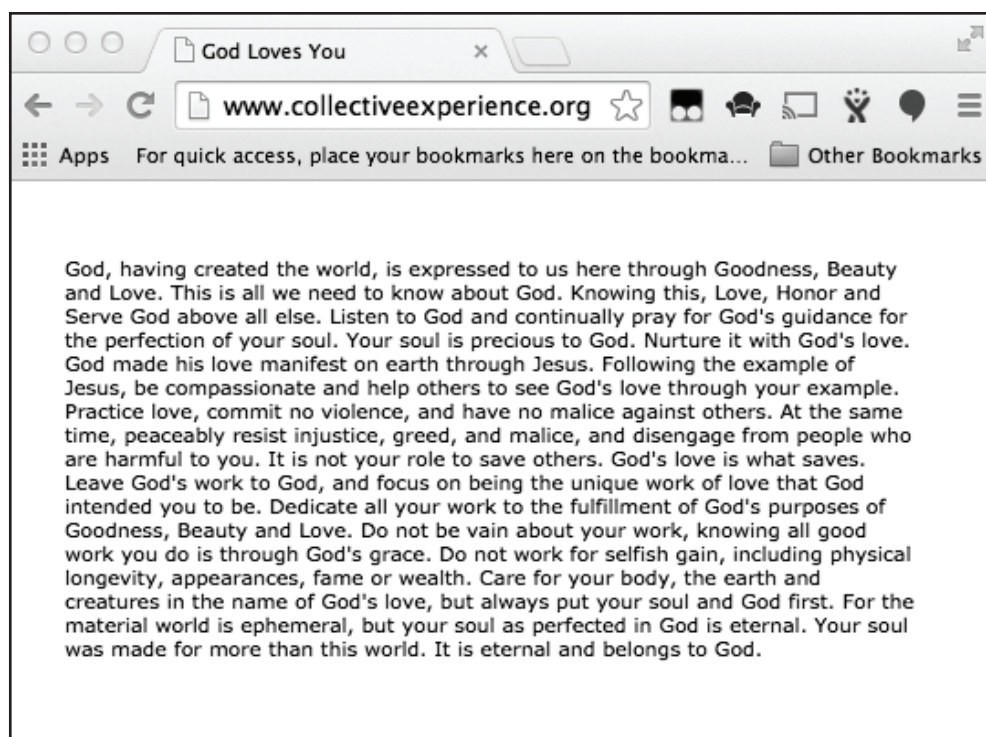


Above: The 2015 Poetry Project New Year's Marathon banner by Zach Wollard. Image courtesy of Ted Roeder.

ANNE WALDMAN is the author most recently of *Gossamurmur* (Penguin Poets) and *Jaguar Harmonics* (Post-Apollo) and editor (with Laura Wright) of *CROSS WORLDS: Transcultural Poetics* (Coffee House Press). She is the curator of The Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics Summer Writing Program which runs mid-June to mid-July, 2015. She works collaboratively on Poetry Is News and Fast Speaking Music projects. *Jaguar Harmonics* will be performed with Ha-Yang Kim, Daniel Carter, Devin Brahja Waldman, and Ambrose Bye with choreography by Douglas Dunn and visuals by Kiki Smith, March 14 and 15 at The Douglas Dunn Salon, 541 Broadway, NYC, 7 pm. annewaldman.org.

what you said I said we said:

Letters of Cynthia Gray & Douglas Piccinnini



Above: The current redirect page from Cynthia's website (www.collectiveexperience.org), which formerly housed a record of her art and projects, has remained the same since her death in September, 2014.

The following document represents a selection of Douglas Piccinnini's correspondences with Cynthia Gray and has been edited when necessary, to protect her privacy and that of others. The formatting and capitalization of the letters remains as consistent with the original text as possible.

5/29/11

Hi Douglas,

It was nice to meet you—although briefly—at the poetry project potluck. I had to leave early but I'm glad I had a chance to hear you read. I really like your work, and those two books your press put out are great.

I'm writing to see if you might be interested in trying a Writing Machine collaboration with me this summer.

Here's the latest:

<http://collectiveexperience.org/machine.html>

Here's how it works:

The Writing Machine is a line exchange process that results in a 12 line poem.

We would exchange lines on two poems at least once (preferably twice) a week—one poem that you start and one poem that I start. We continue for 6 poems or so, at which point we can start selecting for the Writing Machine. You'll have the final say on what to include and on any edits—and you can decide to post nothing if you're not happy with the results (though this hasn't happened yet). My strategy in this project is for my collaborators to have the dominant voice of the poems.

Thanks in advance for considering this.

Sincerely,
Cynthia Gray

7/28/11

so you got rid of my line here right? that's fine, just checking.

thanks,
c.

8/11/11

Hi Douglas,

I hope you doing ok. Can you give me an idea of your schedule now / near future? I thought we started off well, but if you're too busy we can pick up again later in the month.

I'd like to write 4-6 poems with you by the end of October for the poetry project event, but I need to stick with the 1x per week minimum exchange, while we're working. Let me know what you think you can do.

If you have any concerns with how we are working, let me know.

Thank you,
C.

8/11/11

Hey,

Ya, sorry this last week I picked up some extra work and it took me out of town for 2 days.

I'll be back on our reg. exchange by the weekend.

All best
- douglas

Sent from my iPhone

8/27/11

Douglas - I guess we were both working on poem 6 at the same time. what would you like to do with it now? do you want to work on it some more with what I just sent? or should I send you more.

- c.

9/2/11

Hi Douglas. It is labor day weekend which means the baseline is heavy in the hood. The subwoofers are out doing their last summer thing. Also, Sunday is your one week deadline. Are you up for it and do you have those lines I sent you to

start the next two? On these next poems I would like to do 2x exchange - meaning you send me something back then I send you a response that you work back into them to complete them. Let me know how that sounds to you.

- C

9/3/11

Hiya,

Yes, I'll be ready for Sunday. Will send soon.

dp

10/8/11

hi douglas

can I have your mailing address?

I want to send you don't give up magnets & I made some invites for the nov 4 poetry project reading.

chuck is going to play the banjo at that. are you interested in doing anything musically? totally fine if not.

I met zach of cult.soc. tonight and got your book. I look forward to reading it.

hope you're doing good post-finals.

10/12/11

Hello,

Here is my address:

██████████, Apt. █████
Brooklyn, NY 11221

—
Zach is great. Wish I could've been at the rdg. I took some r/r and went out on town after graduating...post-finals time is nice. starting a new job soon at Diner. world moves!

10/13/11

Hi Douglas,

I'm glad you got to take a well-deserved break. I really appreciate you writing with me during what must have been an extremely busy time.

I know I've got to go over those 2 poems, but I kind of like that "for the end..." and "adieu..." are both TBA.

The invitation is open to write together again—it can be a single poem here and there—doesn't have to be a whole set. Though I'm sure you're sick of me at this point, I already miss writing with you.

Good luck with the new job...new place...getting married...everything!

2/9/12

Hi Douglas,

Thank you for posting re: the poems on facebook. I am so tired of social networking platforms, and although I like twitter much better than fb, I just closed down my twitter feed for a while too (though anon. is still continuing our work @leisuretheory).

fyi: I just started social work school at Hunter (for mental health social work) and I am no longer at Sprout. Connected with school, I am working 3 days a week at a homeless shelter for people who have been displaced due to fire or city vacate orders. My schedule is intense with about 350 pages of reading and 4 papers a week and I also continue to work on the suicide prevention hotline. I am trying to navigate this all.

Despite (or because of) all these demands on my time, writing remains extremely important to me and is a priority. I am sharing this to let you know that I sympathize with your schedule and understand if you can't keep to any deadlines now. I'm not sure what you're thinking, but it's okay, and I won't expect anything. Just know that I am here for you/your writing and if you ever want more material from me, let me know. For the sake of the Writing Machine I would like to get 1, 2, or 3 more poems to make your more recent set, if that doesn't happen for while, or a long long while, that's okay.

Thank you

- Cynthia

2/18/12

d-

I wanted to let you know that thursday I heard from a young man I met during my volunteer work.

I hadn't heard from him since last march. He was critically ill and couldn't talk or walk when I was visiting him—he had been on the brink of death—and I really thought I'd never see or hear from him again.

he wrote to me and it's miraculous—says he's walking and talking now. I can't believe he's still alive.

I'm only sharing this because some of my thoughts around him have been woven through my writing with you. I ask that you please don't share this information with anyone because I don't want to compromise his privacy.

thank you,
c.

4/11/13

hi douglas, please let me know if the statement is dumb and needs changing. thank you

- cynthia

—

Cynthia Gray is a poet who works collaboratively. Her Writing Machine project was hosted at Poetry Project in 2011. Working formerly as an artist, she's exhibited projects at Sculpture Center, NYC, the Institute of Contemporary Art, Philadelphia; The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston; Hiromi Yoshii Gallery, Tokyo; the Contemporary Arts Museum Houston; and the Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago. She lives in New York where she works counseling adults with mental illness.

—

My writing practice is somewhat peculiar because I only write poems with other poets. Also, I've only been writing for a few years, having previously worked as an artist.

In 2010, I changed my name, stopped making art, and started writing collaboratively. I developed the Writing Machine* project to build the relationships that now drive my creative practice. The concept behind the Writing Machine is that I feed into and meld into

the voices of other writers. My work with Douglas came out of this project, which evolved into Camilo [Roldán] joining us for this book.

My contribution to this book is sending sets of lines to Douglas by email. I think much about these texts was quite naive and flawed. How he got from there to here is a mystery to me.

It might be interesting for you to know that before our work together Douglas and I only met once and spoke for about 5 minutes. I remember this being somewhat awkward and I still hardly know him at all. I don't know Camilo either, but I hope we will also collaborate directly some day.

The last I'd heard from Cynthia was on April 25, 2014. Working with her on the Writing Machine and subsequently the poems that would later make up the book Δ (2013, TPR Press), was both creatively and spiritually nourishing. I mean—we could make poems together without really having to do much except figure out when to make poems together.

During this time I was cooking at Diner in Brooklyn. When I worked, I usually spoke Spanish with the other cooks—and I worked all the time. Spanish was in my thoughts and in my writing. Camilo Roldán worked on Δ too, translating the Spanish back into English, and the English into Spanish for a fluid bilingual, collective work.

I didn't know Cynthia Gray like someone you would just meet for coffee, but I knew her like someone you would like to meet for coffee, if you could. She was there for a lot of writers via the Writing Machine, but at the same time, just out of reach. I will remember her as possessing a perfect longing in an imperfect time. I miss knowing that is she is out there, in time with us.

