

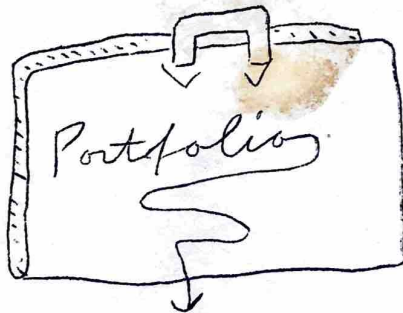
ST. MARK'S

THE

Poetry Project

PRESENTS

the Poetry Project Newsletter



OF

CHEAP

REPROS

0000
a year in the making!
with waiting for 15

THE POETRY PROJECT PRESENTS: THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER PORTFOLIO
OF CHEAP REPROS

INSINUENDO . . .

This collection of art/poem works were drawn directly onto #62 Gestetner mimeo stencils & run off on a Gestetner electric mimeograph (except for a few pieces). Most of them were done originally for & appeared in The Poetry Project Newsletter (#92, May 1982) & a few of Glen Baxter's were published in Mag City.

Included (poet/artist):

Michael Scholnick & Rochelle Kraut
Charles & Paula North
Steve Levine
Glen Baxter (5)
Kenneth King
Greg Masters & Barry Kornbluh (3)
Jeff Wright & Lisa Egan (5)
Michelle Spark (cover & this page)
Rochelle Kraut & Rudy Burckhardt
Tony Towle & Jean Holabird (3)
Douglas Crase & Robert Dash
Bernadette & Rosemary Mayer
Bob Holman & Elizabeth Murray
Edwin Denby & Yvonne Jacquette (2)
Bob Rosenthal & Rochelle Kraut
Ed Friedman & Rochelle Kraut (3)

Editor:
Greg Masters

The Poetry Project
St. Mark's Church
10th St & 2nd Ave
NYC, NY 10003

Bernadette Mayer, Director
Bob Holman, Coordinator

SPARK

Kung Fu Beach

I never knew. I never knew.

I never knew. I never knew.

I never knew that you knew Kung Fu.

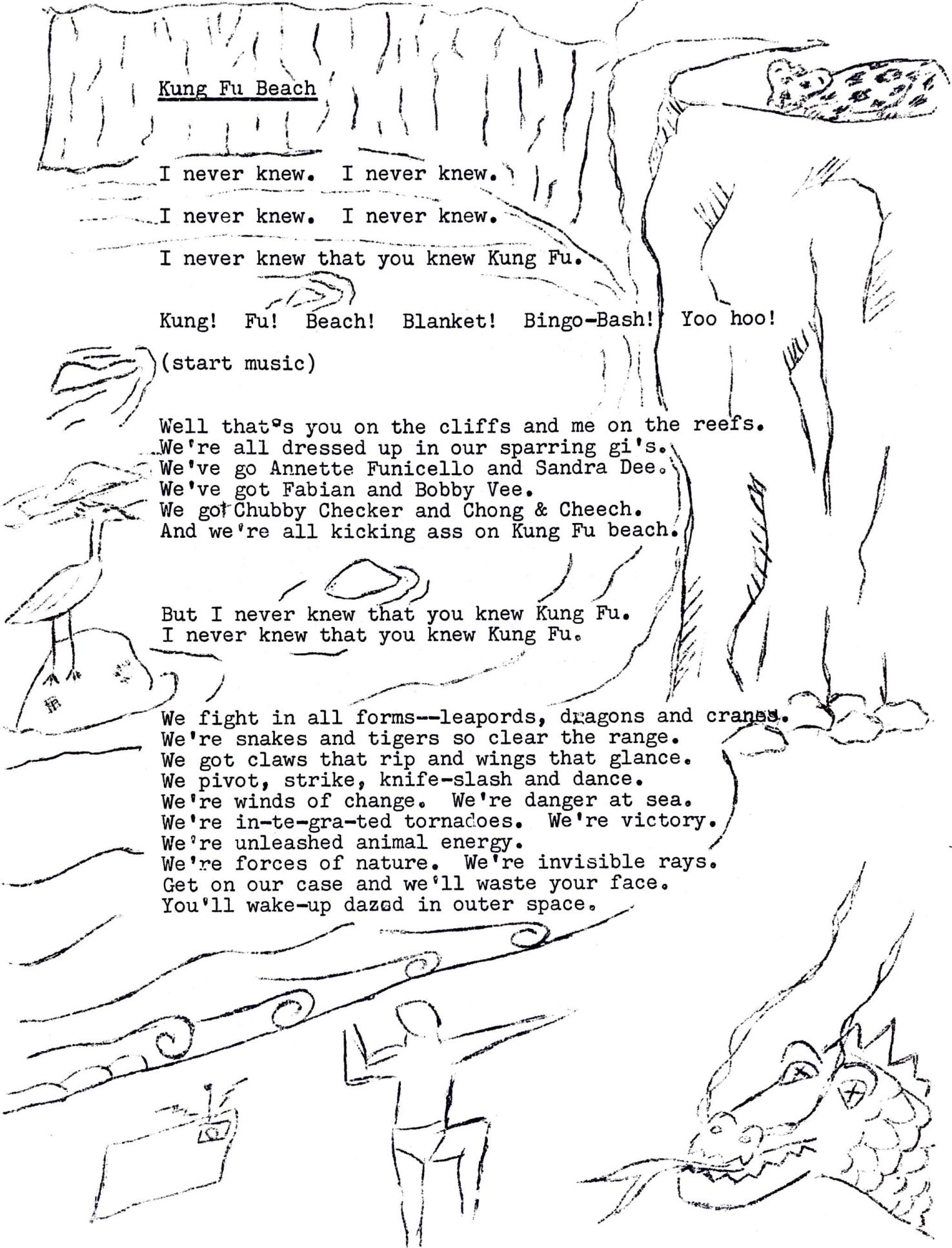
Kung! Fu! Beach! Blanket! Bingo-Bash! Yoo hoo!

(start music)

Well that's you on the cliffs and me on the reefs.
We're all dressed up in our sparring gi's.
We've got Annette Funicello and Sandra Dee.
We've got Fabian and Bobby Vee.
We got Chubby Checker and Chong & Cheech.
And we're all kicking ass on Kung Fu beach.

But I never knew that you knew Kung Fu.
I never knew that you knew Kung Fu.

We fight in all forms--leapords, dragons and cranes.
We're snakes and tigers so clear the range.
We got claws that rip and wings that glance.
We pivot, strike, knife-slash and dance.
We're winds of change. We're danger at sea.
We're in-te-gra-ted tornadoes. We're victory.
We're unleashed animal energy.
We're forces of nature. We're invisible rays.
Get on our case and we'll waste your face.
You'll wake-up dazed in outer space.



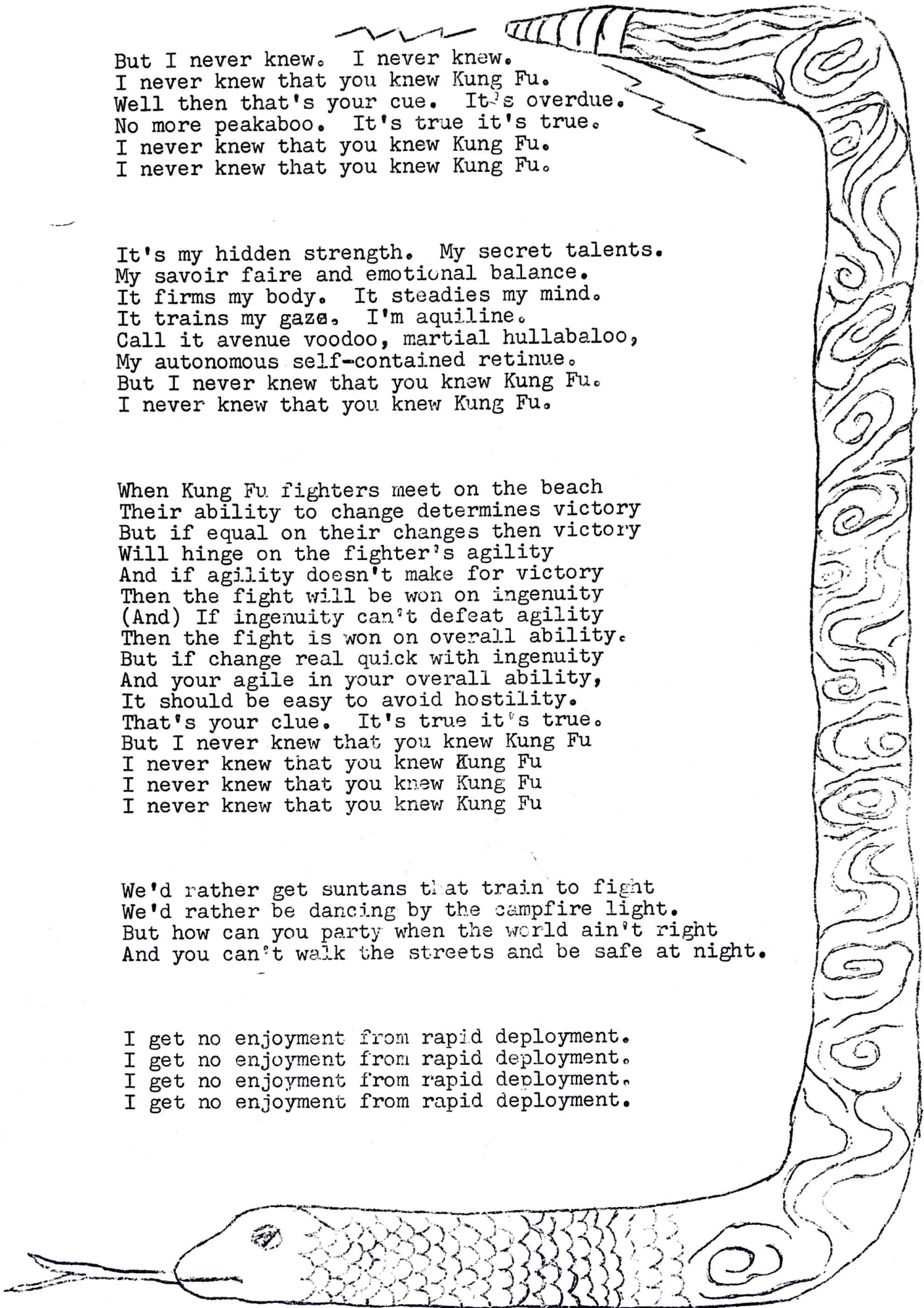
But I never knew. I never knew.
I never knew that you knew Kung Fu.
Well then that's your cue. It's overdue.
No more peakaboo. It's true it's true.
I never knew that you knew Kung Fu.
I never knew that you knew Kung Fu.

