

THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER  
No. 61 January 1979  
Vicki Hudspith, Editor  
St. Mark's Church  
2nd Ave. & 10th St., NYC 10003

READINGS AT ST. MARK'S: Wednesday nights, hosted by Ron Padgett & Maureen Owen:  
Jan 3--Diane di Prima & Rebecca Brown. Jan 10--Peter Schjeldahl & Greg Masters.  
Jan 17: Anselm Hollo & Barbara Baracks. Jan 24--Steve Katz & Maria Gitin. Jan 31--  
Tony Towle & Rebecca Wright. Monday nights, hosted by Bob Holman: Jan 1--New  
Year's Massive Benefit Eveing at Entermedia Theatre, 12th St. & 2nd Ave. Proceeds  
go to the Save St. Mark's Campaign & the Poetry Project. Jan 8--Chris Kraus &  
Suzan Cooper, "824 A Car Chase"/ The Stimulators. Jan 15--Ed Friedman, Vicki  
Hudspith. Jan 22--Tom Savage/ Coburn Britton with music by Charles Wuorinen. Jan  
29--Mike Sappol & Lenny Goldstein, "The Egotones"

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READINGS AROUND TOWN: ZU, 140 W. 24th, NYC, 8 pm, \$1--Jan 5--Bruce Andrews &  
Michael Gottlieb. Jan 12--A Reading from Works by Philip Whalen (various poets).  
Jan 19--Poetry in Translation (including Ron Padgett and Annabel Levitt). Jan  
26--A special repeat performance: Elinor Nauen's celebrated "Car Piece". /  
40 Great Jones St. NYC 8 pm \$3. Jan 7--Joan Larkin & Lisa Merrill. Jan 14--Larry  
Rivers & Shiela Lanham. Jan 21--To be announced. Jan 28--Alice Notley & Steve  
Carey. / Droll-Kolbert Gallery, 724 Fifth Avenue at 57th St., NYC 7 pm Free:  
Jan 11--Carter Ratcliff. Jan 18--Michael Lally. Jan 25--Rachelle Bijou. Feb 1--  
Steve Katz.

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WORKSHOPS AT ST. MARK'S: FREE / Writing Workshops / Free.

Tuesdays: Writing workshop with Ed Friedman, 7:30 pm at Third St. Music School.

Sundays: Poetry workshop with Harris Schiff, 6 pm (note new starting time) at  
St. Mark's Parish Hall.

Thursdays: Jan 4: One-time workshop with Diane di Prima, 7:30 at Third St. School  
Jan 11, 18, 25, Feb 1: Poetry & Meditation workshop with Neil Hackman,  
at Third Street Music School, 7:30 pm

Saturdays: Poetry workshop for kids aged 8-13, conducted by Bob Rosenthal, on  
ten consecutive Saturday mornings 11 am-12 noon, beginning February  
3. Workshop limited to 15 kids. Call 674-0910 for info.

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GRACIAS: The Poetry Project would like to thank the following for their  
contributions: Paula Cooper Gallery, Tibor de Nagy Gallery, the Solomon  
Foundation, George and Christine Tysh, and the Kulchur Foundation. The  
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CETA Artists Project, as well as emergency workshop space from the Third  
Street Music School Settlement. To all, big thanks!

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CAPS readings now being scheduled: The 1978-1979 Creative Artists Public Service Program (CAPS) recipients in Poetry and Fiction will be announced in March 1979. Community Service activity requests are now being reviewed--for workshops, residencies, readings and class visits--that will be performed during the coming year by CAPS Fellows. Any not-for-profit organizations interested in scheduling events with a CAPS Visiting Artist should write CAPS Community Service, 250 West 57th St., NYC 10019 or call for an application: Mary Foster 212/247-6303.

POETS ON PHOTOGRAPHY: An editor is seeking poems about photography, about the act of taking/making photographs, about seeing photographs, and so forth, for an anthology of poems and photographs titled Poets on Photography. Photographers are also invited to submit. Send SASE by February 1, 1979 to: Mark Melnicove, College of the Atlantic, Bar Harbor, Maine 04609.

DEADLINE: for all Newsletter material is the 1st of the month for the following month. This is to accomodate the cheaper but slower Bulk Rate mail system. As usual all contributions of \$ & ¢ are welcome!

