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# small press review

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September - October 2013

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Issues 488 - 489

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John Jacob

## TWO OF THE BEST

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### **Ariadne & Other Poems.**

By Ingrid Swanberg. 2013. Pa, 120pp, \$16.  
Bottom Dog Press, PO Box 425, Huron, OH  
44839.

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### **97 Poems.**

By D. R. Wagner. 2012. Pa, 241pp, \$24.95.  
Cold River Press, 11402 Francis Drive,  
Grass Valley, CA 95949.  
[www.coldriverpress.org/](http://www.coldriverpress.org/)

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Both of these books are lengthier than most small press books of poetry. That, and that they are both exceptional, call out for much longer treatment. Ten page essays to deal with the lyrical qualities of these books are called for. I will disclose that I did not read every page of Wagner's book; I read its bulk and relied on my having previously read thirteen of his other books to grasp what he is doing here.

I read all of *Ariadne* and have read all of editor Swanberg's Ghost Pony Press titles. She is the scholarly prime mover behind the resuscitation of d.a. levy's writing and collage, but I found my way to levy through a different venue, buying an original ucanhavyrfuckincitibak when I was in college. In fact, I subscribed to Wagner's *Runcible Spoon* when I was in high school. The circle was complete when Swanberg began the magazine *Abraxas* I believe in the 80's and I subscribed to it. It's my kind of magazine, issued occasionally. It was Swanberg who told me where to find *97 Poems*.

One may not consider d.a. levy to be a lyrical poet, given his equal interest in collage and concrete work, and though he might not closely resemble James Wright, I argued in an essay anthology published by Bottom Dog Press that levy was capable of understanding the sprawl of the playground and the more gentle vision of his poem about ghost ponies. Swanberg plans future work about both poets; *Ariadne* is dedicated to levy.

The third poem in her book uses an epigram written from levy to Wagner, about dreamtime, one section of her book. When reading her poems, I was to discover that every poem offers up a *key* to interpretation or unlocking the depths of that poem. It is not unusual for such a key to hide in the title or to come up in the last line. Robert Duncan does something similar in his poetry about falconry, since the real

subject is richer and elsewhere. Swanberg's poem, in which Psyche laments, offers a key in the last line just as "Brigit's Grove" refers to its last-line key, and "god turned in the deep."

Frankly, I don't even know if this is a conscious manipulation by the poet. Poets Lucien Stryk and Galway Kinnell told me on separate occasions after workshops that they were unaware of such attempts.

The imagery is so well-wrought in these poems that a handful of "ordinary" poems stand out, like a poem about sparrows sunbathing. Maybe she got tired, because one poem later one of her most complex poems built with image upon image appears:

**it is the blue of those  
small butterflies  
nectaring upon lupine  
sipping at the mud  
of some clear stream  
there in the west  
where the light  
is always young**

Man. How'd you like to invent "nectaring upon lupin" and then do it again in the same book? Swanberg's description of Samhain will make you think twice about Halloween, and her "meeting the angel of death" may as well be Bergman's *The Seventh Seal* seen all over again.

Swanberg can take a mundane grammatical unit like a prepositional phrase - or ten of them - to describe the sun cast on a James Wright book and make it imbedded with meaning.

I could go on.

The last poem is a truly great, evanescent poem placed where it is, ending: "I have come a long way/ to dissolve here, // to open the flower of pain. / I thought you were the angel, / but it was I."

For some time, I have carried in my mind an unwritten pair of lists of the best poets in the United States. There are the Twenty Best Poets and The Ten Best Small Press Poets. It's harder to get on the small press list because there are really more opportunities, no matter how it may sometimes look. To give you an example of who makes the cut, only one Poet Laureate is among the twenty. But three Beat Poets who are alive are. John Ashbery used to be on the list but is no more.

Some are on both lists, complicating things. Among the poets who were or are: Charles Olson, Tom

**See Page 4**

# Review

## Listen Up

### For the Living Dead. New & Selected Poems.

By Eric Greinke. 2013, Pa, 160pp, \$15. Presa Press, PO Box 792, Rockford, MI 49341.

### Kirby Congdon

This reviewer needs poems that make him think and feel involuntarily. I am referring to "We Drink Another Cup of Silence" in Eric Greinke's forthcoming collection. As in a bar or a crowded party, when one enters a room your nerves retract as you think how can I fit into this pot of boiling lives? Do I want to? I've got to! And I will, somehow, cope.

By the time you get a drink or find a friend the gas on the burner has settled down to a relaxed glow and your mind begins to analyze the recipes that are set before you. By this I mean the hundred and nine poems that the familiar figure Eric Greinke has laid before us under the provocative title of commiseration, or is it damnation? In any case I feel we have an important presentation that represents a bright prism of a generation of poets that has had to find its own footing after all the attention the post-World War II poets have received. As the cover of this book suggests, with its empty shoes, someone had to fill them. Now let me quote the last four words of this poem as the narrator asks "why it should matter?"

Note that the phrase does not ask why does it matter, but why it should. This is not a drunken or socially-exhausted rejection because the narrator says obliquely that it should; it has to; it must! The same reflection comes to us when we meet a terribly boring person on the street or even the President of the United States. A prose-poem opens the text:

**This crowded place is like an  
empty basement room.  
These people seem to know who**

**they are and why,  
but their evasive eyes say that  
they too, are alone,  
like eggs separated in their  
celled cartons.**

The narrator moves on into a poem reminding us that people carry their own mirrors of themselves "if the images weren't reversed." This last phrase I take as a suggestion that I, too, am a human being like everyone else. They may well be anonymous, at a bar or at a party, and for any practical reason they aren't changing my evening or my life. I'm not looking for anything like that, anyway. Being here is not a new experience but thinking about it is. It should matter. Now the poet tells us without saying so: it will matter! Why? Because he wants it to. He, the people, the reader know in some way it is going to. That's why he keeps walking through that door toward an abyss of human kind. We can't play Jesus for everyone we meet but something, somewhere, for someone in every group that we get involved with, something, somewhere, for someone there, an event will happen. It doesn't look like that right now because right now everyone looks the same.

Then the poet shuts up and hears underneath all the noise and talk that silence that we anticipate, perhaps even fear--like just before an orchestra takes over and we realize where we are and what we should be doing: listening. The author does not go so far as to explicate all of this but this poem gave me, rather directly, the experience that only a good poem from a confidant hand can provide when the poem lets us have that experience. While I have no business doing so I will grab onto the idea that this poem can be extrapolated as being by "a new face in the neighborhood," and who is a little overwhelmed by all these old-timers around him but he is going to step into those shoes and wear them with the comfort of an old-timer himself. Having learned to listen himself, he is now being listened to.

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## **ANOTHER SUMMER READING**

There may be something tautological in reading about reading—or even something narcissistic for a reader to read about readers. Nevertheless one of the many books in English we’ve stocked in our sagging bookcases in our rural ruin in France is *The Gutenberg Elegies* by Sven Birkerts. Written long before Kindles or indeed any of the smart hand held devices such as are now attached to our palms, it is a perhaps premature but certainly prescient elegy for the book, and for reading itself. It is, in fact, a profound meditation on reading as an act, a state of mind and being, a time, a transport, a cultivation, all of which require time, deep time, slow time.

Remember Mr. and Mrs. Slowsky, the tortoises, who by their recalcitrance and slowness advertised the glories of high speed internet a few years back? This perfectly happy couple, which prefers to do things slowly, may be the current image of those of us who still read actual books. And somewhere in their rush to find the perfect negative example for the selling of pure speed, the advertisers forgot that it was the tortoise, and not the hare, that won the race.

Our French countryside, neither spectacular nor touristic, is always slower than other, more popular places—or, if one prefers, more stuck in time and place. In the summer, because it is not a vacation spot for most people French and otherwise, it slows down even further. It empties out, and folds in, and people linger longer at cafes and at those famous French lunches under the trees. In fact, you may find yourself rising from the table for a stretch only an hour or so before people start to talk about dinner. It is a place for meditation, reverie, reading a book, lifting one’s head to stare into the middle distance, a space and a time that are neither the actual pages of the book you are reading nor the

summer garden in which you are sitting. It is a place that is closed when you are reading a screen; people stare at screens, and surely absorb in a different fashion what they see there. But a screen is delimiting; it has a frame much more pronounced than the page of a book; it demands your attention and craves speed. Why else is the speed of opening, connecting, retrieving and switching advertised at such a premium? In what now seems like olden days, the urgings of “instant on” TV sets were the first inklings that electronic media were ineluctably tied to speed. Screens and their speed, their multitasking opportunities have many uses, indeed seem almost beyond necessary to the conduct of social life, business and entertainment. Their advantages are too well known and appreciated to be enumerated by me. But when I come to France for three months of vacation, from daily responsibilities, from my country and its seemingly insoluble problems, I also take a vacation from the Internet, and other electronic assistants. We have a TV, but no cable, without which even here in the countryside we can still watch Bunuel retrospectives, documentaries on Hopper and fracking, old Antonioni movies, the history of Queen Cristina and the film, and the latest Hercule Poirot, without having to order anything from anywhere. They run regularly on French television channels. They are not dumbed down or bleeped, and not necessarily politically corrected. The French seem still to hold to the notion that one can have fairness without hearing two sides, if one side is demonstrably lunatic.

We have a land line telephone but no message machine and make dates we intend to keep. We don’t mind waiting without instant updates if someone is unavoidably held up.

**See Page 5**

# Review

John Jacob

From Page 1

Raworth, Edward Dorn, Anne Waidman, Barbara Guest, and W.D. Snodgrass. Raworth has been publishing with only small presses.

Both Ingrid Swanberg and D.R. Wagner, and Raworth, take up three spaces on my small press list, so you can see how extraordinary it is to review two of the best at the same time and in the same place, and having read scads of their magazines and at least fifteen of their books.

D.R. Wagner collaborated with d.a. levy and poets like bp Nichol and William Burroughs, in the Louvre and the Smithsonian, and he produces miniature tapestries and is a musician. He teaches at the University of California at Davis and did poetry readings with levy, Jim Morrison, Michael McClure, Ed Saders, and Anne Waidman. A couple of new books have come out since *97 Poems*.

If anyone you know disparages small press poets, mention the Louvre, the Smithsonian, and Jim Morrison.

