
THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER

No. 29

1 Oct. 1975

Ted Greenwald, editor
St. Mark's Church, 2nd Avenue
& Tenth St., New York 10003.

1975-76 is The Poetry Project's tenth year. All programs, old and new, start in October. The Wednesday night 8:30 pm readings, hosted by Maureen Owen, are as follows: Oct 1 Christopher Knowles & Cindy Lubar, Oct 8 Armand Schwerner & Janine Vega, Oct 15 David Antin & Rochelle Owens, Oct 22 Robert Creeley & Ed Sanders, Oct 29 BENEFIT FOR HIS HOLINESS DUDJOM RINPOCHE: Michael Brownstein, William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, John Giorno, Philip Glass, Les Levine, Charlemagne Palestine, Anne Waldman, Robert Wilson. Monday 8:15 pm programs run by Ed Friedman are: Oct 6 OPEN READING, Oct 13 Yuki Hartman & Mike Slater, Oct 20 Richard Vetere & Elsa Colligan, Oct 27 Warren Sonbert's film "Carriage Trade". The three writing workshops (free) all scheduled for 7:30 pm are Paul Violi (Tues), Bill Zavatsky (Thurs), and Ted Greenwald (Fri).

The first steps in the refurbishing of St. Mark's Church were taken this summer. When attending any of the Project's programs take a look at the chipped scraped and painted front fence and the front doors. Just the beginning.

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READINGS: The usual plus . . . (see The Voice, Soho Weekly News, and Rochelle Ratner's column, Poetry Column, in SWN for who and time) . . . BARNARD HALL, 117th St. & Broadway, Thurs/7:30 pm: Oct 9 Jackson Mac Low, Oct 16 David Shapiro & (tentatively) Peter Schjeldahl, Oct 23 Michael Brownstein & Janine Pommy Vega, Oct 30 Adrienne Rich. . . . CHUMLEY'S, 86 Bedford St., Sat./2 pm: Oct 4 Nathaniel Tarn, Oct 11 George Schricker & Geoffrey Bartholomew, Oct 18 Paul Violi & Michael Lally, Oct 25 Sara Stringfellow & Willa Schmeeborg . . . CBGB, Bowery & Bleecker St., Tues./8:30 pm: Oct 7 Richard Kostelanetz, Oct 14 William Packard, Oct 21 Ray DiPalma, Phil Demise & Dick Higgins, Oct 28 Open Reading (CBGB also puts out a newsletter called Poetry Showcase, 315 Bowery, NYC 10003) . . . THE TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery (corner of E. 2nd St. & Bowery), Sat./3-6 pm: Oct 4 C.W. Truesdale presents Four Poets and a Mime, Oct 11 Jazz and Poetry -- Harry Lewis, Tom Bruno, Bill Zavatsky, Bryan Breger, Oct 18 Jazz and Poetry -- Randy Kay, Lisa Gault, Frank Murphy, Paul Pines & Greg Weatherby, Oct 25 John Love presents poetry readings. . . WBAI, 99.5 on your FM dial, Tues./8:45 pm: Oct 7 Carter Ratcliff, Oct 21 Mary Ferrari (programs repeated on Sat. nites usually see paper for listing). . . . Don't forget Dr. Generosity's, The West-End Bar, & The Fugue for more readings.

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The World is planning another review-interview-criticism-miscellany issue. The deadline is Nov. 15. Send to The World, St. Mark's Church, 2nd Ave. & Tenth St., NYC 10003.

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Speaking of deadlines, the absolute deadline for all NEWSLETTER material is the 15th of the month for the issue of the following month. Looking for out-of-town material, info and gossip.

