

# THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER

October 1983

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(Free at The Poetry Project)

## TED BERRIGAN 1934 - 1983

### Some Thoughts on Ted Berrigan & His Work

The delight of Ted Berrigan's presence—in the poetry, where I first encountered it, and in the life, stretches of which I was privileged to share—generates a unique double vision: one, a down-to-earth, Hank Williams, Janis Joplin, Gordon Lightfoot sense of the surrounding space and times, and two, the shared realm of Ezra Pound (“a witness”), William Carlos Williams, Frank O’Hara, Charles Olson, and on and on—combined with a constant awareness of what has gone before, is still going on, and is about to happen in either world—a world that was, is, “either and both” that way, inseparable: where we live. Ted is an incredibly sensitive and intricate-minded experimenter with and explorer of both language and speech, one who regards the poet’s task as continuous attention to *both* inspiration *and* invention.

Ted Berrigan’s work displays an incomparable eye-ear perspicuity for the ludicrous, be it social, erotic, political. That, coupled with an absolute refusal to construct any Yeatsian/Olsonian “system” (while he was warmly related to those two masters, in his heart’s ear), makes him a powerful and irreplaceable figure among our (his) contemporaries. The man wrote his own program, in each and every poem or poem sequence, and thus the structures created will tantalize, defy, and delight explicators to come, for a long time, if not for ever.

There are, thank ye gods, poets who escape classification in terms of “isms”: Guillaume Apollinaire, Basil Bunting, Mina Loy, Cesar Vallejo spring to mind, and Ted Berrigan is most certainly of their company. They are “mavericks”, working assiduously *alongside* what the prevalent conventions may be, responding to and reflecting them, at times, reacting against and refracting them at others, always pursuing a vision that is their own and is not dependent on group approval, not to be seen or heard through filters of fashion or social charm. The seeming harshness of their works is always redeemed by their honesty, which is what makes them last, in life and death, beyond their “polite” contemporaries—which is not to say that their lives and works did not manifest great manners and true *politesse*: as Ted Berrigan’s certainly did, and do.

Ted Berrigan knew how to ride through the bends without prettifying them, and I suppose that is why the literary establishment has thought to have such difficulty with his work. They’ll come around, as they did in the case of Apollinaire—and still, they’ll go on skulking in the shrubbery, as they are wont to. But cheers to them, too.

hot sunny baltimore day,  
walking through the park,  
holding her hand, touching her waist.  
checking out the zoo,  
in & out the gates.  
sun sets. oh, ted, we miss you,  
whistling in the dark.

—Anselm Hollo, 8 August 1983



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### FOR TED BERRIGAN

After, size of place  
you’d filled  
in suddenly emptied  
world all too apparent

and as if New England  
shrank, grew physically  
smaller like Connecticut,  
Vermont—all the little

things otherwise unattended  
so made real by you,  
things to do today,  
left empty, waiting

sadly for no one  
will come again now.  
It’s all moved inside,  
all that dear world

in mind for forever,  
as long as one walks  
and talks here,  
thinking of you.

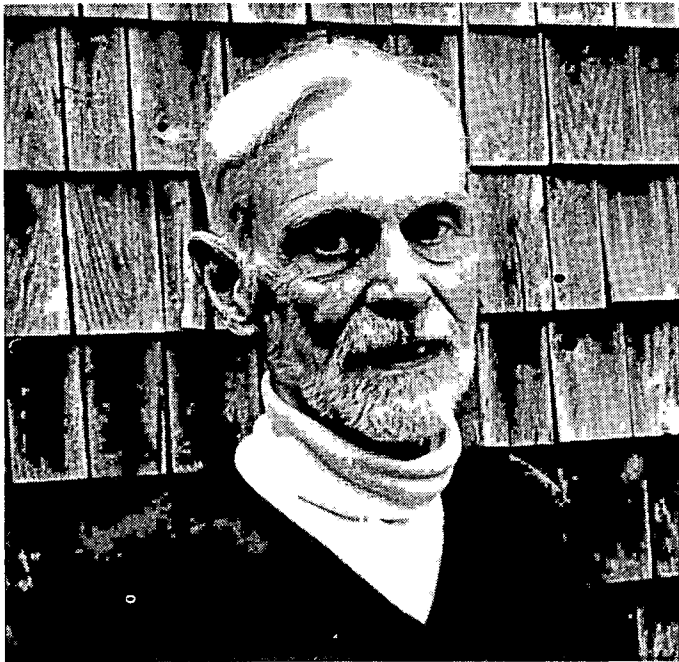
—Robert Creeley

## EDWIN DENBY 1903-1983

Edwin Denby, the poet and foremost dance critic of our time, died this past July 12 in Maine at the age of eighty; he took his own life. In his poetry, his criticism, and his conversation, his genius was clear seeing, a gift he cultivated to an art, and the equally clear articulation of what he had seen to others. A walk with the unharried Edwin was a sublime New York experience; the phenomenal city was brought into sharper focus as he noted its "curious", "bright", or "astonishing" details. A present moment was illuminated in the subjective-filtered blur of passing things and set into context like a jewel by his generous, friendly imagination. "I naturally think in terms of a story when I get excited," he wrote.