Wagner was part of the mimeo (and ditto) revolution, whose technology I think I'll skip explaining. Many of the simplistic editors, publishers, and writers produced simplistic material, but if Shelley had been around then, I think he would have embraced what triple-threats like Wagner were trying to do. Shelley liked to swim, which was his undoing, but I think he would have been akin to Wagner in this poem and would have felt the same magic breath.

**Our fingers touch one another.  
It is a greeting or a goodbye.**

**From here we can see the vil-  
lages.**

**We gather their' lights to us,  
Cut the engine and watch the  
rain  
Begin to fall, water as magic.**

**There is no angel. There is only  
Staring into the air, waiting**

**For a voice, a breath moving  
Through what we know as time.**

Some may grasp a hold of the only concrete "Cut the engine," but that would be like focusing on William's chickens in his poem that begins "so much depends/ upon." Wagner's poem isn't about beaching the craft or even the rain; it is all tied up with gestures, evanescent air, and the insufficiency of measures: of feelings, of voice, of time. Wagner handles his materials with a deft touch because he both chose and created them.

Each poem creates a whole world. I am pulling several poems apart but still choose large swatches of material to look at, a paucity of four poems out of almost a hundred.

**We will soon discover  
That we indeed are those  
dreamers,  
That there is no understanding.  
We spin our way toward waking  
Once again and we use our  
Memories to do so, the flashing  
Northern Lights are our very  
Breath, even as we touch one  
Another. If this had held  
Your attention thank your own  
Precious soul and the dancing  
It does across this sorry page.**

The pronouns are personal and ambiguous in application, but memory and dream are closely related. The persona of the poem instructs the reader, but to act as if the reader doesn't understand how or why to respond, reacting on that plane of "no understanding." Why is the page sorry? What else could it be in a world of a phenomenon like the Northern Lights? This page of reviews would have the same diminished quality.

One poem that is unusual for its dexterity utilizing abstract words and concepts, as if Wagner does it to show it can be done, is this excerpt from "Language Undone by Fantasy":

**Logically perfect with its ran-  
dom  
Knowledge of how to proceed  
From the specific to the univer-  
sal**

**And dumbfounded that such a  
Thing as this poem could exist  
Without the probability of it ev-  
er  
Losing traction and depositing  
us  
On the edge of a sea. . . .**

No ideas but in things?, Wagner's *Runcible Spoon* second magazine would run a poem like this once in a while. Its eight abstractions dig deeply in and pile atop one another until the two lines I've excerpted continue with six imagistic words that don't feel crammed together. The deposition is uncertain, and the plural pronoun feels uncertain, left as we are near a sea, nothing definite.

Like other Wagner poems, that which is definite is only vaguely so because that is his experience of the world, a world of the random but a randomness that must be expected, a "self-portrait in a convex mirror."

The last poem in this book might be the best poem in the book. Again excerpted, here is part of "Evening Seascape":

**The slow breathing of the ocean  
upon  
The shore. The perfect way the  
breeze  
Threads its way down to meet  
the quiet  
Lines upon the sand.  
It is here words begin to aban-  
don  
Description. They too are in  
thrall,  
Forget their meanings for long  
moments,  
Argue that this is not so and  
Come to create their own un-  
derstanding  
Of what great mystery this  
place  
Might contain. Then a silence.  
Once again. The wavelets  
Whispering in the deep cathe-  
dral  
Such a place has become.**

How does Eliot's poem go? Do I dare to eat a peach, or walk upon the beach, hear the mermaids singing each to each? Something like that. What more does a reader or should a reader ask for? The breath of the ocean, the threading of the breeze, the ways words lost their meanings to the values of the things. The silent mystery this place has become—in our words, a cathedral.

That is a powerful construction.  
*See Next Page*

## John Jacob

From Page 4

D.R. Wagner doesn't hit his cylinder every time with these **97 Poems**, but he does most of the time. Think about poets you know and like. How many are better? Among living poets, I can't think of any.

As I wrote when I opened this book and read the first few poems, delicate but coy, Wagner's poems carry the substance of a Kelly or a Stevens, floating above the why they work, because they have to, a mirror image of what they contain, subsume, and then reflect back to a reader.

## Ellen Walker

From Page 3

The explanation is sure to follow upon their arrival, and we wouldn't think of altering our plans in a way as to make a cell phone necessary. I have a computer, which I use to type up my reviews, but no Internet connection and the good people at

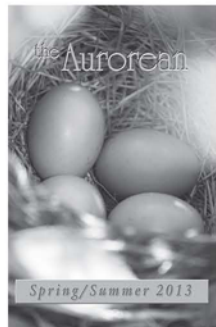
Dustbooks are willing to take my work as hard copy sent via snail mail. We even have a supply of candles always at the ready in case we lose power during one of the fierce, dramatic and exciting electrical storms for which France is justly famous.

You'd be amazed at just how much time this leaves for careful reading, for that lifting of the head from the page (which does not go dark to save electricity or batteries) to reflect and let the line of your thought drift like Virginia Woolf's into the mouth of a tiny fingerling of idea and then catch it and haul it in. The initial casting this summer was The Gutenberg Elegies, to which most of this essay owes a debt. But I also bring with me, carrying them in all their weight and heft, books for review. (They're not heavy, they're clothes for my mind.) One of them for this summer is "The French Issue" of **The Hudson Review**. Along with its articles on Diderot, Joan of Arc, excerpts from Irene Nemerofsky, and a fine article on translations of Bonnefoy, are selections from songs written by Thibaut de Champagne, songs be-

gun in the second half of the 13<sup>th</sup> Century and recorded in **The Songbook of the King**. I can listen to the accompanying CD on a radio, which plays them, and read the translations in the text of the magazine, hearing the old French *langue d'oïl* and dreaming of the troubadours. I can drive down the road to our local *chateau*, the Chateau de l'Herbaudiere, where a friend of ours was raised as the daughter of the housekeeper and the gardener. It all has a depth, and a weight, and a sense of permanence in time that I cherish, and that for me, electronic type lacks, screens lack, as, I'm afraid do even DVDs. I never treat with the same serious attention a movie I see on DVD as I do one in a theater.

I can't imagine a lovelier place to hear this haunting music, where notes resonate among the stones and the tones, so slow and deep they give the lie to their age and passing. The air is luminous; I lift my head and stare off into the myriad possibilities unframed and as yet unselected that are the fruits of my summer reading.

--Ellen Walker



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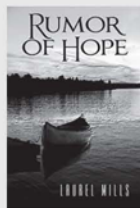
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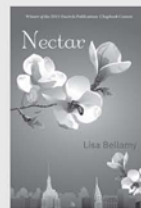
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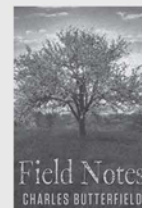
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# Reviews

## Word Salad

### **Belvatown.**

By J. Lea Koretsky. 2013, Pa, 303pp, \$18. Regent Press, 2747 Regent Street, Berkeley, CA 94705.

### *Neal Wilgus*

You don't need to know the situation or who the people are in the following quote to understand why I found this novel unreadable:

Steven Hariff took the job to shoot the security guard and the friend, a Harris, after Hariff took one too many notes on his ranch in what has since become Palm Springs where his ranch now is managed by a group of German Dutch out of Laingendorf, formerly in Sunnydale, Florida, a nursing home that was run by the senior Hollan's third wife Letitia Mable Retrange, also known to others under her maiden name Fersterhoff, this being the only German enterprise in the U. S. of its day. (p. 27)

Sure, I could gloss over it and go on, but this kind of thing is not the exception — it's the rule. Forget the run-on sentences, the garbled syntax, the confusion over what the hell is going on — this kind of stuff (and worse, much worse) often goes on for pages that makes no sense at all.

This is supposedly a mystery/crime novel and there are lots of shady characters skulking around, along with various police officials, the District Attorney, a doctor, witnesses, suspects and more shady types. The main character is Lt. Jake Harold of the San Bernardino Police Department, who is investigating a shooting in Belvatown in 1963 but apparently there are all kinds of corrupt goings-on going on — I quickly lost track and gave up. Skipping around I found that the writing never got any better, although the dialog seems to be more readable. Maybe Koretsky

should try her hand at TV or film work.

Also included in this volume is a novella titled *The Hood*, which might be a better read, based on the fact that it's shorter and has more dialog. But the same unreadable style prevails and I'll spare you any more quotes. Painful to read, don't bother with this stuff. ■

## First Draft

### **Earlier Lives.**

By Sara Dailey. 2012, Pa, 96pp, \$16. Dos Madres Press, PO Box 294, Loveland, OH 45140.

[www.dosmadres.com/](http://www.dosmadres.com/)

### *Eileen Ferber*

Sara Dailey's poems have a curiously unfinished character. There are lines full of potential for resonances which aren't quite there. One has the sense that the writing of the poems is a way to get to the beginning of a poem not yet written, almost a kind of draft version. An example, the first poem in the book, a kind of ode to the artichoke including the artichoke's invoking itself. It begins with images too literal, one wants to say too obvious, to be effective: "My green-tipped spikes will test your fingers,/ my leathery scales will rasp rough on your/tongue." Then "The asparagus will fence me in, solemn/ poles ashamed of my audacity,..." on a plate, in a field, in a season? Then the leathery scales become "veils in/our dance. The images change without evolving or revealing and conclude with "Come taste my heart." One has the sense in reading this that it is no so much a failed poem, as an *essai* in the original (Montaigne's) sense of the word, a trying out of images. What is missing is the finished, the actual poem.

It is not fair to damn a whole collection in its first slight poem, but the placement seems to ask for this kind of attention. The artichoke is

part of one of the major focuses of Dailey's work in this book: nature and science, one of her consistent sources, and a series of laments and memorials to her brother, killed in a motorcycle accident. Some of the poems are more fully realized, indeed a number have been published in respected journals. A poem that seems best to combine the two threads of her attention is "Gregor Mendel's Peas on the Anniversary of my Brother's Death," a meditation on genetic inheritance, her relationship to her brother in its biological form, and a concluding section with the monk in his garden, once again a mix of images which don't seem to respond to one another. "When my blood at last spills,/ or my body gives into entropy/ and finally rests, brother/ will you still be there/ in the strands of me, in DNA/ like threads in the loom/ of some cosmic weaver/ leaving each breath/ a silver shimmer." As is true too often in these poems, the use of "science" provides a warehouse of potential, but the selections from it are askew somehow or flat and self-evident.

