

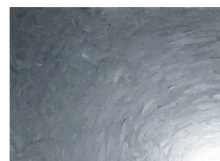
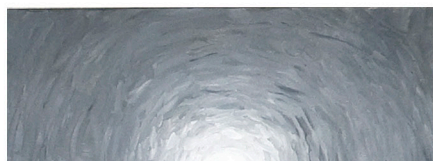
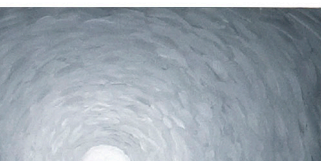
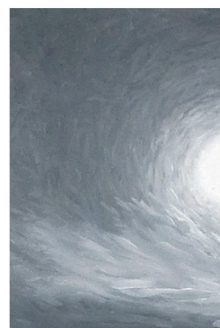
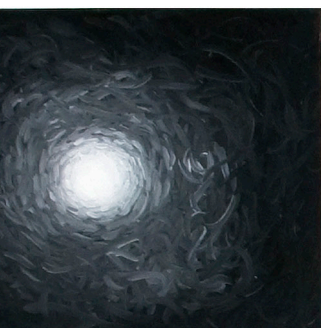
POETRY

No. 241

DECEMBER
JANUARY
MMXV

P·R·O·J·E·C·T

NEWSLETTER



THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER

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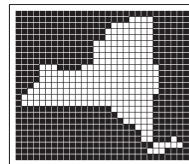
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Celebrating the
creative spirit of
emerging artists



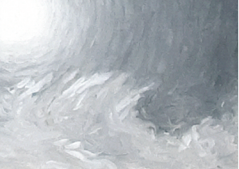
State of the Arts



NYSCA

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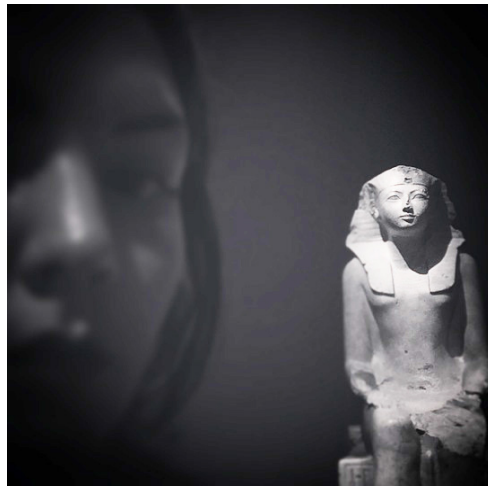
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Cover and TOC image:
Cynthia Daignault, *Rashomon Effect* (2013).
30 pieces, oil on linen, 9 x 12 inches each.
Image courtesy of the artist.



Hello! In lieu of a letter, I wrote the below piece called “How the New Year’s Day Marathon Is Organized” to offer more transparency to the process. I hope people took some time to read the curatorial statements by our series coordinators in the last issue (and Simone White’s in this issue). The Marathon is our signature event, it’s extreme poetry—it does what we want each reading during the season to do: provide a site of collective agency, a communal and generative space for the audience and the poet to experience new work.

HOW THE NEW YEAR’S DAY MARATHON IS ORGANIZED
The Project receives many requests to perform in the Marathon, and we feel fortunate that so many people want to help us meet our fundraising goals. We only have about 150 spots and a seemingly unlimited artistic community to draw from. Below is some basic information about our selection process.

The Marathon is the Poetry Project’s annual benefit and a curated event, i.e. not run open-reading style where people can sign-up. Invitations are issued by our Programming Committee made up of Poetry Project staff and board, plus all of our series coordinators (positions that rotate every 2 years). The final schedule consists of people who are at least one or more of the following broad categories: performers who have a longtime connection to The Poetry Project and/or the Downtown arts scene (poetry, music, film, dance, but poetry in particular); poets who are actively participating in the NYC literary arts scene by giving readings, publishing books, organizing readings, editing journals, etc.; and/or performers who have never participated in a Marathon before. Each year, we have 30-50 first-timers appear, which means that many who performed in prior years aren’t going to be able to participate. If you are invited one year, it doesn’t mean that you will get invited every year. We don’t want to hurt anyone. We do want to conduct our benefit in a manner that best suits the organizational needs of each year.

Lastly, reading is just ONE way of participating in the event. There are volunteer opportunities (about 100 are needed) to help sell books, food and drink, assist in checking in readers, etc. It’s also an opportunity to meet or catch up with other writers/artists and support the Project’s mission. We deeply appreciate your support and your understanding of the effort it takes to present this feat of a fundraiser.

Stacy Szymaszek (Director)

Since the last issue of the *NL* hit the print, I took a day off from Managing Directing to honor my yearly b-day return with a visit (my first + long awaited!) to Hatshepsut—female pharaoh ruler of Egypt in the 18th dynasty. Ruminating on her (once, unfortunately, covered up) legacy as a strong and exceedingly successful ruler of Egypt (with a self-proclaimed deity connection to Amun-Ra, to boot!) was much welcomed in mid-October—the start/heart of planning season for The Poetry Project’s largest and most crucial fundraising shindig of the year—the Annual New Year’s Day Marathon Reading ::

Now in its 41st year, the Marathon is a 12-hour blast of readings and performances from over 140 poets, dancers, musicians, etc. Vast and varied donations from beloved local restaurants, bakeries, and other fine purveyors of snacks and drinks can be consumed while you, reader, gleefully browse our well-known, 1-day only, cheapest, impromptu book store in town. Don’t say I didn’t warn you: Thanks to the support and generosity of presses—large and small—there will be books-a-plenty as a low as \$5. The raffle, which we beta-ed last year, was a true success and we’ve already procured some very special donation-prizes from a few of our fav orgs and businesses around town. To the point, this Marathon is NOT to be missed ::

All funds raised at the NYDMR go toward The Poetry Project’s 85+ readings/events per season and—most importantly—support the honoraria of the 170+ poets and performers who give us reason to host these events in the first place. The Poetry Project Staff is going to need the help of you + approx 99 others to make sure our most prized, annual fundraiser runs smoothly, in order, and on time. If you’d like to contribute in some way—as a volunteer, food, book, or raffle prize donor—pls reach out to Laura at LH@poetryproject.org.

Check out the calendar in this issue to see who has confirmed (as of today) and keep your eyes aimed towards our online calendar, which will continue to live-update with names as we fast approach 1/1/2015.

With that, see you at the 41st Marathon!

Nicole Wallace (Managing Director)

Hi, everyone. Again.

Not long has passed since the previous issue, but the air has changed or might be starting to: I recently married my partner of three years (also the credit to the above photo), Marie, in mid-October; this issue marks the first for our new Reviews Editor, Sara Jane Stoner and the second in the latter half of my tenure as editor of the *PPNL*; and the stakeholder meeting of 11/6 has already been impacting the mindsets of organizers across the community to establish and renew convictions toward equitability, openness, and safety.

There’s so much to look forward to. The weather is holding out. Who knows? By New Year’s Day it could be 65° and sunny. Likely, no. In fact, that would be horrryfyng. Let’s hope not.

In *PPNL* terms, I’m over the hill. After this issue, I’ll have two issues left before the next editor is selected and takes over. I bring this up to reflect on few notes. First, while there is a learning curve in taking on the *PPNL*—acclimating to an institution’s audience and history as much as hard skills—but part of that curve will always be in understanding what it means to manage a publication toward ideals of visibility, care, and difference. To manifest this in practice, for me, is an ongoing education. In this instance, to cease learning, to cease reaching outside oneself, is to cease wanting the ideals being strived for. It is my sincere hope that these ideals are being met; however—and this brings us to the second reason—if they are not, know that you, as a reader, have a forum to speak. I would like to read criticism of the *PPNL* and would be interested in fielding proposals to do so (editor: ppnl@gmail.com). No institution should be so hallowed as to be immune from criticism. And third, I do sincerely hope that you all have enjoyed this last year and a half of the *PPNL* as I hope you will this one. My responsibility is, in the end, for you. Whether you are browsing this before the start of a reading or getting it at home, may you find some reflection of yourself and may it feel cared for.

Ted Dodson (Newsletter Editor)

NEWS/ANNOUNCEMENTS

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Long time readers of this publication have probably realized that once you subscribe to the *PPNL* (or receive it by becoming a member), you will continue to receive it whether or not you keep up with your membership or subscription.

The *PPNL* has long been our means of being in touch with you, our community near and far, and we have enjoyed providing it without asking for regular payment. Still, production costs increase yearly. Our commitment to print issues remains strong, and you can help bolster this commitment. If you are receiving your copy in the mail and have let your membership/subscription lapse, please use the form on the back of this issue or go to poetryproject.org to renew or make a donation.

TOM WEATHERLY 1942-2014

Our condolences to the family and friends of poet, Tom Weatherly, who passed away last July. Weatherly was among the first group of poets to attend the Poetry Project workshops, taught by Artistic Director, Joel Oppenheimer. He went on to be an important presence here, leading workshops, giving readings, and participating in the formation of a writing community. He is the author of *Maumau American Cantos* (Corinth Books, 1970), *Thumbprint* (Telegraph Books, 1971) and *short history of the saxophone* (Groundwater Press, 2006). He also edited and co-edited several anthologies, including *Natural Process: An Anthology of New Black Poetry* (co-edited with Ted Wilentz), which gathered work by Umbra poets. He worked at the Strand Bookstore in New York City for many years, where a memorial reading was held for him in November.

A rare sound recording of Tom Weatherly reading in 1971 was recently located and made available online by PennSound. Downloadable reading copies of *Maumau American Cantos* and *Thumbprint* are available online at Eclipse.

CONTRIBUTORS

JENNIFER BARTLETT is author of *Derivative of the Moving Image* and *(a) lullaby without any music*. She is co-editor of *Beauty is a Verb: The New Poetry of Disability*. Individual poems are forthcoming in *Aufgabe* and *Poetry*. She is the biographer of Larry Eigner.

CHARITY COLEMAN is the author of *Julyiary* (2014), and curator of the Segue Reading Series. She resides in Brooklyn.

CYNTHIA DAIGNAULT, see page 6.

ROSS GAY's the author of the books *Against Which*, *Bringing the Shovel Down*, and the forthcoming *Catalog of Unabashed Gratitude* (2015).

IAN HATCHER is an interdisciplinary artist and software developer based in New York. His first book, *Prosthesis*, will be published by Poor Claudia in 2015. Recent projects include two poetry apps: *Vniverse*, with Stephanie Strickland; and *Abra*, with Amaranth Borsuk and Kate Durbin, created in tandem with a print

artist's book and supported by the Center for Book and Paper Arts, Chicago.

ELAINE KAHN is an artist based in Oakland, Ca. She is author of several chapbooks including *A Voluptuous Dream During an Eclipse* (Poor Claudia, 2012), founding member of the P.Splash Puppet Collective and managing editor of *Flowers & Cream*. Music releases include *Not, I'll Not* (Ecstatic Peace, 2011) and *After You* (Hot Releases, 2014). Her first full-length poetry collection is forthcoming from City Lights Books this spring. Recent writing can be found in *Art Papers*.

BECCA KLAVER is the author of the poetry collection *LA Liminal* (Kore Press, 2010) and several chapbooks, including *Merrily, Merrily* (Lame House Press, 2013) and *Nonstop Pop* (Bloof Books, 2013). She is a PhD candidate in English at Rutgers University and senior editor of the new feminist literary and pop culture blog WEIRD SISTER.