- douglas piccinnini
January, 3, 2015

Two Poems

Morgan Parker

Portrait of a woman who has fallen from grace and into the hands of evil

after Carrie Mae Weems

I couldn't have known then how beer-damp walls close in
How porchlights deflect and men
Rise out of the ground with questionless intention
Now I am somewhere between romance and hangover
My backbone is always about to weep
The Bible said I was having wrong thoughts
So I kept talking and talking and I couldn't
Hear myself but I could feel the inevitable coast
Into my own dark flesh and its wildest dreams
It's nice and warm here in the arms of the bed
Another word for it is a cage
All the music I hear is thunder
I put it in the sky to get your attention
I can already feel fingers crawling at me
America and I are both to blame we keep forgetting
Concentrate on draping our legs just so
America can't tell if I'm gagging or smiling
Even in my wildest dreams there are strangers I call friends
I know how I will be remembered with a cigarette
Anticipation of touch
What I want is to smoke fearlessness
To be without considering sickness
To be delicate in my descent and slide backside
First into mischief where everything great begins
Clinging to bedframe I feel myself through the decades
I forever walk this earth misguided and overflowing
Here I am besotted with you and you are implied

Beyoncé Celebrates Black History Month

Dear audience
I am sure
I am a myth.
In my neighborhood, dogs and men
make bets. The cold seems
a heavenly union.
It has always been
like this, whitening
and showing our teeth. Our time
of solid ice. Praise be
Avenue names and magazine
sales. Three weeks
slopes barricade delis.
The party games have been
planned: Instagram
at the grave, Tumblr in pink
letters. A name, some dates, emoji
hearts. I can make a difference
hugging a bright blue screen
of sacrifice. Well-designed
.gif of an offering.
Paying respects is a matter of
strategy. Vroom Vroom paces
the block for quarters and
there is a legacy of him.
What was it
made him want to be
an engine
frozen in plea?
I am begging
from a yacht off the coast
of a country
I will not
ever inhabit
as a shining gown.
Let's ignore ourselves
like wind. We can draw our shape

in the way it was delivered
to us. It is a very small box
wrapped with stoic
gratefulness. I know
I am supposed to want
to be milky
carefree. When I think
I am lost in afro-space.
I say a few words
to the hive about
pride and the bottom
of my heart.
I understand what
it means to be at sea.
We've come a long way
baby we're not
even a we anymore.
My followers have
mostly forgotten my roots
are not long
blonde. O to be veiled.
To be looked
straight into the eye.
I'm so African
I eat a cheeseburger a week.
I'm branded
with a low low price
in response
to the markets. They
are also falling.

REVIEWS AND REACTIONS

Deep Code

John Coletti

City Lights Spotlight #12, 2014

Review by erica kaufman

On Word Portraits & Skyhooks

I.

The first line of the first poem in John Coletti's *Deep Code*, "Explosively Rational," begins, "We keep ruining our lives to be wonderful"—a line that rings as truer than true, beautiful in its honesty, although I'm not sure I can articulate exactly how or why. He continues, "I am not/ convinced/ but/ neither am I/ unconvinced" (1). It isn't that the language or prosody are "difficult" per se, but rather the way that Coletti's mastered a certain kind of lyric lexical care, balanced by incredible attention to even the tiniest aspects of the form of the poem, what Stacy Szymaszek refers to as the way Coletti "takes the potential burden of hyper-perception and cycles it out to us with 'fighting charm.'" The way the lines break in *Deep Code* create a kind of radiant energetic tension exuded as familiar sentiments pile on top of each other.

I can't help but immediately think of Gertrude Stein—the way that she (in *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*) addresses her turn to painting the portraits of "things" that comprise *Tender Buttons* as "a desire to express the rhythm of the visible world." What Coletti shares with Stein is an allegiance to the language we actually use—our daily vocabularies—both remind us of the importance of rediscovering the pleasure of words, while also demanding that readers join them in a crucial rethinking of semantics. In "State Name," Coletti writes, "I don't fit in/ an adorable photograph/ you keep behind/ a menagerie of things" (19). This is a word portrait of sorts, one in which we see and don't see the speaker, at once hidden and processing this hiding. Just as Stein emphasizes her method of "using everything" when composing, and that her compositions live in a kind of "continuous present," what we see here is a self that is simultaneously visible and invisible, a self that at once is personal while also doubting that this personal is a (singular) person.

The word portrait as a form is one that turns the poem from language on a page into a living breathing object—something that reads with the kind of texture that enables the reader to touch it. "Evident Source," one of the book's longer poems, is a great example of the way lexical piles of images shift and scatter, from "pizza/ scattered, partied-out/ like science on daisies" to "I can change—/ all puffy-mooned/ exhausted/ Helvetica/ Neue" (12). We move from a literal scattering of language "partied-out," to a first person disclosing itself, the lines of the poem narrowing until we're faced with "Helvetica/ Neue," a "classic" font known for the clarity of its typeface.

And the poem continues, spirals and revs up, spreads out over the page, returns to stanza again, ending with:

Ouched by posters of
desperation
& the most miniature talon
I will not re-reproduce
face of a fool, yes, for many
I've been (15)

We're greeted again with a visual array of signifiers, shifted again by a closing couplet that reveals the sentiment and struggle of the speaker. As Douglas Piccinnini writes, "however fractured a sense of the world is sewn together, Coletti's insistence is toward one of inclusion."¹ This inclusion is one that embraces the reader within the poem, empowers the viewer of language to be more than a passive voyeur. We become a part of this portrait, engaged with the narrator, perhaps agreeing, "yes, for many I've been."

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Beast Feast

Cody-Rose Clevidence

Ahsahta Press, 2014

Review by Moriah Askenaizer

Take a look at your surroundings. *Beast Feast* is not a book. It is an act of book turning back on book as an affront to the signification of things. Don't be fooled! The book is not just an epistemological divergence; Cody-Rose Clevidence's writings instead aggregate a touching organism that projects a "U" outside a verifiable world. Enter and Welcome "U", to the toothy maw of a nouveau WHATEVER nature, wherein lies *Beast Feast's* brambly (and delicious) trans-

¹ <http://douglaspiccinnini.blogspot.com/2012/08/review-of-mum-halo-by-john-coletti-rust.html>

morphic offerings of encrypted, technogenetic lingerings in the apocalypse of Capital Now. Go on, "eat the hyper-ripened fruit of yr symbolic trees>>."

This is an organism of simultaneity. It's the scraping interference between the forest between. It is also the hybrid-accomplice-biologist's field notes, outlining an obstinate imaginative radicalism that doesn't suck as much as "reality," which in our acquiescence eats its subjects as it garnishes them into a "living." Instead, *Beast Feast* serves trolling, fuck-person ekphrasis that visualizes without relational authority. Data shrugs as it fig leafs metaphor and orthographic come-ons. Old gods cloud in trash and collaged lyric. The page is feeling splattering over symbols arranged and (dis)armed against the symbolism of poetry! And these poems, which for anyone (everyone) over-saturated and under-loved by the Great Quotidian All, become before something like your eyes, the jerking-off of a lush temporality that falls away into an orgiastic clustering of presences. This many partiled organism is beautiful. And, as Clevidence reminds, "[e]verything that is beautiful is edible." And while the edible world they unhinge in *Beast Feast* havocs a canon of insidious white respectability (what u eat is what u shit), it is also snidely cautionary, "U cn choke on yr play-doh u read."

The shitty meanness of *Beast Feast* is a refusal that resists the prioritization of an idealized nature's moral and intellectual imperatives. Fucker, also known as, who or what has access to the means to mean in goodness or illness: What do you hear in a forest of falling trees? LOL it doesn't MATTER, but matter does. *Beast Feast* averts assertions of its engineering; emergent, a-prepositional materiality irreverently supplants continuities of poesies. The sculpting structural possibility of object-dom turns whatever it touches into a mutative and sensate laboratory: "how long does it take the head of a bird to rot when it is in a/ sealed container versus how long it takes to rot when it is left in/ the meadow. when it is buried in the meadow? when it is suspended/ in the sky?"

But whether rotted bird head, incarnate beast, cock state, or faggy eagle femme flounce, *Beast Feast* makes (un)certain that nothing is safe in safety. Especially language. Especially that language which utilizes hierarchical value

to lessen the potentiality of a being being a being in and thru a supposed natural sovereignty of its making or defacement.

Thankfully, the threat and tenderness of *Beast Feast* contests: "I'll break yr universal grammar w/ my anamorphic lust." This, a lost sext archive of hot hacker cognition that doesn't care if you miss it, consider it an abandoning, mucking rumpus through that bucolic screen-saver meadow in which "<each flower represents a different global market & you, standing in the meadow, can watch as the fluctuating market economy bows & twirls & spouts & blooms." Touching *Beast Feast* is another way of surfacing calibrations of queer doubt in our existence: it's hard to believe that anyone would any longer be convinced that critical mortal escape is still possible on the heels of Thoreau's wild, or even that it ever was. But what happens when all the impartiality of a languaged "U" grinds against its representation in singularity? The shorthand reply, that is also the longhand annunciation, is tended to in [XYG]:

Everyon/eknowst/hatlangu/
ageis'br/oken' {w/hichit'sn/ot}.

Beast Feast doesn't use the poem to kaleidoscope out of its own culturally fetishistic entrapments because it neither abolishes nor upholds poetic utility; the semiotic animal that is us ALL is here in a 'here' that encompasses whole zones and eventually outreaches itself, transfiguring 'there', as it inhabits the air we breathe like an anonymous, noxious gas.

Many of the poems in this organism frustrate an invaluable slowness, a greediness in the verbs of becoming. But just as easily as some revel in their arrival, they speedily slough off bio-linguistic beliefs in re-form, re-cognition, re-definition, re-action; most modalities that would otherwise efficiently essentialize gender, race, economy, landscape and body(z) to their juries. The organism of *Beast Feast*, however, propagates in a system that refuses

the fabling of its brokenness because "\the power of the law lies precisely in the impossibility of entering to what is already open." Eat ur inverted heart out. This is one excitable conjugate of excremental grace. 🍌

deadfalls and snares

Samantha Giles

Futurepoem, 2014

Review by Sara Jane Stoner

Sometimes a book is so harrowing in its precise alignment of subjects, its formal facticity, its pinioning, wrenching, glaring interpellation of you, your bodily human life, that to describe it is a kind of pain—the loss that the text itself incurs with the distance of reading, of analytical reading, the sharp intake of breath that recurs with the many recognitions that the language you're using to describe this thing, a book that performs effortfully the ontological consequences, the political consequences, the historical consequences, the aesthetic consequences, the human consequences, the loss, the damage, the destruction of lives, bodies, time, culture—torture—you find yourself sharing a condition with the text itself, between and among the many dimensions of the failure of language. Samantha Giles' poised, drooling, and eviscerating *deadfalls and snares* seems to define the imperative that our deepest, darkest focus should be the books that show us to such collective failures.

