

2
1035
A1
B735
54

the BOOKPRESS

COMPLIMENTARY FIRST ISSUE

Vol. 1, No. 1 September 1991

Ithaca, New York

75 Cents

A.R. Ammons has published twenty volumes of poetry, including *Tape for the Turn of the Year*, *Uplands*, *Sphere* (winner of the 1973-74 Bollingen Prize in Poetry), *The Snow Poems*, *A Coast of Trees* (winner of the National Book Critics Circle Award for Poetry, 1981) and, most recently, *The Really Short Poems of A.R. Ammons* (Norton, 1991). His *Collected Poems: 1951-1971* won the National Book Award for Poetry in 1973. He is currently The Goldwyn Smith Professor of Poetry at Cornell University, where he has been stationed since 1964. He graciously agreed to this interview.

Q. You were born in Whiteville, North Carolina, in 1926. Have I left anything out?

A. That covers it.

Q. You spent the first seventeen years of your life on a farm. Were they good years? How do you see them now?

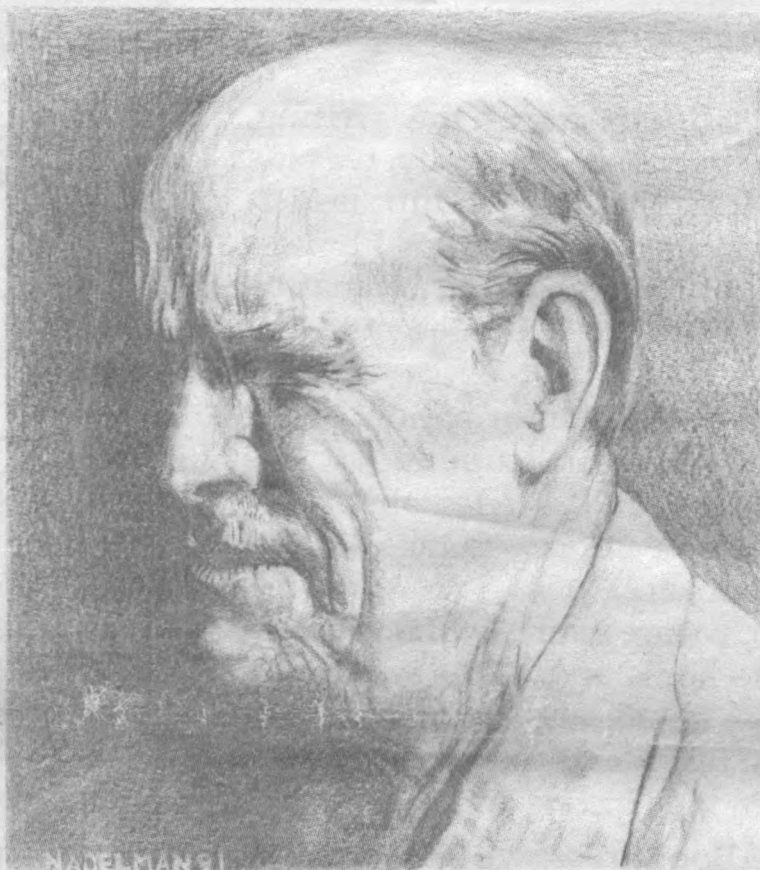
A. They've receded into the background now, but there was a period, an intermediate period, in which I tried to evaluate them; and, as I see it now, there were years of great pain and solitude that I dealt with basically by turning to ditches and ponds and animals and trees and insects as my companions, because I was an only son and, in fact, apart from my father, the only male on the farm, where there were a great many women. So I spent a lot of time working alone and also being alone, and became very much attached to what they call Nature, and I've remained faithful and loyal to that orientation to this day.

Q. Does A.R. Ammons the man owe anything to A.R. Ammons the child? Is there anything about your poetry that you would loosely call Wordsworthian? Is there a Wordsworth in the Ammons line?

A. Well, that's a very open field of inquiry. In a sense, of course, one owes everything to the child in oneself, because if you begin to inquire into the age at which certain identifying psychological moves take place, it's surprising how early those configurations take shape, long before -- long, long before -- a person is conscious of the way his life is going to go. And it leaves you with a lifetime, I think, of investigation and self-inquiry to understand something -- and not very much -- about those psychological moves that take place so early. So in that sense everything about my work has been the striving to turn into consciousness what seems to have taken place automatically under its own necessities -- and I am, by the way, far from having understood that at this point.

Reasonable Shapes and Figures: A Conversation with A.R. Ammons

by Timothy Muskat



Drawing by Benn Nadelman

Q. You have been called by a number of reputable people, "America's greatest living poet." Is that a difficult cross to bear?

A. I don't remember anybody saying that. I think Harold Bloom said somewhere that -- I can't repeat it -- that I was like -- I can't -- well, anyway -- this leaves me bumfuzzled. (Pause) But it is not a difficult cross to bear, because it is such a frightening concept that I easily displace it into thinking that John Ashbery is the greatest living American poet, and I insist that he is, and not just by a narrow margin but by leaps and bounds, totally out of my reach, and therefore I don't have to worry about it. And he probably does.

Q. As a young unknown poet, did you dream of fame -- the sort of fame that envelops you now?

A. I dreamed of fame but it turned out to be not at all like what fame really is, to the extent that I know it. I think that, in the early years, one thinks of fame as being empty except for praise or adulation, admiration, and, as it turns out, in the practical world, fame becomes an interchange with other people, in which if you read my poems I'll read yours; if you nominate me for a certain prize I'll nominate you; in other words, it turns into po' biz -- what they call the poetry business -- and I dislike that very much and have in my life engaged in it as little as possible. Resenting poetry business becomes offensive, however, when you engage in it with people you love on other grounds, and admire, and want to work with. There are individual letters, individual encounters and so on, where there's a more or less pure exchange of feeling between a writer and a reader, and

continued on page 5

Q. You've been principal of a small elementary school (and one of three teachers there), vice president of a biological glass factory, and during World War II you served on a destroyer in the South Pacific. Did any of these experiences prepare you for the trials and tribulations of academia?

A. Very much so. I must say that during these early employments, I thought of academia as an idyllic place. I remember, way back in the fifties, I thought that if I had, say, thirty-thousand dollars -- if I could save thirty-thousand dollars -- five percent of that would give me fifteen-hundred a year, and I would be able to live in the woods or somewhere for fifteen-

hundred a year, and my idea was that I would be near a university, so that without being affiliated with a university, I could use the library and write my poems. When I came to the university, I was delighted to find that it was idyllic indeed in some ways, but that basically it was jungle-like, in the same way that the business world, the educational world, and the other worlds had been. That is to say, most of the things that take place in universities occur by the application of force. And reason is a rather beautiful and idyllic efflorescence that disguises and reveals these deep tensions that are pretty much the same in the academic society as in society at large. Does that answer your question? Is that too much, or what?

INSIDE:
The Controversy
over Paul West's
Women of
Whitechapel and
Jack the Ripper
by Sarah Elbert

Review of
Fred Wilcox'
Uncommon
Martyrs
by Gil Ott

Review The Most Difficult Thing

Walls: Essays, 1985-1991
by Kenneth McClane
(Detroit: Wayne State
University Press, 1991)
120 pp.

review by J. Michael Serino

Of all the forms of the essay, the so-called "personal essay" is perhaps the most difficult to execute well. It is predicated upon the assumption that the experiences and perceptions of the individual, and the sense that he or she makes of them, are of general interest. The more personal the essays become -- especially when their purpose for the writer is purgative or therapeutic -- the greater the risk of either boredom or alienation on the part of the reader.

In *Walls*, Kenneth McClane risks this and a great deal more. The eight essays in this book are attempts on the part of an African-American poet and Cornell University professor to come to terms with the anomalies of his moral universe and of the man he has become.

At the heart of the book is the event that demanded of McClane a confrontation with himself and his values: the death of his brother, Paul, of alcoholism at age 29. Something in McClane's experience had separated him from the brother he cared for deeply but could not understand. Paul's erratic behavior, his attempts to

continued on page 6

Feeding Grounds by Mary Gilliland

"Are you in the middle of something?"
"Yes."
"Oh, I'm sorry."
"Oh, don't be sorry. I've been in the middle of something all week. I'm so happy!"

My next-door neighbor, S.L. Wisenberg, also a writer, had phoned. She understood exactly what I meant, without specific details. It was mid-December, there had not yet been a frost, roses still bloomed in the sandswept front yards

of Cape Cod. We were deep into our seven-month residency at the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown. We lived two blocks from the bay, where the sun rises, and less than two miles from the ocean, where it sets. We were living with the tides. As if a reminder of this, a storm during December's syzygy full moon had swept away a waterfront restaurant and sent the seaweed washing along Commercial Street.

And we lived with the tides of creativity, two of the twenty writers

continued on page 4

Editorial

Just when you thought that nobody (except yourself) reads serious books for pleasure anymore, that passionate discussions about literature are as old-fashioned as manual typewriters, that the ubiquitous cyclops has conquered our hearts and minds... along comes the **Bookpress!**

We are a new monthly journal published by The Bookery as part of an effort to help create wider interest in literary affairs.

Long experience in the book trade has taught us that good books continue to be written and read. But the economic and technological imperatives of modern society seem to divide the reading experience into private pleasure on the one hand and professional discourse on the other.

What appears to be lacking in our communities are sufficient informal opportunities for dialogue among writers, critics, and interested readers. That is the kind of forum we hope to create with the **Bookpress**.

We shall publish book reviews, interviews, feature articles and letters on all aspects of the writing, production and reception of books. Politically, we plan to report on such matters as censorship issues, educational curricula, funding priorities for libraries and the arts, and cultural debates over domination and emancipation in conjunction with the study of literature.

In addition, we will feature information about books recently arrived and forthcoming at The Bookery, as well as notices and articles about our ongoing series of lectures and author-signings, known as "Off Campus at The Bookery."

As a local publication, we are naturally interested in what is going on close to home and, while we stoutly resist notions of regionalism, we hope to make manifest the remarkable talent and intense interest in literature which reside in the Upstate area.

Toward that end, the **Bookpress** will address both recognized and amateur writers and critics from whom we shall shamelessly solicit articles. Poets, graphic artists and photographers should also be forewarned.

And so the fermentation begins at the **Bookpress**. Here's to a good vintage.

Jack Goldman

THE BOOKPRESS wants to hear from you. Send your questions, comments, and suggestions to Letters to the Editor, THE BOOKPRESS, DeWitt Mall, Ithaca, NY 14850

THE BOOKPRESS is interested in reporting upcoming or ongoing literary events.

If you have information, please send it to THE BOOKPRESS, DeWitt Mall, Ithaca, NY 14850. Calendar information must be received by the 15th of the month prior to publication in order to ensure inclusion in the following issue.



the BOOKPRESS

Publisher & Editor
Jack Goldman

Production & Design
Jay Laird
Benn Nadelman
Sharon Yntema

The entire contents of "the Bookpress" are copyright (c) 1991 by the Bookery. All rights reserved. Literary events are listed free of charge in the calendar section. "the Bookpress" will not be liable for typographical error, or errors in publication except the cost to advertisers for up to the cost of the space in which the actual error appeared in the first insertion. Questions or comments for "the Bookpress" should be addressed to "the Bookpress" DeWitt Mall, Ithaca, NY 14850.

Subscribe Now

...and get the **Bookpress** delivered to your home for only \$7.50 per year -- the same price per issue you would pay if you hunted for it on the newsstands every month!

For more information and an order form, turn to page 8.

New Poetry Series at State of the Art

This fall will see the advent of a new series of feature and open readings and performances of poetry and other written work at State of the Art Gallery in downtown Ithaca. Readings, which will feature work by local writers, will be held on the third Sunday of each month.

On September 15, State of the Art features JON FRANKEL, PRARTHIO and AMY WHITNEY, with an open reading to follow these readers. The reading, at 120 W. State Street, begins at 7:00 pm. There is a suggested donation of \$2.00 at the door, though poets and writers signing up for the open reading get in free.