KAREN LEPRI is a poet, translator, and teacher. She is the author of *Incidents of Scattering* (Noemi, 2013).

KATHLEEN DELMAR MILLER is a writer and psychotherapist practicing in NYC.

CONTEST! WIN A SPOT IN THE NEW YEAR'S DAY MARATHON READING

Traditionally, the last poem of The Poetry Project's New Year's Day Marathon Benefit Reading has been read the Director. For the third year in a row, Stacy Szymaszek would like to share her good fortune and gift her spot to another performer. We are excited to announce the Project's "Win the Director's Lucky Reading Spot Contest"!

The rules: Email a single, original poem to programcommittee@poetryproject.org by DECEMBER 8TH. If we believe it is short enough to be read in two minutes, it will be entered into the contest. The winner will be announced on our blog and via our eblast before the event. Anyone may enter our contest, provided the winner be in New York City for New Year's Day and can stay to read last. Enter now!

YEAR END APPEAL

If you see the Project's logo in the corner of an envelope (and/or a link in your inbox) we hope you'll open it. There is a good story inside, and an appeal for a year-end contribution to The Poetry Project. By being subscribers, readers, writers and attendees, you've made it clear to us that you value what we do, and have been doing since 1966. Keep the love coming by considering a fully tax-deductible year-end contribution in whatever amount is significant to you. Your gift will help the Project to sustain its legacy and build opportunities for the future. Given the possibility that you are too eager to wait for our appeal letter, you can make your contribution now by visiting poetryproject.org/get-involved/donate-now. Thank you!

ROSEMARY MAYER (1943-2014)

It is with a heavy heart that we must announce the passing of Rosemary Mayer. Rosemary, sister to Bernadette, was an extraordinary writer, translator, and artist whose work, especially on 0 to 9 and as a feminist arts innovator, remains highly influential. Our deepest condolences go out to her friends and family.

MARYAM PARHIZKAR writes, researches and works via her musical training, and is completing her MA concentration in American Studies at the CUNY Graduate Center. She is the managing editor of Litmus Press and the author of a chapbook, *Pull: a ballad* (The Operating System, 2014). A chapbook-length essay on reckoning/resonance is forthcoming from Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs in 2015.

RENE RICARD was a poet, art critic, underground actor, and regular at Andy Warhol's Factory. In 1979, the Dia Art Foundation published Ricard's first book of poems, *Rene Ricard 1979 – 1980*. His second book of poetry, *God With Revolver* (Hanuman Books) was published ten years later, edited by Raymond Foye. He had two other books published in his lifetime, *Trusty Sarchopagus Co.* (Inanout Press, 1990) and *Love Poems* (CUZ Editions, 1999). Ricard passed away in February of 2014 at the age of 67.

AVRA SPECTOR is a PhD candidate in Comparative Literature at The Graduate Center, CUNY. She currently teaches at Cooper Union and Baruch College.

Cynthia Daignault

by *Cynthia Daignault*

Each time I prepare for a publication, interview, talk, panel or book, I look at my bio. I read it. I reread it. I make small changes. I copy and paste. I send it out into the world anew. Like so:

Cynthia Daignault was born in Baltimore, Maryland, and currently lives in New York. She attended Stanford University, and was a MacDowell Colony Fellow in 2010. Her work was featured in a solo show at White Columns in 2011. Daignault is a recipient of the 2011 Rema Hort Mann Foundation Grant. Her first solo show at Lisa Cooley, New York opened in Fall 2013. She has published two limited edition artist books, titled CCTV (2012) and I love you more than one more day (2013), the latter on the occasion of her solo show at the gallery. Daignault will be included in the group exhibition, Crossing Brooklyn, at the Brooklyn Museum this October, 2014.

This text lists a factual timeline of my life but says nothing about who I am nor how and when I became an artist. Leland Stanford. Edward MacDowell. Lord Baltimore. This text traces patriarchal endorsement, suggesting that these fine men and their legacies might endorse my own. Even my name, ‘Daignault,’ is more a testament to the legacy of Raphael Daignault than it is to my own. In this, it seems I find myself a hypocrite. So often I complain about the hegemony of the art world patriarchy, but look how I propagate its legitimacy every time I copy and paste this bio into a journal, magazine, book, exhibition catalog or email. (And I have just done it again.)

These men say nothing about my credentials as an artist. For one, they’re dead. Moreover, they speak nothing about the core of a biography—the development. “Cynthia Daignault is an artist.” I know the statement to be a fact. Yet, the *becoming*—the moment when hypotheses cemented into fact—did not happen in some string of notable accomplishments, but rather in the smallest, untraceable moments of epiphany and understanding. What would it mean to write a grassroots, populist, self-reliant, humanist bio? What would it mean to write a *feminist* bio?

This is an attempt:

1983

My mother planted a large forsythia bush in the backyard behind our house. I remember that I liked to hide there, inside its shade, small under the hemisphere of blooming yellow boughs. I would push my back against the cold geometry of the brick, watching flashes of sunlight dart across the damp and cake-like soil beneath my feet. Sometimes my dog, Butter, a three-legged golden retriever of exceptional merit, was with me. I would stay there for hours, staring out into the radiating color field, leaning forward until the blooms filled my entire sight with the warm essential idea of yellow.

1989

I have already failed you. Failed to get it right. Failed to capture this memory of Butter and forsythia and yellow. I am sorry. Let's try something. Another memory. This time I want you to really try to imagine it, visual and specific, concrete and shimmering. I will paint you a picture: "I remember a sweet and monumental catalpa tree outside my childhood window. It had grown far taller than the house, shouldering the brick, eclipsing any world beyond with its ever-shifting dapple. In the summer, broad velveteen leaves would lean their gentle density against the glass, occasionally flapping as if ears of an elephant." Can you see it? Did I give you enough information? Did I give you the right information? Are you seeing what I saw? Am I? We are failing again. Both of us this time. But what does failure mean for us? Maybe what I'm asking is: Are we too eager to please? Too reticent to disappoint or disgust? Have we become sycophantic? Yes Men? Suck ups? What if I don't want you to be happy? What if I want something else for you, something more than vapid, fleeting pleasure? I'm reminded of a story. Picasso made a portrait of Gertrude Stein. When he presented her with the painting, she remarked that it looked nothing like her. To which Picasso quipped, "Oh, but it will." Reality, image, text, memory, they're slippery. And narrators—artists, curators, historians, paintings, books and photographs—are notoriously unreliable. After all, isn't that what Picasso meant? So-called truth is easily replaced by an equally convincing account. That is to say: History will be written by the victors.

1994

I remember drawing an apple once. When I was done, it looked like an orange, round and characterless, a mistake that confounded me. I knew I wasn't good at drawing in the ways that school measures such talents. At a formative age, maybe fifteen, we were asked to paint two pictures of the same still life: a lemon on a blue plate. The first we would paint with our dominant hand (my right), the second with our feet. When we hung them side-by-side, both of mine looked almost identical (aside from the tremor of brushwork on the foot painting). I was astonished. Staring at the two, my art teacher walked over and whispered in my ear: "See. You paint with your mind, not your hands."

1999

In 1999, the head of our painting department asked what my major was. I told her art. She told me I was lucky to be working in a time when many varied practices constituted art making. I told her that I was a painter. I told her that I had found my vocation (or that it had found me). I told her that I had discovered the one thing I looked forward to doing every day for the rest of my life. Long pause. She told me she thought I should really reconsider computers. Plastics. That's what she was saying. This is nothing special, nothing new. We all live long enough to have our Graduate moment. Shame is a powerful emotion. Am I stubborn? Am I torturing myself? Self-sabotaging? Do I suck? Should I quit? Is it too late to quit? Am I too old? It is too late to learn "Computers"? What I'm really wondering is why are so many people so eager to tell us we suck?

1999

Hippies call it an acid loop. It's like a skip on a record where reality stumbles over the same groove over and over, until someone kicks the record player. Ostensibly this can be the result of taking too much LSD. But maybe, it's a function of encountering a singular moment, too intense, too catastrophic, or too beautiful, so the brain stops to examine the world in deep-focus. I was walking at night. Crepuscular twilight. Prussian blue. A quiet lake beside me. And then time just stopped pulling me forward, or I stopped going along with it. I could see the lake beside me; the water was low, and reeds rose from the ruddy depths of its sediments. I could feel the breeze, first touch my neck, and then drag a lazy finger over my temple toward the pond water beyond. I could hear something, low, rumbling and bovine. Frogs: "Do you hear that? You can just hear the frogs..." Yes. Frogs. Sending my mind out to each one, to its pitch and direction, toward its cadence and intention, counting their voices. 3? 4? 5? Do you hear that? You can just hear the frogs. Can you hear the frogs? Can't you just hear the frogs? Listen you can hear the frogs. I could look left. Look right. Listen to my thoughts. Ask questions of myself. Am I dead? Will I die? Have I lost my mind? Will the night secede to day? Will I be the same tomorrow? Can you hear that? I stayed there for a very long time, turning the scene over and over, like a magician migrating a coin across his knuckles. Hours that felt like days. Yet despite that perceptual eternity, I still cannot tell you how many frogs were there on the lake.

2003

I have a favorite painting at the Art Institute of Chicago. It's a large Vuillard. Window Overlooking the Woods. It's a masterful landscape from a distant perspective: fields of crops, trees, some roofs, and a river or two. It's quite large, maybe twelve feet long. The whole painting is rendered in muted earth tones, mostly green, verdant in the way of your average bucolic summer. Really—it's a lot of green, an

overwhelming sea of green, nothing else except three small dots of red in the foreground. In one of the houses, there is a tiny window. And inside the tiny window is even tinier person. And in front of the tiny person there is a tiny table with a tiny vase of tiny flowers. These flowers are poppies. Three bright red poppies. Three small dots of vermillion across an entire canvas of green. Those flowers are what the painting is about. All the green of the world doesn't make any sense without the smallest dab of its complement. The red explains the green. Vuillard creates an incredible event around three of the tiniest brush strokes in a painting consisting of tens of thousands. That is humanism.

2005

I once had a teacher who was known for making students cry. He was the type who would paint directly on your paintings to highlight your shortcomings. He came to my easel one day, displeased. He questioned why there were no clear lines, why there was no delineation of objects, why everything was foggy and muddled, painterly and mushy. I remember feeling ashamed. He went for my brushes, and yelled a loud absurdity: "Why, they're all FILBERTS!" emphasizing 'filberts' like an angry snake. (Filbert is a brush shape, like a golden retriever paw). "You need to buy some rounds and flats," he said. "Impose some hierarchy." I took that shame with me, always wishing my paintings would display more facility in rendering (like Courbet or Currin). Then one day, many years later, that story came to my mind, unexpected, like bumping into an ex-boyfriend at the grocery store and realizing after all these years that you never really loved him. I looked over and saw my brushes: all filberts, still. Suddenly, what I had always defined as a lack, an inability to paint in some facile academic way, I began to see as a willful purposeful denial. I never bought the rounds, or the flats, or if I did, I did not keep them. I don't believe in the hero, in mastery, in the artist as singular genius. I don't believe in the possibility of delineating, or for that matter the possibility of knowing anything at all. I was always painting, guided by my own aesthetics,

philosophy and beliefs, not by my failings or some imposed notion of greatness. It was then I knew: To become a painter you have to learn to love the painter you are, not the one you wish to be.

2007

This is a time without any words.

