

Granary
Books

Granary Books is pleased to present the

DICK GALLUP ARCHIVE

EXTENT: 8 bankers boxes, approx. 8 linear feet

DATE: 1959-2019, bulk 1970s

CONTENT: The complete archive of the poet, including correspondence, manuscripts, typescripts, notebooks/journals, ledgers, teaching files, photographs, ephemera. A significant amount of scarce and collaborative work with Ron Padgett, Ted Berrigan, and others, in the form of "bokes" and manuscripts.

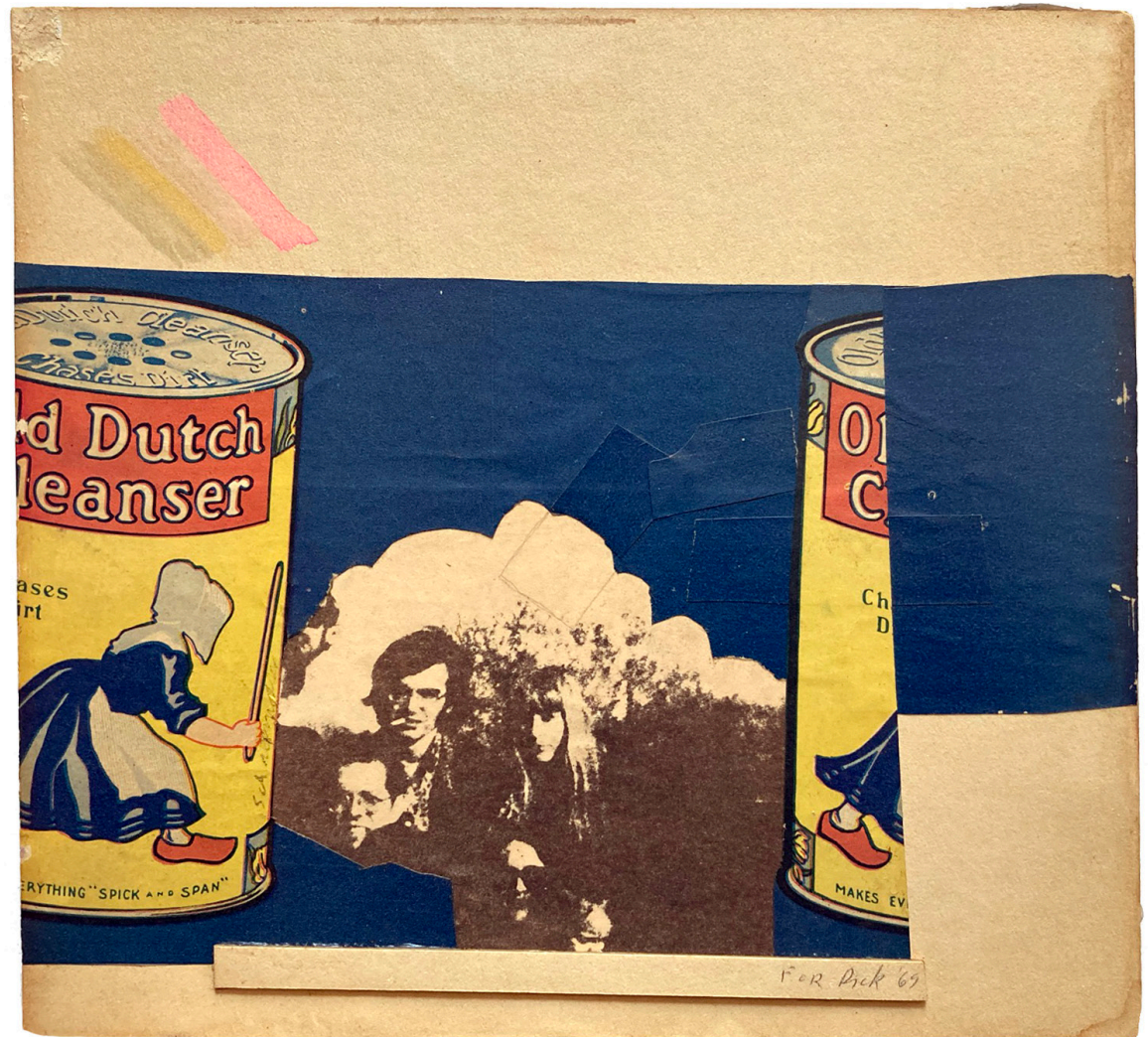
FEATURED IN THE ARCHIVE:

- **Drafts of works:** over 3,500 pages of drafts, in primarily autograph and typescript form. Includes many unpublished works, spanning poetry, prose, and illustrated work
- **Notebooks** from 1962-1993: 24 notebooks documenting daily activities in New York City with fellow poets and friends, including writing, publishing, and other poetry activities
- **Bokes:** over 20 "bokes," by Gallup, Ron Padgett, Ted Berrigan, and Joe Brainard
- **Correspondence:** over 1 linear foot of letters, from close friends such as Ted Berrigan and Ron Padgett. Over 90 letters from Ron Padgett alone, spanning over 170 pp. autograph and typescript pages from the early 1960s onward

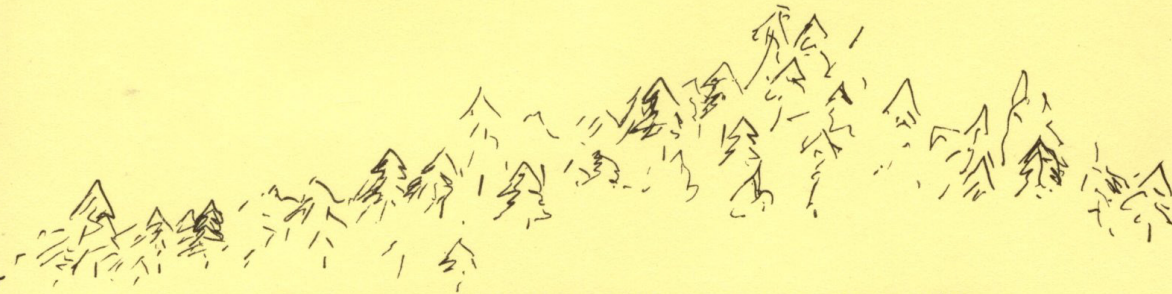
NOTE ON ARRANGEMENT & INVENTORY

Ron Padgett is a notable contributor to this archive in its contents (as a lifelong friend and collaborator of Gallup) as well as its preparation. He examined the archive and structured its arrangement; many of the folders are annotated in his hand, or items identified by him with neat pencil notes. The order of the documents has been preserved, and folder-level (at times, item-level) inventory has been conducted in a spreadsheet.

The archive has been arranged into series for Correspondence, Drafts of Works, Notebooks and Diaries, Works by Others (including significant material from Ron Padgett and Ted Berrigan, such as handmade "bokes"), Teaching Files, Personal Files, Photographs, and Ephemera (with a remarkable collection of poetry reading flyers, circa 1960s-1970s). There is some oversize material, mostly legal-sized paper, and 2 multimedia items (VHS and DVD).



Collage by George Schneeman, photograph of Gallup and Padgett at center. Inscribed to Gallup in 1969.



The Poetry Project presents DICK GALLUP in a one-time only workshop, on Thursday, March 29, 1979, at 7:30 p.m., at the Third Street Music School, 235 E. 11th St. (free). Gallup is the author of HINGES ("C" Press), THE BINGO (Mother), WHERE I HANG MY HAT (Harper & Row), THE WACKING OF THE FRUIT TREES (Toothpaste), and ABOVE THE TREE LINE (Big Sky). His poetry reveals a goofy elegance that sweeps the reader along like music, with a logic that is perfect but undetectable. Gallup's workshop is part of the Residencies for Writers program, funded by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, Washington, D.C., and the New York State Council on the Arts, with space generously provided by the Third St. Music School.