If I am to try, I will say, *deadfalls and snares* operates in three sections, each preceded by a white fog, a Melvillean world of whiteness that transfigures and consumes in the white. Then: the first section, "Insertion," contains familiar representations of torture transformed by Giles' use of singular pronouns to describe the actions and experience of multiple bodies, along with litanies of the long term effects of being tortured, torturing, punctuated by spare, towering, teetering conditional statements which seem to report the awareness of a kind

of elemental speaker, something there also reminiscent of Donald Rumsfeld's vertiginous rhetoric, a posed blank affect, seeking to account for (dismiss?) the viability of speech in its approach to the subject (torture and subjecthood); the second section, "Invasion," presents a brutal engagement with the language and strategically violent, instructional sexuality of animal trapping, cut by transcripts of often "[unintelligible]" and heavily redacted conversations which function like a static around the subject, redolent of the dumbest human logic—and by dumb, I mean, what is struck nearly incapable of speech; the third section, "Inversion," works in linguistic grids to code the images produced by the scenes of torture at Abu Ghraib in alternation with poems which perform the very publicity, the public, produced by the creation, viewing, and discussion of these images, and, picking up in official realms like congressional hearings, the first person pronoun becomes grammatically plural—until we have taken all the photographs, until we have anesthetized them as evidence of our condition, "we are first-line interpreters/ fully exposed/ with our language erect," until we are in the photograph of the pyramid of naked humans, until "we are all the way in."

This is a description of *deadfalls and snares*. But this description does not account for the animal sounds her language contains, the smells connecting earth and body in life and death behind certain words, the feeling of the pornographic luxury afforded by the security of holding a certain kind of totalizing power over another being rendered null to the point of base animal matter, an intimate, global violence that all the more acts upon the actor. Giles intervenes in the question of how to describe (or inscribe?) human inhumanity with the quiet, blunt force of pronouns, a necessary, inescapable trauma, forcing and illustrating our complicity in the violations perpetrated.

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CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS:

A call to you: pitch book and chapbook reviews—indispensable writing of the present—to *The Poetry Project Newsletter*. We are looking for writing on and from a broad range of poetics, voices, and positions, but more specifically for reviews that promise to not only orient readers in terms of tradition or style but also seek to perform or manifest the poetics of their subject as much as describe them. A review is a reading, and whatever reading means to you, that reading is you—so what did this book do to you? What does it offer us at the ends of the world? Please include in your pitch publication details (author or editor's name, title, and press), a representative poem or piece of text from the book you'd like to review, a brief but detailed—even radical—description of the book overall and your experience reading the text (5-7 sentences). Please send all review pitches to: reviews.ppnl@poetryproject.org.

Mature Themes

Andrew Durbin

Nightboat Books, 2014

Review by Randy Lee Maitland

Beneath those lights there are only more lights.
- Andrew Durbin, "The Canyons."

Andrew Durbin is from South Carolina, is young, white, a graduate of Bard. He's written an essay for a magazine I edit, and a poem for a zine I made. He's generous and sweet. I was there when he and Jacoby Satterwhite met an out of his mind Ariel Pink (Durbin took this book's title from Pink's "breakthrough" album²)—but I'm pretty sure these intersections of my life and his really aren't that important, outside of the work itself—if they were to ever appear in the work, which I doubt. Durbin has an Instagram account (@andrewdurb1n) and a Twitter (@andrewdurb1n) and a website (www.andrew-durbin.com). I've liked his photos and retweeted his tweets. His first full-length collection, *Mature Themes*, came out last year. It very specifically takes place "in the time we live" and speaks the language we³ all seem to be speaking right now, across different social technologies. "The subject/ acknowledges that in exteriorized forces/ the personality is determined by a variety of interventions that enter/ the head like big symbolic flags in the conquered soil which/ seldom knows its defeat."

Themes begins in prose, a first person account of someone on the set of the sitcom *Modern Family* pitching a producer, *The Canyons*⁴, directed by Paul Schrader, written by Bret Easton Ellis, starring Lindsay Lohan and hetero pornstar, James Deen. Very quickly Durbin alerts us to the collective fantasy out of which this content is being generated. "I once met a television producer who asked me if I had any ideas for a movie." This is the fairy-tale "once"—the once-upon-time variety that modulates the rest of the work. It no longer really matters who this "I" refers to—someone from South Carolina or Thailand or a famous author

in Hollywood—this "speaker" is like an account that's been created and is doing its thing, as if on autopilot, within and without the fact of the real world.⁵

The language throughout remains at this pitch, largely embracing the surfaces of these post-internet subjectivities coming together on the flattened planes of "pop-culture," URL and IRL. But these are not mere pop-references, glittering "atop the text, giving the illusion of a surface."⁶ These "surfaces," Durbin seems to suggest, are the only materials we have left out with which to compose ourselves. Whatever this composition is, this is as deep as we're gonna get. *Prism* is an album by Katy Perry. It's also what the NSA calls its civilian surveillance program.

And that is, I suppose, just fine. I read most of these poems on my phone, mostly on the subway, heading into the freshly surveilled New Year, heavy-gutted, much older than I should be, theoretically drunk off of Durbin's pop-champagne mutations, really no idea what I'm doing. When I came across a passage I liked (which was often), I took a screenshot, banking it, so to speak, so maybe I could return to it and ascribe it (new)value, in relation, perhaps, to a "further kind of attention" I would give to said picture when time allowed for it. What happened—over the duration of my allowing for further attention—was more like coming into contact with multiple planes of awareness at once. Durbin tempos the accumulation of forms as micro-impressions between references and subjects that often read like contact highs.

If these poems seem to skirt issues of timeliness of reference (through sheer inhabitation of concern) they almost certainly avoid the traps of "who is this sort of poetry for." When Durbin is on (and he is frequently)—he seems to be arriving precisely at the very dire moment of his own "belatedness." At his best, he enacts and dramatizes self-reflexivity, creating these warm vortexes of anxiety and form that invite a falling-in-and after. "If I mention semio-capitalism,

⁵ It's also fitting to mention that Durbin takes his epigram from a twitter spam account, Horse_ebooks that began randomly generating crypto-poetic nonsense but was sold to someone who began to then occupy the persona of non-person.

⁶ Michael Clune in his review of Dana Ward for LA Review of books, <http://lareviewofbooks.org/review/pop-disappears> Dana Ward and Durbin share some affinity but there's something less ebullient and sadder about Durbin's work that I find more alluring. A certain distance?

what kind of poet does that make you? Doze at the sight of its flowering, wear what is available, wherever you find it. Mercenary delight has already invaded the next world and is finally pushing back into this one." You want to get after this.

Sometimes the grammatical nonchalance is show-offy, daring, and moving all at once, "sleep well, cab ride, good night, forever forever, forever certain, it comes naturally." But for all its "being in this skittery moment," Durbin's book reads like a kind of sly-slowness, like nano-meditation. For example, the poem, "Sighing From Above" begins with speaker/Durbin talking about the experience of purchasing and caring for a Tamagotchi then the poem slips into this Wikipedia-esque recap of the Lacanian Real through the interlocutor of Paula Deen. How is this not terrifically uncool? & how does it escape its category of "uncool" and become this madness near the poem's overwhelming conclusion?

The difference between us is I can reboot whereas you cannot, you are evil, you surf mindlessly, you cannot PROTECT against bedbugs, you cannot reach your weight loss goal for just \$4 a week, you cannot have infinite moments of intimate pleasure, you cannot congratulations you have been chosen for this special offer, get \$10 and 6 months financing, work-at-home, you cannot make \$7,487.00 per month without selling anything, it's brand new, and just about the most awesomest thing I've ever seen...

It seems a long time ago when Tony Hoagland wrote his "Fear of Narrative and the Skittery Poem of Our Moment" for Poetry Magazine (or the Harriet Blog on which I read it), but I kept returning to the idea of it while reading *Themes*. Hoagland was writing his essay in anticipation of something he saw coming but couldn't articulate, a lively swath of poets not really wired to share or "like" the fundamental concerns that allowed Hoagland to partition some contemporary practices into two "not-really-competing poetic camps." Hoagland guesses a younger generation might feel anxiety about the ordering qualities of "narrative" bc...

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² Or, most "mainstream"

³ However clubby—or whatever this we sounds like—I think you're either aware of the fact you're a part of this we, or you're not. Millennial seems like the way we're thinking of this crop of Americans—but I'm not a Millennial. And I say shit like "totes" probably very seriously.

⁴ The poem is also called The Canyons

Angels of the Americlypse:

An Anthology of New Latin@ Writing
Ed. Carmen Giménez Smith & John Chávez

Counterpath Press, 2014

Review by Justin Petropoulos

There's a bibliography on The BiblioNoticias Series website dedicated to anthologies of Latin@ literature published in the 1990s—something to pit against my memories of NAFTA's enactment—an impressive litany of texts considering the communities' underrepresentation in the white-male dominated canons of U.S. literature. On the rare occasion when Latin@s are canonized, it tends to be the writers whose work fits a somewhat limiting definition. Editors Carmen Giménez Smith and John Chávez challenge these limits, imposed both from without and within the Latin@ (literary) community with their brilliant curation of *Angels of the Americlypse: An Anthology of New Latin@ Writing*. In their introductory essay, Giménez Smith and Chávez write:

...the roles of Latino writers are too often conflated with those of cultural attachés, narrative representatives of our so-called minority states. Rather than sit at our drafting tables as aesthetic innovators, we Latino poets are expected to normalize our histories and tell the ancestral tales of our colorful otherness.

"What happens, though, when someone who claims to be a Latina writer doesn't write directly about her heritage?" That question, posed by Sandy Florian in her short essay "Am I Latina? Or Am I Just Angry?" in the anthology is one of "those" questions that Latin@ writers are asked by those whose definition of Latin@ writing demands that content as proof of membership or even more insidious, as an easily marketable commodity. We'll leave the question of whether that commodity is a fetish for a different time.

As the child of a Brazilian father, and to use Daniel Borzutzky's term, a "UnitedStatesian" mother, so pale my thoughts are as visible as any comic book character's, and with a Greek surname to round out my lacking

signification as Latino, I've had to "out" myself to people inside and outside the community. It feels like selling a used car, and I ask Sandy Florian's question every time my fingers touch a keyboard but with far less success locating an answering.