2009

I specifically wanted to go to the MacDowell Colony in the winter. It seemed romantic to me. I imagined warm cocoa and hours of studious productivity. I did not imagine all the crying. The studio was surrounded by impenetrable snow. It was isolated and uncannily silent. I was trapped there in a small room, for months, all alone, face-to-face with my work. It utterly broke me. I cried because I wasn't good enough. I cried because I didn't like my work. I cried about how little time there was, at the residency, in life. I cried about the inevitability of death. I would shuffle to communal dinners in the evenings with the other artists, catatonic, everyone just nodding, knowing the situation without asking. They were in the same boat after all, bemused at our shared naiveté, that you could come into the woods alone with your practice and just work, happy and mindless, without a reckoning of some kind. Then, after seven straight days, I ran out of things to cry about. The question I had been asking—"Is this it?"—was answered. "Yes. This is it." I remember that morning so clearly. I took a deep breath and commenced working. I have never questioned that was the day I became an artist, born into the world as all animals are, through a wall of wailing and tears.

2012

My mechanic, Joe, is a large man. Italian guy. Tall and big. He has a small loveseat in his shop, tattered and oil-stained. He told me once that he slept on it for a year after his divorce. I have a couch just like it in my studio. I slept on it for

a year too. It's a very loud room, with a subway right outside the window running every three minutes across the bridge to Manhattan. I don't know how I ended up there so long. That's a different story. Anyhow, one night, I was awoken by a loud hissing. I could not quite see, but I could make out what I thought was a large blurry, fuzzy, black spider right above my head. I blinked and he was gone. Not sure if I dreamed it, I went back to sleep. It couldn't have been real, could it? The next night, I was again awoken by the menacing hissing. There he was: the large black, fuzzy and ominous spider. Huge. Huge. I blinked. I watched as he scuttled away under the couch. Honestly, I have no idea if he was a hallucination or if he was real. Either way, it doesn't matter. He is a metaphysical spider. A sign. An oracle. Time to go, he's telling me. Leave the studio, the city, the couch. Time to rejoin my life. As with any oracle, you are required to heed the messenger when they come to you, regardless of their form. So right then, in the middle of the night, I packed my things and moved upstate. Of course, there are thousands of spiders upstate, but they are all happy to let me go about my business unharmed.

2013

I was lying in the grass behind my childhood home, staring at the sky, not looking at my father. I watched the clouds passing slowly overhead while he talked about logistics and I avoided his face. We were saying good-byes. He was going into prison the next day, and it was unclear if we would ever sit in the yard again like this, aimless and lazy. I was searching for some words of solace, for him, for me, something to fill the sinkhole of trauma. The big sky looked down at us, unnoticed. The clouds passed between us in the space between nothing and more nothing. We talked about loss and about absence, about distance, and time. I told him that I would be with him, everyday under the same sky, the sheltering sky. And then we sat in silence for a long time. In those years, I had been working for Kara Walker, and in the face of her work, I had been wrestling with the idea of content. Kara's work is so full of content—ideas, history, politics, gender, love and pain.

(continued on pg. 25)

A Poem

Ian Hatcher

from The All-New

. . .

trust forms
there is no new way to say all-
&&
fold last into another i inside another tracheal categorical volley callee lad
model too reversed rerendered engine time idling &&
Ø

all mirrors know all us mirrors just want
to mirror another mirror from rim to rim
to expand diameters in tandem
with another mirror or two
all-new sensations of exterior/interior glue
heating the screen-cum-glass
on skin && within
breath cloud shoved tongue hot crush ass clasp
the all-new muscular embrace of the new locked arms clock
grunt truck fire drivers door socket hands viciously ripped off
the all-new synapse after synapse firing
synapse by cannondale at a loss
the all-new volvo v40 elegant 5-door hatchback skull-shucked bone
all-new lexus salt morning sky heating backseat bunk sleeping idiomatic systemic turnoff
the
all-new breathless running breathless thru blackberry z10 brambles bloody
spur spur bentley spur spur shepherd bentley care to draw oblivion
O angelic vision descending patron saint of sight counters extend a disembodied hand to
the road-trippin hot boy posse cruisin topless in their all-new vw convertible hand slips into
the all-new read it later pocket razor trapezoidal trap jaws snap shut
jewel link cuff sinus ice adderall clouds idyllic
all-new android central humanware bathing baby in the all-new victor banking transfer stream
this all-new norman orwell future
fading
to
dart dart dart dart dart
dodge dodge dodge
shadows come and go in this flip edging wood
rocky cleft truth or dare in the johnsons bare buck barn arching
straw blond abercromwell jock hefts his masc tusk up
into glowing twin slats parallel suns double slit stripes collapsing
fawning frolicking smooth atkins peach fuzz lifeguard beach hung
sculpted trunk irradiated gleaming racehorse stud nip/suck
stoned ravenous glassy grindr gleam stock foot fuck
all-new metabolabic e-stim hyperbollus holograph-trak e-yukz it up
the all-new fuck
the all-new fucked-over
the all-new don't give a fuck
the all-new click

track that shit mike it is exclusive and new
the all-new kkkkk it is so exclusive and it is so new it is an all set that cannot by proxy contain
itself

it is a set without itself this this no no no no no there's no outside sky
no non-set of diffuse void function array_shift setlessness so
so let's set this schtick prosthetic plastic setup up
sub bass in ante
but into what subset can one fit a copy of a grassy hill
one fit this all into this all-one-all mass pas grave pall
over
even as one knows it is all-all-all so unoriginal over dismissable
unredeemably dull drip cataconic
hopeless horns all-blew data-junkd dumptrick sick-slick
dragged out from garbage collectd wrapped up in weeping black
laura palming greasy creased all-used trope cards
fuel fat drenched pointlessly pointing at the new moon
it is just schema contextual flesh sloughed off & disinfected
sold to & dissected by abercronkite students &
old before even apprehended as
warped into a heady twitching bedache
pounding news
battery failing

. . .

k um so let's talk about the news
(what i heard was)

news is just news and it is always just the same old news news recycled and
repeating news repeating over itself news just shuffling and recirculating itself news eating itself
consuming itself producing itself reproducing itself news shitting itself out and reconsuming itself
news that is fucking itself news that is fucking itself in its own fucking fucking face

so that's news
but that news you wanted so badly to relate was no longer news by the time you finished telling it
that news was
it'd already circled around— sliding unfolding— the back fast and reached me by another route
circulatory half eye of a telescope dialating pink lens
we both know the name lens is not a new name lens
state of becoming a corpus substrate motor running over
fueling up all-new tools
minute new distinctions flowing over milk teeth pearly trite
superficially all-over calculus look ! *

math twink sparkling dom poncho shrouding garbage-flagged objects
o ! loveless rag crackling yellow fir relic

rolled to strike a hapless pigeon then calmly recrumpled ; dreck
rewrapp't
around an old lold rock
unthrown thru an all-new lube maize window
moldering rock coated dry kate moss seeds
trust spores spores sprouting al l - n e

cordyceps sprouting ancient frothing instances out of my

drink from my zombie fountain of jaws siezing c u p
chuck this spunk-dusting husk back into the bonfire && make a w

no
no don't tell
or it won't come just
wish will
you

for the all-new love
for the all-new perspective
for the all-new fortitude
for the all-new focus st
for the all-new patience forgiveness always in focus
for the all-new infiniti q50
for the all-new transport
for the all-new jaguar f-type
for the all-new pathfinder with its all-new bundle bronzing system
for the all-new ios update i i i for one cannot wait for a taste of the all-new apple

we cannot resist the rhythms of the new moon tide
as we were subject to its pull before ever we perceived it
all the spiral trust attractors that orbit and compel you
are powered by universal physics far beyond you
thus tonight thru widely googling eyes

we'll see elena come undone in the all-new vampire diaries
we'll watch kate upton bathe a mercedes-benz in machinic loving grace
we'll meet the beaming team of mommy engineers who helped develop the new malibu
we'll fly over the worldbase xt lushlands with hennessey and our top three friends
we'll take the huge new photo-tour of the just-unveiled aster-cranial foster exploratorium
we'll watch two boys stab a man's face with a screwdriver in a grainy streaming wood
we'll read about the failure of the new economics— a reason.com exclusive— and discuss
we'll not be frightened baby for there is nothing to fear in the gaze of the black hole eye
below in the comments

while live feed marines rend their frack-prince backs && twist up
tags wicked drunk on their own bile-bear milk-spit pheromone spray come
caring not amid starry unreligious telematic hope shadows black of the black box
plant-plane nanotracked world to come scattering omnidimensional heavenly dust afield
traces of phantom nerves for fractional memory blown off && replaced && regrown && re
attached to this bloody trampoline fractured detritus mass at all-good all-new heights

or not
but hey its all good and all O so good (why not)
make the dead sting together for this all-new circle-shirk data star vis-a-vis
open chords beyond harmonics voicing every note ever sung
all at once parametric uncollapsed wave fn chorus w whirring biosynthetic strings astride
radiant in every possible vernacular rising to cancel out all dissonance forever
impossible all.jpg plus plus let i =
false; i < i; throw
catch {

n.b. This poem was composed and is now presented in Hiragino Mincho Pro, a typeface included with Mac OS X. As a predominantly Japanese typeface, Hiragino Mincho Pro uses a kerning for its roman characters designed to complement kana and kanji and does not provide for italics.

REVIEWS AND REACTIONS

Citizen: An American Lyric

Claudia Rankine

Graywolf, 2014

Review by Karen Lepri

Once told by a former lover that I had erased her, I responded in disbelief. How could I erase someone? How could I, in my version of my whiteness, possibly make someone feel unseen, nonexistent? Claudia Rankine's at once capacious and intimately pressing new book, *Citizen: An American Lyric*, forces me to see exactly how—in the details, in breath, in tone, in word, in gaze, how a person, like me, disappears another, like my lover.

On *Citizen's* last pages, the whole and the detail of Turner's *Slave Ship* appear. In the whole, an apocalyptic fire-sky over water. In the detail, a swirl of fish teaming, blotchy red, attack a brown leg bearing a broken shackle. The casualty here is the body already made object. Rankine's own lyric flits between these necessary scopes—the part and the whole, the specific casualties of racial hate crimes, Trayvon, Michael, James, and the peopled system, all of us, moving in the waters that surround. Her elegy to these lives lost to hatred and the endless exchanges deadened by aggression both mourn the particulars and map the murderous whole to which we all belong.

Zooming in and out, toward and away—these are the poetics of vision, of seeing and hearing the other, that erase and represent the very figure of Rankine's study, blackness and its myriad imaginaries, identities, feelings and desires. Rankine's speaker flips the double-sided coin of visibility and invisibility in her hand, a wager for the black citizen compelled into absence and presence, conjured and erased by a racist police-state and a dangerously patriotic "citizenry" muffled by its own denial and complicity.

As a curated collection of video scripts, essays, prose poems, and reprinted art, Rankine's book surveils her own freedom at the hand of racism. Her personal stories

become inseparable from public, institutional scenes: a faculty meeting, a presumably videotaped counter sale, and her work inseparable from that of other black artists querying blackness. Rankine exposes the risk of drowning the particular in the whole. She resists any blackness defined by whites through oneness, one face, one leg in the sea. In the most searing poem in the book, "Stop-and-Frisk," wherein Rankine retells the police experiences of her black male friends, the refrain echoes, "And you are not the guy and still you fit the description because there is only one guy who is always the guy fitting the description." Its totalizing grammar—you are, are not, one guy, always—coats you in its nonsensical real, all the more visible, all the more enraging.

