

angel hair sleeps with a boy in my head

the  
**ANGEL**  
**HAIR** anthology

edited by  
anne waldman  
and lewis warsh

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## INTRODUCTION

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### ANNE WALDMAN

I met Lewis Warsh at the Berkeley Poetry Conference and will always forever after think we founded Angel Hair within that auspicious moment. Conflation of time triggered by romance adjacent to the glamorous history-making events of the conference seems a reasonable explanation. Perhaps Angel Hair was what we made together in our brief substantive marriage that lasted and had repercussions. And sped us on our way as writers. Aspirations to be a poet were rising, the ante grew higher at Berkeley surrounded by heroic figures of the New American Poetry. Here was a fellow New Yorker, same age, who had also written novels, was resolute, erudite about contemporary poetry. Mutual recognition lit us up. Don't I know you?

Summer before last year at Bennington where I'd been editing *SILO* magazine under tutelage of printer-poet Claude Fredericks, studying literature and poetry with Howard Nemerov and other literary and creative faculty, I was encouraged by Jonathan Cott-comrade I'd known since high school-to visit radical Berkeley and check out the poetry convention. It was certainly going to be more experimental than what I was exposed to at Bennington. A few students had been making queries about why no one taught Williams, Pound or Gertrude Stein, let alone H.D. I was trying to get the school to invite Allen Ginsberg to read. Jon and I had been exchanging work, he'd sent copies of Ted Berrigan's "C" magazine jamming my little rustic p.o. box. He'd known Ron Padgett at Columbia University. We were on to the New American Poetry and the poetry net was widening, inviting.



## INTRODUCTION

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### LEWIS WARSH

Anne Waldman and I met in the earliest stages of our becoming poets. Possibly editing a magazine is a tricky idea under these circumstances. Possibly it's the best idea-to test one's ideas before you even have them, or when they're pre-embryonic. In a sense doing a magazine at this early moment was our way of giving birth-as much to the actual magazine and books as to our selves as poets. We were going on nerve, all of twenty years old, but trusting in our love, which was less tricky and in the moment defied all uncertainty.

The fact that we were growing up through the editing of the magazine and writing our own poems at the same time was a complicated process and gave us a lot of permission to make mistakes, stumble and recover. It was by making mistakes, as in every endeavor, that we learned. From the start, the contents of the magazine mirrored our social encounters as much as any fixed aesthetic. Yet we also had a point of departure and context—the poets included in *The New American Poetry* anthology edited by Donald Allen, which first appeared in 1960.

My mother's connection to poet Anghelos Sikelianos—he was her father-in-law over a decade—had decidedly informed my upbringing and aspirations to poetry. Frances was part of the utopian Delphic Ideal community in Greece in the 1930s spearheaded by Eva Palmer Sikelianos with links to Isadora Duncan, Jose Clemente Orozco, others, that had a humanistic brave notion that art, and Greek drama in particular, could "save mankind." There was encouragement in our bohemian household towards any act of poetry. I wrote stories and plays and e.e. cummingsesque poems in high school, and sent them uneventfully off to *The Village Voice* and *The Evergreen Review*, to which I loyally subscribed. The night Lewis and I took lysergic acid diethylamide at a friend's apartment on Nob Hill, first time, I hallucinated a lineage tree, an *arbor vitae* (prevalent archetypal "acid" icon)—resonant with what you visualize in particular Buddhist practices—that included all the people I'd ever known: family, friends, their families, friends. Also heroes, heroines, cultural figures, saints, poets, ballplayers, actors, movie stars, singers, many others—bad guys, enemies even. Animals, trees, plants, lakes, mountains, and so on. All gathered in my brain in witness motif, gazing at one another and then up at the sky waiting for an impulse to get something "going." Or make use of their precious time "on earth." Of course all these folk were already busy, that wasn't the point. It was my yearning to be part of it all, a blueprint for community, for *sacre conversatione*. More like a fifties Sci Fi movie? And yet the desire to belong, and to "lead" had a naive, albeit egotistical, purity.

Back on the relative level, clearly Lewis and I were bonded and destined to "do something" together. Certainly meeting on the West Coast and having a sense of those poetry communities helped define or keep

I encountered this book the summer it appeared, when I was fifteen, and eventually knew many of the poems and the biographical statements by heart. There was also the context of The Berkeley Poetry Conference, which took place in the summer of 1965. This is where Anne and I met, at Robert Duncan's reading. The conference was one of the major convergences of the poets included in the Don Allen anthology, with emphasis on the Black Mountain poets and the poets of the San Francisco Renaissance. (None of the first-generation New York School poets were present, though I'd heard that Frank O'Hara had been invited and couldn't make it.) So from the start this was the tradition we wanted to explore as publishers and editors. A feeling of wanting to go beyond that tradition came later—another step in the process of becoming, of being. It was just a matter of time before we realized that our real work wasn't simply to mine the tradition of the poets of that world, but to create our own.