Denby was born in China in 1903 and grew up in Munich, Vienna, and Evansville, Indiana. He attended Harvard for one year but left to travel further in Europe and become a writer. As a result of a conversation he had on a train he attended a modern dance school in Vienna, and by the late twenties was dancing professionally in a comedic "grotesktanz" company based in Darmstadt, Germany. With the rise of Hitler such companies were closed down and Denby moved to Paris where, in 1933, he saw Balanchine's *Mozartiana* ("...the most wonderful thing I had seen in my life."), and from there to Switzerland where in Basel in 1934 he needed a passport picture and so was sent by friends to Rudy Burckhardt, the photographer-painter-filmmaker, and the two became best lifelong friends, moving to New York together in 1935. Denby then began writing articles for "Modern Music" and other periodicals and, in 1936, wrote the libretto for Aaron Copeland's opera "The Second Hurricane". During World War II, when their regular dance critic had enlisted, the Herald Tribune hired Denby to replace him on the strength of his articles and a recommendation from Virgil Thomson, then music critic for the paper.

His first book of poems, *In Public, In Private*, was published in 1948. Frank O'Hara said of it: "Since its appearance in 1948, it seems an increasingly important book for



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the risks it takes in successfully establishing a specifically American spoken diction which has a classical firmness and clarity under his hand." In 1956, *Mediterranean Cities*, a sonnet series on places, with photographs by Rudy Burckhardt, was published in New York.

In 1963, Ted Berrigan's "C" Magazine published a special Edwin Denby issue; in 1974, Angel Hair/Adventures in Poetry published *Snoring in New York*, a collection of poems, and in 1975 Full Court Press brought out the *Collected Poems*, still in print and widely available. Also still available from Z Press, Calais, Vermont is a libretto, *Miltie Is A Hackie*, published in 1973. In addition, two collections of Denby's criticism were published: *Looking At The Dance* (1949, 1968), and *Dancers, Buildings and People in the Streets* (1965, 1973).

Denby's acuity was so developed that not merely an isolated image but an entire sequence or ballet would remain with him after the performance and for a long time he would still be looking at it, giving each aspect time to settle if it would. Here is a passage from a review of a performance by the Paris Opera Ballet:

Toumanova was here too, just the opposite of all V's (Vyroubova's) virtues, and wonderful. She was at her worst: careless feet, limp and wormy arms, brutally deformed phrasings; in allegro she was a hoyden, in adagio it was a bore waiting for her to get off that stubby toe; she waddled complacently, she beat time, she put on a tragically wronged stare.... It upset me while I was in the theatre; but the next day it seemed only ridiculous, I'd half forgotten it, and it had no connection with moments I couldn't help remembering the grandeur of: a few incisive strokes that counted phenomenally. At those moments she had so much vitality she made everyone else look as if they merely crept or scuttled about her while she danced. It wasn't ballet she did, it was dancing on some sort of grand scale, it was the real thing in that sense.

In a piece on his friend, the painter Willem de Kooning, Denby wrote: "...he wanted everything in the picture out of equilibrium except spontaneously all of it... That was form the way the standard masterpieces had form—a miraculous force and weight of presence moving from all over the canvas at once." Denby appreciated most perhaps the discipline and detail of classical forms extended to new and unpredictable rhythms by contemporary energies.