Rankine's long lyric essay on Serena Williams' impossible containment and overflow, her masterful hacking, the ultimate failure of her "go-along-to-get-along-tongue," awash in the still, thick, polleny air of perverse civility, serves as the perfect stage from which to illumine the risk and potential of what hangs in the air, even for those with strength and status. How ultimately the feelings and utterances afloat there shape our very chances at survival. What to do in the invisible felt space that surrounds you? How to tend to its incessant bruising, killing, and persistent refusal? How could I? What did you say? Rankine's *Citizen* delivers us into this air, this linguistic stew of feeding fish that, where, if we listen, we might see.

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The Poetry Deal

Diane di Prima

City Lights, 2014

Reviewed by Maryam Parhizkar

From 2008 to 2011, Diane di Prima served as Poet Laureate of San Francisco, and *The Poetry Deal*, her first full-length collection of poems in nearly fifteen years, is her gift to us in honor of that time, an expression of allegiance that is as much to all of us as it is "to poetry and the people of this city." I want to tell you about the importance of the time and how it is invoked in this book: The 80-year-old di Prima assembles a constellation of her

many life encounters upon which to reflect. That constellation, in turn, also creates a vision of a place—of "what *could be*"—that has not manifested according to plan. In what social and linguistic spaces do we find the possibility that remains for whatever future we have? In the Poet Laureate's inaugural address that opens *Poetry Deal*, she offers a kind of retrospective, sowing poems written throughout her lifetime into a telling of the world she came up in, her departure from New York, the city that she came to, and the city that she envisioned—all accompanied by an undertone, a question: *What happened?* "...I let this stardust, these cataracts, the dust or bus-exhaust or whatever it is—I let it convince me that I live in the place I dream of when I came here.... *I am certain of nothing but of the holiness of the Heart's affections, and the truth of Imagination,*" she quotes from Keats. "Remember? *What the Imagination seizes as Beauty must be truth—whether it existed before or not.*"

This personal and collective loss of vision seems to give way to *re-visioning* within a shifted landscape. We see possibility in the particularities of di Prima's life as a part of a changing San Francisco, and the city as a piece of the everyday grandeur of the world. Many of these poems are written for specific places, dates, people (some of whom are no longer with us), so often alluding to our precarity and the importance of remembering what has kept us alive through it. There is the poem "Memorial Day, 2003," a catalog which carries the imperative tone of one of di Prima's Revolutionary Letters:

Remember Vercingetorix, Max
Jacob
Apollinaire & Suhrawardi,
remember

that all you need to remember
is what you love
Remember to Marry the World

Remember to Marry the World. In di Prima's work, as with so many of her contemporaries, the vow to poetry is the vow to the world: Here in this book is her personal record of the things we must care for, be generous and kind with. Our loved ones, the environment, our cities—our space and all that travels through it. Here, I bend her own words: in *The Poetry Deal*, di Prima, visionary as she ever was, holds a *light* for us and *sound*

spills out of it, always coming from love. There is the hand that stretches forth from this body of work—that Keatsian living hand, “dream and dreamer intertwined,” held out towards us so as to give sustenance for the moment, so long as the blood runs through it. This gesture often pulls us from our bodies, as with the fragments of phenomena that seem so gracefully dispersed throughout the book: the reappearing *aura borealis*, the refuge carved from “the sphere of clear light” and “storms that rearrange / the coastline”—or Philip Whalen’s breath:

like slow even steps

as you come to
end of a path

emerge
from trees

look over
the cliff’s edge

And then there is di Prima’s urgency that is sometimes transfigured into something else: not quite a resignation but a hold, a being-in-the-world that stands at the ledge and quietly looks upon what remains before it after the long journey, as in “October”:

Too many times back in the
day sang *We shall*
overcome & of course we
shan’t. Shall
not. That’s just more Puritan
BS

Not overcome. &
Nobody needs to.
But we still try—or I do.

I struggle
to get it *right*.

What will we do with this place that is always at odds with itself for survival? How we all struggle with it: “Poetry holds paradox without striving to

solve anything,” di Prima writes in the epilogue. But this is just a piece of what poetry, that which is the human in her graceful reckoning, does. More than anything it is generous, and I am so grateful for the generosity of this book and for this poet, who reminds us that, even in our desperate grasping, there is “*no season / that is not / a Season of Song...*” 📖

Hello Selfie

Kate Durbin

Performance, October 2014, NYC

Review by Becca Klaver

Hello Selfie NYC and the Sad Girl Subject

“I hope the weather holds out,” I say to Kate in the days leading up to the New York City performance of *Hello Selfie*.

“As long as there’s not a blizzard, it should be fine. I was kind of imagining grey skies, anyway.”

After a string of bright fall days, it was in fact cloudy and chilly on October 10, 2014 at 5:00 p.m., when poet and artist Kate Durbin and her kitties performed *Hello Selfie* in Union Square Park. Exiting the subway, I could see a crowd clustered at the southern end of the park. Around ten kitties stood in the center taking selfies with their cell phones, with passersby huddled closely around. Sometimes, the performers took simple selfies; at other times, audience members photobombed the shots or took their own selfies from close and far range. The kitties didn’t speak or respond to anyone. They posted their pics on Instagram and Facebook instantly, so that it was possible to follow the performance “IRL and URL” simultaneously, as Kate put it in the event description.

Kate was a dark twin to her *Hello Selfie* Los Angeles character, decked out in a maleficently black gown spotted with white Hello Kitty faces designed by Peggy Noland (in LA’s



Chinatown in July, for the first iteration of the performance, Kate had worn a transparent dress with colorful Hello Kitty faces). The other performers, whom Kate had invited, costumed, and instructed, wore platinum bob wigs, white bras, and white underwear with Hello Kitty faces that Kate had drawn on the crotches with black marker. They had Hello Kitty stickers all over their skin and glitter-tears coming out of their eyes. It was when I saw the tears that I remembered Kate’s wish for an overcast day, realized *Hello Selfie* NYC was designed to be funereal, and flashed back to Facebook posts from earlier that day by two of the performers.

Jennifer Tamayo had posted a link to the event and added the note: “listening to ani on repeat & being a full *sinvergüenza* in prep for this tonite. see you there or not. whatever. i don’t care.” *Sinvergüenza*. Shameless? I look it up. Rogue, scoundrel, brat, rascal. The brattiness of “I don’t care.” Listening to Ani: angsty. Most of all I’m interested in the “prep”: is JT rehearsing a histrionic teenage character, describing her own feelings, or both? What kind of playacting is

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A call to you: pitch book and chapbook reviews—indispensable writing of the present—to *The Poetry Project Newsletter*. We are looking for writing on and from a broad range of poetics, voices, and positions, but more specifically for reviews that promise to not only orient readers in terms of tradition or style but also seek to perform or manifest the poetics of their subject as much as describe them. A review is a reading, and whatever reading means to you, that reading is you—so what did this book do to you? What does it offer us at the ends of the world? Please include in your pitch publication details (author or editor’s name, title, and press), a representative poem or piece of text from the book you’d like to review, a brief but detailed—even radical—description of the book overall and your experience reading the text (5-7 sentences). Please send all review pitches to: reviews.ppnl@poetryproject.org.

this? I know Kate gives her performers a list of instructions, and I wonder what being emo, angsty, bratty, sinvergüenza, has to do with it. I think of Kate's essay, "The Teenage Girl Speaks as Melodramatic, Hysterical Demon," where girls are "seething, sequined receptacles of excessive emotions, hormones, desire." I think of JT coining the word "sojacket" in her chapbook *Poems are the Only Real Bodies*: "to have a body is to be sojacket." The sojacket is the dark kitty, the autumnal-NYC version of the performance of girlhood. She is not only embodied but multiply-bodied: She is in a hall of mirrors, with all her kitty-clones in identical costumes IRL, and all the copies of her face that proliferate URL. She is not only sad but excessively sad: her sadness spills out of her body and dries into visible crust. The sojacket is the sad girl who listens to Lana del Rey and Jenny Lewis, who (still) reads Plath and Sexton, who won't stop crying because crying is central to her sojacketivity, and perhaps because performing this sojacketivity URL releases the valve a bit, adds a pinch of glitter, enough to make it bearable. Or maybe the selfies, the pretty sad filtered faces, give the sadness something that feels like a function.

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My god is this a man

Laura Sims

Fence Books, 2014

reviewed by: Kathleen DelMar Miller

My god is this a man disrupted my equilibrium and left me with an intense nausea. Motion sickness. Pregnancy. Poisoning. Virus. My body's failed attempt at digesting the un-digestible.

The mind, erased,
became

a million thin veneers—a
snake—a feast of plastic
forms—a giant
ruling twilight, making
riot in the earth and I
endured a spasm and began

What does a poem that draws from the language of killers transmit to us, its readers? What horrific traces? And do these traces correspond to the violent acts themselves, or has the writer, in her desire to wrestle with these acts, transmitted traces of her own horror to us? In other words, is this nausea mine or does it belong to Sims? Which affects belong to whom?

Sims does not answer these questions in *My god is this a man*. Rather, she enacts, explores and performs them through her meticulous stitching together of various source materials (interviews, journal entries, court testimonies) with her own language.

Sims' killer is spectral. An "emblem of harm" (Christopher Bollas) this killer occupies the space between life and death, aliveness and deadness.

I plan to live in a big black
hole
My heart is in the hole
It is gray

Sims' writing, too, is liminal. It occupies a transitional space, a space that hovers where the action hasn't yet happened and is also already over.

Pines. Rafters. Glass jugs. Piles of stones. Ravines. Spaceships.

What is missing here are the very things we are most used to seeing and hearing about. The gory details. The sound byte. Instead, Sims focuses not on the violent acts themselves but on the internal and external environments that support and perpetuate them.

Hands in one country, heads
in another, organs, arms

Here, Sims holds both the literal scattering of parts, as well as the psychic experience of being in pieces. Disembodied. Dissociated. Dislocated. Sims' line is a container of bodies and of self-states.

My god is this a man insists that we as readers encounter the work on multiple levels. Book as body. Its pages turn like a series of film stills, animated by Sims' intermittent use of thin black frames around certain passages, as well as the more ominous large black square. These black squares elicit a visceral response.

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Troy, Michigan

Wendy S. Walters

Futurepoem, 2014

Reviewed by Ross Gay

In Wendy S. Walters's new book, *Troy, Michigan*, the first poem, "Prologue, 1970s" instructs:

...To start, take
a shortcut through the
woods. Feel the desire
for safety as you unfold the
map. You
are almost home but not
allowed to care
where it is. Try to find the
clearing.
Houses along turning roads,
each a false
fortress, don't fit together.
Disquiet
serves as the provocation,
the lesson.

It's a somewhat foreboding invitation for what proves to be a very foreboding, and forewarning, book. The *disquiet* this poem refers to, which is the disquiet motivating *Troy, Michigan*, is the often almost invisible violence which we enact—or which is enacted upon us—as we inherit and perpetuate narratives of safety or home. Because they are always narratives of danger and exclusion, of inside and out, of us and them. Stories of power. Amnesiac stories which are so prevalent as to be invisible and why are so many towns and cities called Troy after all? Something about all that warring and burning and rage and deceit we must love, even when we don't know we're loving it. Walters writes the wreckage that love makes.