It's my hidden strength. My secret talents.
My savoir faire and emotional balance.
It firms my body. It steadies my mind.
It trains my gaze. I'm aquiline.
Call it avenue voodoo, martial hullabaloo,
My autonomous self-contained retinue.
But I never knew that you knew Kung Fu.
I never knew that you knew Kung Fu.

When Kung Fu fighters meet on the beach
Their ability to change determines victory
But if equal on their changes then victory
Will hinge on the fighter's agility
And if agility doesn't make for victory
Then the fight will be won on ingenuity
(And) If ingenuity can't defeat agility
Then the fight is won on overall ability.
But if change real quick with ingenuity
And your agile in your overall ability,
It should be easy to avoid hostility.
That's your clue. It's true it's true.
But I never knew that you knew Kung Fu
I never knew that you knew Kung Fu
I never knew that you knew Kung Fu
I never knew that you knew Kung Fu

We'd rather get suntans that train to fight
We'd rather be dancing by the campfire light.
But how can you party when the world ain't right
And you can't walk the streets and be safe at night.

I get no enjoyment from rapid deployment.
I get no enjoyment from rapid deployment.
I get no enjoyment from rapid deployment.
I get no enjoyment from rapid deployment.



(training break) TIME TO TRAIN!!

Excercise.
Stretch toward the sky.

Push the mountains.
Black tiger straightens.

Toe-kicking, leg-sweeping, high-kicking, leg-hooking.
Wild goese beats wings.

Reincarnation of the hungry crane.
Claw attack and evade.

Deadly serpent darts out.
Dragons mouth strikes out.

Cobra hand formed and curled.
A snake searching for pearls.

(end of training break)

KUNG! FU! BEACH! BLANKET! BINGO-BASH! YOO HOO!

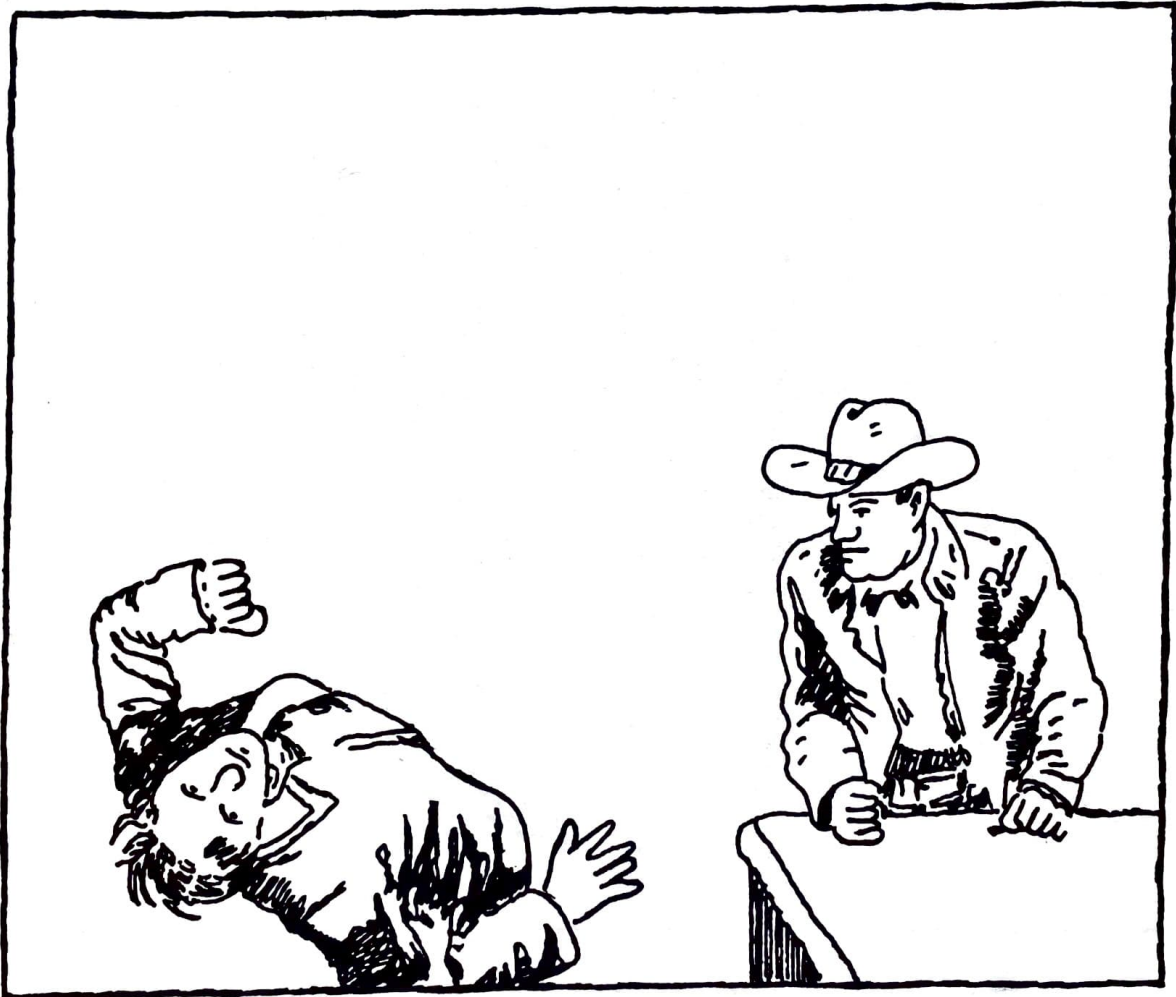
Well that's you on the sand and me on the reefs
we're all kicking ass on Kung Fu beach
We fight in all forms leopards dragons and cranes
We're snakes and tigers so clear the range
We got Connie Francis and Om Kalsoum
We got Fela Ransome (&) Troy Donahue
We wear disco-kimonos, eat punk fondu,
We got reggae kabuki round the barbeque.
But wait I never knew. I never knew.
I never knew that you knew Kung Fu.
It's true it's true. It's overdue.
We're the baddest crew on the avenue.

We're taking all comers from the CIA
From China with love or Russia with hate.
We don't need your protection or chapperones
Who needs Superman or your Bruce Lee clones
You can save your Luft waffe and Royal Mounties
You can keep your Mafia and Kamikazes
Cuz we're riding the breakers. We're pounding the surf.
We're letting you hoods know that this is our turf.
From Shaolin Temple to the Florida Keys.
From Jamaica Bay to the Isle of Crete.
From the Indian Ocean to the Baltic sea.
Til everywhere is Kung Fu Beach.

I never knew that you knew Kung Fu (4x)