There is something missing in many of these works. They have essential elements, but as you read them, you long for the poetry of the thing, as the artichoke ode makes one long for Neruda, and the poems about her brother's death send me running back to Gail Mazur's superb "Grief," recently published in *The Atlantic*. ■

## Dog and Poet

### **Strange You Never Knew.**

By Robert A. Fink. 2013. Pa, 96pp, \$16. Wings Press, 627 East Guenther, San Antonio, TX 78210.

[www.wingspress.com/](http://www.wingspress.com/)

### *David Brainerd*

Robert Fink likes people and dogs and words. The trials and traumas faced by all living creatures — especially those human and canine — are brought up frequently in these poems, and are treated with insight and sympathy. All the pieces are free verse, and are generally easy to understand, while still maintaining a crispness that clearly distinguishes their phrasing from prose.

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# Reviews

## David Brainerd

From Page 6

Most of Fink's subjects are derived from the events of day-to-day life, and most of those events seem to have taken place in his native Texas.

Lest anyone assume that this book will only be interesting to Texans or dog lovers, let me hasten to point out that Fink deals with other topics as well, and, when he describes the local and the commonplace, he does so with reference to the universal. He displays a good understanding of human nature and psychology, and his frequent use of Biblical allusions should suggest to the thoughtful reader that the conflicts and questions that beset us today are, at the deepest level, the same issues that have confronted people from the beginning. In the course of our lives, Fink reminds us, in "Dominion Over The Beasts," every one of us suffers the same loss of innocence symbolized by Adam and Eve's Fall and their expulsion from the Garden of Eden. There is nothing to do, then, but to make the best use we can of what our unsettling experience has taught us. Then, when "each night we rise from bed/ to patrol the rooms," we will be prepared for what we may encounter: "And at our side the dog nudging us along/ the path to the child calling out/ for a glass of water, a father to secure/ the closet, the underside of bed/ against that which the heart discloses might be/ coiling or growing incisors, honing claws/ in the recesses of chambers only one who/ has touched his lips to the sheen of the fruit/ and did not recoil, can recognize, and grapple with,/ what lies deep within the heart's core,/ labyrinth winding to what/ he and the dog, already growling,/ know is waiting." - Thoughts to ponder, from Mr. Fink and his dog, Wrangler, or, as he styles the two of them in another piece, "dog and wolf, man and poet." This collection is worth reading more than once. ■

## Just Wait

### Sacrilegion.

By L. Lamar Wilson. 2013, Pa, 79pp, \$17.95. Carolina Wren Press, 120 Morris Street, Durham, NC 27701. [carolinawrenpress.org/](http://carolinawrenpress.org/)

### Francis Alix

This first book of poetry by Mr. Wilson had a portmanteau title from questionable origins. Were the words sacrifice and religion, sacrilege and legion, or sacrilegious and region? No matter, because all those words described this volume. Set in the early and teen years, this confessional poetry delved into the usual first book themes of a young poet: death of a grandparent, coming of age, and bullies in school, to name a few. However, the themes deepened. They explored homosexuality, camping and switching, hate crimes, AIDS, and more. These elevated the book above the din and delivered surprise after surprise as I turned the pages.

The poems sailed through the life of a young Black gay child to adulthood. The poet learned his craft well, exhibited by the solid language and imagery ("I was born & lived to darn/ myself a cocoon."). However, I saw a new poet trying to emerge as a professional. The author had one barely mediocre haiku and a concrete poem which did not fit into the collection. He had several poems on finding a boyfriend or having sex. While these are not usually an issue, these poems had nothing new to say and were teenage laments. If he had waited one more year to publish and replaced these poems with new, stronger ones, the collection would have soared.

I know the next book by the author will stun us with eloquence and revelations. Until then, you can explore his early work and celebrate the start of his career. So, buy a copy to see his growth over time and revel in its goodness. ■

## Tapestry

### The Gold Thread.

By Sarah Kennedy. 2013, Pa, 66pp, \$17. Elixir Press, PO Box 27029, Denver, CO 80277.

[www.elixirpress.com/](http://www.elixirpress.com/)

### Ellen Walker

The quotation that provides the title of this collection defines the gold thread as the quest for union and communion with God. Since many of these poems are about or in the voice of Christian women martyrs and saints, it is a fair match. One might also say that if one includes the other poems, the thread can also be read as the visionary and oppositional quality of women's lives. The stance and outlook on sainthood, martyrdom, sacrifice, current crises in civilization, and the notion of telling, reporting, and witnessing is distinctly female, if not entirely feminist. The poems move in time from visions and reports of Margery Kempe, Helen of Bingen, Eugenia of Alexandria, to a snide look at a civil war battle reenactment, the PATRIOT Act, and the collection ends with the images of an evangelical baptism of a child which seems a near drowning. The threads which are voices, only occasionally that of the poet, and portraits from historical sources, weave a tapestry that is not gold at all, but something that glitters almost threateningly in the consciousness, and clothes the long history of women's lives.

Kennedy is fond of versions of the couplet form, and of alternating spacings across the page so that lines break and resume one step below, breaking again. Often breaks occur between every word so poems have width, with hesitations all the way through. In some poems this exaggerated visual caesura works with both rhythm and sense, indeed adds to it by creating multiple meanings and emphases.

**Before there was a rib,  
There was a woman, she says,  
slipping me**

*See Next Page*

# Reviews

*Ellen Walker*

*From Page 7*

**on like her robe,  
Sleeping under my skin.**

In others it seems more like a habit. Most of the elegiac passages represent a woman bursting into freedom by wearing men's garb, by refusing to marry, by rejecting her heritage and with it her narrow role. "Eusebeia Hospitia/ fifth century after freeing her slaves and changing her name to Xene. . . Skirting church, family/ we ran to the margins// of the monastery,/ out of empire—its slave// and free, its citizen/ and barbarian, its// female and male—we ran,/ into regions of light."

The religious origins of many of the speakers and actors in these poems are due to the position of women in early history, and their reactions to their roles and heritages, the language these women do speak are a result of their oppositional vision and the limitations of the alternatives. Kennedy has a firm sense of this and their voices ring strong and true. When Kennedy moves into the present as she does in the last poems, a huge chronological leap, her poems, while maintaining a certain elegance, ring with somewhat less resonance, less authority.

■

## Civilization Unveiled

---

### **Render: An Apocalypse.**

By Rebecca Gayle Howell.

2013. Pa, 74pp, \$15.95.

Cleveland State University

Poetry Center, 2121 Cuclid

Ave., Cleveland, OH 44115-

2214.

[www.csuohio.edu/poetrycenter/](http://www.csuohio.edu/poetrycenter/)

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*David Brainerd*

---

About a week ago, I killed my rooster and ate him. He and the two hens had taken to eating all their eggs, and none of the standard tricks of the poultryman's trade could induce them to stop. I've since acquired a few more laying hens, and I'm hoping their good example will lead the older girls to mend their ways. But I know I'm fooling myself. Once the egg-eating habit has been established, it's almost impossible to break, and I expect I'll be slaughtering Rachel and Regina and cooking them up fairly soon.

Yes, they have names, and you could call them pets. I have housed them and treated their ailments, and they will eat out of my hand. But their role is to provide me with food, and that they will do, one way or another. That is the awful reality at the dark heart of animal husbandry. As Rebecca Howell puts it, "This is how we are civilized."

**Render** has to do with the ways in which people provide for their sustenance in the context of small-scale farming. The slaughter of livestock – specifically chickens and pigs – is the subject, graphically described, of several of the poems, and the undercurrent that flows throughout the entire book. Over and over, directly and indirectly, Howell reminds us that the domestication of animals has always involved both nurturing and killing. In "How to Kill a Hog," the same person who has acted as midwife to a sow is engaged in dressing her carcass. Howell exhorts the man to recall "how you washed/ how you opened her// That is how to touch her now// Once she is hung/ and cut straight cut// from rectum to neck/ . . ./ Gather her organs up/ into your arms// like you once did your mother's robes/ when you were a boy who knew nothing// but the scent of sweat and silk." In conclusion, she admonishes the farmer, "close your eyes just once/ just once// do not turn away."

I've never slaughtered pigs – or helped to birth them – but I have despatched and prepared a fair quantity of my own poultry, and I

have, indeed, found that I can afford to "close [my] eyes just once" and must "not turn away." The process involves several steps which must be accomplished quickly, and, for me, it is always a gut-wrenching experience. I enter into it with prayer, and try to maintain a somewhat meditative state of mind, willing my body through all the tasks, and letting the unavoidable memories of my involvement with the animal's life pass in and out of my consciousness. In Howell's poems, I have found, for the first time, an accurate evocation of what that feels like.

This book's subtitle is **An Apocalypse**, a word derived from the Greek ἀποκάλυψις, meaning, literally, unveiling or uncovering. In late antiquity, the term began to be applied to a type of literature that became prevalent throughout the Mediterranean world, in which usually disastrous predictions about the future were made. The most famous of these, today, is, of course, the final book of the Christian Bible, usually called, in English, the Revelation of St. John, and the word apocalypse has come to signify widespread cataclysm.

Howell's book would seem to be apocalyptic in every sense. She pulls back the veil that, in modern society, conceals the gory reality of where much of our food comes from, revealing how essential that form of controlled violence has always been to the survival and development of the human race. And the last of the book's three major sections focuses on what seem to be a woman's efforts to survive in the midst of some sort of catastrophe. Whether the events described are localized and historical or world-wide and yet to come is impossible to tell, but they are certainly dire.

Ryan Kelly set the type and designed this book, incorporating illustrations (that look like engravings) by Arwen Donahue. They are both to be commended for producing an attractive volume the appearance of which perfectly complements Howell's poetry. The winner of the 2012 Cleveland State University Poetry Center First Book Prize, *Render* is stunning, disturbing and painfully beautiful. Open it, and prepare for the veil to be lifted.



# Reviews

## Do It Yourself

### In Futurity Lounge. Asylum for Indeterminacy.

By Marjorie Welish. 2012.  
112, \$16. Coffee House Press,  
79 Thirteenth Ave. NE, Suite  
110, Minneapolis, MN 55413.

*Kirby Congdon*

As far as I can make out, this collection relies on the stream of consciousness style where the poet pulls out references at random and glues them together, trusting that the reader will find the juxtapositions provocative. As I am hardly an aficionado of this method, to be fair, I will quote one poem and let the reader get an idea of Ms. Welish's work at first hand. Its title is "Figure."

