

Summer 2002

Ballast Quarterly Review, v17n4, Summer 2002

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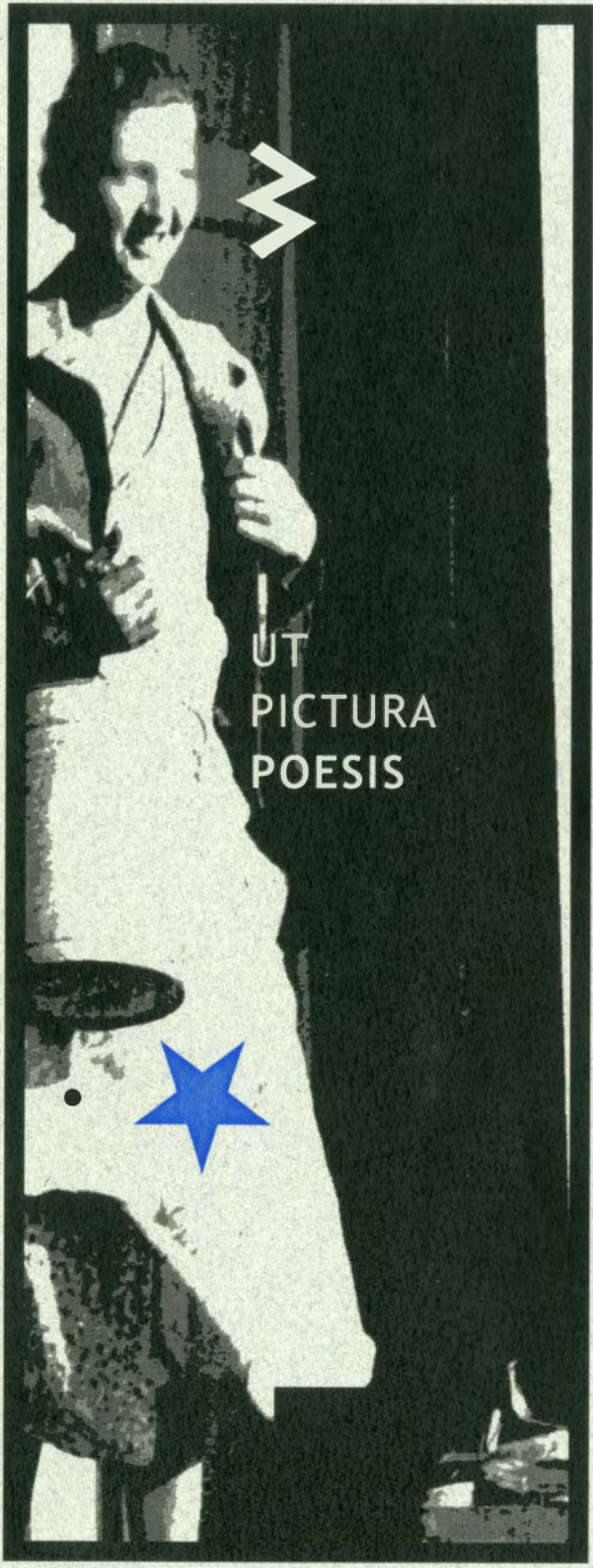
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UT
PICTURA
POESIS



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 Behrens, editor, publisher and art director.
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KING
 GEORGE I
 I hate all Boets
 and Bainters.

Ballast is an acronym for Books Art Language
 Logic Ambiguity Science and Teaching, as well
 as a distant allusion to *Blast*, the short-lived
 publication founded during World War I by
 Wyndham Lewis, the Vorticist artist and
 writer. *Ballast* is mainly a pastiche of astonish-
 ing passages from books, magazines, diaries
 and other writings. Put differently, it is a jour-
 nal devoted to wit, the contents of which are
 intended to be insightful, amusing or thought
 provoking.

DELMORE
 SCHWARTZ
 All poet's wives
 have rotten lives.
 Their husbands
 look at them like
 knives.

The purposes of *Ballast* are educational, apolitical and noncommercial. It does not carry advertisements, nor is it supposed to be purchased or sold. It is published approximately every three months, beginning in the fall (more or less) and ending in the summer.

GEOFFREY
 GRIGSON
 Obsession begets
 poems. But you
 need to vary
 your obsessions.
 One obsession,
 one poem.