Book Events

Philadelphia Fall Fair
Willow Grove, PA
Sept. 6-7

Old Sturbridge Village
Antiquarian Book Fair
Sturbridge, MA
Sept. 14

Paper & Collectibles Show
Boxborough, MA
Sept. 21-22

Capitol Beltway Book Fair
Silver Spring, MD
Sept 27-28

Rochester Antiquarian
Book Fair
Rochester, NY
Sept. 28

Banned Books Week
Sept. 28 - Oct. 5

Southwestern Connecticut
Antiquarian Book Fair
Ridgefield, CT
Sept. 29

Frankfurt Book Fair
Frankfurt, GER
Oct. 9-14

Catskill Antiquarian
Book Fair
Oneonta, NY
Oct 11-12

Miniature Book Society
Williamsburg, VA
Oct. 11-14

Friends of the
Library Book Sale
Ithaca, NY
Oct. 12-21

The Bookery By Mail

Please allow 2-6 weeks for delivery of recent arrivals, and 6 weeks after publication date for forthcoming books. Send orders to: The Bookery, DeWitt Building, 215 N. Cayuga St., Ithaca, NY 14850

Quantity	Author/Title	Price	Total
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
		SUBTOTAL	_____
		TAX	_____
		POSTAGE	_____
		TOTAL	_____

7% Sales Tax (NYS residents only)
Postage and Handling: \$2.00 - 1st book
\$0.75 - each additional

Name: _____
Address: _____

Payment by:
___ Check or Money Order
___ Visa
___ MasterCard
___ Discover
Acct. No. _____
Expiration Date _____
Signature _____

Paul West is the author of a dozen critically acclaimed novels, including Gala, The Place in Flowers Where Pollen Rests, and Lord Byron's Doctor, as well as numerous works of non-fiction, a collection of short stories, and two volumes of criticism. He is a Former Guggenheim Fellow and now resides in Ithaca, where he teaches writing at Cornell University.

"Satan is a Family Man" Paul West's Women of Whitechapel and Jack the Ripper

Paul West's Sheer Fiction introduces the author himself with this brief literary note: "I was born in Lady Chatterly's village, a silver spoon's throw from Renshaw Hall, where the poet Edith Sitwell lived, an extraordinary and vivid woman who wanted literature to be like herself..."

Perhaps it is a twist of fate that West subsequently created, in his fourth historical novel, four extraordinary women with nary a silver spoon to their names: Annie Crook, Mary (Marie) Kelly, Long Liz, and Dark Annie, the women of Whitechapel done in by Jack the Ripper.

And, given the history of Lady Chatterly's Lover, it is a further irony that West's novel is all but banned in Boston by that grey gentleman of genteel criticism, The Atlantic. Senior Editor Jack Beatty just paid a \$1,000 "kill fee" to journalist Bill Marx, stifling his laudatory review of The Women of Whitechapel and Jack the Ripper.

This might be merely monumental stupidity on Editor Beatty's part; after all, ignoring brilliant style and extraordinary historical re-presentation is nothing new in the literary business. I was skeptical about anything more sinister until I read the quashed review (later published in the Phoenix Literary Supplement), the correspondence between Beatty and Marx, and, of course, the novel itself.

I have now read the novel three times, all 420 gorgeous pages. If I were not back teaching history and literature for a living this month, I would sit down and read it again for the sheer joy of style and stand-up sexual politics, and for a version of history that few historians today dare. We historians have, alas, almost lost the narrative art.

The Atlantic correspondence bears reproducing here, at least in part. In early May, 1991, Bill Marx got a phone message conveyed by an Atlantic assistant editor that his review of West's novel was dead. The senior editor's letter followed, its dark heart submerged in a few mid-stream sentences:

"I must admit that the Theroux and Ellis books and this rash of gory movies about the mutilation of women has spoiled my appetite for giving Paul West so much space for his gory novel. When we first spoke about this, all the publicity surrounding 'American Psycho' was in the future. Now that I have read it, I cannot in good conscience publish this review. You say that West is not like these writers in the way he treats his women/victims, and I believe you. But writers have to concern themselves with the moral

consequences of their art, it seems to me, and magazines must be socially responsible -- they cannot, we cannot, publish something that asks us to admire the literary merit of a book about chopping women up. Not when so many of them are being chopped up all over this terrible anarchy we are living in."

Terrible anarchy indeed. Marx' reply pointed out that a senior editor at Atlantic would hardly have assigned a book about Jack the Ripper without suspecting that it contained violence. And, he noted that Beatty's stance was "politically correct mumbo jumbo at its most dishonest, since it dictates what should be written about -- how doesn't even matter." He queried Beatty: "Could it be that you are afraid that some readers may write in and complain that West's book shouldn't be reviewed? This kind of Victorian timidity from a magazine whose editor, W.D. Howells, was the only major American writer to defend the jailed Haymarket rioters, is sad but telling..."

The brouha, as West calls it, began almost immediately with a New York Times "Book Notes" story "of chopped-up women and a rejected review," that pointed out the novel's generally good reviews, including NYT's own description of the book as one of "special fascination and suspense," in which Mr. West "continually rediscovers -- and summons up for us -- the genuine horror in heinous deeds." The current issue of Ms. magazine features a number of famous feminists recommending books for summer reading. One of Andrea Dworkin's choices: "Paul West is an elegant, intelligent novelist who should be read by more feminists. He has just published The Women of Whitechapel and Jack the Ripper... a novel about the rumored connection between the Ripper and the Royal Family, and about how men use women and how power destroys those who get in its way. The women are individuals; the sadism of men is not lied about; the complicity of the decent man in acts of atrocity against women is the underlying moral theme."

Paul West told me that his first idea for the novel came from listening many times to the opera "Lulu." West's mother was a concert pianist and songs drift through this novel, especially from the mouth of its strongest, loveliest heroine, twenty-four year old Marie Kelly, who sings

over and over about a violet plucked from her mother's grave.

The second identifiable source is equally vocal but terrifying: a writing student of Paul's at Penn State drafted a story about a woman's scream, and he suggested that she extend the scream. She did -- to about ten pages. Such a scream stays in your mind long after West's novel.

Finally, the BBC did a series on Jack the Ripper and many of the historical theories about his identity and background. West, however, was far more interested in the women. It is this genuine, immensely sympathetic, and not once patronizing interest that gives the novel its truly splendid politics. London prostitutes, like West's heroines, earned a



Paul West

precarious living at many things, moving in and out of streetwalking. Like Annie, Long Liz, Marie and Dark Annie, they skivvied, cooked, washed, nannied, sold sweets and flowers, took sweatshop work, and still they often walked the streets to earn their fourpenny-a-night beds.

If they married, their men, as often as not, depended on wives' and children's wages to merge with their own for survival. Sure enough, as the women's wonderful inner dialogues reveal in this novel, they dared to dream about marrying for a living as the middle-class women often did. But their Prince Charmings were slumming in search of excitement incognito.

West's sources include contemporary newspaper accounts, autopsy reports, and many biographies and historical re-creations of the famous crimes. None of these can quite account for his superb bricolage -- a tiny piece details the contents of each woman's pockets: a broken comb, a pocket handkerchief, a twist of sweets. These, along with details of clothing and known places of refuge, are matters of historical record.



Illustration by Benn Nadelman

But where did West get this sort of fancy: Annie Crook, who whores for Prince Eddie (and bears Victoria's granddaughter) had a mind to cherish. Annie was illiterate, youthfully contenting herself with running errands and tumbling a butcher's boy who paid her in odd bits of meat, "she averted her unschooled mind from it, thinking instead of how, daily, she fruited upon the beauty and the intense pungency of the bluebells she had lugged home, pure as a woodland fairy."

Bringing home too many bluebells, and scolded for it, she would take the flowers and "strew them beneath her in the earth closet [outhouse] set atop a steep slope above the Ruthin River." She sat then, West says, and dreamed of blue, of oceans, and sky, and China. "Her mind felt strong and lyrical, never more so when she cast bluebells upon her droppings until all she could see was flowers and green stems."

Paul West wrote an essay, elsewhere, in defense of purple prose, of style in its fullest sense, and his own prose is lush, so many hues of purple that nature and art together can scarcely catalogue them.

Annie is squirreled away in what West calls "the Pudding Club," the godawful ward in a London Hospital presided over by Dr. Gull, the favored physician of the Royals, a follower of Claude

Paul West's unpublished letter to the Editor of the New York Times:

In Book Notes (July 3, 1991) Roger Cohen reveals why The Atlantic Monthly decided not to print a review it had commissioned of my recent novel, "The Women of Whitechapel and Jack the Ripper." The review was enthusiastic, as Mr. Cohen says, but the magazine's senior editor, Jack Beatty, vetoed it because, he said, obviously having not looked at the book, it was "about chopping women up." Since my novel is about an historical event, and not something I trumped up, then I have to conclude that The Atlantic is against reviewing -- favorably -- any book about a piece of history it finds unpalatable. According to this criterion, it would not allow itself to review favorably any book about, say, Hitler, the Gulag, or the Thirty Years War. In other words, The Atlantic wants a cozy world to deal with, and certainly not serious thinking about the atrocities of our times, or times previous. This isn't merely schizophrenic, but daffy. I can only think that the magazine would have printed an unfavorable

Bernard, a vivisectionist, and a terrifyingly banal sadist.

Gull ruminates that: "I am much odder than they thought I was. Satan is a family man, with his favorite cup, eggcup, and toast rack; a familiar place at table, always facing the sun; and, upstairs, a trousers press, a tie press, and a box of pearl-studded tiepins." He is aided by Netley, a terrifying coachman who drives the "Crusader" and pimps for his betters.

But the tragedy is truly made possible by Walter Sickert, the painter, a friend to the Whitechapel women who are his models, nurses, and lovers. In his desire to experience and portray all of life, he comes to see murder as merely one more role to play and discard.

The women have each other and their gifted leader, Marie; they will write a collective letter to the Queen, and one to Lord Salisbury, who refers to Victoria as "Her Maj" and gives Gull carte blanche. If you think I have revealed too much, there is so much more intrigue, politics, life-is-with-the-people in this novel that I have only teased West's readers.

The author must have the last word here, a letter to the New York Times that was never published, only circulated by some friendly, conscious-stricken employee. But first, with his permission, I insert my own Atlantic example of political correctness.

In the early 1860's, before Little Women made her fame and fortune, Louisa May Alcott was glad to get \$50.00 apiece for several stories she later termed "pabulum" from James Russell Lowell, then editor of the Atlantic Monthly.

But Lowell rejected her anti-slavery story, "M.L.," and she wrote angrily in her journal of February, 1860, "Mr. --- won't have M.L., as it is antislavery and the dear South must not be offended." Now, to be fair, they did publish a much milder antislavery story about a spinster nurse and a contraband soldier who died in the end. But "M.L." featured a branded runaway who "passed," and married a white woman, and lived on to savor his triumph.

By some curious coincidence, Alcott, the slighted Atlantic writer, also saw the Prince of Wales (Eddie's father) visiting Boston that year and she wrote, "a yellow-haired laddie very much like his mother. Fanny W. and I nodded and waved

continued on page 4

review of my novel because that is what, in the end, it did, commissioning the review from someone else, who, among assorted infelicities and inaccuracies, said that the novel was about two Lesbians on a rug.

The Atlantic and its minions stand revealed in all their triviality and pollyanna nastiness. It is amazing to find a magazine that thinks it has to protect readers from the world. What it was really protecting its readers from in this instance was what several reviewers called the book's extreme feminism. When I was a student, the word we applied to such as Mr. Beatty was "prig," which we enunciated very carefully, lest in the shuffle of consonants it sounded like a term of abuse less precise. It is astounding to be told that the Atlantic's initial impulse had been to review a book by someone whose work it admired, only to kill the review according to criteria that would not hold up in a kindergarten. So-called political correctness as practiced by Mr. Beatty is only bigotry in a new guise; we do not need it and we should denounce it wherever we find it.

--Paul West

Off Campus at the Bookery

Bridging the distance between campus and downtown was the goal set last year, when The Bookery began its lecture series, "Off Campus at The Bookery." Speakers in the fields of literary criticism, science, the arts, and popular culture from Cornell and Ithaca College shared their thoughts and signed their books at the Bookery's lecture space on the second floor of the DeWitt Mall.

This Fall, the series continues in the same location, one flight up in the office complex Atrium of the DeWitt Mall, on Sundays at 4pm.

September 8

Frederick Ahl

has taught Classics, film and writing at Cornell since 1971. He is the author of *Lucan: An Introduction*, and *Metaformations: Soundplay and Wordplay in Ovid and Other Classical Poets*. Professor Ahl will be discussing and signing his most recent book, *Sophocles' Oedipus: Evidence and Self-Conviction*.



October 13

Lamar Herrin

has taught creative writing and contemporary literature at Cornell since 1977. He has written four novels, including *The Rio Loja Ringmaster* and *American Baroque*, and several short stories, including *For Years Without War*, and *The Rookie Season*. He holds a PhD from the University of Cincinnati, and is working on another novel. Professor Herrin will read from his latest novel, *The Lies Boys Tell*, and sign copies of the book.



November 3

Diane Ackerman

is the author of nine books of poetry and prose, the most recent of which are *Jaguar of Sweet Laughter: New & Selected Poems*; the best-selling *A Natural History of the Senses*; and *The Moon by Whale Light*. She has a PhD from Cornell, is a staff writer for *The New Yorker*, writes frequently for *The New York Times Book Review*, *National Geographic*, and other journals. Professor Ackerman will read from her new book of poetry, *Jaguar of Sweet Laughter*, and sign copies.