One of the last times I saw Edwin I had been butressing his rickety staircase and he invited me up for a lunch of delectable Katie Schneeman leftovers. As always, his conversation was lucid (enlightening) and tuned to immediate (not attitude engendered) thought-perceptions. He was speaking of Balanchine who had recently died and said: "He makes you aware of the dance by the music and aware of the music by the dance and aware of different aspects of each by means of the other. Each move comes with a thrust from the move before. So that the moves don't stick, they don't have the same weight." Then, because Rudy Burckhardt had been reading John Ashbery's *Three Poems* to him (one of the great pleasures of his last months— his eyes were healing from two recent cataract operations), his thought moved to examine this same subtle relation in poetry: "Nobody understands the double value of writing, the rhythm of the phrases and sentences and the weight of each word within them. What does a word rhythm do to a movement rhythm? It's something I want poets to think about." He added: "It should all be like a game that you have to pay attention to and do something with

yourself. It's a question of keeping your imagination on its toes, at the rare moments when something comes up." His legacy is this practice in writing. From *Mediterranean Cities*:

#### NAPLES

I feel of night streets as of a reef, squamous  
Grotto-wash; entombed, claws loose, Siren lies  
Who bleeds, the phosphor-drift leaps in these Naples  
Eyes, thousands of eyes, thousand and one night eyes;  
By day, a crater; the oldest the island  
Ischia, a solitary shire in an  
Illuminated sky; stinking springs, birds silent  
Oblique speech where is sand or a hoed vineyard;  
For between volcanoes Naples tattered shelves  
Loud dense mother sudden in adoration  
Among children who hop among her themselves  
Deck her screaming in variegation  
Each a spell or a carnation  
Pensive, when she calls like the moaning in a lie  
Parthenope's lascivious guttural cry

—Reed Bye

*Mag City 14* is a special Edwin Denby issue, including an unpublished opera libretto, a short story, an interview by Mark Hillringhouse, and photographs by Rudy Burckhardt. Available from Mag City, 437 E. 12 St. #26, NYC, NY 10009, \$4 plus 50 cents postage, checks payable to Greg Masters.

#### **MINE: The One That Enters the Stories** by Clark Coolidge (The Figures, 1982)

What's the risk in writing of everything? *Mine's* a kind of novel or musings on one. Though the words were written and printed, *Mine* is a set of meditations that hovers about an unwritten book: "The plot would be prehensile barbells. Or the man who attached his fingers to his wife's nipple for the rest of their days. For belief is useless at the razor, the hailing quotation of mind's lining." (p.34) Should the book being thought about be written, it would be by the readers of *Mine*, a little joke about work perpetrated by (the) *Mine* author whose words collect and fly over the unwritten texts of the others with a didactic message about language and the human brain, or, layers of the earth's surfaces, whatever is between thought and fiction, art and science, the hovering kinds of flying and outright outer space and the caves and mineral centers below. The analogy too is to the stance of the upright human body or to a house or home like the heads of the miners in the cover photo, the bodies of their confreres above them, their implacably unmoving hands which will work and soon be moving as expression but not now, a reflection of the problem of meaning as language stands in a stanza or room or paragraph or moment.

Not everyone underestimates the bravery it takes to write real writing midst the vacuumous American 80's in a world where not only are poets and writers expected to think about having something to sell (a thought we can discount), but hardly anybody, or not many, yet seem to comprehend the changes in American letters that have taken place through the work of Jack Kerouac, John Cage and Gertrude Stein to name some,

so that poetry, fiction, dreams, method, and prose can now all be together if you let them as one expression of the complexity, simultaneous nature & noise of modern and ancient human thought. And few sweep the real writing rapidly up into books as The Figures did with this one or read it with the hunger and unsatisfied fascination for what is new from the need to learn everything about how to be and in the world we live in.

Every great book is a little bit like Dante's *Vita Nuova* which begins: "Here begins the new life." *Mine* opens: "The world looks like it's upside down today. I mean, by that, there's nothing to repeat, at last. But that's, no doubt, not entirely true. The trees are all still standing there, no wind, and they're not at all like people as I saw somewhere the other day. Lots of what you read seems to go to make up one big anonymous voice, it's not really that you just can't remember exactly who said anything. Something in writing makes me want to get up, avoid, and walk around to no purpose. Perhaps this will be a big book of very little definition." (p.1)

A long-time master of the jazzy long work, Clark Coolidge has this time turned the long poem in prose into a non-fiction novel or tomb full of buried things taken with you of the new existence of old logic and present looking, all sung by a free man working alone and trapped as one is in cave with finite supply of oxygen, food, breath & luck. Written by the not-me, same author as of *Own Face*, the face of another always, this *Mine*, belonging to someone, is a large excavation or hole made in the word (or earth) from which (metallic ores, coal, precious stones, salt or) certain (other) things are extracted.

"When I can not think of the words, the words do not avail themselves of me. I look out of the window and see a windward tree. I sometimes think the words are beings who absent themselves, as why should they not have puzzles of their own to trace. Then am I locked in a mine and the words are leagues beyond that wall-face, or banister, Roger Bannister tiny in the distance and running away. Do you ever think anything of Freud's methods?"

