VINCENT FERRINI: BEFORE GLOUCESTER

EDWARD DORN: ABILENE! ABILENE! (PARTS I & II)

ADRIENNE RICH: TEACHING AT CUNY, 1968–1974 (PARTS I & II)

PAULINE KAEL & ROBERT DUNCAN: LETTERS, 1945–1946 (PARTS I & II)

HELENE JOHNSON: AFTER THE HARLEM RENAISSANCE
ABILENE! ABILENE!: VARIOUM EDITION
WITH APPENDICES & COMMENTARY

EDWARD DORN

PART 1

Kyle Waugh, Editor

SERIES 4, NUMBER 2, PART 1, FALL 2013
The twenty Dollar Sun

The cards lay on the plain, acres by acre
The Indian comes seeking a horse, cold, huge
A large cry
Part II

Tennyson: Auntie—such kindly aunt;

Mother: Hypocrures.

Auntie: Only three positive years—

Mother: The day grown maturity.

Auntie: How can one say that, all this late, do we what if they just turn round?

Mother: Even when I'm attacked—

Auntie: she attack less to appear a how.

Auntie: Its a sympoic relationship

Mother: that one go!

Auntie: like the allegorical theedImage

Mother: language pitch in reject out face from under the tongue.

I only got one thing

"The Cattle Drive—"

Don't call us wheel call u.

Face

Head

Pilchiceros; thrones

Beneath the black clouds

Fading pain on the end.
Part II

Tex mex Austin — fuck hillbilly austin

Truckers / Highjackers

A : Out of these archaic seas
    this is evaporated the dry swamp of morality

: How can one say that Art, at this late date
    what if that shot turns round?

A : Even when I'm attacked
    the attack has to appear absurd

I'm the only thing way, outside nature, they you got
and they you know it
since speechless science / put the squeeze on their your asses

Artist turns in saddle
shouts: it's a symbiotic relationship
Let that one go!
like the alligator & the bird
language picked right out from under the tongue

I only got one thing

“the Cattle Drive”

— lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds —

get outa that bed
wash yo face & hands
(get in that kitchen
make some noise with / those pots and pans

he twisted off the top
and under the cap read
Donut call us
wheel call U…

some like it hot, some like it cold

he's out

“riding point on the herd”
Moon - son
/ reflect
woman = mechanical clock

The sun will die if they won't help what to bring it up

Young men & the sun

Chain of being
protect the artistic
in a life holding men

area of dubs on the horizon = trees
moon ——— sun

woman → husband chief

the sun will die if they aren’t left intact to bring it up

young men of the sun

chain of being
protect the white invasion
in a file holding sun

acres of clubs on the horizon = trees
“WHAT WE ARE PART OF”
TEACHING AT CUNY: 1968–1974

ADRIENNE RICH

PART I

Iemanjá Brown, Stefania Heim, erica kaufman, Kristin Moriah, Conor Tomás Reed, Talia Shalev, Wendy Tronrud, Ammiel Alcalay, Editors

SERIES 4, NUMBER 3, PART 1, FALL 2013
The Eternal Feminine

Ambivalences: id/dead
spirit/dead

Transcendence - "There is no justification for present existence [of sex] other than its expansion into an indefinitely open future."

Transcendence = movement = going beyond what one is - potential
Immersion = stagnation = remaining simply what one is -

"Oedipus" by Sophocles

Forms of Woman:

- Virgin
- Prostitute
- Spinster
- Mother
- Aunt
- Nurse
- Grandmother
- Housemaid
- Nurse/mother
- Servant
- Ghostwife
- Wife
- Mother/nurse
- City

By the (more soul) = Nurse - Sophia
MEMO: 9/3/71

To: Mina Shaughnessy  
From: Adrienne Rich

I have been thinking about some of the assumptions that seem to underlie the ways we have been trying to teach Basic Writing. Many of us (and I certainly include you in that ‘us’) have been questioning these assumptions all along, and often discarding them; however, to some extent they have influenced all of us in the program.

Some main assumptions appear to be:

a) That students learn to write as they learn math or carpentry: by a systematic progression from one skill or unit to the next, e.g. from the sentence to the paragraph to the short essay to the long research paper.

b) That the ability to write a long research paper is an end itself for a program of this kind.

c) That competent writing is a technique which one person can transfer to another without much or any reciprocal activity.

d) That an expanded vocabulary will expand the student’s control of language regardless of his present relationship to the words he is already using.

e) That the basic skills of Standard English can be taught before the student has any fundamental awareness of his existing relationship to language.
Departing from these assumptions, I would like to raise the following possibilities:

1. Whether we hope that our students will come into possession of language as a powerful imaginative and social weapon, or whether we simply set our sights on developing coherence and clear organization of words, we need to give far more attention than this program has ever given to the way we (teachers and students) think. Ultimately no piece of writing is going to be better than the quality of thinking and feeling that had led to its writing. This is as true for prison letters as for literary criticism.