November 17

John Reys

has taught urban planning for 43 years at Cornell, authored 11 books, including *The Making of Urban America: A History of City Planning in the United States*, and the forthcoming *Washington on View: The National Capitol Since 1790*. He has received seven fellowships, chaired Ithaca's planning board, and lectured worldwide. Professor Reys will give a lecture and slide show on the National Capitol and will sign copies of the book.



Ripper, continued from page 3 as he passed, and he openly winked his boyish eye at us; for Fanny with her yellow curls and wild waving, looked rather rowdy, and the poor little prince wanted some fun. We laughed, and thought we had been more distinguished by the saucy wink than by a stately bow. Boys are always jolly -- even princes. Aren't they ever.

Paul West noted that there's going to be a movie of *Women* by John Schlesinger. He's worried about how much dialogue they'll need and he thought he'd

like to write some ...not a screenplay, though. He's already gone a bit further back historically to produce a novel about John Milton, revelling in the London of his own youthful misadventures. Now what will the Roundheads in Boston think of that?

Sara Elbert is an almost life-long Ithacan. Author of *A Hunger For Home: Louisa May Alcott's Place in American Culture* (Rutgers Press), she teaches history at SUNY Binghamton.

Feeding

continued from page 1

and visual artists selected each year, given a living space (and in the case of the visual artists a large studio), a small monthly stipend, and best of all, the gift of time. We had been awarded time to pursue our individual work as we saw fit, to live in a town of 3,000 that is a traditional Portuguese-American fishing village, the lesbian and gay capital of the northeast, and home to a generations-old artists' community. Imagine a bunch of creative oddballs all free to be ourselves. Imagine living alongside working writers and artists every day and being able to draw on each other's company and inspiration. In my journal the day of that phone call I wrote, "During this week of revising, I've felt the most light and free ever -- in adulthood, in adolescence, in late childhood."

Light is no metaphor on the Lower Cape. It inspires both visions and canvases. It illuminates the air, reflects off the water, permeates the bones. If you're creative, it can wake you and break you. Blessings like this are the kind for which poets are grateful.

Provincetown's ecology is fragile. It borders the feeding grounds of the humpback whales at nearby Stellwagen Bank, where the major part of the waste from the Manhattan Project was dumped; it is bordered by shifting parabolic dunes which can move 90 feet per year and would have buried the town by now had folks not channeled an outlet for Pilgrim Lake and planted dune grass and dune grass and dune grass.

I can tell you the questions most frequently asked about my Provincetown experience: Did you write a lot? The answer: No more than usual, if you count finished pages, but every part of me was writing. Was it difficult being separated from your partner? I have never been more lonely, nor more joyous. Are you looking forward to going back to work? But I've been at work. The response to one other frequent question -- Did the setting influence your writing? -- is a simple yes, for the landscape is so unequivocal that ironic answers trail into silence.

I walked along the tideline, around the dunes, in the one deciduous grove known as the Beech Wood, where once or twice I crossed paths with Mary Oliver. I talked with forest rangers from the National Seashore and cetacean researchers from the Center for Coastal Studies. I

learned about my feet. My routines of walking and yoga and a disciplined study of modern Greek exercised body and mind. Then the soul could make the best use of the several hours of fully attentive composing that are possible in an average day. I dreamed. I slept with paper in my bed and woke reaching for the pen. The deepest writing experience was unexpected, something I wouldn't have done without the privilege of so much uncensored time. I rewrote a manuscript of finished work.

A number of the pieces had already appeared in print. The manuscript had reached the stage of contest finalist and received favorable comments from several publishers. Then a master of meter and longterm member of the FAWC Writing Committee read it. I now think of Alan Dugan as my grandfather of tough love. I asked Gary Scott and Cathy French, two other poets in residence at FAWC, to read the manuscript. Three months later, after a conversation with Marie Howe, a former Fellow, I went looking for my origins.

Perhaps I had to unmake myself in order to let these poems be fully made. I went primitive. I abandoned the computer revising which I had grown accustomed to and which had seemed so convenient for about five years. I saw how its convenience left other conveniences in the poem -- stray bits of sentimentality, hyperbole, extra words and other forms of untruth. My daily mantic activity of reciting aloud and flailing my felt-tip across the page again and again from the beginning of the poem, taking it from the top, brought me back to the child who was publishing her verses at eight and who had too quickly, by adapting to praise, learned to lie. My consciousness, my sharp editor, my directive will, my audience awareness, receded before the essence of each poem. I remembered the reason I had started doing this work: love.

The affirmation embodied by the people around me influenced my work. P'town itself, as well as the adjoining towns of Truro and Wellfleet, are home to many who choose to live on less in order to have time and the natural world feed their creativity. Among my new friends, two were Jewish; through them I was invited to Marge Piercy's Bat Mitzvah. Many prayers in the ceremony had been composed by the eminent poet herself. We celebrated Hannukah, and I experienced eating

continued on page 8



THE AIR CLEARS, AFTER

Thunder booms its slated turns,
pours sound like lava, hardens,
chips as if the point were aimed
exactly where the bubble knew its edge
would come clear, rend and
buckle from the mountain,
carve a clean space from humid oozing air.
Rain stings, dies to gentle drops, breaks
clover from the mud. Corn shines
and crow, the cirrus whispers.

from *Gathering Fire*
by Mary Gilliland

(c) 1982 Ithaca House



Ammons

continued from page 1

this is so marvelous when it happens that it seems to me to excuse all the compromises that go with the mass-dealing in poetry.

Q. You are surrounded by adoring students, poet-worshippers, jealous colleagues, and a fair number of breakfast companions. Do you have any time anymore for yourself?

A. I am? (Laughter).

Q. Has teaching poetry for twenty-seven years -- to innumerable student poets -- in any way affected your writing of it?

A. Yes, oh, in many ways. But the way it has affected it negatively is that while I'm teaching I write very little. The energy that goes into the shaping of seminars is the same as the energy that would go into the shaping of poems; and when you shape your conversations with people all day, in this verbal way, you're more or less exhausted at the end of the day. (Pause) Is that a complete sentence? (Pause) But there are a great many opportunities in dealing with other poets to increase your critical sense of what is being done (also, by the way, to inquire into the deeper motives of what is being done), so in that way I think one as a teacher becomes more conscious of the art -- though that's not necessarily good; it can shut you up completely -- but it can be, if you can continue to write at all, informative.

Q. Coleridge's sense of the imagination -- that it "reveals itself in the balance or reconciliation of opposite or discordant qualities" -- seems to apply to much of your poetry. Do you consciously seek harmony in disharmony, unity in diversity, the sweet-voiced wren among the starlings?

A. That didn't come first. What came first was this ambivalence by which I seem to be interested in both sides of things, and interested in unity; that is to say, in reconciling these matters. And that goes back to the question about childhood, where these dispositions -- the dynamics of disposition -- take shape long before they become conscious. But later, when I read that passage in Coleridge, I was deeply moved by it, and I still consider that paragraph about what a poet is and what poetry is to be the greatest single statement on the nature of poetry I've ever seen. So, yes, I'm very strongly attracted to it and moved by it.

Q. Keats went from chemistry to the writing of poems. You yourself studied zoology -- were heading, if only momentarily, for a career in medicine. Is there a connection between poetry and the sciences, a missing link?

A. Well, yes. Science -- biology, zoology, or any other form -- becomes from the poetic point of view a vocabulary by which you can inquire into things. And because of what little scientific training I had as a pre-med student I developed the vocabulary to see more closely into certain forms of diversity and richness and nature than I think I would have otherwise possessed.

Q. Are you absolutely content with any of your poems -- certain that you've wrapped them perfectly for the muse?

A. I have come close to feeling that way about several of them, actually, but I think perhaps there is not a single one about which I don't have some slight doubt or question. Still working in the mind, you know, on some way to improve it. But I would say at this point that I am somewhat surprised that I feel that I did the best I could for a good many of them.

Q. Your poetry is considered by some to be, well, cerebral -- of the head, the mind, as opposed to the heart or the bowels. How do you respond to such pigeonholing?

A. I dismiss it as pigeonholing (Laughter).

Q. How are your poems conceived? Is it a birthing process? How long is the germination period? Or do you wait for the stork to bring them?

A. I wait for the stork. I listen all day long for phrases, for naming moves, for whatever, so I'm always on the lookout. But the poem usually just arrives, as a first line, or an image, and at that point I go to the typewriter and sit down and let it play itself through. And it's a wonderful experience for the most part because I don't know where it's going to end any more than the reader does when he begins the poem. I'm open to the surprise of the happening of the poem, and I find that very pleasurable. I do have a poem about this, called something or other.

Q. Is it fair to say a good poem has a mind of its own?

A. Oh, yes. It has an inner necessity that reveals itself as the poem reaches completion and it's sometimes years before the poet understands what that was; sometimes he never understands. But a poem indeed is called creative because it is moving ahead of where you are already consciously.

Q. If, as you have said elsewhere, a poem is a walk, then your poem-walks have to be viewed as among the most intricate ever taken. Are they always solitary experiences -- or do you bring along a witness or a second self?

A. Not for all walks. A witness or second self? I suppose it would be the walk in which something strikes your attention so much that it moves out of the walk into the conscious mind, and then it becomes a second self: then you become self-observant as well as observant of the external world, and the poem begins to take over from everybody, and to become itself.

Q. During your glorious crazy years, you went about the business of the universe relentlessly, inquiring of goat and zygote, frill and floss. Has your relentless seeking somewhat abated?

A. Yes it has. I guess I'm not crazy anymore.

Q. You are the friendliest, most accessible man I've ever encountered, yet so much of your poetry seems a solitary pursuit. Do you see a contradiction there?

A. No, I see a complementarity. It is true that I am essentially very much alone, and I think I work away at that by letting people know that I need them very much, and if possible making myself somewhat useful to them.

Q. Who are your three favorite dead poets?

A. Dead poets? Blake has to be one -- I have a great many more than three. (Pause) Blake is one. But then I must jump over to America and name Miss Dickinson and Mr. Whitman.

Q. Any in the minor league? Dead, of course.

A. Oh, in the minor league, I love Robert Herrick and George Herbert and poets of that kind very much.

Q. You can guess my next question: who are your three favorite living poets?

A. Those are hard to find. (Laughter) Well, I would say, let's see now, all three I would say are Mr. Ashbery.

poet is the cloud where / gathering and withholding overflows generously and unmissed / from a great keeping.....the / false poet is a white wisp that tries to wrest itself into / a storm..."

(from *Sphere*, 1974)

Do these lines, as you hear them again, strike you as a wording of your own highest thought?

A. I can remember that it sounds like me; I don't know how high it was, I think there is a -- you know, it was just a conceit -- but I think there is a grain of truth in it that I feel still today, and that is, I'm somewhat restless with poets who operate at so low a level of energy that they look to poems to provide stimulation and excitement. So

Acting Up

The female squirrel sways
on the last fork in the high
cherry tree, leaving the male

squirrel to dump her by further
pursuit or to strand them both
in holding positions as he

claims the next fork in: that
bind can go on for hours (at
least for the going out and

coming back of a walk), the female
screaming and scolding, the male
flicking his urgent tail: or

one can be walking back from
cleared fields and nearing the
bushbound brook hear hermit-thrush

intensifications as clear as
breaking shadewater: and other
things noticeable and informing:

but nature's players are so
patient or persistent our hurrying
on slices their whole stories

thin, how they began or ended: and
anyway we have business of our own,
if the same business: love, love.

A. R. Ammons

first publication

Q. If Whitman is the body electric of American poetry, and Emerson its transparent eyeball, where do you fit in?

A. Let's see -- the navel is somewhere in there. But I better not claim that position. (Pause) I don't fit in.

Q. What does your poetry owe to William Carlos Williams? Was his poetry in any way an influence? What about Wallace Stevens?

A. Very much to Williams, and to Stevens, I suppose. Both of them in the most trivial way, however. I was very attracted to Williams' verse form, which I used in my own way -- but I clearly got the idea from him; and also I wrote a great many poems in triplet lines that I think I picked up from Stevens. But as for any real influence these two poets have on me, I think it's slight.

Q. "If raindrops are words, the

they have to, to me, undergo artificial means of creating excitement in the poem so it will have energy. I don't mean to congratulate myself in any way, but my own feeling has been that I have been under the burden of a sufficient -- let's call it anxiety or tension or whatever -- that the poem for me has been a means of easing away and controlling and diminishing that anxiety into reasonable shapes and figures. And I think this gives you a sense of overplus that is rhetorically valuable and makes me at least prefer that to a poet who keeps hacking at poems, trying to build intensity into them. (Pause) Am I making sense? Take out the unintelligible part.

Q. You are also an accomplished painter. Is your painting a vessel for things your poetry can't contain -- or is it the other way around?