Angels of the Americlypse is a sumptuous, vital catalogue of contemporary Latin@ writing which presents the depth and breadth of writers confounding those expectations through formal innovation and the mobilization of subject matters that move us beyond "colorful otherness," while continuing to celebrate those Latin@ voices doing the necessary work of bearing witness. The anthology houses the works of twenty-one writers, a chapter for each, all of which begin with a critical essay about the author, followed by a selection of their works, and an aesthetic statement. The angels of the Americlypse include literary contortionists like Jennifer Tamayo, Daniel Borzutzky, Achy Obejas, Mónica de la Torre, Edwin Torres, Sandy Florian, Rosa Alcalá, and Rodrigo Toscano, whose hybrid piece "Pig Angels of the Americlypse," lends not only its title, but its DNA to the anthology.

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Splash State

Todd Colby

Song Cave, 2014

Review by Brenda Coultas

What is a splash state? A frenzy? A drenching? Or a splash down as in a space capsule plummeting into an abyss in the ocean? Could it be a light rain from the wing flaps of wild geese? Or the hard slaps of water from a chicken fight between horny teenagers in a lake?

Take a Midwestern boy, dunk him in punk rock and raise him on New York School, you have Todd Colby, a poet of the marvelous and the absurd, and as John Ashbery rightly notes "as one of the finest and funniest poets of his generation." No doubt Todd Colby will wake and shake you out of your daydreams or your relentless pursuit of data streams. He does it because he loves you, even as he gently slaps you with bullets of charm.

Splash State is a wonderful gem from a prankster of the lyric. In "Tonight" Colby promises to "shake your hand into butter,/ curve around you until you're gel," These poems are physical, the body metamorphoses from bone to a malleable plastic, and this journey provides pleasingly odd sensations. Colby writes in "Violet Hush," "I would like to curl around you like smoke/ curls around a lip say, or a silver crayon/ droops over the bridge of your nose/ in the summer heat." His poems are a cornucopia of wacked out seduction and reorder your senses through sleight of hand. "I stuffed my silver spacesuit/ full of cashews, I want to explain [...] If I could/ pry up the horizon and lift the lid of the sky/ I'd fall asleep whenever possible. I'm thinking/maybe, just maybe, this is why/ I can't have nice things." ("Let Us Know Your Here").

In "Washing My Face" the poet notes the discomfort of the endless thinking and talking of the mind on the body, "How small my head feels/ when I wash my face. Like a peach./ my head.[...] My head is a burden, so to speak./ In confined spaces it/ bumps into things a lot."

There is a joyous riot of sensations, coursing (and masterfully controlled), in Colby's work; however, he is also capable of the sublime as in the ten line poem "The Bone Above the Heart":

At first it's just the words I use
to describe the light; and then the
sensation
of the light, if one can call it that. I'm
ready
for the light, if you can deliver the light.
I'm open to the sensation of being
shone upon,
or just moving through the light; but
there's the sensation
of wanting to hold the light or caress
the light in such
a manner that maybe I'm airborne for
an instant.
And then I get this lifting sensation
just under the bone above the heart.

Splash State is Todd Colby at his best, wonderfully unloading a cascade of soulful and surreal poems. Colby, if we let him, will lead us not to heaven but rather, to a far better and much funnier, place. 🍷

UPCOMING READINGS AND EVENTS AT THE POETRY PROJECT

ALL EVENTS BEGIN AT 8PM UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED ADMISSION \$8 / STUDENTS & SENIORS \$7 / MEMBERS \$5 OR FREE
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CALL 212 674 0910 OR VISIT WWW.POETRYPROJECT.ORG FOR MORE INFORMATION
THE POETRY PROJECT IS WHEELCHAIR ACCESSIBLE WITH ASSISTANCE AND ADVANCE NOTICE

schedule is subject to change

MON 2/2

HOLLY MELGARD & MORGAN PARKER

Holly Melgard is the author of the *Poems for Baby* trilogy (2011), *The Making of The Americans* (2012), *Black Friday* (2012), and *Reimbursement* (2013). She co-edits Troll Thread Press and is dissertating in the Buffalo Poetics Program.

Morgan Parker is the author of *Other People's Comfort Keeps Me Up At Night* (Switchback Books, 2015) and *There Are More Beautiful Things Than Beyoncé* (Coconut Books, 2016). A Cave Canem fellow and poetry editor for Coconut Magazine, she also contributes writing to *Weird Sister*. She lives in Brooklyn and at www.morgan-parker.com.

WED 2/4

JEN HOFER & ROBIN COSTE LEWIS

Jen Hofer is a Los Angeles-based poet, translator, social justice interpreter, teacher, knitter, book-maker, public letter-writer, urban cyclist, and co-founder (with John Pluecker) of the language justice and language experimentation collaborative *Antena*. She has published poems and translations with numerous small presses.

Robin Coste Lewis is a Provost's Fellow in Poetry and Visual Studies at the University of Southern California. She is also a Cave Canem fellow and a fellow of the Los Angeles Institute of the Humanities. Her collection *Voyage of the Sable Venus* is forthcoming from Knopf. Born in Compton, California, her family is from New Orleans.

FRI 2/6

CAITIE MOORE & ORLANDO TIRADO

Caitie Moore is a poet, activist and educator. Recent work can be found in her chapbook *WIFE*, published by Argos Books, as well as in *The Racial Imaginary* compiled by Claudia Rankine and published by Fence. A collaboration with the poets Dot Devota and Brandon Shimoda is forthcoming from Argos Books.

Orlando Tirado is a writer, filmmaker, and independent curator based in New York City. His film *Medeas*, written in collaboration with director Andrea Pallaoro, premiered at the 70th Venice Film Festival, has screened in 28 international film festivals, won various awards, including the Sergej Parajanov Award for Outstanding Poetic Vision at the Tbilisi International Film Festival, in Georgia, and was released in theaters in the US and France (forthcoming). He is currently writing various projects for screen and stage.

MON 2/9

JACKQUELINE FROST & HUGO GARCIA MANRIQUEZ

Jackqueline Frost is the author of *The Antidote* (Compline Editions), *You Have the Eyes of a Martyr* (O'clock Press), and *Young Americans* (Solar Luxuriance). She lives in Ithaca, New York.

Hugo García Manríquez is the author of *Anti-Humboldt*, a bilingual erasure project of the NAFTA treaty, co-published with Litmus Press and Aldus Editorial (2015), the chapbook *Two Poems and Painting is Finite*, and two books in Spanish: *No oscuro todavía* and *Los materiales*. His work as translator includes William Carlos Williams' *Paterson*, published in Mexico in 2009, and, in 2014, *Mecha de Enebras*, his translation of *Juniper Fuse: Upper Paleolithic Imagination & the Construction of the Underworld* by Clayton Eshleman.

WED 2/11

DANCERS, BUILDINGS AND PEOPLE IN THE STREETS: A READING FOR EDWIN DENBY

This event is in conjunction with Danspace Project's PLATFORM 2015: Dancers, Buildings, and People in the Streets (February 9–March 28, 2015), curated by **Claudia La Rocco**. Join us as we take inspiration from Denby's multiple roles as poet-critic-curator. With **Jacob Burckhardt, Bill Berkson, Vincent Katz, Anne Waldman, Yvonne Jacquette Burckhardt, Anselm Berrigan, Ron Padgett, Mimi Gross, Claudia La Rocco, Emmanuel Iduma & Christine Hou**. We'll screen Rudy Burckhardt's film "Remembering Edwin Denby" after the readings.

MON 2/16

SINAN ANTOON & KEN CHEN

Sinan Antoon is a poet, novelist, and translator. He is associate professor at the Gallatin School, New York University, and cofounder and coeditor of the cultural page of *Jadaliyya*. *The Corpse Washer* is his second novel. He lives in New York City.

Ken Chen is the executive director of the Asian American Writers' Workshop and the author of *Juvenilia* (Yale University Press, 2010), winner of the Yales Series of Younger Poets.

WED 2/18

TRIPWIRE RE-LAUNCH

Tripwire, a journal of poetics, celebrates its 7th and 8th issues with a group reading hosted by editor **David Buuck**. Featuring **Rodrigo Toscano, Tonya Foster, Marie Buck, Ryan Eckes, Connie Scozzaro, Arnold Joseph Kemp**, and others.

FRI 2/20

KATHERINE BREWER BALL & LARA LORENZO

Katherine Brewer Ball is a writer, scholar and curator who was born under an aries sun and libra moon. She is completing her first book on the aesthetic and political promise of escape in the writings of queers and people of color, *The Only Way Out is In: The Queer & Minoritarian Performance of Escape*. Currently, she co-curates the reading series *Adult Contemporary* with Svetlana Kitto.

Lara Lorenzo is a poet and human services worker based in Brooklyn. Her writing has appeared in *Nepantla*, *Toe Good Poetry*, *October*, and *Third Text*, among other places. Follow her on Instagram @maketotaldestroyyou.

MON 2/23

ABRAHAM ADAMS, MEL BENTLEY, & PURDEY LORD KREIDEN

Abraham Adams is an artist and a former editor of *Ugly Duckling Presse*. His work was most recently exhibited at Galerie Barbara Weiss in Berlin. He lives in Red Hook, Brooklyn.

Mel Bentley sporadically organizes readings and multidisciplinary performance in Philadelphia. *Obstacle, Particle, Spectacle*, was released from 89plus/Luma Foundation as part of the exhibition "Poetry Will Be Made By All." Chapbooks *Stub Wilderness* and *&parts* were released from Well Greased Press and Damask Press, respectively.

Purdey Lord Kreiden is an accomplished paleontologist who travels the globe in search of dinosaur digs. She won the Iditarod dog sled race in

1985. She also rationalized that the new continent of South America was the "Earthly Paradise" that was located "at the end of the Orient". Her book *Children of the Bad Hour* is available from Ugly Duckling Presse, and she co-translated Tony Duvert's *L'île Atlantique* with Michael Thomas Taren (Semiotext(e)), forthcoming.

WED 2/25

NICOLE PEYRAFITTE & SUNNYLYN THIBODEAUX

Nicole Peyrafitte is a pluridisciplinary artist. Her latest project, "Bi-Valve: Vulvic Space / Vulvic Knowledge," was published by StockportFlats. For more info: www.nicolepeyrafitte.com.

