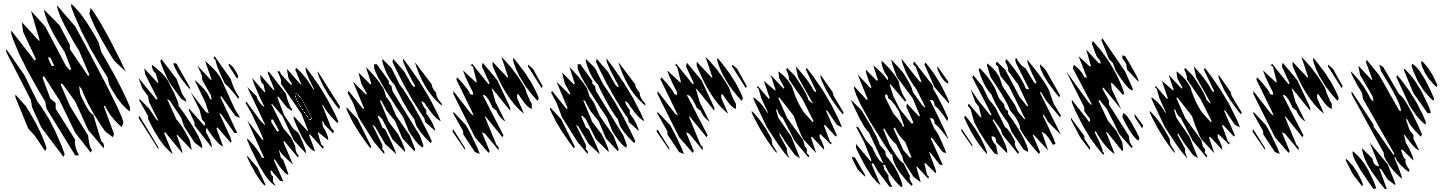


Thanksgiving 2008



Guest of Honor : Anne Waldman

A menu poem



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Anne Waldman was born in 1945 in Millville, New Jersey, grew up in Greenwich Village, and graduated from Bennington College in 1966. At Bennington she began her career as editor of the literary magazine *Silo*. She later founded the literary journal *Angel Hair*, and became director of the St. Mark's Church Poetry Project in the Bowery from 1966-1977. She co-founded, with Allen Ginsberg, the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics at Naropa University in Boulder Colorado. She has been a life-long activist against war and the use of nuclear energy. She continues to be involved with St Mark's Poetry Project and Naropa University, where she is the Distinguished Professor of Poetics.

Incantations

Do you wish to rise? Begin by descending. You plan a tower that will pierce the clouds? Lay first the foundation of humility. -St. Augustine (354-430)

Sullivan St. was home to Genovese Family godfather Vincent Gigante. A lifelong resident, shortly before his death in federal prison he told a fellow inmate: "Greenwich Village is the greatest place in the U.S."

Menu

Aperitif

Pear & Muscat Granita

Salad Course

Herb Confit Veggie Tower Lobster Salad with Fennel, Blood Oranges
with Cilantro Spiced Carrot Fritter

Soup Course

Roasted Pumpkin Bisque, Apple Gelée with Cinnamon Nutmeg Cream

Fish Course

Potato Crusted Salmon on Swiss Chard with Champagne-Saffron Reduction
Seared Sea Scallops on Brussels Sprouts & Bacon

A Welcoming Table of Plenty

Porcini Stuffed Game Hen Resting on Red Lentil Curry, Garbanzos & Peas

Quilted Giraffe's Crispy Duck Confit

Currant Stuffed Chicken Breast with Pear & Potato Purée

Winter Tofu Tabbouleh

Glazed Carrots & Balsamic Cranberries

Braised Chestnuts, Grapes & Cognac

Braised Lentils, Mushroom, Pearl Onion & Bacon

Thyme Scented Acorn Squash, Roasted Zucchini

Vidalia Pissaladiere and Cabernet-Shallot Sorbet

Braised Bean, Leek & Collard Green

Maple Sugared Carrots & Parsnips

Dessert

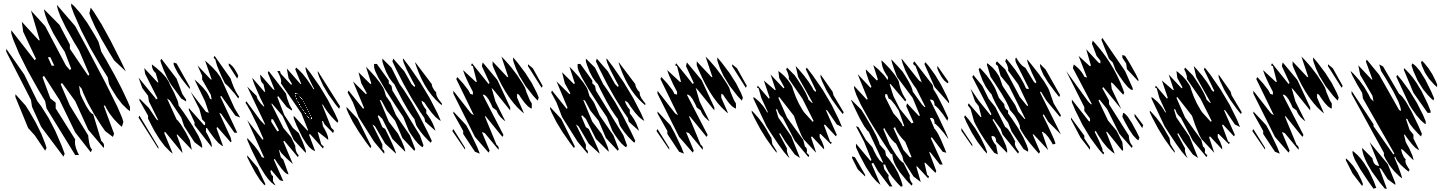
Greenwich Village Four Chocolate Brownstone Brownie Tort

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To Anne Waldman for her inspiration as a
writer, teacher, editor, publisher and organizer.