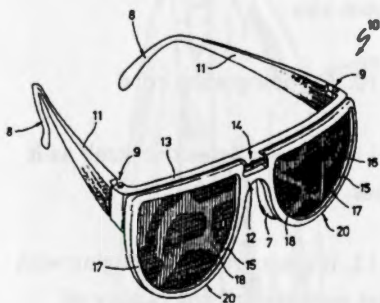
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JAMES
 SIMMONS
 When I had curls
 I knew more girls.
 I do more reading
 now my hair
 is receding.

DOROTHY PARKER
 Authors and actors and artists and
 such
 Never know nothing, and never know
 much.
 Sculptors and singers and those of
 their kidney
 Tell their affairs from Seattle to
 Sydney...
 People Who Do Things exceed my
 endurance;
 God, for a man who solicits
 insurance!

32 STATEMENTS ABOUT WRITING POETRY (Work-in-Progress)

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LEFT
Drawing for U.S.
Patent No. 4,812,031,
filed in 1989 by Tony
Evans. These are eye-
glasses used in game
hunting, in which the
eyes are camouflaged
without impairing the
hunter's vision.

1. EVERY POET is an experi-
mentalist.

2. Learning to write is a simple
process: read something, then
write something; read something
else, then write something else.
And show in your writing what
you have read.

3. There is no one way to write
and no right way to write.

4. The good stuff and the bad
stuff are all part of the stuff. No
good stuff without bad stuff.

5. Learn the rules, break the
rules, make up new rules, break
the new rules.

6. You do not learn from work
like yours as much as you learn
from work unlike yours.

7. Originality is a new amalgam
of influences.

GERALD
BRENAN
When the
grasshopper
gathers its
strength to hop,
it does not know
where it will
land. So it often
is with poets.

YEVEGENY
YEVTU-
SHENKO
Poetry is like a
bird, it ignores
all frontiers.



IN THIS issue, we are pleased to be able to feature "32 Statements About Writing Poetry" by the American poet **MARVIN BELL**. The author of more than 13 books of poetry and essays, he is the Flannery O'Connor Professor of Letters at the University of Iowa, a member of that school's Writers Workshop faculty, and the Poet Laureate of Iowa.

GEORGE CHRISTOPH LICHTENBERG
He marveled at the fact that cats had two holes cut in their fur at precisely the spot where their eyes were.

8. Try to write poems at least one person in the room will hate.

9. The I in the poem is not you but someone who knows a lot about you.

10. Autobiography rots.

11. A poem listens to itself as it goes.

12. It's not what one begins with that matters; it's the quality of attention paid to it thereafter.

13. Language is subjective and relative, but it also overlaps; get on with it.

14. Every free verse writer must reinvent free verse.

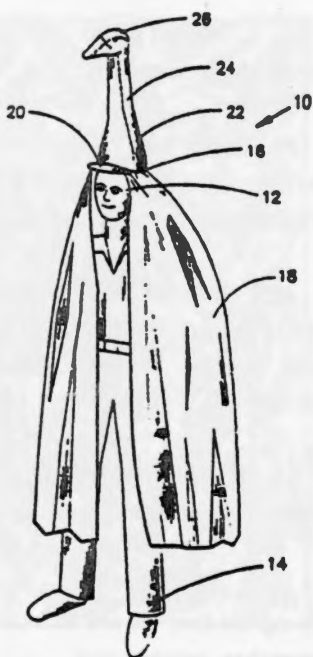
15. Prose is prose because of what it includes; poetry is poetry because of what it leaves out.

16. A short poem need not be small.

17. Rhyme and meter, too, can be experimental.

18. Poetry has content but is not strictly about its contents. A poem containing a tree may not be about a tree.

19. You need nothing more to write poems than bits of string and thread and some dust from under the bed.



LEFT
Drawing for U.S. Patent No. 5,197,216, filed in 1993 by Raymond Norris. This is hunter's garb, intended to serve both as a blind and a decoy.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
All good writing is swimming under water and holding your breath.

AMBROSE BIERCE
During his last illness a dose of some kind of oil was administered to him by mistake, whereupon one of the ladies of his household began to weep. Someone attempted to comfort her. "Never mind," said the patient; "I've had my oil; let her have her blubber."

JOHN RAY
Wedlock is a padlock.