A. They're exactly the same dynamically, I think.

Q. Over twenty years ago, you said that the purpose of a poem is to go past telling. What did you mean by that?

A. To untelling. That is to say, to go past exposition to disposition. Critical work, or philosophical work, is basically expository and discursive. The poem is capable of ending, and when it does end it becomes not an exposition but a disposition. As a disposition, it is similar to any other thing in the world -- say, a stone, about which you can write a great many intelligent papers, though the stone remains silent. (Pause) So what was the question? Oh, yes. So, the point is to criticize discursiveness by this greater untelling or unidentifiable reservoir of content that would be there for example in the stone, as yet unrevealed, and also in the disposition of the poem itself when it stops moving and stops talking. It becomes closed into a disposition that is an untelling, leaving it open and inexhaustible.

Q. Is there an ideal poem, a poem to which all poets aspire but which cannot, and will not, be written?

A. I think not. It seems to me that each individual looks upon the symbolic action of a poem in terms of his own psychological disposition and his own reading of the world. And the action of his poem is likely to reflect what he sees and knows about the actions around him and in that way the poem becomes representative for him of human life. And I should think there would be some similarities and differences between poets in that regard.

Q. Wallace Stevens wrote in one of his notebooks that poetry is a meteor. What do you suppose he meant? Does his analogy work for you?

A. Not at all. I don't believe in that kind of hyped-up claim for poetry. I would rather see something arising from the ground and going up rather than falling out of the sky. I'm not sure I believe that, either. Let's strike out that question. I'll answer that some other day.

Q. Can a poem mean anything? Has the phenomenon of deconstruction in any way affected your view of poetry, and poetry's sacred sense?

A. Poetry is most meaningful when it reaches the dispositional area I spoke of, which is to say when it becomes meaningless. That is to say, the poem, when it is complete, provides a shelter for all meanings, and then the meanings of individual lines, phrases, sounds, images, can rise up, and take their identity under that shelter. That's true for everything else, too, I guess (Laughter).

Q. Frank Kermode contends that we, as human beings, are compelled to end things: we feel a need for closure. What determines the end of a poem? Is it made or arrived at? determined or unforeseen?

A. A poem ends but becomes endless. Its disposition is clear, but what you can say about it and how you can feel about it and how it can change through time is quite endless. So it ends in endlessness. Ha ha.

Q. Can anyone write a poem -- or are poems to be written by the privileged -- or should I say the unfortunate -- few?

A. Historically, it appears they were written by the privileged and

continued on page 7

Reviews

Then She Found Me

by Elinor Lipman
Washington Square Press
307pp. \$7.95 paperback

review by Michelle Friedman

My one regret in reading *Then She Found Me* is that I read it much too fast (in less than a day). The humor is so goofy that I wish I could have savored it for longer. The characters and the plot were so compelling, though, that I practically gulped it down, with not nearly enough time to relish the flavor of Elinor Lipman's nuanced character-building and finely tuned humor. Lipman constructs her novel out of ordinary people and everyday events. Well, it's not every day that a mother finds her biological daughter thirty-six years after her adoption. But beyond that, Lipman's focus is more ordinary than not. She explores the ordinary extraordinariness of learning to navigate the sometimes treacherous waters of a mother-daughter relationship, including its effects on the other parts of one's life. To make *Then She Found Me* the addictive, laugh-out-loud kind of novel that it is, Lipman catches the funny in everyday life. She doesn't construct "funny" or "quirky" characters, though we're almost tempted to think of them that way because she captures their particular ways of looking at and living life so well.

Trude and Julius Epner, Holocaust survivors who met and married in Providence, Rhode Island, adopt a baby girl, naming her April because that is the month she was born in. The portrayal of Holocaust survivors in a funny book might, on the surface, seem inappropriate or trivializing. But Lipman manages to show us the humorous, funny side of

Trude and Julius even while we absorb the gravity of their history. Lipman's ironic wit reveals Trude and Julius's lifespans as effectively as a solemn glorification of their lives (and maybe more so).

Bernice Graverman, April's natural mother, subscribes to a news clipping service to follow the progress of her daughter's life. She hosts a tacky local morning television talk show -- Bernice G!, "a show in upholstered wing chairs and coffee poured on air from a silver tea set" -- which she often uses as her own personalized dating service, with programs such as "the most eligible bachelors in Boston." Though the reader can hardly miss it, Bernice remains willfully ignorant of her own theatricality. And Lipman does not turn Bernice into a caricature. In some ways, in fact, Trude and Bernice seem to resemble each other. Trude comments that before the Holocaust she was a rather vain girl interested in little more than boys, clothes, and being pretty. In a way, Bernice -- vain, interested in men and being beautiful -- could be seen as the woman Trude may have become if she hadn't lived in Europe and suffered through the horrors of the camps: "...to herself [Trude would] think: Look what it took to make me no longer vain and spoiled." Lipman gives us a sense of how arbitrary the war was and how arbitrary Trude or anyone's survival.

April Epner, till she was twelve, would go to sleep with a light on in her bedroom worried that her biological mother would exercise her rights and reclaim her from her adoptive family, in which the word "adoption" meant "hand-selected" and "precious." Now at thirty-six, she teaches Latin at a public high school outside of Boston, as she explains in her straightforward and mildly cynical way, satisfied with teaching something "no one cares

about." And by the end, April has learned what her own rights are -- that she has a right to her biological father and her adoptive parents, as much as her mother has had a right to access her life, and that she has a right to keep her story free from the tawdry voyeurism of "Bernice G!"

Bernice, as newfound mother, feels it her right to meddle in April's life, to phone her at school, pulling her out of the classroom to talk about anything at all, but mainly about Bernice and men and about April and men. Lipman centers most of the plot (and the humor) in the conflict between April's mild cynicism and wry commentary and Bernice's excess of personality and outrageous staging of her own life, which she considers a matter of self-preservation rather than falsehood: "I don't know what made me tell you that story, except self-preservation. ... Some call it lying. I see it as a superior intelligence programming your mouth. Things come out which might not make sense at face value, but which your brain directs you to say."

Despite April's tremendous love for her adoptive parents, who as far as she is concerned are her real parents, she always wished that they were like "other parents" -- didn't have accents, hadn't been victims of the Holocaust. With Bernice's appearance, after Trude and Julius' deaths, April has the chance to have a "normal" mother -- without the accent, without the life-shaping experience of persecution and survival. April discovers, however, (rather quickly) that Bernice is not "normal" either. Lipman points out that we all wish our parents were like "other parents" and part of growing up is learning to accept them for who and what they are -- just like we wish they would do for us -- just like April, tricky as it is, learns to do by the end of the novel.

Then She Found Me manages to render these life messages without moving into melodrama or cynicism. Lipman maintains a wry, affectionate wit that emerges as both droll and charming.

Walls

continued from page 1

cope with the same set of conditions as McClane's -- a Harlem childhood supplemented and complicated by attendance at New York's prestigious, almost entirely white, Collegiate School -- made him incomprehensible to his parents and siblings: with "...Paul play and truth were so intermeshed that they leaved the same root... with this spectacle, one thing was enormously clear: Paul was a difficult dancer. And as with all us artists, his mastery was also, for the rest of us, cause for contempt. We enjoyed his flights; but we also sensed, and poignantly, that they were had at our expense. Clearly we failed as listeners, for Paul had not sought to befuddle us; but we, as the majority, were in the position of power and could always depend on it as our last defense. And power, arguments to the contrary, is rarely generous."

The shock of Paul's death brought about the traumatic awareness of the distance that had arisen between the brothers and gave rise to the guilt that pervades this volume. Paul McClane's ghost haunts virtually every essay in the book and serves as a constant injunction to the author to confront the walls that the circumstances of his life had built between himself and others.

Confront, but not necessarily overcome. In "The School," an essay on McClane's years at the Collegiate School, the author writes of the

doubly alienating experience of being one of the few African-Americans at Collegiate and, consequently, of being a Collegiate boy living in Harlem. The results were, in their daily manifestations, painful, the more so for being grounded in a sense of being nowhere at home. McClane was forced to constantly remind himself where he was and what the rules for that environment were.

The experiences ingrained in him a sense of racial identity. Yet this sense of identity is clearly distinguished from a sense of belonging. In an essay on being invited to read his poetry at a Unity Day celebration, for instance, McClane's sense of alienation is tangible. "There is something invariable dreary about a people's commemoration," he writes. "Such celebrations are usually the provender of those who have far too little to celebrate about." When, after being kept waiting for hours, the poet's reading was finally and abruptly preempted by a disc jockey named "Plastic Man," who asked the audience, "Brothers and sisters, do you want to hear poetry or music," McClane and his wife "now desperately wanted to get out of town." One can certainly understand which; the situation is nevertheless indicative of the kind of dilemma McClane often seems to find himself in.

The other essays in the book explore these tensions in different contexts -- prisons, political protests, an exclusive resort community -- and

the resulting insights are often moving and illuminating. McClane writes in charged, poetic prose, occasionally leaving the feeling that there is almost too much energy, too much tension, packed into these brief pieces. The reader is drawn into the author's acts of expiation which, despite their singular origins, strike a universal chord.

Yet if there is a sense of guilt at the center of this book, it is a guilt that the author does not allow an easy forgiveness; if there is tension, it is a tension that he does not allow an easy dissolution. At several points he insists on the value of communication in bridging the distances between people, but his faith in its ability seems insecure. "You would have hated the lie I make of you," he writes in a poem to his brother, and one fears that he is right. It is impossible not to admire the honesty that acknowledges that the self-consolation "If I had it all to do over again, everything would have been different" is almost never true.

Near the end of *Walls*, McClane quotes James Baldwin -- a powerful influence on the author and the other ghost haunting the book's pages -- as saying that "The most difficult thing is to say yes to life -- after you've hurt people, after you've understood how much you can soil the world." McClane perhaps understands this difficulty better than most of us, and *Walls* is an eloquent -- and, one hopes, successful -- attempt to overcome it.

In the Way of Women:

Men's Resistance to Sex Equality in Organizations
By Cynthia Cockburn

Review By Kathryn Ward

Cynthia Cockburn, author of *Machinery and Dominance* and several other books, brings her exceptional skills as a feminist researcher to a study of equality activism in the workplace. In her new book, *In the Way of Women* (ILR Press, \$16.95 paper), she addresses the question of why women have achieved so little power despite widespread commitment to equal opportunity, and in doing so, offers a welcome synthesis of theories on gender, race, class, sexual preference, and disability.

This book explores the multifaceted resistance of white, heterosexual, able-bodied men to affirmative action policies. An eminently readable account of what many women workers have been experiencing over time, the book gives a compelling account of the success and pitfalls of affirmative action policies and programs even when implemented by well-meaning women, men, and organizations. Cockburn's research is based on case studies of four British organizations with formal commitments to equal opportunity policies -- a retail firm, a government department, a trade union, and a local elected body. Although set in Great Britain, the organizations and processes studied are very similar if not identical to situations in the United States and other European countries.

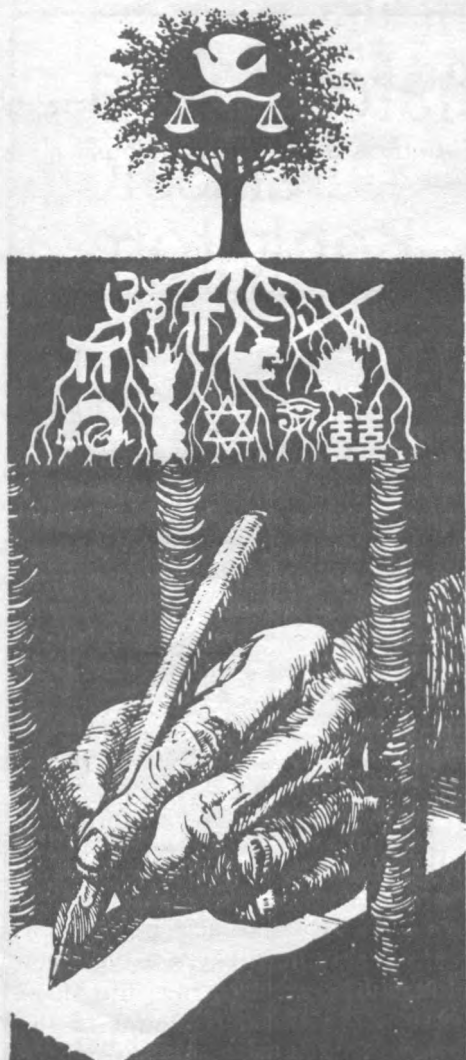
In sum, the book demonstrates, as sociologist Barbara Reskin has predicted, that white male workers overtly and covertly resist affirmative action policies and hires by controlling organizations and rule-making. At the same time the author discusses components of successful programs and positive strategies, in particular, where women have achieved more power in construction and implementation of policies for workers or union members. Given that affirmative action programs have been in effect for nearly twenty-five years, this account is very timely. What Rosabeth Moss Kanter's book *Men and Women of the Corporation* did to shape our understanding of tokens in the workplace of the 1970s and 1980s, this book will do for those of us working in the 1990s where employers increasingly will need to recruit and retain women and people of color.