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ALL OVER: Weekly poetry readings continue for a third year at the Cambridge (Mass.) Center for Adult Education, Mon nites at 8 pm in the Blacksmith House coffee shop on Brattle St., in Harvard Square, Oct 6 Rosellen Brown, Oct 20 Linda Pastan. . . . The Poetry Center, San Francisco State, Oct 2 Gary Snyder, Oct 8 Michael Brownstein & Jessica Hagedorn, Oct 15 Carolee Sanchez & Lawson Inada, Oct 22 Fielding Dawson & John Thorpe, Oct 29 William Talen, Otis Brown & Marty Watt. . . . Intersection Series continues in Bolinas. . . St. Aidans Poetry Readings (downtown Bolinas) Oct 2 John Thorpe, Oct 21 Michael Wolfe. . . Macomb County (Detroit) Community College, Ann Arbor's Street Fiction Press and Ken Mikolowski (no dates given for readings). . . WDET-FM (Detroit) has a poetry program called "Dimension" on Tues. nites from 10:30 to 11:30 pm (many good programs coming up). . . Very little info from Chicago. New editor of Out There is Rose Lesniak, 6944 W. George, Chicago, Ill. . . . A new reggae magazine called PRESSURE DROP is available from Compendium Books, 240 Camden High Street, London, NW 1, England (By the way, Toots and the Maytals Funky Kingston is being rereleased in USA, pick up quick). Also from Compendium Allen Fisher's Long Shout to Kernewek, \$1.50, and Kenneth White's The Tribal Dharma (with 50 pp essay on Gary Snyder), \$2.00 (Send dollar bills or internat'l money orders, no \$ cheques). . . . There is going to be some sort of Conference at the Polytechnic of Central London in Oct, themes along the lines of Native Poetries of the Americas, Michael McClure and Jerome Rothenberg participating. . . . Opening Oct 4 8 pm at the Connie Vick Gallery, 314 S. 16th St., Philadelphia, will be an exhibit of posters executed specifically for the Paris Review. (Exhibit lasts about a month.)

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The National Endowment for the Arts will receive applications for grants to aid projects supporting publications and distribution of chapbooks by small presses. Applications due no later than Nov. 1, 1975. Grants Office, National Endowment for the Arts, Washington, D.C. 20506.

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BOOKS AND MAGAZINES: Big Sky #9, Box 389, Bolinas, CA 94924 (BLOCKBUSTER!). . . The Collected Books of Jack Spicer, Edited and with a Commentary by Robin Blaser, Black Sparrow Press, Los Angeles, CA (finally!) . . . Ray DiPalma, Accidental Interludes, Turkey Press, 34 Fort Ave., Cranston, R.I. . . . Tom Raworth, Cloister (Blue Pig #23), Sand Project Press, 108 South St./A-10, Northampton, Mass. 01060. . . Parenthèse, Summer 1975, 59 E. 78th St., NYC 10021, \$1.50 (particularly for "June 30th, 1974" by James Schuyler) . . . Sun, Vol. IV, No. 2, Spring 1975, 456 Riverside Drive, NYC 10027, \$2.50 (Another BLOCKBUSTER!) . . . Sun has also started a new press (same address as the magazine). The first titles available are Lauds: Poems by Harvey Shapiro, \$1.95; How I Wrote Certain of My Books by Raymond Roussel, Translated from the French, with notes, by Trevor Winkfield, \$1.50; Love Wounds & Multiple Fractures by Carolanne Ely, \$1.50; Theories of Rain and Other Poems by Bill Zavatsky, \$1.95 . . . Beyond Baroque/newforms and NeWLetterS, 1639 W. Washington Blvd., Venice, CA 90291, (213) 396-6551 (pulp format with poems, lots of useful information on grants, national poetry scene etc listings for Calif. and LA poetry doings), only available through mailing list . . . Good Morning, Darrell Gray & Allan Kornblum, J stone press weekly nos. 48-54, 81 Bermuda Triangle Spaceport, Planet Zuban . . . James Koller, Shannon Who Was Lost Before, Grosseteste/The Ear In A Wheatfield, 4 Gledhow Wood Close, Leeds LS8 1PN, Yorkshire, England. . . Poetry Pilot (Newsletter), The Academy of American Poets, 1078 Madison Ave., NYC 10028. . . . The Fall/Winter list from Black Sparrow Press, PO Box 25603, Los Angeles, CA 90025 is Fielding Dawson, The Man Who Changed Overnight, \$4.00; Charles Bukowski, Factotum, \$4.00; Charles Reznikoff, Poems 1918-1936, \$4.00; Jane Bowles, Feminine Wiles, Foreword by Tennessee Williams, \$3.50. . . . Michael Lally, My Life, \$1.50 and Alta, Pauline and The Mysterious Pervert, \$2.50, both from Wyrd Press, c/o GBM, 41 W. 47 St., NYC 10036. . . . James Camp, X.J. Kennedy & Keith Waldrop, Three Tenors, One Vehicle, Open Places Poets Series, Box 2085, Stephens College,

