

THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER  
No. 72 March 1980  
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:  
March 5 - Jayne Anne Phillips & Sam Kashner. March 12 - Phillip Lopate & Alan Feldman.  
March 19 - Clark Coolidge. March 26 - Pat Jones & Ntozake Shange (tentative).

Monday Nights hosted by Bob Holman: March 3 - Open Reading. March 10 - Rolf Borjind,  
Bruno K. Oijer & Wally Swist. March 17 - Chris Kadison, Simon Pettet & Rachel Walling.  
March 24 - Sara Miles, Molly Russakoff & Lorna Smedman. March 31 - Susan Cataldo,  
Michael Summers & Susie Timmons.

WORKSHOPS AT ST. MARK'S: FREE\*\*\*\*\*ABSOLUTELY FREE\*\*\*\*\*WRITING WORKSHOPS\*\*\*\*\*

Note: With the exception of the Sunday Workshop, all begin at 7:30pm and are held  
at the Third Street Music School, 235 East 11th St., NYC.

Tuesdays--through April 8 - with Charles Bernstein.

Fridays--Poetry Workshop with Alice Notley.

Sundays--Poetry Workshop with Harris Schiff ( 6 pm in the St. Mark's Parish Hall).

POETRY PROJECT SPRING LECTURES - 2nd Series.

March 13 -- Agnes Martin: "Going Up in the Tower."

March 20 -- Leroy Breunig: "Guillaume Apollinaire, An Immodest Poet."

(For exact time & place of Spring Lectures, call the Project, 674-0910.)

ANNOUNCEMENTS: ANNOUNCEMENTS: ANNOUNCEMENTS: ANNOUNCEMENTS: ANNOUNCEMENTS:

NEWSLETTER SPECIAL THANKS: Fabulous February wishes to thank-- Tom Weigel, Ron  
Padgett, Barbara Barg, Gary Lenhart, Ginger Miles, Maureen Owen, Joel Chassler (heh heh)  
and Madeleine Keller, for helping make 1500 sheets of mimeo x 5 become a reality. Thanks!

THE WORLD--Spring Issue 1980-- Tony Towle will edit the Spring 1980 issue of The World  
magazine published at St. Mark's. Manuscripts should be sent to: Tony Towle/ The  
Poetry Project/ 2nd Ave & 10th St, NYC 10003. Deadline for submissions is April 15th.

AT THE JUMPING BEAN by Jane Bowles, performed by Dianne Thompson & Bob Holman at the  
Ear Inn, Sunday March 23 & Sunday March 30 at 11 pm.

POETRY IN FILMS AT MILLENIUM: Tuesday Evenings, 8 pm, 66 E. 4th St. 673-0090.

March 4 - Ezra Pound (b/w 15 min) & Gertrude Stein. WHEN THIS YOU SEE, REMEMBER ME.

(89 min, color). March 11 - THE BLUES ACCORDIN' TO LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS by Les Blank  
& Isaac Bashevis Singer. ISAAC SINGER'S NIGHTMARE & MRS. PUPKO'S BEARD. (color, 30 min).

The Maison Francaise at Columbia is sponsoring a two-day colloquium on Guillaume  
Apollinaire, March 3 and 4, involving the greatest French and American Apollinaire  
scholars. For further info call the Maison Francaise, 280-4482.

POETS AT THE PUBLIC: Ishmael Reed & Ntozake Shange. March 3, 8 pm, 425 Lafayette St.,  
New York City, 598-7129.

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BOOKS RECENTLY RELEASED: p=paperback, h=hardback, npl=no price listed.

