

THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER

No. 45 1 May 1977

Ted Greenwald, editor

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

May follows April (as usual). Come in and look around. No scaffold, new floor. Beautiful. The Mon nite readings and performances (8:15 pm) are: May 2 Open Reading (25 readers only), May 9 Gary Lenhart, Greg Masters, and Michael Scholnick, May 16 Peter Gordon and (Blue) Gene Tyranny (concert), May 23 performance reading Martha Wilson and Friends, May 30 performance reading Beth Anderson and Eric Bogosian. The Wed nite (8:30 pm) readings are: May 4 Regina Beck & Art Lange, May 11 Sam Abrams & George Bowering, May 18 Harris Schiff & Simon Schuchat, May 25 F.T. Prince (F.T. Prince special workshop on May 26, 7:30 pm, Parish Hall, free). The other workshops continue (7:30 pm) Tues Jim Brodey, Thurs Bill Zavatsky, Frank Lima.

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READINGS THIS & THAT: At P.S. 1, 21-01 46 Road, Long Island City (Take E or F train - 2 stops from MOMA - to 23 St - Ely Ave), Sun 3:30 PM: May 1 Caroline Goodden, May 8 Tom Raworth, May 22 Peter Kearney, May 29 Maureen Owen. . .Sun May 22, Salt of the Earth, 42-31 Francis Lewis Blvd., Open Reading, Annette Hayan, Barrie Gellis, Elyse Nass (357-9728)... Ron Silliman & Tom Mandel having 10th Anniversary Reunion (Reading) of the Summer of Love at The Grand Piano in Haight. Anyone interested in reading contact Ron at 3028 California, S.F. 94115. or Tom at 1578 Waller S.F. 94117. If you was there then. . . From Austin, Texas, the series at Laguna Gloria Art Museum (3809 W. 35 St) has been going strong featuring among others Lorenzo Thomas, David Oliphant, Diane Jones Reynolds. The Poetry Center of College of the Mainland in Texas City Texas has been doing readings since Sept. Some poets heard there Dave Kelly, Joan Whitebird, among others. . .Chinoiserie by Ed Friedman at The Kitchen, May 5 & 6, 8:30 PM, NYC.

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THE STRONG WEEKLY, J STONE PRESS

Inherently, the postcard as a form is the proposition of immediacy and spontaneity. One is on the move perhaps, being the figure of tourism itself, and wishes to give occasion to this fact to the folks back home. Or possibly there is that thing specific and concise to get over: "Dear brother Woodchuck, the meeting of the 17th will be at Brother Dooley's. Refreshments shall be served." It is an event also of a peculiarly public nature -- on both sides of the card --, especially so considering the almost traumatic privateness we Americans ascribe to the act of correspondence: "Dear P., I love you, I miss you, come back." Which are elements each of us combines and uses, often with intricate calculation, whenever we drop a postcard into the old blue federal box.

But the proposition of a series is a commitment of a very different order: to continuity and accumulation, both of which imply permanence. Which further implies a standard, that each card will be, however obliquely and indirectly, a reflection of the series as such, so that a card by Bobbie Louise Hawkins can be said to comment on one sent nearly two years before by John Giorno or Peter Wild, as they inturn comment on ones by Judson Crews or Allen Ginsberg. Which is of course that distinction between editorial and authorial content. For the individual poet whose poem is the occasion for a postcard, it is a singular event, some thing which enters immediately in to that imaginary order of their Works (which is, in fact, that of their works-made-public) as completely as any book or broadside. For the editor-publisher, it is both a kind of magazine, one which permits maximum freedom, and a diary of the gradual evolution of his or her poetic concerns.

For two years, beginning July 8, 1974 and concluding on the Bicentennial weekend, poet G.P. Skratz published the postcard series entitled the J Stone Press Weekly, to date the finest and fullest demonstration of what is possible within this form as we have had in America, eighty-nine items, numbered 1 to 93, a sum of 67 separate mailings. While the J series

is not the sum of Skratz' public life as poet and editor (a one-time student of Nathaniel Tarn's at Rutgers, he was part of a poetry and music consort, with the likes of Bob Davis and Hash Flash, entitled The Stone Show, published books under the Stone imprint by Peter Wild, William Matthews, Doug Blazek and Dave Kelly, and continues to publish cards and bookmarks under the imprint of Stone Post Press, most recently David Gitin's "Gumbo Heaven"), the totality of that series warrants attention, as such, for it is a particularly accurate portrait of a large portion of the mindscape of American poetry for its time (the two significant areas of omission being Third World and neo-academic poets). Every tendency and twitch is there.