SPECIAL THANKS for helping with the December Newsletter to: Maureen Owen, Harvey Lillywhite, Ron Padgett, Gregory Masters, Yuki Hartman, Frances LeFevre, Rose Lesniak, John Witek and "Howard." If anyone has any spare time and would like to help fold, staple and mutilate, please let me know.

RESTAURANT REVIEW: It is rare when a real writer becomes also a real restaurateur, which is exactly the case with Karen Hubert. Poet, novelist and a teacher of writing---see her Teaching & Writing Popular Fiction: Horror, Adventure, Mystery and Romance in the American Classroom (Teachers & Writers Collaborative, 1976)---Karen is also the chef/proprietress of a new and terrific French restaurant, in Brooklyn yet! called Hubert's. Karen leased and restored the old Landmark Bar, bringing back its Victorian beauty, its fantastic woodwork and huge mirrors, its ambiance a cross between Toulouse-Lautrec and Manet. And the food is terrific. For Hubert's monthly menus, for information and reservations, call 858-0400. Hubert's is a short hop on the F Train (Bergen St, stop, walk one block to Hoyt) or six minutes from the Brooklyn Bridge by car. Hubert's, 148 Hoyt St., Brooklyn.

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BOOKS RECENTLY RECEIVED: p=paper, h=hardback, npl=no price listed.

NEW DIRECTIONS: terrific anthology including Finnish poet Paavo Haavikko, Czech poet Miroslav Holub and many others, as well as a selection of younger poets edited and introduced by Allen Ginsberg: Michael Scholnick, Andy Clausen, Ron Rodriguez, Tom Swartz and many others. (\$4.95 p) / Mirror for the Moon by Saigyo, translations of ancient Japanese poetry by William LaFleur (\$2.95p) / Life in the Forest by Denise Levertov (\$3.95p) / I Wanted to Write a Poem by William Carlos Williams, superb reissue (\$3.95p) / Where Silence Reigns by Rainer Maria Rilke, selected prose, essays, letters, notebooks (\$3.95p).  
DOUBLEDAY: Nostalgia for the Present by Andrei Voznesensky (\$10h). FOUR SEASONS FOUNDATION; PO Box 159, Bolinas, CA 94924: Selected Poems by Edward Dorn (\$3.50p) / Muthologos Vol. 1 by Charles Olson (\$5p). WINGBOW PRESS, 2940 7th St., Berkeley, CA 94710: LOBA by Diane di Prima (\$5p). SEEFood STUDIOS, 58 2nd St., San Francisco, CA 94105: Cafe Society, photographs and poetry

from San Francisco's North Beach, photographed by Ira Nowinski with poems by Ferlinghetti, Ginsberg, Norse & others (\$6.95p). STATION HILL PRESS, Barryton, NY 12507: Death Sentence by Maurice Blanchot (fiction \$3.45p) / cloud, invisible air by Larry Eigner (npl) / RANGER CXXII & CXXVIII by Theodore Enslin 9npl). FROM HERE PRESS, Box 2702, Paterson, NJ 07509: Mostly Sitting Haiku by Allen Ginsberg (\$1.50p). BURNING DECK PRESS, 71 Elmgrove, Providence, RI 02906: What I Don't Know for Sure by Phil Demise (letterpress, \$2.50p). AILANTHUS PRESS, 200 West 83rd St., NYC 10024: The Big House, A Collection of Poets' Prose, edited by Michael Slater with works by Greg Masters, Bernadette Mayer, Ted Greenwald, Charles Bernstein, Bob Holman, John Yau, Ron Silliman, Anne Waldman and others (\$3.95p). TOMBOUCTOU, Box 265, Bolinas, CA 94924: The Basketball Diaries 1963-1966 by Jim Carroll (\$4p). LITTLE CAESAR PRESS, 3373 Overland Ave., Apt. 2, Los Angeles, CA 90034: Tiger Beat by Dennis Cooper (\$1p). BLACK SPARROW PRESS, PO Box 3993, Santa Barbara, CA 93105: A Ceremonial by Paul Goodman (\$5p) / What's for Dinner? by James Schuyler (fiction \$4.50p). THE YELLOW PRESS, 2394 Blue Island, Chicago, IL 60608: New and Selected Poems by Paul Carroll (\$3.50p). FOLDER EDITIONS, 743 Madison Ave., NYC 10021: Between High Tides by Daisy Aldan (npl). SPIKE LANDSMAN PUBLICATIONS, NYC: Cornfield Blues by Caryl Slaughter (npl). REMEMBER I DID THIS FOR YOU, A POWER MAD BOOK press, 1030 Stuyvesant Sta., NYC 10009: Perfume by Michael Scholnick, In the Air by Gregory Masters, and Drunkard's Dream by Gary Lenhart (covers by Rae Berolzheimer, each \$2p). HARD PRESS, 340 East 11th St, NYC: great new postcard series with works by John Godfrey, Annabel Levitt, Steve Levine, Anselm Hollo, and Simon Schuchat (npl). Flash! Just arrived: When Things Get Tough on Easy Street (Selected Poems 1963-1978) by Tom Clark (Black Sparrow Press, \$5p).