In the Way of Women should prove enlightening to almost everyone and empowering to those working to transform organizations into truly inclusive workplaces.

Kathryn Ward is a Professor of Sociology and the Coordinator of Women's Studies at Southern Illinois University.



J. Michael Serino is a writer and editor living in Ithaca, New York.



Uncommon Martyrs

review by Gil Ott

Stillborn. Dead when delivered from the womb. That is how Fred A. Wilcox, author of *Waiting for an Army to Die: The Tragedy of Agent*

Orange and Grass Roots: An Anti-Nuke Source Book recently described his latest effort, *Uncommon Martyrs* (Addison Wesley, Inc. 1991). In America, observed Wilcox, we tend to marginalize individuals and groups who remind us of our mistakes and past sins. Native Americans. Vietnam Veterans. Iraqi children. "Please don't tell us about these things," we cry. "We're not interested and it's not all that important anyway." And we're right, you know. Life pretty much goes on for most of us whether or not Iraqi children are dying. Life pretty much goes on for most of us whether or not Vietnam Veterans continue to die from the effects of exposure to the herbicide Agent orange. Most of us will not think much about those native peoples displaced from their ancestral lands by a huge hydroelectric project in a place a thousand miles away. And so, too, will most of us ignore the actions of a small community of peace activists who bang on missile silos and Trident submarines with little hammers while quoting scriptures from the Bible.

Uncommon Martyrs is an uncommon look into the world of the Plowshares Movement and the Catholic Left. Daniel and Philip Berrigan, names well-known to most of us in the Vietnam generation, are a principal focus of the book. The Plowshares Movement is largely a movement they created. It began in Baltimore in 1967 when Philip Berrigan entered a local draft board and poured blood over the files containing the names of young men about to be called for military service. Less than a year later in Catonsville, Maryland Philip would do it again, this time joined by Daniel and several others.

Fred Wilcox introduces us to some

fascinating people. The Gradys of Ithaca, Vietnam Veteran Brian Willson, various grandmothers and assorted individuals from Catholic Worker projects are his main fare. Inspired by the Berrigans and Liz McAlister, Philip's wife, author and former nun, these individuals loosely form what is called the Atlantic Life Community. It is the heart of that community that Wilcox seeks to reveal. Grounded in the unwavering belief that all human life is sacred, Plowshares activists repeatedly and non-violently confront the military-industrial complex and the madness of attempting to achieve peace by preparing for war. Through their own arrest and imprisonment they put governments on trial. They argue the moral, social, political, economic and religious grounds that necessitate their breaking laws. They call Nobel Laureates, poets, corporate presidents, and high government officials as witnesses at their trials. They open as wide and global a dialog as the courts will allow.

For many of these activists prison has become a form of prayer as well as protest. Their willingness to endure long periods in jail is embarrassing to governments. Wilcox, himself on federal probation for attempting to enter the Seneca Army Depot, writes lovingly about Helen Woodson who, along with Father Carl Kabat, is serving an eighteen year sentence for a similar action. Jean and Joe Gump, recently released from nearly four years each in separate federal penitentiaries remind us that Christ admonished Peter to put down the sword, love God and, most importantly, to love our enemies. How could God possibly approve of the use of nuclear weapons, they ask.

In unraveling the stories of these

remarkable individuals, Wilcox struggles to provide us with some insight into their motives and beliefs. Why are they so willing to go to jail? What compels them to act? For some, it almost seems like a vocation. For others, perhaps it's a calling. *Uncommon Martyrs* raises nearly as many questions as it answers and in doing so it succeeds in challenging us to examine our own complacency in a world that is perilously close to self-destruction. If *Uncommon Martyrs* is stillborn, it is only because we refuse to listen to the voices of Helen Woodson, the Gumps, Gradys, Berrigans and perhaps most importantly of all, the voice of our own conscience.

Gil Ott is a Cornell Administrator and Vietnam veteran. He is a co-founder of local Chapter 38 of Veterans for Peace.

Stories of Everyday Courage

There's a special Ithaca slant to Joanne Bernstein and Bryna Fireside's *Special Parents, Special Children* (Albert Whitman, 64 pp.; \$11.50), a book about how children relate to their physically challenged parents. Readers will recognize the family of Bob Holdsworth, local attorney and former member of the city's Common Council, and photos of the buildings he helped to make handicap accessible.

Wheelchair-bound due to a viral infection he contracted while serving with the U.S. Army in Germany, Holdsworth recounts his determined efforts to navigate the Cornell campus, where he earned his bachelors and law degrees. But the book's notable import is to make stories of families like the Holdsworths' relevant to children. It succeeds by having youngsters like Adam Holdsworth tell, in their own words, about adventures such as the family's trip to Disney World.

It becomes evident that travel, like most matters we take for granted, requires a lot of advance planning for parents who are impaired in mobility or -- as in the stories of other families included -- in vision, hearing or stature. Adults of the four families tell how they overcame barriers and prejudices. The voices of their children show that an appreciation of their parents' everyday courage led to an understanding of how little physical differences really matter.

Ammons

continued from page 5

the privileged and the unfortunate few. But I feel that everyone should be able to write poems, though something happens between the impulse and the product for most people so that the poem never gets out, it never gets said.

Q. "Identity in me's a black, clear bead" -- that's part of a line from your long poem *Sphere*. It reminded me of Keats, who claimed the poet can have no identity; that he is continually "filling some other body." Do you agree with him?

A. Well, I certainly think that the poet projects himself into certain of the things and actions around him, like sparrows pecking at seeds -- I think that's what Keats used there -- but what is it really that's projected? Isn't it very likely the nature of the poet -- that he projects onto other things, modified by the things themselves? But it's our own projections that we then have to suffer in return, and I should think that the truth lies somewhere between that black bead and the resilience of identity that Keats speaks of. His statement seems to me to be true in the extreme, but probably not accurate to real situations.

Q. You once told me that the line-breaks in one of your poems were determined solely by the typewriter's "ding." What else can determine a line's length? What is a line of poetry? Does anything qualify?

A. I think not. It seems to me that the tens... (Pause) You can take out all these "seems to me." I say that a lot, don't I? Do I say, "it seems to me?" Well, in any case, because, you know, I am just thinking this, at this moment, and it does just seem to me, and it might not seem to me this way tomorrow. But let's say that the tension you have in line-making on the page is between the motion of the line across the page and the motion of the poem down the page. So, obviously, the more rapidly the poem goes down the page, the more rapidly it's breaking the lines that go across the page. So you

have a very beautiful cross to bear there -- and which is going to achieve the dominance, the downward movement or the across-movement? It seems to me that you could get so extreme in breaking up the downward movement that you'd have hardly any lines left at all; and on the other hand, if you had a wide enough sheet of paper, you could write a line so long that it would almost never go down the page. So I think, yes, you can get out of real lines, and I think that probably the good intermediate point is the pentameter -- at least it has proved that way in much of English poetry. What I meant by the "ding" was that I went just beyond the pentameter, into maybe hexameter or heptameter, and it left me with a rather interesting obscure feeling at the end of the line as to whether or not the line had reached its normal length or overreached it before going to the next one. Really fun. A kind of dwelling in confusion at the end of the line before you begin the next one.

Q. Czeslaw Milosz has written that "poems should be written rarely and reluctantly, under unbearable duress and only with the hope/ that good spirits, not evil ones, choose us for their instruments." Is that an axiom all poets should follow?

A. Well, I think all poets should write the best they can and under whatever impetus they can, but Mr. Milosz's axiom sounds like a good one to me. I really think that the individual poet should do whatever works for him. I think it's possible for the right kind of poet to write a great poem every day of his life. I don't know anyone who does that, but...

Q. Must poets be exiles -- if not from a country or place, at least from a state of mind?

A. Probably. Self-consciousness and perhaps consciousness itself arises from being marginal enough to take rather whole views of the conventions around oneself.

Q. Are poets moral creatures -- or are they as dirty and confused as everyone else?

A. They're deeply moral creatures -- even when they're clean. (Laughter) I could

talk about that one for a year, but let's let it go at that, if you want to. (Pause) I'll try to say something very briefly. It seems to me -- Oh God, there I go with the "it seems to me" again -- the action of the poet is symbolic or representative of other central actions in life. As such, it embodies values, as does behavior in other spheres of life. For example, longwindedness would be valued or not, in a poet, and that would be representative of whether or not the society valued longwindedness; and this would apply to every other characteristic -- dissonance, for example. Music today imitates to some extent the noise of the street, the urban situation, by an imitative kind of dissonance. All these effects -- and there are so many I can't go into them -- are symbolically present as valuations in poems.

Q. Are you concerned with the future of America -- of American poetry in particular?

A. Not at all.

Q. Is there an audience for American poetry that does not include poets?

A. Yes, but they don't know it. The population would have to know what can take place in poetry to know that a central, the central activity of their minds and lives is symbolically represented by poems, but they have not been taught that; they've been taught a good many jingles and jangles and techniques and so on but they have no idea of the resource that's available to them in poems.

Q. An unfortunate number of American poets writing today seem to have tin ears. Has American poetry lost touch with poetry's oral tradition?

A. Well, perhaps it has lost touch with the oral tradition, but that doesn't mean that with their tin ears these poets are not saying something very valuable about their society. They may find that society itself is not harmonious, not melodic, but tinny and distracting and nerve-wracking. So their tin ears may be their greatest gift. For example, think of Emerson, who said he had no ear for music -- and indeed he

didn't -- and compare him to Mr. Longfellow, whose lines were beautifully poetic and melodic and harmonious. Today we can hardly bear to read Mr. Longfellow, because that doesn't sound like our world, and yet the cragginess and dissonance of Mr. Emerson feels like our native America, and we love it and read it with great pleasure. Was that an unexpected answer?

Q. You recently suffered a heart attack, and underwent triple bypass surgery. You were anesthetized, you said, for over six hours. How did you feel on your return to the living?

A. Just the same as usual.

Q. If you could do it all over again -- your life, I mean -- would you do anything differently?

A. I probably couldn't do anything differently. And if I had to do it over again exactly the same, I think I would choose not to.

*Timothy Muskat, a former student of A.R. Ammons, teaches and studies English at Cornell University. A book of his poems, *Murmurs from the Bogswamp's Gloaming*, was recently published by the Grapevine Press.*

Feeding, continued from page 4

and storytelling as an essential and customary part of religious observance. How joyous. And how ordinary. Marge took an interest and we read new poems to each other; like her writing, her reading of my work-in-progress was sharp and sensitive.

P'town is also home to some of the most positive thinking among PWAs and their partners and friends that I have encountered. AIDS awareness increases not just with the number of new stones in the town cemetery; the community's sense of how to deal with the stages and recurrent cycles of grief is loving and well-practiced. Emotions transform into creative expression, both artistic and interpersonal.

My fellow FAWC Fellows hailed from Hawaii to Poland, ranged in age from 24 to 44, and refused in as many ways as possible to be categorized. Some were novelists, some were painters. Some kept a grueling and undeviating work schedule. Some let the reservoir fill after years of labors. Some were regulars at the Holiday Inn's free nightly movie, with reel to reel projection and a weekly change of program. Some played ping pong in the Common Room every night at 2:00 a.m.

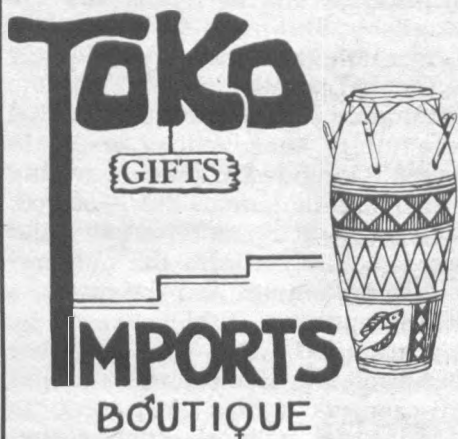
Living alongside visual artists was a rich experience. I witnessed incredible art created from driftwood and sea flotsam. I learned about sculptors who work on installations rather than separate pieces, and I collaborated with sculptor Beverly Ress to produce a three-dimensional poem -- flat on the page -- for Provincetown Arts. With more than one creative mind employed, the need for clear verbal communication obviates most of the soloist's trivial questions and doubts. We found collaboration to be half the work and twice the play of individual creation.