- \*\*L PUBLICATIONS, 34 Franciscan Way, Kensington, CA 94707: Common Sense by Ted Greenwald (195 pages, Cover by Robert Kushner. \$5.00p). The range and scope of this book make it a collectible.
- \*\*CADMUS EDITIONS, Box 4725, Santa Barbara, CA 93103: The Great Naropa Poetry Wars by Tom Clark (\$5.00p).
- \*\*BLACK SPARROW PRESS, P.O.Box 3993, Santa Barbara, CA 93105: Kill The Messenger by Robert Kelly (\$6.00p/20.00h/poems). The Facts Of Life by Paul Goodman (\$7.50p/14.00h/stories). Cybele by Joyce Carol Oates (\$5.00p/14.00h).
- \*\*TELEPHONE BOOKS, Box 672 Old Chelsea Stn., NYC 10011: No More Mr Nice Guy by Sam Kashner (Cover by Glen Baxter. \$2.00p).
- \*\*VIKING PENGUIN INC., 625 Madison Ave., NYC 10022: As We Know by John Ashbery (\$7.95p/\$12.50h).
- \*\*TOMBOUCTOU, Box 265, Bolinas, CA 94924: Shit On My Shoes by Duncan McNaughton (\$5 p).
- \*\*NEW DIRECTIONS, 80 Eighth Ave., NYC 10011: A Draft of Shadows and Other Poems by Octavio Paz. Edited and translated by Eliot Weinberger with additional translations by Elizabeth Bishop and Mark Strand. (\$4.95p/9.95h).
- \*\*L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E, 464 Amsterdam Ave., NYC 10024: Number 11--January 1980, double issue with short reviews of small press books, coast to coast, an ambitious undertaking and well done. (One year---3 issues in 1980 for \$4.)
- \*\*MAG CITY, 437 East 12th St. Suite 26, NYC 10009: Mag City #8--Ricard, Hughes, Masters, Notley, Scholnick, Nauen, Greenwald, Weigel, Fischer, Baraka, Fisher, Rosenthal, Owen, Fyman, Lenhart, Kraut, Berrigan. Cover by Monica Weigel. (\$2.00p).
- \*\*MAKER PRESS, 1206 Seymour Street, Montreal H3H 2A5 Canada: The Vehicule Poets-- anthology with Endre Farkas, Artie Gold, Konyves, Lapp, McAuley, Morrissey, Ken Norris (\$4.00p). The Book of Fall by Ken Norris (npl).
- \*\*CROSS COUNTRY PRESS, P.O. Box 21081, Woodhaven, New York 11421: A New Romance by David McFadden (\$3.00p). Report on the Second Half of the Twentieth Century by Ken Norris (npl). Some of the Cat Poems by Artie Gold (\$2.00p). Hilarious!
- \*\*THE PARIS REVIEW, 45-39 171 Place, Flushing, NY 11358: Fall 1979--The Paris Review, No. 76 -- Interviews with Ignatow, Levi, Jean Rhys; Fiction by Mandiargues, Evanier, Lock; Art by Hurson, Robert Kushner, Thompson; Poetry by Pasolini, Kenneth King, Simpson and others. (\$3.50p).
- \*\*MIDNIGHT SUN, 223 E. 28th St. #1RE, NYC 10016: 101 Fragments of a Prayer by Stanley Nelson (\$2.00p). Chirico Eyes by Stanley Nelson (\$1.00p). Covers on both books by Bill Duckworth.
- \*\*SONGS FOR SOLITUDE, 910 5th Ave., Clinton, IA 52732: Songs for Solitude by Cynthia Haring (Art by Les Bell and Marcia Huyette. \$5.50p).
- \*\*HUGH MILLER BOOKSELLER, 216 Crown Street, Room 506, New Haven CT 06510: Write for his comprehensive catalog of small press books, many first editions available.
- \*\*WIN, 503 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11217: Special Issue of WIN Magazine devoted to the imagination as an agent of social change. Includes Rukeyser, Levertov, Bly, Berrigan, and others. (\$1.00 newsprint paper.)
- \*\*CONTACT II, Box 451 Bowling Green Stn, NYC 10004: Contact II-- A Bimonthly Poetry Review, poetry, essays, reviews and reports from all over the country. WINTER 1979 issue-- Women Writing on Women. Special Double Issue with poetry by Maureen Owen, Pastan, Harjo, Patricia Jones and others. Reviews on Diane DiPrima, Adrienne Rich, Giovanni, Gioseffi, and profile of Helen Adam, by Susan Mernit (Subscriptions \$6.00 to individuals/\$12 inst.).
- \*\*PULP, 720 Greenwich Street, c/o Howard Sage, NYC 10014: Between Desire and Consumption by I.E. Steele (\$3.50p/\$4.50 signed).
- \*\*THE SEA HORSE PRESS, Box 509, Village Stn., NYC 10014: IDOLS by Dennis Cooper (\$4.95p).

Poems by Daniel Krakauer; Small Poems To God by Neil Hackman; Hog Wild by Susie Timmons (Frontward Books, c/o R. Kraut, 334 E 11th St, Suite #6, NYC 10003. All are \$2 p/each).