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BIG NEW YEAR'S DAY BENEFIT FOR THE POETRY PROJECT & THE SAVE ST. MARK'S CAMPAIGN: The Poetry Project is organizing a massive benefit evening to take place at the Entermedia Theater, Second Ave. & 12th St., on Monday, January 1, beginning at 7:30 pm. Scheduled to perform are John Cage, Allen Ginsberg, John Ashbery, Meredith Monk, Andy de Groat and Dancers, Kenneth Koch, Kenneth King, Rudy Burckhardt, Red Grooms, Larry Rivers, David Woodbury, John Giorno, Taylor Mead, Dana Reitz, Joan Jonas, Jackie Curtis, Ted Berrigan, the Talking Band, Diane di Prima, Anne Waldman, Peter Orlovsky, Jacob Burckhardt, the Metawee Theatre Co., and a host of others! Contributions are scaled at \$2 for children, \$5 for general admission, and \$25, \$50, and \$100 for patrons (reserved seats). All are tax deductible, all proceeds going to the Save St. Mark's Campaign and the Poetry Project. Advance sales at Entermedia Box Office 475-4191.

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POETRY PROJECT COMMUNITY ELECTION: 38 brave souls trooped through the cold early morning rain on Saturday, December 9, to cast their votes for the two open positions on the Poetry Project Advisory Board, and to attend the first Community Meeting of the season afterwards. They were rewarded by a beautiful voting booth "environment" created by Bob Holman and Maureen Owen. When the votes were counted it was Bob Rosenthal and Eileen Myles, with Vicki Hudspith as alternate. The Project Advisory Board now consists of eight members: Charles North, Maureen Owen, Ed Friedman, Paul Violi, Larry Fagin, Alice Notley, Bob Rosenthal and Eileen Myles, with Ted Greenwald going from Advisory Board to Friends Committee. Congratulations to everyone, voters and votees.

SHANGHAIED: Coming soon: a report from Simon Schuchat, now in Shanghai.

OOOPS!: EAR INN series, 326 Spring St., 3 pm, \$2: Jan 6--Gary Lenhart/Alexandra Anderson. Jan 13--Annabel Levitt/Chuck Wachtel. Jan 20--Ted Mooney/Larry Fagin. Jan 27--Nick Pirowan/Brian McArney. Saturdays all the way west on Spring St.

## TALKING SKIN

The review "stuff" for James Schuyler's What's For Dinner? (Black Sparrow Press, 1978, \$4.50 p.) should go up at the top: This novel's terrific; can't be recommended high enough; is a good read; etc. etc. Run --don't walk-- out to buy it. Overheard opinion to pass on: "This book is better than anything by Henry Green."

So much for that stuff.

The novel takes place nowadays in a city large enough to have a suburb and a downtown. But small enough that modern "problems" are just now beginning to enter the consciousness of the citizenry. The novel happens to Mary Charlotte Taylor--Lottie--typical fairly intelligent, too fastidious housewife, with an inadvertant drinking problem, just about to wipe her feet on the welcome mat to middle age.

What goes on is not so much comings and goings, although there are plenty of those, but the bridging of continuous in's and out's.

The two places where mostly everything take place are at home and at the local sanatorium. Both places provide tracks upon which the commuter train of the modern world eventually gets "there" even if a little late.

The only difference between the set of people at home and the set of people in the home, is a consciousness of disturbance. The at home people function in relation to self-imposed norms. The people in the sanatorium function in relation to institutional routines. The people outside the sanatorium change without precisely knowing why. The people inside change but must become aware and conscious that a change has taken place. This awareness gives them enough information to make an educated guess about themselves.

Who are these people and why are they crazy?

Lottie's friends at home: Her husband Norris, a lawyer who mostly's involved in real estate. The three generations of Delehanteys (completely hilarious). The widow Mag Carpenter. All of these people are so normal that all their talk is speaking their minds.