Not every item in the series is a postcard. Two (no. 14, a readers' response, and no. 36, Michael Andre's "Journal of Baron von Kat") are broadsides. Two others, no. 21 by Hash Flash and numbers 48-54 (a first anniversary "bonus"), consisting of 14 collaborative sonnets by Darrell Gray and Allan Kornblum, entitled "Good Morning," are booklets.

Two items, sequentially occurring between Doug Blazek's card no. 47 and the Gray/Kornblum Booklet, are unnumbered. One is a card by Cinda Wormley, printed in collaboration with Kornblum on his press in Iowa City. The other is a bookmark by Jim Mulac. These nonsequenced special items are only one remove from such special issues as no. 24, a christmas card by Stephen Homsey, or Tuli Kupferberg's Bicentennial "Newspoem," no. 93 (to be reprinted in a future issue of Mother Jones), which completes the series.

On three occasions, groups of cards were sent out as packets. The first two, each containing 10 cards (nos. 38-47 and nos. 55-64, in essence framing the two unnumbered items and the Gray/Kornblum booklet), were more tactical than formal in their rationale. Skratz and family pulled up stakes from their home in Connecticut and moved west, spending several months on the road, presenting the problematics of a serious rupture in the proposition of a weekly series, thus resolved with three trips to the post office (two packets and the booklet) constituting six months worth of cards; by the time individual cards reappear with Allen Ginsberg's no. 65, Skratz has settled into his current home in a north Oakland cottage. The first packet is particularly eclectic, containing work by such "mainstream" writers as William Matthews, Judson Crews and Lyn Lifshin, as well as Richard Kostelanetz and Loris Essary's concrete poem for Neal Cassidy, visually the finest single card in the series; also included in this packet is a card by Mark Tulloss, then age five. The second packet is narrower or more cohesive, depending on your point of view. It is also more western, with three poets identifiable with the west coast (Michael Wiater, Tom Veitch and Dr. Body) and at least three others with Iowa City (Dave Morice, Anselm Hollo and John Batki). Along with the Wormley card and "Good Morning," this second packet is the figure of a major moment in the J Stone Press Weekly series and for American poetry generally.

For decades a center of neo-academic writing, the University of Iowa in the late 60's and early 70's opened up, due significantly to the presence of Ted Berrigan and Anselm Hollo (and also of Jack Marshall and Kathleen Fraser). But at exactly the point in history when Iowa City finally began to produce writers (e.g. Robert Grenier, Barrett Watten, Alice Notley, Ray DiPalma, Michael Lally, George Mattingly, Bob Perelman, Simon J. Ortiz) instead of "creative writing professors," the captains of industry came to the reluctant conclusion that liberal arts programs were no longer adequately functional as repositories for the reserve army of labor. Largely unable to obtain isolated, isolating, teaching positions for any length of time, the most potent generation of mfas became a kind of American diaspora, some (like Kornblum, Sklar and Moric) remaining in Iowa, while the rest moved to New York, Boston, Chicago and the Bay Area. The end result of which has been a general deregionalization of non-academic poetry, a lessening of local paranoias and a general democratization of poetry equalling that of the mid-50's. Moving west, J Stone Press Weekly was one of, if not the, first non-Iowa founded publications to articulate, document and celebrate this shift in the national poetic sensibility.

The third packet, containing cards no. 85 through 89, is more formal and modest in its intentions, being a series of 5 poems by Avron Hoffman of Titmouse Review. A close look at one of the "incidental" details of this packet yields still another insight into the nature of the series as a totality: its funding. All of the cards in the Hoffman packet are canary in color, yet no. 89 is clearly from a different card stock than the others. More often than not, the paper used in the series had been discarded by various printshops. Which partly accounts for the variety of colorful, sometimes gaudy, card stock used. Skratz never applied for, and never received, money from CCLM nor any other funding agency at any point during the series. Whenever he used his own letterpress (perhaps 80% of the time, immediate-

ly visible by the 10 point caslon typeface), his sole expenditure was time -- approximately one day to set and print the poem, then an evening to print the address side -- plus, of course, postage.