2. A person’s relationship to language has to do with his relationship to his world, to his identity, to his sense of time and space, his trust in and suspicion of others, his ways of identifying others. Both we as teachers and our students need to become more conscious of the elemental assumptions we engage in with regard to words, inside the classroom and out. Because of the pressure of short-term goals—(the passing of grammar tests, the proficiency exam) we fail to give enough time and energy to reflecting with our students on the nature of language, how and why they are using the words they use.

3. Most of us, I think, feel trapped by the brevity of a semester in which we set ourselves the kind of short-term goals mentioned above, I have been wondering whether we are not prisoners of the English 1, 2, 3 cycle, the artificial time—and goal—divisions it sets up, and the notions of measurable “success” and “failure” it creates in the minds of students.
Much writing in the field of compensatory education emphasizes the quality of relation between—not only teacher and student—but among students in a class engaged in the activity of language. The excerpts I have appended to this memo (from Paolo Freire’s The Adult Literacy Process, from the I.S.E. Thirteen College Curriculum Program, and from the Berkeley English-as-second-language program) corroborate each other suggestively. But this relation, and its continuing value and effectiveness, are—it seems to me—destructively splintered by the present structure of our program.

I would like to suggest, and offer for modification and criticism, the following proposal:

Instead of three semesters labeled English 1, 2, and 3, suppose we thought of the entire period as a long-term project, in which a teacher might discover who his students are, what their needs are, and in which mutual trust and familiarity—even some degree of community—might gradually develop in a class, among the students and with the instructor.

For instance, the first semester might begin with a preliminary period of classroom situations, leading to written work, but emphasizing discussion of language and its uses, which would enable the instructor, in a non-test situation, to see how the students might best be grouped and which students might help others, what kind of help each student really needed. (It is usually true that the early weeks if English 1 are spent in this kind of diagnosis, since the preliminary essay tells us only in the crudest way what kind of writing a student can do under pressure.) Then, let the teacher carry a section for at least two semesters learning to know the students and be known by them, grouping the class in different projects according to their needs,
trying different methods with different students, with the advantage of being able to work together as a class for a full year. Let the third semester be optional, on the basis of agreement and discussion between the student, his counselor if any, and the teacher, as to whether he would benefit by further experience in the class.

The third semester class, presumably smaller than the original class, would consist of a teacher and a group who had become familiar, and might involve a long-term group writing project such as the preparation of a proposal, a study, a set of interviews or a newspaper. The project might well arise out of concerns the group had previously generated in the earlier semesters.

I realize that there are arguments for having the students encounter different teachers rather than work with one during their entire period in the program. However, I would be interested to see what the gains might be if students continued with a teacher who could gradually, rather than in the hecticity of a single autumn or spring, become responsive to their needs, and with whom a relationship (as with each other) could be strengthened by trust and familiarity. Many of us feel at the end of January or May that we have just begun to “know” our students; that students have just begun to trust themselves with the group. In the fragmented, compartmentalized, often depersonalizing environs of City College, it’s possible a long-term approach to the Writing Program would by its very nature become a source of orientation and personal strength for the student. And such a result could only make him a better writer.
“that lettrous mountain of friendship”

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF
PAULINE KAEL & ROBERT DUNCAN,
1945–1946

PART II

Bradley Lubin, Editor

SERIES 4, NUMBER 4, PART 2, FALL 2013
Photo of Pauline Kael courtesy of Gina James.
Tuesday – Dec. 4 [1945]

Dear Duncan: I am enclosing the castrated remnants of a letter written to you several weeks ago, not mailed because the now excised portions dealt with an affair – written up amusingly & rather shamefully, à la Mary McCarthy.\(^{25}\)

I’ll try to bring things up to date rather quickly – forgive the uneven script. I’m not feeling too well & it gives my hands the shakes.

There is a rather good new Swiss film, “The Last Chance” which calls to mind some of the early Russian film techniques; it’s in several languages & is distributed by M.G.M. – with reviews that make it sound even better than it is. But it is definitely worth seeing. Saw an early Swiss film – presumably a psychoanalytic one at the museum – “The Eternal Mask”\(^{26}\) – rather interesting but not too formidable.