The first poem in the first issue of the magazine is a translation of a poem by Pierre Reverdy by Kenneth Koch and Georges Guy. Georges was a French professor at Bennington who would frequently take Anne and me to dinner (a French restaurant, The Rain Barrel) on weekends when I'd go visit Anne, who was in her last year at college. Kenneth Koch had been my teacher at the New School in fall '63. When we decided to start the magazine—we were in the backseat of a car driving from Bennington to New York when we looked at each other and said "Let's do it" and five minutes later "Let's call it *Angel Hair*"—Georges offered us this poem.

I must admit that in my first readings of the *New American Poetry* anthology the poet in the New York School section interested me the least. My tastes were with the Black

expansive the aesthetic of our magazine and press. Also the perspective of an alternative to the official verse culture so clearly manifested at Berkeley was appealing. We were already drawn to underground "autonomous zones," tender beauties of small press production. White Rabbit books were sacred objects Lewis turned me towards. Later *Locus Solus*, *Art & Literature*. *The Floating Bear* and Ed Sanders' *Fuck You: A Magazine of the Arts* were also galvanizing for their intimacy and immediacy. I had met Diane di Prima in 1963 when she was *in situ* at the Albert Hotel with children and entourage and books on alchemy.

Back in Vermont I'd been working on *SILO* with printer Ronnie Ballou, who printed grocery lists and menus for livelihood. He was a taciturn New Englander, rarely smiled, but pleased with the new venture. This was not fine letterpress printing but a modest and cheaper substitute. We ordered out for the elegant Fabriano cover paper. The first *Angel Hair* cost less than \$150 to print. A large page size (9" x 12") gave ample space around the works. Simple type for our title—from Jon Cott's provocative line "Angel hair sleeps with a boy in my head"—felt consummately luxurious. The denouement issue was pristine in its own way, sporting George Schneeman's black line drawing of a couple sailing off in their roadster convertible. I had wanted a different look and texture from other magazines we'd encountered. We weathered complaints from bookstores about the magazine being "oversized" but made no compromise. We sent *Angel Hair* 1 out to a range of family, friends, poets, other folk, receiving back modest support, Ann and Sam Charters being among the first subscribers.

By the time I moved back to New York City into 33 St. Marks Place the magazine had been launched. Word came late summer

Mountain poets, especially Robert Creeley, Denise Levertov and Paul Blackburn, and with the San Francisco poets, Jack Spicer, Robert Duncan and Robin Blaser. The way these poets internalized experience made sense to me; I'd always been involved with inner voices, and it was the tone in which these voices were speaking to me that became the "voice" of my early poems. These poets also taught me that psychology, magic, history and dailiness could exist in poetry in equal measure. The New York School poets sounded a bit too formal and rhetorical to me, too on the surface—Frank O'Hara, most confusing of all, since he was formal and colloquial almost in the same breath—I wasn't ready for it. This is what evolution means—the factors that create the possibility of interest, the chance encounters with books and people that influence you in ways you might not know about until years later. Though I had attended Kenneth Koch's workshop, during which he discussed at length the poets of the New York School, my heart was really elsewhere. Yet when I was in the class, I wrote my first good poem—"The Suicide Rates"—influenced mostly by Robin Blaser's long poems, "Cups" and "The Park," which I'd read in *Locus Solus* magazine. I realized that all the geographical/aesthetic divisions which Don Allen used to structure his anthology were open to question (as a fifteen-year-old, I assumed all those boundaries were sacred) and this insight, fueled by Kenneth's positive response to my poem, had a lot to do with my later stance as an editor.

In April 1966 I found an apartment at 33 St. Marks Place, between Third and Second Avenues, a four-room floor-through for \$110 a month. Anne graduated from Bennington in June and moved in. The first issue of the magazine had come out that spring. I was working as a caseworker for the