Poems by Daniel Krakauer: this book is for you to have for your life, that's all. You'll take it with you every time you move to a different city, because you'll like to take it down from the shelf & open it up & read it. Recently I overheard in the air the following speech about Poems: "I think Danny transforms the world in his poems. If a poem of his has sidewalks & buildings in it, it also has sidewalks & buildings in it during the highest process of your enlightenment. Then they return to being sidewalks & buildings & yet the middle part overlaps them...you get all three at once. You get sidewalks & buildings as you go in & come out of the poem. Sidewalks & buildings as you're seeing them at that moment, all grey or sparklets in the sidewalk or whatever. He restores reality to its most common state for you. I'm saying his poems are understood on different levels by different people. What I mean by 'highest process of development,' development might mean the development of your love for Jeannie. Instead of walking around like a building in the highest stage of its development, he walks around as the post-office worker & the poet. He could release himself into being Max Jacob or one of those guys but you don't do that. His poems are all about love, or reality, like when you wake up a minute & then dream you've gone to work. He can take for granted what we had to be taught was reality. But I've said that too many times--- I've almost lost the meaning."

Small Poems To God by Neil Hackman: in this book Neil Hackman talks to his notebook, to his friends, & to God. That makes sense, that's what poets do. In one poem he pretends to be the sun & so to see & be intimately connected with everything going on in the whole world. That's also what poets do. However, poets right now tend not to, as Neil Hackman does, address God as You with a capital Y & as a lover. If you aren't poet enough to take it, tough shit. So. These poems are ambitious, like when it's natural to write long & wide & include every color & window & person, not like when you say I will now write a long poem. When you're reading one of his longer poems you don't stop & think "Hah! A long poem!" It's that with this grand & religious subject matter the poems demand to be big, the proportions are right. Neil Hackman can write a long poem without being just another brilliant young poet. Who else can? Is there something wrong with you that you can't have or say this big a feeling?

Hog Wild by Susie Timmons: her poems "have a lot of personality," in the down-home use of that phrase. I remember that the people who had a lot of personality were the ones who took the most risks in talking---how far can you go with your partner in conversation? How imaginative or honest can you be & still be amusing? Susie Timmons is a very good poet & interestingly you can't demonstrate this fact just by isolating lines. It's in the unfolding of her tone of voice---how she plays with it & changes it---& in the whole thing you're left with. Someone has just made a speech to a "you," & she's been attractive & rueful, or attractive & loving & silly, or attractive & almost too talkative, or attractive & mean, or attractive & completely & consciously enticing. If you isolate lines that you like a lot, they seem zanier than the poem adds up to being: "Thud! Ouish!/stars flopping on the sands"; "The part in my hair has resurfaced"; "the moon is string/ beaning across the sky." Susie Timmons also makes another kind of poem, that's like a strange machine, not in the first person, in the writing of which she finds herself at the mercy of words & the will to invent. She doesn't know whether to laugh or cry. In a tight spot, when you have to write, who knows what you'll end up saying? "This is the day/ the day has made."

-- Alice Notley

KISS MY LIPS by Helena Hughes (Andrea Doria Books: c/o Tom Weigel, 515 E. 6 St. #C-8, NYC 10009. Cover by Rochelle Kraut, \$2.00p).

On her way to Karma, the lady leaves poems: "Wet Saturday night filled with disturbed rumblings/ vibrating walls, get your beard out my soup IND/ walking up second avenue to see a jealous movie/ past last week where the shop owner stood entwined in a boa/ in a doorway, pet, was you/ and I was holding onto your hand."/ from FISH HAIR.

I like these "I" poems best: where the elusive poet in search of herself and the world/herself in the world becomes even more elusive especially when sounding most out front: "I am a lunatic what I mean is an idiot/ I am a madman with sense and my nerves are trained/ My dress is the colour of good weather/(stanza)/ My pulse is like an earthquake/ I do not want to talk about it/ and then I thought maybe/ not even that."/from GOING EAST.

It is the spelling of that word "colour" that colors these poems, a sense of Hughes' "Englishness", of a somewhat stranger in our/her midst, that special quality of the "outsider" suddenly leaping inside and, despite her English 'reserve' the poems refuse to sit on the page, they want to fly: "the greatly wondrous state of seeing the/ Empire State needle out their kitchen window/ I chew on sugar cane, gum candy/ I have a perfect moon spot on my left shoulder/ through it I breathe listening for/ a certain lightness in my footfall/ I never change my mind in even numbers/ the odd numbers are on the south side of the street,/ certain things I long observed/ (stanza)/ Are my wheels in the right direction?"/ from THE SHEEP WILL SAFELY GRAZE AND WILL I SHUT THE WINDOW?.