Some good gallery shows these days – a lot of Mexican stuff – Carlos Merida\(^{27}\) semi-interesting, and Tamayo\(^{28}\) I like very much, the rest god-awful. Some wonderful 16th & 17th century Italian drawings, & a Wifredo Lam\(^{29}\) show that is best when it is most Picasso-like – it’s all full of chicken-wings sort of paintings. And the worst Calder\(^{30}\) show I’ve seen – he does sculpture that doesn’t have any interest whatsoever that I can see.

And I must tell you, at some length, about the first discussion-meeting that Macdonald held. It was scheduled for 8:30 in a room that seated about 150. By 8:25 the room was full & people were standing in back. By 8:37 Macdonald started to talk, & people were jammed up outside the doors. He began with a few rather funny remarks – pointed out that the articles which had caused the most flurry were
the Bruno Bettelheim piece, his “Responsibility of Peoples,” & the Simone Weil “Iliad” article (a wondrous thing – have you seen it? It’s in the very good November issue.) Then he talked about the “positive” inadequacy of the magazine – “We did try to be positive about the Michigan Commonwealth Federation – well – it wasn’t my fault if the whole thing turned out to be ghastly.” By that time you couldn’t breathe in the room & there were at least 300 people sweating inside & more in the doorway. So Macdonald arranged for us to move to the auditorium – quoth he “we have secured the grand auditorium at vast expense.”

Well, the audience – about 400 I’d say – jammed the auditorium – they were standing, sitting on tables, & what not. And here’s the interesting thing about the audience – it was almost entirely young – not more than a dozen or two over 35 I’d say. And most of them looked interesting in the P.R. reader way – & as though they were a post-graduate group & not tied up to any of the splinter groups.

So far – very promising. But what happened was pretty depressing. D.M.’s speech – “The Root is Man” turned out to be a vague & confused statement of a shift from Marxism to anarchism – but as though D.M. didn’t know that anyone else had ever taken that road, & as though he knew virtually nothing about either Marxism or anarchism. He was charming & ingratiating – but probably the worst speaker anyone has ever heard – it was all loose & vague & indefinite & it failed to set any definite issues for discussion. So when the floor was thrown open, instead of the bright & interesting young people talking, we had about 3 Schactmanites, a couple of Cannonites, a couple of anarchists, & a couple of egocentric cranks. The few sensible people who tried to talk (Louis Clair & an unidentified woman) couldn’t bring much relevancy into the affair, which the Trotskyites had converted into one of those sessions of what did Marx really say, & what did Trotsky really say, etc. Koven spoke up very
well – although in that rather oversimplified anarchist vein – & got a heavy round of applause – but the real sensation of the evening was a nameless anarchist, a repulsive guy – with a large head, a small black moustache, & a frantically oppressive manner, he began by saying that after hearing D.M. speak, he thought that Macdonald should stick to writing. Since D.M. had been terribly self-conscious & obviously realized he was a frightful speaker, this made the audience good & mad. But this guy went on & on, getting more & more aggressive – finally half-shouting half yelling he pronounced – “What the hell – what the fucking hell have we gotten out of organized parties?” If the audience hadn’t been so angry at him before, this probably wouldn’t have bothered them. But he was such an objectionable guy that there was a general stir & cries of “throw him out.” The chairman restored order & the guy went on. Later one of the other speakers referred to this anarchist as the man “who got by with the word that Henry Miller has been trying to get in print for 20 years,” & at that point the anarchist stood up & shouted – “Yes, and I’ll do it for you, too.” This was so plainly on a pathological level that the audience let it go pretty quietly.

Incidentally I was surprised to see Clark Howat there; I didn’t get a chance to speak to him, but I will if he’s present at the next session.

Depressingly poor as the discussion was, it was exciting to see that much of a young group. Bob, who had never attended a political meeting before (isn’t that amazing?) was delighted, and, as Norman said – “this group doesn’t mean much in New York, but think what they could do if they were let loose in a small town!”

But enough of that – I’ll keep you posted on developments at these discussions.

I must tell you that Bobbie Greenfield – that little cheesemaker – is now an editorial assistant on the New Republic, having gotten the job through a bar acquaintance with Hans Oeaulau (or however
spelled – remember him in the Poli. Sci. department at Cal?) Ellen is back in N.Y. & looking very well – but is living with that Smith contingent, Bobbie & a couple of others, & retains that maddening perspective.