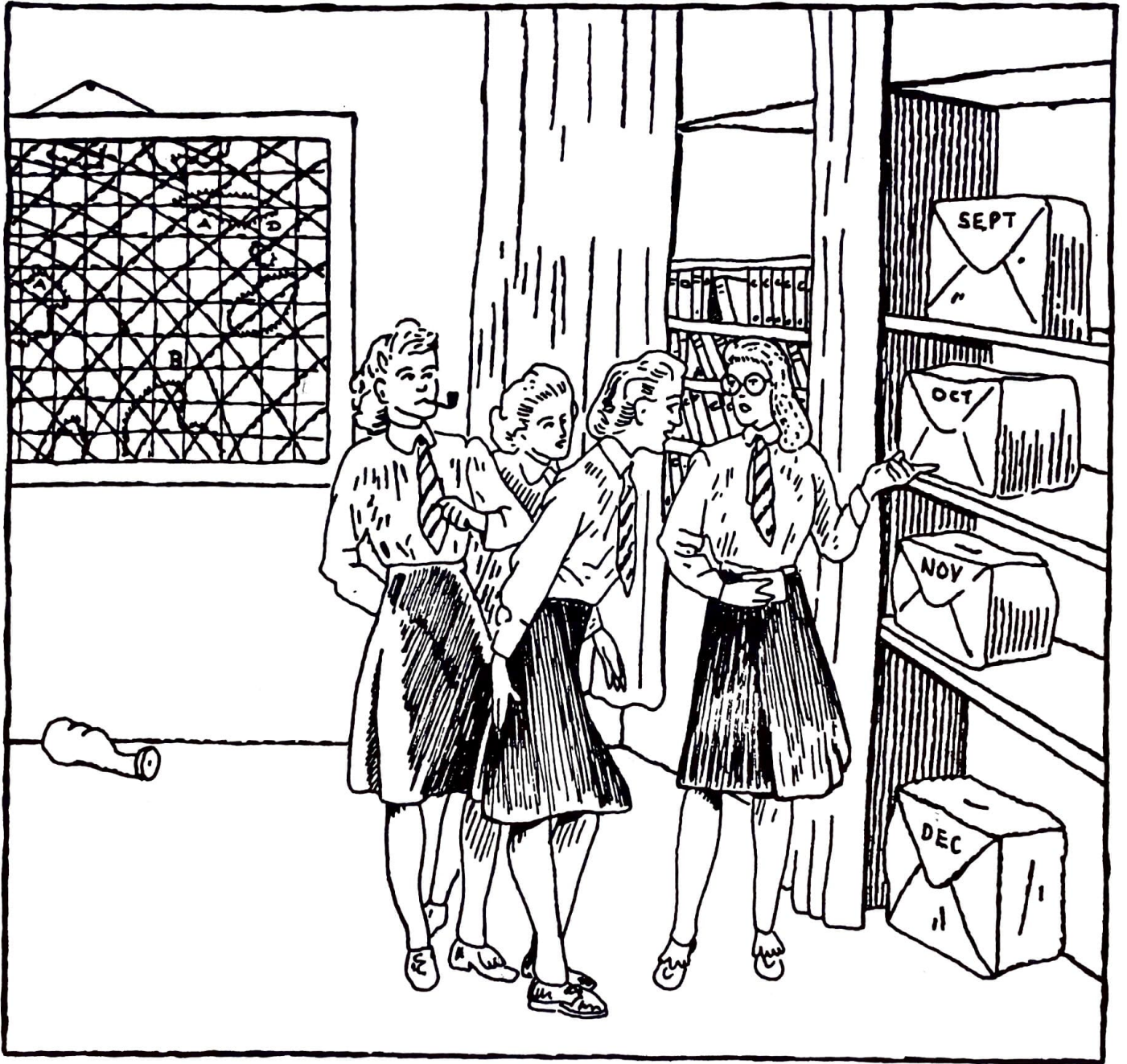
KUNG! FU! BEACH! BLANKET! BINGO-BASH! YOU'RE THROUGH!!

RICKRAUT



JEDSON WAS NOTED FOR HIS WITHERING
SIDELONG GLANCES

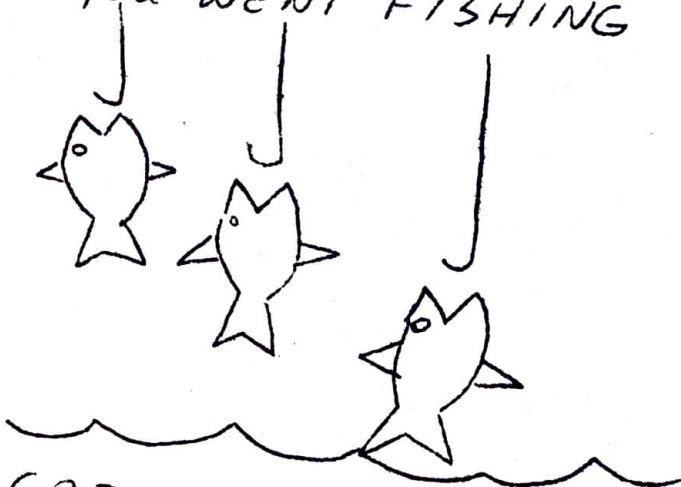
Glen Baxter



DEIDRE POINTED OUT HER SUPPLY OF HASHISH
FOR THE AUTUMN TERM

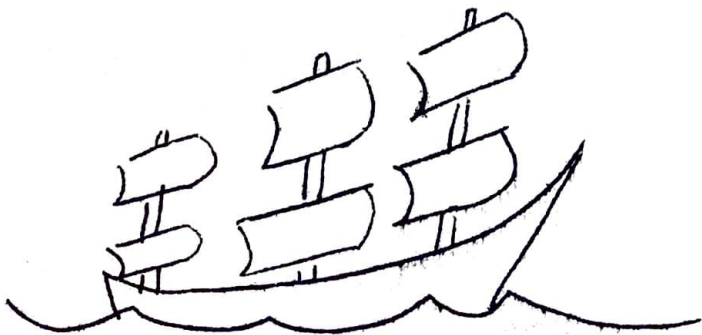
Gene Baxter

DO YOU MIND IF I?
 SO YOU LIKE IT.
 ARE YOU FEELING BETTER?
 YOU WOULD FEEL GREAT
 IF YOU WENT FISHING



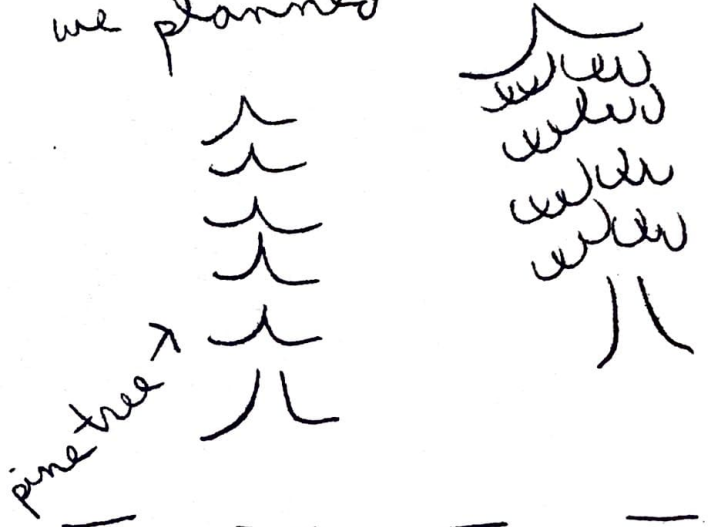
GREG THE FISH ARE
 BITING.
 THEY'RE BIG TOO!

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
 WELL THEN IF FISHING
 AINT YOUR THING TRY
 A CRUISE.

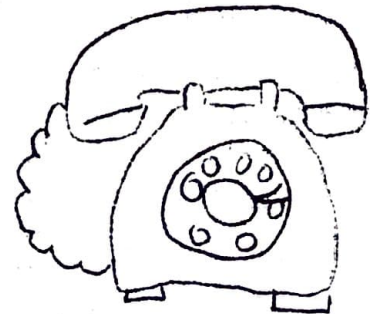


XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
 FORGET A CRUISE
 HOW ABOUT A REST?
 I'M HUNGRY GREG,
 HOW ABOUT A RESTAURANT?

was that your foot?
 I gotta go. The phone's
 ringing. I still have
 the book of canoe trips
 in the Pine Barrens
 we planned