Sunnylyn Thibodeaux is the author of *As Water Sounds* (Bootstrap 2014) and *Palm to Pine* (2011), as well as the small books *88 Haiku for Lorca* (Push Press), *Against What Light* (Ypolita), *Room Service Calls* (Lew Gallery Editions) and *Universal Fall Precautions* (Well Greased Press). She lives in SF with her daughter Lorca and husband Micah, with whom she co-edits Auguste Press and Lew Gallery Editions.

MON 3/2

OPEN READING

Open readings have always been an integral part of The Poetry Project's programming. They provide a time and space for writers of all levels of experience to test, fine tune, and work out their writing and reading styles in front of a supportive audience.

Suggested reading time is approximately 3 minutes. Sign-in at 7:45pm.

WED 3/4

JOSHUA CLOVER & TC TOLBERT

Joshua Clover is the author of two books of poetry and two of cultural history and theory. His new book of poetry, *Red Epic*, is forthcoming from Commune Editions (spring 2015) and a book on the political economy of struggle, *Of Riot*, will be published by Verso in spring 2016. His column "Pop & Circumstance" appears monthly in *The Nation* and he is a founder of the 95¢ Skool and Durruti Free Skool, and recently co-organized the Poetry and/or Revolution conference.

TC Tolbert often identifies as a trans and genderqueer feminist, collaborator, dancer, and poet but really s/he's just a human in love with humans doing human things. The author of *Gephyromania* (Ahsahta Press 2014), *Conditions/Conditioning* (a collaborative chapbook with Jen Hofer, New Lights Press, 2014) *I: Not He: Not I* (Pity Milk chapbook 2014), *Troubling the Line: Trans and Genderqueer Poetry and Poetics* (co-editor with Trace Peterson, Nightboat Books, 2013), *spirare* (Belladonna* chaplet, 2012), and *territories of folding* (Kore Press chapbook 2011).

FRI 3/6

DARK MATTER & FRANCIS WEISS RABKIN

Dark Matter is a trans south asian art and activist collaboration comprised of ALOK VAID-MENON & JANANI BALASUBRAMANIAN. Using poetry & polemic, tweet & tirade DM is committed to an art practice of gender self(ie) determination, racial justice, and movement building. DM has been

invited to perform and facilitate workshops across the world. You can follow their antics at www.darkmatterrage.com or @darkmatterrage.

Francis Weiss Rabkin is a writer and performance maker interested in multidisciplinary theater drawing from poetry, dance, visual art, and academic contexts. Their plays and collaborations have been presented in Philadelphia, Chicago, and in New York City at HERE Arts, Dixon Place, the Bushwick Starr, and the Prelude Festival. They collaborate regularly with poet and musician Leslie Allison as the Tight Braid Group.

MON 3/9

SIMON PETTET & MORGAN VO

Simon Pettet, as well as the recent author of *Collected Poems* and *As a Bee*, is the author of *More Winnowed Fragments* among other poetry collections. Black Sparrow published his *Selected Art Writings of James Schuyler* in 1999. He is also the author of *Talking Pictures* and *Conversations About Everything* with the photographer Rudy Burckhardt.

Morgan Vo was born in Norfolk, Virginia, to a Vietnamese father and an American mother. He moved to NY to attend the Cooper Union, where he studied in performance and design. Under the New Pinky imprint, www.newpinky.org, he publishes small-edition zines, broadsides and other poetic projects. He lives in Bushwick, Brooklyn.

WED 3/11

JOHN COLETTI & CLARK COOLIDGE

John Coletti is the author of *Deep Code* (City Lights, 2014), *Mum Halo* (Rust Buckle Books, 2010), *Same Enemy Rainbow* (fewer & further 2008), and *Physical Kind* (Yo-Yo-Labs 2005). With Anselm Berrigan, he is the author of the limited edition *Skasers* (Flowers & Cream, 2012). He has served as editor of *The Poetry Project Newsletter* and recently worked on a libretto for *Excelsior*, an opera composed by Caleb Burhans commissioned by Chicago's Fifth House Ensemble, which premiered in 2013.

Clark Coolidge is the author of more than forty books of poetry and other, including *Space*, *Solution Passage*, *The Crystal Text*, *At Egypt*, *Now It's Jazz: Writings on Kerouac & The Sounds*, *The Act of Providence* and most recently *88 Sonnets* and *A Book Beginning What And Ending Away*. Forthcoming, *Selected Poems 1962-1985*, Station Hill Press. In 2011 he edited a collection of Philip Guston's writings and talks for U Cal Press. Currently he has returned to active drumming in duos with Thurston Moore and the on-going free jazz band Ouroboros.

MON 3/16

ROSA ALCALA & JENNIFER TAMAYO

Rosa Alcalá is the author of two books of poetry, *Undocumentaries* (2010) and *The Lust of Unsentimental Waters* (2012), both from Shearsman Books. Her poems are also included in two recent anthologies: *Angels of the Americlypse: New Latin@ Writing* (Counterpath,

2014) and *The Volta Book of Poets* (Sidebrow Books, 2015). *Spit Temple: The Selected Performances of Cecilia Vicuña* (Ugly Duckling Presse, 2012), edited and translated by Alcalá, was runner-up for the 2013 PEN Award for Poetry in Translation.

Jennifer Tamayo is a writer and performer. She is the author of the collection of poems and art work, *Red Missed Aches Read Missed Aches Red Mistakes Read Mistakes* (Switchback, 2011) and the limited edition chapbook *POEMS ARE THE ONLY REAL BODIES* (Bloof Books, 2013). Her second full collection of poems and artwork, *YOU DA ONE*, was published in the fall of 2014.

WED 3/18

MICHAEL DAVIDSON & MARJORIE WELISH

Michael Davidson is the author of *The San Francisco Renaissance: Poetics and Community at Mid-Century* (Cambridge U Press, 1989), *Ghostlier Demarcations: Modern Poetry and the Material Word* (U of California Press, 1997), *Guys Like Us: Citing Masculinity in Cold War Poetics* (U of Chicago, 2003) and *Concerto for the Left Hand: Disability and the Defamiliar Body* (U of Michigan, 2008). His most recent book, *Outskirts of Form: Practicing Cultural Poetics* was published in 2011 by Wesleyan University Press. He is the editor of *The New Collected Poems of George Oppen* (New Directions, 2002). He is the author of five books of poetry, the most recent of which is *The Arcades* (O Books, 1998). He is the co-author, with Lyn Hejinian, Barrett Watten, and Ron Silliman, of *Leningrad* (Mercury House Press, 1991).

Marjorie Welish is the author of *The Annotated "Here" and Selected Poems*, *Word Group*, *Isle of the Signatories*, and *In the Futurity Lounge / Asylum for Indeterminacy* (Spring 2012), all from Coffee House Press. The papers delivered at a conference on her writing and art held at the University of Pennsylvania were published in the book *Of the Diagram: The Work of Marjorie Welish* (Slought Books). In 2009, Granary Books published *Oaths? Questions?*, a collaborative artists' book by Marjorie Welish and James Siena which was the subject of a special exhibition at Denison University Museum, Granville, Ohio, and part of a two-year tour of artists' books throughout the United States. She is now Madelon Leventhal Rand Distinguished Lecturer in Literature at Brooklyn College.

FRI 3/20

TALK SERIES: BRIAN DROITCOUR ON POETRY AT THE NEW MUSEUM'S TRIENNIAL

Critic Brian Droitcour, who curated a poetry anthology for the New Museum's Triennial, will host three poets included in the book. Each poet will read work from the book and join Droitcour in a discussion on contemporary poetics and art. **Brian Droitcour** is a writer, translator and curator in New York.

MON 3/23, 7PM

17th ANNUAL URBAN WORD NYC TEEN POETRY SLAM PRELIMINARIES

NYC's hottest teen poets compete for a chance to represent their city at the Brave New Voices National Teen Poetry Slam in Atlanta. Come support the voices of the next generation, as they take the stage and speak their mind. To enter, poets must be 13-19 years old, and signup at www.urbanwordnyc.org or show up. First come first serve. Audience members are encouraged to come early, as seating is limited. \$5 Teens, \$7 Adults, FREE for Performers.

WED 3/25

THINKING ITS PRESENCE: DOROTHY WANG & MEI-MEI BURSENBRUGGE

A reading and conversation inspired by Dorothy Wang's *Thinking Its Presence: Form, Race and Subjectivity in Contemporary Asian American Poetry*.

FRI 3/27

AMBER ATIYA & LARYSSA HUSIAK

Amber Atiya is the author of the chapbook *the fierce bums of doo-wop* (Argos Books, 2014). Her poems have been published most recently in *Nepantla: A Journal Dedicated to Queer Poets of Color*, *Boston Review*, *Black Renaissance Noire*, *Atlas Review*, and *Apogee Journal*. A proud native Brooklynite, she is a member of a women's writing group that will be celebrating thirteen years next spring.

Laryssa Husiak is theater artist living in Minneapolis with roots in New York City. In January 2014, her original play *She Is King* premiered at the Incubator Arts Project. The show, in which she stars as Billie Jean King, will tour to Portland, Oregon in Spring 2015. She has written numerous short plays and solo performances that have been performed at venues throughout NYC, including La MaMa ETC, HERE Arts Center and Dixon Place. Laryssa is a member of the Obie Award-winning theater company Two-Headed Calf and a founding member of their Dyke Division.

Phyllis Wat

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ABOUT THE POETRY PROJECT'S READING SERIES

While the boundaries between each of the Project's reading series are permeable, in general, the Wednesday Night Reading Series features nationally/internationally recognized poets as well as those of local renown, while the Monday Night Reading Series serves as a forum for emerging poets. Mondays also contain the Talk Series, Open Readings, and Workshop Readings. The Friday Night Reading Series provides space for poets and other artists working in interdisciplinary modes. Participation in all series is by invitation from the series coordinator. While the series are curated, The Poetry Project does accept "pitches." All queries and ideas may be emailed to info@poetryproject.org and will be forwarded to the coordinators. Coordinator appointments change every two years to ensure diversity of perspective.

THE POETRY PROJECT SPRING WORKSHOPS

TUES/THURS WORKSHOPS WILL BE HELD AT ABRONS ART CENTER, 466 GRAND STREET
SPRING SATURDAY WORKSHOPS WILL BE HELD AT DIXON PLACE, 161 CHRYSTIE STREET

6 THINGS IN 5 WEEKS

EILEEN MYLES

Tuesday, 7-9 pm

5 sessions begin February 10

I'm a little confounded as a Poetry Project workshop grad. The Poetry Project is where I learned to write so in a way I teach the absolute same workshop all the time and so the first of the six things I will share is nothing new. But the new nothing is always different so that's the first week. I'm interested in pathetic literature and I'll name names and tell you what I mean in week two. We will do the simple thing every time which is I will talk, some of you will talk, you'll write a poem every week and we'll look at some of them. Week three is about the relative importance of readability. I used to write for my mom. Now I'm not sure. There might be a week called Fred Moten so I'd advise anyone coming to this workshop to now buy the *Feel Trio*. I'm thinking disability as a real and aesthetic issue. That's five. I don't know what the sixth thing is but I'm sure it will come out of the rest. I really do not recognize the difference between poetry & prose so that won't be an issue at all. Bring paper, good pen. Let's feel our writing.