Lottie's friends in the sanatorium: Mrs. Brice who's lost the will to live because of the death of (you assume) her child's family. Bertha, a college student who has taken too many drugs and added their bad effects to a willful personality, always wanting to be the center of attention. Mr. Mulwin, a pharmacist, whose thriving business and the drive required to make thrive same has driven him over the edge into total irritability. Mrs. Judson. And toward the end of the novel a Mr. Carson (Johnny? I wondered aloud at first), a reformed alchoholic who one day felt blue and slashed his wrists. These people are abnormal enough that their minds speak.

The staff and the various therapies provide the background for life in the sanatorium. (One wonders whether the various therapies are specifically designed to be idiotic enough to drive the crazy patients normal, and make them decide to be well.) The centerpiece of the treatment is group therapy sessions, for patients and families together.

The ultra-normal Delehantey family provides the background for the "real world."

Are who crazy?

Enough redescription. If it keeps up this review might start to be confused with a blue book. And the reviewer might start to subjunctively think in subordinate clauses how he did. And that might make him nuts.

The fiction of the reviewer particularly likes this book for its practical modernity. This is not grand prose in an international style in which grand themes on the hoof, well . . . bang, bang, no endangered species they.

This is absolutely straightforward writing without the transference of poetic diction via cinematic form to the page.

The first couple of sentences of the book: "It was a lovely light living room. Or it would have been, had not a previous owner found quick-growing conifer seedlings an irresistible bargain."

Or where the strict Bryan Delahantey deals with Patrick's (one of the twins) lost biology book when Patrick comes into the livingroom looking for it:

"Borrow Michael's," Bryan said, while he's studying something else. And stop losing things. You wouldn't know where to find your head if it wasn't screwed on."

"He's using his and I've got to find mine. We have a test tomorrow."

Or this little exchange in a group therapy session:

"When it isn't business, it's drugs," Mrs. Judson said. "I never heard anything like it in my life. I'm that disgusted."

"I'm not disgusted," Lottie said, "I find this variety of human experience fascinating. And I've learned a lot of things here that may add up to one big thing. I found out I could go without paraldehyde when I thought I couldn't. And I may be an amateur, but that's all right. The time flies by when I'm at my easel."

While there's a tremendous amount of moving around --itchiness-- transitions just take place. First you're in one place, then another. Just like that. The mind says something it feels. The voice articulates it. I'm hungry. What's for dinner? Ask something, you get something.

The truth of the matter is is people nowadays, like some nomadic zen beasts, can only be "at home" in and "at home" to the nervous system. What's orderly in this nuclear world is some degree of comfort with a mythical line (called a life) that describes the nervous system. The logic is what gives us our stories. The language gives us our flesh and hues.

-- Ted Greenwald

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Red I

Ivan the Terrible  
banished his first wife  
to a convent in Suzdal  
because she was sterile

His wife said  
she had a child in  
the convent    Excavations  
reveal a doll  
pierced by a pin  
inside a tomb

During Ivan's reign  
red meant beautiful

--Mary Ferrari

I'LL BE SEEING YOU, FAGIN (FULL COURT PRESS BOOK)

He is serious.

He is confessional.

He is a hoax.

He is a shameless, I mean shambles.

He is rich, elegant, self-effacing & lame.

His conclusions are disastrous, like Jack Spicer's hat,

& like Jack Spicer's hat, they are beneath you. Like his eyes,

they are above his nose, no I mean they are open, those

which I have known and fell into, oops, in

love with before a long time ago since when in that

he is like an issue

in New

York.

The New Yorker.

completely serious approaching enigma never paradox true

I am always concerned for hisself which is LAST POEM happily

touching & lovely & form is all beautiful & typical & unread &

self-destructive in complete & enjoyable fashion admired by

Wm. Empson, Robert Creeley, Cornell & a giant who likes him.

Larr have the high stylist's trademark, not thin, wet. Like

Every good American he invents a superior with

whom he sees & talks about effects a balloon

going up

? (oops)

/ filled with bread.

His is anyone's poetry instead of head.

-- Théophile Bashó  
9 June 78

Some Do, by Jane DeLynn, Macmillan & Company, (\$9.95 h./\$4.95 paper)

Some Do is a fascinating novel with a mysterious narrative energy that takes the reader easily to the end, with pleasures all along the way, in spite of the fact that its dialogue scenes are very weak, its characters hover around two-dimensionality, and its historical and sociological insights are commonplace.