20. At heart, poetic beauty is tautological: it defines its terms and exhausts them.

21. The penalty for education is self-consciousness. But it is too late for ignorance.

22. What they say "there are no words for"—that's what poetry is for. Poetry uses words to go beyond words.

23. One does not learn by having a teacher do the work.

24. The dictionary is beautiful; for some poets, it's enough.

25. Writing poetry is its own reward and needs no certification. Poetry, like water, seeks its own level.

HINDU
SAYING

Whether a knife
falls on a melon,
or a melon falls
on a knife, it is
always the
melon that
suffers.

JAMES
HOWELL

(*Familiar Letters*)

Some hold trans-
lations not
unlike to be
The wrong side
of a Turkey
tapestry.

WALT
WHITMAN

I sound my bar-
baric yawp over
the roofs of the
world.

26. A finished poem is also the draft of a later poem.

27. A poet sees the differences between his or her poems but a reader sees the similarities.

28. Poetry is a manifestation of more important things. On the one hand, it's poetry! On the other, it's just poetry.

29. Viewed in perspective, Parnassus is a very short mountain.

30. A good workshop continually signals that we are all in this together, teacher too.

31. This Depression Era jingle could be about writing poetry:
Use it up / wear it out / make it do / or do without.

32. Art is a way of life, not a career.

* * *

VACLAV HAVEL [in receiving the Fulbright Prize] On the one hand, there are its [America's] profound commitment to enhancing civil liberty and to maintaining the strength of its democratic institutions, and the fantastic developments in science and technology which have contributed so much to our well-being; on the other, there is the blind worship of perpetual economic growth and consumption, regardless of their destructive impact on the environment, or how subject they are to the dictates of materialism and consumerism, or how they, through the omnipresence of television and advertising, promote uniformity, and banality instead of a respect for human uniqueness.



LEFT
Drawing for U.S. Patent No. 301,289, filed in 1989 by Marybeth McIlhinney. On closer inspection, what at first appears to be a standard camouflage fabric turns out to be made up of figures.

Your conscience is a nuisance. A conscience is like a child. If you pet it and play with it and let it have everything that it wants, it becomes spoiled and intrudes on all your amusements and most of your griefs. Treat your conscience as you would anything else. When it is rebellious, spank it—be severe with it, argue with it, prevent it from coming to play with you at all hours, and you will secure a good conscience; one that is to say, a properly trained one. A spoiled one simply destroys all the pleasure in life. I think I have reduced mine to order. At least, I haven't heard from it for some time. Perhaps I have killed it from over-severity.

MARK TWAIN interviewed in Rudyard Kipling, *Sea to Sea*, 1889.

★ **IN THE 1950s**, American families could travel vicariously by looking at stereo photographs of national monuments, wildlife, and exotic places with a handy plastic viewer called a View-Master, a black streamlined descendant of Wheatstone's hooded stereoscope. Now, a new company called View Productions is using the exact same device to provide historic stereo tours of buildings, interior details, and furniture by some of the 20th-century's most admired architects and designers, among them Antonio Gaudi, Charles and Ray Eames, Frank Gehry, Frank Lloyd Wright, and Bruce Goff. Available are the View-Master stereoscope (including a 1940s Bakelite edition) and sets of the stereo photos on wheel-like cartridges. For prices, ordering options, and other information, see their web site at <www.viewproductions.com>.

CHABRIAS

An army of deer led by a lion is more to be feared than an army of lions led by a deer.

★ *Paris Was A Woman*. Jezebel Productions and Cicada Films. Produced by Francis Berrigan. Directed and edited by Greta Schiller. Written by Andrea Weiss. VHS video. Color. 1996. 75 minutes. Available from Zeitgeist Films, 247 Centre Street, 2nd Floor, New York NY 10013. Website: www.zeitgeistfilms.com.