The Fine Arts Work Center was founded in 1968 by a group of eminent artists and writers to encourage and support emerging talent. I know of no comparable place -- FAWC Fellows are free to plan and pursue their own activities; they are given a peaceful, supportive environment in which to work (though I was more comfortable in the luxurious Buick Regal a friend had loaned me than in my cottage, which like the other living quarters for Fellows is euphemistically described as minimal); the residency period is long enough to call it real time.

At the end of April when I was packing to move home to Ithaca, Stanley Kunitz arrived to open his house for the season. When I feel discouraged, this poet's lifework restores my perspective on the vitality and the necessity of the art. Since I was the 1990-91 Stanley Kunitz Fellow, I made a bold phone call to ask if he needed help in his garden. For a few hours we puttered, the light shifted, the gulls busied themselves watching the tideline. Pruning the ivy while Stanley, one of the founders of the Work Center, watered flower beds, I was absorbed in the work of poetry.

Mary Gilliland's poetry has appeared in Anima, Spoon River Quarterly, Yellow Silk and other magazines. She is the author of Gathering Fire. She was selected as the 1990-91 Fellow at the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown.

Ethnic musical instruments



Dewitt Mall
Ithaca 277-3780

ELAN

POSTERS & PRINTS
GREETING CARDS
CUSTOM FRAMING

114 WEST STATE ST.
ITHACA, NY 14850
(607) 272-2927

Get Noticed
in

the
BOOKPRESS

For Advertising
Information Call

(607) 273-5055

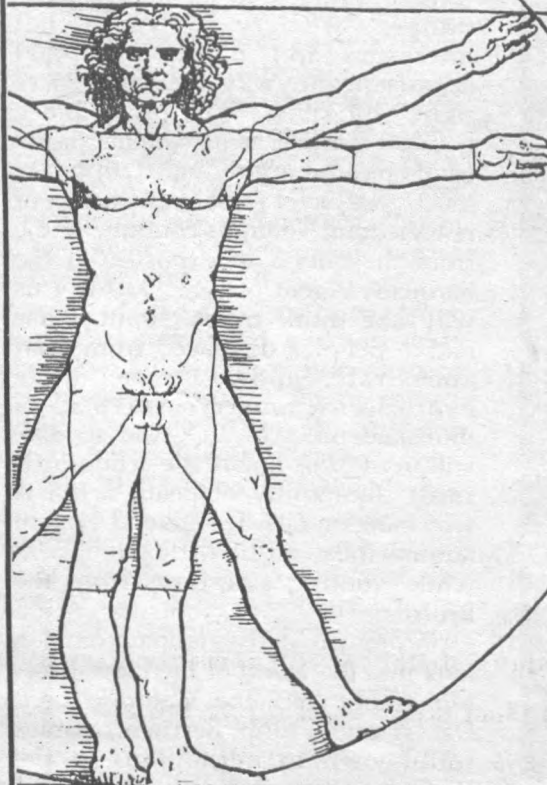
handcrafts, jewelry & clothing
from the artisans of the world



David Zwiebel • Marta Macbeth
Joan Romm

Center Ithaca • Ithaca, NY.
14850 • (607) 272-2115

Anatomy of a
Classic
Bookstore



BOOKERY I I

philosophy
literary criticism
social theory

history
politics
current events

science
anthropology
psychology

art
architecture
music
film

fiction
poetry
drama
children's books

travel
maps
atlases

THE BOOKERY I & II

DeWitt Mall
(corner of Buffalo & Cayuga Sts.)
Downtown Ithaca • 607/273-5055

the
BOOKPRESS

the Bookpress offers a monthly forum for writers, critics, and interested readers, as well as book reviews, arts news, a calendar of literary events, and much more! Make sure you don't miss a single issue of this exciting new publication. **Subscribe today**, and the next ten issues of the Bookpress will be delivered to your door for the same price per month offered at the newsstands.
1 year for only \$7.50!

Yes! I want to receive the next 10 issues of the Bookpress at my doorstep!

Name: _____

Address: _____

Payment by: _____ Acct. No. _____
— Check or Money Order Expiration Date _____
— Visa Signature _____
— MasterCard
— Discover

send orders to:
THE BOOKPRESS, DeWitt Building, 215 N. Cayuga St., Ithaca, NY 14850

**LITTLETREE
ORCHARDS**

LOTS OF EASY PICKIN'
APPLES

OPEN DAILY THRU OCTOBER
8AM until dark
345 Shaffer Road
Newfield, New York
564-9246

LECTURE and BOOKSIGNING

sponsored by The Bookery

Sunday September 8, 4pm

One flight up in the office complex Atrium of the Dewitt Mall

Frederick Ahl

Sophocles' Oedipus

Evidence and Self-Conviction

In his lively book, Frederick Ahl, Professor of Classics at Cornell, reexamines the Oedipus myth. He convincingly argues that Oedipus is not in fact guilty of killing his father and marrying his mother. He is, rather, self-convicted, and language is the weapon he turns against himself in reaching his verdict. \$12.95 paper



New
from

Autographed copies of Professor Ahl's new book will be available for purchase after the lecture.

Cornell University Press

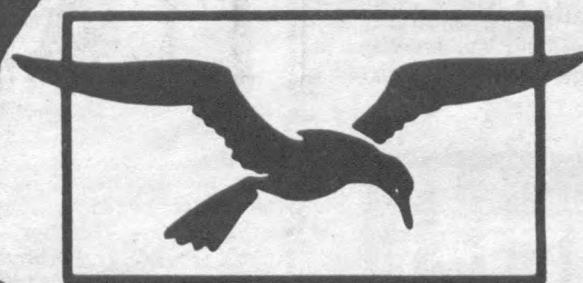
The Lies Boys Tell

Reading and Booksigning

Sunday
October 13
4:00 pm

One flight up in the office complex Atrium of the Dewitt Mall

Lamar Herrin is a professor at Cornell University and the winner of the Associated Writing Program Award for the Novel in 1991. In his latest novel, a dying father asks his estranged son to help him die in the very bed in which he was born. The reconciliation between the two men is a journey of love and hard-won second chances.

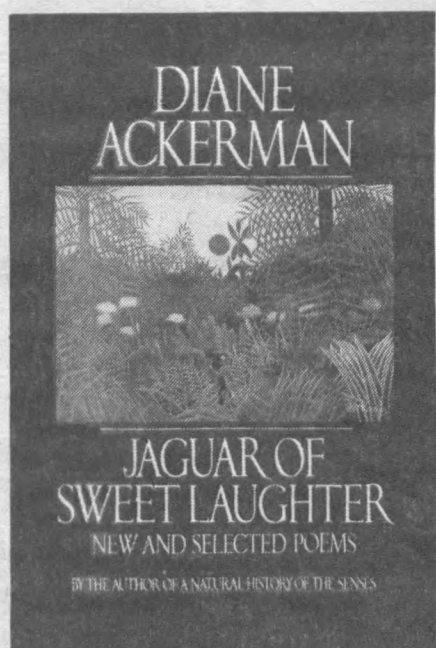


New From W. W. Norton & Company, Inc.

Reading and Booksigning at The Bookery

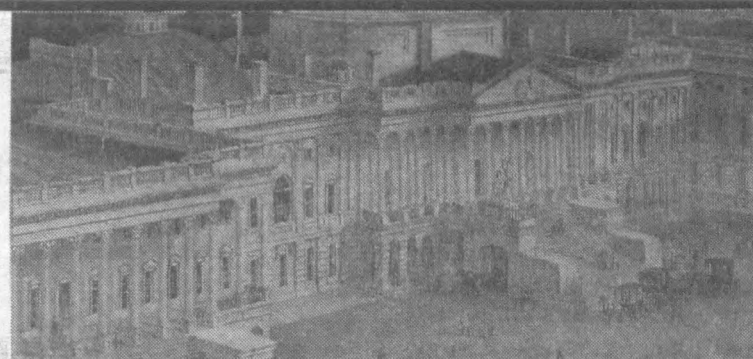
Sunday, November 3, 4:00 pm

One flight up in the office complex
Atrium of the Dewitt Mall



Diane Ackerman is a professor at Cornell and a staff writer for the New Yorker. She is the author of nine books of poetry and prose, including *A Natural History of the Senses*, which will also be available in a new paperback edition at the reading.

New from Random House \$18.00 paper



New from
University of North
Carolina Press

John Reps

"Washington on View: The
Nation's Capitol since 1790"

A Lecture, Slide Presentation, & Booksigning

Sunday, November 17, 4:00 pm

One flight up in the office complex
Atrium of the Dewitt Mall

As our nation's capitol, Washington D.C. is an important symbol for all citizens. John Reps will capture the many stages of growth of this city since 1790 through reproductions of engravings, aquatints, lithographs, newspaper photographs and artist's renditions in this unusual reconstruction of a capitol city during its formative periods. \$49.95 cloth.

RECENT ARRIVALS at The Bookery

City of Quartz

Excavating the Future in Los Angeles
Mike Davis, photographs by Robert Morrow
462 pp. \$24.95 Verso, 1990

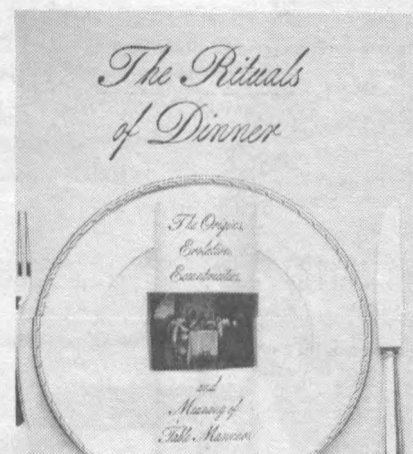
Mike Davis recounts the story of Los Angeles with passion, wit, and an acute eye for the absurd, the unjust, and, often, the dangerous. As a slew of greed, megalomania and corruption wreaks ever more havoc on his native city, Davis's elegiac tale points to a future in which the sublime and the dreadful are inextricable, a future does not belong to Southern California alone.

The Rituals of Dinner

The Origins, Evolution, Eccentricities, and Meaning of Table Manners
Margaret Visser
432 pp. \$22.95 Grove Weidenfeld, 1991

When we eat together, we bring our culture with us, with all the possibilities for pleasure and danger that implies. Throughout our history, table manners have been one way of keeping the peace, of domesticating some of the wilder aspects of human -- especially men's -- behavior. In showing us why we act as we do, Margaret Visser provides a history of how we handle the mightiest of necessities and most potent of symbols, a medium through which we express goodwill, animosity, and our sense of place in society.

City of Quartz



Goethe: The Poet and the Age

Volume 1: *The Poetry of Desire (1749-1790)*
Nicholas Boyle
807 pp. \$37.50 Oxford, 1991

In 1880, Nietzsche observed that Goethe had been "not just a good and great man, but an entire culture." This biography covers the period from Goethe's birth up to 1790. It is about the great movements of the revolutionary age that he lived in as much as it is about Goethe himself. As T.S. Eliot put it, "Goethe is about as unrepresentative of his Age as a man of genius can be." It is that genius which this book celebrates.

Goethe

The Poet and the Age



The Origins of American Social Science

Dorothy Ross
508 pp. \$29.95 Cambridge, 1991

Professor Ross argues that American social science receives its distinct stamp from the ideology of American exceptionalism, the idea that America occupies an exceptional place in history, based on her republican government and wide economic opportunity. Under the influence of this national self-conception, Americans believed that their history was set on a millennial course, exempted from historical change and from the mass poverty and class conflict of Europe, until after the Civil War. The development of the social science disciplines is a story of efforts to evade and tame historical transformation in the interest of exceptionalist ideals.



Difference and Subjectivity

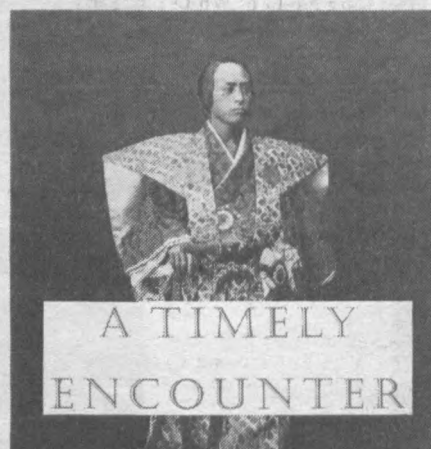
Dialogue and Personal Identity
Francis Jacques
translated by Andrew Rothwell
374 pp. \$40.00 Yale, 1991

In this prize-winning book, first published in France in 1982, Jacques develops a new relational model of the subject: personal identity, he says, is largely defined in the course of communicating with others. And the self, of subject, must not only identify both parties to the conversation ("you" and "me") but also the absent third party ("him" or "her"). Jacques draws upon linguistics, literary criticism, theories of artificial intelligence, psychoanalysis, and theology for support, applying rigorous logic to works as diverse as *Walden* and *Alice and Wonderland*.