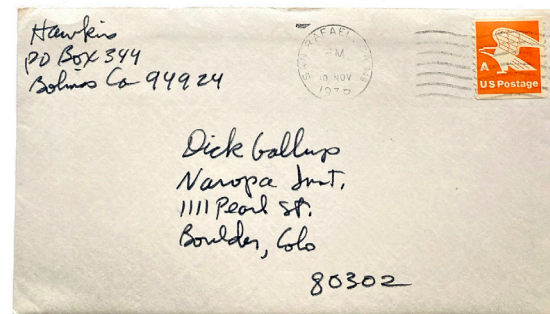
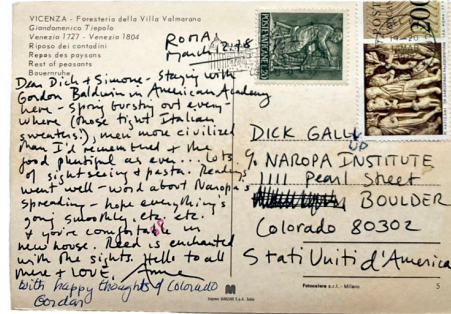
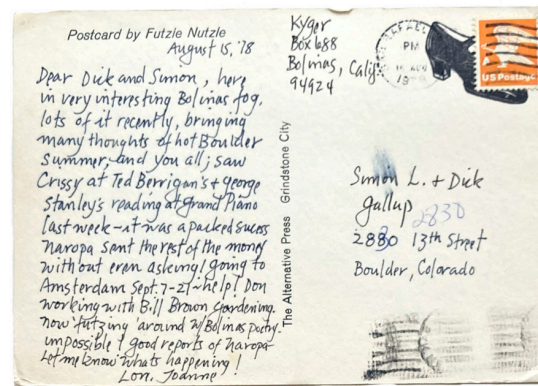
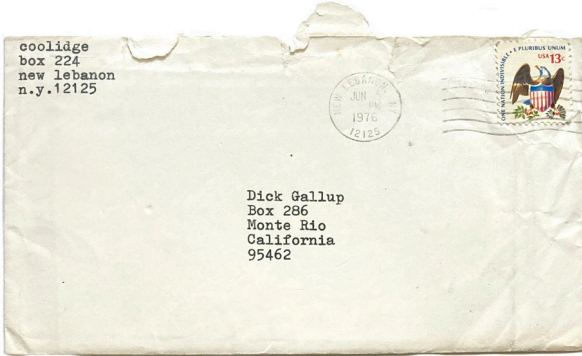
ABOUT THE ARCHIVE

Dick Gallup (1941-2021) lived across the street from Ron Padgett as a child, and they both began their lives in poetry at an early age. Publishing the *White Dove Review* while still in high school in 1958, Gallup arrived in New York City in 1961 (after leaving Tulane University), where John Ashbery described Gallup, Padgett, and fellow Tuslan Ted Berrigan as the "Tulsa School": an influential and charismatic core of the second generation New York School poetry scene that was burgeoning on the Lower East Side.

This archive is a dense, surprising, and valuable primary source for the study of American poetry in the 1960s-1980s: particularly the second generation of New York School poets, the Tulsa School, St. Mark's Poetry Project, and the pedagogy of poetry. Though compact, it contains many surprises: a set of Ted Berrigan's keys in an autograph letter that Gallup neglected to return; a Franconia Mimeograph paper sample booklet whose papers were appropriated for a "boke" titled "Proper English"; a solicitation for Gallup to publish in *Rolling Stone*; and meticulously-kept ledger notes on poetry readings and household expenses.

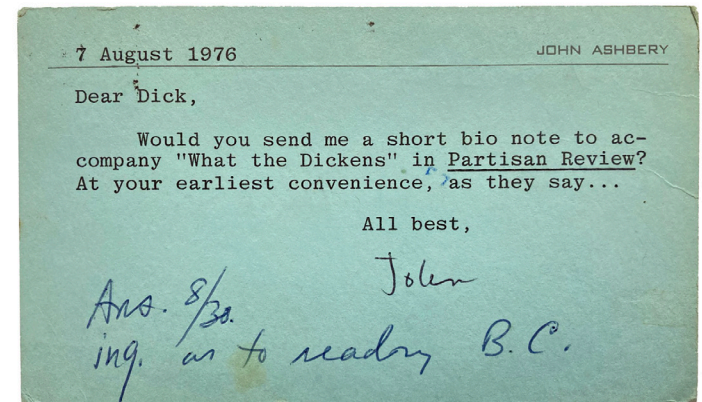
Of special note are a series of 24 notebooks, with frequent entries from 1963-1972 and regular to intermittent entries through the 1980s. With thousands of pages of Gallup's observations, these notebooks document critical moments from the mid-1960s to early 1970s in staggering detail. Gallup, who swore never to become an "academic poet," by his own account felt like an outsider to the world of poetry, and his notes on the social, political, and literary ramifications of his communities are incisive and reflective.

Ron Padgett, who conducted the initial arrangement of the archive, had thought that Gallup's literary papers were either lost or stolen (given several New York City robberies Gallup endured). Saved carefully since adolescence, even during the creator's most dire financial straits, the survival of this scarce material is remarkable and illuminating.



CORRESPONDENCE

The correspondence within this archive is particularly rich during Gallup's most intense years of involvement with poetry scenes in New York and Colorado (namely, Boulder and Naropa), including over 160 letters from the early 1960s (with elementary school classmate Lauren Owen) onward, with most correspondence from the 1970s and 1980s. Correspondents include Ron Padgett (accounting for over half of the letters), Ted Berrigan, Tom Veitch, Larry Fagin, John Ashbery, Anselm Hollo, Joe Brainard, Allen Ginsberg, Anne Waldman, Joanne Kyger and Donald Guravich, James Sherry, Michael Brownstein, Jim Gustafson, Sam Kashner, Tom Clark, Clark Coolidge, Simone Lazzeri, Carol Gallup, Andrei Codrescu, Duncan McNaughton, Bill Berkson, Clayton Eshleman, Maxine Kingston, Alfred Corn, Bobbie Louise Hawkins, David Rosenberg, Steve Carey, Bob Perelman, George Plimpton, Ed Sanders, Jack Collom, Franco Beltrametti, Phillip Whalen, Bob Rosenthal, Andrei Codrescu, Nathaniel Dorksy, Allan Kornblum, and many others. A significant number of letters (approx. 50, some of which are unsigned) are from Marian Fleischer (also known as M. Michaels or Crystal), a romantic partner and astrologer, and span later years.



RON PADGETT
342 EAST 19TH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10003

25 March 1976

Dear Dick and Carol,

It was good to get your letter—I was on Hilton Head Island when I arrived here, and have been fairly busy since I got back. Have sent some things sent to you c/o Sandy at General Delivery in Albany. There are several things there—you might write to Postmaster and get them or something.

My 2 weeks in SC were OK but not spectacular, though the teaching went quite well and everyone was pleased and all that. It rained every day but 3, and I managed to play 1 hour of tennis the whole time. The scene there was quite weird, weird socio-economic-race number going on, but the trees were lovely and the Ocean was the Ocean, and it was fun having 'gators running around loose. I spent a day in Columbia at Bev's—she has taken up with Ken McCallough and she said that since you and Joyce had worked out something

RON PADGETT
342 EAST 19TH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10003

22 June 1976

Dear Dick,

After winning 7 in a row, the Yankees blew one tonight to the Indians, and wouldn't you know it, it was the first game I've watched this week. I just can't believe that Chambliss didn't score on Healy's grounder to second! It doubly pisses me off because the Indians the horrible bloated Florida carrot Boog Powell, the player I hate in the big leagues, after Benny Doyle, whom I hate more than any creature on the face of this earth!

Thanks for your letter and demi-letter and WACKING: your booklet very pretty and the poems are totally great. There is one I like very much, the one ending with tap dancing, but man the others d their heels into reality and hang on for dear life. I think they're courageous and original and inspiring. (I'd like to grab about 10 copies. Can you buy me some at a discount and bring 'em to SC?) a lovely little thing and I'd like to give some away to the less who haven't seen it.

As for being BLOODED—it is not, as you know, an uncommon feeling; nor is it uncommon to feel that one will be BL forever. Like Jim Mason's starting to feel, probably. As for my sometimes I try to wait them out; sometimes I try to break through (usually by writing poems that end up being brittle, corny, and for me the best way through is to apply myself to art, or art (reading a poet you haven't read for years; Carot (not Byron), Williams (not He Beck), or a totally new poet Paul Morand), or by reading a study on painting, or Frank

RON PADGETT
342 EAST 19TH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10003

3 April 1976

Dear Dick and Carol,

Your letters arrived today, I read them over breakfast tea and ran down to the PO and bought the TIMES. Reggie Jackson has been traded!

Your letters are so complex that it would take me an eon to answer them fully, therefore I won't. I'll just take off on this one and see where it goes.

First, I never did find Guernville on my atlas maps because the scale was too large to include small towns. But now with the other coordinates, such as Santa Rosa, I'll be able to figure out just about where it is. Speaking of Santa Rosa, the phrase "Santa Rosa Courthouse" keeps going through my mind—was there some kind of histoire there, a shoot-out or something? A judge shot by Black militancy?

It's a stunning day outside, bright and clear and warm-crisp. A stunner. Unfortunately the tennis courts don't open until a week from today. I have my new pss, no. 454. Ready to go. I think I'll be playing a lot with Kennard, who was over the other night for a really long nice dinner. Just him.

Joe is in a slightly better shape. At least he's not close to suicide now. Off speed. So he sleeps and drags around his place, he really had some things care in on him in a very big way. But in some respects he seems better now, though still jittery. For a while there it looked like something really weird was in the offing... in both senses of the word.