And, a special dedication to Katharine Daly
Whose conversations helped crystallize the poem.



Thanksgiving 2008

Guest of Honor : Anne Waldman



Aperitif
Pear & Muscat Granita

A title without a poem

Stanley Fish drinking Shirley Temples at Arthur Treacher's



Salad Course

Herb Confit Veggie Tower Lobster Salad with Fennel, Blood Oranges
with Cilantro Spiced Carrot Fritter

Salad course

Potatoes Anne Waldman

4 Yukon Gold Potatoes – Boiled and cooled in their jackets. Sliced in ¼ inch slices and fried in whole butter and a good olive oil. Seasoned with Salt and Fresh Ground Pepper.

1 Bunch Green Asparagus – Blanched for 20 seconds in boiling salted water and flash cooled in ice water.

Ripe Red and Yellow Heirloom Tomatoes – cut into nice size pieces and drizzle with fresh squeezed lemon juice, a good olive oil and Salt and Fresh Ground Pepper.

6 Rashers of Applewood Smoked Bacon – Cook crisp in oven and cut into large slices.

Dressing:

2 Tblsp. Pomery Grain Mustard

1 Tblsp. Basswood Honey

2 Tblsp. Champagne Vinegar

½ Cup Good Olive Oil

Wisk together and toss the Asparagus, tomatoes and bacon into the dressing and let sit for 15 minutes. Then arrange warm potatoes around the edge of the plate, overlapping so as to make a circle. In the center of the plate place the tomato and asparagom mixture with only as much dressing as needed.

As prepared for her in Buffalo, NY



Soup Course
Roasted Pumpkin Bisque, Apple Gelée with Cinnamon Nutmeg Cream

The Treachery of Poems

I comb my hair in long sweeps in front of the winged mirror.
I cannot stop unfastening myself. I keep brushing, brushing.

I made my way to the diggings. We bought an estate and lived
A prosperous life with miners, we wouldn't work the in mine.

I weave the stands of hair that comb out of my brush into yarns.
I weave baskets from this hair and give them as gift to my friends.

It was only once in a feat of remarkable lethargy, he would pile
Bundles and bundles of manuscripts, none of which to be burned.

I comb through these manuscripts and weave them into woven baskets
woven works of rusting yarns brushing, brushing baskets in the mirror.

A black-eyed shadow of their former self, there is nothing else out there,
He stood calm in the gun room and gazed lightly upon his cable sweater.



Fish Course

Potato Crusted Salmon on Swiss Chard with Champagne-Saffron
Reduction Seared Sea Scallops on Brussels Sprouts & Bacon

The Ebony Cane with an Amish Flaw

Three mortal hours

1. *'my pendentism is still like the green hat'*

And when you mentioned your notebook,
which I heard 'the nook,' and was dismissingly
amused thought you were referencing Blake

I desperately don't want _____ ear.
It is the most wonderful time of the year, and really

_____ a Yule Log and Col. Plum Pudding
Gingerbread and Frog Morton were in town

She salts the world he creates. But, it's so hard to compliment
him on his pie, its funny watch how his face twists and scowls
treasures to bring the viewer from excitement to tears
in the same way a roller coaster can luster leather

had me in a twizzle until ten minutes after

It's all a rolling present! Let me know when you are free
Parallel, in ways a roller coaster can be free.

Pretty please with a cherry on top my thoughts jumped to, dude
they are like baseball cards, I wanted this too but feel odd asking
I took real care of your friend, and maybe you thought otherwise.

Every time it was my turn to shake his hand someone else
important to him and his life came up to him – so it
was odd to burst in on that for me to say, I'm nobody.