**The poet redirected my likeness.**

**She said, "Not his decadence,  
which is a question."  
"Time," she said, declining his  
epidemic.**

**As if serrated,  
initiatives lost modernity: aura  
reared up  
although bracketing pages in  
comparative matters.  
"What time is it?"  
"Perspetivism."**

**Which is a question.**

**As if serrated,  
"as if" bracketing pages.**

**And time again, the timing of a  
wrecking ball—  
which is an  
overture.**

Got an opinion?  
A gripe?  
SPR/SMR can use  
Guest Editorials.  
About 700 words.

## String Theory

### Hyperlinks of Anxiety.

By Daniel Y. Harris. 2013,  
Pa, 156pp, \$17. Červená  
Barva Press, PO Box 440357,  
W. Somerville, NA 02144  
[www.cervenabarvapress.com](http://www.cervenabarvapress.com)

*Angela Consolo  
Mankiewicz*

Some vitals first: this is another book of poetry from the wonderfully productive Červená Barva Press - very nicely produced on good paper, good typescript, with an eerie cover by the author who is also a visual artist. The poetry is in two sections: 35 pages for "Hyperlinks" and 51 pages for section II, "Anxiety," plus a 42 page Introduction by Beth Hawkins Benedix, an Associate Professor of Religious Studies and Literature and Coordinator of the Jewish Studies Program at DePauw University. Mr. Harris, in addition to publication and artistic credits, also holds a Masters Degree in Divinity from the University of Chicago. I mention these particulars because of the nature of this book, or rather its subject matter, which I will describe as a conflating? of Jewish spiritualism, mysticism, and realities with cyberspace.

According to Professor Benedix, the collection describes a world that is "precarious and deeply intimate" and that "The title announces the reciprocity, or perhaps better, the parasitism that serves as the basic mechanism of this world: these hyperlinks produce anxiety and are produced at breakneck speed by the anxiety that, no matter how fast we're traveling, how desperately we seek and crave connection, we're moving farther and farther away from authentic, embodied, visceral encounter." A bit much on the academics here, but it does prepare the reader for what is coming. The Introduction is helpful and though I do not agree with many of its assertions, I recommend it despite the

eye-rolling it's bound to cause the reader who does not plan writing a dissertation on this book. (The press double-spaced the Introduction for some reason, hopefully not to bulk up the page count - perhaps to give the reader some breathing space.)

In the spirit of full disclosure I should also note that I am not Jewish, have a moderate interest in world religions but have never been a divinity student, and my knowledge of Jewish mysticism is limited to a few swirling chapters on Kabbalah in Count Jan Potocki's *Saragossa Manuscript*, which hardly qualifies me as expert.

The poetry: this was a very difficult read. There were many beautiful lines and evocative sections but in general I found it tiresome. The poetry is filled with esoteric references, especially to Jewish lore and writings - even "an extended exercise in parsing and redefining each letter of the Hebrew alphabet. . . ." (Benedix p. 41) as the collection's last poem.

There are also references to more general intellectual knowledge like Paul Celan, The Holocaust, biblical names, and Internet and computer terminology, but on the whole, it seems to me, the collection is geared to the academic study of Judaism and its relations to today's technologies - whether in a university setting (as at DePauw) or not. As such, it's a fine work and Mr. Harris has been lauded by several Jewish organizations for both his writing and visual artistry.

Mr. Harris also seems to be something of a LANGUAGE poet, stringing words together, sometimes with curious spacing. I enjoy experimental poetry, especially abstract work, but got nothing here. Here's "Neutrality", ordinary spacing, quoted in full: "Slips from scale/ by being glassy vague// projectiles, of balance./ disquiet and blander/ wash of bland,// beams white, paralytic,/at once splayed, teasing// the neither/nor/ with either/or - the perfect// colloquia of "whatever"./ at the cusp of idle,// from which height/ is a low slope// angling flat." This poem is also an example of many in this collection that almost teases with meaning but then reverts to obfuscation. Like many other poets and readers, I like word games and create them in my

**See Page 11**

## NEW PUBS

The New Pubs column in *SPR* gives details of new publisher start-ups every other month between editions of the **International Directory of Little Magazines and Small Presses**. Listings here are based on reports received since publication of the 49th Edition [2013-14]. If you are not listed in the **Directory**, go to our website <[www.dustbooks.com](http://www.dustbooks.com)>, click on the **Directory Listing Forms** button and follow instructions. The **International Directory** is available from Dustbooks, P.O. Box 100, Paradise, CA 95967 \$30 CD-ROM, plus \$9 shipping or \$49.95/yr subscription for online access to all Dustbooks directories.

Ed Shacklee, Michael R. Burch, William Wilberg, among many others." avg. press run 200. Pub'd 1 title 2012; expects 1 title 2013, 2 titles 2014. 60pp. Reporting time: 1-3 months. Simultaneous submissions accepted: Yes. Publishes 10% of manuscripts submitted. Payment: Cash and/or contributors copies (author chooses option for payment thus the and/or). Does not copyright for author. Subjects: Arts, Brontes, Geoffrey Chaucer, Emily Dickinson, England, Europe, Inspirational, Rudyard Kipling, Poetry, Shakespeare, Short Stories, Tennyson, Alfred Lord, Dylan Thomas, Walt Whitman.

**Zip Line Publishing**, Beth Smith, P.O. Box 78134, Charlotte, NC 28271, 704-516-4287. 2012. "We publish early readers for boys in 1st and 2nd grade. Our books have the necessary ingredients for beginning readers, but they are more appropriate for older boys who may or may not be struggling readers." avg. press run 5000. Expects 2 titles 2013, 2 titles 2014. 64pp. Subjects: Children, Youth, Comics, Entertainment, Fiction, Humor.

**Earthen Vessel Publishing**, Katie Philpott, 9 Sunny Oaks Dr., San Rafael, CA 94903, 415 302-1199. 2005. Non-fiction. "Publish Christian books in the areas: apologetics, evangelism, theological, Biblical." avg. press run 264. Pub'd 1 title 2012; expects 2 titles 2013, 4 titles 2014. Discounts: 55%. 180pp. Reporting time: one week. Simultaneous submissions accepted: Yes. Payment: varies, for ebooks, royalty is 50%;. Copyrights for author. Subjects: Christianity, Cults, Latin America, North America, Religion.

**Poetica Victorian Press, Inc. (see also POETICA VICTORIAN: A Journal of Classical Poetry)**, Brandon Berman, 1075 NE Miami Gardens Drive 110W, Miami, FL 33179. 2011. Poetry, fiction, articles, art, photos. "Poetica Victorian is a jour

nal of modern classical poetry. This means that we largely publish work that is written today in the classical styles of old. We look for poems which for the most part adhere to structure and form although we have accepted poems which have strayed due to their overwhelming quality. Please send us 3-6 poems of quality form poetry. We highly suggest reading our submission guidelines [online at http://poeticavictorian-submit.blogspot.com](http://poeticavictorian-submit.blogspot.com) before submitting as well as subscribing and/or requesting a copy of a past issue so as to familiarize yourself with what we publish. Recent Contributors include: Alexander Z. Anthony, Clinton Van Inman, Armond Richards,

\*\*\*

### PIPE DREAMS

The smoke from my pipe  
builds castles in the air  
as it wavers and it  
wanders past my eyes.  
The message it spells out:  
let the smoker beware  
lest he flounder  
in a whirlpool of whys.



"Pipe Dreams" reprinted from *RHYMED AND DANGEROUS* by Neal Wilgus (2005).  
Originally published in *VISIONS OF KHROYD'HON* Summer 1976.

# Reviews

## Angela Consolo Mankiewicz

From Page 9

own work - just not to the extent I found here, where interest tends to irritation.

I do not want to leave this review without noting the poet's often excellent use of alliteration, word repetition, and internal rhymes, plus a slew of words I hit the dictionary for. And here are a few examples of the lines and phrases I found memorable: .... I take orgiastic pleasure from pure stasis (from "Epic of the Uncreature", p. 25); .... he is an analog/ in an age of digits (from "Analog", p. 32); there are too many voices speaking at once/ leaking syllables of terror and magic./ It all counts and makes no difference (from "Parataxis", p. 75); the eternal cliché rambling unpunctuated through/ words of mold and dust your friends have become (from "Frantic", p.78).

If you are interested in Judaism, today's technologies, word-game poetry and are happy to track down any number of references, you will love **Hyperlinks of Anxiety**; if not, read it anyway, just a little at a time, and listen to the sounds, look at the colors - and you can skip the Introduction. ■

## Out of What?

### Brandi.

By Margaret Powers Milardo.  
2012, Pa, 123pp, \$20. Evening Street Press, 7652 Sawmill Road, No. 352, Dublin, OH 43016

John Jacob

Milardo never decided whether she wanted to write a young adult novel or short novel focused part of the time on a girl who progresses from middle school to her first year of college, a frequent problem with

those who aspire to write YA fiction. There is a lot of competition in the field, and to succeed a writer has to be spot-on.

Three excerpts from the book:

**Literally, for Brandi and Dean, the program meant that the school remained cognizant of their individual circumstances and provided accordingly. The first consideration was how best to provide for their educational needs.**

**Out of void  
you found me  
and rescued me from myself.**

**To me it all happened in slow motion. Time hung suspended somewhere above.**

Where are the clichés? It might help to know that Ms. M., a teacher, is a totally omniscient character in the book, so of course responsible for all three quotations but *directly* responsible for the first and third. Brandi, her character identified by a different type face and usually by poor grammar and diction, is supposed to be well on her way toward respectability when she writes a nine-line poem the second reference is taken from.

Not too long ago I reviewed novels for a wing of the National Council of Teachers of English, and it was *de rigueur* for YA novels to have a problem to solve or a character to develop. Brandi starts out too bad, throwing feces around girls' restrooms, and finishes too well, with a full ride to a prestigious college. There is never any tension; it's always that she's going to make it.

The teacher narrator is one-dimensional. The reader doesn't even know what she looks like. She mentions she has a husband around page 60. She knows what others know, even minor characters. And she uses detail when it absolutely is unnecessary except to make a racial comment: "I fell into step behind a young, fair skinned policeman."