"I take down a sandwich and read it but do not eat it in the morning." (p.102)

To enter the earth's stories, chasms with doorways, to be the train speeding over the track of particulars, one the words or world, the other desire not hell but an end in speaking and writing, it's you, consult Hegel and the philosophers. The pleasure of comprehending existence in whatever world (can this be said?), longing for endings or none and the completion of the sentence in structured layers reflective of other stuff, the rigid limits of the particular self, of knowledge, relativity and of death.

Who owns this mine? A being human? The book is like a drag race, or to read it is to play "chicken", desire's inherent dare:

"I want to tell the story that holds in wait. I am held by the hand that in never quite touching the handle reminds us of how many times that door has been opened, so many times we have forgotten what lies within, so fixed are we by that opening and shutting the contents of our very memories have become a mystery." (p.76)

"The words that have been damaged in the nooks and crannies of this filing country, America." (p.104)

"To write a novel I would have to forget my own history." (p.96)

"I will take a walk and speak of wondrous things and never leave my house." (p.96)

In chapter XXI, all is rapidly destroyed and remade in a combination of theory of relativity, radical politics & l'amour fou: "The wicker of the chairs unknotted and laid out in parallel strands on the floor. Everything of glass smashed....All clothing sliced into swatches in the same pattern each time. The cutlery beaten into twisted balls of silver....He began to reorganize the city....The ship will approach my retreat." This being, powerful in love as a baby weaving in a cave is now strumming & singing & galloping away, eventually giving thanks in these hymns to consciousness, these meditations being a study of the philosophy of ephemerality and boundary. My meaning, buried alone with humor and these humours in order to be, even in Joseph's coat of many colors or like Snow White, is as evanescent now as any thing or one ever was.

Under over or on the ground, meditating on a million thoughts or none, stories begin, funny dirty stories full of puns, the desire to tell them (to someone), and to stare and think at this world is to want to do something like incessantly write as if one were seeing everything as a new creature, which, put together in a structure as a book is no commodity but a gift to everyone. The stance of the poet, the stance of desire, the stance of life speaking to the versions of death, with a timely set of stories that reflect the generations in their "descent" from head to heart to the underground parts. Coolidge's obsessions with geology and spelology not only enlarge our vocabulary but, without irony, make the language fly about these layers & in and about & throughout the cracks and transitions of thought and memory. In a world where people are perforce cut off from the mystical cosmic and sublime aesthetic everythings, the works of Clark Coolidge (of which a concordance would be fascinating) provide for us the beauty of some of the interstitial stuff that might weave a perception to change the world back together.

I've heard it mentioned this is Coolidge's most accessible work; it is no more accessible than some rock cliff, easy enough to reach, climbable by all, and on which can be discovered on what you stand, what you can see out to, what's below and around for some distance depending on the weather, everything made known letter by letter and word by word in a structure like a book, tunneled and formed dangerously at some risk on the earth, fifth largest planet of this solar system and third in distance from the sun, also described as this world, as distinguished from heaven and hell, or the land, as distinguished from sea and sky.

—Bernadette Mayer

**Corpse and Mirror** by John Yau (Holt, Rinehart Winston, New York, 1983, \$7.95)

*Corpse and Mirror* is a selection of John Yau's poems and prose, some previously published in chapbooks and small press books, some unpublished. *Corpse and Mirror* contains some of Yau's best poems, but in a book that will in-

roduce his work to a larger audience, why aren't the terrific short fictions of *The Sleepless Nights of Eugene Delacroix*, and more poems from *Sometimes* (Sheep Meadow Press, 1979) included. Poems such as "Parallel Lives" and "Corpse and Mirror" that were selected for this book showcase the more self-consciously elaborated aspects of his work. *Corpse and Mirror* serves as a retrospective though, in which recurring features of his work come to light. By looking closely at "Corpse and Mirror" some of these features may be seen in the present evolution of his work.

My first response to "Corpse and Mirror" was disappointment. Yau takes on the tone of a village elder describing the rituals of his tribe. By using language and a pace that is slow, grave and intoning, he invokes the relationship of tale-bearer to listener that is intrinsic to legends and myths. Yet this idiosyncratic myth does not proceed from our shared experience with corpses, mirrors, and chariots, headless bodies and bodiless heads, but proceeds from the assumption that by the sheer power of Yau's capacities as a storyteller we will come to know this mythology, and take wisdom from it. "Corpse and Mirror" is fascinating because of his engagement with mirrors, the icons eyes, horses, hands, and underground halls and telepathic understanding. These things compel me also, and I find that I know they do because I return to this work despite the insulated rebuff of its polished surface.