2. *'We named the dog Indiana'*

they make capacity for compassion
a real twizzler of a reality

like when folks look on my fedora
then I go on to explain how his has a wide

ribbon band and his brim points down and
mine is a country walker with a leather band
with a curled back brim.

This must be what they felt like
Duh. I had not thought
Of the excitement of a roller coaster

He brought over a box of Nat Sherman's
cigarettes and I told him of our adventure

Even with the jokes
No one else gets this – so thank you.

_____, no?

We have become that great evening of song!
I keep thinking of the last piece before
the intermission where the full force of

the voice arrangements opened up and slowly died away.
Stunning use of voice as well. Not the power chorus
there was a real pacing which explains that bottle of Joy.

It stuck me as a real-life Warhol.

Something in the way I think you may see the world in the title
of it too. Me, set in Blake's Joy and Woe – and you and your
comforting pragmatisms, a non-ultra Joy seemed like
the perfect thing to pull from the grocery bag and
gift to you. No one else gets this so thank you
for your gracious acceptance of it.

I think that heaven can wait for another day,
You wore blue and the German's wore gray.



A Welcoming Table of Plenty:

Porcini Stuffed Game Hen Resting on

Red Lentil Curry, Garbanzos & Peas

Quilted Giraffe's Crispy Duck Confit

Currant Stuffed Chicken Breast with
Pear & Potato Purée

Winter Tofu Tabbouleh

Glazed Carrots & Balsamic

Cranberries

Braised Chestnuts, Grapes & Cognac

Braised Lentils, Mushroom, Pearl

Onion & Bacon

Thyme Scented Acorn Squash,

Roasted Zucchini

Vidalia Pissaladiere and Cabernet-

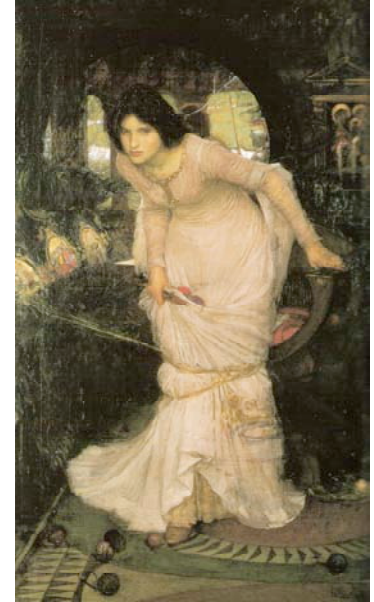
Shallot Sorbet

Braised Bean, Leek & Collard Green

Maple Sugared Carrots & Parsnips

Donna di Scalotta or, the Lady of Shallot

*Only reapers, reaping early,
In among the bearded barley
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly;
Down to tower'd Naropa;
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, "'Tis the fairy
Donna di Scalotta."*



Part One

Wee, sleekit cow'rin, tim'rous beastie!

The spirit of the age revolves around a paradox: that in an era of supposedly rapid change, our popular culture is defined by a mass refusal to let go of the past.

Poetic history is littered with worthy, beautiful, ingenious or simply charming poems that have never received their day in the sun. Some are too unusual, some too conventional. Some decent poets get overshadowed by their genius contemporaries, while others get overtaken by world events.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see
I guess an' fear!

The industrial medieval landscape of Camelot is taken with world events past and present. The winding paths of clogged, gloomy waterways set before us, as a one way map charting our parchmented love for barley, heather and rye watered with that same murky, menacing water.

The gray towers strive upwards, rising to meet their lofty gray goals. Bracing Camelot is the blackened backing of Scalotta's silvery mirror. This ilse is a free-floating vanilla refuge; plain as the tree outside and beyond all symbolisms all excesses anyone might dangle on its branches.

“Will some future generation look upon the ravages of the planet and the perpetuation of suffering by the powerful over the weak as a Second Holocaust? And see that no one attempted to stop the madness?”

Part Two

How can I not get this wrong?