Young adult books are rare among the small presses. Maybe it should stay that way. ■

## Bon Voyage!

### Colony Collapse Disorder.

By Keith Flynn. 2013. Pa, 120pp, \$16. Wings Press, 627 East Guenther, San Antonio, TX 78210

[www.wingspress.com/](http://www.wingspress.com/)

Peter Dabbene

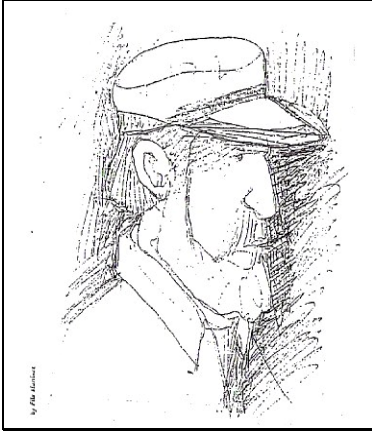
Keith Flynn, musician, award-winning poet, and editor of *The Asheville Poetry Review*, has put together a unique and amazing book of poetry with his new release **Colony Collapse Disorder**. Flynn calls the book a "place-based abecedarium", with poems invoking cities around the world, and if that description intrigues you, you're going to love this book.

Flynn is a delight to read, as his powers of invention combine perfectly with the rhythm and musicality of his prose. He covers ground like no other - in a few pages, he narrates "Nanking, 1937", followed by a jaunt with the Silver Surfer, then an analysis of *haute couture*. The sheer number of different forms, allusions, and experiments dazzle, but never do they overpower the subject matter.

From Amsterdam and Mumbai to the Grand Canyon and Dothan, Alabama, Flynn creates a travelogue through verse, and even when he's seemingly summarizing the lives of the first three presidents of the United States ("Present at the Revolution"), he does it in a way that leaves no doubt we're reading poetry:

**"Jefferson, appalled at the guillotine's perfection,/smelled a monarch in every water closet/and saw fit to rent the tissue of machinations"**

With an incredible book arising from a most unusual format, one wonders what Flynn will do next. Poeticize the phone book? Chances are, Flynn could do it, and do it well. ■



# The SPR Questionnaire:

## Neal Wilgus

1. What is your idea of happiness? **Living independently.**
2. What is your idea of misery? **Public speaking.**
3. Where would you most like to live? **Corrales, NM**
4. What is your favorite virtue? **Open-mindedness.**
5. What do you most value in your friends? **Understanding.**
6. What is your biggest weakness? **Shyness.**
7. What do you enjoy doing most? **Reading, writing, walking.**
8. What is your most marked characteristic? **Agnosticism.**
9. If not yourself, who would you like to be?
10. Who are your favorite writers? **Twain, Aldous Huxley, Orwell, Tolstoy, Bertrand Russell, Le Guin.**
11. Who are your favorite poets? **Robert Frost, Emily Dickinson, E.A. Poe, Bob Dylan, Robert Service.**
12. Who are your favorite heroes and heroines in fiction? **Huckleberry Finn, G.W. Hayduke (Monkey Wrench Gang), Dorothy (Wizard of Oz), Candide.**
13. Who are the heroes and heroines in your life? **My son, Warren; his wife, Courtney.**
14. Who are your favorite heroes and heroines in history? **H.D. Thoreau, Emma Goldman, Gandhi, M.L. King, Jr..**
15. Which historical figures do you most dislike? **Hitler, Stalin, Saul of Tarsus, Dick Cheney.**
16. What event in history do you most admire? **Invention of the telescope.**
17. What social movement do you most admire? **Nonviolent anarchism.**
18. What natural gift would you most like to possess? **Confidence.**
19. How would you like to die? **Of old age.**
20. What is your present state of mind? **Content.**
21. Which fault in others do you most easily tolerate? **Egoism.**
22. Which fault in yourself do you most easily tolerate? **Egotism.**
23. What is your motto? **Go ahead – look back.**

Neal Wilgus was born in Jerome, AZ in 1937. He earned a degree in English from Northern Arizona University-Flagstaff, in the 1950's and '60's, during which time he became a Conscientious Objector and participated in American Friends Service Committee projects in Phoenix, Greensboro NC, and Americus GA. He worked the usual jobs in grocery stores, hotels, a bookstore, a weekly paper, etc., and was a research analyst for a multi-county planning agency. He moved to New Mexico in the 1960's while working for the US Forest Service and has retired from the US Postal Service in Albuquerque after 40 years. He dropped out of Mensa after a few years, finding it boring. Neal has no computer but keeps three clipboards next to his bed and writes almost everything on a portable typewriter. He still uses carbon paper.

# The *Small Magazine Review*

Issue 240 - 241

September - October 2013

Ellen Walker

## PRIESTS AND MAGICIANS

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### Sources of Jewish Poetry: a Thirty-Year Retrospective. Shirim, a Jewish Poetry Journal.

Vol. 30, No. 2, 2012 & Vol. 31, No. 1, 2013.  
Editor: Merrill Leffler. 2/yr., \$10/yr.  
Shirim/Dryad Press, 4647 Long Beach Blvd.,  
Long Beach, CA 90805.

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This is a double, special issue anthology with selections from the last 30 years of the magazine. In its varied contents are works by poets well known beyond and often without their Jewish affiliation or heritage: Leonard Cohen (yes, that one), Linda Pastan, Laurence Spingarn, Carl Rakosi, Deena Metzger, Jerome Rothenberg, David Meltzer. There are also works in translation from Hebrew, Polish, Yiddish, German. There are translations of biblical texts and psalms. The anthology represents thus, the variety of offerings in this magazine despite, or perhaps in conjunction with its ethnic focus.

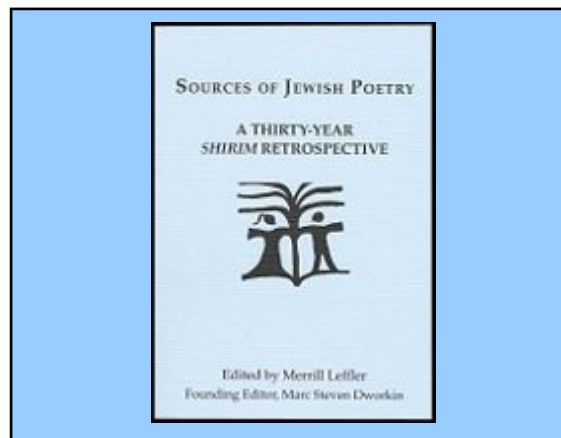
Editor Leffler introduces the volume with the requisite attempts to find a thread or threads that would give the collection coherence, or even some kind of shape in itself, but fails. "I want poems to bring me towards wisdom—I believe that is Jewish. Many of the poems here fulfill those wants—may they fulfill yours as well." Short of any true coherence, he creates categories, an odd assortment of nouns and adjectives, e.g. Spiritual/Mystical Folklore/Aggadah. Whatever happened to grammatical symmetry? This somewhat ragged organization only serves to illustrate the difficulty he had in conceiving the collection as a coherent whole.

If that does not discourage the reader from the start, there are many interesting and quite lovely

poems to be found in the subsequent pages. Deena Metzger's "Priests and Magicians" contains memorable images: "Later we were priest and magician/ Climbing/ Toward the song of God." And, of the fall, "As night falls/ As cadence falls/ As prayer falls, As rain/ as snow,/ as water,/ Full of light" the latter 4 lines spaced across the page, a visual fall as gentle and forward moving as the images suggest. A poem by Abraham Sutzkever, "I Feel like Saying a Prayer" written in the Vilna Ghetto in 1942 speaks simply of the need for a god when the one you know has abandoned you. "Should I ask that star I the sky: my far-away friend,/ I have lost my speech. Come take its place."

Leffler begins his introduction with the question, "Is there such a thing as a Jewish Poem?" Don't look for an answer here. But if you take the anthology as it is, ignore the categories and read the poems, you might conclude that there is much of interest, much that is moving, and, as an aside, all of the poets are Jewish.

■



By  
**Bob  
Grumman**

## *Experioddica*

### My **Scientific American Blog**

#### ***M@H\*(pOet)?ica.***

Blog-Master: Bob Grumman.  
<http://blogs.scientificamericanc.com/guest-blog/2013/07/27/mhpoetica-music-and-autobiography>

To celebrate the full year of entries to my *Scientific America* guest blog that I completed early this past June, and feeling by then that I could get away with it, I devoted my next entry to my own works. No doubt I'm a gross narcissist, but I *did* feel self-conscious about such blatant self-aggrandizement. But I have several rationalizations for it. One is that no one else will aggrandize me and I deserve to be, at least a little!

Seriously, I have several less self-centered rationalizations. Indeed, I'd go so far as to call them "reasons!"

1. If an analyst of an art practices the art himself, what works would he be more qualified to discuss than his own--and use to illustrate his over-all view of the art?

2. Consider, also, what other works than his own could more effectively reveal his strengths (and, perhaps more important, his shortcomings)--and the strengths and weaknesses of the kind of art he is discussing.

3. Discussion of his own works leads readily to discussions of himself. Not that I consider myself the proper center of writings like this, but I *do* strongly believe in making oneself a part of almost any writing--because I myself like finding out about a writer as a person as well as about whatever subject he's writing about. And a sort of self-interview interwoven through possibly dry text may help keep a reader reading. True, it might also turn off a reader impatient with what he considers irrelevancies. But, hey,

I'm not sure I want anyone like that reading my stuff!

4. Feeling free to digress agrees with me--although I suppose that isn't a very serious reason.

5. Nor, I suppose, is my belief that it makes me feel more honest to yak about myself and why I'm doing what I'm doing as I go along--even when I lie!

I was going to begin my entry with a brief autobiography about how I became a mathematical poet. When it became too long, I dropped it--but I have room for it here, and posterity will want to know! My parents are central to it, for they supplied me with math-genes, both of them having been gifted in math although my mother made no special use of it and my father used it only for a few years as an engineer with Sikorski until being let go because he lacked a college degree.

They passed their mathematical genes on to Bill, Jr., the older of my two older brothers, who became a successful civil engineer (and, at 84, still does work as a consultant) and to me. My other brother, Sherman, was good at math, too, but not what you'd call "gifted." My sister (gotta be complete!) was better at other things, but not a math whiz.

I was certainly no mathematical prodigy, just automatically strongly attracted to it (and, therefore, better than most at it). My brother Bill helped by introducing me at the age of nine or so (before my school was teaching it) to . . . *long division*. Because of baseball.