"Corpse and Mirror" is a series of six related pieces. The first three pieces are divided into two sections, one whose subject is the corpse, the second whose subject is the mirror. "Variations on Corpse and Mirror" and "Second Variation" are two single pieces, and "Third Variation on Corpse and Mirror" is a short poem. Formally and structurally Yau has organized the entire series so that one half of each poem mirrors the other. What is the relation between the corpse and the mirror? The one, the corpse, seems to bring the other, the mirror, into being. But is the corpse brought into being by the mirror? Like the slippery surface of a mirror, the coherence of this poem is elusive. In part one of "Corpse and Mirror (III)" he states: "I have never been able to remember the plot of the movie, only the colors it traced against the arch of the bridge connecting the room's two halves together. On one side shines the movie and on the other sits the corpse. Passing back and forth between them is a conversation made of human hair." Here the corpse is connected to the "movie" but in part two: "When the movie ends, the lights come on. The audience is puzzled by the sight of a large oval mirror leaning awkwardly against a column..." Then "A reflection pierces the mirror, though the stage is empty. The men see a woman brushing her hair, while the women see a man trimming his beard." Further on he writes, "All that remains is the ache of trying to recall a moment, whose slanting roof of sunlight has long since fallen in."

The union of the corpse and its reflection in the mirror is the moment that really concerns Yau. All of the past is embodied in the figure of the corpse, and its reflection is the future, the knife "poised along the moment's/ throat, ready to divide/ its destination into two further choices." Yau's persistent concern with moments of choice, of hesitation and of fixation, is expressed throughout "Corpse and Mirror"; "...both the deceased and its discoverer are doomed to remember a moment, its sunlit basket of fruit, as if each drop of significance will forever elude them.", and in "Aztec Love Song", "...as I turn, remembering how an earlier moment/

moment of parts, part of a moment — dwindles/ into a face whose contours are almost apparent.”

Joining the past to the present, perception of the moment's choice and its consequence, bringing together separated parts, are the concerns that Yau is working out in *Corpse and Mirror*. Memories of incident and feeling find refraction in a pictorial world of synchronistic events. In an earlier, autobiographical story, “Electric Drills” (*The Sleepless Nights of Eugene Delacroix*, Release Press, 1977), he recounts a near fatal car accident that hospitalized him and required that he nearly relearn to walk. I believe this event is the source of his amputated reality, the images of separated heads and limbs that give his work its cruel edge. In “Second Variations on Corpse and Mirror” he writes: “When you learn to walk you will have to/ start at the beginning. Memory going one/ way, the body another. Something wedged/ in between.”

That something wedged between is the mirror that causes an image, memory to outlast even death. This interpretation of “Corpse and Mirror” I make also from Jasper Johns' painting, “Corpse and Mirror” which is reproduced on the cover of the book. Clumps of short sketchlike lines fill the canvas which is divided by a vertical line which sections the painting so that the two halves, and sections within each half, mirror each other. Of course, the idea that the painting is of mirrors is in the viewer's mind. Because the painting is abstract, all responsibility for the risk of interpreting its frenzied lines is placed on the viewer. But the painter must know what he suggests, that even abstraction can by a simple geometric trick reflect itself, and that to perceive the mirror is to strain to perceive the substance mirrored.

—Kimberly Lyons

**Methods of Birth Control** by Lewis Warsh (Sun & Moon Press, Washington D.C. & Philadelphia, 1983, \$5.95)

When I was eight years old I discovered an old hardback book with marbled endpapers in my parent's bookshelves. It was called *The Golden Book of Knowledge*. My favorite pastime was reading in that book about animals, plants, the sun, the moon, the planets and what other children around the world were thinking about and doing. As far as I was concerned the *Golden Book* told me all I needed to know. As I grew up I had a brief romance with the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. This romance dulled with each succeeding year, since my school teachers told me that there was so much knowledge to be known that neither I nor any of my classmates would ever know it all. The purpose of education was to get enough of the right kind of information from every possible angle about everything I was interested in so that I might at least know what the prevailing opinions were. I hoped that one day I would know enough to form a synthesis (however contradictory) of opinions that I could call knowledge.