1966 I'd been hired at The Poetry Project at a salary in the range of \$6000 a year which would help supplement, along with Lewis' job at the Welfare Department, our budding publishing venture. The Project would be a continuation of alternative poetry and an active and engaged literary community. Our skinny floor-through "railroad" apartment became a veritable salon. First regulars (Ted Berrigan, Dick Gallup, Michel Brownstein, many others) then huge crowds would spill into the premises after readings at the Church. Plethora of stories. The night Kenneth Koch stripped down, shocking my mother who later made the remark that the New York School got "Beat" below 14th Street. The cranky lady next door often called the police as decibels mounted. Occasionally some of the Velvet Underground and Andy Warhol crowd would show up. Many nights we'd hop over to Max's Kansas City or take a taxi to 42nd Street to an all-night movie theater. Although con- firmly inspired by our generation's music, fashion, drugs, attitudes, politics and being caught up and shaken by the devastating events of our times—the war in Viet Nam, assassinations of Bobby Kennedy and Martin Luther King—we didn't think of ourselves as hippies. Too occupied being writers and publishers, and in my case, an infra-structure (arts administrator) poet. Ted Berrigan jokingly called us the "A" stu- dents for our industriousness. After the activity would subside we'd often stay up the rest of the night working, occasionally spotting W. H. Auden out our window (he lived on the next block) in his University of Michigan sweatshirt as he took his early morning "constitutional," a *London Times* under his arm. Then we'd sleep a few hours and get ready for the next round of work, art, conversation.

Welfare Department, my first job after graduating City College, cruising the streets of Bushwick with a black looseleaf notebook in my hand as proof of my identity to those who might question my presence on the streets, spending my afternoons drinking coffee at tiny formica dining room tables with young mothers with four or five children from two or three different fathers. It was a job that affected me as much as anything I was reading but in a way that I didn't realize until decades had passed. I was supposed to ask these women about the whereabouts of the fathers and why they weren't paying child support. What I realized was that many of the men were paying child support—but that to tell the Welfare Department this would reduce the already miniscule grant that was being offered. Mostly I realized that it was none of my business, and when my clients figured out that I was trying to work for them—not punish them for having children, or judge them—they welcomed me with less suspicion.

So this is what I was doing at the beginning of my career as an editor. Anne, meanwhile, found a job as an assistant to a newly formed arts organization—The Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church. Joel Oppenheimer was the first director, Joel Sloman the co-director. By 1968 Anne became the director. Almost simultaneously, Ted Berrigan began visiting us at our apartment, usually late at night as he meandered home to his apartment on 2nd Street between C & D. The second issue of *Angel Hair* had appeared by then and we had included a chapter from his novel, *Clear the Range*. I had quit my job at the Welfare Department after eight months. Anne kept her own (albeit regular) hours at the church, and we could stay up most of the night and get through the next day without much trouble.

When we decided to publish books and pamphlets we wanted texts enhanced by the work of the artists who had come into our lives, particularly Joe Brainard (also a writer we were to publish) and George Schneeman. Each book had its own reality. Shape and size weren't confined by an 8-1/2" x 11" stapled format, although plenty of those we published had charming distinctions. Bright colored tissue endpapers often enclosed the body of the work. Decisions were made based on budgetary concern

or expediency. Early productions (Charles Stein, Gerard Malanga, Lee Harwood) made use of elegant cover papers. Frank O'Hara and John Wieners's work inspired cottage industry George Schneeman drawing for covers with mimeo insides.

To get something ready in time for a reading or a birthday could be a push. John Giorno's *Birds* was timed for a reading. *Giant Night* with silk-screened Schneeman of a window with holly sprig was a Christmas production.

Bill Berkson had ceremoniously invited Lewis and me to meet Philip Guston and his wife Musa in Woodstock which resulted in a generous friendship and Philip's cover for Clark Coolidge's *ING*, and later a cover for Alice Notley's *Incidentals in The Day World*, both stunning black and white drawings. Alex Katz's astute graphic drawing was a perfect match for Bill Berkson's *Shining Leaves*. When Jim Dine responded with understated cover art for Ron Padgett and Tom Clark's *Bun*, wittily making use of a photo of a bagel, we got nervous about getting the background (burnt almond?) right. Ditto, Jim Rosenquist's psychedelic cover for Peter Schjeldahl's *Dreams*. Sometimes serious errors in the runs. Kenward Elmslie's *Girl*

First it was just Ted and Dick Gallup who came by regularly. We spent hours smoking dope and listening to music and talking about poetry and writing poems together and gossiping about everyone who wasn't there and what jerks they were because they were missing out. Ted and Dick's collaborative poem "80th Congress" (to Ron Padgett) catches with awkward delicateness the initial awakening of all our new friendships:

It's 2 a.m. at Anne & Lewis's which is where it's at  
On St. Mark's Place, hash and Angel Hairs on our minds  
Love is in our heart's (what else?) dope & Peter Schjeldahl  
Who is new and valid in a blinding snowstorm

Inside joy fills our drugless shooting gallery  
With repartee: where there's smoke there's marriage &, folks  
That's also where it's at in poetry in 1967  
Newly rich but still a hopeless invalid (in 1967)

Yes, it's 1967, & we've been killing time with life  
But at Lewis & Anne's we live it "up"  
Anne makes lovely snow-sodas while Lewis's  
watchamacallit warms up this  
New Year's straight blue haze. We think about that

And money. With something inside us we float up  
To & onto you, it, you were truly there & now you're here.