PARIS, THE "city of lights," is divided by the River Seine, the south edge of which, known as the Left Bank, is the legendary home for artists, writers, musicians, and anyone else with free-thinking or Bohemian tendencies. As vividly depicted by this historic reconstruction of the sights and sounds of Paris in the 20s, the area was a haven not only for artists but also for lesbians, for "a new kind of woman" who preferred to live independently of men. As a result, this film is two films intertwined. On the one hand, it is an overview of the artistic and literary climate in Paris in the 20s (for men as well as women), in the period after World War I and before the Great Depression. At the same time, it also provides an account of a group of lesbian artists and couples (most of whom were acquainted) who lived in Paris at the time, among them Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas, Sylvia Beach and Adrienne Monnier (who owned bookstores opposite one another), Janet Flanner (who, using the penname "Genet," wrote a weekly column about Parisian life in the *New Yorker*), Natalie Barney, and the writer Djuna [pronounced "JUNE-ah"] Barnes. Throughout the film, we are treated to photographs, historic film footage, and audio recordings, some of which are very rare. Toklas is described by Stein, for example, and Stein (after her death) by Toklas. Beach recalls James Joyce (whose novels she was the first to publish), Ernest Hemingway, and events that took place in her bookstore, called Shakespeare and Company. There are segments of interesting interviews with German-Jewish photographer Gisele Freund, Sammy Steward (who later wrote a book about his friendship with Stein), Barney's housekeeper, and others. Among the highlights is a film clip of a song and dance by Josephine Baker, the American Black nightclub performer, and Flanner's memory of Stein and Toklas in which she describes the latter as malicious, whereas "Gertrude could be destructive, but malice was not her gift." For those with an interest in Paris, or the history of Modernism (in art and literature), or women's studies, this is a delightful, informative source.

ELBERT
HUBBARD
POET. A person
born with an
instinct for
poverty.

HILAIRE BELLOC

If you can describe clearly without a diagram the proper way of making this or that knot, then you are a master of the English language.

JOSHUA HENKIN

In today's [literary] market, writers can't just be writers. They have to be performers and publicists as well. The image of the lonely writer honing his or her art is fast becoming outdated. What's demanded instead is something else: a hook, a smile and a shoeshine.

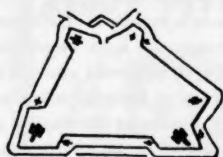
ANON

Avoid clichés like
the plague.




53 MY ADVENTURES AS A SPY



This sketch of a butterfly contains the outline of a fortress, and marks both the position and power of the guns. The marks on the wings between the lines mean nothing, but those on the lines show the nature and size of the guns, according to the keys below.



The marks on the wings reveal the shape of the fortress shown here and the size of the guns.

FOURTEEN GUNS. 
 FIELD GUNS. 
 MACHINE GUNS. 

The position of each gun is at the place inside the outline of the fort on the butterfly where the line marked with the spot ends. The head of the butterfly points towards the north.

LEFT

A page from a book by ROBERT BADEN-POWELL, the founder of Boy Scouts, in which he claimed that, under the pretense of butterfly collecting, he had acted as a spy in various Mediterranean countries (c1890-93). The plan of the fort at the bottom is concealed in the butterfly drawing above.

★ *Paddled Tails From Tattled Tales: An Autobiography of a Family*, compiled by Dean L. Schwarz. Decorah, Iowa: South Bear Press, 2001. ISBN 1-890643-02-5. Paperbound, with black and white illustrations. Address all inquiries to South Bear Press, 2248 South Bear Road, Decorah IA 52101. E-mail <dschwarz50@hotmail.com>.

IN ONE OF his books, British literary critic I.A. Richards said something I've never forgotten: To communicate to the widest audience, you should focus intently, specifically on your own deepest concerns. Only by being true to ourselves can we persuasively address the lives and emotions of others. I thought of that as I perused this astonishing book, which is an ambitious anthology of the family folklore (the tattled tales of paddled tails) that comprise the history of one American family, a branch that grew out of the marriage in 1937 of Frank Lester Schwarz and Nona Ruby Sills in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Their first-born child was this book's compiler (now aged 64), an Iowa-based ceramic artist who is widely-known for his unique and often huge clay pots, the rich glazed surfaces of which he embellishes with inscribed pictographic narratives. The stories in this book reach back into history, as far back as the American Revolution and Civil War, while bounding ahead to the present as well. Places Nona Lived. Charlie Steals His Own Car. World War Two Stories. Lane's Ontario O' Ontario. Oh-Oh. An Acorn Song. In page after page (in 330 large format pages), dozens of family characters take turns in preserving forever their candid and incomplete feelings about hilarious, tragic, and strange events (from diaries, letters, and taped interviews), any of which could as easily have been overheard at the gatherings of other American families, with allowance for differing details. What is most extraordinary about this book is that it is not the work of a single person but a rich conglomeration of the plainspoken, memorable memories of a wide range of individuals, distinct and yet closely related.

JOSH BILLINGS

The grate art in writing well, iz tew kno when
tew stop.