*Methods of Birth Control* picks up where *The Golden Book of Knowledge* left off. After researching four subjects, optometry, genetics, electronic sound reproduction, and

birth control, Lewis Warsh gathered his notes and used them in the composition of four long poems. The poems are broken into numbered sections, the longest being the first one, “Eye Opener”, with 85 sections. Each section consists of one quote or paraphrase from one source or another. I think Warsh presents a less coherent, and therefore more truthful picture than *The Golden Book* did. Unlike *The Golden Book*, *Methods* makes no attempt to synthesize data. No one statement is given more credence than any other statement. The language is not discursive, but flat, rendering all statements about all four subjects equivalent to each other.

Most of the sections are written in technical lingo; “Xeroderma pigmentosum/ is caused by a genetic defect/ in a DNA repairing system.” The kind of language used causes a leakage of content from one subject to another. For example, the sexual overtones of the title poem appear in “High Fidelity”, which I take as a pun on and around the title poem. Compare “How rapidly the resonant/ frequency drops depends/ on the size of the baffle” to “There may be enough sperm/ in the pre-ejaculatory fluids/ to result in pregnancy.” Or from “High Fidelity”: “One cone for the woofer/ one diaphragm for the tweeter.” These texts display an odd sense of humor. Lines vary from the observation that “Farmers leave lights on/ in chicken coops at night”, to ideas like “Nearsighted people do not know what/ they do not see”, or funny vignettes, “Her vision was so improved that/ she immediately picked up the telephone/ book and read it.”

The overall structure of the book is such that one might read each poem from the middle out, or backwards. These poems are not linear, with the exception of the title poem, but spiral, as Fanny Howe points out. My favorite reading of the book is random. I pull the book out, open it to any page and read a section or two. I might find a section as true as “An eye may turn in/ roll up or down/ or swing out”, or as false as “There must be two acts of sexual/ intercourse to produce twins,/ three for triplets.”

The title poem traces the history of contraception from ancient times to the present, starting with herbal teas, sneezing, vinegar, vaginal pessaries made with crocodile dung and the rhythm method, and ending with sponges, diaphragms, condoms and pills. Along the way there are various moral dictums ranging from Puritan-ignorance to Freudian-ignorance, with a little *Cosmopolitan* on the side. Some genetic data pops up, drawing a link with the earlier “Genetic Ode”. The technical style connects the instructive sentences from one poem to those of the others. In the final section of the title poem, early ejaculators are advised to “press your finger on the forepart/ of the testicle, turn your mind to/ other things, and hold your breath”, in the same way record-listeners are advised to “Fade in the music, bring/ it down, fade in the voice.”

While *Methods of Birth Control* is in the tradition of Diderot's *Encyclopedia*, and *The Golden Book of Knowledge*, it is also a demonstration of Tzara's “Manifesto On Feeble and Bitter Love”, that is, Lewis does “copy conscientiously” from within the language where the poems are constructed. The technical jargon dictates a form to which the poems adhere faithfully. It is in this sense that the book succeeds. Here is a lesson in language that manages to supersede the old adage of “form is an extension of content” by proving it to be true.

—Mitch Highfill

**Monday Reading & Performance Series** at 8 PM, hosted by Chris Kraus & Marc Nasdor, suggested contribution \$1:

**October 10 - Open Reading**

**October 17 - Charles Bernstein & Marsha Blank**

Charles Bernstein's latest book is *Islets/Irritations*, published by Jordan & Davies. He is co-editor, with Bruce Andrews, of *The L-A-N-G-U-A-G-E Book*, which will be published this winter by the Southern Illinois University Press.

*Groan*, a new work by dancer/choreographer Marsha Blank, is about the sacrificial phenomenon known as martyrdom, specifically as it relates to women. Text by Lenny Goldstein. Music by Michael Montanaro.

**October 24 - Alan Brunton & Barbara Hiesiger**

Founder of the magazines *The World is Freed* and *Spleen* in his native New Zealand, Alan Brunton has been operating for the last two years in Loisada with Red Mole Theatre.

*Apochrapha of the Lilies*, a new work by writer/performer Barbara Hiesiger, tells the personal history of Dora, the author's mother, who lived through WWII, a stateless Jew with forged papers.

**October 31 - from California: Bob Flanagan, Amy Gerstler & Ed Smith**

Bob Flanagan is a poet and performance artist. His books are *The Kid is the Man* and *The Wedding of Everything*. He is a past director of Beyond Baroque's Friday Night Reading Series and is presently LA coordinator for California Poets in the Schools.

Amy Gerstler is a poet whose books are *Yonder* (Little Caesar) and *Christy's Alpine Inn* (Sherwood Press). She co-edits the magazine *Snap* and is co-director of Beyond Baroque's Friday Night Series.