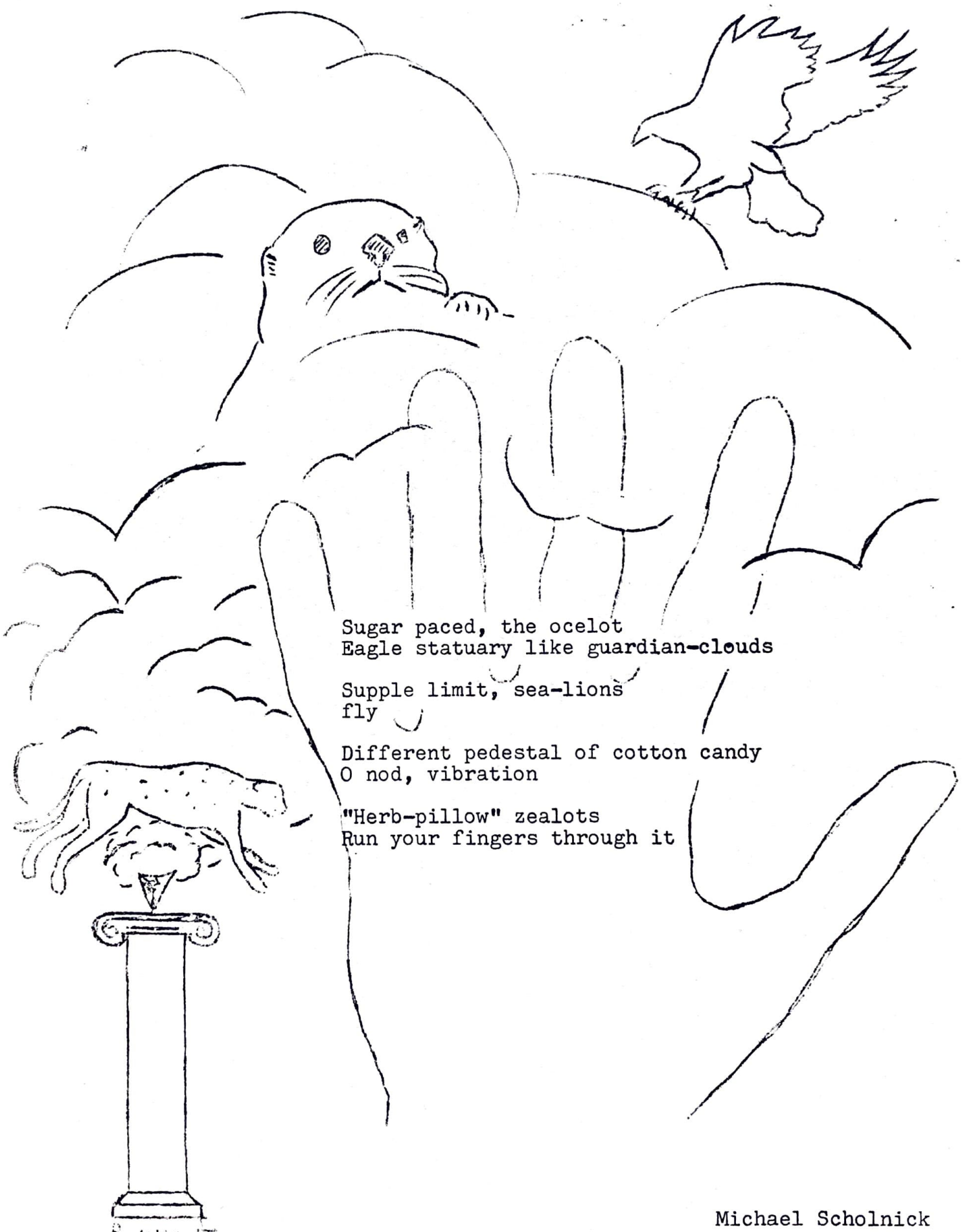


you start the fire
 I'll get more wood
 Here come some
 people



I'm not answering

GM
 BK



Sugar paced, the ocelot
Eagle statuary like guardian-clouds

Supple limit, sea-lions
fly

Different pedestal of cotton candy
O nod, vibration

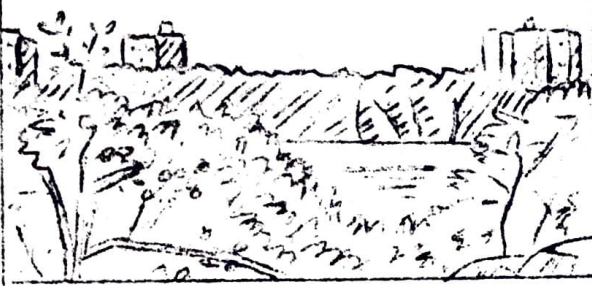
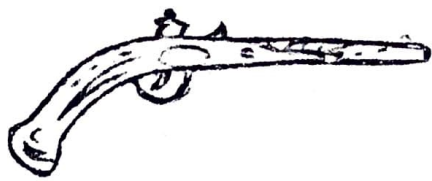
"Herb-pillow" zealots
Run your fingers through it

A KRAVIT

Michael Scholnick

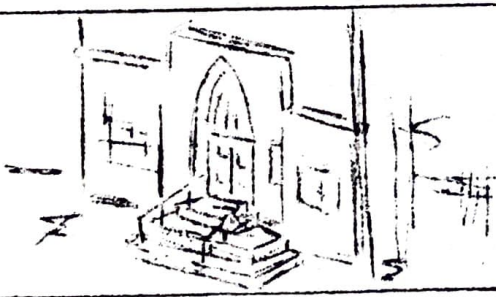
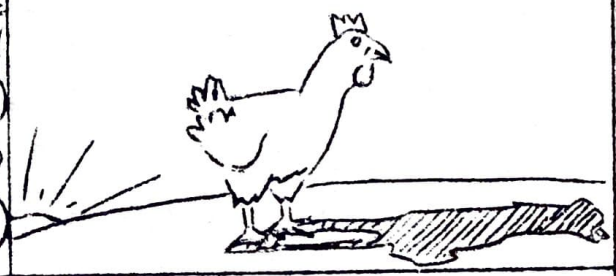
PORT OF AUTHORITY

All that remains actually
is a gun, plus some
drinking water, a few ships
drifting
from what used to be called
moorings



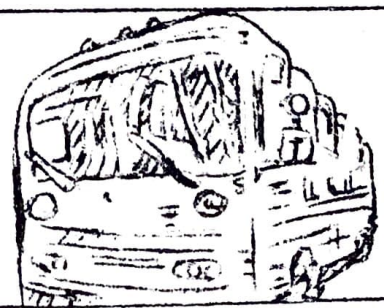
down the commercial
coast and so out to sea...
the lights in the apartment
complexes, the newly scratched
by light coops and warehouses

warehouses which look
like coops -- co-ops! -- for
chickens -- but if the afternoon
thins beyond recognition,
evening
remains to stun with newfangled-
ness



the appropriate misdirection
being itself a directive and so
in
on the right to cloud
philosophically. Philosophically
the calm is not a portal

any more than rose madder light
is the bus to Montclair, though
doormats and fumbling edge
a little close to the unhinged,
which contradicts the billowing
air



and brighter dark, wet satin
gloss, wearing thin its attitude
of knowing what to do and when
as when bridges hold boats in
abeyance, taxis blaze



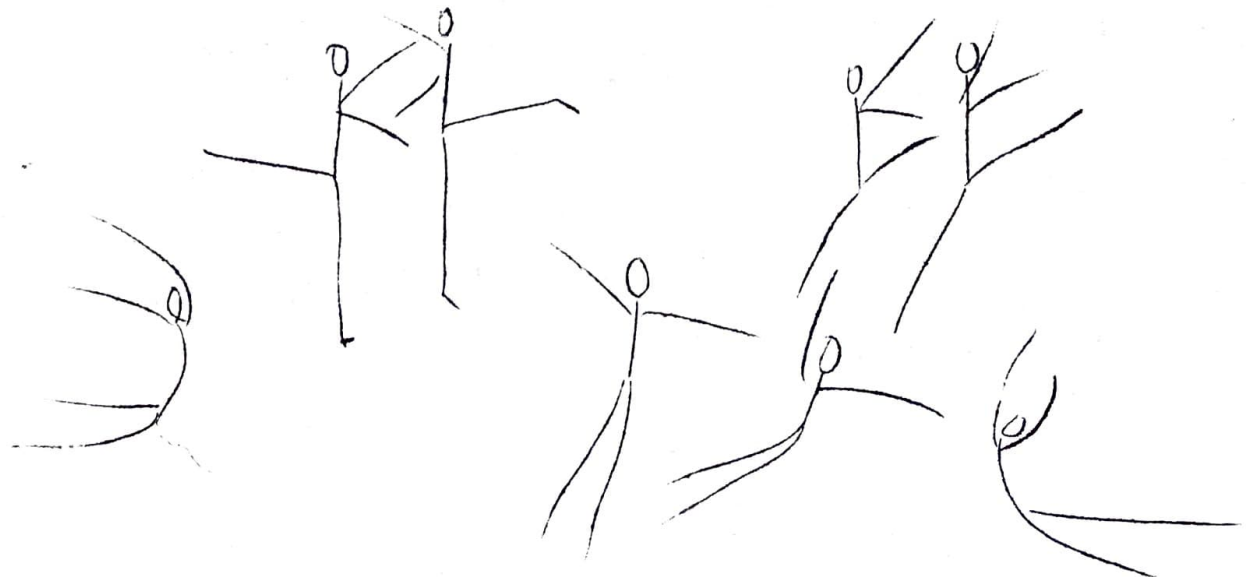
CONFESSION: Why I am Not
A Poet

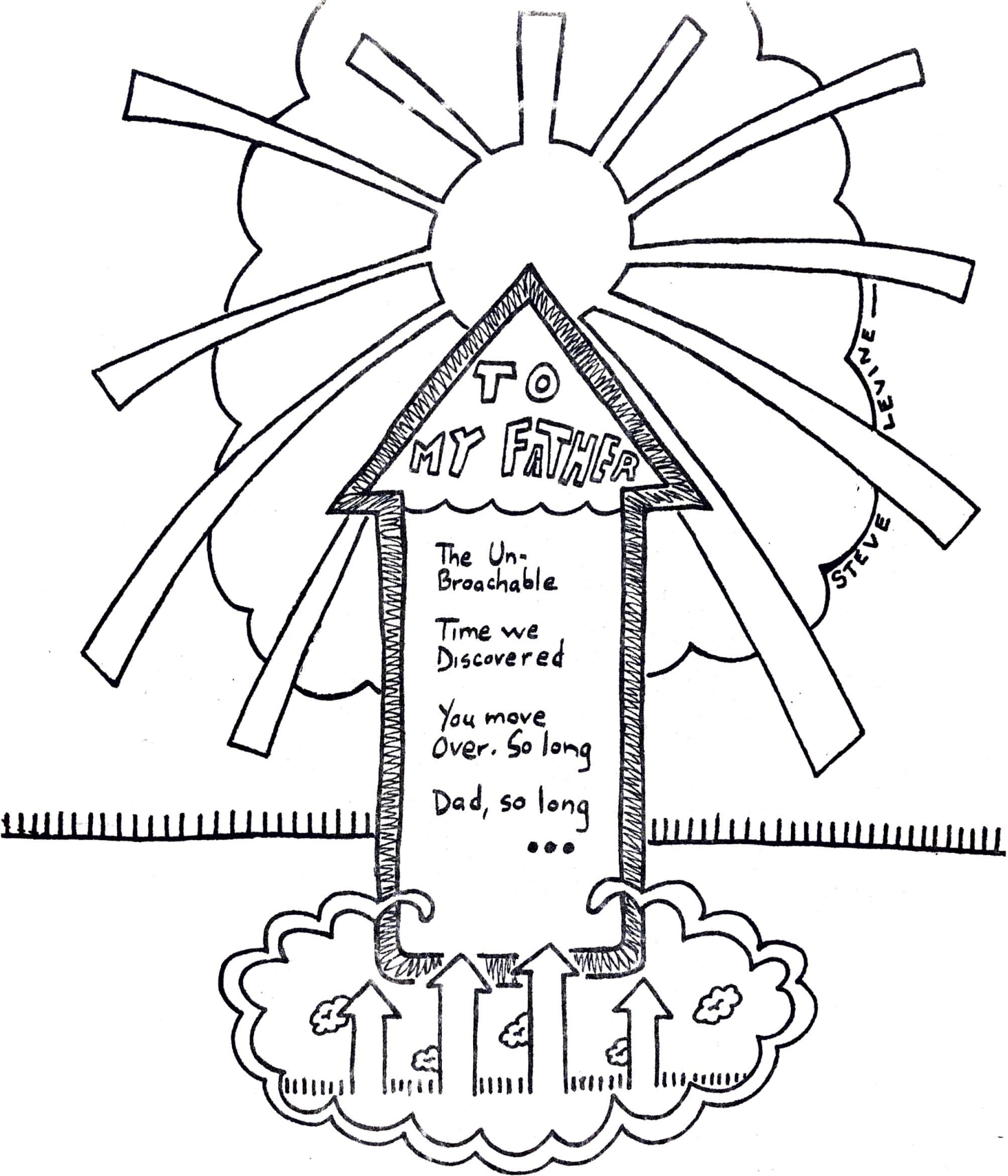
A giant
blueberry
in a
forest.