I'd say Yes. Despite these 2 Dickinsonian lines: "don't tell on me nor tell me/ what is you."/ from STRIPED.

The poet keeps seeing/feeling/telling. Her wheels go right, the poet in her must tell. It is the dread and charm of many of the poems that while one feels she'd really rather not, still she tells: "Sharp bikes in the night, late/ music in the air, stray/ voices in the quiet. A gulp/ the feeling of uneven paving stones/ spoiled by your climate I remain/ in continuous remembrance of you/ one quarter of the shutter open."/ from IN THE GLASS.

-- Bill Kushner

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Idols by Dennis Cooper (The Sea Horse Press, 307 W. 11th St., NYC 10014. \$4.95p).

Reading Dennis Cooper's newest collection, Idols, I am struck immediately by the ease with which his poems make conscious, moral choices about the very nature of poetry itself. His works, decidedly homoerotic in feeling, recollect such visionaries as Rimbaud and yes, even John F. Kennedy, in a remarkable poem for John Kennedy, Jr. This poem, besides being the longest in the book, also happens to be the most lucid, disarming and poignant. When Cooper states: "When he talks about it/ he goes way overboard/ My dad was a god, John says.", you can be quite certain there is a lyrical tradition at work here, an almost elegiac attention to the facts of Kennedy's assassination, and how the legacy is so calmly handed down from, say, one god to another, in this case his favorite son. Or else, regard these lines from the same poem, which is really a poem within the poem, by John, Jr. himself: "I never thought anyone died,/especially not me." Lastly, on Cooper's Kennedy poem, I find, among many lovely stanzas, this one, which I quote in its entirety: "Back in his childhood/ wrapped in a big guy's arms/ life was easy, his games/ as famous as the clouds', and/ in Hyannis once at fourteen/ on his own for two weeks,/ he lay jerking off in/ the trees. He thought/ of how close the truth was." This poem moves me beyond words. I suppose one could summon pathos, but that would be belying the secret fact I think most poets these days are grappling with, that these guys, Kennedy and others, were gods, and lines such as: "The beauty I saw in him/ Was a cross between Marilyn Monroe and shade.", brings into focus goddesses as well. What Cooper has done, masterfully I'd say, is to relocate the difficulties of the 60's, cleanse the old wounds still harbored there, and have the reader come away from the experience as one would take leave of a small campsite in deep woods. His future as a poet is assured. His works bring breathing space and his visions clarify the darkness of our times, while still continuing the dream. A dream of idols. A dream of gods.

--Kevin Jeffery Clarke

Young Anger by Rose Lesniak (The Toothpaste Press: Box 546 West Branch, Iowa 52358.  
\$3.00p) Brilliant Cover by Tim Milk.

I went to investigate  
the public, words, things,  
I never see but oh,  
Do believe.

(from "The Ones who Make the People People")

Skateboards make me nervous. I think I told Rose Lesniak that in her loft one afternoon about 3 years ago when we first met. "Look, it's easy...she said leaping on, careening across the big room and smashing into a wall. Rose lay there in a crumpled heap for about a minute and I swore she was dead. It was a sympathetic gesture--if you can imagine someone who would jump out a window to demonstrate that she too was scared of heights: "From 1946 to the present the philosophy of Forkosh hospital/ has never changed...it continues to be dedicated to--/ Forkosh hospital./ (stanza)/ 251...251...251...Doctor Adept...251...Doctor Adept.../ 262...262...262... Ms. Stone...262...Ms. Stone.../ 262...262...262...Doctor Stone..."/(from "Phenobarbital Baby")

I showed Rose's "Phenobarbital Baby" to the people in my workshop last fall. Someone said, "Wow, that really feels like inside of a hospital." Rose understands institutions. Like vehicles for your energy or the context you understand your own energy through: "And you're the same as her/ reaching out from here/ confined in a tapestry/ looking for a museum to enclose you."/ (from "The Oak Tree")

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Some people insist that Politics and Art remain separate. John Perreault was criticizing Hilton Kramer on this count in Soho Weekly News ("Kramer vs. Women") when he said, "But feminism is not politics, in the sense that Republicanism is." So's Rose. Her poems are political like her life is political--it's political to be a woman if you think about it at all. "Aging Love Poem" occurs neatly inside Art and Politics mainly because it's about love: "the way your eyes light & turn/ before you say, "my I moves everywhere"/