Ed Smith's first book of poems is *Fantasyworld*. He lives in Venice, Ca.

**Wednesday Night Reading Series** at 8 PM, hosted by Bernadette Mayer & Bob Holman, suggested contribution \$3:

**October 12 - Anselm Hollo & Maureen Owen**

Anselm Hollo's most recent book of poetry is *No Complaints* (Toothpaste Press). A multi-lingual translator, and teacher, he is now living in Baltimore.

Maureen Owen's latest book is *Hearts in Space* (Kulchur). She is editor of *Telephone* magazine and books.

**October 19 - Susan Noel & Paul Auster**

Susan Noel is from Kentucky. Her first book, *Bronze Age*, was published in 1982. She studied with Guy Davenport and Wendell Berry and at the Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics.

Paul Auster's most recent books are *The Invention of Solitude*, an autobiographical work, and *The Art of Hunger*, a collection of essays. He edited the recently published *Random House Anthology of 20th Century French Poetry*.

**October 26 - Lee Harwood & Bobbie Louise Hawkins**

Lee Harwood was born in Chertsey, Surrey, and is the author of 14 books of poetry, most recently *Faded Ribbons*... He has translated the works of Tristan Tzara and has edited and published numerous little magazines including *Soho*, *Tzarad*, *Horde*, and *The Boston Eagle*. He lives in Bolinas, California.

Bobbie Louise Hawkins was raised in west Texas. Her most recent books are *Almost Everything*, and *Trammel: Thought, Question, Treasure*. During the last three years she has toured in the company of Rosalie Sorrels and Terry Garthwaite.

**November 2 - An Evening for Edwin Denby**

**A Translation Workshop**, six 6-week sections led by a different poet/translator, will take place on Tuesday nights. Each section will concentrate on a different language, to give a feel for that language, its poets, poems, and poetics, and to delve into the specific translating difficulties. Participants may take one or all sections; a knowledge of the language is not a prerequisite. **Ron Padgett** will lead the first section, French, beginning Tuesday, October 11, at 7:30. The following languages will be Chinese, Ancient Greek, Spanish, Tagalog, and German. Many thanks to the Witter-Bynner Foundation for funding this workshop.

**Friday Evening Writing Workshop** will continue to be led by **Jack Collom**. The basic system will be: poems handed in, some of them reproduced, distributed, read and talked about. Plus as much variation on this as we can think of — study of great works old and new, in class writing, and spontaneous topics. This workshop will begin at 7:30 starting October 14.

Paintings and Photos by Rudy Burckhardt can be seen at the Blue Mountain Gallery, 121 Wooster Street, NYC, Sept. 30 - Oct. 19.

*The World 39*, edited by Susie Timmons, is available at The Poetry Project.

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#### THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER

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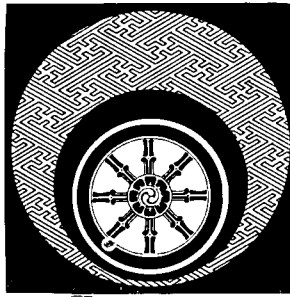
Special thanks to Greg Masters for typesetting instruction, and to Susan Brooker for design & paste-up.

## MAGAZINES RECEIVED

Washington Review, Washington, D.C.  
Straits, Newsletter of the Detroit River Press  
Scree, 22 & 23  
Oboe, #6, Night Horn Books, SF, CA, \$6.00  
Teachers and Writers, vol. 4, #5, NYC, NY  
Flue, Franklin Furnace, NYC, NY  
Gargoyle, the Lunchroom Press, Grosse Point Farms, MI,  
Chicago Poetry Newsletter, Chicago, IL  
Adrift, Spring 83, NYC, NY, \$5.00  
Inkblot, Oakland CA  
The Vancouver Literary News, Vancouver, B.C.  
Hanging Loose, #43, Brooklyn, NY  
Tarasque, Albuquerque, NM  
Magazine, Summer vol 13 #3, Beyond Baroque, Venice, CA  
British Columbia Monthly, Vancouver, Canada  
Life Of Crime, Monte Rio, CA  
Exquisite Corpse, Baltimore, MD