Troy, Michigan, is an affluent suburb of Detroit, and Walters' book is ostensibly *about* that place: about its origins, about its relationship to Detroit, about its insularity, its terrors. But the book is more accurately about the compulsion for flight—the dream of safety—that occasions the suburbs more generally. "If you want to relate to your neighbors," Walters writes at the conclusion of the section "Founding", "start with some common interests in escape." Another group

of poems are titled, “Detroit, 1967,” “Detroit, Aftermath” and “Highway.” The story of the suburbs is also always a complicated—or awful—story about race. (Levittown, Pennsylvania is the suburb of my own youth. Enough said.) “Private access/ converts bigots into quiet neighbors.”

The poem “Fear” begins:

Look at them looking like
they don't know
How they look. Why don't
they just stay where they
Stay. Or drag sideways across
our fields, come
At us zigzag over the rows we
cut.
We made a place they know
they should not stay
For a reason.

This is the beginning of a short section in which the speaker recounts the Oakland County Child Killings, a series of murders in the 1976 and 1977 which, Walters writes in one poem, occasioned the “FBI’s...biggest manhunt to date.” There’s something so utterly unpredictable about this section of poems, in its mixture of persona and reportage and the stunning poem that concludes the section, in which the speaker confesses: “This/ is not the kind of loss one should romance,/ but I did not understand what made them/ so wanted,” and “I practiced vanishing/ to find I had always been somewhere else.” A more heartbreaking and honest poem you will scarcely find.

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The Acrobat

Celia Dropkin

Translated by Faith Jones, Jennifer Kronovet, and Samuel Solomon

Tebot Bach, 2014

Review by Avra Spector

In *The Acrobat*, Celia Dropkin falls into the crevices of images and roams there, turning particulates against her teeth, biting and sucking at roots to expose the world, our interactions, and experiences as tactile and grasping. In these poems, perception is always a glimpse, aware and longing for

what it doesn’t catch, and gnawing at the word, toiling it until a crack forms. Her lexicon is condensed, and words return to play against the images they create until they breach them, morphing them, through a glint of light or wave or shimmer, laying them bare.

In the closing translators’ notes, Faith Jones, Jennifer Kronovet and Samuel Solomon discuss the five-year process of translating Dropkin’s work. The three started the project while enrolled in an intensive Yiddish language course sharing versions and developing a common language—rhythmic, lexical, syntactic—from which the poems in this collection emerge. Letting their early translations sit for several years, they returned to them both with a better command of Yiddish and a better sense of Dropkin’s work. Their process mirrors Dropkin’s consideration of the image and the repetition of certain elements that flavor the text—suck, bite, water, eye—but each time from a slightly different position until the body emerges not scraped and strung but in full, desiring. Edward Hirsch, who introduces the collection, rightly draws attention to Dropkin’s work as “erotically frank and emotionally unabashed,” but it is equally this return and turning of a condensed and squeezed vocabulary that creates a vibration in the language, an erotics that unfurls the body, touch by touch and word by word.

While the translators leave the selection to speak for its own order, perhaps the sequence takes its cue from the poems themselves, following Dropkin’s frequent stanzaic switches from day to night, inside to out, and death to life, forming a collection that moves across seasons and landscapes. The order is cleaner than the poems themselves which muck expectation in favor of exposed beams and festering, the architecture of connection—among strangers, among lovers—of involvement: “Heads fall to shoulders fall to walls,/ hands entwine with hands,/ a leg presses sharply on a leg./ O, hours of dark pleasure, be blessed” Dropkin writes in “The Train Sings a Song.” But, it is this order that announces that Dropkin’s lyrics are not merely a project of playing in pseudo-taboos but one of stripping language and the body to mirror and touch the world until it’s there as hint in all its ripeness.

It fits that the Yiddish of Dropkin’s texts was passed among a group, accented and sussed, through hands, in different sittings—it traveled. Yiddish is, after all, a language informed by movement, the borrowing and renewing of various linguistic conventions and elements along the way. Dropkin didn’t start to write in Yiddish until after she left Russia and moved to New York, and here, in addition to the *De Inzikhstn*, the *Introspectivists*, the first group of modernist Yiddish poets, she belongs too to a group of well-known writers whose journey to a new country or settling necessitated a new language for writing. Dropkin’s Yiddish isn’t erased in the collection; it’s offered on the verso page. The typeset gives plenty of space around the poem, for it to stretch and linger, yes, but also for the reader to engage, to take Dropkin’s implied invitation found quite literally here in the poem, “My Guest”:

Welcome, welcome, my guest.
Lay down the burden
of your life, undress, rest
in my bright home.
Wash your hands, your feet,
now sit with me at the table.
Sate your hunger, your thirst,
at my breast, at my breast—

Here breast becomes behest, a command, the m-dash, the pause of invitation, of conversation. The table a banquet; the body a meal. The undress, an address, a readiness to expose, to peel away firmament and grasp after sensation. Later Dropkin writes: “You lay your lips on my cut heart/ and drank and drank/ until your eyes flared/ and wonderful words tore/ from your warm, thirsty mouth.” The home of Dropkin’s poems rips open the interior of pleasure, of experience, of a body, bright in a tight-knit scattering of hues ranging from the red of apples and blood to the golden-honey sap of skyscrapers. We’re washing, carrying, the fragmentation of the body, drawing each limb out, the fluctuations of the wave a change in perspective, a chance to gaze anew not only at but with the world with hands stretching and grasping: our experience tactile; our hunger voracious—wanting, devouring. 🍷

UPCOMING READINGS AND EVENTS AT THE POETRY PROJECT

ALL EVENTS BEGIN AT 8PM UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED ADMISSION \$8 / STUDENTS & SENIORS \$7 / MEMBERS \$5 OR FREE
THE POETRY PROJECT IS LOCATED IN ST. MARK'S CHURCH AT THE CORNER OF 2ND AVE & 10TH ST IN MANHATTAN
CALL 212 674 0910 OR VISIT WWW.POETRYPROJECT.ORG FOR MORE INFORMATION
THE POETRY PROJECT IS WHEELCHAIR ACCESSIBLE WITH ASSISTANCE AND ADVANCE NOTICE

schedule is subject to change

MON 12/1

TALK SERIES: PENNY ARCADE ON MEMORY, CENSORSHIP, AND JACK SMITH

Penny Arcade is an internationally respected performance artist, writer, political activist, and poet. One of the handful of artists who created contemporary text-based performance art beginning in the 1980s, she has continued to define the art form for nearly three decades. In 2010, Semiotext(e) published *Bad Reputation*, a book on her performance work that included three performance scripts. Since 1999, she has co-directed The Lower East Side Biography Project, an oral history and video project that celebrates the great spirit of cultural rebellion that has long defined downtown New York.

WED 12/3

DAVID ANTIN

David Antin is a poet, performance artist, art and literary critic internationally known for his "talk pieces"—improvisational blends of comedy, story and social commentary. New Directions has published three books of these "talk pieces"—*TALKING AT THE BOUNDARIES* (1976), *TUNING* (1984) and *WHAT IT MEANS TO BE AVANT-GARDE* (1993). Much of his earlier poetry was collected in *SELECTED POEMS 1963-1973* (Sun and Moon Press, 1991) and Granary Books recently published *A Conversation with David Antin*, the text of a 3 month email conversation between Antin and Charles Bernstein. His *Selected Essays 1966-2005: RADICAL COHERENCY*, was recently published by U. Chicago Press and his *Selected Essays, HOW LONG IS THE PRESENT* (Ed. by Stephen Fredman) is in preparation by The University of New Mexico Press. The performance at the Poetry Project will be the launch of this new book.

FRI 12/5

CLAUDIA LA ROCCO & KARINNE KEITHLEY SYERS

Claudia La Rocco's recent and ongoing interdisciplinary collaborations include projects with the performance company Findlay//Sandsmark, the sound artist Martijn Tellinga and the composer Phillip Greenleaf. La Rocco founded thePerformanceClub.org and she is a member of the Off the Park poetry press and contributes frequently to the *New York Times* and *ARTFORUM*. Badlands Unlimited is publishing her selected writings in fall 2014.

Karinne Keithley Syers is an interdisciplinary artist, participant-historian of the NYC performance community, and creator of things that resemble plays from a distance, including *Another Tree Dance* (2013), *Montgomery Park*, or *Opulence* (2010). She founded and co-edits 53rd State Press, and leaves trails of audio, video, and ukulele covers via her website, fancystitchmachine.org.

MON 12/8

DIANA HAMILTON & NICOLAS MUGAVERO

Diana Hamilton's first book, *Okay, Okay* (Truck Books 2012) deals primarily with women crying at work. Three chapbooks came out this year, or will soon enough: 1. *Universe* (Ugly Duckling Presse), a long poem about examples in moral philosophy, 2. *Some Shit Advice* (The Physiocrats), in which the speaker provides advice about sitting, and 3. 23

Women to Kiss Before You Die (Make Now Press), a collection of four poems about consent, female sexuality, and the quotidian.

Nicolas Mugavero lives and works in Raleigh, North Carolina. He co-curates orworse.net and orworsepress.net with Chris Sylvester and Shiv Kotecha. He has published books with Troll Thread Press and Gauss PDF. His poetic practice can best be described as one of diminishing returns.

WED 12/10

WILL ALEXANDER & JENNIFER MOXLEY

Author of over 20 books, **Will Alexander** works in multiple genres. *Aboriginal Salt: Early Divinations* is a compendium of early work is due out from White Print Inc in Detroit, as well as a 2nd edition of *Towards The Primeval Lightning Field* to be published by Litmus Press. Winner of a 2013 American Book Award for his book of essays *Singing In Magnetic Hoofbeat*, he continues to draw in pencil while typing his second book of plays.

Jennifer Moxley is the author of six books of poetry, most recently *The Open Secret* (Flood Editions, 2014), a book of essays, and a memoir. In addition, she has translated three books from the French. In 2005 she was granted the Lynda Hull Poetry Award from *Denver Quarterly*. Her poem "Behind the Orbits" was included by Robert Creeley in *The Best American Poetry 2002*. She is Professor of Poetry and Poetics at the University of Maine.

FRI 12/12

PRESENTING JANE: 90TH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

Please join us as we celebrate the 90th birthday of painter **Jane Freilicher**, who will be present.

Readings and tributes by **John Ashbery**, **Anselm Berrigan**, **Adam Fitzgerald**, **Maxine Groffsky**, **Tom Healy**, **Alex Katz**, **Vincent Katz**, **Amy Klein**, **Jenni Quilter**, **Karen Roffman**, **Charles Simic**, **Emily Skillings**, **Richard Thomas** and **Anne Waldman** will be followed by the screening of a short recently rediscovered film called "Presenting Jane" (screenplay by James Schuyler, starring Jane Freilicher, Frank O'Hara and John Ashbery) along with Rudy Burckhardt's "Mounting Tension." Cake and wine reception. Co-sponsored by *Tibor de Nagy Gallery*.

MON 12/15

MICHELLE DISLER & STEVE ORTH

Michelle Disler has a Ph.D. in Creative Nonfiction from Ohio University. Her writing has appeared in *The Laurel Review*, *The Massachusetts Review*, *Hotel Amerika*, and *Seneca Review* among many others. She is also a Pushcart Prize nominee for her work, *James Bond*, and a recipient of the Virginia Woolf Essay Prize. Her first book, *[BOND, JAMES]: alphabet, anatomy, [auto] biography*, was released by Counterpath Press (2012). **Steve Orth** is a writer from Oakland, CA. He publishes the magazine, *Where Eagles Dare*. With his partner, Lindsey Boldt, he co-edits Summer BF Press and writes, directs and performs plays in the style of "Oakland Poetic Realism." Recent productions include "Dating by Consensus" and "The Reading". Some of his books of poetry and prose include *Slur The Point*, *The Collected Poems Of Steve Orth*, and the forthcoming, *My Side Of The Holy Mountain Volume 1*.