You know
what makes
it
enchanted?

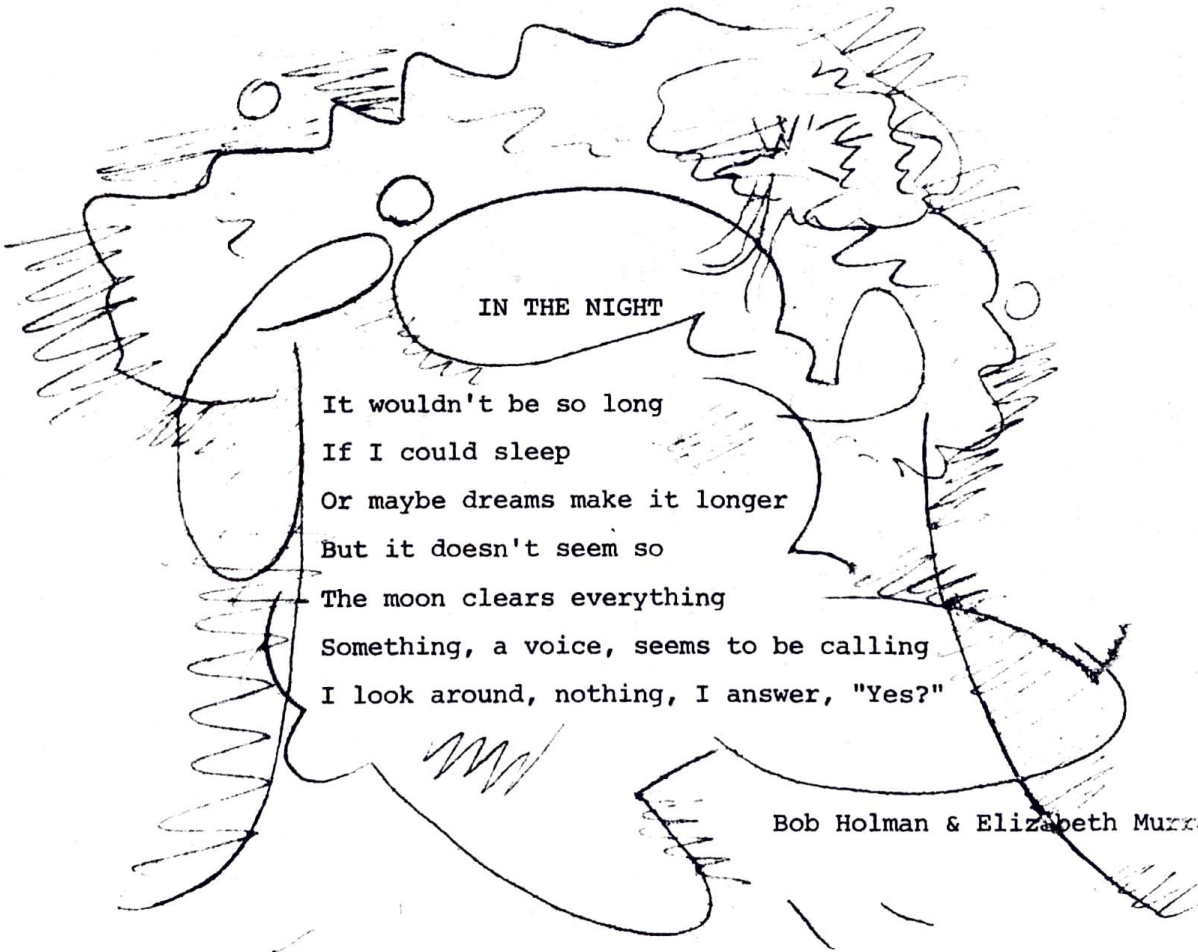
-The
t-h-o-u-g-h-t
of it(!)

- Kenneth King





(NOW HE IS A NATION / THAT IS A SOMBER NOTION)
{ 3 / 3 / 82 }



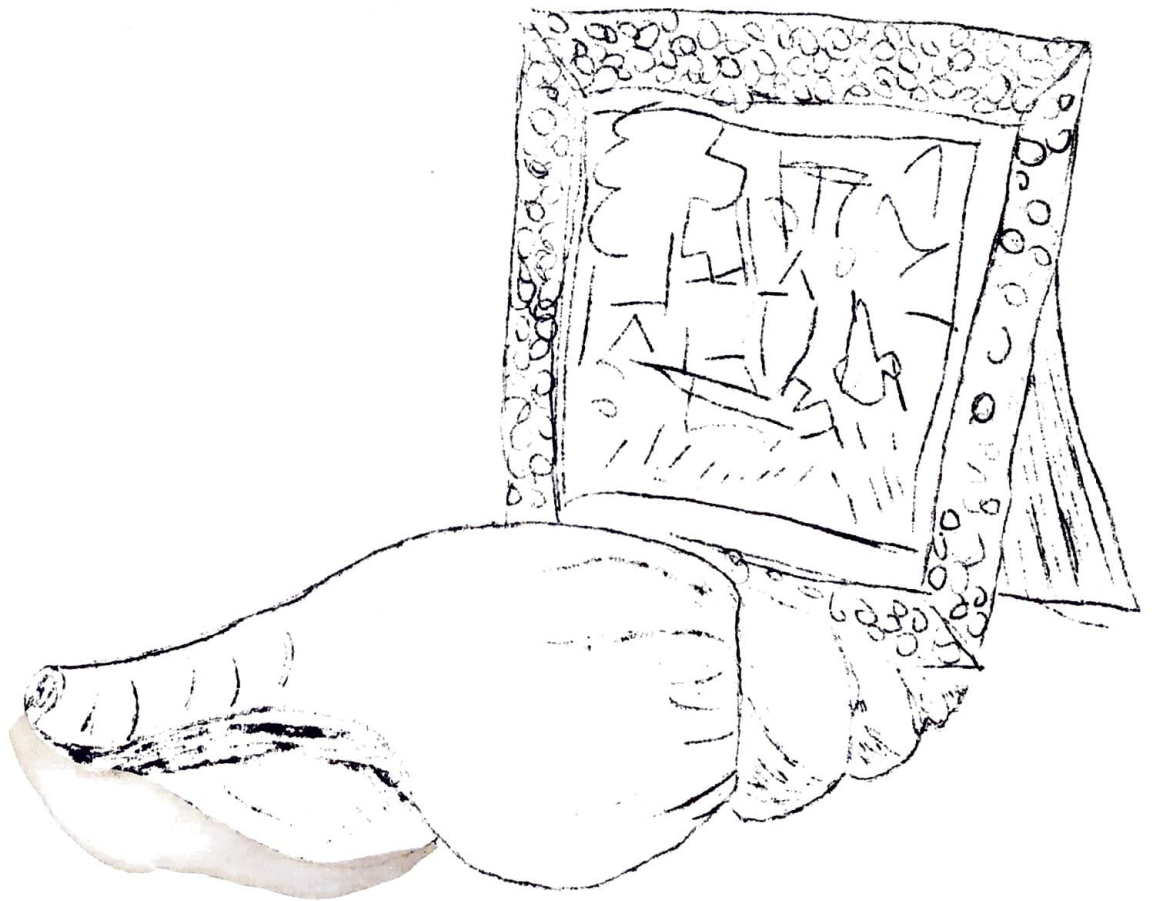
IN THE NIGHT

It wouldn't be so long
If I could sleep
Or maybe dreams make it longer
But it doesn't seem so
The moon clears everything
Something, a voice, seems to be calling
I look around, nothing, I answer, "Yes?"