I read Proust’s letters to Walter Berry – in the Black Sun Press edition. It’s a strange group, isn’t it? Have you read them? And I finally read Shaw’s “Quintessence of Ibsenism” – written in 1891 (!) & very good. Incidentally Shaw tries to obscure Ibsen’s politics, which in a letter of Ibsen’s to Georg Brandes are clearly indicated as anarchist. I was a little surprised by this, although it certainly makes sense in terms of the plays.

Well, screwface, I must close. I will write more & get around to sending your coat this week.

If you’re near little magazines take a look at Gilbert Neiman’s story in the Autumn Accent, & at a very strong story by Carlos Montenegro in the Autumn Chimera, & at Dylan Thomas’ poem “Fern Hill” in the October Horizon.

Marjorie & Alvin have gone up to the Catskills for the winter – I’m not positive about her address yet – but I’ll send it when I get it, if you like.

About your poem: it troubles me by the obsessive nature of the images but rhythmically & in other ways it is very moving. I don’t really know what to say about it. As for your earlier account of the scene with your aunt I found it subject to the faults of your “Camille” story & of the writing about the valet in Florida. Terribly sorry, old thing, about the difficulties with your mother – it sounds harrowing but the quality of life on the farm does seem compensating.

Love,

Pauline
Dorothy West, Abigail McGrath, and Helene Johnson. Courtesy of Abigail McGrath.
“THE BOAT IS TETHERED TO THE FLOOR”: AFTER THE HARLEM RENAISSANCE

HELENE JOHNSON

Emily Rosamond Claman, Editor

SERIES 4, NUMBER 5, FALL 2013
I. THE BOAT IS TETHERED TO THE FLOOR

Salt is drying
Kelp’s alive
Fuzz is thriving
Space belies

The boat is tethered to the floor
The rum is in the chest behind the door,
and wooden-legged pirates are more real
than the “if’s” of little boys.

I will be waiting on the wharf,
wading distance,
whistling softly,
stretching my breasts
to hillocks.

Birch beer and watercress and huckleberries,
baby torrents under wooden ferries,
quahogs and clams and mussels.
That couldn’t be a truffle underneath the log?
The fog is in, shrouding this bay with mist.
Pound your feet on the wrinkled sand.
Lick the salty fingers of your hand.

An open window, an unlatched door,
berried seaweed seasoning the floor,
a spider swinging from the rafter.
I will wait today, the day after,
perhaps the next.
But if the moon is round, I may forget.
Come barefoot and ungloved.
Bring friendliness, less fragile and more versatile than love.

And do not harness me to promises.
Let us reach separately in each other’s arms,

Unpin the wind.
Begin at the beginning--beginnings spin.
Any beginning.

If I could touch your garment would I be calmed?
If you could savor me in your arms….
I’m disturbed by words not clearly heard, promises of.

How may I reach you, and know Love?

Where is the source? the toppled Force, the once-upon-a-time?
What will I find?

Peace? Fear?
or the same threaded conclusions I find here?
    (threated?)
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Books of poetry by Vincent Ferrini

NO SMOKE
INJUNCTION
BLOOD OF THE TENEMENT
FLOW IN THE RUINS
TIDAL WAVE

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Manufactured in USA by Union Labor
What dynamos
Were dosing in the blood
What unimaginable energies
Bursting asunder the walls of
aloneness.

The tenements are trembling
With the new emotion
Feeling in their bellies
The kickings of the new man.

What wells of surprises
Sprung out of the dark
Forests of dog eat dogs
Tidal feelings of one mind.

0 the Strike
Has cracked the dam
Freeing the warm sluices of
team work
Buried in the common man.

All the unions of our country
Are now galvanized to the great
Strike,
Throwing in monies, legs, arms,
pickets,
And work stoppages
Plugging up the sink.
The merchants, the storekeepers,
The landlords,
Ministers, and Priests
Throw in fists against the
Company,
And the Mayor
Fresh from the foxholes
Rallies to finish the war
That continues on the home front.
Even the pavements and streets
sizzle
To the rhythm of this unity,
The skies sing in unison
Ballads, waving banners of
triumphant cloud colors,
The winds patting the strikers
on their backs.
The sparrows trilling and
fluttering with glee,
Man and bird and the elements

Who ever dreamed
There were such hidden resources
in the workers
Waiting for the Strike
To blossom forth?

continued
Singling out the Company as the original enemy.