Columbia, Missouri 65201, \$2.50 . . . Gallimaufry #5, Fall 1975, 359 Frederick, San Francisco, CA 94117, 75¢ . . . Cosmep Newsletter, Cosmep Inc., PO Box 703, San Francisco, CA 94101 (Extensive listing of new and continuing periodicals) . . . Avron Hoffman & Richard Snyder, Kitsilano You: longest institution of higher learning and its tributaries, Press Porcepic, 70 Main St., Erin, Ontario, Canada NOB 1T0, \$2.95 . . . Tractor #6, 1900 Eddy no. 18, San Francisco, CA 94115 . . . The Coldspring Journal #8, Cherry Valley Editions, Box 303, Cherry Valley, NY 12230 . . . Telephone #10, Box 672 Old Chelsea Sta., NYC 10011, \$1.00 . . . David Rosenberg, A Poet's Job, Eighteen stanzas from a new trans of The Book of Job, 29 St. Marks Pl., NYC 10003 . . . Philip Lopate, Being With Children, Doubleday, \$7.95 . . . Fire Exit, William Corbett, 9 Columbus Sq., Boston, Mass. 02116, 50¢ . . . Ted Berrigan's A Feeling for Leaving and Rochelle Kraut's Circus Babys, Frontward Books, 437 E. 12 St. #17, NYC 10009, \$1.50.

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Michael Brownstein has won the first \$1,000 Green Mountain Eternal Genius Award, for his collection of poems, STRANGE DAYS AHEAD, all ninety-odd pages of which will be published in mid-December by Z Press, Calais, Vermont 05648, price \$3.50

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Washington's simple mindedness has and is taking a dangerous turn. The Congress is considering Senate Bill #1 and its counterpart in the House, HR3907. Both bills were drafted under Attorneys General Mitchell and Kleindienst when Mr. Nixon was President. Both bills represent an unparalleled assault on the Bill of Rights and which, if passed in their present form (in any form for that matter), would have a chilling effect on civil rights. More on this in November Newsletter.

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The Poetry of Surrealism: An Anthology, with Introduction, Critical Notes and New Translations by Michael Benedikt (Little, Brown and Company). Hardcover: \$12.95; paperback: \$5.95.

This anthology, the only in-print collection of French Surrealist poetry in translation, on which Michael Benedikt has labored for so long and the appearance of which so many poets have awaited, makes me want to slap myself in the face with one hand in a simulation of applause, while with the other I tear my hair out. Last October the Surrealist movement celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its Declaration of Independence, the publication of André Breton's First Manifesto. Today, when even the flattest of American poets can hustle up exhibits of his or her own "Surrealist images", we need more than ever to find out what the Big Boys were up to back in the 20's and 30's. To this end, The Poetry of Surrealism is an essential bad book. Confronting it I feel like the shipwrecked sailor who crawls ashore only to face a welcoming party composed of headhunters: this is what I wanted, but do I really want it?

In trying to deliver the goods into the American language, Mr. Benedikt has constructed an awesome cross for himself. Believe it or not, Benedikt has himself translated (with a few helpers) nearly 200 of the poems in this anthology, leaving a couple of dozen to other writers (and sensibly preserving David Antin's excellent renderings of Breton and John Ashbery's incomparable Reverdy). What this amounts to, and in my opinion makes for one of the book's major flaws, is Surréalisme à la Benedikt. Impossible that one poet could pass unscathed through the hands of Apollinaire, Reverdy, Tzara, Soupault, Breton, Aragon, Eluard, Arp, Péret, Desnos, Artaud, Daumal, Prévert, and Césaire! This sausage-machine approach can only boomerang, and whatever megalomaniacal urge convinced Mr. Benedikt that he could "do 'em all," it's plain whose stamp is on the baloney. First, though, Benedikt gets points for at least bringing the thing out, and for trying to impose