Eileen Myles was born in Boston (1949) and she moved to New York in 1974 to be a poet. Educated at the poetry project by Violi, Notley, Berrigan & Zavatsky, Myles is the author of 18 books including *Snowflake/different streets* (poems, 2012) and *Inferno (a poet's novel)* (2010). Lately she is completing *Afterglow*, a fantastic dog memoir. Her new & selected poems *I Must Be Living Twice* will be published in 2015 & *Chelsea Girls* will be reissued at that time both by Ecco. She's a Guggenheim fellow and in 2014 received a grant from the Foundation for Contemporary Art.

STEALING COMPANY/COMPOSITION IS A GLIMPSE

ANSELM BERRIGAN

Thursday, 7-9 pm

10 sessions begin February 12

In this class we'll be looking at writings—talks, interviews, essays—by visual artists (mostly painters) in order to take some of their methods of composition and convert them into ways to start writing poems. We'll also be working out a space in which we write parallel to certain works of art. That is, we will work alongside and out of what we experience by seeing – not towards or into what we see (no ekphrasis/no illustrative writing). We'll also read a few things by writers who incorporate images into their work and/or collaborate with visual artists in the less than usual ways. Open to beginners and pros alike. Be prepared to expand your diction. On the table: Agnes Martin, Willem de Kooning, Amy Sillman, Edgar Arceneaux, Joan Mitchell, Kara Walker, Philip Guston, John Yau, Claudia Rankine, Robert Rauschenberg, Alice Notley, Roberto Tejada, Douglas Kearney, Donna Nelson, Trevor Winkfield, and various other detours.

Anselm Berrigan's recent books include *Pregrets* (Vagabond Books), *Loading*, a collaborative book with painter Jonathan Allen (Brooklyn Arts Press), *Notes from Irrelevance* (Wave), and *Primitive State* (forthcoming from Edge). He is poetry editor for *The Brooklyn Rail*, and a former Artistic Director of The Poetry Project. He led a workshop for the Poetry Project on long poems in the fall of 2009 and otherwise teaches when the gig is accurate.

EMBODIMENT, MYSTICISM AND WRITING

MARTHA OATIS

Saturday, 2-4 pm

5 sessions: February 7, 21, 28 and March 14, 21

We will work with somatic practices stemming from the Taoist mystical tradition (Chinese medicine, Divination, Qi gong, five element theory) and works that have engaged with these practices. How do these practices open up new and generative forms of perception? What is heart-knowing? What is the relationship between perception and creative impetus? Participants will receive an introduction to various somatic tools and have the chance to develop new work and new praxis in response. Witches, contemplatives, scientists, skeptics and all types of humans are welcome.

Martha Oatis is a poet who practices Chinese Medicine She lives in Brooklyn. Visit her site at <http://flourishinggate.com/>.

THE GREEN RAY

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"There is never-ending delight in the gymnastics of Copp's poems."

— Dorothea Lasky

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* FAMA
* S

"How did Fama invent a tone so perfect and icy, so equal to our times?"

— Wayne Koestenbaum

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SUMMER WRITING PROGRAM—
JUNE 14–JULY 11, 2015

THE BRAIDED RIVER ACTIVIST RHIZOME

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All four weeks (or any combination of weeks) are open to any interested participant for noncredit. Students from other institutions or degree programs may also elect to attend for undergraduate or graduate credit.

For more information or questions regarding program curriculum, please visit naropa.edu/swp or contact SWP@naropa.edu

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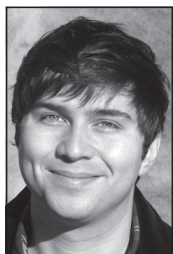
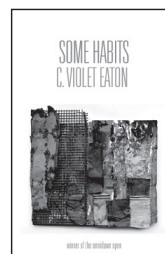
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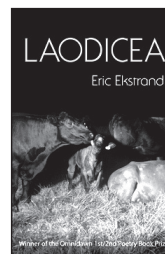


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—Donald Revell

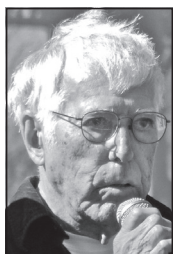
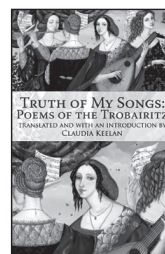


Translated by Claudia Keelan

Truth of My Songs: Poems of the Trobairitz

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Richard O. Moore *Particulars of Place*

96 pages 978-1-63243-005-2 \$17.95

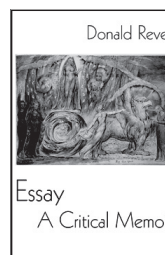
"The entirety of *Particulars of Place* across its formal change-ups, long perspectives, and wry handling of tonality makes for an emphatically real, and nonetheless nourishing, world. No other poetry I know of sings from such ground."—Anselm Berrigan



Donald Revell *Essay: A Critical Memoir*

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OMNIDAWN

II.

In "A Reason for Poetics," Barbara Guest writes, "A pull in both directions between the physical reality of place and the metaphysics of space. This pull will build up tension within the poem giving a view of the poem from both the interior and the exterior."¹

In "State Name," John Coletti writes, "shivers from/ a misfed ark/ watching me be somebody/ on top of someone else/ anybody/ am I going to learn/ tonight to be/ the proper shame/ the one who counts" (22-23).

In "This That I'm Doing," Renee Gladman writes, "Every utterance, every excursion in language (that is shared) contains, in itself, all possible itinerary of being."²

In "Tooth to Railing," John Coletti writes, "There exists more trouble in one day than ten make one ten I cannot/ digital naïfs/ throttled by Tonka Truck" (74).

III.

Deep Code is like a "choose your own adventure" book where each poem presents a "possible itinerary of being," and each of these itineraries are rich with tension and uncertainties. It's the kind of book you genuinely want to live in because the poems act as friends, as models of how one might want to exist on a page. Take the title poem, for example,

(I can only cry at the movies
or work)
restaurant
aerosol
lepidolite (87)

The way these five lines move—we begin in tears and before the reader knows it, we've travelled through single word lines to arrive at "lepidolite," a kind of mica believed to help with stress. "Deep Code" continues,

just to be
at ease
w/not being at ease

[...]

in a world of
unnatural
privillage
but he was here
and I was there
to keep you
whether you would be kept or not (90-91)

The short lines stack and escalate, building a textured language-scape which Edmund Berrigan describes as "combin(ing) brevity and emotional resonance on a balance of opacity in measured detail."³

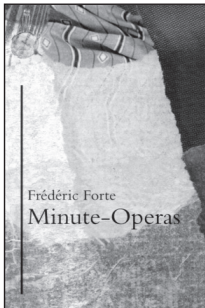
It's hard to figure out what to say about poems like these,

¹ Guest, Barbara. *Forces of Imagination*. Berkeley: Kelsey St. Press, 2003. Page 20.

² http://www.sfsu.edu/~poetry/narrativity/issue_three/gladman.html

³ Review of *Mum Halo* (Rust Buckle Books 2010) by Edmund Berrigan, in *Boog City* 62.

Burning Deck Books

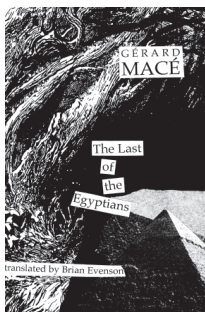


Frédéric Forte: *Minute-Operas*

[translated from the French by Daniel Levin Becker, Ian Monk, Michelle Noteboom, Jean-Jacques Poucel]
Forte's *Minute-Operas* are poems "staged" on the page. A simple 3" vertical line separates what Forte calls the stage and the wings. The poet explores the potential of this form with multiple typographic games, calling on different registers of the language, different poetic techniques and, in the second part of the book, by "fixating as minute-operas" 55 existing poetic forms (come out of various poetic traditions or more recently invented by Oulipo, the famous French "Workshop for potential literature.")
The poems also constitute, in their cryptic way, a journal of the poet's life during the period of composition (2001-2002): his love life, the loss of his father...
Shortly after the publication of this book, in 2005, Frédéric Forte was elected a member of the Oulipo.
Poetry, 134 pages, offset, smyth-sewn, original paperback \$14

Kristin P. Bradshaw: *Apologies*

Apologies. For a new religion? a social-political discourse? a queer's life? All these plus a reflection on fragmentation and the tension between immediacy and emergent understanding. The frame is the author's "own 'far country,' a quasi historical dream-landscape in motion from the 'West' of antiquity toward the 'West' of the U.S." A first book.
Poetry, 104 pages, offset, smyth-sewn, original paperback \$14



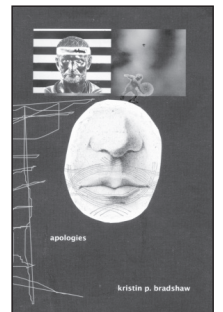
Gérard Macé: *The Last of the Egyptians*

[translated from the French by Brian Evenson]

"About Champollion I knew: that he did not go to Egypt with Napoleon, never saw the actual Rosetta stone, only copies, that he suffered from gout and swollen feet like Oedipus, and that he fainted in his brother's presence when he had discovered the secret of the hieroglyphics.

"Then I learned that in the winter of 1827 he had the novels of Fenimore Cooper read to him, and in particular I followed him on this novelistic path through a forest that he perhaps tried to decipher while getting interested in "America's savage nations." I followed him to the Louvre where he had just set up the Egyptian galleries when he saw there Indians of the Osage tribe among the Greek statues and felt their sadness." —Gérard Macé

Essay/Novella, 80 pages, offset, smyth-sewn, original paperback \$14



elegant and demanding. I can't help but think about basketball—the ballet of NBA that I grew up on in the '70s and '80s. And, I can't help but think about Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's incredible skyhook, a shot that no player since has been able to replicate. In response to the NCAA's ban of the dunk, Abdul-Jabbar perfected his hook shot, an offensive move that led to the title of leading scorer in the NBA. Abdul-Jabbar describes the experience of the skyhook as "You're in control because of when you're gonna release it and where."⁴ But, what's most significant to me about this move is the way that no player since has duplicated it, the fact that Kareem Abdul-Jabbar never ceased to surprise and score, even when defense saw the skyhook coming.