Bob Holman & Elizabeth Murray

Beneath this shell
lie all the words
anyone ever heard

JCW



Black toy
Spire of skin
I will feed
You myself



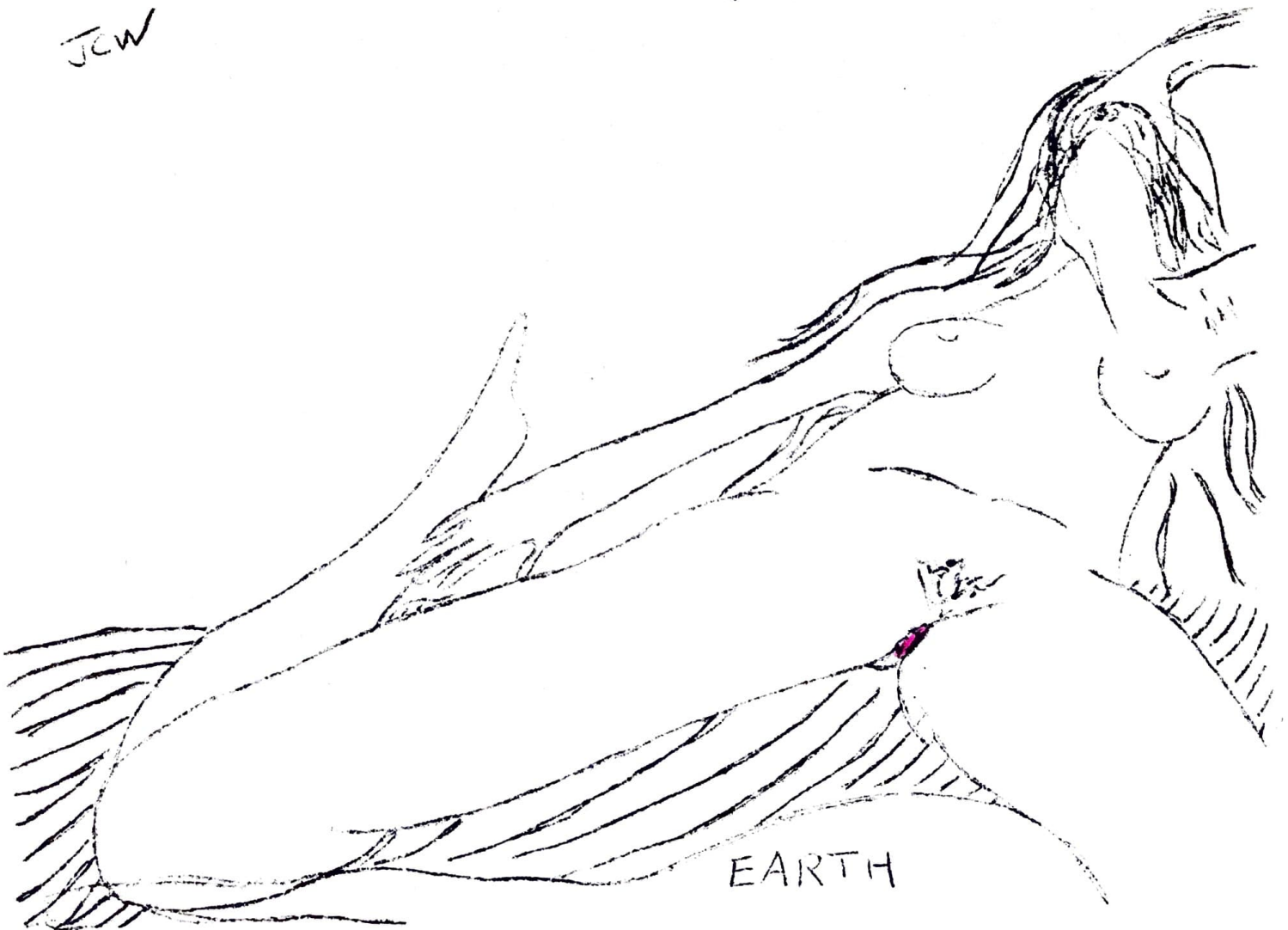
LE SHU MUN / JUN

FIRE

TERRA

I lie down
to face up
give me all you got
Both barrels
I can't get enough
Heart to earth

JCW





Cursory
Hard pressed against a _____
A dive, a swallow
I come to you a somersault
All of me ungathered
in your wake

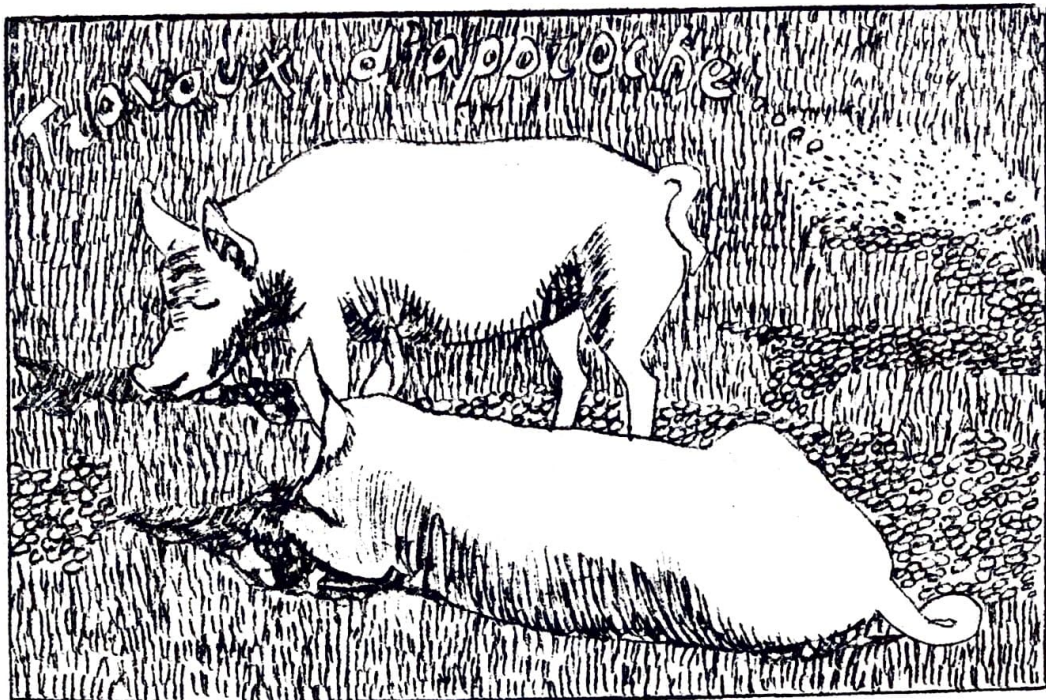


AIR

I take your shape
to wash over your sight
unfilling the sky with color
I will say I was so
& so I will be, waves
The tongues of words
in my lap lap lap



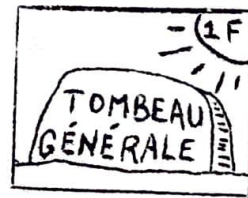
WATER



TRAVAUX D'APPROCHE.
NUDE STUDY.

Dear Greg, It's not that I think these girls are necessarily to your taste, it's just that of all the postcards in my possession this one has the best chance of getting through the mail, depending on the tastes of the mailman, of course. When we get back to New York we'll talk about

something suitable for the Newsle - oops, I seem to be writing on the table



Greg Masters
Poetic Towers
437 E. 12th St
NYC 10009
USA
Par Air

Jeau d'Hubert 1982

Tony Towle



Jaquette

CITY SEASONS

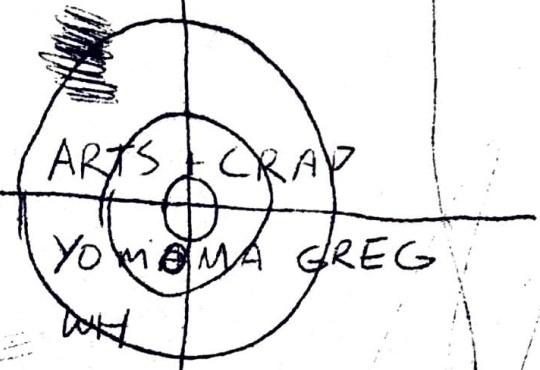
The spring goes drifting, angel of deceit
Touching the towers' ledge with rosy feet
Descending to the sidewalk flower-soft
And letting float like a balloon my loft

In uptown streets the clothes grow light and quick
The taxis foolisher, the eyes more sleek
Persons who hated, meeting by chance they smile
As if insidious spring should reconcile.

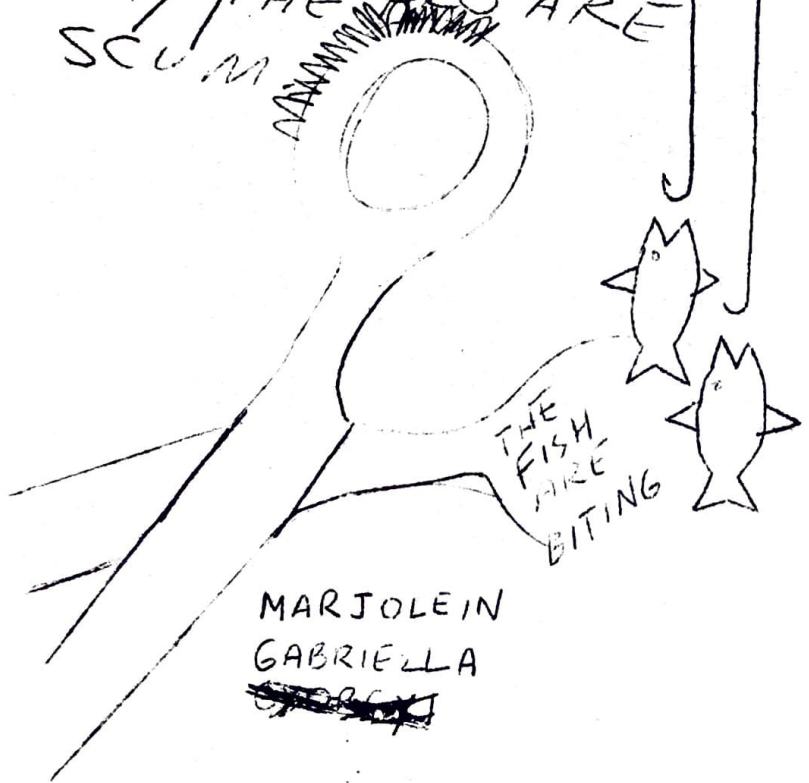
Dear angel, carelessly you make us bloom
More clear than ours, more transient is your doom
And grateful as a cat I take your stroking sweet
That mews and rolls in my nocturnal street

Edwin Denby

LETS RECTIFY THE MATTER
FIRST GET RID OF THAT
GUY IF IT MEANS KILL-
ING HIM. SORRY BUT
I MEANT IT. OTHERWISE
I KILL YOU. OK BACK
TO THAT PHONE CALL
WHAT DID SHE SAY,
HELLO THIS IS MARK
GET OUT OF HERE
MARK BARRY GET
OUT OF HERE. NOW
RIGHT NOW ASHOLE,
DID YOU ~~HERE~~ HEAR
HERR MAYOR KOLH
SAY THE ~~PLD~~ ARE
SCUM



its pre-qualified cocktails
for the Jura-smashers in
the white house



WE SELL
MOUSE
TRAPS

GM

To be made of so few things
- of space and the fear of space.
Where the best will be passing
Between them, which is peace.