Making Their Mark

Women Artists Move into the Mainstream, 1970-1985
Randy Rosen et al.
300 pp. \$29.95 pap. Abbeville Press, 1989

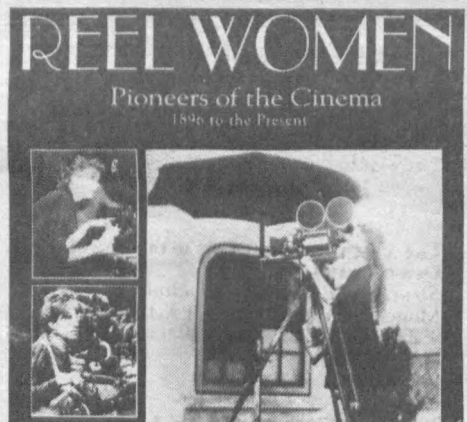
The artwork and essays in this book have been compiled as a picture of a unique period, 1970-85. One of the most striking characteristics of that period was the prominent and catalytic role played by so many women in redirecting and redefining the interest of mainstream art. Essays in *Making their Mark* deal with the definition of the mainstream, its influence on future thinking, and the need to become a part of it in order to change it.



Rivethead

Tales from the Assembly Line
Ben Hamper, foreword by Michael Moore
234 pp. \$19.95 Warner, 1991

A former assembly line riveter at GM's Flint, Michigan truck and bus plant who rose to national prominence when his writing appeared in *Harpers*, *Esquire*, and *Mother Jones*, Hamper uses hard-edged, vernacular prose to illuminate the world of the automobile builder and lunchpail carrier. *Rivethead* is more than a vivid and searingly honest portrait of life on the assembly line. It is also the hilarious chronicle of how Hamper's writing caught the attention of the nation's literati and made the Rivethead a blue-collar hero and media sensation -- much to GM's chagrin.



Reel Women

Pioneers of the Cinema, 1896 to the Present
Ally Acker, foreword by Judith Crist,
afterword by Marc Wanamaker
374 pp. \$34.95 Continuum, 1991

We know about Griffith, Eisenstein, Hitchcock, Truffaut, and Scorsese. But what about Blaché, Weber, Dulac, Lupino, and von Trotta? *Reel Women* is an unconventional and unforgettable look at the women directors, producers, editors, writers, technicians, and stunt women who have helped shape the history of movies but whose contributions have been too long ignored.

Rethinking Popular Culture

Contemporary Perspectives in Cultural Studies
Chandra Mukerji & Michael Schudson, eds.
501 pp. \$15.95 pap.
University of California, 1991

Elastic and wide-ranging, *Rethinking Popular Culture* includes works by thinkers from a number of humanities and social science disciplines. The essays present some of the most important current scholarship analyzing popular culture, treating central concerns such as the meaning of "text" and whether the "author" or audience is its producer; the role of "performance" in social life; and the differentiation of cultural tastes and practices by class, gender, and ethnicity.

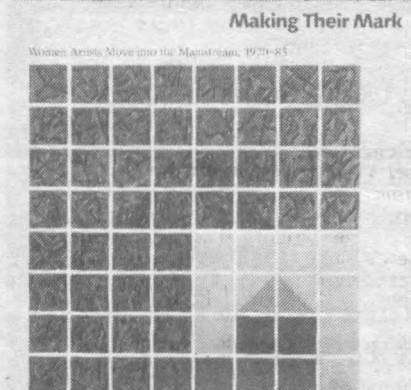
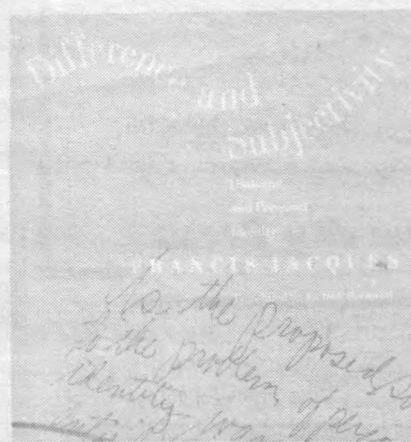
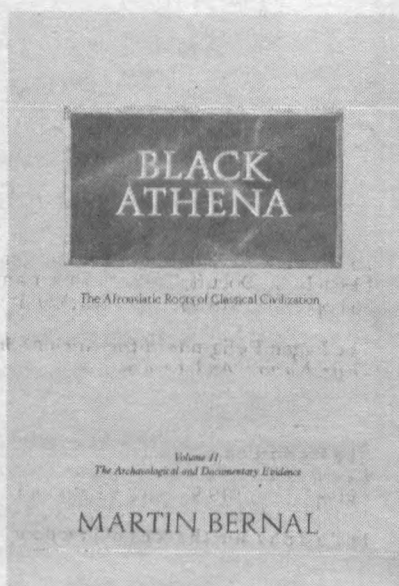
Black Athena: The Afroasiatic Roots of Classical Civilization

Volume II: *The Archaeological and Documentary Evidence*
Martin Bernal
736 pp. \$16.95 pap. Rutgers, 1991

This volume is the second in a projected four-part series concerned with the competition between two historical models for the origins of Greek civilization. The model current today is the Aryan Model, according to which Greek culture arose as the result of the conquest from the north. The Ancient Model, which was the model maintained in Classical Greece, held that the native population of Greece had initially been civilized by Egyptian and Phoenician colonists. Martin Bernal proposes a Revised Ancient Model, according to which the Indo-European aspects of Greek language and culture should be recognized as fundamental and the considerable non-Indo-European elements should be seen largely as Egyptian and Levantine additions to this basis.

Rethinking POPULAR CULTURE

CONTEMPORARY PERSPECTIVES
IN CULTURAL STUDIES



A Timely Encounter

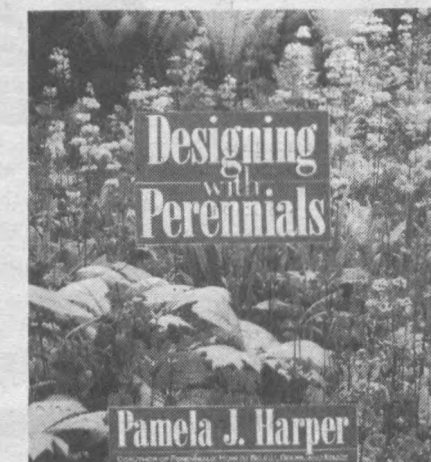
Nineteenth-Century Photographs of Japan
Melissa Banta and Susan Taylor, eds.
71 pp. \$16.95
Peabody Museum, 1988

Photographs from this exhibit document a wide spectrum of Japanese life and culture, contributing to our understanding of this period in historical, photographic, anthropological, and art-historical terms. Four essays present four different approaches to the study of these photographs, including the history of the collections and the role of the collectors, the history of the emergence of photography in Japan within the context of the country's changing social and cultural atmosphere, and the analysis of the photographs within the context of European photography and art.

Designing with Perennials

Pamela J. Harper
326 pp. \$55.00 Macmillan, 1991

A comprehensive and inspiring volume on the use of these versatile plants in the garden, *Designing with Perennials* begins with the topic of making choices, often the most difficult for beginning and experienced gardeners alike. The heart of the book is an extensive chapter on color, with guidelines on time-tested combinations and accidental or inspired mixes that work especially well. Other chapters discuss topics such as covering ground, the mixed garden, and garden features and ornaments. Containing 300 photographs taken by the author, *Designing with Perennials* is an indispensable source of ideas for any gardener at any level.



FORTHCOMING BOOKS

at The Bookery

Arts, Crafts, and Architecture

- Pablo Picasso**
A "First Impressions" Book
John Beardsley
92 pp. \$18.95 Abrams
- Claude Monet**
A "First Impressions" Book
Ann Waldron
92 pp. \$18.95 Abrams
- Textile Designs**
Two Hundred Years of European and American Patterns for Printed Fabrics Organized by Motif, Style, Color, Layout, and Period
Susan Meller and Joost Elffers
464 pp. \$65.00 Abrams

- Photography in Nineteenth-Century America**
Martha A. Sandweiss, ed.
352 pp. \$49.50 Abrams

- American Genre Painting**
The Politics of Everyday Life
Elizabeth Johns
288 pp. \$50.00 Yale

- Art as Art**
The Selected Writings of Ad Reinhardt
Barbara Rose, ed.
253 pp. \$12.95 pap. California

- Le Corbusier and the Mystique of the USSR**
Theories and Projects for Moscow, 1928-1936
Jean-Louis Cohen
300 pp. \$49.50 Princeton

Biography

- Michel Foucault**
Didier Eribon
448 pp. \$27.95 Harvard

- Alexander of Macedon, 356-323 B.C.**
A Historical Biography
Peter Green
650 pp. \$34.95 California

- Vladimir Nabokov**
The American Years
Brian Boyd
735 pp. \$35.00 Princeton

Children's

- Children of Promise**
African-American Literature and Art for Young People
Charles Sullivan, ed.
120 pp. \$24.95 Abrams

- The Mermaid and the Major**
or The True Story of the Invention of the Submarine
Francisco Melendez, adapted by Robert Morton
64 pp. \$24.95 Abrams

Fiction

- Bruegel, or the Workshop of Dreams**
Claude-Henri Rocquet; Nora Scott, trans.
224 pp. \$24.95 Chicago

- The Long Night of White Chickens**
Francisco Goldman
448 pp. \$21.95 Atlantic

- The Complete Works of François Rabelais**
François Rabelais
992 pp. \$60.00 California

Gender Studies

- Silencing the Self**
Depression and Women
Dana Crowley Jack
256 pp. \$19.95 Harvard

- Seductions**
Studies in Reading and Culture
Jane Miller
208 pp. \$22.95 Harvard

- Women of the Renaissance**
Margaret L. King
328 pp. \$16.95 pap. Chicago

- Medieval Misogyny and the Invention of Western Romantic Love**
R. Howard Bloch
304 pp. \$17.95 pap. Chicago

- Primate Paradigms**
Sex Roles and Social Bonds
Linda Marie Fedigan
396 pp. \$18.95 pap. Chicago

- Sisters and Strangers**
An Introduction to Contemporary Feminist Fiction
Patricia Duncker
320 pp. \$19.95 pap. Blackwell

- Engendering Culture**
Manhood and Womanhood in the New Deal Public Art and Theater
Barbara Melosh
312 pp. \$24.95 pap. Smithsonian

History and Area Studies

- A History of Private Life**
Volume V: Riddles of Identity in Modern Times
Philippe Aries & Georges Duby, gen. eds.
736 pp. \$39.95 Harvard

- The Awakening of the Soviet Union**
Enlarged Edition
Geoffrey Hosking
224 pp. \$10.95 pap. Harvard

- The Healing Hand**
Man and Wound in the Ancient World
Guido Majno, M.D.
616 pp. \$19.95 pap. Harvard

- Marvelous Possessions**
The Wonder of the New World
Stephen Greenblatt
232 pp. \$24.95 Chicago

- Early Antiquity**
I.M. Diakonoff
486 pp. \$49.95 Chicago

- The Surreptitious Speech**
Présence Africaine and the Politics of Otherness 1947-1987
V.Y. Mudimbe, ed.
368 pp. \$19.95 pap. Chicago

- The Columbia History of Eastern Europe in the Twentieth Century**
Joseph Held, ed.
400 pp. \$29.95 pap. Columbia

- Before the Revolution**
The Vietnamese Peasants Under the French
Ngo Vinh Long
320 pp. 14.50 pap. Columbia
- Charlotte Perkins Gilman**
A Nonfiction Reader
Larry Ceplair
320 pp. \$20.00 pap. Columbia

- The Blackwell Encyclopedia of the American Revolution**
Jack P. Greene and J.R. Pole, eds.
864 pp. \$49.95 Blackwell

- France in the Middle Ages 987-1460**
From Hugh Capet to Joan of Arc
Georges Duby; Juliet Vale, trans.
600 pp. \$49.95 Blackwell

- Seeds of Change**
A Quincentennial Commemoration
Herman J. Viola and Carolyn Margolis, eds.
280 pp. \$24.95 pap. Smithsonian

- A Season of Stones**
Living in a Palestinian Village
Helen Winternitz
288 pp. \$21.95 Atlantic

- Barcelonas**
Manuel Vázquez Montalbán; Andrew Robinson, trans.
280 pp. \$34.95 Routledge

- The Jew's Body**
Sander Gilman
256 pp. \$14.95 pap. Routledge

- The Wages of Whiteness**
Race and the Making of the American Working Class
David R. Roediger
192 pp. \$16.95 pap. Routledge

Literary Theory

- "Coming to Writing" and Other Essays**
Hélène Cixous
232 pp. \$24.95 Harvard

- Language and Symbolic Power**
Pierre Bourdieu
320 pp. \$34.95 Harvard

- Minor Prophecies**
The Literary Essay in the Culture Wars
Geoffrey H. Hartman
264 pp. \$29.95 Harvard