some stylistic unity on an anthology that, under many hands, could have only turned out like past Surrealist anthology monstrosities, where everybody also comes out like nobody. However, Mr. Benedikt has made but a feeble attempt (as in the cases of the Antin and Ashbery translations) to find American poets who, however temporarily, have found something of their own souls in French. Perhaps more should have been done, the pie sliced up. (It is ironic to see Joachim Neugroschel's Aragon, but none of his superb Arp.) Yet -- the thicket of permissions, the hive of egos. So Benedikt may have taken the best way out, businesswise. His elective affinity among these Surrealists (and not-so-Surrealists) is Desnos, to whom he is unequal as translator. Affinity in translation is never electoral, may be a once-in-a-lifetime experience for a translator, the discovery of a kindred spirit. Then his work is cut out for him. By leaping all over the place, Mr. Benedikt proves that you can't room with Artaud and with Breton, too. Wouldn't it have been exciting to put out a Surrealist anthology co-edited by a few diehard American devotees, translations assigned according to spiritual affinity, the whole thing assiduously checked by experts in the language and literature? A collection that could have summoned up some of the collaborative fire that was a Surrealist trademark? What I also find disturbing about Mr. Benedikt's one-man show, a tragic rather than heroic one, is the implication that all these Surrealists wrote pretty much the same, anyhow. Wrestling with the syntactical circuitries of a Breton or the pun-riddled machines of a Desnos leads either to schizophrenia or levelling.

This tendency to lump, linguistically, via one voice, also crops up in the selection of poets. Apollinaire (dead in 1918) never signed a Surrealist document; his presence here constitutes forgery. Reverdy finally broke with Paris in 1926 and lived out his days near a monastery. True, both contributed immensely to the foundation of the Surrealist movement. But Surrealists? Then Max Jacob is a Surrealist and ought to be in this book, and Jarry too. Once we admit Apollinaire and Reverdy, mustn't we open the Pandora's box of Breton's list of "Surrealist precursors" in the First Manifesto, a list that includes Raymond Roussel, Shakespeare, Saint-Pol-Roux, and Dante? Tzara, who fought with and flitted in and out of the Surrealist camp -- doesn't his heart belong to Dada? The early work of Desnos and Artaud -- and Mr. Benedikt takes pains to include virtually only their Surrealist-period poetry -- can be admitted without grumble. But René Daumal, the René Daumal who so nobly slapped away Breton's invitations to join the movement, who in his "Open letter to André Breton" (1930) criticized "the confusion that I see prevailing in Surrealism, the insufficiency of its program" -- that René Daumal a Surrealist? Never! Nevertheless, here he is, in a bit of historical legerdemain akin to labelling Michael Benedikt a "New York School Poet" in some poetry anthology circa 2015 A.D. As for Prévert (a mediocre poet) and Césaire (a mediocre poet with flashes of lightning), their presence here can only be construed as concessions to the popular taste. Prévert might attract a few highschool kids; Césaire is Black, and comes into his own as a poet après-guerre.

History, though, is debatable. What is not debatable is that Mr. Benedikt has made some staggering errors in his translations. In lieu of space and because I lack the expertise to deal with each of these fourteen poets, let me focus on a few lines by Robert Desnos, whose work I am familiar with. In the Desnos poem "Arbitrary Destiny" Benedikt has:

Everyday happiness you are a lump of sealing-wax
while I go traveling on like some mist.
A great many ushers anxiously pursue
a perfectly inoffensive butterfly escaping down an aisle.

The French text reads:

Bonheur tu n'es que cire à cacheter
et je passe tel un feu follet.
Un grand nombre de gardiens poursuivent
un inoffensif papillon échappé de l'asile

My dictionaries don't attach the word "everyday" to their definition of bonheur. This tendency to explain or interpret the poem can be found passim in Benedikt's translation. Cire à cacheter means "sealing-wax", and where Mr. Benedikt takes his "lump" from, I don't know. It's certainly not in the French. In the next line, he misses a beautiful piece of translation. The feu follet is our lovely "will-o'-the-wisp", not the dullish "some mist". That ignis fatuus, the "pale flame . . . sometimes seen flickering over marshy ground and, it is said, over churchyards", scientifically guessed to be "the effect due to the spontaneous ignition of gases . . . produced by the disintegration of dead plant and, possibly, animal matter." (Encyclopedia Britannica) Et je passe tel un feu follet! Desnos telling us that, after all, being happy is as easy as stamping the hot wax on a letter, then comparing how he goes through the world, like an eerie phosphorescence unable to make an impression on anybody, haloed in the afterglow of the corpse -- what a prize translatorial catch!