How to be and be cursed at the same time?
How to write this weaving as a weaver would
Weave as it should be woven as one trained
In weaving would weave words on her looming wheel.
Magic is turning forward, spinning wool into yarns
The dyed shearlings of this years sheep. She imagines
the warm sweater the reflection of the lamb.

No one told her she was cursed. Only on the winds did she hear;
Told to her alone from the old magic found on mountain tops.
Cold, shivering words came to her. She was alone and there
A shrill dusting blowing her home back to her room
Back to her loom and never from this place should she stray.

A curse is on you deary! Never stray from this house!
Do not look out the window do not dream of things
beyond that door as it will mean certain swift death.
She feared her death would be painful,
she feared worse a death filled of peace.

The world is a mirror to her as she only looks outside
With her looking glass. She sees Camelot in that mirror.
She see the backwards image of the castle projected in silver.
Now I can see the road in front of me, she thought to herself.

When the moon was over head, "I am, as a woman, adequate,
capable, inspired, in readiness, as good as anyone" sang Donna di Scalotta

Part Three

The curse is self-imposed, worse yet she was bound by the spell to tell no one of her peril. Could a feminist poetics of innovation make some dynamic syntheses of the politics and aesthetics surrounding gender questions? She tucks herself away in her home, weaving words on her loom.

She made it work, weaving songs, yarns and fig blossoms
Into tight knots of meaning, coding and encoding into
Her red fabrics remote mythic incantaions and chants.
The room was her room and what she refelcted on as *a priori*.
She alone filled the room with light and her world was visable
If not controled; her view was a portrait in reverse!
Free to believe and be believed on her island of Shallot.
And why not believe all things are possible when nothing
Except going outside is possible. Her paradox was playful;
Her looking glass showed the world pass under her window
On the way to the blazen castle of golden ideals, Camelot

She wove a web of ideal around the images she divined
from her mirror; men trundle mule driven onion carts,
Children with muddy faces, children with clean faces,
Ladies in flowing white silks followed by dark women,
Knights rusting in the sun plainly splittered as a pike staff.
Leather jerkins and dirty linen caps, musicians in motley
And each tick under our glistering sun made way to Camelot.
Truth may be beauty but she seldom speaks it, hooted an owl.
She looks out on the reflected realm and smells more than sees.

Poetry comes to understand a way of life just as it passes away.
Avoiding the prescriptive because it understands only in hindsight.

She saw the knight hold high the claideamh soluis,
they burn'd like one burning flame as the dangerous man
who moves fear from inside the self to the fear of an idea.

The sword of light flashed into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river sang Sir Lancelot.

In caves like a branch of stars early humans employed electromagnetic radiation illuminating and warming themselves with light from fire. Heat would seem the more essential to survival than artificial light, in fact, once we began using fire for warmth, the golden power of fire its glitter'd Galaxy drove out the fear of darkness and fierce creatures

Fashioning torches and lamps by binding resinous barks, the fats of seals, horses, cattle, and fish as fuel for lamps; sometimes using entire animals—for example, the storm petrel, a bird heavy in fat—to provide light. Animal fats however made for a smoky, dangerous, foul-smelling fire.

Times of famine usually meant times of darkness as well as reflection. We are all fascinated by the magic of the mirror. Narcissus, bewitched by his own reflection in a pool of water drowned in his attempt to touch what was beyond his grasp.

Appearance often reflected,
and in some cases determined,
position and power in society.
One could scry, or see the future
by means of a crystal reflection.

Mirrors are simply smooth surfaces with shiny,
dark backgrounds that reflect very well.
Water reflects well, glass reflects poorly,
and polished metal reflects extremely well.

The owl of Minerva our symbol
of wisdom flew through her window
breaking into the web of weavings

The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
Donna di Scalotta.

Part Four

*'when philosophy paints its grey in grey, then has a shape of life grown old.
The owl of Minerva spreads its wings only with the coming of the dusk.'*

This is it. This is my time. Or should I say that in past tense.
ony hope can keep me together

Down she
came and
found a boat

The castaway of the superfluous knight
I that fatilism that plagues the idle rich

To risk safety for beauty
sending out and an SOS

And down the
river's dim expanse

This came as some surprise

we never lost control

Now one can work in the full
free of the fear of failure

things strangely backwards

Oh no not me!