Perhaps in response to that, and the kind of churning it was causing in my feelings, I set myself a schedule, which I stuck to last week: up at 10:30, light breakfast, start work at 11. Work is translating (Cendrars again). Around 1:30 or 2 I knock off for lunch. Around 3 I go out and do errands or go to the PO or answer mail or go to bookstore or whatever. Then dinner and the evening. At 11 I settle down for MARY HARTMAN, MARY HARTMAN with a huge bomb, then watch some of a movie (last night the entire movie, which was exquisite and terrifyingly beautiful in parts: PUTTING DOWN HO HO with Delores del Rio, Acture and Rogers). Go to sleep around 1. It's a dynamight schedule and a welcome relief from the sort of wandering around I was doing—it was pleasant at first but irritating later.

RON PADGETT
342 EAST 19TH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10003

17 May 1976

Dear Dick and Carol,

Well, it's one of those rainy-type days, a few drops here, a few there, with a coat of grey on everything, but rather pleasant for a Monday, because no one feels like doing much of anything on a day like this. Including me. I did manage to crawl out of the sack before noon—up quite late with a very original Richard Widmark film called, stupidly enough, BRONK'S LAST CASE, a catchy little detective film in the 'sixties, oddly enough. Now the rain is falling gently and steadily.

In I said, in my note, that I was going to read your 1969 journal, I was kidding, but then the book was here, and with a mischievous glee I pounced on it and read it in two sittings. A thing I've read this year. One of its most admirable qualities is your willingness to just write a journal, without much thought as to who will be reading it—just a diary. I think if I kept one I'd be too self-conscious. even a

RON PADGETT
342 EAST 19TH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10003

13 July 1976

Dear Dick,

Uh...

Jaw drops. No, I hadn't heard any gossip: your gossip about yourself was the first I had heard! Actually there was a slightly stranger one to your letters from California, which I attributed to your being there in California, but it was with a sense of bore uh foreboding that I opened your letter today. I must say I don't know what to say, except that

c/o Alex Katz
RPD 2
Lincolnton, Maine
24 July 1976

Dick,

have to call this a ~~heavy~~ hard, if not a driving, one that began around 6 this morning—at least that's what woke me, and I dozed on and off until 9:30, listening to rain on the roof. It must be about 11:30 now, and the darker, the blues and greens deeper and more mute, as seen through the filter of some romantic cinematographer, he looks like a misty luminous silver. "Anyone want scrambled eggs and toast?" Patty asks from the kitchen. I do.

My here has been superb. This the eighth day. Alex of course is a maniac: he follows a fairly rigid schedule of running several miles, playing basketball, swimming or so, work. Then dinner and the Olympics on tv. He's a them in awe. "Whoow! Did you see that?? That's strong." There with my jaw dropped as the gymnasts fly and twist and spin through the air. I too have shifted into a Health Spa mode, less under the influence of Alex than my own: I get up 9 or so, have a light breakfast, play tennis with my play a little basketball with Alex and Vincent (Horse, one, something called 6-3-1), swim a little, sometimes around in the canoe, run a mile or so, read, listen to (French Canadian stuff and sometimes I get lucky and hit a Sox, who are currently in Yankee stadium getting their whipped: last night Doyle Alexander held them hitless the top of the ninth, by which time the Yanks had a 9-0 watch Olympics with the Katzes. Through all this I feel like a very human saint. Vincent, now 15, reads Gary Snyder watches the Olympics Wayne Mazzeo around looking healthier ever has (his ribs don't stick out), Susie is in Dog here, with her playmate Sonny—she doesn't allow him to be personal, though. But they get along well. They smell like other and romp around and chew on sticks.

Now what this guest house is like, and I recall your insight to me several years ago, and by God you were right: it is something wonderful. The other night I switched on an old brown plastic RCA Victor radio and music of the twenties came out. I looked around the room and I was in 1920's! It was odd and pleasing.

We've been here I've had no news of anyone or anything, but being held by Merle in NY. Neil Welliver came by today. It was good to see him. I thought he looked fine, except thought he looked a little down. After all, he did lose his house burn down and baby die. Rudy, Yvonne, Edwin, and all look fine, as do Edmund Leites and his son Justin.

RON PADGETT

Padgett was a lifelong friend of Gallup's, an interlocutor in the preparation of his archive, and often, a collaborator who actively contributed to the materials that comprise the Dick Gallup Archive.

Padgett has arranged a significant file of his letters to Gallup chronologically, spanning over 75 letters and 150 pp. of typescript and autograph writing, including poetry typescripts. The period most well-represented for Padgett files are the 1970s, accompanied by 3 printed emails from 2002 and 2003, and some letters from the early 1960s. Padgett's letters are extensive from 1974-1978 as Gallup navigates a challenging period in his life, embarking on several extensive trips, dissolving his marriage, and negotiating difficult work circumstances at the Naropa Institute. Padgett's reflections shed light on Gallup's poetics, the "business" of poetry (and survival), friends and fellow poets (including Joe Brainard circa 1976, and Tom Veitch), and the construction of the Padgett house near Elmslie's property in Vermont, during an important period in Padgett's own life.

There are also many manuscript drafts by Padgett in the archive, including multi-page translations inscribed to Gallup, and poem drafts, including collaborative poems with Gallup, Berrigan, and Tom Veitch. There are also many poems dedicated to or featuring Gallup, and several drafts of college papers from Padgett's time at Columbia University.

The archive also includes several photographs of him, both within the notebooks and beyond, as well as "bokes"—including two regarding Blaise Cendrars.



EASY BLUES

D
I've been lookin' for an easier way
A simple way to sing the blues
You take it around once or twice
And when you get back home you're done

G
Lookin' for an easier way to pay,
One that won't make me loose my mind
Take it once around the block,
And when I get back home I'm free

chorus: A
I want to be free to get away
From the things that are botherin' me
A
Stand alone in the bright hot sun
Get you off my mind
A
And then I'll have some fun

D
Just a melody that wanders around
Never seems to get any where
Sing it easy, soft and sleazy
When you hear it, you'll know that I care

G
There's got to be an easier way to play
Where you just get it down
Take it along, move it around
And when you get back home you're done

(chorus)
D
There's got to be another easier way
A simple way to play the blues
Just take it around once or twice
And when you get back home I'm done
And when I get back home I'm done
And when I get back home I'm done

8-26-80
Dick Gallup

the 98 Greene Street loft, with a cast of Ron Padgett has noted that the cast included Michael Brownstein, Rudy Burckhardt, Joan Fagin, Phillip Lopate, and Peter Schjeldahl.

The juvenalia in the archive illuminates Gallup's early style and influences, including a tendency towards

has
length of a line,
poignancy of duration
of girl fall
late
He's got a pain
19/11
1983

romantic subject matter, a sense of play and humor, and the dual powers of introspection and observation that often define the life of a poet. The later years of his writing also contain unexpected delights—such as a 55-page typescript draft of a work titled "The Democratic National Convention," written in 1984 from the perspective of a San Francisco taxi driver, as well as illustrated drafts of children's stories, drawn from bedtime stories to his own children.

Mommy and Daddy were drinking coffee. She could hear them.

Sally opened the window all the way. The wind was blowing.

Pretty soon she was running across the meadow toward the forest

"I'll find that silly old wolf," she thought, and she ran even faster

Gallup was a guitarist for most of his life, and in the 1960s was known for accompanying himself at poetry readings on the guitar. In the archive, there is a folder of "music manuscripts," with drafts of lyrics and chords, spanning through the 1980s, as well as his guitar pick.

Combined with his notebooks, the autograph material in this archive is extensive, and demonstrates a poet constantly at his craft.

COLLABORATIONS, BOKES, & WORKS BY OTHERS

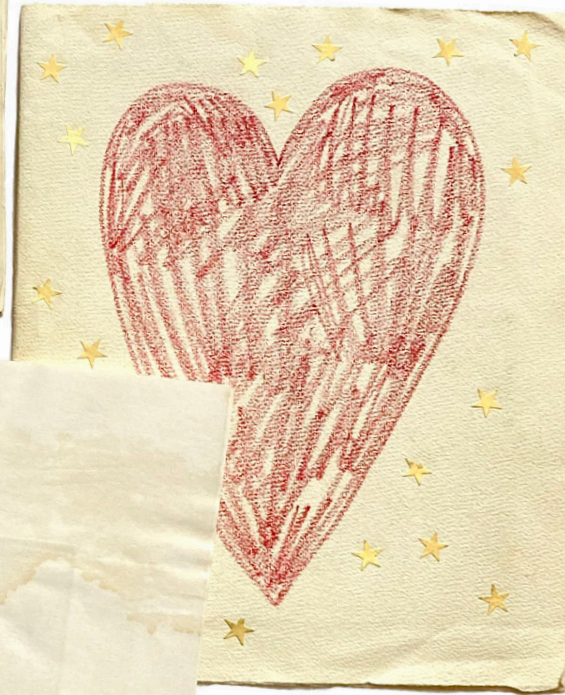
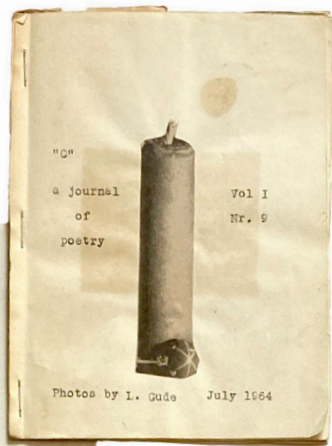
Gallup, who features heavily in Ted Berrigan's *The Sonnets*, was an active collaborator among his peers. A literary pastime of the crew was creating renegade "bokes," or unique book-objects that contained poetry, collage, and other experimental collaborations. There are 21 such "bokes" in the archive, many from 1962-1964, by Ron Padgett, Ted Berrigan, Joe Brainard, and Gallup.