Like many boys, I was a baseball statistics nut, so it came about that one day when the males in my family were living and dying with our baseball team, the New York Giants, I wondered aloud about what batting averages were, which led to Bill's introducing me to long division, and decimals. For more than

**See Page 16**

## Small Magazine Review

[Issues 240-241]  
September - October 2013

**Founding  
Editor/Publisher  
Len Fulton**  
1934 - 2011

**Editor  
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**Contributing Editor  
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**Opinion: Blair H. Allen**

**SUNNY DAYS AS THE SEA SHADOW GROWS**

Who woulda thunk it? A movie (*The Day After Tomorrow*) portrays a haunting specter of reality, where a megastorm hits New York City, New York State, Long Island, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island shorelines. If the deniers have their way and delay action, we'll have continuing inundation of islands increasingly at sea level due to sea surge from the summer meltdown of Greenland's ice-cap and the polar regions' disappearing act. There is already Pacific island evacuation of inhabitants currently in motion, yet Congress has recently delayed funding relief to the megastorm-devastated areas of NYC and New Jersey shores, which took the brunt of global warming's heavy-handed fist. Those folks' former homes look like war zones after a multi-around-the-clock carpet bombing.

We also have the potential for terrorist arsonists to take advantage of the drought-dry western U.S. forests, resulting in another multi-wildfire contagion like we had in 2012. Better hire more rangers to protect our forests from loss, especially our forested national parks.

Then there's the "whiteout" nightmare of January 2013 (as in the movie *Day After Tomorrow*), potentially evolving into an Ice Age-like "global warming" flipover. It may have already started in the Midwest and Eastern U.S.

In the face of this, the big oil and coal companies are pushing increased fuel production (with high prices). Non-filter smokestacks - full steam ahead! Corporations basically don't give a damn if their passion for a fatter bottom line leads to harm for planet Earth. At least, there are some corporations who have broken ranks with the big oil/coal juggernauts, along with a few local and state governments embracing windmill and solar clean energy programs, mostly in the West Coast U.S. states.

Nuclear power plants have had safety collapses recently in Japan and at Southern California's San Onofre power plant, now shut down. San Onofre's power plant storm sea wall defense is only 15 feet high. What are they going to do when future sea rise surges over 20 feet from future megastorms grown from cur-

rent hurricanes whacking the tip of Baja California in Mexico, which now wander up coast before veering off to dissipate westward in the sea toward the Hawaiian Islands? Today's Baja hurricanes will probably change like Dr. Jekyll into Mr. Hyde similar to the Gulf Sea hurricanes which hit Texas and New Orleans's shorelines with big sea surges. San Diego, L.A., and Santa Barbara would be very vulnerable coastlines.

We here in SoCal have already had storms take beachfront housing out to sea, and waterspouts have ripped houses into explosions of windows, porches, and roofing. Scientists' predictions of Southern California being whacked like this have already showed up with a F1 tornado in the desert area north of L.A., complete with TV news cameras covering it so we wouldn't miss the warning. The latest monster tornado in the U.S. southeast was 2 ½ miles in funnel width (2013).

On the existence of "global warming" - are you still in denial? In 30 years, climate scientists say it will be more difficult to turn back "global warming" to "the good ole days" as it progresses. No more sun tanning on beaches or backyards. Skin cancer will be a real rampant threat. In 30 years, even your dreams will feel scorched. Shorelines will be sea flood-shrunken out of existence. Inland will be bake ovens, and Death Valley will become too lethal and be off limits. This may seem to be a far future, but it's pretty hard not to notice the growing power of these early "global warming" disasters.

Do nothing about "global warming," and people will eventually have to move away from current shores, especially Florida, which will lose about one third to one half of the state to sea water. The Florida Keys will probably be lost, along with its connecting highway. Other low-lying U.S. coastlines will be overrun by a rising sea. This also will happen to U.S. territories and coastlines worldwide. There goes fishing in the Florida Everglades. Hemingway's ghost is going to lose his historic literary monument house in Key West. Glacier National Park has

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## Experioddica

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a week after that, I spent a lot of time figuring out my favorite players' averages, right after each time at bat. I never went on to doing anything of interest in math, as a mathematician, although I unofficially minored in it when I finally went to college in my thirties.

But I feel my experience with battling averages awakened what I now think of as a visceral sensitivity to mathematics. I would love to learn if real mathematicians believe they have the same sensitivity. I mean the feeling that numbers are nearly as much things-in-themselves as sounds or colors. In any case, my first long division poem seemed to me to be doing something no other aesthetic object did. So I have specialized in long division as a poet for the past twenty years. Six of them are in the blog entry I'm writing about here.

The first of my poems in the entry, though, is not a long division poem, or even mathematical. In keeping with the entry's theme, which is the importance of music in my work, it's an ancient visual haiku from my first collection of poems, *poemns*, which I paid to have printed in 1966. Here it is in full: "strains of Franck and/ radio is to sky as/ flowerstem is to earth"--with the last line upside-down to make it visual!

A little later my "Seaside Long Division" appears. Its quotient, "Musick," is the only thing in it overtly connecting it to music--but part of the reason for its dividend, "yesterday," was the Beatles' song of that name. Here's the beginning of my relatively long discussion of the poem (slightly revised), to give you an idea of the commentary in the entry (which I'm Very Proud of): "It is one of my woozier efforts--intentionally, I claim, for wooze is mainly what it's about. I almost want to leave it at that. But, like Pound, I'm an inveterate village explainer, so have to go on to tell you that the "commocean" (which is part of the product of "musick" times the divisor, "distant sail") underlying a large part of the poem is wooze, and the word, "dreams" ("dreams of marauders" being the poem's remainder), is almost a synonym for "wooze." And look at how the coloring woozes out an opening into whatever it is that the poem is about. I would ask, too, is any of

the arts closer to pure wooze than music? Finally, right at the center of the piece is 'yesterday': or where the present dissolves into wooze."

The word, "music," is more or less defined by the next of my poems. A G-clef sign connects two others to music, and a whole staff makes the connection in the remaining two. Before leaving, I want to quote a footnote I had in the entry which I consider Very Important: "Because there's always someone at a poetry reading who is annoyed with poets who try to explain their works on the grounds that a poem that needs to be explained is no good, I thought I'd defend the practice—at least for poems that are difficult because unconventional the way mathexpressive poems are. The simple reason explanation is in order, and should in some cases be required of the poet, is that it is *only fair*. Why? Because conventional poems come *pre-explained!* That is to say, schools begin teaching conventional poems—simple rhymes, for instance—as soon as children begin formal education, and continue to do so throughout college, even to students not majoring in English. And PBS programs on poetry, large-circulation magazines and commercial presses publishing poetry as well as poetry critics with readerships of more than a hundred help them by re-explaining it. Conventional poems don't need their creators' explanations of them, unconventional poems do."

--Bob Grumman

## Review

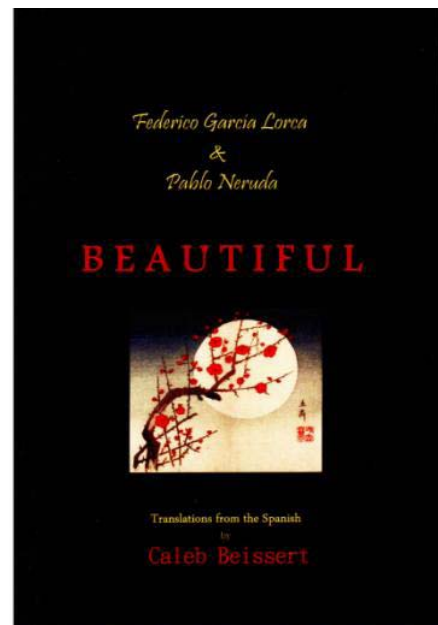
### Other Worlds

**The 2013 Rhysling Anthology.** 2013. Editor: John C. Mannone. Annual. \$12.95. [www.sfpoetry.com/](http://www.sfpoetry.com/)

Neal Wilgus

This annual anthology consists of science fiction, fantasy and horror poems nominated for the Rhysling Award by members of the Science Fiction Poetry Association. SFPA members vote for the three best poems in two categories -- short (49

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## BEAUTIFUL

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"New translations of poems composed by the internationally recognized Spanish-language poets Federico Garcia Lorca and Pablo Neruda. Both of those poets have long been familiar figures to serious fans of poetry, with all of Lorca's and most of Neruda's work translated into English over the past half-century by various translators. That being said, this new book—featuring 18 Lorca poems and 26 Neruda poems translated by Asheville-based poet Caleb Beissert—is welcome because it possesses an admirable unity of theme and mood, and that unity is reflected in the book's title, which is *Beautiful*."

--Ted Olson (*Rapid River Magazine*,  
March 2013)

# Reviews

Neal Wilgus

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lines or less) and long (50 lines or more). This year there are 70 short poems and 40 long ones, published in various places in 2012. This volume weighs in at 274 pages (including three pages of previous winners going back to 1978).

There are some fine (and some not so fine) poems here but I won't go into specifics -- I've already voted but at this writing the winners have not been announced. If you're familiar with SF/F/H poetry you'll recognize a lot of names from previous Rhyslings. If it's unknown territory for you this would be a great place to begin mapping.

Recommended -- if you're curious about new worlds of imagination.

## The Play's the Thing - And Another Thing

**The Shakespeare Newsletter.** Vol. 62, No. 2, (Issue 287), Fall/Winter 2012. Editors: Thomas A. Pendleton, John W. Mahon and Thomas Moretti. 3/yr., \$20/yr. Dept. of English, Iona College, New Rochelle, NY 10801.

David Brainerd

As I contemplate what to say about *The Shakespeare Newsletter*, I keep thinking about some lines from a comedian's routine that I saw on television, many years back: "I love Shakespeare. I buy all his books." Millions, and, probably, billions, of people, around the world, would instantly get this joke, and I wish I could remember the name of the guy who told it. The name I do remember, of course, is Shakespeare, and it's safe to say that no

other author's name could be substituted in this gag that would allow it to be so universally understandable.

Well, *The Shakespeare Newsletter* is produced by people who really do buy all the Bard's books, as soon as they ship out of the binderies -- or who come as close to doing so as is possible in regard to a writer whose output ceased, by best estimates, around 1616. When new editions are published, though, or relevant critical or historical works, these folks are all over them.