I ride an old paint

breath on fire

Talking all night with my reflection

fair thee well my own true love

Its not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me

But the thinking of you

Farewell

Hammer and beer over pages of a book

Looming violas mourn

The breathing orchestra tucks within the folds of blue gems

Come a cow cow yickie, come a cow cow yickie yickie yea

They broke the jail and broke their

cells and you better stay out of the badlands where the bullets fly
If you're afraid of dying, if you are afraid of death
You better stay at home you better stay out of Jesse James path

Step up to me

tell me how does it feel to be the enemy

To be in reality
The ever present presence
Movements of cats

step up to me

fall to me now

reflect upon

The nature of time and Tuesdays
I want more flowers
clawing at my leg

frightful of wraiths
and eye shadow
and what will I tell

dirt

mother

Rosemary for remembrance

Bury my boots and you've got to believe me
so I went to the window
poetry wills

I saw the light with my own two eyes
You've got to fall, and so it is with the wind and whispers
but not saves

In the glory of a jazz funeral saxaphones sing without hesitation
And exhibition of joyous love
more than I love life itself

Lying, robed in
snowy white

bumblebees
No its not too much
Rossetti would be happy
Blame Tennyson
If anyone
Or me
Too

dazzling violins and brass

Ode to Joy
nine times nine
the pain of knitting needles

Brushings
Ten times ten blending teas in French horns
A light shines in your eyes I've known men
Innocences in understanding and ingenue in action

Soft scales highlighted with vibrating harmonics
The fret board we are all played upon
as easily as a harmonium

I'll be right there for you
When you need a friend
My pretty Donna
I love you

She floated down
to Camelot:

Love and poetry will always find a way
Close your eyes and find your way back

Find your way your own path
all things illuminate

eight times eight

Be on the lookout for bargains

she decided to consult owl

She looked in all the windows of the shop
And stopped in a Dover tea shop for a bun
She never missed elevensies without a roar

They heard her
singing her last song,

Hold up your blue garnets
And let every man drink his glass full
And here's to the health o' tha young lass

I roamed and I rambled while all around me a voice was sounding
The sun came shining and the wheat field waving the fog was lifting
A voice was chanting the Diamond sutra to the Ace of Spades

Stone dead forever

Singing in her
song she died,

A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.

The flame spoke
No words
But illuminated
All the same

Imagine

Life

In peace

Death

Let it be

“Who is this? And what is here?” asked the courtiers of Camelot
As they made the sign of the cross to protect them from darkness;
Frightened silent by the evil that destroyed this unknown voice.

And out from her boat she arose full of life
And began an incantation of open thought,

“I’d like here to declare an enlightened poetics, an androgynous poetics, a poetics defined by your primal energy... a transsexual literature, a hermaphrodite literature, a transvestite literature, and finally a poetics of transformation beyond gender. That just sings its wisdom”

And Lancelot mused a little space
He said, "She has a lovely grace;
as an open circle with her many selves
at or near the center, and those selves
deal honestly and openly and passionately
with what is happening to her, all of us, right now.”

—Fin —

Notes:

Authors note: As a cook and writer I cringe every time I hear the mispronunciation of the onion with a long A, shallot, which rhymes with mallet; in place of Shalott which rhymes with Camelot. So this poem is for the tasty little onion in hopes it regains it's sense of self and some personal dignity as much as my own little Tennis anyone joke.

Donna di Scalotta — the original source text from which Tennyson derived his poem; is loosely based on the Arthurian legend of Elaine of Astolat, as recounted in a thirteenth-century Italian novella entitled *Donna di Scalotta* (No. lxxxix in the collection *Cento Novelle Antiche*)

Part One

R. Burns: To a Mouse; On turning her up in her nest with the plough, November 1785

Part Two

Quote from Anne Waldman's *Kill or Cure*. New York: Penguin, 1994: 212
which replaces "I am half sick of shadows," said / The Lady of Shalott."