WED 12/17

LISA JARNOT & CLAUDIA RANKINE

Lisa Jarnot is the author of six collections of poetry and a biography of the poet Robert Duncan (*The Ambassador from Venus*, 2012, University of California Press). She lives in Jackson Heights, Queens with her husband and daughter and works as a freelance gardener.

Claudia Rankine is the author of several collections of poetry, most recently *Citizen*, which was released by Graywolf in October 2014 and has since won the *Poets & Writers' Jackson Poetry Prize* and been nominated for a National Book Award. Rankine currently teaches at Pomona College.

FRI 12/19

URSULA EAGLY & LYRIC HUNTER

Ursula Eagly is a New York-based dance artist. Her work has been presented all over this city and also travelled to Albania, Denmark, Italy, Japan, Macedonia, and Manipur. She has been artist-in-residence at Dance New Amsterdam, Kaatsbaan International Dance Center, Topaz Arts, and Ur. Ursula also investigates performance through writing and has published in various magazines, including *Artforum*, as well as edited the *Movement Research Performance Journal*, *Critical Correspondence*, and two Danspace Project PLATFORM catalogues.

Lyric Hunter lives in New York City. She graduated from the Cooper Union in 2012.

THUR 1/1, 2PM - 1AM

THE 41ST ANNUAL NEW YEAR'S DAY MARATHON BENEFIT READING

Featuring: **Alan Gilbert**, **Ariel Goldberg**, **Avram Fefer**, **Bill Kushner**, **Billy Cancel**, **Bob Rosenthal**, **CACONrad**, **Charity Coleman**, **Charles Bernstein**, **Dael Orlandersmith**, **Dan Owen**, **Danniel Schoonebeek**, **David Berrigan**, **Dia Felix**, **Don Yorty**, **E. Tracy Grinnell**, **Ed Friedman**, **Edgar Oliver**, **Farnoosh Fati**, **Gina Myers**, **Ian Spencer Bell**, **Janet Hamill**, **Jason Hwang**, **Jim Behrle**, **Joel Lewis**, **John Coletti**, **John Giorno**, **John Kruth**, **Jonas Mekas**, **Kim Rosenfield**, **Kristin Prevallet**, **Laura Henriksen**, **Maryam Parhizkar**, **Matt Longobucco**, **Matthew Shipp**, **Mike Decapite**, **Miriam Atkin**, **Morgan Parker**, **Morgan Vo**, **Nat Otting**, **Nicole Peyrafitte**, **Nicole Wallace**, **Penny Arcade**, **Philip Glass**, **Pierre Joris**, **Rachel Levitsky**, **Rachel Tractenburg**, **Ray Brown**, **Rob Fitterman**, **Simon Pettet**, **Siobhan Burke**, **Steve Dalachinsky**, **Steven Taylor**, **Susan Bee**, **Ted Dodson**, **Thom Donovan**, **Todd Colby**, **Tommy Pico**, **Tonya Foster**, **Tracey McTague**, **Ursula Eagly**, **Yuko Otomo**, and others TBA.

MON 1/5

OPEN READING

Open readings have always been an integral part of The Poetry Project's programming. They provide a time and space for writers of all levels of experience to test, fine tune, and work out their writing and reading styles in front of a supportive audience. Suggested reading time is approximately 3 minutes. Sign-in at 7:45pm.

WED 1/7

MY KIND OF HAPPENING: SHORT TEXTS ON THE FUTURE NATURE OF THE READING

Questions have arisen about the nature and intention of what we at The Poetry Project have circled around and made a place for nearly fifty years. There should always be questions. Answering a call for poetry, prose, performances or other unnameable forms of meditation, poets give and take on the questions WHAT IS A READING? What should it be? What is read there? And to whom? These are questions about space, place, text and community. Starting fresh for 2015. With **Charles Bernstein, Anselm Berrigan, Eric Conroe, Ariel Goldberg, Krystal Languell, Eileen Myles, Natalie Peart, Jennifer Tamayo**, and others.

FRI 1/9

MARYAM PARHIZKAR & AUDRA WOLOWIEC

Maryam Parhizkar writes, researches and works via her musical training, and is completing her MA concentration in American Studies at the CUNY Graduate Center. She is the managing editor of *Litmus* Press and the author of *Pull: a ballad* (The Operating System, 2014). She will be joined by cellist **Hamilton Berry** for part of this reading/performance.

Audra Wolowiec is an interdisciplinary artist based in Brooklyn, NY. Through sculpture, installation, text and performance, she makes conceptually driven work with an emphasis on sound and the material qualities of language. Her work has been shown at Magnan-Metz, Reverse, Art in General, Socrates Sculpture Park, MOMA P.S.1 and the Center for Performance Research. Her work has been featured in *Time Out NY*, *The Brooklyn Rail*, *Hyperallergic*, *PennSound*, and *thresholds* (MIT Dept of Architecture).

MON 1/12

LEWIS FREEDMAN & JOEY YEAROUS-ALGOZIN

Lewis Freedman lives in Madison where he co-organizes the reading series *Oscar Presents* and also prints and disseminates poetry chapbooks with a press he calls Anarchive. His most recent books are *Hold the Blue Orb, Baby* (Well Greased Press, 2013) and *Solitude: The Complete Games* (Troll Thread, 2013). Forthcoming are *non-symbolic non-symbolic non-symbolic* (Same Text) and *Residual Synonyms for the Name of God* (Ugly Duckling Presse).

Joey Yearous-Algozin is the author of *Holly Melgard's Friends and Family* (Bon Aire Projects) and *The Lazarus*

Project (TROLL THREAD), among others. He is a co-editor of TROLL THREAD. He lives in Brooklyn, NY.

WED 1/14

BEN HOLLANDER & FANNY HOWE

Benjamin Hollander's books include: *In the House Un-American* (Clockroot Books/Interlink Publishing, Spring 2013); *Memoir American* (Punctum Books, Spring 2013); *Vigilance* (Beyond Baroque Books, 2005); *Rituals of Truce and the Other Israeli*, (Parrhesia Press, 2004); *The Book of Who Are Was* (Sun & Moon Press, 1997); *How to Read, Too* (Leech Books, 1992); and, as editor, *Translating Tradition: Paul Celan in France* (ACTS, 1988).

Fanny Howe has written numerous books of fiction, essays and poetry and has won a Guggenheim Fellowship, a Lenore Marshall Award and the Ruth Lilly Lifetime Achievement Award, among others. Her most recent collection of poetry *Second Childhood* was published by Graywolf Press. She is currently a Visiting Writer at Brown University.

WED 1/21

ROBERT KOCIK & CAMILLE ROY

Robert Kocik is a prosodist and design/builder. His cross-disciplinary writings move through the hard, soft and sore sciences to comprise a field called "Supple Science." Kocik's publications include *AUKSO (gain)* (Object, 1995), *Overcoming Fitness* (Exit 18/ Autonomedia, 2001), *Rhrurbarb* (Field Books/Periplum Editions, 2007), *All Peoples Calendar* (Prosodic Body, 2009), *E-V-E-R-Y-O-N-E* (Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs, 2012), *Supple Science* (ON Contemporary Practice, edited by Michael Cross and Thom Donovan, 2013), *Ubiquitous Dividend* (Poets House handout, 2014) and *Anatolia to Iowa* (forthcoming.)

Camille Roy's most recent book is *Sherwood Forest*, from Futurepoem (2011). Earlier books include *Cheap Speech* (a play, Leroy), *Craquer* (a fictional autobiography, 2nd Story Books), *Swarm* (two novellas, Black Star Series), *The Rosy Medallions* (poetry and prose, Kelsey St Press) and *Cold Heaven* (plays, O Books). She co-edited *Biting The Error: Writers Explore Narrative* (CoachHouse 2005, re-issued 2010).

FRI 1/23

SALLY WEN MAO & JOYELLE MCSWEENEY

Sally Wen Mao is the author of *Mad Honey Symposium* (Alice James Books, 2014), the winner of the 2012 Kinereth Gensler Award and a Publishers Weekly Top

Ten Pick of Fall 2014. Her work has been anthologized in *The Best American Poetry 2013* and is forthcoming or published in *Black Warrior Review*, *Guernica*, *Gulf Coast*, *Indiana Review*, *Mid-American Review*, and *Third Coast*, among others. She currently lives in Brooklyn, NY and teaches in the Asian American Studies department at Hunter College.

Joyelle McSweeney is the author of eight books in multiple genres, most recently the verse play *Dead Youth, or, the Leaks*, a hacked carcinogenic farce which was selected to inaugurate the Leslie Scalapino Award for Innovative Women Playwrights, as well as *The Necropastoral: Poetry, Media, Occults*, which reads together authors as diverse as Jack Smith, Wilfred Owen, Aime Cesaire and Kim Hyesoon. With Johannes Goransson, Joyelle edits the international press Action Books and teaches at the University of Notre Dame.

MON 1/26

FALL WORKSHOP READING

Participants of The Poetry Project's Fall 2014 writing workshops, led by **Jennifer Bartlett** and **Dix Felix**, will gather to read work they produced.

WED 1/28

BRUCE ANDREWS & JIBADE-KHALIL HUFFMAN

Bruce Andrews is an experimental poet, performance artist, literary theorist & recently retired (after 38 years) left-wing professor of political science. As Musical Director for Sally Silvers & Dancers, he has created sound designs and, in performance, live mixes of music & text for over two decades of performances. Most recent of a dozen or so big books is last year's *You Can't Have Everything... Where Would You Put It!*, followed by a chapbook, *Yessified* (Sally's Edit) celebrating the Andrews Symposium and its expanded archive, online at www.fordhamenglish.com/bruce-andrews.

Jibade-Khalil Huffman is an artist and writer based in Los Angeles. He is the author of three books of poems, *19 Names For Our Band* (Fence, 2008), *James Brown is Dead* (Future Plan and Program, 2011), and *Sleeper Hold* (Fence, 2014). His art and writing projects, spanning photography, video, performance and poetry, have been exhibited and performed at the Hammer Museum, Los Angeles, MoMA/P.S.1, Long Island City, NY, and the Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, among others.

ABOUT THE POETRY PROJECT'S READING SERIES

While the boundaries between each of the Project's reading series are permeable, in general, the Wednesday Night Reading Series features nationally/internationally recognized poets as well as those of local renown, while the Monday Night Reading Series serves as a forum for emerging poets. Mondays also contain the Talk Series, Open Readings, and Workshop Readings. The Friday Night Reading Series provides space for poets and other artists working in interdisciplinary modes. Participation in all series is by invitation from the series coordinator. While the series are curated, The Poetry Project does accept "pitches." All queries and ideas may be emailed to info@poetryproject.org and will be forwarded to the coordinators. Coordinator appointments change every two years to ensure diversity of perspective.