A variety of other recent tendencies in poetry are given space in the series. The use of "invented" names (Hash Flash, the pen name of a Bay Area gestalt therapist; Mercy Boner, a collaborative name; Dr. Body, Richard Snyder), collections of one-line poems (cards 13 and 32; my favorite is Sandy Dorbin's "Let them eat cake mix"), collaborations (cards 26, 28, "G Good Morning," and card 83) and effaced advertisements (no. 66 by Darrell Gray).

One final point needs to be made: Skratz' own abiding humility. His own work occurs only four times in the entire series: once as translator, twice in collaborations, once in a collection of one-line poems. Unlike so many other publications, J Stone Press Weekly is not an advertisement of self. It figures, since the name "Skratz" itself is an invention.

(Ron Silliman)

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#### LETTER

On my trip today from Sally's Dry Cleaner  
to the Abingdon Shoe Repair,  
I passed your old block. Remember that blight  
of a building torn down on the corner?  
The broken brick and soda bottles, you'll be glad to know,  
have blossomed into a garden, hoed  
by the grey haired daughters of the Trotsky Left.  
I wish you were here  
to ponder why new flowers flourish a stone's throw  
from where you threw two or three smart parties, gulped  
cognac in espresso, puffed  
Gauloises, those animal-smelling cigarettes every  
day, and made love alot.

P.S. Doing it good,  
you closet acrobat,  
you did it variously.

Allan Kaplan

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#### No End To The Things Made Out Of Human Talk

In 1972 Trigram press published a major collection of Anselm Hollo's poems called Alembic. Since then he has published in magazines and in a few pamphlets and slim volumes. SENSATION, The Institute of Further Studies, Box 482, Canton, NY 13617, 1972, \$2; SPRING CLEANING GREENS, Doones Press, Bowling Green Ohio, 1973, \$2; SPECULUM, Center for New Performing Arts, University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa, 1973; some worlds, The Elizabeth Press, 103 Van Etten Blvd., New Rochelle, NY 10804, 1974, \$6; Black Book, Black Book, J. Garmhausen, Dept. of English, B.G.S.U., Bowling Green Ohio 43403, 1975, \$1.50.

SENSATION is number 27 in the series of books, A Curriculum of the Soul, dealing with topics in the curriculum written by Charles Olson. Though each author may think of their contribution as separate, editor Albert Glover wrote to me that "...in fact each one forms but a chapter of a much longer and more complex work, a kind of Byzantine mosaic constructed according to the cartoon provided by Mr. Olson to I.F.S. From this point of view, to review any one piece would be like writing a tract on the left hand of the lady attendant to Theodora, Sn Vitale, circa 547." Many poems in SENSATION were first in Alembic, though the spacing is in general more condensed, pushed to the left margin, the ordering is different, titles have been removed, and lines have been run together.

SPRING CLEANING GREENS is taken "from notebooks 1967-1973." The excerpts have been organized, given continuity by a series of quotes, an AP story that unfolds in four scattered pieces, fragments of a poem each section of which begins "she..." that also runs through the selection. The quotes are particularly interesting; they reflect personal interest of the author, this made more obvious by their position among his other entries. An example: "Meaning, or another word for it, value, was what you did. Action and reaction made up the moving ikon. Idols rose and fell, and their birth, power, and toppling were you as you passed through frames of time and space and perhaps other frames that some do not recognize and others do, even if only faintly." (philip jose farmer)

SPECULUM is a catalogue for work of artist Hans Breder who has been photographing nudes holding large reflective sheets so that parts of their bodies are hidden and other parts reflected. The book also reproduces other art works involving mirrors, a score REFLECT LLL f for viola sola by William Hibbard, and mirror poem (1) and mirror poem (2) by Anselm Hollo.

some worlds contains four prose poems and half a dozen others, including two 'gypsy poems' based on previous translation from the Romany.

Black Book is number 1 in a series of quarterly books, each by one author. It contains a couple dozen new poems.

Olson places, in his Curriculum of the Soul outline, under Phenomenological

Sensation and Attention

training in exhaustion &  
completion

and, further on,

Poets as such, that is disciplined lives not  
history or for any "art" reasons

This sense of task informs Anselm Hollo's work. It is understandable that a man who days are full of thought and work, should say "when there's nothing else to do/there's always work to do" "long hours one labors at the desk/to come up with these funny/little chunks" With this conviction, work essential to himself and others, he regards not a minute of his life wasted, "writing, damn hard."