The 40 pages of this newsletter contain 17 articles. Most are reviews -- of books, journal articles and performances -- and most have to do, naturally, with Shakespeare (or whoever really wrote those plays) and ways of interpreting his work. Of course, "the play's the thing," but one can get more out of the play with some understanding of its context, and, so, a number of more or less related topics are also addressed in the *Newsletter*. Scanning through these pages, one will find analyses of Elizabethans' attitudes toward class, gender and sexuality, and their worries about the depletion of England's forest reserves. The impact of the new (in 1611) translation of the Bible, now known as the King James Version, is discussed. There are numerous asides dealing with other writers from Shakespeare's time, and some information about the way Shakespeare's plays were presented in 18th century America. This issue also includes a tribute to Professor Marvin Spevack, who died in February, along with his own essay, "On the Order of Shakespeare's Plays."

If you missed the Gdansk Shakespeare Festival, which, as Jay F. Halio points out, was held at the same time as the London Olympics, then this issue of the *Newsletter* is a must read. If you've ever mused over the philosophical underpinnings of some of those plays' most frequently quoted lines, you will find plenty of food for thought here. And if, like that comedian I mentioned, you've been waiting for the Bard to

crank out another book, then you really should read *The Shakespeare Newsletter*.

## Bluer Than Robin's Eggs

**The Aureorean.** Vol. 18, Issue 1, Spring/Summer 2013. Publisher/Editor: Cynthia Brackett-Vincent. 2/yr., \$21/yr. Encircle Publications LLC, PO Box 187, Farmington, ME 04938  
[www.encircle.com](http://www.encircle.com).

Dana Wilde

*The Aureorean* is a poetry magazine in the mid to late twentieth-century tradition, perfect bound with, in this issue, a glossy color photo showing a clutch of robin's eggs. A lot of information in a variety of typefaces is crammed onto the front pages, including an editor's note. Some reviewers find editors' introductions snotty and distracting, but speaking strictly for me, I find them helpful in sorting out the intents and bents of the selections. The *Aureorean's* cheery note grounds you to the magazine's essential down-to-earthness. The poems themselves are fairly cleanly presented, sometimes with two or more poems on a page.

True to its cover atmosphere, *The Aureorean* offers mainly homespun expressions of natural human feeling. Most of the poets seem competent with the language, but that's not unusual in our era, thankfully, and as in all magazines like this, there are a few diamonds, and some rust. The editors highlight Featured Poets Steve Tomasko and Marydale Stewart; Showcase Poets George Looney, Jenifer DeBellis, Randy Phillis and Kathleen M. Quinlan; and Bookend Poets Gary Metheny and Joan M. Howard.

Tomasko's "There's a Poem in There Somewhere" ("Rattling round like a lone dry pinto bean/ in a blue glass jar") is a writing workshop-like poem full of spirited similes on writing, and is characteristic of the magazine's earnestly good-natured tone. Among the unshowcased contributors is Robert M. Chute, quietly

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# Reviews

Dana Wilde

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one of Maine's most knowledgeable and insightful poets of the natural world, whose "In Lieu of Flowers" deftly and poignantly evokes that deep-blue feeling of the inevitability of the "loss of my partner/ of sixty-six years."

Who, other than a few reviewers and the poets themselves, is actually reading America's overflow of literary magazines in the past thirty or forty years, I'm not sure. But for anyone who nostalgically -- or some other word -- keeps a volume or two on the coffee table for odd moments in the day, and prefers down-to-earth expressions of feeling rather than vague tricks of language, *The Aureorean* suffices.

## Rich Spirit

**Prairie Schooner.** Vol. 86, No. 4, Winter 2012. Editor: Kwame Dawes. Quarterly, \$28/yr., \$9/issue. University of Nebraska Press and Creative Writing Program, 201 Andrews Hall, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, NE 68588. [prairieschooner.unl.edu/](http://prairieschooner.unl.edu/)

David Axelrod

I started reading *Prairie Schooner* in the 1970's, just before I got some poems in it. It was a good read/ride even then, and having started its journey in 1926. This particular issue contains a "Native American portfolio selected by Sherman Alexie," himself a very-well-published Native American author. The poetry is diverse, covering well-written, if expected shamanistic references—all-in-all a very interesting selection. As for the journal overall, I'm always pleased by its diversity. I'm also amazed at the fecundity of American prose and poetic talent. I read a lot of poetry and, as a reviewer, at least try to keep up with contemporary prose fiction. I play, "who do I know," whenever I pick up a journal. I don't immediately recognize any of the 30 authors who appear in this issue, but I certainly appreciate their talent. I am most comfortable with poems like Pui Ying Wong's "Brighton Beach," in which a Russian retiree,

... looks up  
as if perturbed. . . . glances toward  
the horizon, past a strip of  
cloud-lit land,  
past New Jersey, the Atlantic,  
the Bosphorus, the Black Sea  
where his youth is,  
where the sea is gold at dawn  
as he leaps into the waves and  
swims.

I delight in Santee Frazier's prose poem entitled "Sun Perch," that somehow equates the caught fish

and his new-born son's first struggle to breathe. If the piece were labeled "flash fiction," I'd have praised it for that. For fiction, Randall Kenan spins an interesting tale about personal family and facts about Howard Hughes, that kept me reading. In fact, all of *Prairie Schooner*, for all these years, has kept me reading. It is always a pleasure to return to an issue, as you will, dependably, find when you next purchase one.

## Well Built

**subTerrain.** Vol. 7, No. 62, Summer/Fall 2012. Editor: Brian Kaufman. 3/yr., \$18/yr. subTerrain Magazine, Box 3008 Main Post Office, Vancouver, BC V6B 3X5 Canada  
[www.subterrain.ca](http://www.subterrain.ca)

Bob Grumman

The theme of this magazine out of Canada, which consists of fiction, poetry, commentari, art and book reviews that it sums up as "strong words for a polite nation," is memory. Its first piece, Karl Siegler's essay, "On Value," almost made me chuck it, because it was so stridently of the opinion that during the cold war our country was just as bad as the old gulag union was (and no one would call me a flagwaver), but Siegler made some interesting points. And Peter Babiak's highly entertaining cut-and-weave about films concerning memory such as the two versions of Total Recall more than made up for it. As did several short stories, including funny/moving family dramas from a teen's point-of-view by Nathaniel Moore and Philip Quinn. One other well-done story, Stephanie Gray's "Pure White Heaven," made me wonder, as such stories always do, who enjoys reading them, for it concerns a psychotic young woman addicted to being bled who ends slashing her wrists in the shower.

The magazine's reviews are excellent, its four poems all more than passable although entirely mainstream, and its feature illustrator, Karen Kiassen, brings off a number of arrestingly fine surrealistic images. And it was nice to see a

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## Blair H. Allen

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already lost its glaciers. Be glad you aren't living in vulnerable places like Venice, Italy. You can imagine Venice 30 years from now in unabated "global warming."

In the Hollywood movie *A-I* (Artificial Intelligence), the subtle presence of "global warming" is there, as you notice that the futuristic New York City skyscrapers are standing in over 20 feet of sea water. TV shots of Miami show the sea-fed bays and lagoons are right up to the base level of the skyscrapers, sitting on precarious sandbars, bays/lagoon mirroring the buildings, and nothing else. In *A-I*, further into the future at the film's finale, the high sea levels freeze into ice sheets around the skyscrapers in an obvious changeover from "global warming" to an Ice Age as in the film *Day After Tomorrow*. Reality? Many climate change scientists have their research.

In the film *A-I*, the ending depicted a bleak Ice Age scenario with no humans in sight, as humanity's ability to survive as the economic, social, and political systems are eventually overwhelmed by the extreme weather changes.

It's already happening, and seems to be increasing in severity, from the blistering, drought-stricken Midwest and Southwest to massive killer megastorm damage to the East coast. The Western deserts are developing expanding sand dune areas with mega dust storms of immense height in the summer, even fall; and as more dust storms expand into crop growing areas, the potential of famine in the U.S. becomes a real threat. Even in 2013, it doesn't look good, and even if the "whiteout" blizzards abate, all that snow and ice will melt into massive floods in spring and summer.

Are we lucky to be living in California? I remember driving east on Valley Avenue in San Bernardino County, sudden-braked *sans* traffic, and watched as a huge ground-level cloud of dust and water - a whirling, roiling, churning darkening blue wind wall with lightning strikes - crossed the road in front of me. It rose up into a towering tornado, growing and moving away through the edge of southwest Colton to tear up the Moreno Valley.

Climatologists, after a great deal of investigation into historical weather patterns, came to the conclusion that the change was more gradual in the past. Scientists like University of

Chicago's chemist, Willard F. Libby (who won the Nobel Prize in 1960 for "developing a geological clock"); geochemist Harold C. Urey (Nobel Prize for work on "ratios of stable isotopes of oxygen" as the beginning of "paleoclimatology"); Italian geologist Cesare Emiliani (the history of ocean temperatures and volume of ice on land); and a geochemist, Wallace S. Broecker (1960 report), discovered a new potential for Earthly "catastrophic climate change" at increasing rates into current times. The work of climate scientists has given us information leading to the what's, where's, and why's regarding the growing threat of "global warming."

The 2005 book ***Climate Crash*** by John D. Cox (Joseph Henry Press, Washington D.C.), notes that climate change can be "big and fast," a climate surprise and an event of "abrupt change" that will be rough on civilization.

So what are our leaders going to do about it? Well, you might want to go *en masse* to Washington D.C. and tell them about it!

All this surely provides the opportunity for writers and poets to add some urgency to literary awareness of the real world.

At the end of this writing, I'll be sitting down to reread a copy of Rachel Carson's ***Silent Spring***. I recommend it highly.

More recommended reading:

- *Ice Ages: Solving The Mystery*, by John Imbrie and Katherine Palmer Imbrie, Harvard University Press (1986).

- *Abrupt Climate Change: Inevitable Surprises*, by National Research Council, National Academy Press (2002).

- *The Discovery of Global Warming*, by Spencer R. Weart, Harvard University Press (2003).

- *The Winds of Change*, Climate, weather, and the destruction of civilizations, by Eugene Linden, Simon & Schuster, (2006).

**Blair H. Allen**  
**P.O. Box 162**  
**Colton, CA 92324-0162**



# Reviews

Bob Grumman

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column by otherstream stalwart, Stuart Ross, show up. Hey, there's a very funny dog cartoon by Dave Cahill in the issue, too!