The authorship of these bokes was often collaborative, and Padgett has noted where possible the relevant author or collaborators. At times, mystery prevails, as in the case of a comic-book collaboration with white-out dialogue.

Pictured are 5 small "bokes" by Ted Berrigan and collaborators, including 'C' *a journal of poetry Vol I Nr. 9 Photos by L. Gude July 1964*, with humorous photos of Berrigan, Padgett, DG, Tom Veitch, Pat Padgett, Lorenz Gude, Lorenzo Thomas, and others; *Life*, by Ted Berrigan and Joe Brainard, with cover by Joe Brainard and comics within as well; *5 Poems 5 Poems 5 Poems*,

by Ted Berrigan, with 1963 date crossed out in red on cover, with tipped-in poems and collages; *Looking For Chris*, by Ted Berrigan (next page), inscribed to Tom Veitch, in original typescript with autograph edits throughout; and *Dear Chris*, by Ted Berrigan and Joe Brainard, in typescript with original drawings with a large crayon heart/ gold star sticker cover.

The archive contained several files each for Ron Padgett and Ted Berrigan, with drafts of works, bokes, and correspondence. In addition to this, there are also drafts of works from Peter Schjeldhal, Jack Collom, Kenneth Koch, autograph rewritings of John Ashbery poems by Ted Berrigan, Clark Coolidge, Tony Towle, Sandy Berrigan (with rose drawing), Reed Bye, Christina Gallup, Lyn Hejinian, David Omer Bearden, Donald Guravich (including manuscript of "A Life Story"), Carol Gallup, Darlene Williams (small illustrated book), and Lorenz Gude (which Padgett notes was possibly ghost-written by Ted Berrigan, spring 1963), and photograph of drawings of Padgett and Gallup by Basil King. Many are inscribed to Gallup, feature a poem in his honor, or otherwise document the poet's relationship with Gallup.



L
O
C
K
I
N
G
FOR
CHRIS
by
Ted
Berrigan



FRANCONIA WATERMARKED NO. 1 SULPHITE MIMEOGRAPH

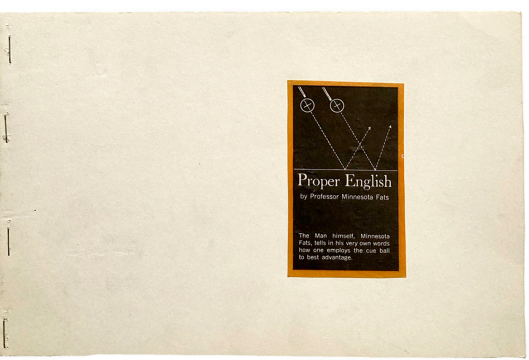
STOCK WEIGHTS AND SIZES

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BLUE	8 1/2 x 11	10,184	5090	12,729	5000	5000
RED	8 1/2 x 11	10,184	5090	12,729	5000	5000
GREEN	8 1/2 x 11	10,184	5090	12,729	5000	5000
PINK	8 1/2 x 11	10,184	5090	12,729	5000	5000
YELLOW	8 1/2 x 11	10,184	5090	12,729	5000	5000
ORANGE	8 1/2 x 11	10,184	5090	12,729	5000	5000
BLACK	8 1/2 x 11	10,184	5090	12,729	5000	5000

PACKING: Trimmed Four Sides
Grain Long — 17 x 22.
Grain Short — 22 x 34, 24 x 36, 28 x 34

FRANCONIA PAPER CORP.
LINCOLN, NEW HAMPSHIRE

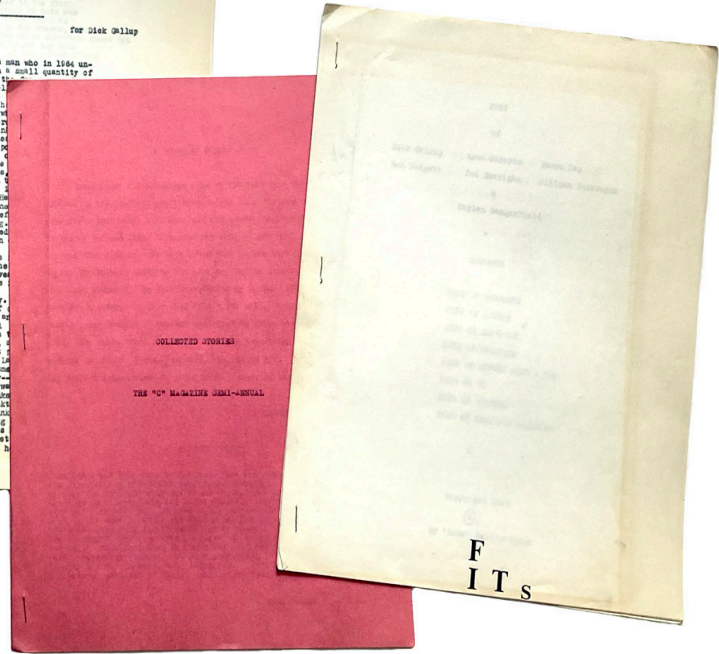
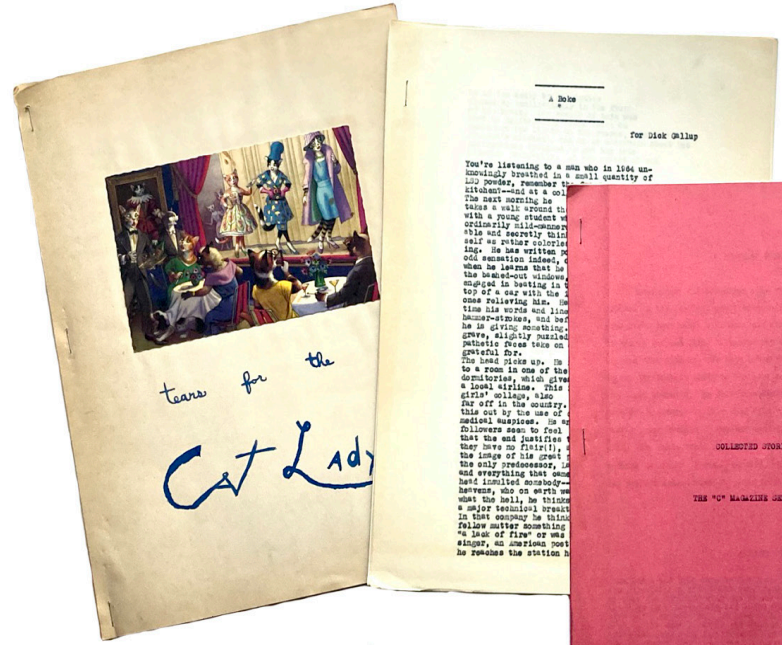
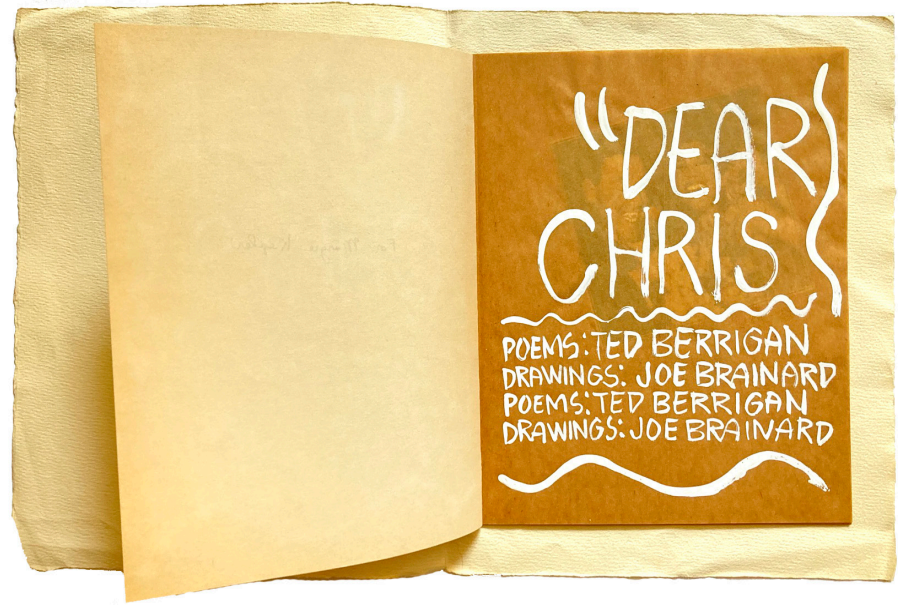
MADE IN U.S.A.
PRINTED IN U.S.A.