The poems are full of puns (his love of language, the words), huge jumps (in the mind, and out of it), love of people and the universe (of what is, of possibility). The poems are a calm expression of wonder. The substantial and consequential existence of things is made constantly more evident to the great mind-eye of the poet, and to his readers. "in a pitcher we found in venice/there are flowers/they are flowers/they're just some flowers" Each phrase reopens the mind to co-extant realities combined in the poetic field-instant; or to realities combined in the poetic field-instant; or to realities as subsequent. "five/she's mine/six/how nice it would be to make love/seven/how nice to have made love" The wonder is bound with the language.

He recalls Pound in The Cantos saying, "I have brought the great ball of crystal;/who can lift it?" Perhaps such talk is pure ego. Though Anselm modifies this his use of it is not less mystical (there-to-be-resolved). "come, sit with me awhile/in the great crystal described/by my poems. only here/ can you fully comprehend/their total profundity & unfailing beauty" He claims only to have described the great crystal, rather than claiming a kind of pure power. This sense of mystery, this sensation of wonder is sometimes achieved or heightened by pushing words together (as in the title SPRING CLEANING GREENS, amalgamating two common phrases) or by creating clusters of phrasing with little transition, so senses come quickly to approach the feeling of bafflement, "a condition of complicated delight."

In mirror poem (2), two similar phrases occur:

whereby-one-looks-at-one's-self

\*

whereby one looks at oneself.

The second is followed by lines which indicate his sense of wonder is produced not only by contemplation of things 'outside'.

"mirari, to behold// "to wonder at".// smaya, to wonder at:// maya, performance of the world." Maya is in hinduism the word expressing the origin of the world, or the illusory appearance of the world. Anselm Hollo provides evidence that these two definitions are not different: the world's origin is its appearance to us, our sense of it, that it can take words out of our appearance to us, our sense of it, that it can take words out of our mouths. "he is engaged in expressing unobservable realities/ in terms of observable phenomena".

His mind is broken by himself or what he survives, into phrases made accessible as poems. Although he is concerned with love as as of positive value, with the condition of our physical earth, and could be called a humanist, he does not insist on deriving such value from sensed reality. He is opened wide, an eye that sees and reflects, at the same time, continuously. The miraculous eye, and the mouth that talks, or a hand that moves to record.

it is said the chinese believe that the human eye  
contains a tiny being of the human shape  
which indsed it does, even here in the west  
those tiny beings are my dearest readers

(Alan Davies)

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Subscription

Animals forever escaping  
from zoos  
& they will come to my door.  
Too many masturbation manuals  
are being written. Too much pie  
passes over the counter. I bathe  
in yellow light & dream of you.  
I miss myself as the train  
pulls out of a station in Jerez, Espana.

Eileen Myles

\* \* \* \* \*

BOOKS MAGAZINES ETC: Two from Grey Fox Press, distributed by Book People, 2940 Seventh St, Berkeley, CA 94710: Frank O'Hara, Poems Retrieved (\$5) and Early Writing (\$4). . . F.T. Prince, Afterword On Rupert Brooke (\$1.50), Serendipity Books Distribution, 1790 Shattuck Ave, Berkeley, CA 94709. . . Douglas Woolf, Had, (\$2), Wolf Run, P.O. Box 10671, Eugene, Oregon 97401/ . . . Carol J. Pierman, Passage (\$1.50) Madeira Press, Box 324, Ottawa, Ohio 45875. . . George Bowering, Allophanes The Coach House Press, 401 (rear) Huron Street, Toronto, Canada M5s 2G5 . . . From Burning Deck, 71 Elmgrove, Providence, R.I. 02906: Lyn Hejinian, A Mask Of Motion (\$2.50). . . Miguel Grinberg, Opus New York, ediciones Sunda/Eco Contemporaneo, C.C. Central