RALPH
WALDO
EMERSON
The clergy are as
alike as peas.
I cannot tell
them apart.

AMBROSE
BIERCE
UNDERSTANDING n.
A cerebral secre-
tion that enables
one having it to
know a house
from a horse by
the roof of the
house. Its nature
and laws have
been exhaustively
expounded by
Locke, who rode
a house, and
Kant, who lived
in a horse.

JOHNNY
CARSON
I know a man
who gave up
smoking, drink-
ing, sex, and rich
food. He was
healthy right up
to the time he
killed himself.

★ *The Great Exhibition of 1851: New Interdisciplinary Essays*, edited by Louise Purbrick. Manchester, UK: Manchester University Press, 2001. ISBN 0-7190-5592-X.

IT IS BECAUSE of the Great Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations (the first international trade fair) that the Modern era in industrial design and architecture is commonly said to have started in 1851. Erected temporarily in Hyde Park in London, this 18-acre structure (the world's largest building at the time) was made of glass with iron struts, all of which had been prefabricated elsewhere, then shipped to the site and assembled. It was nicknamed the Crystal Palace, partly because it resembled (and in some ways also functioned as) a huge, resplendent greenhouse, with live historic trees inside. In the first five months, nearly six and a half million people streamed in to witness 14,000 displays and demonstrations from throughout the world (nearly half from England) of the latest devices and products to come from the Industrial Revolution, among them the Colt revolver, Thonet bentwood furniture, and stereoscopic photography. Arts and Crafts founder William Morris, who was 17 years old when the event opened, got as far as the door with his parents, then sat on a bench and refused to go in, because, he said, it was "wonderfully ugly." It is now often said that, while the building's structure and the process of erecting it were astonishing, the products inside were a mixture at best. This is a collection of essays on various social aspects of the Crystal Palace by scholars from varying backgrounds, who take turns addressing such issues as the fair's appeal to the working class; the event as satirically followed in *Punch*; the socio-economic strata of those who attended; the concurrent promotion of technical and mechanical drawing ("an industrial vision"); and reactions to the exhibition on India, regarded then as the British Empire's "jewel in the crown." For anyone interested in design, architectural and cultural history, there are portions of all of these essays that are both surprising and informative. Sadly, the book as a whole is distressing because its cover and interior page layout (its form) are greatly at odds with its content (or function). The layout, as Morris might argue, is ugly (not wonderfully) and borders on being outrageously dull. Inadvertently, at the end we are faced with the question(s): Has there been no progress in book design since the Crystal Palace? Have we learned nothing in 150 years? And, if that's the case, why bother to publish such essays?

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI
My country tears of thee.

LATERAL THINKER

DO YOU KNOW
WHAT CAUSED
MAGRITTE TO
BE SO NEGATIVE
ABOUT PIPES?



• CECI N'EST PAS UNE PIPE

AMBROSE
BIERCE
ACADEMY n.
(from academe)
A modern
school where
football is
taught.

LEFT
Drawing by
British artist LES
COLEMAN, from
his satirical series
titled *Meet the Art
Students*.

One time [during World War II, in Japan, while held as a prisoner of war in a coal mine], at the end of the day, while I was waitin' for the little train to take our shift out, I laid back against the rock wall, put my cap over my eyes, and tried to get some rest. The guy next to me says, "God damn, I wish I was back in Seattle." I paid no attention. Guys were always talking about being back home. He said, "I had a nice restaurant there and I lost it all." I turned around and looked and it's a Japanese. He was one of our overseers. I was flabbergasted.

He said, "Now just don't talk to me. I'll do all the talkin'." He's talkin' out of the side of his mouth. He says, "I was born and raised in Seattle, had a nice restaurant there. I brought my mother back to Japan. She's real old and knew she was gonna die and she wanted to come home. The war broke out and I couldn't get back to the States. They made me come down here and work in the coal mines." I didn't know what the hell to say to this guy. Finally the car come down and I says, "Well, see you in Seattle someday." And I left. I never saw him after that.

ANTON BILEK (American soldier) interviewed in Studs Terkel, ed., *The Good War: An Oral History of World War II*. New York: Pantheon Books, 1984, p. 93.

DON MARQUIS
business business business
grind grind grind
what a life for a man
that might have been a poet

PETER
VIERICK
Today the
women come
and go
Talking of
T.S. Eliot.