Part Three

Patrick Pearse was an accomplished Irish writer who was editor of the Gallic League's paper, *An Claidreamh Soluis* (The Sword of Light). He also founded the St. Enda's School in County Dublin. Yeats refers to Pearse in "Easter 1916" as the man who "had kept a school / and rode our winged horse" (24-25).

Part four

"One more word about giving instruction as to what the world ought to be. Philosophy in any case always comes on the scene too late to give it... When philosophy paints its gray in gray, then has a shape of life grown old. By philosophy's gray in gray it cannot be rejuvenated but only understood. The owl of Minerva spreads its wings only with the falling of the dusk." -- Hegel, *Philosophy of Right* (1820), "Preface"

"To consider any specific fact as it is in the Absolute, consists here in nothing else than saying about it that, while it is now doubtless spoken of as something specific, yet in the Absolute, in the abstract identity $A = A$, there is no such thing at all, for everything is there all one. To pit this single assertion, that "in the Absolute all is one," against the organized whole of determinate and complete knowledge, or of knowledge which at least aims at and demands complete development -- to give out its Absolute as the night in which, as we say, all cows are black -- that is the very naïveté of emptiness of knowledge." -- Hegel, *Phenomenology of Mind* (1807), "Preface"

Quote from Anne Waldman's *Kill or Cure*. New York: Penguin, 1994: 145.

From Ted Berrigan's blurb on *Baby Breakdown*

Special thanks to John Tranter and Pam Brown of Jacket magazine

Anne Waldman feature:

Jacket magazine issue 27, April 2005

<http://jacketmagazine.com/27/w-intro.html>



Dessert
Greenwich Village Four Chocolate Brownstone Brownie Tort

The James Beard School of Disembodied Cuisine

The House, as James Beard's 1844 brick townhouse in Greenwich Village is graced, is a plum four-story brownstone; filled with sitting rooms, white offices, maple cupboards and stocked pantries, an interior veranda; at it's heart, a copper kitchen.

Beard himself famously moved through it naked, and kept a mirror above his bed in a salmon-colored boudoir. He was a purple eggplanted hedonist who, with his 26 cookbooks and syndicated column, lifted American cuisine into prominence that sits at the table with French and Italian.

The House is now the hall of fame for American chefs; you can think warmly on it as a poet feels warmly about Naropa. It was started after his death in 1985 by his friends, among them Peter Kump and Julia Child.

The purpose of the foundation, Kump said at the time, "was to gain recognition for the culinary arts as a bona fide art form. One of the great goals of art is to enhance our lives -- it sort of becomes the soul of the very art of living."



Geoffrey Gatza is the editor and Publisher of BlazeVOX [books] and the author of five books of poetry; Not So Fast Robespierre (Menendez Publishing) will be release in 2008. He is a graduate of the Culinary Institute of America in Hyde Park, NY (1993) and Daemen College, Amherst, NY (2002), and served as a U.S. Marine in the first gulf war. He lives in Kenmore, NY with his girlfriend and two cats.

<http://www.geoffreygatza.com/>
<http://www.blazevox.org>

Reviews, Articles & Interviews:

+ Review of Black Diamond Golden Boy Takes Bull By Horns
<http://jacketmagazine.com/34/owens-gatza.shtml>

+ Review of BlazeVOX and Publishing
<http://reconfigurations.blogspot.com/2007/11/jlyn-chapman-blazevox-and-publishing.html>

+ Interview on MiPOesias Magazine
<http://menoftheweb.blogspot.com/2007/10/geoffrey-gatza.html>

+ Review of I Wear a Figleaf Over My Penis
http://artvoice.com/issues/v5n32/i_wear_a_figleaf_over_my_penis

+ Article: Crazy Buffalo Poet Has A Lot Cooking
http://artvoice.com/issues/v6n13/geoffrey_gatza