■

## Negation and Occupation

**Anarchy: A Journal of Desire Armed.** No. 74. n.d. Editors: Arlian, John Henri Nolette, L.D. Hobson & Lawrence Jarach. Annual, \$23/4 issues. C.A.L. Press, PO Box 3448, Berkeley, CA 94703. [www.anarchymag.org/](http://www.anarchymag.org/)

**Occupational Hazards: The Rise & Limitations of Occupy Oakland.** CAL Pamphlet Series No. 5, Nov. 2012. \$ 3. By the Anti-bureaucratic Bloc, C.A.L. Press, PO Box 3448, Berkeley, CA 94703. [www.anarchymag.org/](http://www.anarchymag.org/)

D.W. Strong

With this issue, *Anarchy* departs from its double-issue format, while continuing the annual publication schedule. Lest anyone fear that this change will result in a price increase, note that the new subscription rate (See above) is much lower than the old price of \$34 for two double issues. And the "production/editorial crew" asserts that they will make a lot more material available on their website. Hey, they're anarchists. They'd be the last people to rip you off. (As Bob Dylan said – if I remember correctly – "You gotta be honest if you're gonna live outside the law.")

Which brings us, I suppose, to the matter of ethics, discussed in Alejandro de Acosta's "Its Core is the Negation." In an effort to identify what might be called an anarchist ethics, de Acosta outlines his rea-

sons for rejecting "the validity of the singular Good at the heart of universalism, as well as the distinct senses of the Good at the heart of pluralism" (p. 42). That is, he dismisses the notion of a universally accepted idea of what is good, as well as the different definitions of goodness formulated within various cultures and traditions. "The force of ethical nihilism," he maintains, "is not so much in being a position one advocates as in its undermining of others' claims to certainty" (p. 49). He asserts that "ethical nihilism" reveals "the eternal meaninglessness of value claims and moral codes" (p. 49), but is apparently unprepared to define it more concretely than that. De Acosta gives no examples of how this "ethical" position might lead a person to act in any real-life situations, and I am left hoping that that the nihilist will, at least, be guided by an innate sense of what is right or wrong, a sense whose existence de Acosta seems to deny, although it is central to the thought of the classical anarchist Peter Kropotkin.

To be fair, de Acosta does not claim to derive his ideas from Kropotkin, though he sends some time examining another writer's contention that a position similar to the one upheld here is "latent" in Kropotkin's work – an analysis which I suspect derives largely from wishful thinking on the part of that author. He also acknowledges some debt to "a few precious texts on postmodernism" (p. 49), which seems to me a far more likely source for de Acosta's foundational "negation."

Other articles throughout this issue make it clear that this sort of postmodernist/nihilist position is shared by the editorial staff and most of the writers – as regular readers will expect. In Arlian's review of Kathy E. Ferguson's book on Emma Goldman, the reviewer notes her opposition to the construct of a "western political canon ... and the linear narrative of society that it represents," asserting that "we're writing our own histories, even questioning the validity of the con-

cept of history itself" (p. 27). Other writers note their opposition to all forms or suggestions of authority, and – this was a new one to me – there is more than one reference to the idea that the concept of gender must be completely abandoned – in order, presumably, to emphasize every person's uniqueness.

Such ideas are pretty far removed from the 19<sup>th</sup> century anarchist movement which advocated the elimination of national governments in favor of local self-determination and contractual agreements between communities, based on the assumption that average people are capable of agreeing on laws (yes, laws) that promote the common good. Fortunately for those who are interested in classical anarchism and its on-going influence, *Anarchy* contains some historical pieces – such as the afore-mentioned article dealing with Emma Goldman and an essay on Mexican revolutionary Praxedis de Guerrero – and even an abridgement of a recent call for the formation of a national organization of anarchists (pp. 58-59). The latter is prefaced by a disclaimer from the editors, and headed "Embarrassment to the Milieu." It was apparently written by members of NEFAC, though we are not told what that acronym stands for. As always, though, the essays and reviews in this journal cover a wide range of ideas – including several with which the editors and writers obviously disagree – making for a sampling of variations on anarchist thought not to be found elsewhere.

The booklet *Occupational Hazards* showed up along with the magazine, though I am not sure whether or not it is included with every copy of this issue. At any rate, it can easily be ordered separately from the publishers. It presents an assessment of Occupy Oakland that will be of interest to anyone, regardless of political viewpoint, who wants to understand that important chapter of recent history, written by people in the midst of it.

The booklet and the pieces in the magazine are well written, though often dense. There are, unfortunately, a number of typos scattered throughout the magazine, but none that I was unable to decipher after a few seconds of rereading. With 70 pages of text and graphics – plus the pamphlet – there is plenty to keep you occupied – and maybe occupying – till the next issue arrives. ■



# News & Notes

**COAL HILL REVIEW** Chapbook Competition. **Submission deadline: November 1, 2013.** *COAL HILL REVIEW* is interested in publishing a wide range of poetry. We ask that all submissions come through our annual contest. Please review the complete guidelines at [www.coalhillreview.com/?page\\_id=20973](http://www.coalhillreview.com/?page_id=20973) carefully before submitting. The winner will receive \$1,000 and publication in an edition of 200 copies available through Autumn House Press, as well as online in the Spring issue. Manuscripts should be submitted electronically or through the US mail from August 1 to November 1. The final judge is Michael Simms, founder and editor-in-chief of Autumn House Press.

**GULF STREAM MAGAZINE** wants your prose and poetry. Online **submission deadline: November 1, 2013.** We are now officially accepting submissions for the next issue. Please send us your favorite pieces of prose and poetry: [gulfstreamlitmag.com/submission-guidelines/](http://gulfstreamlitmag.com/submission-guidelines/). We can't wait to read what you've got! —*Gulf Stream* Editors

**Anna Davidson Rosenberg Poetry Prize 2013** on the Jewish experience. Postmark **deadline: November 15, 2013.** Please submit 1-2 one-page poems, single space, submit in quadruplicate hard copy, cover page with contact information and list of poems. No email submissions. Deadline: November 15, 2013. NO FEE. For more information, visit **POETICA MAGAZINE** [www.poeticamagazine.com](http://www.poeticamagazine.com).

**BLUELINE** seeks manuscripts for its 35th volume. Email / Online / Postmark **submission deadline: November 30, 2013.** **BLUELINE: A LITERARY MAGAZINE DEDICATED TO THE SPIRIT OF THE ADIRONDACKS** poems and stories about the Adirondacks and regions similar in geography and spirit, focusing on nature's shaping influ-

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**OPEN CITY MAGAZINE** RRofihe Trophy Short Story Contest @anderbo. **Online submission deadline: January 7, 2014** No fee to enter the 2013 RRofihe Trophy Short Story Contest, which was started in 2004 at Open City Magazine (Editors: Thomas Beller and Joanna Yas). For short stories between 3500 and 5000 words in length. Author of winning story receives \$500; a trophy; and publication on [anderbo.com](http://anderbo.com). Complete guidelines at: [www.anderbo.com/anderbo1/no-fee-rrofihe-trophy2013.html](http://www.anderbo.com/anderbo1/no-fee-rrofihe-trophy2013.html).

Now reading for **CONJUNCTIONS: 62, Exile** (Spring 2014). **Postmark deadline: February 2014** **CONJUNCTIONS** is now accepting submissions for our May 2014 issue on exile. We're looking for fiction, poetry, and creative nonfiction on banishment, deportation, expulsion, and ostracism. Send us your spies, your dissidents, your refugees, your runaways. No electronic or simultaneous submissions: See our guidelines at: [www.conjunctions.com/about.htm](http://www.conjunctions.com/about.htm).

**BELLEVUE LITERARY REVIEW** plans a special theme issue on "Our Fragile Environment" to be published in Fall 2014. Seeking fiction, nonfiction, and poetry that explore

health, illness, and healing in the context of environmental issues. Prose (up to 5,000 words), Poetry (up to 3 poems). **Deadline February 1, 2014.** For submission guidelines, visit [www.BLReview.org/](http://www.BLReview.org/).

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**LILLIPUT REVIEW** needs poems. Please send up to nine poems, 3 per page if you like, with the usual 3 page limit. All poems should be 10 lines or less. SASE. Send to **LILLIPUT REVIEW**, Don Wentworth, Editor, 282 Main Street, Pittsburgh, PA 15201.

**Give Out Sheet.** By Ron Kolm & Mark Sonnenfeld, Contact: Mark Sonnenfeld, Marymark Press, 45-08 Old Millstone Drive, East Windsor, NJ 08520, USA.

Marymark Press produces plentiful supplies of 'Give Out Sheets' that are both handy for poets to circulate and a great way in which to sample new poets. Of the various samples published recently, this was my favourite. Ron Kolm's *The Hat* takes place at "a typical Art gallery opening/ In the East Village" whilst Mark Sonnenfeld's *Standard b/w* takes us to a lakeside resort where "German women pose topless" before leading us down a surreal trail of "decorative biscuit trays/ and harpsichord arts". A great way to expand your poet horizons. Recommended.



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★**Marymark Press**, 45-08 Old Millstone Drive, East Windsor, NJ 08520. Available: chapbooks, broadsides, give-out sheets; No Requirements.

★**ZYX**, 58-09 205<sup>th</sup> Street, Bayside, NY 11364. Available: all issues, #1-#58; Required: 44¢ in stamps for sample issue, \$3 for 1 pound of back issues.

★**D.B.A. Books**, c/o Diane Bellavance, 291 Beacon Street #8, Boston, MA 02116. Available: Breaking My Silence; Required: 6 X 9 SASE with \$5 postage.

★**Hubbub**, 5344 S.E. 38<sup>th</sup> Avenue, Portland, OR 97202. Available: Volumes 23, 24 (back issues); Required: \$2 postage (U.S. only).

★**His Work Christian Publishing**, PO Box 5732, Ketchikan, AK 99901. Available: Things I Wonder; Required: 8½ X 11 padded mailer with \$4 postage.

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★**The Florida Review**, Dept. of English, UCF, PO Box 161346, Orlando, FL 32789. Available: Winter 2008 issue; Required: 9 X 12 SASE with \$1.50 postage.

★**Taproot Literary Review**, Box 204, Ambridge, PA 15003. Available: various past issues; Required: 6 X 9 SASE with \$1.70 in stamps.

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★**Beatlick News**, 1300 El Paseo Road, Ste. G #308, Las Cruces, NM 88001. Available: most recent issue; Required: \$1 postage.

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