But what comes next is quite astounding. The word l'asile (in the fourth line) means "lunatic asylum", "madhouse" in everyday usage. But by a careless visual slip, Benedikt has assumed that asile is the cognate of our "aisle". A simple mistake often made by translators, an eye-mistake, but one which led to its conclusion utterly alters the image (and meaning) of the two lines. If asile means "aisle", why then gardiens must be "ushers". But in Paris look out if a gardien escorts you to your seat -- cell would be more like it, as in gardien de la paix, our "peace officer" -- In short, a cop. If enough alarms weren't sounding in Benedikt's head at this point, a couple of simple grammatical arrows should have set him wondering. The word échappé is a past, not present participle -- not "escaping", but "escaped". And échapper usually takes de (from): things just don't escape from aisles. But continuing with his misreading of the French, Benedikt bends échappé and de and gardiens to fit asile. His new image, while charming, cuts free of Desnos. The translation should read something like:

A whole bunch of keepers chase
a harmless butterfly escaped from the madhouse

If we leave the mistranslation in French and block out Benedikt's unnecessary addition, we get something like this:

[Everyday] happiness you are [a lump of] sealing-wax
while I go traveling on like un feu follet.
A great many gardiens [anxiously] pursue
a [perfectly] inoffensive butterfly échappé de l'asile

The more we bear down, the pickier we can get. Benedikt drops the ne . . . que construction in the first line -- "you're just, you're only, you're nothing but sealing-wax", and in line two et ("and") mysteriously converts into "while". And to say "A great many (ushers)" -- well, we just don't talk that way in American, and these grammatical clumsinesses that exist halfway between French and English-like-she-is-spoke mar many of the poems, though I will concede that Benedikt has done much in his translations to bring constructions like the impermeable French "of" (de) into American, and lightyears away from those dreadful "The of of the of of the of" translations by which one knew one was reading a surrealist poem. Still the massacre goes on. Benedikt begins one Péret poem: "I term tobacco that which is ear". The French grammatical structure fairly screams through all this, and it won't pass as anything but translatese.

Another problem. While Mr. Benedikt has done a terrific amount of homework in citing appearances of texts, dating them, bibliographies, etc., he evidently used the version of "Arbitrary Destiny" that was published in Domaine public (1953). This poem led off Desnos' first book of poems, C'est les bottes de 7 lieues cette phrase "Je me vois" (1926), and if Benedikt had consulted the original edition he would have discovered that there is no period after échappé de l'asile. In general he makes a practice of punctuating unpunctuated poems rather liberally, strange in light of the Surrealist dictum of "free flow of thought". Often this

habit leads him into deep water. In Desnos' "The Great Days of the Poet" line six in French reads: Les flots attendent impatientement Plus Près de Toi o mon Dieu! and Benedikt, failing to remember that attendre means "wait for", gives us: "Patiently, the waves wait. Nearer, My God, to Thee!" That there is no punctuation in the line save the final exclamation point should have tipped the translator off: "The waves wait impatiently for Nearer My God to Thee!" A reference to the sinking of the Titanic, whose passengers and crew intoned this and other hymns as the icy water hit knee-level.

Benedikt's worst fault as translator is his penchant for explaining as he goes along, thus inflating his texts with quantities of hot air. This habit marks serious translatorial betrayals. He doesn't trust Desnos enough to be quiet and render what is coming through, and he doesn't trust the intelligence of his reader. Translation is a terrible grind -- from initial work that forces one to pull a dictionary at every word, to the gruelling necessity of listening to experts and native-speakers of the language tell you where you goofed. It has to be done, especially if one is to shoulder the weight that Mr. Benedikt has assigned himself. If on one page, in one poem, in four lines, I have found errors such as these, I shudder to think what others -- who know these poets and their language far better than I -- are finding at this very moment. As for those who have no French, who will buy this book and be disappointed in Desnos or Daumal or Eluard, who will wonder why all those Surrealists sounded the same -- sauve qui peut! (Bill Zavatsky)

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A New York State Small Press Association (NYSSPA) has been formed and is in the process of organizing to meet problems faced by all small presses of distribution, printing, typesetting, mailing, advertising, selling, and exhibiting. The aims of NYSSPA are INFORMATION and DISTRIBUTION. Anyone interested in becoming a part should address inquiries etc to Janey Tannenbaum, c/o Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47 St., NYC 10036.