A DOVE

branching out
he grounded himself
into a picture
over the heads of the people.

a beautiful reminder hanging on a line.



Pictured are bokes by Gallup, Berrigan, Padgett, and Brainard, including an unattributed comic-book "rewrite."





JOURNALS & NOTEBOOKS

As the New York scene began to gather steam, with publishing projects, regular readings and workshop at St. Mark's Poetry Project, and a new influx of poets, Gallup kept careful note in a series of red notebooks.

JANUARY 8 MONDAY 1968 8th day - 358 days follow

8 January 1968

I was just over to the church (St Mark's) helping Ron, Anne, & Peter run off Mike Brownstein's book *Behind the Wheel*. They had only got 4 pages done when I had to leave, it being midnight, etc. Actually, I spent a great deal of time today (Sunday) gadding around to everyone's house. First I took Christina out to dig the snow & went to Ron's. He said he was going over to Ted's to get the cover for Mike's book and watch a little football. So off we went and met David Shapiro coming down the street with Larry Wiener (?). They had a car (wow) and we got out of the freezing cold (20's with 30 mph winds!) and over to Ted's. Quickly we left them - Ted just getting up, breakfast time - and went to the Victory Deli for hot dogs. Back to Ron's for coffee and George wandered in from the cold. I tried to convince him to come down to play a game of chess, but he chose to

remain in the warmth of Ron's house and play chess with Ron. I came home then and ate dinner, played with Chrissie and read some more awful poetry from the "shopping bag". At 10 pm I went over to Peter's and ate dinner again (wonderful) and just as we finished Ron came in to pick up the paper for Mike's book (sitting in Pete's dining room) and to pick us up too as it turned out. And so I'm back home again at 12:30 am eating Social Tea biscuits and drinking Pepsi.

Saturday we went to a party at Kenward's house (12th Night) and saw all the old folks of NY literature. I had some vague ideas of changing my style and talking with Kenneth, John, Kenneth, Jimmy Schuler, etc. but I found that I did no such thing. I just went on in my usual way, saying little and feeling a little out of place. It was a nice party, tho' and I enjoyed it. Could wait around talking to everyone about the magazine she is "editing" along with Larry Fagin. It made her very happy for a while and then made her feel horribly depressed.

In 1962, he began journaling regularly in spiral-bound notebooks; by 1965, he was using a signature red date book the way one might use a diary: without regard for the date at the top of the page, but instead jotting continuous pages. At this time, he began to document the daily activities of his artistic circle: visiting Fairfield and Anne Porter's house in Southampton (that Ron and Pat Padgett house-sat one summer) and skinny-dipping with the Schneemans, shooting pool with Tom Veitch, printing books with Michael Brownstein and also Ted Berrigan's C Press, giving his first workshop at St. Mark's Poetry Project, and attending countless readings by friends. As one example of many, on January 8, 1968, he writes:

"I was just over to the church (St. Mark's) helping Ron, Anne, and Peter run off Mike Brownstein's *Behind the Wheel*. They had only got four pages done when I had to leave, it being midnight, etc. Actually, I spent a great deal of time today (Sunday) gadding around to everyone's house. First I took Christina to dig the snow and went to Ron's. He said he was going over to Ted's to get the cover for Mike's book and watch a little football. So off we went and met David Shapiro coming down the street with Larry [...]. They had a car (wow) and we got out of the freezing cold (20s with 30-mph winds) and over to Ted's. Quickly we left them - Ted just getting up, breakfast time - and went to the Victory Deli for hot dogs. Back to Ron's for coffee and George wandered in from the cold. I tried to convince him to come down to play a game of chess, but he chose to remain in the warmth of Ron's house and play chess with Ron. I came home then and ate dinner, played with Chrissie and read some more awful poetry from the 'shopping bag.' At 10 p.m. I went over to Peter's and ate dinner again (wonderful) and just as we finished Ron came in to pick up the paper for Mike's book (sitting in Pete's dining room) and to pick us up as it turned out. "

OCTOBER 10 THURSDAY 1968 28th day - 82 days follow

4/11 May 1967

The hectic nature of my life continues - I got to stream through the days and half of the nights. I have managed to get a bit more sleep the last week or so, but not enough really. Best what is enough? 8 hours is out of the question right now - too much. Not that I'm getting that much sleep - but one way or another I have to balance the 'time' I spend at the Dept. of Soc. Services and my own time. If I sleep 8 hours there is really nothing in between 5 pm on a work day and 9 am the next morning except 2 subway rides, dinner, a couple minutes paper station with Carol, and a tiny breakfast.

I played some basket ball this afternoon at Johnny's, as last week. I don't expect to be able to speak of last week's stuff was mild. Good for the old body to get up in the air covered with sweat.

What others we now in the feeling that things are getting by me - out of hand if you prefer. My handling of my job leaves (over 2 pages)

DICK GALLUP, *The Bongo*, Walter Paris, 51 pp. Already an underground classic and possibly the only stage-type theatre written in the U.S. recently which is making an attempt at "abstract" devices, an orgy or a pageantmaster piece. Traces of Beckett's metaphoric and handling, but no copy. Gallup could just as easily have said due to Oscar Wilde or Ben Jonson. Classic form, with 5 acts (act 3 has 12 scenes).

It helps if you know of the outer that the dialogue isn't "going anywhere," since, then, you can just lay back and grove on it. The pace is consistent and the characters are aggregates almost like spirits.

The dialogue is intelligent and highly sophisticated, not broadly funny and often blantly philosophical. Just about any humorous allusion you want is here. Gallup manages to sustain a mood which makes it possible for him to regale you in his brand of wit, and which always stays just short of being "topical."

Although this is New Yorkish poetic tendencies being set to drama, it's basically unclassifiable, one of those sports which every so often occur in American literature. Gallup is always back there grinning at you and you're not even gross enough to wonder what "The Bongo" is or what, if any, kind of sensibility is going on.

A written analog of Zappa's "Let's Make the Water Turn Black" (from "We're Only in It for the Money") and an experience I wouldn't deny anyone.

by Rich
Mangeisdorf

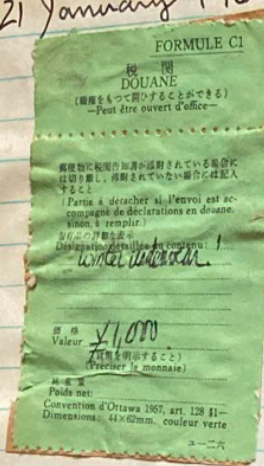
The only known review of *The Bongo*.

The notebooks also document his many teaching appointments with Teachers & Writers Collaborative and Poets in the Schools program: first in the tri-state area, and then in places ranging from West Virginia to South Carolina (with Ron Padgett). After this period of travel, from 1977-1979 Gallup taught and organized programs at the Naropa Institute (directing the program during a leave of absence by Anne Waldman and Allen Ginsberg), and coordinated the poetry reading program at Boulder Public Library. Specific Naropa files also attest to this period, which was rich with communication among peers in New York and also the Midwest.

Friday, March 5, 1965

64th day - 301 days follow

21 January 1966 - The radio says that it is finally going to snow tonight - so tomorrow it should (finally) look like winter.



I wrote a couple pages of a fake interview with John Cage for Ted, which he is going to have in Mother. Sandy and the kids came back Thursday & the Berizgan household is back to its chaotic normal state.

Heard that Ruth Yaks died a couple days ago at the theatre - just keeled over. She was cremated and Joe and Kenward took the ashes with them to Vermont yesterday when Kenward is supposed to sprinkle them to the wind from some hill-top. Unbelievable.

The Welfare paid our January rent & also gave us \$28.86 a couple days ago. My parents found an old Series "E" War-Bond for \$25 that they sent us & hate to cash it - it is pretty and has the mystical date 17 August 1945 stamped on it.

I wrote Ron and asked him if I could borrow his typewriter - which is collecting dust at Kenward's.

I have no pills at the moment - a ghostly state of affairs - but I feel alright, except that my "day" is short and ends in narcolepsy. I also have unpleasant dreams.