MYLES NA GOPALEEN
(*The Best of Myles*) But a better case
for the banning of all poetry is the
simple fact that most of it is bad.
Nobody is going to manufacture a
thousand tons of jam in the expecta-
tion that five tons may be eatable.

D. H. LAWRENCE
(*Collected Poems*) A young man is
afraid of his demon and puts his hand
over the demon's mouth sometimes
and speaks for him. And the things
the young man says are very rarely
poetry.

★ *Gombrich on Art: The Language of the Eyes*. A London Weekend Television Production, in association with RM Arts. Produced and directed by Don Featherstone. Edited and presented by Melvyn Bragg. VHS video. Color. 1984. 52 minutes. Available from Films for the Humanities and Sciences, Box 2053, Princeton, New Jersey, U.S.A. Website: www.films.com.

THIS PROGRAM, which was produced in England for a popular audience nearly twenty years ago, was apparently the first attempt by Vienna-born art historian Sir Ernst H. Gombrich at presenting a televised lecture. It seems natural for him to have done so, since 35 years earlier he had phenomenal success when he wrote an enlightening volume about Western art history for the general reader. Titled *The Story of Art*, that still best-selling textbook now is in its 16th edition and has been translated into 32 languages. Despite such sales numbers, his greatest contribution came in 1960, when he published *Art and Illusion*, a book of provocative lectures about "the psychology of pictorial representation." In the four decades that followed, as he grew increasingly famous, he never stopped actively writing about art history, art and perceptual psychology, and adjacent subjects, until his death at 92 on November 5, 2001. With his passing, it may be helpful to look back on his achievements, including the several occasions on which he lectured on camera. In viewing this film, for example, one notices three qualities that also occur in his writings: Clarity of idea, a dry humor, and the belief that whatever may happen in art can as easily take place in daily life. His humor is evident in the title of this lecture, which is an understated pun: It is of course a talk about the language of vision ("the language of the eyes"), but one in which variations in the size, shape, and direction of the eyes exemplify the means by which we communicate nonverbally. Similarly, when he refers to eyes as "windows of the soul," he deliberately makes an allusion to the tiny reflections of windows that artists place on painted eyes, as a way of creating a highlight. While his lecture is focused and simple in ways, it is also wondrously complex in the number and range of examples he cites, including artworks by about twenty artists, from several cultures and a wide range of time periods. Some people, perhaps most, may find it too great of a challenge to follow Gombrich's pronunciation, since he spoke with both an accent and a distinct lisp, or to tolerate his "talking head," which seems too static when compared with today's music videos. To better appreciate this video, it may be of help to conceive of it as not merely a lecture, but more importantly, since his death, an historic artifact as well.

AMBROSE BIERCE
BARK, n. The song of the dog.



LEFT
Pencil drawing by
JOSEPH
PODLESNIK
(c2000).

★ *Behind the Scenes: With David Hockney*. Co-produced by Learning Designs and Thirteen/WNET. Produced and directed by Ellen Hovde and Muffie Meyer. Hosted by Penn and Teller. VHS video. Color. 1996. 30 minutes. Available from First Run Features, 153 Waverly Place, New York NY 10014. Website: www.firstrunfeatures.com.

THIS VIDEO IS one in a series of ten arts-related children's films, titled *Behind the Scenes*. Starring in each is a prominent guest artist or performer, while the hosts throughout the series are the popular team of magicians, artists or comedians named Penn and Teller. In this case the star is supposed to have been David Hockney, the British painter who now resides in California, and is known for his various interests in pictorial representation, and perspective in particular. I say "supposed to have been" because, while Hockney has the announced lead role, there is a hidden star whose name is never mentioned, not even in the credits. That person is Adelbert Ames II (1880-1955), the American lawyer, artist, and optical physiologist, who is best known for having invented the Ames Demonstrations in perceptual psychology, which include such astounding phenomena as distorted rooms in which people appear to shrink and grow, demonstrations of spatial overlapping using trumped up playing cards, and a rotating trapezoid window. As this film opens, Penn and Teller are standing in an Ames Room and appear to be of equal height, although one is normally much taller than the other. When they exchange positions, their difference in height becomes greatly exaggerated. Soon after we are introduced to Dawn and Debbie, identical twins who are made to appear to grow shorter or taller without using an Ames Room, merely by photographing them from a low vantage point, by which the viewer is denied any information about the ground plane. Other Ames-indebted scenes include an enlarged playing card which appears to be overlapped by (to lie behind) a smaller and presumably more distant card; and a giant coffee cup which looks at first as if it were a close-up view of a normal-sized cup. It is sad but not surprising that the film gives no credit to Ames, spoken or otherwise. Were he still alive, he may not have objected, since, according to William H. Ittelson (who worked with him), he was "truly humble" and believed that a person's greatest tribute is "to remember his work and forget his name."