The novel complexly braids together the lives of seven women and a few men who meet in Berkeley, California in the late 60's and are swept up in movements for social change, as well as stymied by their individual needs for sex and love. In a book with such a large cast of characters there are bound to be some who come alive more than others-- I rather liked Holly, Ursula and Bettina, who seemed softer and less terminally strident, but each reader will feel differently, and there is literally "something for everyone": a tough black lesbian, a frigid Candace Bergenish beauty, an older "free spirit," an obsessed mathematician, a revolutionary bomb-thrower, an autistic child, etc. The fact is that none of the characters is that deeply felt or observed. What keeps you reading is the pattern of intersections between them, and a structure which, just as you are beginning to get impatient with the shallowness of one life, switches scenes to another. DeLynn plays the omniscient novelist: she is in control of the character's fates, and snips a life here, a life there (quite a few deaths in the book), throws someone in front of a truck for good measure. Toward characters who have so little control over their lives and drives, the author's tone is often a wearily amused "What fools these mortals be."

Some Do is a comedy which aspires toward pessimistic gravity. In some of the most beautifully written passages the gravity is attained, and the narrator's periodic insistences that life is miserable, boring and a bed of pain acquire some credibility. Oddly enough, when DeLynn is writing out of her "how weary flat stale and unprofitable" bag, the style becomes a good deal fresher and more relaxed and, damn it all, poetic than when she tries to hype up the action with crescendoes. The thoughts of characters on the brink of death, in Zazen, intoxicated, drugged, going mad, hallucinating, laid up in the hospital, or simply depressed on a commune are rendered with a beautifully flat exactitude that captures the attractiveness of passivity. In fact, there is something eerie about the way nearly all the characters, flailing about for solutions, are pushed into a state of catatonic withdrawal. Berkeley is the flypaper catching them in mid-flight; crackup is the main mode of rest. If the novel, for all its radical investitures, leaves a final political effect which is disquietingly quietistic and conservative, it is partly because of this tropism toward depressed lassitude as wisdom and transcendence.

DeLynn is a naturally meditative writer. Most of the novel's major events, and most powerful insights, take place interiorly. On the other hand, exterior reality, character interactions, historical panoramas and actions are not handled as well. All dialogue scenes tend to degenerate into shrill exchanges of aggravation, as though that were the only mode available in human discourse. Also, Berkeley never comes into focus as a place, visually or topographically: mise en scène is not the author's strong suit. The novelist machetes her way through big group scenes with a bravura technique that is more histrionic than experientially subtle. In two of the action "set pieces"--Holly's rape and the counter-rape of a businessman

(a flashy, silly tour de force)--the odd thing is that the action itself is rarely described from a third-person objective perspective. Rather, DeLynn goes into the minds of the participants, showing for instance how Holly's rapist rationalizes away any awareness of his violating someone. The result is interesting psychologically, though it fails to catch fire dramatically; stays muffled. It is almost as though DeLynn, with her Emily Dickinson talents for registering interior somatic flickers and her philosophical bent, cannot believe that actions do exist separate from mind. Clean, clear physical action is portrayed reluctantly, if at all.

This goes hand in hand with the novel's repelled attitude toward the body and its physical functions. When a character starts withdrawing from the world, the retreat is invariably signalled by the announcement from someone else that he or she is "starting to smell." Hemophilia (internal bleeding), shit stains in underwear, body odors, acne, failure to lubricate and other betrayals of the body, are the repeating metaphors in the book. Not surprisingly, the flashbacks always return to adolescence, since this is the period when the body is erupting and out of control. These flashbacks invariably deal with unpleasant sexual initiations, as if to explain and justify the character's sexual fears by trauma of adolescence, though I would think one would have to go back earlier than that to locate the genesis of the problems. The novelist's aggressive insistence on smearing bodily discharges throughout the prose strikes me as adolescent in itself. It becomes an attention-getting shtik, a cheap buzz oddly at variance with the measured and elegiac prose of other sections. Some Do has this peculiarly schizoid character, part-Edwardian distanced and dignified, part-dirty mouth scatological. This concoction may well be true to the author's personality, and her original contribution to the contemporary novel, but I don't think she is in control of the proper proportions yet.