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Clark Coolidge's method of writing IN VIRGINIA (Boston Eagle#3). In the original source text, Caves of Virginia by Henry H. Douglas and the Virginia Cave Survey of the National Speleological Society -- Falls Church, Va. 1964, 761 pp., there is a section report on each cave the survey explored. From each section Coolidge selected the sentence he most liked of those containing the cave's name. His interest was based on several things, among them were fascinating sound, humor and wit, social prejudices, and unusual ideas and relationships. (Alan Davies)

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Poetry-in-the-boondocks firsts: One week, in the Marshfield (Vermont) Public Library, William Corbett of Boston & Greensboro (Vt) read his works to an (according to the Plainfield Country Journal) "enthralled audience". A few days later, over the ridge in Calais, in the Kent Museum, an innovative Poetry Event was held (SRQ) featuring Ruth Ford, Broadway luminary, and Kenward Elmslie, local poet, with Rick Winston at the piano. The two-hour mix of Cummings, Elmslie, Schuyler (Vermont poems), Mrs. Appleyard, Kunitz, Ruth's brother Charles Henri, Brainard, Satie, Gershwin, ragtime, ended with duo-scenes from Elmslie's librettos THE SEAGULL and his freshly completed WASHINGTON SQUARE, based on the novel by Henry James. Sponsored troika-style by the Calais Historical Society, Z Press, and the Vermont Council on the Arts, an expanded program is in the works for next year. (Kenward Elmslie)

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ODDS & ENDS: WBAI is having a Beat generation series on the air this month. The

programs are on Oct 14, Oct 21, and Oct 28 at different times so doublecheck your listings. . . . See the wonderful underwater gardens by Brad Davis currently being shown at the new Holly Solomon Gallery at 392 West Broadway. . . . One of the highlights of the summer, and maybe if you hurry the fall, is Pier 52, Gansevoort St. and the Hudson River, cut in two by Gordon Matta-Clark (whose caged rose graces the front steps of St. Mark's Church, and has been blooming very nicely, thank you.) with some romantic sun and moon arcs cut from the metal side of the shed and a soothing stretch of water in the center of the pier where same is cut in half. . . . Brutton-Herrick collection on view at The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St. . . . At the Kitchen on Oct 10,11,12,17,18,19, "The Masque of Clouds", a new opera by Tom Johnson and Robert Kushner. . . . Following last spring's "Dance Shots" at St. Mark's, DANSPACE will continue with monthly performances in the Sanctuary. The first of which will be Tues, Oct 28 at 8:30 pm: Carmen Beuchat. (\$2 contribution)

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An open letter to Truman Capote,

A few weeks ago I was watching television. It was very late and I was tired because that is the nature of my life. Anyway, in your marshmallow-mallomared voice (and your visual presentation which tries to look like what you think real writers look like) I heard you say "the short story is the most difficult of writing". If you are not doing anything more this winter but your own publicity I recommend two books of short stories that might be of interest to you. The Continental Op by Dashiell Hammett (Random House, \$7.95), a tough group of stories which first appeared in the magazine Black Mask and have not been around for a long time. The second book is The Tender Shoot by Colette (Noonday Press, \$3.95). This is a devastatingly sensual book of eleven stories and a rather good translation. As both of these books have been unavailable for some time I am sure that you missed reading them. By the end of the winter I hope to see you on T.V. talking about Hammett, Colette, and good short stories.

I remain,
Ed. Baynard

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Anne Waldman, Fast Speaking Woman, City Lights, San Francisco. 1975, \$2.

This is a book of poem chants. They are failed zen poems, the practice of zen coming hard up against the American life in New York City 1975. Musical Garden is a poem listing things she can't give up, can't put down. The long title poem details attributes of her self, instead of marking the zen don't-know mind. At the same time the poems are evidence of zen work; the mind being emptied, perhaps only in this way, of all thinking attachment. The poet uses hard hitting rhythms throughout, on fast and similar phrase after another. Line length and space control speed and grouping. Unusual shifts in development also make breaks, but these breaks are more like simulated grammatical shifts; they indicate and control development of meaning. The poems aren't optimistic but their stubborn insistence is a biological push to a conclusion of some sort, from which point another poem can be sung. (Alan Davies)

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No Finis

When you cannot go further
It is time to go back and wrest
Out of failure some
Thing shining.

As when a child I sat
On the stoop and spoke
The state licenses, the makes
Of autos going somewhere, --

To others I leave the fleeting
Memory of myself.

David Schubert

(From Initial A, The Macmillan Co., New York, 1961)

THE POETRY PROJECT
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TO

First Class Mail