Rose goes on to note each aspect of her lover that she loves--pretty traditional, but very relaxed--and then proclaims: "I am all lovers, let the bodies of women ride/ take over & under the covers/ your knees are rashed pinker than the rest of you/ I love to watch, no lie./ (stanza)/ And there is no one else shaking me tonight./ There is no sound or any more words/ and I will eat your body for thousands of years."/

Intense, huh? Made me lean back and sip my Bloody Mary a moment. Only thing I can't figure out is why this love poem is "Aging." Except maybe to point out that it isn't: "Ready meat? I'm goint to eat you now!/ I'm a speaking animal/ of poetry-- him or her./ I eat meat because I'm considered meat."/ (from "On Eating Meat")

Rose at her best is completely funny and deadly serious at the same time. I think it's basically to save time--"irony" is not in her vocabulary. She told me to call her up if I had any questions.

EM: Rose, What do you mean by: "I have the feeling/ that you're clean not by accident/ more than design."/

or, "I've the mind of a peasant/ trapped in the body of an intellectual"/  
The line is busy. Anyway, she told me these poems are all "old."

-- Eileen Myles

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CHEAP SOUTH

for Bill Zavatsky

I was thinking "In a world of real nickels..."  
when one just rolled out of my dirty clothes  
as I lifted them.

Clink on the floor--  
the dropped money noise.

A real nickel buys a xerox.

--Rebecca Brown

The following essay is based on an interview suggested by Vicki Hudspith with Gerard Malanga, poet and photographer, living in New York City.

Vicki Hudspith: What kind of work are you doing right now?

Gerard Malanga: There is no simple way to speak about the work I am doing right now because the work and whatever I have to say, in most instances, turns out to be about something else, finally. The challenges I set for myself have not concerned form for form's sake. I focus on the exact relationship between my tone and my ideas. Somewhere between monotony and erudite chit-chat I have had to find a language to express my obstinacy, and the poems I have written over the past several months stem nearly always from the obstinate pursuit of psychological truth. If I am asked what feeling inspires me, it is indignation. Stupidity in someone who appears outwardly beautiful can easily inspire my indignation. I believe the most inspired poems are not born in flashes of inspiration but in a daily fidelity. Yet there comes a time, there come times in my life, when such feelings are a nuisance, and because of this I need to be selective in what I write. I need focus. This quest for an intelligible language leads me to say not what I like but only what I must. In me, knowledge always passes through the medium of the senses. My need to see, touch, taste, feel and do is stronger than any desire to be an artist. My friendships, my loves, are physical. The shoulder of my friend or lover, a woman's radiance. The evidence of the senses. Everything that I've been able to write shows this plainly enough. And yet the work is never finished. I still have much to do. The next poem is for me always a time in which to rediscover my own banality.

V.H.: What writing are you currently interested in?

G.M.: For me there is no happy medium between vulgar propaganda that passes itself off for poetry and creative inspiration. Socrates had something to this sort in mind when he stated in the Phaedo: "The misuse of language is not only distasteful in itself, but actually harmful to the soul". In America today, most poets seem to have talent; actually, they have never had time to acquire any. All they have is a kind of cleverness which they borrow from one another, a communal treasure in which individual values are frittered away. A conservative backlash of sorts. There is no art where there is nothing to overcome and where nothing is demanded of the reader.

My life is ordered to an extent--but I have, above all, a single purpose: to "live as variously as possible". It is true that a certain intensity of living involves some injustice, or as it was put to me by Rene Ricard: "Sometimes when you live well you have to be mean". I enjoy being what I am, but this certain form of solitary happiness does not exist without a kind of blindness or passion. I live in the present yet cannot free myself from what I have been. Everything and everyone is connected. My poems are the evidence and measure of those connections. At Compo Beach in Westport last week, I was sitting under a downpour at a sheltered area and in the midst of an immense recollection of my past: the smell of rain and sea, the misty sky, the sight of people's backs fleeing beneath the deluge. What brought me here was a kind of persistence and desire to reconnect with someone from my past. It was worth the effort, but certainly a great folly, one that is almost always punished with disappointment and disillusion. Yet nothing is lost; it only changes. Whom I am intimate with, linked to, allows that each pours into the other a richer life. I do not become better, but fulfill myself a little more, outside myself and yet nearer to what I really am. "History is the memory of time," wrote Olson. Ideas realize themselves in time from which my poems are the measure.