AMBROSE
BIERCE

COGITO COGITO
ERGO COGITO SUM:
I think that I
think, therefore I
think that I am.

CARL
SANDBURG
(*Complete
Poems*)

Poetry is the
opening and
closing of a
door, leaving
those who look
through to guess
about what is
seen during a
moment.

DON
MARQUIS
Publishing a vol-
ume of poetry
today is like
dropping a rose
petal down the
Grand Canyon
and waiting for
an echo.

JOHN WAIN
Poetry is to
prose as dancing
is to walking.

★ *The Nazi Drawings*. A documentary by Lane Wyrick, Xap Interactive. Produced by the University of Iowa Foundation. VHS video. Color. 1999. 25 minutes. For more information, see www.nazidrawings.com. Website: www.xapinteractive.com.

WHEN THE *Nazi Drawings* were first exhibited in the U.S., some people protested their public display. Having misunderstood the title, they thought they were drawings by Nazis. They are the exact opposite: A series of 33 life-sized and (emotionally and often literally) larger-than-life pencil, wash and earth-color drawings and collages that protest Fascistic cruelty, including but surely not limited to that of Nazi Germany. Created over a period of six years by an Argentine-born etcher and engraver named Mauricio Lasansky (who acquired and firmly held control of the printmaking program at the University of Iowa for forty years, retiring in 1985), the series debuted at the opening of the Whitney Museum of American Art in 1967. Lasansky's father was a banknote engraver; while his brother-in-law was the Surrealist writer Louis Aragon. As he himself states in this film, he made these images in response to the sickening footage he saw of the Nazi concentration camps. As an artist, this was his most persuasive way to "spit out the poison." This film is powerful, but it is also a bit disappointing, for the simple reason that it does not and cannot begin to convey the scale and horror of the actual works (they are breathtaking in their elegance and fluidity, yet huge and enormously brutal). For anyone who believes that a lot of current art is beside the point, it is imperative to stand in front of—and be engulfed by—these artworks by Lasansky. Fortunately, the entire set of 33, unbroken, was purchased by a foundation in 1969, and is now housed permanently at the University of Iowa Museum of Art in Iowa City, where, on occasion, it is still on exhibit in the Lasansky Gallery. A second, large collection of work by Lasansky is on permanent display at the Cedar Rapids Museum of Art, just north of Iowa City. Our advice: See this film without a doubt—but, don't forget, particularly in this case, it cannot suffice for the actual art.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS
It fills me full of joie de vivre
To look across the Hudson River.

ANON
I'd rather have a bottle in front of me
than a frontal lobotomy.

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Ballast does not have a budget as such. For over 17 years, it has operated at a loss. Such losses are currently offset by contributions from enlightened subscribers and generous deductions from the paycheck of the Reader Service Drone. If anyone is foolishly philanthropic (foolish because such gifts are surely not tax deductible), we will sometimes accept a check.

Ballast has a collaborative affiliation with *Leonardo: Journal of the International Society of Arts, Sciences, and Technology* (MIT Press). As a result, some of the book reviews in *Ballast* are reprinted either on the *Leonardo* digital reviews web site at <<http://mit-press2.mit.edu/e-journals/Leonardo/ldr.html>> or in the printed magazine.

JEAN
COCTEAU
You don't make
a poem with
thoughts; you
must make it
with words.

WALT
WHITMAN
To have great
poets, there
must be great
audiences too.

JOHN
FOWLES
We all write
poems; it is sim-
ply that poets
are the ones
who write in
words.

MAX
EASTMAN
A poet in history
is divine, but a
poet in the next
room is a joke.

W. H.
AUDEN
"Why do you
want to write
poetry?" If the
young man
answers: "I have
important things
I want to say,"
then he is not a
poet. If he
answers: "I like
hanging around
words listening
to what they
say," then
maybe he is
going to be a
poet.

COVER Derived from a detail from a Farm
Security Administration photograph by
ARTHUR ROTHSTEIN (1936).

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