ONCOMING COORDINATOR STATEMENT

There is something about the Parish Hall. I begin with the Parish Hall and what radiates from that location inside St. Mark's Church in the East Village in New York City in the United States. Follow the path of language that radiates from the Parish Hall and ask what has been discovered or found there and how *that tradition* can be both served and upended by what has radiated from the Parish Hall in my direction, where I intersected with its survival when I gave my first public reading. Each reading and every person who reads is, for an instant, the center of a meeting of her own history and cultural work and the Project. Draw a line through the flat planes of that meeting and imagine the space of that line in three dimensions: the reading is a point on a vector shooting through a certain literary time and space. It is unstoppable. The Wednesday Night Series aims to manipulate points of intersection and to highlight the possibility of interrupting the unstoppable element of culture that the reading represents. Things could be different. - *Simone White*, Wednesday Night Readings Coordinator

UPCOMING WORKSHOPS AT THE POETRY PROJECT

COLLOQUY AT THE ABYSS

WILL ALEXANDER

Wednesday, December 10th 2-5 pm

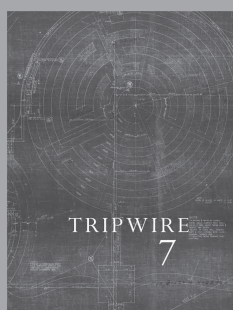
Single Session

Poet Will Alexander will lead a 3-hour master class, from 2PM-5PM, titled "Colloquy At The Abyss" on Wednesday, December 10. The class will be held in the rectory building next to St. Mark's Church on 11th Street. Registration is \$50 and includes admission to his reading with Jennifer Moxley that evening at 8PM.

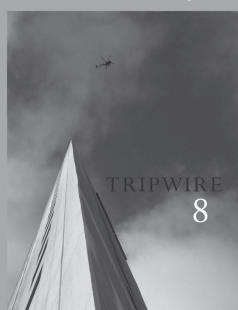
This master class is concerned with the fate of living language working as it does under the auspices of threat. Threat, not only coming from the ossification of quotidian exchange, but also from atmospheric slippage, and the subsequent confuision spawned. Honed language not only concerned with external clarity, but also ray for inner illumination.

Capacity is limited. Call [212-674-0910](tel:212-674-0910) to register. For Will Alexander's biographical details, see the December 10th listing on the previous page.

TRIPWIRE: a journal of poetics



#7 (UK feature)



#8 (Cities)



#9 (Transnational/Translational)

Featuring such writers as Rachel Zolf, Rodrigo Toscano, Trish Salah, Heather Fuller, Jeroen Mettes, Jen Coleman, Shahrnush Parsipur, Donato Mancini, Carlos Soto-Román, Tonya Foster, Leslie Kaplan, Arnold Joseph Kemp, Francesca Lisette, Sean Bonney, Connie Scozzaro, Emily Critchley, Verity Spott, Jennifer Cooke, Anne Boyer, Cecily Nicholson, Marie Buck, Kaia Sand & Daniela Molnar, Ryan Eckes, Kim Hyesoon, Dambudzo Marechera, Hsia Yü, Ch'iu Chin, Arash Allahverdi, Habib Tengour, Grupo de Arte Callejero, Gonzalo Millán, Oki Sogumi, Joshua Clover, Jasper Bernes, Emji Spero, Lara Durback, Wendy Trevino, Don Mee Choi, Mette Moestrup, Ida Borjel, Jules Boykoff, Divya Victor, Jen Hofer & Virginia Lucas, Zoe Tuck, Ryan Eckes, Forugh Farrokhzad, Víctor Valera Mora, and much much more. \$12 each, \$25 for all three.

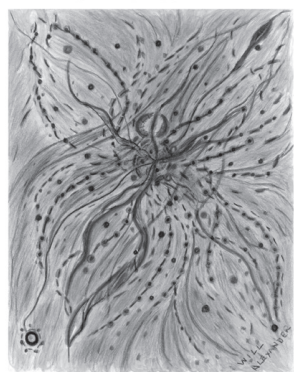
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Poetry Project 2/18/15

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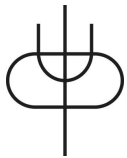
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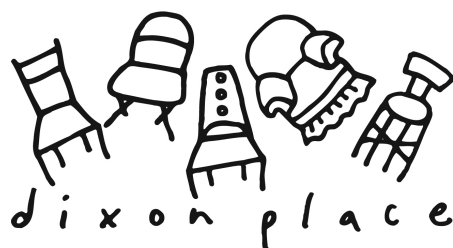
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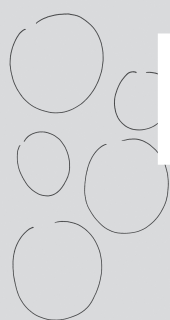
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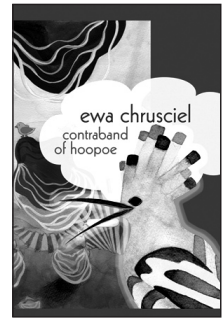
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★★★ Publishers Weekly Starred Review ★★★

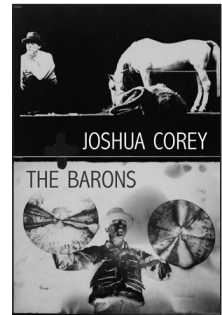
"Polish poet Chrusciel (*Strata*) opens her strange, mesmerizing fourth collection—her second in English—by asking: "Can you feel the apparition?" ...objects exert their own gravitational pull; each one a little world, hidden, secreted away, and sacred."



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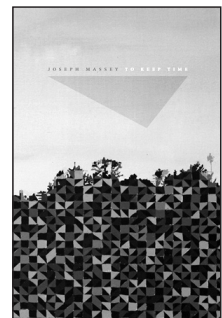


Joseph Massey *To Keep Time*

96 pages 978-1-890650-97-1 \$17.95

★★★ Publishers Weekly Starred Review ★★★

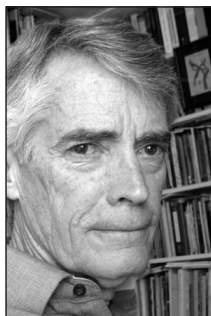
"Written before he moved to the East Coast, Massey (*At the Point*) lingers on the unique sounds and ecosystems of Humboldt County, Calif., in painstaking, sparse poems that hum or vibrate on the page. His minimalist landscapes are deceptively lush."



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OMNIDAWN

Three Poems

Elaine Kahn

MILK

A father is the enemy
of what is sensual.
When my father, then my dad
when love created woman
made her own dead eyes
and this is how to end a man.

Dish soap, popcorn, jelly flats.
Why take time when action
is what moves me
As you sleep I touch your neck
and I'm relieved
when you do not wake up.

You say that
to know me is to smile
Though my soul's a bandaged hand
a letter saying sorry slowly
spilled by some mistake, the ocean
purity is unalloyed
so I pulled down my pants
to give it to the sea.

Baby is a soothing word,
it slides across my tongue
so blunt and long and verdant,
a regular arousal, firm,
I get drunk and buy a donut
pleasure is your birthright
the receipt tape says
I bought it, Baby
now it's ours
cuz god does not exist
and nature doesn't care
and we are here
so why not break the chart.

I will lie to feel with you
I'll run the rivers dry with you
to curl up in the curl
of your good touch
I crank myself and sigh
Baby
you listen and he dies.

WHO INVENTED ME

Looming like a (!!!) leg pile
today is learning to be sturdy
sissies fuck and run for it
whip their heads around

Pears are the healthiest shape for a body
science says
Harry & David say, says

A man, another man, or was it
me who puked carrots into the bowl
is hardness a different kind of frigid
I am still committed, frankly

I'll sit lower on my hips
relax my heaviness into the floor
press a Jesus sticker
upon the cheek of my enemy

THE PRICE OF LIBERATION

Red bright jam
on soft white bread.

I unbutton my shirt
and am awakened
by what makes me sick.

Light fuzz in broken hair.
Lying holds the pleasure
of ruining a form.
Life
will wake you up.

Watching a cock
get its throat slit,
blood runs in
to thin white cup;
How beautiful I felt then,
lips
like earthworms.

Every observation is perverse.
So kiss me
like you're eating
soft serve
from a cone.

I thought about it
so it must have happened.

(Daignault continued from pg. 8)

It is specific and relevant, pulling in the whole world, at a time when so much contemporary work is merely self-referential. At that moment, beneath the sky, experiencing the world through a veil of highly charged and complicated emotions, I realized for the first time: this is content, I am experiencing content. It is my job, my calling and my duty to make my work from *this* place. The next day, when he was gone, I looked south, toward his direction, watching the birds fly back and forth between us. I began to paint, not because I planned to, but because I had to. I would paint that scene every day for a year. It was the first day that I understood what it means to be artist.

2014

One time, a hummingbird flew into my studio and got caught in a massive spider web. He flapped around for a while and then gave up, totally limp. He was really twisted and I thought he'd broken a wing. I'd never seen a hummingbird stay so still. He was beautiful. I mean time stops when a hummingbird rests. I held him and he froze. I felt his heart stop. I wanted to cry. I untangled the spider web from his little feet. I thought they might break under the clumsy action of my wide and imprecise fingers. It took forever. The webbing was very sticky. I finished and I stepped outside to lay him in the grass, but when I opened my hand, he just flew away, instantly distant, straight into the sun, such that I couldn't see him anymore when he left the earth for the sky. 🐌

(Rankine/Lepri from pg. 12)

Marjorie Perloff reframes the book's question: "What does it mean to be a black citizen in the early twenty-first century?" But the fact of the matter is that this question, always already white, already calling for assertion, description, risks displacing Rankine's own actual, recurring query: "What did you/he/she say?" "Did I hear what I think I heard?" These questions against belief call for recall, reiteration, an echo of our spoken world in which particulars matter. Her abundant questions hold forth the desire for repair and a lesson in the transaction of repetition, not solution. In the come-again, it becomes possible: someone didn't just disappear you the way they did. These particulars, these hearings amidst ambient citizenship, could save a life. Rankine asks, "Where is the safest place when that place must be someplace other than the body?" Where to house the self that rises even when the body falls, gets injured, goes invisible, inaudible? She reminds "you," poetry's everyman, "you're not sick, not crazy/not angry, not sad // It's just this, you're injured." For Rankine, the poem, this rhetoric of repetition calling upon you, might heal, might educate (lead out) into a safer open.

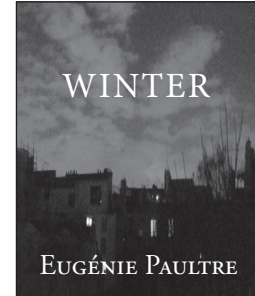
Over and over, Rankine's *Citizen* painfully sings "the encounter/ / to be alien in this place," to be assumed from elsewhere but still here. The daily imposed alienation, the result of damaging slippages between friends and lovers, would make anyone trip across the line of civility and incivility, the misstep that risks lethal dehumanization, state-condoned death, at the hand of, well, you. Rankine's smooth delivery throughout these poems speaks the effect a lesson in ironic civility—"Yes, and this is how you are a citizen: Come on. Let it go. Move on"—but it is the lived experience of every day racism, everyday micro-aggression that forces this lesson. The sigh that in some poems stirs a conflict is "no longer audible" by the end of the book—"liquid smoke blurring into ache." Incivility's burial and potential gets voiced through lyric's mourning, in the pure desire for a present-absent thing: "A breeze touches your cheek. As something should." 🐌

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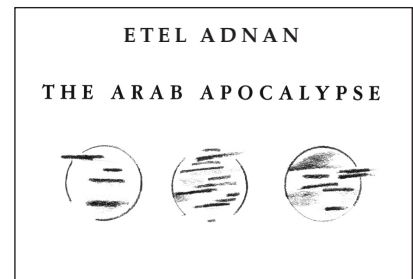
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(Durbin/Klaver from pg. 14)

At 12:47 p.m. on the day of the performance, Monica McClure, one of the kitties and a poet and performer like Kate and JT, posts on Facebook, “Where at work do people go to cry?” It’s one of a series of posts where she will publicly crowdsource strategies for crying in public, or semi-public (on October 16, she asks: “How do people cry while walking to and from the subway etc? Just like openly?”). I hear in the tone of Monica’s questions something that has to do with the kitty-subject: her bald vulnerability, her desire to push feelings into the public realm, to disturb the steady feed of information and opinion and promotion with emotion. What, I wonder, is the relationship between Monica’s crying and the performance? Is she, like JT, prepping by feeling sad? Which doesn’t necessarily mean fake-sadness, but perhaps means opening the floodgates, not checking herself when and where she’s supposed to be checking herself while at work. Over text, I ask her if they’re *Hello Selfie* tears or “just crying”? She says, “Normal crying,” then posts on Facebook a few minutes later: “Normal Tears.”