All never for one moment
Forgetting the past history
Of broken heads
Gassed pickets, dead bodies in
the gutters
Machinegunned,
Spies and stool-pigeons,
The flowing blood that is still
Drying in our memories,
All the dead in our history
To get a little more bread and
a little better roofs,
The seed of whose bodies
Brought forth flowers
Of unity which we are.

Drawn from all streets and cities
By the siren of the Union call
Million workers
With one voice shook the clouds.
The sound blew the roof off
Flattened the walls
And struck the spear of our
demands
Plumb into the Company's ear!
Vowing to shut down the plants
So tight
The Company would still
Hear the silence within the gates
in their graves!
The faith in our leaders
Was like flags in million hearts
Flapping triumphantly!
The Union halls bulging
The street corners so jammed even
The hatchet winter had no room.
How the defeatists
The quibblers were ground to dust
And absorbed in the rich loam
Of our decisions to nourish
The wheat of justice.
What a unity!
Like a granite mountain
Defying thunder and lightning
And death;
Like tanks we left the meeting.
And a pension of pennies in time to walk
Toward the waiting mourners and open coffin
As the profits are divided among the owners
The shells falling from their tables
Are picked up by the workers and brought to the leaky roofs.
The stars do not see them
Nor the soil
Nor time:
Noise to the grinding stone
The occupational misfits
With minds freed from their cells
For a few absent-minded hours
To return haggard and tired
And those happy singing
Because they have forgotten
Their pay envelopes:
Fearful of the future.
The stars are alive and eager
They see the Union Hall
They see the members planning
A wage raise
They see the arguments of stewards
With the bosses
The worker fighting for his step-rate increase
The half-dead are moving
Chipping at the walls of dungeons.
Marching like armies
With banners and placards shouting the union demands:
The solid ranks marching down the streets
Of the cities pregnant with Strike
As the soil and concrete feel the feet
And time sees them.

Like an ogre
Controlling their fathers' lives,
Lodged in the marrow
Of their bones forever
And deep in the caverns of their eyes
Deep in the fallow consciousness
Are planted the incurable sores
Of hate
For this ravenous penitentiary
With its roots
In the children's kitchens
In their fathers' bones
In the cockroach tenements
The children worrying on
The picket lines
About their fathers and mothers
And
Their little brothers and sisters.

The cupboard is empty
The hospital refuses to take the sick child
And the kids are hungry
The City Hall
Is the iron lung
Over this family
Stalling the landlord and the coal company
With their raised cleavers
Al Makay pickets
Walking back and forth
On broken bottles
Wondering how long it'll be
Dreading time that moves like a mule
Dreading a long strike.
He bleeds inside
Hating the Company
That is indifferent to his household
Caring not whether he or his own live or die
This cold corporation like a monster
Owning his life
A number
Using the strength of his labor
For itself
O how he hates
The Company with every atom of his being.
LABORS OF LOVE: AN AFTERWORD

Factory windows are always broken,
Factory windows are always broken,
Factory windows are always broken,
Someone is always throwing bricks.
from “Factory Windows” by Vachel Lindsay (1914)

We are the shoeworkers tanners pick and shovel men…
We, electric men factory men coal men…
We, city men factory men construction gangs fishermen…
from “Waiting” in Onions & Bread
by Vincent Ferrini (1936)

IN ALL CASES, the Lost & Found projects become a labor of love. Each chapbook of unpublished works by an ever-widening circle of 20th century American artists, with its companion essay, is nurtured through a unique collaborative effort and deep investigative scholarship. The Lost & Found Initiative is as rare and wondrous as the sleeping documents it seeks to awaken. As consulting editor of the Initiative, who has read many in-process drafts, I am astounded by both the caliber and generosity of the collection.

This season I assisted with the Vincent Ferrini project. I am familiar with archival work from my years as documentary historian for New York City urban archaeology expeditions, which demanded many preliminary months of searching titles, deeds, maps, papers, and narrative accounts. I was at home in the mildly musty basement of the Cape Ann Museum Archives, pulling and lifting tightly packed archival boxes off their metal shelving. I was also familiar with an anxiety that emerges in the face of so many documents and the grueling task of choosing what papers to grasp and what to leave behind. After all, we are responsible for drawing the picture of a human being
who is no longer present and, to “project” that person’s presence. As Ammiel Alcalay wrote for Ferrini’s 100th Anniversary Tribute—

… put aside the assumptions and the schools and categories and most histories as they’ve been written and simply “follow the person” to see where and to whom they lead… ¹

From out of the archive, the “labor of love” abides, such as encountering Ferrini’s friend and Gloucester-resident, Charles Olson’s letter—

Vince, Vince... You must love me.²

And while we hear that this relationship was stormy, it seems more difficult to judge, when you sit surrounded by decades of missives that address many moments in the avalanche of a life. People live and breathe and so do their archives, which is why biographical truth remains so elusive. What I can say is that from this work I have made a friend.