Douglas Olson
Landscape

Summer Vacation

There's a place over here called
Women Men Lake
near Clothing Mountain

Behind Rent Strike Street

the length of Guaranteed Income Alley
runs the beautiful Food Kilt

At the corner of Verlaine & Rimbaud
is the entrance to
the Arboretum of the Sexes

Have you ever been to the Finger Lakes
at the foothills of
the awesome Inspiration Range?

In Anti-Nuclear RFD # 2,
not far from Naked,
are the famous Humorous Geysers

You can find out about everything
at the Present Fountain
in downtown Rhetoric

Mixed Gift

My new big silvery earrings
with some messy etched pattern that is only visible
from up

close only as close as you are

are allowed to be

no one else & that's why

you chose them

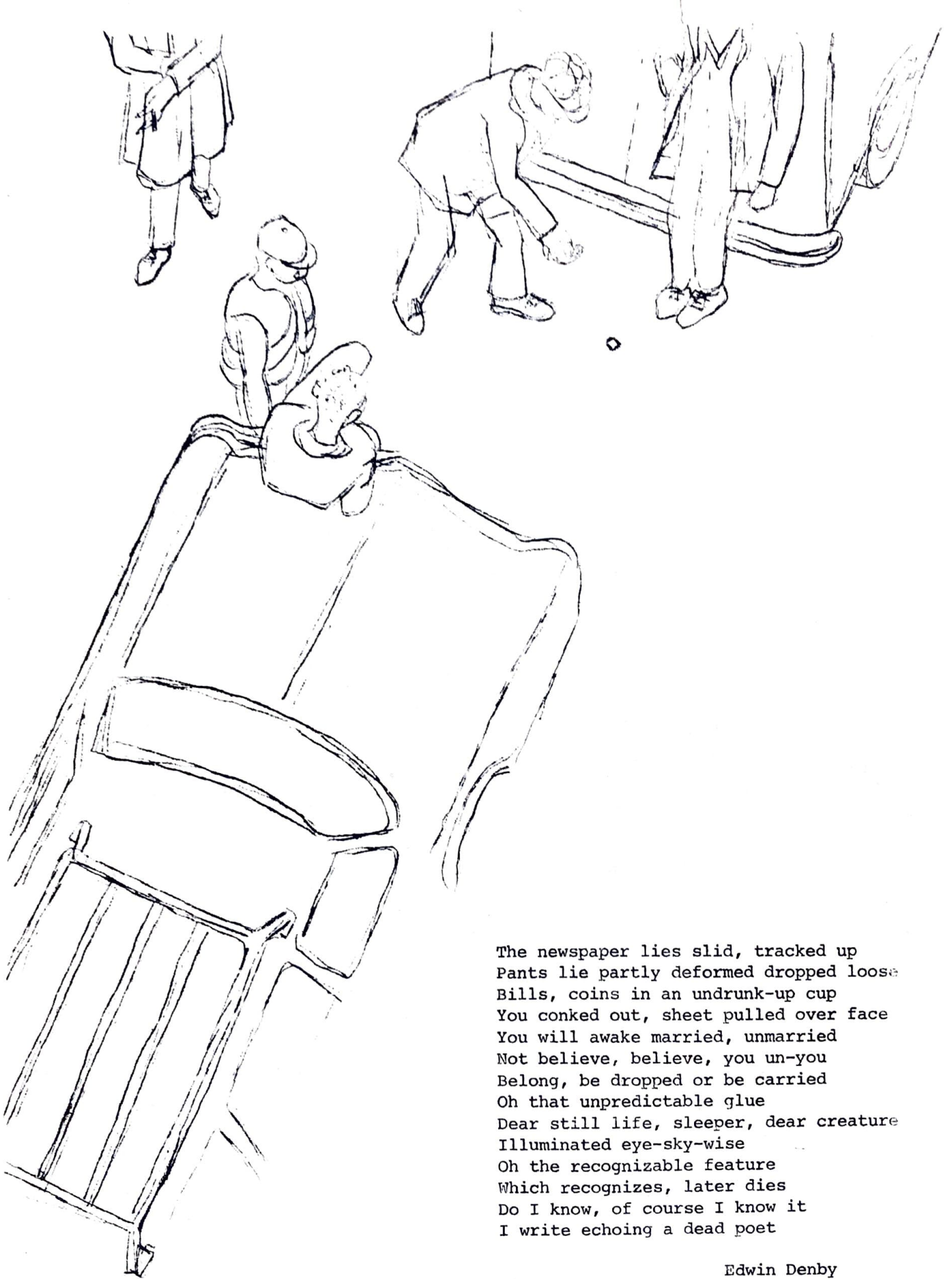
for me

for only you to enjoy

the delicately etched

pattern

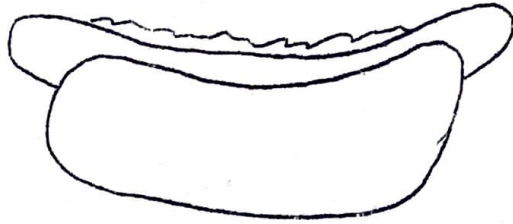
Shelley Kraut & Rudy Burckhardt



The newspaper lies slid, tracked up
Pants lie partly deformed dropped loose
Bills, coins in an undrunk-up cup
You conked out, sheet pulled over face
You will awake married, unmarried
Not believe, believe, you un-you
Belong, be dropped or be carried
Oh that unpredictable glue
Dear still life, sleeper, dear creature
Illuminated eye-sky-wise
Oh the recognizable feature
Which recognizes, later dies
Do I know, of course I know it
I write echoing a dead poet

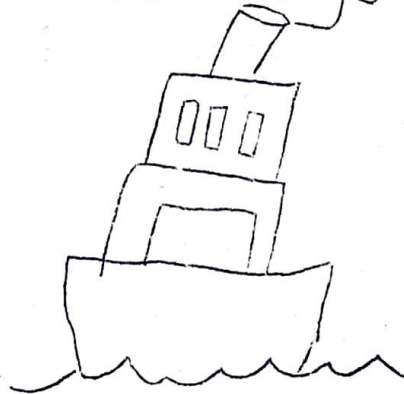
Edwin Denby

Jacquette



LIFE ON THE BUN

I'm PUTTING MY WEEK ON REWIND
TO HOOK UP WITH YOU, YOUR FRIEND +
HER SISTER - WE'RE ON THE STATEN
ISLAND FERRY, WHICH THEY DID EATING
HOT DOGS, CALLING YOU FROM THE
OTHER SIDE, YUM, TO SING DUTCH
SONGS ON YOUR ANSWERING MACHINE
BUT YOU ANSWERED



GreyMatters
BARRY
KURBLH

COMMENTARY

the city rises like the sweet face
of Alice plastered to its walls
the flamingo is caught under night

patchouli ice cream & coffee drops
umbrellas surround the clouds
as they float into the East River

all life in its quest and cloudless
death attains suitable regrets
which can be dropped to the floor

there is possibly my one resounding
regret that men do not own panties

Guggy's in sunny arizona elite family
dining now strikes a light to my joint
No bob dis is nut ah clappear

* If dis where a clappear it w'd be denTed
on onlee two sides nut all around
* somehow my elevated tone lost it on panties
*

* the secret of our long romance is that
she is smaller and her under things
* would rip over my hips save my lips

so secret is oxygen, imagination
before breath, glory before the goal
playground wet yellow pants extension