Deep Code is like the skyhook of poetry. The poems are quick, tight, surprising, and unstoppable. The poems are beautiful to watch as they move across the page—this is a book of poems that is certainly built to last, all encompassing and omni-relevant in their portraiture. 📖

(*Giles/Stoner continued from pg. 15*) If she writes: "I severely beat myself during interrogations, sometimes leaving myself unconscious. I stabbed myself, shocked myself, and urinated on myself to further degrade and humiliate myself...I could hear the screams of the others of me." Then: I enact my own violation and I suffer from it. There is a theory of trauma here, a serious problem, along with a terrifying joint subsumption of the victim-witness-perpetrator into the stark, direct language of official accountings. This act of writing is a dare, an argument that deserves long analysis: I am I, and I am you, and I am we, and to cause harm is to harm myself.

Giles also taps and drums down into the articulations we deem most inarticulate, voiced and bodied, to muster the brutal feelings and logics; the text births a sense of a kind of evil, cloying, tender, obliterating intensity in the inescapably sexual instinct (knowledge?) of the torturer of human and animal that no less finds itself valorized: "knowing falling short of the/ of the of the known/ in keeping with the shape/ of the natural animal." The naturalization of the suffering less-than-fully or not-human (in language, in imagery) is required to establish a temporary sense of right action. There is a way that the poems of the second section mimic our evasions

into and out of certain meanings, but when I fall into the "[beg]" at the end of "Insertion," I have been lured, cooed, limb-crushed, torn, and skinned—only to be smeared, pixelated, regimented, and read into a field of color.

Giles has clearly worked extensively with a wide range of documents, images, testimonies, and the transcripts of hearings related to the systematic torture that took place in Iraq at Abu Ghraib, and at U.S.-controlled locations around the world. (In October 2014, the Obama administration prevented the release of more than 2,000 additional photographs from Iraq and Afghanistan that are described as further evidence of torture.) The analogies drawn between the functions and effects of torture, animal trapping, and national discourse are brought to bear on what strikes me as the central figure of the photograph, the fact of which obscures and expresses: a public transfixed by the force of the images, a government trained to figuratively and performatively acknowledge and neutralize them, a culture engorged on their resonances. *deadfalls and snares* wants you to know: You did it. I did it. We did it. "[We] put our bodies in the first person in/ the distillation of one into many/ we put our bodies in the performance/ into the archive evidence." We are a nation that tortured and continues to torture people. We are a nation that photographs atrocity, and we are written by this light. 📖

(*Durbin/Maitland continued from pg. 14*)

...[we] have yielded so much authority to so many agencies, in so many directions, that we are nauseous. When we go to a doctor we entrust ourselves to his or her care blindly. When we see bombs falling on television, we assume someone else is supervising. We allow "experts" and "leaders" to make decisions for us because we already possess more data than we can manage and, at the same time, we are aware that we don't know enough to make smart choices...

...but where in this very rational figuration does he make room for a poet like Durbin—whose romanticism and earnestness are in excess of the experts and leaders who are "supervising" our (libidinal) data? Durbin writes fully aware of the contingencies that make our every

day choices "available" to us. It's grandly sort of sad, this awareness of our being limited to liking and sharing⁵, but still he keeps choosing. This is the first book I've read in a long time that lacked any sort of erotic bitterness.

Or it is love, I think, that allows the future to finally emerge out of linear time in order to bring us back to the starting point. Or love is an engine that reroutes the disappeared and returns them to their rightful place in the hierarchy of things we've lost but which will soon reappear in the present more alive than they were before. Or.

What is more erotic than the future? to finally split from linear time in order to bring us back to a starting point. Something common we can potentially occupy together? I wanted Durbin to always loop me back in. Then, 2013. After Sandy. During the storm. When I was in Los Angeles high on dope watching *Melrose Place* as though I were discovering myself. Now, 2015. New Year's. Where I'm on the roof a hotel named after a book by Paul Bowles and the lights across the river flare up in my phone's camera. Durbin's poems are the redirect page for the confounded links of our Wikipedia fantasy of social narrative, returning our before and afters, our 2014s and 2015s, to an order among the things we thought we've lost but which will soon reappear in the present, more alive than they were before. 📖

(*Angels/Petropoulos continued from pg. 13*)

What I mean by DNA is that "Pig Angels," like all of Toscano's work, dissolves the boundaries prescribed to Latin@ writing because it is simultaneously: poem and theater; performance and meditation; instruction and improvisation; equal parts emotion and ideology. The piece is a document that demands embodiment. "Ethos, lady sovereign, be not my decay! / Tell me tell me / Who are the *real* Americans of today?" With that seemingly simple question, Toscano manages to call into question the limits of national identities, the relationship between "sovereign" and subject(ivity), how citizenship is defined and by whom, and whether we can erase National borders if we read "Americans" as a hemispheric category, leaving their competing thea

⁴ <http://sports.espn.go.com/nba/features/kareem>

⁵ Or as data points, consumer culture, rapidity, hybridization, etc.

exposed. All of the authors in *Angels of the Americlypse* resist the “decay” Toscano references, in ways as diverse as the Latin@ community itself. Giménez Smith and Chávez articulate this point beautifully in their introduction.

The greatest promise of this writing, though, is that it challenges the homogenous demarcations of Latin@ writing, and in place of this sameness works to encapsulate pluralized racial subjectivities.

Jennifer Tamayo echoes this sentiment in her aesthetic statement and in one sentence manages to expand the idea of plurality to include the plurality of subjectivities contained in a single body and the various histories that body can issue. “And to insert the I into bloated landscapes,” she writes, “so as to rupture it with all the histories.”

History is another major focus of the anthology, specifically the experimental roots of Latin@ letters. Those roots have gone unacknowledged, continually whitewashed by the guardians of U.S. and European experimentalism, but they continued to grow under the pavement of the literary cityscape, buckling the concrete. “When looking at the literary history of the avant-garde,” write Giménez Smith and Chávez, “we noted that the lineages elided some of the greatest innovators of the twentieth century, writers like Juan Felipe Herrera, Alurista, Gloria Anzaldúa, and Pedro Pietri, even though their work is deeply influential, linguistically and formally innovative, and invested in revising notions of subjectivity.” It is impossible to argue with the editors’ point that “some of the most influential avant-garde movements of the twentieth century were Latin-American in origin...Surrealismo, Antipoesía, Modernismo, and El Boom.” By laying this groundwork for their readers, Giménez Smith and Chávez place the authors included in *Angels of the Americlypse* and their various aesthetics in a context that includes, but is not limited to, the U.S., revealing its lineage, and encouraging us to trace it back. Hopefully this act of revelation will

echo forward, solidifying the importance of the Latin@ avant-garde in the future.

Some of the most honest and profound moments, at least for me, occur in the writers’ aesthetic statements. Juan Felipe Herrera, who is himself an entire root system of Latin@ avant-garde literature, writes:

[t]o go beyond concept, name, form, idea, *his*story and line and traverse into the moment-world, naked thing of “being”—*in constant transformative motion*—as it in-out pierces this other thing/itself, the “void,” of interconnected universal substance; I am for that...[t]he “page” dissolves into space and time and timelessness.

Herrera’s statement from “Nonifesta: On and Around Writing,” gets to the heart of Giménez Smith’s and Chávez’s project: to go beyond, *traverse* into the moment-world. The idea that freedom comes by frustrating borders, both aesthetic and political, and let that be the legacy of Latin@ literature’s avant-garde. To that end, Becca Klaver, in her critical essay on the author Jennifer Tamayo, writes, “...it becomes increasingly clear how one type of crossing always implies several others. Genre is a limit that must be tested...” While Klaver is speaking specifically of Tamayo’s work, the idea that crossing genre implies other kinds of crossings resonates throughout the anthology. Giménez Smith and Chávez strive to “...collectively illuminate the blind-spots beyond these false borders, the literary fringes to which much of our work is cast, for too often we have seen the Latin@ writer marginalized.”

Giménez Smith and Chávez’s collective illumination of “false borders,” posits a need for Latin@ literature to be a self-determinate body, defined not from without, but from within, and that this act is as important as how it is defined. Edwin Torres asks, “[i]f we look to define who we are by the *other* that makes us, where do we find the body we own?” *Angels of the Americlypse* is a map to finding our bodies again. 📖

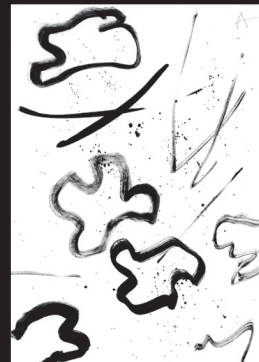
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Two Poems

Anselm Berrigan

Pregrets

brain will skip these stations in both directions, black
out blink on the mind, on-the-go transit info kiosks a
hit, you know Planned Service Changes didn't do it
the Degas rehearsal dancers in their slasher flick masks
didn't do it, the El Greco portrait of St. Jerome's hung
too high over the fucking fireplace to do anything, no
grip to lose, happy bestriding a grotesque fish, decom-
posure on mantle, innocent of alienware gaming grunts
open to unremediated flowsure of misperceptions, ding
set for news, there comes unnameable horror, an endless
scroll of possible names to choose, or here goes, rococo
twist of sconce and reflection, Admi, Ado, Annihi, fella
always dressed only in white, white top, white slacks
white egg shell cap, white mutterings, for years nearby
picks up flattened can, halfway across 3rd & 1st's white
ladder walk, chucks it, in the nw corner trash, cult of blue
sky's derangeable mail campaign ass-ready to interject
q-tip's voice following body from room to cave to slide-
walked afterpath, handwriting an only drawn idea
accords with the choke-enticed ocelot at the animation
pit, slant shack swallows shadow snack, all this time
banished, let the ghostly remains go image, hope it's a
sweet cost, let the ghostly remainders scatter, or move
let remains of a ghostly image remain, you better move

Regrets

pulled a leaky black eight from my right hip pocket
bought back all my pics & put my foot through them
couldn't tell diff between nit & flake, popped a
wheelie hole in my short term just this past week, or
reasonably like time unit, didn't chuck phone into
east river, silently ripped on the recycled chant prosody
at climate's march, couldn't fansplain downs to K
repeatedly, ever feeling guilty for not learning to drive
confused and forgot about the inner and outer elements
made another fucking list, said writer instead of poet to
the customs agent, wrote out the determining and vital
element in the inner one, which controls the outer form
just as an idea in the mind determines the words we use
& not vice-versa, which is fucked up because words
totally determine ideas in the mind, but no painter's
gonna know that, half-spat on all hashtags, dug Botticelli's
abundance without the color, remembered stealing the foot
through pictures unit, but not where I put it, not calling
back all my fucked up friends, simmering, sometimes I go
through real periods of despair, painting the airport mural
freeing association from the start to the finished way to
create my own despicable earth, the barren road of deco-
ration, true purism, preconceiveds, having respected a
certain internal order, telling the ghost hairball story to
my kids, telling the Wistan on the moon story to my kids
making making art be lifelike be my objective, discovering
painting with oil, coloring a dead man, continually drawing
from nature, forgetting to wash these ridiculous clothes again

Jonas and the Beans Talk

Charity Coleman & Jonas Mekas



*Jonas Mekas, Walden: Diaries, Notes, and Sketches, 1969, 16mm, color, sound, 180 minutes.
Still from "Breakfast at Marseille," Reel 1.*

CHARITY COLEMAN: You were in my dream last night. We were walking along a sidewalk, staggering like clowns, shouting. We stopped at a booth selling food and you ordered sausages.