My friend, Vincent.

Serendipitously, during this time of research, I found myself revisiting another poet: Vachel Lindsay, born and raised in Springfield, Illinois. At first, this seemed far-fetched, but I continued to follow the lead. My father was born in Springfield, in 1926, thirteen years after Vincent Ferrini. He was the son of second-generation immigrants from Eastern Europe. His grandfather founded the first synagogue in the capital of Illinois and his father ran a used furniture store on the main drag, just down from the Old State Capitol. By 1940, my father was being primed as a writer by his high school English teacher, Elizabeth Graham, and after college he moved to New York City to

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² Vincent Ferrini Letters and Papers, Archive Collection At6; Box 39, The Cape Ann Museum, Gloucester, MA.
begin a long career as a free-lance writer, editor, and journalist. To write the great American novel, he always said, was his dream, and in 1966, he published his first novel, *This Blessed Shore*. That year, our family drove our blue Peugot cross-country to attend a book-party in my Dad’s hometown. There, I met long, lost relatives and visited the family gravesite within view of the Abraham Lincoln Memorial whose brass nose remains always shiny.

My brother and I were also invited into the Vachel Lindsay Home, stewarded, at the time, by Miss Graham. I recall she may have lived in a section of the Lindsay house, but the accuracy of that memory had faded. There was a hand-cranked phonograph that played the Bakelite discs of Lindsay reciting his famous poem “The Congo” in a baritone voice of unforgettable resonance. Scholars and readers have tended to read this poem as *primitivist*, if not white supremacist, but it was Vachel Lindsay who befriended Langston Hughes working as a bus-boy in Washington D.C. and shepherded his work to friends and patrons. W.E.B. DuBois credited Lindsay’s story “The Golden-Faced People,” for its insights into racism.

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay (1879–1931) called himself the father of modern “singing poetry.” His extensive correspondence with the poet W.B. Yeats details his intentions to revive the musical qualities in poetry as had been practiced by the ancient Greeks. Because of his identity as a performance artist and his use of American Midwest themes, Lindsay became known as the “Prairie Troubadour.” For the final twenty years of his life, he was one of the best-known poets in the United States. However, his ardent orations placed him somewhere between that of a snake-potion healer and a religious zealot. After his death in 1931, his name fell to obscurity.

In addition, Lindsay’s untimely death by suicide separates his story from Ferrini’s, who lived to a ripe old age and enjoyed life’s
sensual pleasures, in contrast to Lindsay’s unrequited love for lyric poet Sara Teasdale. Still, this man, Vincent Ferrini, reminded me of this other man, Vachel Lindsay, in that both men persisted in their activism long after the ideology they subscribed to had abandoned them. Whether they be soapbox bard or union organizer; whether they be Bolshevik sympathizer or bold critic of the WPA, these two poets shared a similar mission—to follow their labors of love. And by some synchronistic identification, I found myself reciting that Vachel Lindsay poem, “Factory Windows,” from memory, at Holy Local, the 100th Anniversary Panel in Vincent’s honor.

Truthfully, I have come to know Vincent far better than my father’s hometown poet. And, I have grown to cherish Gloucester as the Petri dish of the poet’s essence that continues to drift along town streets and alleys and permeates The Writers Center (previously Vincent’s home). An essence that is projective (in all the senses of the word: Olsonian, psychoanalytic), from the loving memories of his friends and co-conspirators.

But there is something else. There is the ether that exists inside any archive we delve into. And, like low morning clouds that hang in the tops of the trees, these ethers blend to make a patchwork of significances inside of us. I realize, now, it is no mistake that Vachel’s poem emerged out of my own archive. Why? Because these two men—whom I did not know, but who knew those who have touched me—rise up from the force of their passion, their politics, and their search for the creative life; a force that invites us to follow the person however they come to find us.

— Kate Tarlow Morgan
Direct Transmission of Important Work.
—ED SANDERS

A serious and worthy enterprise.
—THE LONDON REVIEW OF BOOKS

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—DIANE DI PRIMA

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