## BOOKS RECEIVED

The Bijak of Kabir, trans. Linda Hess & Shukdev Singh, North Point Press, \$12.50  
Strategies, Kimberly Lyons, Prospect Press, NY, \$3.00  
From New Directions: **Fragments of Perseus**, Michael McClure, \$6.25; **Thank a Bored Angel**, Samuel Hazo, \$6.25; **Poems 1960-1967**, Denise Levertov, hc \$14.50; **Clothes for a Summer Hotel, A Ghost Play**, Tennessee Williams, \$14.75; **New Directions 46. The Dada Strain**, Jerome Rothenberg, \$7.25  
From Black Sparrow: **Self Condemned** (Novel) Wyndham Lewis, \$12.50/\$20.00; **This Will Kill That**, Gerard Malanga, \$8.50; **Bring Me Your Love**, (story) Charles Bukowski, illustrated by R. Crumb, \$4.00/\$10.00; **Imagoes**, Wanda Coleman, \$7.50/\$14.00  
From Tombouctou, Bolinas, CA: **Neighbors**, (stories) Stephen Emerson, \$6.00; **Sunday**, Phobe MacAdams, \$6.00  
From Toothpaste Press, West Branch Iowa: **Rite for the Beautification of All Beings**, John Brandi; **No Complaints**, Anselm Hollo; **Take Over**, Jeff Wright  
**The Cowboy from Phantom Banks**, (stories) John Brandi, Floating Island Publications, Point Reyes Station, CA, \$6.95  
**Ship Desert Boat Cargo**, John Robinson, The Printing Press, SF, CA, \$4.00  
**Crisis Intervention**, Peter Seaton, Tuumba Press, Berkeley, CA, \$3  
**Three Clicks Left**, Katerina Gogou, trans. Jack Hirschman, Night Horn Books, SF, CA, \$4.50  
**A Wake Of**, John Perlman, Tamerisk, Phil., PA, \$3.50  
**The Penguin Book Of Homosexual Verse**, ed. Stephen Coote, Penguin Books, NY, \$6.95  
**Poetry**, Duncan Smith, 144 Greene St, NY 10012  
**To An Idea**, David Shapiro, The Overlook Press, NY, \$11.95  
**The Last Lunar Baedeker**, Mina Loy, Jargon Society, E Haven, CT, \$26.00  
**Still Life**, Peter Nadin, Tinam Press, NY, \$5.95  
**High Desire**, Leslie Simon, Wingbow Press, Berkeley, CA  
**Selected Poems**, Andrei Codrescu, Sun Press, NY, \$7.00  
**Methods of Birth Control**, Lewis Warsh, Sun and Moon Press, College Point, Maryland, \$5.95  
**Limousine Kids on the Ground**, Elizabeth Fox, Rocky Ledge, NY, \$2.00  
**First Baby Poems**, (expanded edition), Anne Waldman, Hyacinth Girls, NY, \$6.00



# NAROPA EAST

## COURSES AND WORKSHOPS FALL 1983

**Anne Waldman** — Surprise & Delight: Reading & Writing Poetry

**Michael Brownstein** — Descriptions & Accounts: Manhattan

**Reed Bye** — Poems of William Carlos Williams

Theater courses with **Pablo Vela**, **Jean-Claude Van Itallie**, **Lanny Harrison**

Storytelling Theater with **Laura Simms**

Theater workshops with **Margo Lee Sherman**, **Steve Clorfeine**

Dance & Movement workshops with **Barbara Dilley**, **Arawana Hayashi**, **Simone Forti**, **Nancy Stark Smith**

Music workshops with **Colin Walcott**, **Steven Gorn**

Calligraphy & painting with **Ed Young**

Registration through October 14.

For information call (212) 982-1688, or visit 49 E. 21st St, 12th Floor. Office hours: 2-6 PM, Mon.-Fri.

Address mail inquiries to: Naropa East, Box 232, 70 Greenwich Ave, NYC, NY 10011

## OINK! 16

An essay by Ron Padgett on translation, a radio play by Robert Coover, an Andrei Codrescu short story, drawings by Ken Tisa with captions by Kenward Elmslie, poems by Charles Simic, Charles Bernstein, Clayton Eshleman, Paul Carroll, Elaine Equi and others.

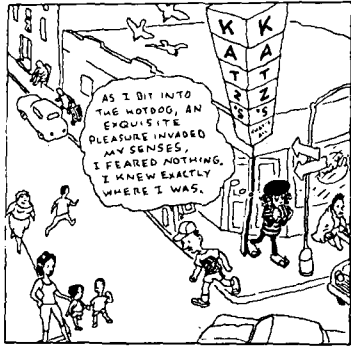
"A cri de coeur against provincialism"  
—Exquisite Corpse

### Forthcoming in #17

James Laughlin, Clark Coolidge, Russell Edson and others.



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Chicago, Illinois, 60626. \$4/copy.



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