1933, 1000 Buenos Aires, Argentina. . . From Momo's Press, PO Box 14061, San Francisco, CA 94114, Five On The Western Edge (Steve Brooks, Stephen Vincent, Beau Beausoleil, Hilton Obenzinger, Larry Felson), \$4.95. . . Cid Corman, Word For Word Vol. 1 (\$5) and Charles Reznickoff Poems 1937-1975, Vol. 2 (\$4), Black Sparrow Press, PO Box 3993, Santa Barbara, CA 93105. . . Personal Injury #3 (Mike Sappol, ed.) 628 E. 14 St., #3, NYC 10009. . . Enid Dame, Between Revolutions (\$1.50) and David Gershator, Kanji (\$1.50), X-press Press, 524 Henry St, Brooklyn, NY 11231. . . In The Light #3, (edited by Jim Hanson), (\$1), Box 842, Iowa City, IA 52240. . . Lance Henson, Mistah (\$1.50), The Strawberry Press, 11 Broadway, NYC 10004. . . Bohdan Antonych, Square Of Angels: Selected Poems, (\$2.95), ARDIS/RLT, 2901 Heatherway, Ann Arbor, Mich 48104. . . From Open Places, Box 2085, Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri 65201: Open Places #23 (edited by Eleanor M. Bender) (\$1.50) and Peyton Houston, The Changes (\$2). . . David Cull, Maya Lila (\$2), The BC Monthly, Box 48884, Vancouver, B.C. V7X 1A8. . . Arthur Knight, What You Do With Your Aloneness (\$1), The New York Culture Review Press, 1807 60th St, Bklyn, NY 11204. . . The Painted Bride Quarterly Vol 4, No 1, (edited by Louise Simons & R. Daniel Evans) (\$1.50), 527 South St, Phila, Penna 19147. . . Philippe Jaccottet, Seedtime, (\$3.25), New Directions, 333 Sixth Ave, NYC 10014. . . Vort Vol 3, No 3 (edited by Barry Alpert), distributed by Book People (see above) -- on Guy Davenport/Ronald Johnson. . . Ted Greenwald, Native Land, (\$1) Titanic Books, c/o Winch, Welt, Ward & Lang, 1920 S Street, N.W. #506, Washington, D.C.

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Love Wounds & Multiple Fractures: Poems, by Carolanne Ely (SUN, 456 Riverside Drive-5B, New York, NY 10027). \$2.00 paperback.

Carolanne Ely's life, as reflected in her book of poems, Love Wounds and Multiple Fractures, published by SUN, runs like a speedway of love on which Ms. Ely rides like a kamikaze in a hot rod towards one head on collision after another. The wounds and fractures that occur on Ms. Ely's highway of love are never fatal. She emerges alive and pushing open a creaky car door, she thumbs her way out of each predicament, whereupon she is immediately picked up by a male kamikaze who obligingly speeds her to her next love disaster. The humor, absurdity and pathos of her position is that she never gets off the speedway, never reaches a new destination.

Ely's poems are written out of her "Crusade for love," and her forthright sexual appetite. Her poems aim for the groin and for the most part they are right on target. She taps into the vast territory of subterranean sexual imagery embedded in both male and female psyches. Orgasm is a "silver bullet," sex an explosion. She wants to get into every nook and cranny sex provides: "I wanted to clean your teeth with my eyelashes." Her lovers are "edible" as she describes her sexual hunger: "As you ran past me/ I sniffed the breeze/ Like a hungry dog/ ...I am living proof/ That women get hard-ons too."

Carolanne Ely feels a connection to her sexuality that few people do. She also knows the state of living without love or sex. Love is to be coveted, saved, "stashed" for "harder times." Ely's sexuality sometimes leads her to flirt with empty situations. In "1957 Revisited", she meets a stranger at a bar whose possessiveness she recognizes from the past: "I can tell you're the kind of guy who calls at four in the morning, or hangs outside doorways for small glimpses, or sends letters using cut out Esquire lettering saying HATE when it's over." Yet, the promise of love and sex blurs her perception. She reveals her clouded thinking when, of this "sentimental" "jealous" stranger she says she is frightened by his "humanity." In "I Am Famous For Making Infamous Error", Ely touches upon the limitations of her experience: "Do you think I was fooled to think when I touched between your legs, I touched you?"

Every poem in this collection concerns the poet's relationship to love or sex. The rest of her life goes, if not unexamined, unexpressed. Why does Ely write only about sex? Because, for Carolanne Ely, sex is "Technicolor." It promises all things: it is inherently Hollywood, bright with discovery and possibility. In it, you can be anyone and everyone. For Ely, sex has magical properties. "Your body was illuminated/ From the television set that/ Was on while we touched/ Coincidentally, my affections/ Are now coated in silver/ Floating like Ford fenders."