Saturday, March 6, 1965

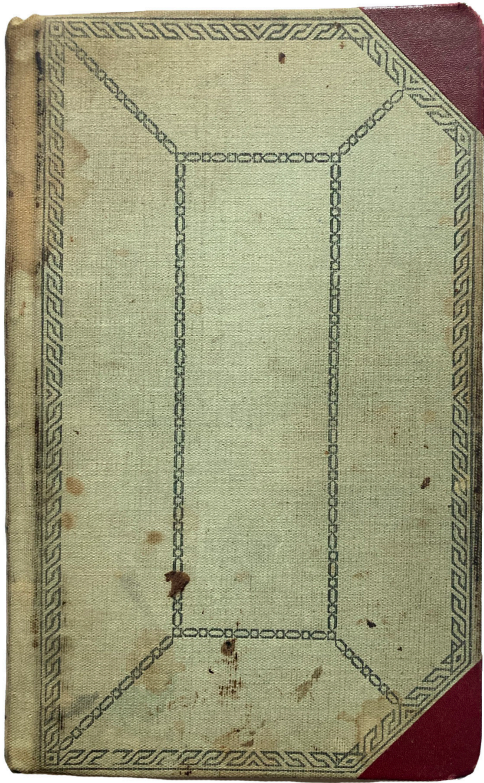
65th day - 300 days follow

Movies:

1. Gherdha the Three Headed Monster (Jap)
2. "She" - U. Anders
3. Ipress File (unbelievable)
4. The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz.
5. George Peppard blow up the German missiles movie.



Books: The Prodigal Rake - Memoirs of William Hickey (wonderful).
Eichmann in Jerusalem
When the Cathedrals were White - Le Colwater,
Topaze - Pagnol
The Dispensario from Smyrna - Goldoni
A Curious Mishap - Goldoni (both wonderful).
Captain from Köpenick - Tuchmayer,



DATE	DATE	DATE	DATE	DATE	DATE	DATE	DATE	DATE	DATE	DATE	DATE	DATE	DATE	DATE	DATE	DATE	DATE	DATE	DATE	DATE	MILEAGE		TOTALS	
																					DATE	DATE	DATE	DATE
260	260	260	260	260	260	260	260	260	260	260	260	260	260	260	260	260	260	260	260	260	260	260	260	260

LEDGERS

At times, Gallup's notebooks became a combination of diaristic writing and accounting. For most of Gallup's life, he earned a living by cobbling together various teaching positions, paid poetry readings, and other small gigs. He kept careful note of his finances in the backs of several red notebooks, but also separate ledger books after he left New York City. In 1974, during his time in West Virginia as a poet in the schools (the state's only such position), Gallup kept two ledgers for each county he taught in, with brightly-colored red titles for Hampshire County and Mineral County. In these notebooks, he records each day of teaching in the front of the notebook, and carefully tallies mileage and expenses the back.

DATE	DESCRIPTION	AMOUNT	DATE	DESCRIPTION	AMOUNT
21 Feb	Keegan to H. Schol		97771		
	Ed. Schol to Keegan	18	97989		
	Keegan to Schol	18	98005		
	Schol to Keegan	7	98022		
		17	98089		
25 Feb	Keegan to Romney	26	98148		
	Romney to Keegan	4			
	Keegan to Schol	18	98162		
	Schol to Keegan	18			
		22	98202		
27 Feb	Keegan to Romney	30	98244		
	Romney to Keegan	4	98274		
	Keegan to Schol	14	98278		
	Schol to Keegan	10	98290		
		22	98317		
		22	98339		
29 Feb	Keegan to K.H.S.	4	98404		
			98408		
Feb	total m.	328			
Totals	\$	\$36.08			

22 January 1974
 Day #1 in Mineral County

Things are much better organized in Mineral City on the surface - but the actual feet may be the reverse. I spent today visiting at various schools - a trying sort of experience, meeting lots of people I cared little about being introduced as "the poet" etc.

Fanny Meyer is nice enough - but I can't tell what he's thinking 3 more days to go of this running around!

So here's the daily impressions:
 First meet Edmund, was my first stop. Principal is George M. Cross, very young and friendly. A good one. The school is 4 stories on a side hill (mountain). It's about damn town in, and it's old (1907). I met about 100 of the teachers, didn't make much impression on me. Noticed a West V type B plain woman while I was up left - small features, sandy hair,

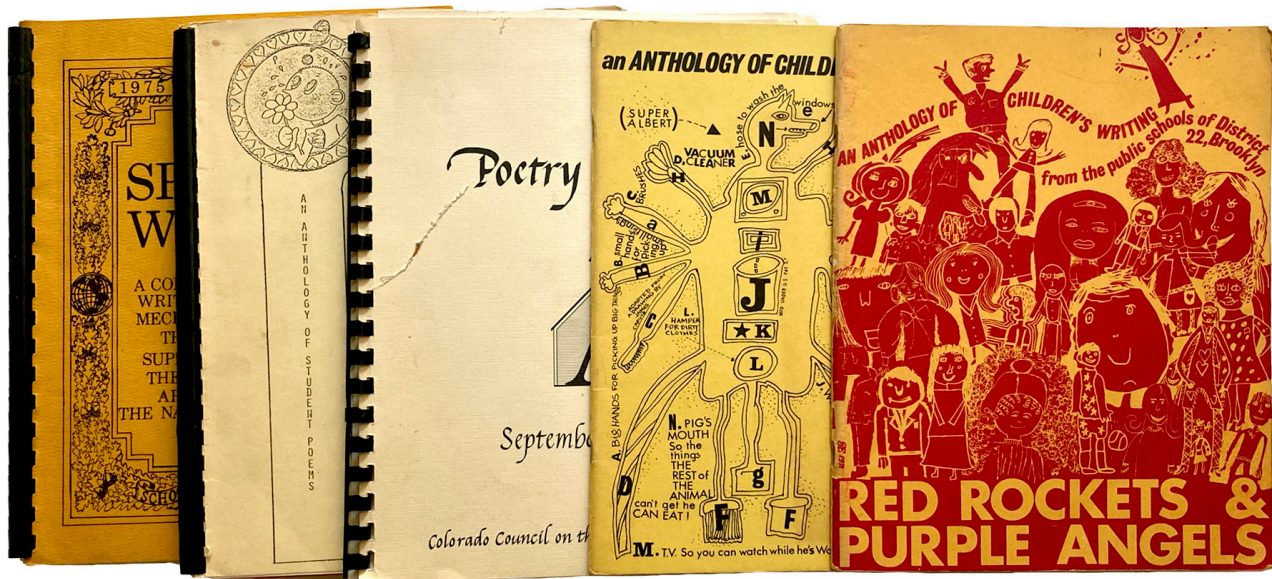
21 Jan. 1974
 Day #1 in Hampshire County

Met Dave Timmer at Board Office. I got there about 9:30 - but he came out of a meeting about 10 minutes, later, excusing himself for being late. He's a nice fellow, but I can't get his name - thought I was - thought I was.

Anyway, on to Romney Elementary School. Approx 500 students. Modern facilities, half day school. Hall for Quarry Crisis. Principal's name is EDGAR SCANLAN, young and fairly relaxed. School seems very typical of middle class school - maybe above average.

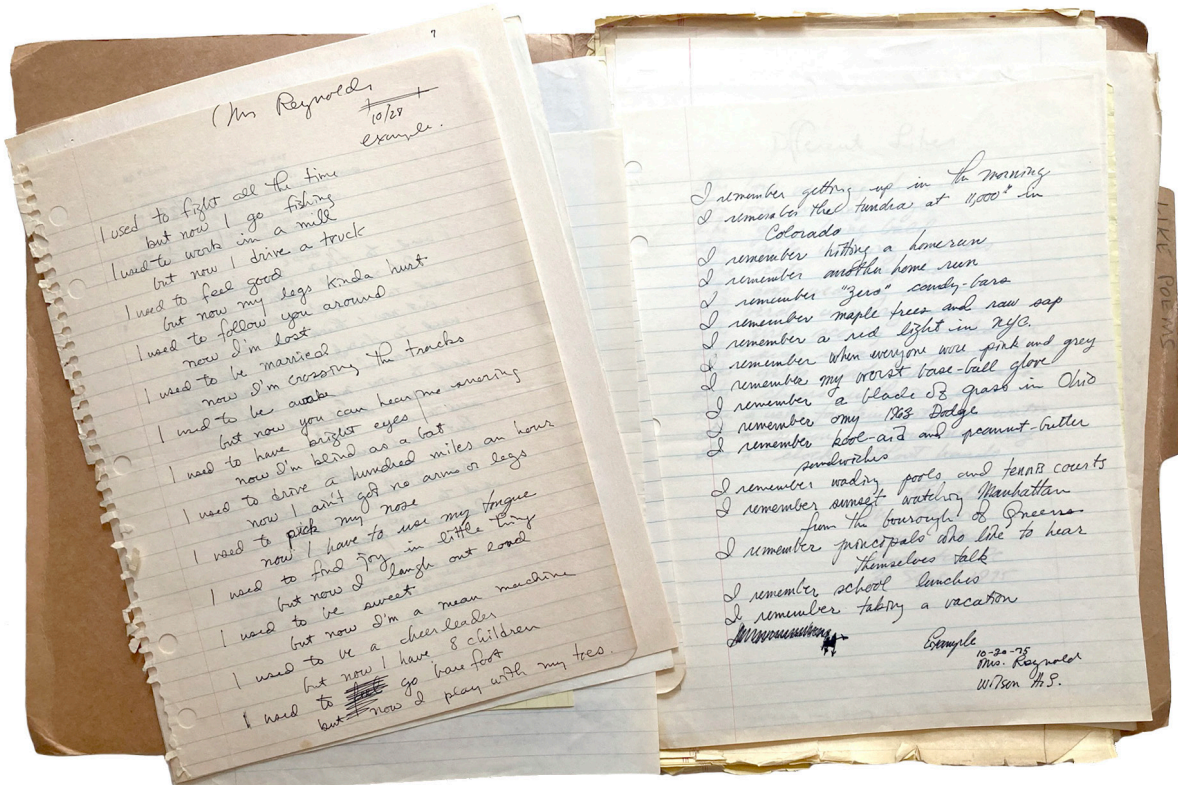
Today I taught 12 classes. SANDRA (MISS) CROOKS HAWK'S sixth grade class. I