- Self-Discovery and Authority in Afro-American Literature**
Valerie Smith
176 pp. \$10.95 pap. Harvard

- Culture and Anomie**
Ethnographic Imagination in the Nineteenth Century
Christopher Herbert
312 pp. \$16.95 pap. Chicago

- The Rhetoric of English India**
Sara Suleri
232 pp. \$24.95 Chicago

- Chaos and Order**
Complex Dynamics in Literature and Science
N. Katherine Hayles, ed.
312 pp. \$14.95 pap. Chicago

- Gone Primitive**
Savage Intellectuals, Modern Lives
Marianna Torgovnick
340 pp. \$14.95 pap. Chicago

- Modernity and Identity**
Scott Lash and Johnathan Friedman, eds.
448 pp. \$19.95 pap. Blackwell

- Storming the Reality Studio**
A Casebook of Cyberpunk and Postmodern Science Fiction
Larry McCaffery, ed.
344 pp. \$17.95 pap. Duke

- The Politics of Liberal Education**
Darryl J. Gless and Barbara Herrnstein Smith, eds.
288 pp. \$14.95 pap. Duke

- Figures of Resistance**
Language, Poetry, and Narrating in The Tale of Genji and other Mid-Heian Texts
H. Richard Okada
392 pp. \$21.95 pap. Duke

- Satire or Evasion?**
Black Perspectives on Huckleberry Finn
James S. Leonard, Thomas A. Tenney, and Thadious M. Davis, eds.
288 pp. \$17.95 pap. Duke

- The Columbia History of the American Novel**
Emery Elliott, gen. ed.
800 pp. \$59.95 Columbia

- Left Politics and the Literacy Profession**
Lennard Davis and M. Bella Mirabella
320 pp. \$16.50 pap. Columbia

- A Lure of Knowledge**
Lesbian Sexuality and Theory
Judith Roof
304 pp. \$40.00 pap. Columbia

Nature, Ecology, and Gardening

- The Balance of Nature?**
Ecological Issues in the Conservation of Species and Communities
Stuart L. Pimm
464 pp. \$26.95 pap. Chicago

- Sierra Club**
100 years of Protecting Nature
Tom Turner
288 pp. \$49.50 Abrams

- The Golden Age of American Gardens**
Proud Owners & Private Estates 1890-1940
Mac Griswold & Eleanor Weller
420 pp. \$75.00 Abrams

- Ecology, Economics, Ethics**
The Broken Circle
F. Herbert Bormann & Stephen R. Kellert, eds.
224 pp. \$26.50 Yale

Performing Arts

The Blackwell Guide to Recorded Jazz

- Barry Kernfeld, ed.
480 pp. \$24.95 Blackwell

- The Dictionary of Theatre Anthropology**
The Secret Art of the Performer
Eugenio Barba and Nicola Savarese; Richard Fowler, trans.
272 pp. \$29.95 pap. Routledge

- Femmes Fatales**
Mary Ann Doane
320 pp. \$19.95 pap. Routledge

- A Balletmaker's Handbook**
Joan Lawson
112 pp. \$18.95 pap. Routledge

- In a Lonely Street**
Film Noir, Genre, and Masculinity
Frank Krutnik
256 pp. \$15.95 pap. Routledge

- The Body in the Mirror**
Shapes of History in Italian Cinema
Angela Dalle Vacche
357 pp. 19.95 pap. Princeton

Philosophy and Religion

- Parables in Midrash**
Narrative and Exegesis in Rabbinic Literature
David Stern
352 pp. \$34.95 Harvard

- Fundamentalisms Observed**
Martin E. Marty and R. Scott Appleby, eds.
576 pp. \$40.00 Chicago

- The Irigaray Reader**
Margaret Whitford, ed.
252 pp. \$19.95 Blackwell

- Hipparchia's Choice**
An Essay Concerning Women and Philosophy
Michele Le Doeuff; Trista Selous, trans.
368 pp. \$19.95 Blackwell

- The Pagan Religions of the Ancient British Isles**
Their Nature And Legacy
Ronald Hutton
288 pp. \$29.95 Blackwell

- The Production of Space**
Henri Lefebvre; Donald Nicholson-Smith, trans.
448 pp. \$19.95 pap. Blackwell

- Philosophy and the Idea of Freedom**
Roy Bhaskar
200 pp. \$19.95 pap. Blackwell

Poetry

- Sappho's Lyre**
Archaic Lyric and Women Poets of Ancient Greece
Diane Raynor, trans.
230 pp. \$10.95 pap. California

- The Illuminated Books of William Blake**
Jerusalem: The Emanation of the Great Albion
Morton D. Paley, ed.
292 pp. \$75.00 Princeton

- The Illuminated Books of William Blake**
Songs of Innocence and of Experience
Andrew Lincoln, ed.
212 pp. \$59.50 Princeton

Political and Social Theory

- Video Kids**
Making Sense of Nintendo
Eugene F. Provenzo, Jr.
192 pp. \$9.95 pap. Harvard

- The Vichy Syndrome**
History and Memory in France Since 1944
Henry Rousso; Arthur Goldhammer, trans.
392 pp. \$37.50 Harvard

- Entangled Objects**
Exchange, Material Culture, and Colonialism in the Pacific
Nicholas Thomas
272 pp. \$14.95 pap. Harvard

- False Promises**
The Shaping of American Working Class Consciousness
(new introduction and epilogue by the author)
Stanley Aronowitz
500 pp. \$14.95 pap. Duke

- The Crisis of Socialism in Europe**
Christiane Lemke and Gary Marks, eds.
248 pp. \$14.95 pap. Duke

- Prison Notebooks**
Volume I
Antonio Gramsci
616 pp. \$45.00 Columbia

- The Heidegger Controversy**
A Critical Reader
Richard Wolin, ed.
304 pp. \$35.00 Columbia

- The Blackwell Encyclopaedia of Political Thought**
David Miller, ed.
584 pp. \$27.95 pap. Blackwell

- The Making of Economic Policy**
Steven M. Sheffrin
248 pp. \$19.95 pap. Blackwell

- The Athenian Democracy in the Age of Demosthenes**
Structure, Principles and Ideology
Mogens Herman Hansen; J.A. Crook, trans.
432 pp. \$24.95 pap. Blackwell

- Swearing**
A Social history of Foul Language, Oaths and Profanity in English
Geoffrey Hughes
304 pp. \$24.95 Blackwell

- Unthinking Social Science**
The Limits of Nineteenth-Century Paradigms
Immanuel Wallerstein
288 pp. \$19.95 pap. Blackwell

Psychology

- Origins of the Modern Mind**
Three Stages in the Evolution of Culture and Cognition
Merlin Donald
448 pp. \$27.95 Harvard

- Oedipus and Beyond**
A Clinical Theory
Jay Greenberg
320 pp/ \$29.95 Harvard

- Freud's Moses**
Judaism Terminable and Interminable
Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi
208 pp. \$25.00 Yale

- Identity Crisis**
Modernity, Psychoanalysis, and Self
Stephen Frosh
240 pp. \$14.95 pap. Routledge

Science, Math, and Computers

- One Long Argument**
Charles Darwin and the Genesis of Modern Evolutionary Thought
Ernst Mayr
192 pp. \$19.95 Harvard

- Quantum Implications**
Essays in Honor of David Bohm
Basil Hiley and F. David Peat, eds.
384 pp. \$18.95 pap. Routledge

- Chance and Chaos**
David Ruelle
190 pp. \$24.95 Princeton

PENGUIN
USA



New in Paperback this Fall!

Men Confront Pornography, edited by Michael S. Kimmel, \$10.95
The General in his Labyrinth, by Gabriel Garcia Marquez, \$9.95
Eunuchs for the Kingdom of Heaven: Women, Sexuality and the Catholic Church,
 by Uta Ranke-Heinemann, \$10.95
The Indian Lawyer, by James Welch, \$8.95
Cheap Novelties: Tales of Urban Decay, by Ben Katchor, \$14.95
My Son's Story, by Nadine Gordimer, \$9.95



Random House/Crown Publishing

Perfect Health: The Complete Mind/Body Guide
 by Deepak Chopra (author of Quantum Healing), \$12.00

Time's Arrow, by Martin Amis, \$18.00

Bring the Noise: A Guide to Rap Music and Hip-Hop Culture
 by Havelock Nelson and Michael Gonzales, \$12.00

Penguin **PRISM OF THE NIGHT** BIOGRAPHY OF ANNE RICE USA

Prism of the Night: A Biography of Anne Rice
 by Katherine Ramsland, \$22.95

Anne Rice, whose vivid supernatural themes have captured a huge audience, has led a life fully as unusual as her fiction. Born into an eccentric New Orleans family and brought up by an alcoholic mother, she took refuge as a child in her fertile imagination. In Haight Ashbury in the '60s, she witnessed the birth of feminism and gay rights, two influences which left a lasting mark upon her writing. Interview with the Vampire took a surprised world by storm with its dark tale of a sympathetic vampire. Later Rice branched out into erotica, but continued to use horror as the medium for archetypal concerns: the breakdown of the socially structured ego, free choice, the search for moral truths in a chaotic world, and the plight of the outsider always looking in. Ramsland, a psychologist and philosopher, had the full cooperation of her subject in this fascinating study of the complex social and sexual roots involved in Rice's novels and writing.

Indiana University Press

Politics/Power/Culture: Postmodernity and Feminist Political Theory
 edited by Kathy E. Ferguson and Kirstie M. McClure, \$12.95

Revaluing French Feminism: Critical Essays on Difference, Agency and Culture
 edited by Nancy Fraser and Sandra Lee Bartky, \$12.95

Ko-ops: The Rebirth of Entrepreneurship in the Soviet Union, by Anthony Jones and William Moskoff, \$12.95

Fragments of Redemption: Jewish Thought and Literacy, by Susan A. Handelman, \$18.95



RANDOM HOUSE
PANTHEON BOOKS

Dictionary of Contemporary Slang
 by Tony Thorne, \$15.00

There is a linguistic riot going in the English-speaking world, in the form of energetic, informal speech, extraordinary for its wit, quirkiness and biting satire. This dictionary, the most comprehensive guide to slang that will be available, gathers more than 5000 colloquialisms, puns, similes, metaphors and double entendres that have enriched our language during the last 40 years.

Maus II: And Here My Troubles Began
 by Art Spiegelman, \$18.00

When *Maus: A Survivor's Tale* was published in 1987, it was a surprise success: a comic book which was also a novel and a biography, a documentary and confessional memoir, recapturing the full terror of what it meant to be Jewish in wartime Poland. This sequel describes a survival of the author's father at Auschwitz through Art's early days in New York City, growing up under the shadow of his parent's past.



The University of
Chicago Press

Kurt Wolff: A Portrait in Essays and Letters
 edited by Michael Ermath, \$24.95

Bruegel, or the Workshop of Dreams
 by Claude-henri Rocquet, \$24.95

Gone Primitive: Savage Intellectuals, Modern Lives
 by Marianna Torgovnick, \$14.95

Primate Paradigms: Sex Roles and Social Bonds
 by Linda Marie Fedigan, \$18.95



Routledge,
Chapman and Hall

Body Guards:

The Cultural Politics of Gender Ambiguity
 edited by Julia Epstein and Kristina Straub, \$16.95

Nationalisms and Sexualities,
 edited by Andrew Parker et al, \$17.95

When the Moon Waxes Red: Representation, Gender and Cultural Politics, by Minh-ha, \$14.95

The Jew's Body,

by Sander Gilman (Cornell University), \$14.95

Women and the New German Cinema,
 by Julia Knight, \$16.95

Michel Foucault, Philosopher,
 edited by T.J. Armstrong, \$16.95

Acts of Literature, by Jacques Derrida, \$16.95

Truth and Eros: Foucault, Lacan and the Question of Ethics, by John Rajchman, \$13.95

MIT Press

Cyberspace: First Steps, edited by Michael L. Benedikt, \$24.95

Cyberspace, a term first coined by the writer William Gibson in his 1984 award-winning science fiction novel, *Neuromancer*, has been described as "an infinite artificial world where humans navigate in information-based space."

The Dialectics of Seeing: Walter Benjamin and the Arcades Project, by Susan Buck-Morss, \$24.95

Like Benjamin, Susan Buck-Morss (Professor of Political Philosophy and Social Theory at Cornell University) is "a surrealist explorer, her mysteries unraveled by intuition, revealed by illusion."

The New Hacker's Dictionary, edited by Eric Raymond, foreword and cartoons by Guy C. Steele, \$10.95

The New Hacker's Dictionary is compelling as anthropology, as lexicography, as humor, and as perhaps the most revealing portrait to date of the gifted people who are building the future of our information society.