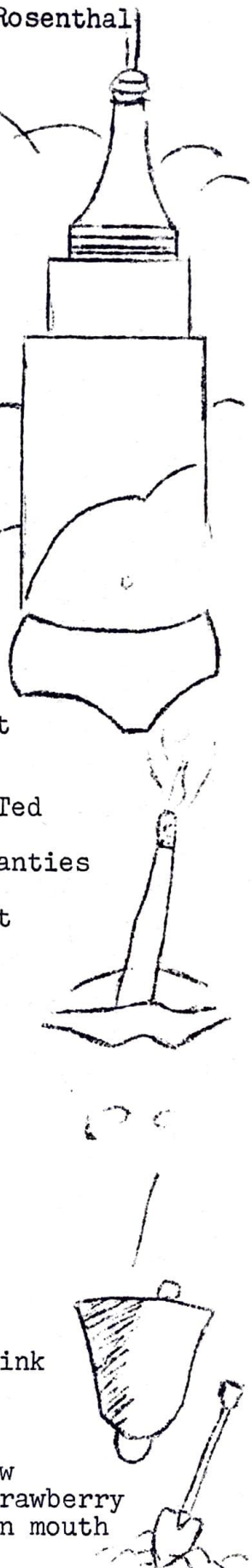
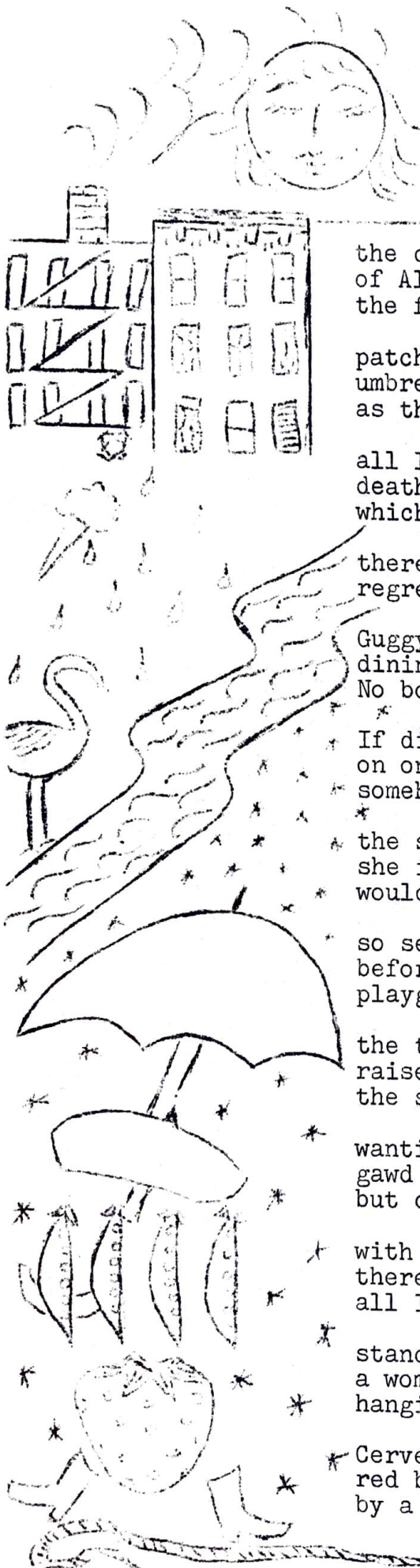
the telephone building top is being
raised the empire state in a fog
the sky is bright with promise snow

wanting so to use a word mimeographic
gawd this way all love is repulsive
but confess I like to turn the crank

* with so much road to hoe you would think
there'd be some earth in our passion
* all I saw upon the road was a shovel

standing fully in a 12th Street window
a women dressed in a red polka dot strawberry
* hanging limp pea green drapes hooks in mouth

* Cerveza Fria the gold letters say on the sidewalk
red boots red beret sculptress pulls her white statue
by a rope a human being pushing & guiding behind



CITY SEASONS

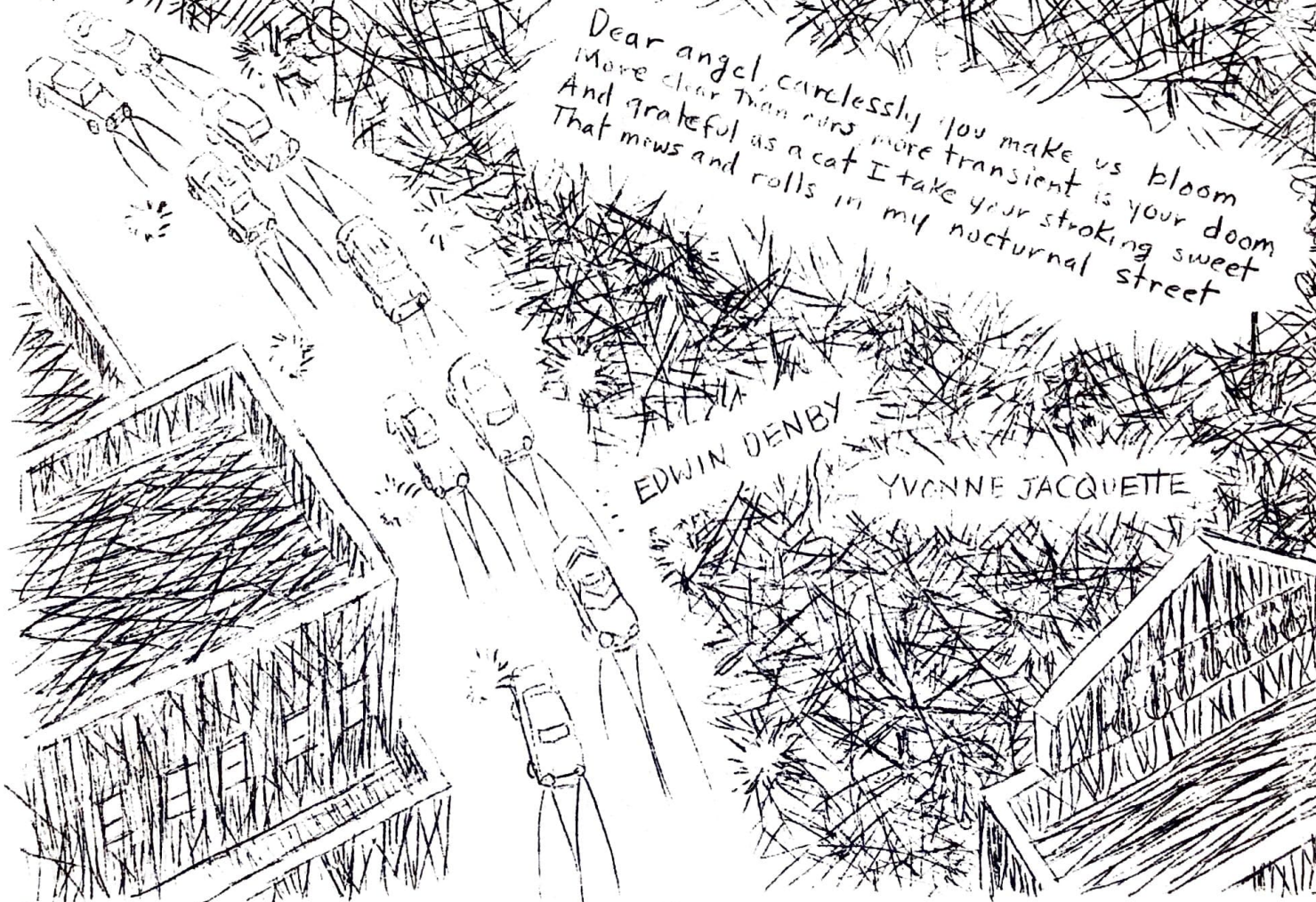
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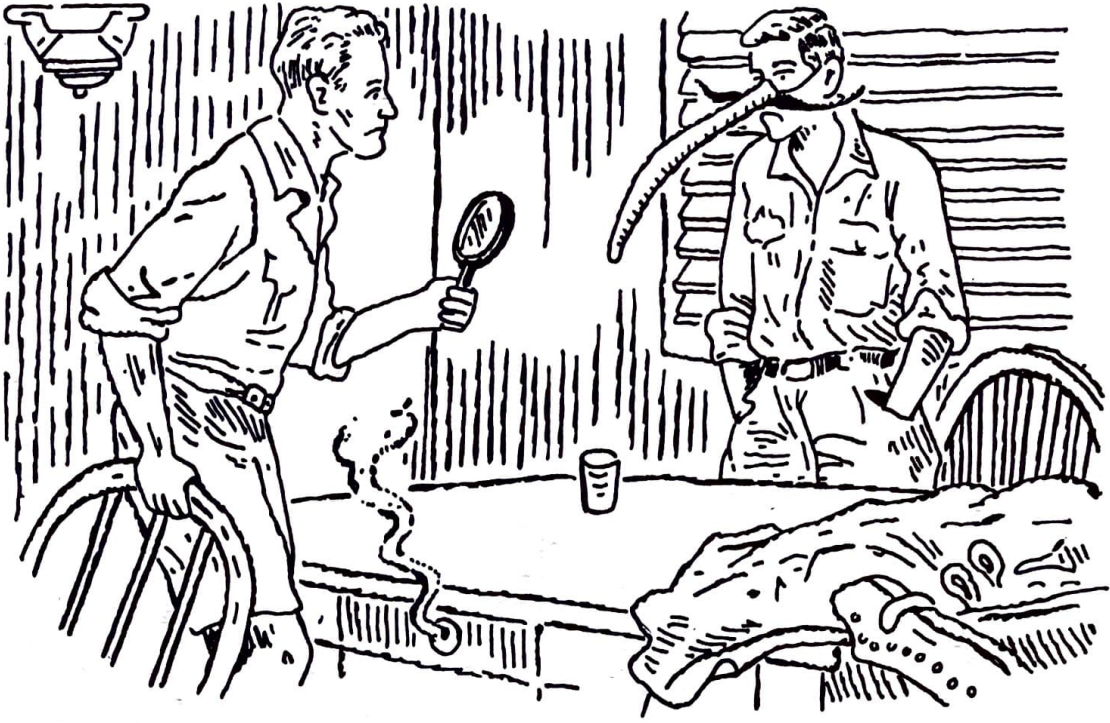
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And grateful as a cat I take your stroking sweet
That mews and rolls in my nocturnal street

EDWIN DENBY

YVONNE JACQUETTE





BARTWELL SAW THROUGH THE DISGUISE
ALMOST IMMEDIATELY

Gen Baxter