Ultimately, what makes Love Wounds and Multiple Fractures valuable is that Ely offers both the meaning of her personal obsession, and its origin. In her best work, a series of

six poems written to her mother entitled "You Are Very Beautiful," Ely traces her history of sexual misadventures to a time in her life when sex had not yet been discovered, but surrounded her nonetheless. In the first of the six poems, Ely remembers her mother sewing a black sequin dress, hands "flying" in anticipation of a date. As her mother prepares for her evening out, young Carolanne strings together a necklace out of the shed sequins that have fallen to the floor. She is already fascinated by and preparing for the same shiny promise as her mother. In the second poem, the mother leaves to go out and the girl is allowed to sleep in the big bed with the lights turned on, "Proving I am worth the electricity." The shaky question of daughter's worth to mother arises. In the third poem, the overall meaning or worth of the mother's life surfaces for Ely as she watches her mother play Mah Jong: "I am happy for you/ Because you have won \$1.50." The true understanding and love bond between mother and daughter becomes clear when the daughter confesses that she is afraid she may be pregnant, and so admits her active knowledge of sex, and now, years later, she thanks her mother for "those missing hysterics/ Which you spared me/ And which easily/ Could have killed me." Finally, the mother who fainted at her daughter's wedding as she approached the altar, is the same woman with whom Carolanne Ely shared her father, "A Dick Tracy character/ Who was scared shitless/ Of being real." This, then, is the shiny, unreal source of Ely's "perfect allegiance" to Technicolor love. It is the rejecting father-husband "That made us both sick/ Each in our own way" that mother and daughter share. When Ely speaks of her mother trading her life "To become America's sweetheart," it becomes clear that she, too, is caught in the same bind.

At the beginning of her book Ely presents us with her biography. From the start, she is interested in exploring her origins. Her primary sources of imagery were Bambi and Zane Grey; the world of Technicolor which predates the later world of spin-the-bottle. During her first year of life she was only willing to eat baloney. Later, in "Letter to Eve," she writes: "I hover over Miami Beach like a UFO looking for the truth of my origin." In a very true sense, Ms. Ely's book of poems does uncover that origin. But, if it is in Miami, where her mother lives, that Ely searches for and finds the truth of her origin, it is in sexuality that she searches for the meaning of her life.

(Karen Hubert)

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The Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics at Naropa Institute in Boulder Colorado is again offering extensive poetics courses during the summer. 2 sessions: June 8-July 10, and July 18-August 19. Faculty includes: Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, Clark Coolidge, Ed Dorn, Joanne Kyger, Philip Whalen, Ed Sanders, Michael Brownstein, Larry Fagin, Diane DiPrima and Anne Waldman. For catalogue write Naropa 1111 Pearl St, Boulder, CO or drop by The Poetry Project. Classes are 6 hours weekly for five weeks and as low as \$90 non-credit. In addition there are weekly poetry readings, open readings, and the usual stuff that accompanies poetry scenes.

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MORAVAGINE, Blaise Cendrars, translated by Alan Brown, Doubleday.

Cendrars wrote this book in 1926. It was not translated until 1970. Why? Either it is a great book that was born too soon, or Alan Brown, bored with the New Wave, dredged it out of ca. 1920's avant-garde obscura, thereby foisting it on an Unsuspecting Readership. That Moravagine is the forefather of such impish diminutive protagonists as Par Lagerkvist's The Dwarf (Nobel Prize, 1951) or the puckish Oscar of Tin Drum fame, I have no proof. Compared to Lafacadio (Gide) Moravagine is an ungratuitous act of disgust. His genealogy includes an uncle, Tom Jones. His closest rival is Candide. Escapades, adventures and amorality abound. By the end of the book we have been introduced to Kesey's "Big Nurse," have glimpses of Vonnegut complete with Breakfast of Champion-like drawings, and a postscript from Cendrars written after the Nazis stormed Europe in a worse-than-Moravagine frenzy. All this in 240 pages, and well-written too.

(Verlaine Boyd)

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LINES

It is completely dark along the beach  
Here I am, walking into the ocean  
I look up and suddenly I can observe  
Trailing a red pail  
A massive gray thunderhead--the sky  
Like a tiny dog on a silver chain  
Inside the thunderhead light up the lake  
Across a curving pate of yellow ground-cover  
Cavern of spaciousness above the purple  
Which is an ocean--the most beautiful of many

Simon Schuchat

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