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The recently announced New York State budget includes a 2% cut in funding to the state arts council. For the literature program of NYSCA, this amounts to a loss of about \$250,000. Inflation reduces the real amount even further. If you would like to see funds for writing & the other arts restored, yea increased even, write to your state senator, assemblyman, Governor Carey, Warren Anderson & Stanley Fink. Think of all the ways in which your life is affected by Art & Money. Then write a personal letter as a working poet. It will make a difference.

Interview with Barbara Barg, who has been published in every magazine she ever worked on. A Raven Haired Beauty this week, she lives in New York City.

Vicki Hudspith: How has tuberculosis affected your writing?

Barbara Barg: I've become a Romantic Poet.

V.H.: As a result, can you use one word for many?

B.B.: Yes and I find myself doing that alot lately....I feel it's like, you know, part of my growth process. For example, the other day, I was walking up Sixth Avenue and the weather was great, very sunny and not much chill. I was walking along and singing a little tune to myself, had a little skip in my boot heels and just generally felt totally tolerable when this guy standing among the palm trees (he was on the sidewalk in front of one of those plant stores) says, "Hey you titless bitch, got a smoke?" So I look at the guy, and I really feel like saying something back to the creep like "You should lose all your teeth except one, and that one should have such an abcess!" or something really devastating like, "Hope your dick falls off in your father's mouth," something like that. But then I notice that to say such a thing to this guy would be a total mistake, because this guy is obviously a psychotic killer and rapist, the kind the Post would love on the front page, and I've always felt it's only wise to answer those kind of creeps with a grenade, you know? So I looked at him very coolly, but firmly, I mean I wasn't weak or anything, I looked him right in the eye and said, "Moi?"

V.H.: Do you really understand what you read?

B.B.: I'm not sure I can condone an activity like "understanding what you read", that is, trying to understand what another person has written, because it isn't yours! Any attempt to understand or make sense out of what someone else has written may well be an invasion of privacy. What, for example, would be the difference between how I understand something today and how I understand that same thing at the close of the most interesting day of my life? And why inflict that indecisiveness on someone else's text? Oh how hot it is. How beautiful it is. Look, there it is now. Give me liberty or give me death...why didnt you answer my calls?

V.H.: Would you call yourself a word detective?

B.B.: The treasures of a serious text are said to be hidden. By those who are wise in their own estimation, who are puffed up by the teaching of vain philosophy. The beauty and power and mystery of the plan are not perceived. The word is to be our study then. It's an inexhaustible treasure, but we fail to find this treasure because we do not search until it's in our possession. Often, we take the sayings of others for truths, being too indolent to put ourselves to diligent, earnest labor. We invent understandings, but our inventions are not only unreliable, they're dangerous, for they place a word where a person would be... so what you're actually left with is, a missing person. It gets to be pretty sleazy, this detective stuff.

V.H.: That sounded vaguely religious. Can you use words?

B.B.: I must use words. If I don't use words, then they use me.

V.H.: Are you ready for a review?

B.B.: Why, you got one?

V.H.: I understand you have a typesetting business....

B.B.: Yes, it's been around since 1980. It's terrific and gives special rates to writers and other creative types. We're located at 156 West 27th Street, Suite 5, New York City or phone us at (212) 675-0914. We're the best in the business.

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Tom Savage is publishing a magazine/anthology of poems relating to Afghanistan/Iran. Works by poets who've visited the country are preferred, but others are welcome. Send as soon as possible to Tom Savage, Nalanda University Press, c/o The Poetry Project.

Flap

The way we act,  
What we say, is wizardry.  
Lowell's ascending  
Strangles the effusions  
of war and peace.

Imperfection, aberration,  
Cutting up lines, threading,  
Swaying Mike Torrez,  
testicles and breasts golden.

Hi Mom

Apple hampers, incorporeal  
A dream phrase journal  
writing yr own stuff

I M P O S S I B L E  
to speak before thinking, un-  
nering, thought is holistic.

And now the olsonic mind  
of Gary Lenhart:

Hit the road, go-round stuff

- Michael Scholnick & Gary Lenhart  
11/6/77, 11/14/79

St. Mark's Church In-the-Bowery  
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