After 1981 (when he moved to San Francisco), Gallup's presence in poetry was a quiet one, necessitated by his work schedule and financial circumstance. From 1977-1988, Gallup kept the large ledger pictured above, with taxi mileage, gas, and expenses as its primary function. Yet, towards the front of the notebook, the mixture of poem drafts, daily reflections, and other writing continues. During most of this date range, many poets had thought Gallup was no longer writing.



TEACHING FILES

Teaching was central to Gallup's identity as a poet for much of his life, and the teaching materials in the archive are robust. Included are many instances of student work, either transcribed by Gallup or the students, in response to his prompts—such as versions of a Joe Brainard-inspired "I Remember" poem, pictured below. There are also several ephemeral publications of student works with forewords by Gallup, Larry Fagin, and other resident poets in schools, and mimeograph as well as spirit duplicator files for reproducing student work. Administrative files, including letters regarding Gallup's placement and performance, solicitations for other teaching jobs, student evaluations, and other documentation provide extensive insight into Gallup's concerted efforts as a poetry teacher. Accompanied by significant commentary on teaching in his notebooks and ledgers, the teaching files of the archive not only evidence Gallup's pedagogical philosophy but also the climate of poetry in the United States in the public school system, during an era of government funding that would be short-lived, though an important lifeline for many poets such as Gallup.



EPHEMERA & OTHER FILES

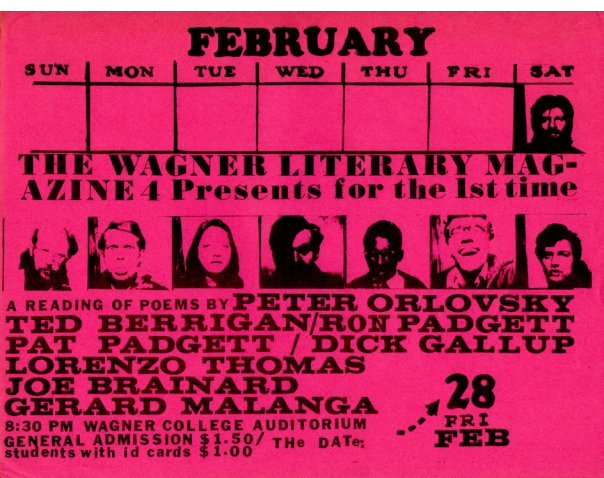
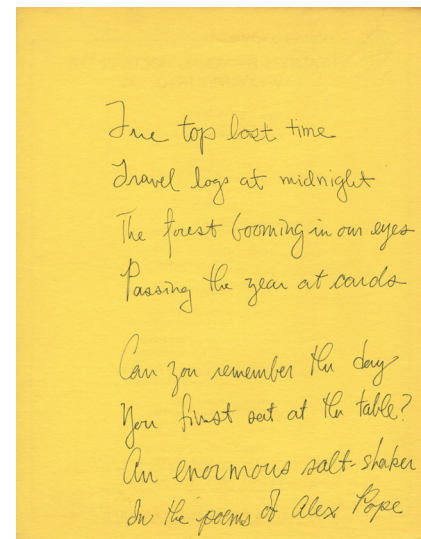
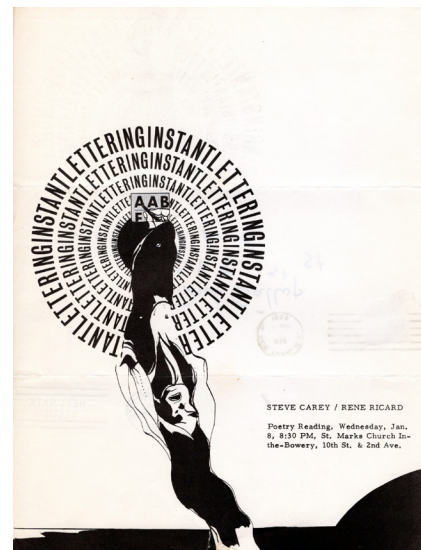
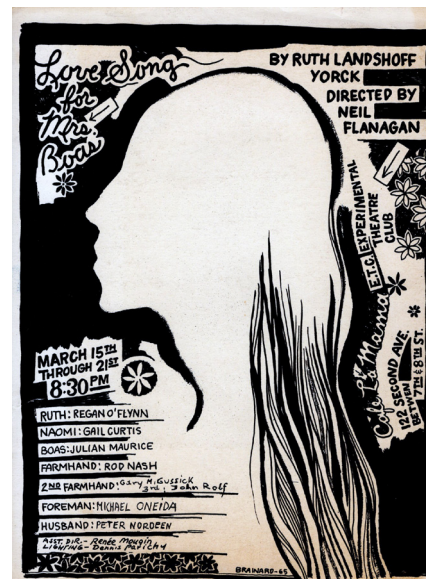
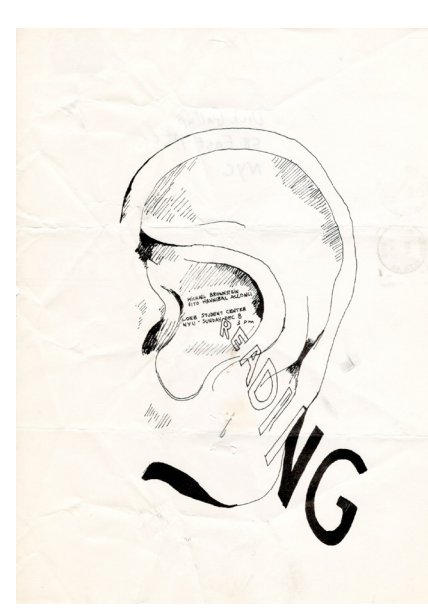
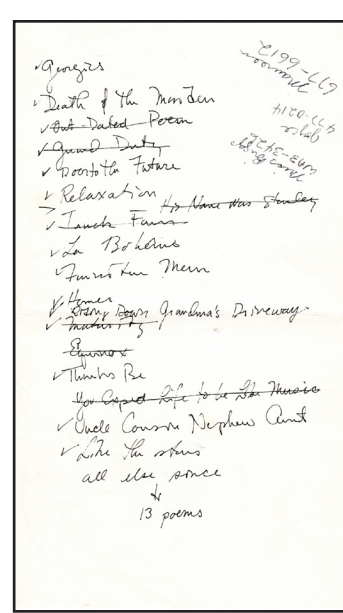
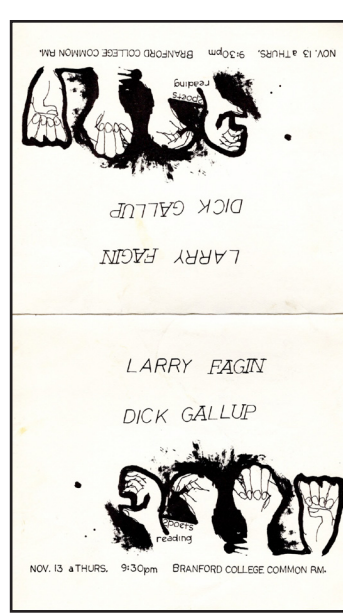
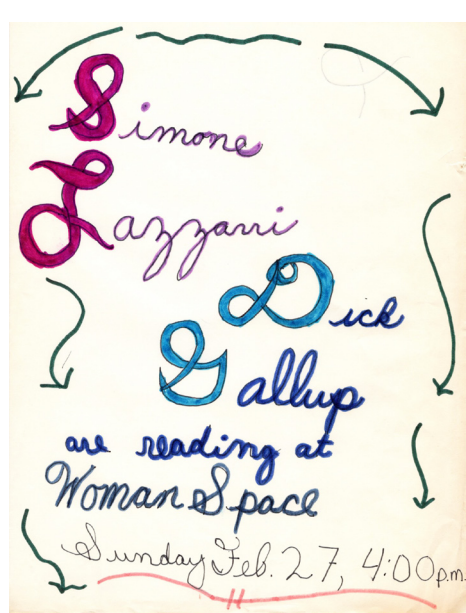
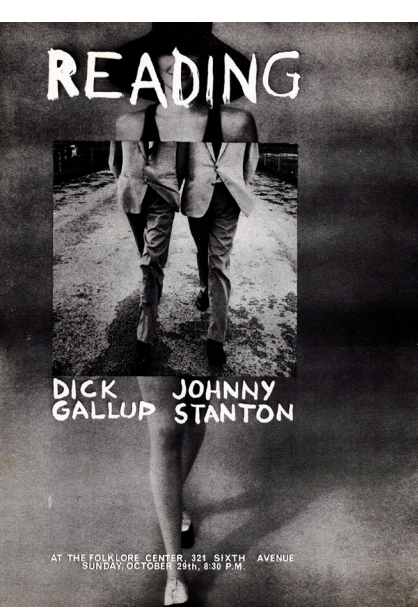
The archive also contains ephemera, with over 80 reading flyers from the late 1960s-1970s (described next page); gallery announcements for Joe Brainard, Alex Katz, George Schneeman, Yvonne Jacquette, and others; publication announcements for Bobbie Louise Hawkins and the Spring 1985 lectures at San Francisco Art Institute; and small ephemeral publications inscribed to Gallup from Toothpaste Press, Totem, and The Alternative Press.