JONAS MEKAS: Those were Moroccan merguez sausages, tasted good.

(Time passes: a couple of months later—Jonas had been in Italy, feasting)

CC: You were in my dream, eating a fluffy bread thing with cream filling, laughing and saying, "You live as if every day were a holiday!"

JM: Correct! Actually it was filled with cheese. Sfogliatelle, a kind of Italian cheesecake...

CC: Without food there can only be very hungry poetry!

JM: Hungry... a hungry poet... most of the “famous” (“good”?) 20th Century American poets were neither “hungry poets” nor lived in “poverty” (which—poverty—I think is an essential ingredient of a good poet...)—but two of my favorites, Taylor Mead and Piero Heliczer, lived in and practiced poverty (as did Tuli Kupferberg, Frank Kuenstler and Storm De Hirsch)...

CC: Has Peter Kubelka’s prophecy been realized yet or are we still waiting? (*n.b.: Kubelka in 1972: “I am convinced that the age of great cooking in America is coming.”*)

JM: Still waiting, not in sight... Yesterday with Benn, we went to a restaurant that is considered one of the best in this area, and I couldn’t eat their food at all... You know what? I said to Benn, I think that I have been totally and irretrievably corrupted by my mother, by Kubelka, by all my Napoli friends, and by Sebastian, totally corrupted: I cannot eat bad food anymore. I cannot eat in New York restaurants. Real tragedy. During my earlier years in New York, I starved because I had no money, now I have to starve because of bad cooks and bad food products in food stores.

CC: Too bad you are not as undiscerning as Maciunas! What is the recipe for film-maker’s soup? (*JM made this soup with jalapeños and a little bit of almost everything.*)

JM: No perfect film-maker’s soup has been invented, yet. But Ben Carruthers told me, he survived during the filming of *Shadows* on POTLUCK soups. Some other Lower East side film-makers have told me the same. POTLUCK soup. Anything goes! Gregory Markopoulos told me he survived during the filming of *Serenity* on beans (canned), Adolfo and myself we followed Gregory’s advice during the filming of *Guns of the Trees*. Both times, twice that I was invited by Jack Smith for supper, he served me and himself a mysterious rice and vegetable soup, I could not figure out what was really in it, but it was edible. The only distraction were the roaches that were trying to share the soup with us.

I should add to the list of film-maker’s “essential food” the FAVA beans of which we (myself and Adolfo) always carried, in our early Brooklyn days, in our pockets, especially good with beer, very nourishing. You can get them (good ones, real ones) only in one place in New York: in the Greek store, corner of 9th avenue and 40th street, in Manhattan. Soak them for 24 hours. Then boil them for an hour and a half or so. Tastes better with a lot of salt!

It was the fava bean that grew so tall that you could climb it all the way into heaven (in my childhood primary school first grade reading book)! Do they have same story here, in children’s books?

CC: Jack and the Beanstalk, a story of hunger and high hopes! What did you have for dinner tonight?

JM: Our intention was to eat out, for a change. So we went to Finch, around the corner. But Finch was closed. And it was terribly cold for searching for another place. So we went back home and had smoked pork chops instead, with some baby spinach. I bought those pork chops last Saturday at the Farmers’ Market on Dekalb. I also had an apple as I watched the Nets lose to the Mavericks. I may have a grapefruit later!

CC: When you were in Naples this summer, there were two grapefruits left in the refrigerator and I ate one of them for dinner. It was the perfect meal for a summer night.

JM: Now I see who ate my grapefruit! And I thought Yoko Ono had stolen it!

CC: Do you like popcorn?

JM: I don’t like popcorn! But I almost had some the other day when I went to 95 Orchard Street to meet George Capsis, after not seeing him since 1954! We decided to meet on 95 Orchard Street because that’s where I lived when we met. So I went there and discovered that there was a popcorn place now, on the ground floor, where in 1954 the Russian balalaika player lived. It was very cold so I walked in, to wait for George (who went to the wrong address and I didn’t really meet him), and feeling guilty standing inside and buying nothing for a moment I felt like ordering some popcorn, but Sebastian ordered chamomile tea instead, because it was so cold.

Meeting George Capsis tomorrow. In 1954, we planned to open a Film House in the Village but couldn’t find a cheap place, so we gave up. After our failure to find a cheap place for the Film House (very ambitious plan we had!), we decided to publish a film magazine, instead! So in December 1954, we brought out the first issue of *Film Culture* magazine. Exactly 60 years ago! This, what I am telling of now, has nothing to do with food, but it’s an anniversary of some importance, I think... So I am going to have a grapefruit, on that thought. Right now.

CC: Have you ever had astronaut ice cream?

JM: Astronaut ice cream? Never heard of it. What is it? Must be a new concoction. Sounds suspicious.

CC: It is highly suspicious! What will be served in the Heaven and Earth Cafe?

JM: All I can tell you about the Heaven and Earth Cafe is that its menu will be very practical, very down-to-earth and very “essential,” and everybody will want to come to it! Sebastian is working on it.

THE END



JONAS MEKAS’ ADVICE FOR THE AILING:

“...sleep, garlic, chamomile tea and Dr. Carlos Williams’ poetry will help.”



Jane Freilicher, Crosstown View, 1978, pastel on paper, 38.25 x 50 inches.

A Poem

Anne Waldman

Nostalgia

for Jane Freilicher

To you, muse who
rocked the brains of
so many of my heroes
You a hero too
for wise quip bon mot and
panoramic eye
And stand up all around beauty
enters the room
our own Barbara Stanwyck
glamorous, slender, assured,
Always gracious if not a bit impatient
Why aren't these people wittier?
Perky word monger wonder
Figure of a liberated tongue
Not miss a beat
Voice distinct in the ear
It was your classy parties,
with drink and din
Kinetics of best talk in town
Morris, Barbara, John,
Yvonne
Alex, Joe le Sueur, Kynaston
Rudy, Red, Ada, Ned,
Larry, Harry, Mimi, Maxine
Kenneth's smile,
hubby Joe's hospitality
But always a bit of intimidation
'round you
with your aura,
Those staggeringly great poems
writ in your honor
bunkering the head
You turn crazy Jane of poetic trope into
upscale glowing modish madcap Jane
Legendary gossip's elegance
mounting around you, star,
La Freilicher

formidable and by contrast
although you were never loud
the quietest paintings
as if noise forever absent
or transmuted into
compressed tension
And arrangement-transfer
was perfectly natural
John Ashbery calls "tentative"?
Could we dare say "egoless"
in this tribute?
Spaces between objects
come onto this window ledge
this table, center of the world,
a hearth to mute a button on the roar
Hush here before your
stroke and palette
Can't thank you enough
ingenious painter
for these and continuity
But back back come back again
Can't get enough of the parties
of yesteryear
Terrific 5th Ave apartment's readiness,
gleam, of us shining too
Happy to be in your realm
a moment and
Jimmy showing up in what
Kenward called
his Lub period
with biker chains around his neck
and Joe Brainard lanky
innocently louche
and people still smoked
I remember being haunted indelibly:
how get so lucky to be here?
High tone and that inimitable
talk again
will never be the same
in purgatorial New York
Caught on time spiral, Jane
helping many of us late arrivistes enter
the Academy of the New York School future
which opened its doors to us

- December 9, 2014



ARIES (MARCH 21-APRIL 19)

♈ There is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear ♈

TAURUS (APRIL 20-MAY 20)

♉ There is one that has a head without an eye ♉

GEMINI (MAY 21-JUNE 20)

♊ There is no great and no small ♊

CANCER (JUNE 21-JULY 22)

♋ There is silence that saith, "Ah me!" ♋

LEO (JULY 23-AUGUST 22)

♌ There is a hawk that is picking the birds out of our sky ♌

VIRGO (AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 22)

♍ There Is Nothing False in Thee ♍

LIBRA (SEPTEMBER 23-OCTOBER 22)

♎ There is no point in work ♎

SCORPIO (OCTOBER 23-NOVEMBER 21)

♏ There is beauty in the bellow of the blast ♏

SAGITTARIUS (NOVEMBER 22-DECEMBER 21)

♐ There is no frigate like a book ♐

CAPRICORN (DECEMBER 22-JANUARY 19)

♑ There is Pleasure in the Pathless Woods ♑

AQUARIUS (JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 18)

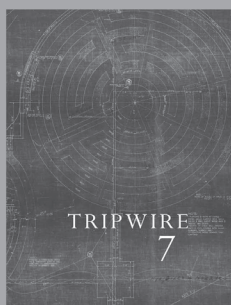
♒ There is a delight in singing tho' none hear ♒

PISCES (FEBRUARY 19-MARCH 21)

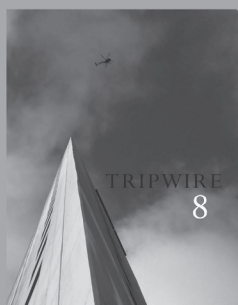
♓ There is one sin: to call a green leaf grey ♓



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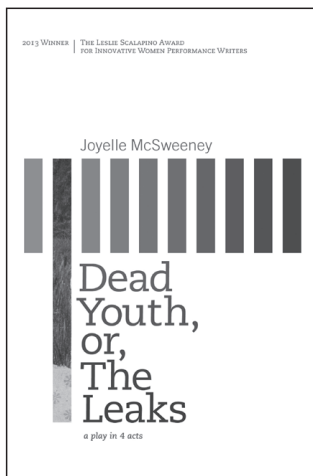
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