DeLynn's trafficking in vulgarity is a double-edged affair: it lends the proceedings vitality, flash and youth, even as it opens the book to the charge of shoddy opportunism. Some of the background figures (Kirsh's family, or her analyst, or any hospital-welfare-institutional-authority figures) are caricatured as idiots in a pop sociology fashion which plays to the audience. It is not always clear whether DeLynn really cares about all of the social targets she berates, or is just being reflexively irritable. And it is hard to know what the author actually thinks about some of the issues and political questions she raises: when reckoning time comes, she has placed all the wild views into her characters' mouths and none into her own. At the same time, there is something wonderful about the ever-widening ambition of the novel's historical frame, which takes in the development of SDS and the women's movement, the birth of the "me" generation, and so on. This is not the book about the 60's: it feels more researched than lived. But DeLynn is a good researcher, and her background material is fascinating, even when her commentary on historic events is not far from the thinness of news magazines.

What redeems the novel finally is DeLynn's awed respect for the power of love. For all its grimness, the book is actually very optimistic in its belief in the persistence of love, however desperate or out of control. Whether it is the unrequited passion Bettina feels for Kirsh, or the tenderness between Holly and her father, or between Ursula and Timmy (DeLynn is rather gentle with her male characters), the author has infinite tolerance and sympathy for amour fou. In the schema of the novel, desire itself is the greatest miracle. The beautiful Kirsh is unfortunate because she cannot desire anyone enough to go to bed with. Samantha, Cass and Maria are cursed in another way because, though they sleep around and lust satisfactorily, their feelings can never settle on one person.

But the infatuated ones carry the hope in the novel. Even the sick rapist, James Condor, is understood in terms of his yearning "just once to put his cock in the beautiful blonde chick's mouth." DeLynn grasps the power of this sort of yearning and is unembarrassed by it: she treats it honestly as a fact of life. True, the characters are unable to articulate this longing to merge or melt into each other--instead, heaving clumps of stereotyped ideological verbiage around. Yet the lovers see beyond the shrillness: Bettina, delusionally or not, comes to the conclusion that Kirsh actually loves her in his own way, although she will never reciprocate. And when Ursula visits the hospital room of her whacky ex-boyfriend Timmy, who thinks he can fly (!), her love colors the reality and changes it:

"This world of worries was so tedious. Was it worth it? What was he to this strange chatty Spanish girl, and what was she to him? It had been bad enough to bring himself back from Jupiter...But this fulsome person who showered noise and gifts was something else. Nonetheless he found himself paying increasing attention to the trivial (but engrossing) happenings that had been taking place, unawares to him, on this strange planet. Once, looking at her bright white teeth, he even felt a glimmer of an emotion he had altogether forgotten, one whose name even now was on the tip of his tongue.

"The trouble was, difficult as it was to return to Earth (guided by the thinnest of threads) from the edges of the solar system, it was even more difficult to leave it. It took all one's concentration and energy to overcome the habits of inertia, gravity, and sloth. Already Timmy could feel this energy starting to leave him. First the energy, then the will, and, finally, the memory. It slipped away as he thought of it; already the moons of Jupiter were getting hazy: what man-made satellites? what thread? Finally he could see it sailing out of his body, a golden filament floating up to the ceiling. He reached out his hands to hold onto it, but, letting go of the parallel bars by which he was pulling himself across the room, he fell. Ursula rushed to him, and the filament sailed upwards, through the ceiling, out of sight and reach. Timmy moaned, then collapsed, weeping. He knew he would never get it back; he was here, on Earth, to stay.

"Ursula was immeasurably moved; she assumed the tears were for her, because she had returned. (As, in a way, they were.) This display of emotion united her to him as nothing else could have. Forever after she never doubted he loved her--even during the periods of inexplicable, cyclic melancholy, when Timmy would wander alone outside, looking sadly up at the stars."

DeLynn is very good at showing the understanding which lies underneath the misunderstanding: "(As, in a way, they were.)" And she is very good at showing one person watching another secretly from the hopelessly subjective interior shell of his or her longing. If her characters cannot yet relate realistically or responsibly, the hungry gazes they shoot at each other from distant planets are at least a start. Meanwhile, DeLynn has the confident, self-assured voice of someone born to write distinguished prose.

-- Phillip Lopate

POEM

It'd be so good  
if the one you love  
would get up early every morning  
and call in for you,  
"He won't be coming in this morning."  
Navy blue  
with dark red trim.

-- Ron Padgett

St. Mark's Church in-the-Bowery  
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