PHOTOGRAPHS

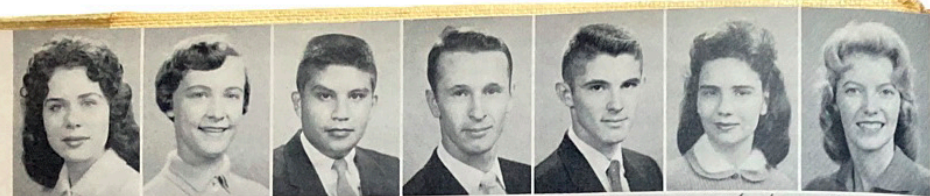
The archive has well over 100 photographs, including snapshots of Ron Padgett, Sam Kashner, Pat Padgett, Anne Waldman, Ted Berrigan, Tom Clark, Larry and Joan Fagin, Michael Brownstein, Tom Clark, George Schneeman, Tom Veitch, Wayne Padgett, and Gallup's family.

There is also Gallup's copy of the 1959 yearbook of Tulsa Central High School, featuring Gallup in the senior class, pictured next to Padgett in the "Book Guild" club, and Joe Brainard in the Key Club. Ron Padgett observed that former CIA Director and classmate Jim Woolsey has nicely inscribed the yearbook: "Best always, your fellow beatnik, Jim Woolsey."





In the ephemera series, poetry reading flyers and announcements feature primarily Gallup and also his collaborators and friends. Most are 11 x 8 1/2 mimeograph announcements, with some larger-scale works in multiple colors, and some smaller colored cards; many were mailed to Gallup. Venues include The Folklore Center, St. Mark's Poetry Project, Viridian Gallery, 98 Greene Street Loft, Smolin Gallery, New School for Social Research, and other sites; poets include DG, Ted Berrigan, Larry Fagin, Simone Lazzari, Jim Brodey, Ron Padgett, Joe Brainard, Joseph Ceravolo, Aram Saroyan, Allen Ginsberg, James Koller, Anne Waldman, Lewis Warsh, Steve Carey, Rene Ricard, Kenneth Koch, Michael Brownstein, Vito Acconci, Robert Creeley, David Henderson, and numerous others. At times, poems are written on the versos of flyers, as are notes from friends.



Norma Ford Richard Foreman Frank Fortney Johnson Hunter Nina Foster Sharon Foster



Shirley Daint Audrey Ford Paul Fowler John Fox Frances Hampton Tommy France Gloria Frances



Nanci Franklin Glenda Franke Lolita Frasier Vicki Fraser Len Frasier Brenda Newman



Bob Freeman Shirley Giff Tony Wayne Geyer Mona Fugitt Gary Gabriel Paul J. Gage Dick Gallup



Mr. Norman Reid, representative from Grinnell College, points out to Sherry Henderson and Sandy Outhier some of the interesting sights on this lovely Iowa Campus.



Audrey Bryant and Mary Eva Martin, members of Mrs. Ora Mayberry's first-hour advanced clothing class, cut out patterns they plan to use for their graduation dresses.



Central Book Guild —
 Front Row: Christine Reed,
 Frances Shirk, Hilda Land-
 ers, Second Row: Phyllis Sam,
 Melbaide Kopp, Anne Fear-
 on, Roberta Ironside, Miss
 Helen Hagler, sponsor, Third
 Row: Dolores Chandler, Dick
 Gallup, Ron Padgett, Michael
 Marsh, Patricia Spurgin.

Senior Class

Book Guild Discusses Good Literature

To discuss books or to listen to presenta-
 tions of original poems, essays, or other com-
 positions, Central Book Guild met every
 Thursday. Miss Helen Hagler, librarian, was
 sponsor of the group.

Membership was open to any interested
 student. Officers were Michael Marsh, presi-
 dent; Ronald Padgett, vice-president; Frances
 Shirk, secretary-treasurer; and Pat Spurgin,
 reporter.



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"A cultural event of the highest order"

- Joe Andoe, artist/author

the White Dove

* REVIEW *

50th
 ANNIVERSARY

Special Guests:

- Dick Gallup
- Ron Padgett
- John Brainard
- Christine Rodgers

Curated by: Lee Roy Chapman / Center for Public Secrets

Also showing: Andy Warhol Screen-test
 featuring Joe Brainard, Allen Ginsberg and Ron Padgett



1960-2010



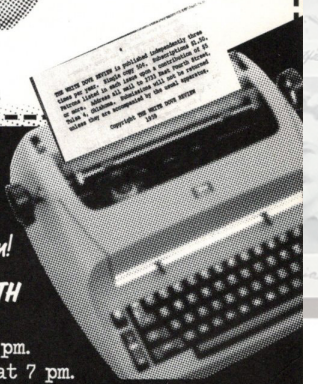
Circle THEATRE
 OF ADMIRAL & LEWIS
 PH. LU. 4-1500

10 S Lewis Ave
 Tulsa, OK 74104-1615
 (918) 585-3504

free admission!

NOV. 14TH

Doors open 6 pm.
 show starts at 7 pm.



Thursday, January 14, 1965

14th day - 351 days follow

18 April 1965 (Easter)

4:30 am.

Some facts I should record.

'C' Press is going to publish a book (let's) by me soon, called HINGES, cover by Bradford. It will contain nearly all my 'good' poems thru "Hairs" except Life in Darkness and a couple fit-in-the-blanks, too.

Kutur Magazine is going to publish 2 scenes from The Bongo (act 1, sc. 3 and act 2, sc. 6). This is apparently set, but something might happen.

Despite that I haven't written anything in months, not even the Bongo.

I am going to Read at the Metro on May 12.

lots of romantic excitement lately.

First I had a little flirtation with Terry Toule, then by way of Ted I got a note from Donna de Creft - a friend of Terry's - to call her up. A pretty direct proposal. So I did.

Saw her last Saturday, took her here and there and then to Johnny's where we went to bed. She was 17 on March 17th. Unbelievable.

Saw her once or twice this week. She's a nice girl, pretty quick witted, very pretty.

School is dragging along agonizingly,

Friday, January 15, 1965

15th day - 350 days follow

I haven't written the old Senior paper. Don't know if I will. Now about 2 weeks late - 2 1/2 weeks. rate is at 1/3 grade point per week. I'm sure I give a fuck about that - but I would like to write it...

Other classes are mostly so-so. Mid-terms were partly horrible, partly good. Too many women! Brett went to California and is living with Samen and his girl Maureen - that after I at least took part of her virginity (she clamped up), but I'm glad anyway - California should be good for her.

Carol has mostly got over morning-sickness and feels a little better. My fucking Donna put her nose a bit out of joint. Thought it would. But I told her anyway - easier that way. However, I don't think I'll tell her when I meet Donna in the future if it is feasible - just keep it quiet and out of the way. Something like that. I am keeping an ever-vigilant eye on my adulteries and their effect - words not counting much.

Read a book by Baselle Honett a couple weeks ago - convinced me he was a damn good novelist. Better than Dreiser or Lewis as to style. His content is pretty simple - but broadens out in an inconspicuous way that (say) Grapes of Wrath doesn't. That I like. Vigor, masculine viewpoint (excessive by contemp. standards), energy, fine picture of whole social organism. - à la Zola Flaubert.



IN MEMORY OF DICK GALLUP

to inquire about the collection, please contact
info@granarybooks.com