Back at *Hello Selfie*, I could watch JT and Monica and Kate and the others on my Instagram and Facebook feeds, but I just want to look at their faces. From far away, JT’s glitter-tears look like two black eyes. She’s leaning against the fence outside the main circle of performers, sticker stuck to her upper lip like a white mustache, looking inconsolably into her phone. Monica doesn’t seem sad at all—she seems like she’s playing in a sandbox, like she is in her element, like maybe this is a safe place to cry. Kate is regally blank: Her dark costume seems to announce her role as madam-mastermind.

I am trying to paint a pixelated portrait of how we feel now, girls and women on the internet, and what Kate Durbin’s *Hello Selfie* has to do with that. It’s a tangled feedback loop: life and poetry and performance and the virtual presentation of self. Part of the excess of the feelings is that they won’t stay put: They won’t stay out of the office or the subway, they won’t make clear whether they are real or simulated or rehearsed or performed. The field of affect studies gives us critical vocabularies for how to think about bodies as sites of feeling—how to consider

ugly feelings (Sianne Ngai), political emotions (Lauren Berlant), and the virtual transmission of affect (Patricia T. Clough). *Hello Selfie* could be read in conversation with these ideas as much as it could be described as a performance of Gurllesque aesthetics, the impulse to “fuck with the girly.”

In the days following *Hello Selfie*, I realized that as I stood there, what I sought most of all was the kitties’ interiority: not the bodies so seemingly available, but the hearts and minds that stared out from a smudge of tears. Adornment and reproduction and screen made me crave language, feeling, connection. I came to feel that the kitties’ bodies and actions functioned less as sex-teases than as the tease of interiority: *Who are these girls, and what are they thinking about?* But *Hello Selfie* reminds me that the interior/exterior divide is also a fantasy, and that girls have learned to wear their sparkly, stickered, spilling, cyborgian feelings on the outside, too. 📺

(Sims/Miller continued from pg. 14)

They are not-quite graves, tv screens, prison cells, shuttered windows. They are simultaneously full and empty, open and closed.

Placed inside one of these black squares, in white letters, Sims writes:

The body knows just
what to do. Let the record
reflect

each breath, each rib
each bone letting go

In moments like these, the page becomes a stage—a courtroom—a structure with public and private functions.

Portraying a landscape that refuses interpretation, Sims explodes categories of doer-done to, subject and object. Like an earthworm, she leads the reader in and out of states of psychic fracture, confusion and horror, as well as curiosity, beauty, and even, sublimity.

Here, everyone is implicated. Every word has been touched. 📺

(Walters/Gay continued from pg. 15)

That the book is made entirely of sonnets—and not sort-of sonnety-type things, but fourteen line, ten syllable lines, varying rhyme and sonic devices, usually a kind of volta—at first comes off as a kind of technical feat, especially given how well Walters writes sonnets. But this *inherited* form is also a really smart mode by which to interrogate the violence and confinement of the suburbs. The bounds of the sonnet are also useful to trouble the idea of a stable self, coherent and singular through time. That, too, is a kind of story. A kind of pretend fortress. In “Memoir” Walters writes:

This is not a map. References betray
obvious injuries for fact. At the start, she
envisioned an “I” who overcame my
sensitivity to confession and
broke skin. No place reveals a single point,
time changes people. She became one more
version of herself. I witnessed the absence
of record and wrote it down in pencil.
Obtuse angles lengthen origin myths.
She called me up because I did not want
to vanish. Gone where I started from,
she invented this book of lists. She put
story fragments in order by color.
She let the woods entangle history.

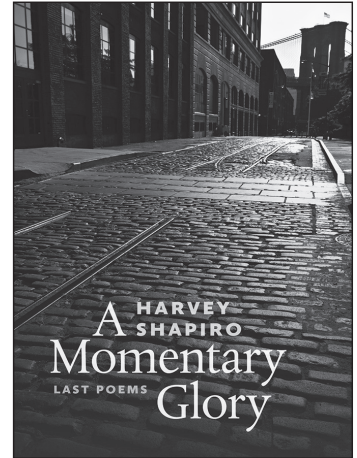
Again and again *Troy, Michigan*, if it’s not a map, is a revelation. An uncomfortable, necessary, and beautiful revelation. 📖

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Two Poems

Rene Ricard (1946-2014)

assignment: GOOD POEM

Back in Boston
again. It's all very obviously
Memories of "those fleeting glimpses
A glib tongue flapping glamour
Are you ready:
Why am I writing this now
There are other things to do at times

home again. The occult center of the
New world besides Philadelphia would
like to say a few pretty words
on its behalf.

(intellectual propaganda)

EEK. My dear° The mama's & the papa's are
beginning to say no

Sunset Blvd.
Don't take this too personally
But since I'm living dangerously, you
must realize the utter (need?)

Desperation I approach you

Oh the pain of being ugly in L.A.

Rene Ricard

For Anne

Hello
this is the magical voice of
Rene Ricard
this is the healing voice of
Dr. Rene Richards,
tennis pro
this message is coming
from my golden throat
from my heart
hello
this is the comforting voice
of Rene Ricard enterprises
Rene Ricard agency
hello. Rene Ricard
studio of sentiment
Rene Ricard productions
calling, Rene Ricard speaking
hello.
this is Rene Ricard in a
contemplative mood at the
Rene Ricard House of Fame
the Beat Poems
of Rene Ricard
you are fortunate enough
to be speaking to Rene Ricard
this is he
this is the much-vaunted
Rene Ricard
who can drive them to suicide
who can and has
pushed them over the edge
over the brink
under whose wrathful glare
women have been trapped
transfixed
deer caught in the
headlight on a desert
road at night

frightened out of their wits
scared shitless
thrilled
this is Rene Ricard, your
faithful servant
here is just another
sarcastic remark from
that big phony Rene Ricard
friend to the rich
enemy of the people
that Rene Ricard
Rene Ricard;
his lies and more lies
I am Rene Ricard
the third person
the affirmative
the upper case
my infinitives never
split
the superlative
the hyperbolic
the mot juste

Rene Ricard?

this is she

- October 4th, 1976 Venice, California

RITUALS & PROMPTS

Three Exercises:

Dedicated to Liv, Alyssa, Anthony, Eve, Gabby, and Libby

1.

You can do this on a weekend or a day that you will be doing errands. Get a pair of three pound weights. Get up in the morning and strap your weights to your legs. There are three rules: You may not take elevators because you have claustrophobia. You also must not take taxis. You must keep the weights on all day. Finally, you must alter your appearance in some way that will make people stare at you. Now, go about your day. In the evening, take off the weights and write a poem.

2.

Get a dictionary, or okay, the internet: whatever. Look up the definition/derivative of one or more of these words: lame, retard, cripple, invalid, handicapped, empathy, sympathy, pity, moron, or idiot. Make a poem out of these definitions.

3.

Answer the following questions in the form a sonnet:

How many feathers are on a Purdue chicken?

How many fibers are intertwined in a Shredded Wheat biscuit?

What does 'Touche et lele pu' mean?

How many times did the Batmobile catch a flat?

Send your answers to "The Committee" at rejennifer@gmail.com.

Jennifer Bartlett



★ ASTROLOGICAL ADVICE ★ *with Charity Coleman*

ARIES (MARCH 21-APRIL 19)

You've had a hard time, right? So has everyone. Just remember that. Also, it's gonna lighten up a little for you very soon— and I don't mean spotlight but I mean lightness like you'll get your groove back, I promise, it's okay. ♈

TAURUS (APRIL 20-MAY 20)

When was the last time you flew a kite? Exactly. ♉

GEMINI (MAY 21-JUNE 20)

Remember in autumn when you were turned inside out and the executioner was like, 'Can I take your order?' Yes, it was very horrible but it was transformative! Charlie Brown says that we're put here on earth to make others happy, and while that is reductive and naïve it's a good part-time truth while you sort yourself out. ♊

CANCER (JUNE 21-JULY 22)

You're like Linus with his mucky blanket. You get a little too close sometimes and then you act weird when it weirds people out. But guess what. You are the perfect person to host a dinner party and invite all of your orphan friends, so do that and do it soon. ♋

LEO (JULY 23-AUGUST 22)

There's something so solid and comforting about you... usually. But lately you're a little twitchy and your fangs seem sharp and your animal masks do intense things. It's time to stop acting so cagey. Wear more velvet and be benevolent! That's how we like you. ♌

VIRGO (AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 22)

It's impossible to eat dog food when your stomach is all set for shrimp louie! Snoopy said that. Don't sell yourself short, Virgo. You're not all about boring stuff. You like nice things like anyone else. Go ahead, but go easy: treat yourself but take triphala or a good probiotic. ♍

LIBRA (SEPTEMBER 23-OCTOBER 22)

Perhaps people have a tendency to overlook the Libras. Why is that? In any case, it won't be the case for long because you are about to bust some chops. You are about to get really interesting. Subtle dynamism is still dynamism. ♎

SCORPIO (OCTOBER 23-NOVEMBER 21)

O, you swing low, Scorpio. When Coyotito was stung by the scorpion I swear time stood still. You know what I mean? Then there is water-purification and letting go, and yes you can cry your eyes out because you'll always come back sharp as ever. ♏

SAGITTARIUS (NOVEMBER 22-DECEMBER 21)

Birds can hear the worms underground! When they hear a worm, they reach down and pull it out! It's time for you start sharing your treasures with people in non-secretive ways, like actually sharing. Share your lunch with someone, tell them you love them, don't be too aloof. That was the old way. ♐

CAPRICORN (DECEMBER 22-JANUARY 19)

The troll is totally letting you cross "his" bridge because you are brilliant and capable. Your cloven hooves sound awesome on the wood of the bridge over the sparkling water the troll looks pretty in his tatters and it's like finally, all that hard work is paying off. ♑

AQUARIUS (JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 18)

Feelings have form and so do thoughts. You might do well by delving into some basic theosophical inquiry or trying on some new proverbial hats or crashing someone's bar mitzvah. You need a new look! ♒

PISCES (FEBRUARY 19-MARCH 21)

Have you ever said something you wish you hadn't said, and it was too late to take it back? That's from a discussion between Lucy and Charlie Brown. It's time for you to start writing letters to people you love, and you might want to get a dog. If you already have a dog, get another one. ♓





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