After awhile the crowds in our living room grew denser. Jim Brodey, Lee Crabtree (keyboardist and composer for The Fugs) and Michael Brownstein were among the initial regulars, along with Ted and Dick. Harris Schiff, my old high school friend, came later. Tom Clark was there a lot after he arrived from England. Peter and Linda Schjeldahl were there-and sometimes we all ended up at their apartment on 3rd Street, or at George and Katie Schneeman's apartment once they moved up the block. Sometimes, well after midnight, we ended up at Max's Kansas City. Gerard Malanga and René Ricard were around a lot.

*Machine* was mis-bound and upsidedown. Back to the shop. Donna Dennis's mysterious cover for Lewis's *Moving Thru Air* was printed on limp cover stock, losing all edge and clarity. Re-do. We had standards. The most important thing was pleasing the poets and artists themselves. I mistakenly had Joe Brainard's cover drawing for Lee Harwood's *Man With Blue Eyes* (our very first venture) printed on blue paper. Joe had assumed it would be printed on white but in typical Joe-fashion was gracious (and amused) about it. Photographs were often an option. A cover designed by Donna Dennis for *3 American Tantrums* by Michael Brownstein features an emaciated yogin. Photographs of Joe Brainard at various stages of childhood grace the serialized *I Remember, I Remember More* and *More I Remember*. Limited signed editions were a point of pride.

My own writing was undergoing shifts of attention and intention. Many writers of my generation were hybrids feeding off the branches of the New American Poetry. My earliest poems are confessional, soulful, questioning of American values. They move around the page. Poems from my last year at Bennington fashioned into a manuscript for graduation were denser, ponderous, ambiguous—sprung from dream, hints of relationship but distanced from palpable experience. Excessively muted in tone and atmosphere, they seem remote now, as if filtered through gauze. Serial poems of Spicer and Blaser were an influence. Yeats and Stevens, Pound's "Cathay" still haunted the premises. "The DeCarlo Lots" felt genuine—a steadier hand and sound moving in there. Then Ted Berrigan burst in haranguing, breaking the narratives, taking issue with "message." Look to the painters. Words were things as Gertrude Stein proclaimed. It was easy for me to fall in love with Frank O'Hara's poetry. Philip Whalen's. The Surrealist antics

Larry and Joan Fagin came later and Ron and Pat Padgett appeared intermittently. Martha Diamond and Donna Dennis, two young painters who lived across the street, were frequent visitors. I'm leaving out others. Ted was there every night until he left to teach in Iowa in 1968. Sandy Berrigan often visited by day, with her two children, David and Kate. Joanne Kyger showed up one afternoon after she moved to the city with her husband Jack Boyce, and Jim Carroll was a constant self-contained presence, straight out of high school. Bill Berkson was there often, especially after he moved from East 57th to his apartment around the corner on 10th Street.

Alongside the salon atmosphere, a little publishing industry was rumbling in our living room. We had begun doing books by then—the English poet Lee Harwood's *The Man With Blue Eyes* was the first, followed by Gerard Malanga's *3 Poems for Benedetta Barzini*. It was a natural progression to go from magazine to books, a furthering of the commitment to the writers that interested us most. In retrospect I think Anne and I were intent on mining all the possibilities of being editors and publishers as quickly as possible so that we could get on with our own work and whatever was to follow. Some nights we wouldn't answer the door just to get stuff done but Ted had a special code for our buzzer—he was always welcome, and often our best-intentioned plans to spend a quiet night at home were quietly sabotaged. If I was lucky, I could get to work by 2 or 3 am: type a few stencils, rewrite yesterday's poem, answer a few letters, mail some books into the world. Read the newspaper.

There was little critical writing going on at the time. Not even reviews. Some of the poets wrote art reviews for *Art News* and *The Village Voice*. I wrote a few reviews for *Poetry Magazine*, but to what purpose? I

were a kick to late-night collaborations, *corps exquis*. The education continued along, to paraphrase Whalen. I got looser, dumber, more playful, writing down things I overheard, read, names of people, places, snippets from the radio, the street. O'Hara's "Personism" manifesto was affecting as an antidote to Charles Olson's "Projective Verse," which was potent as well. Cut-up à la Burroughs. Berrigan's *Sonnets*. I was also reading the work of all my new poetry friends who were regularly walking into the living room any hour of the day or night. Also giving readings, organizing and running countless poetry events which hosted many elders, being drawn more and more into oral/aural performative possibilities for myself, inventing "modal structures," experimenting with tape cut-ups, using music and film with readings, and had begun some tentative musical collaboration. (I was an early-though brief-student of Lamonte Young's in 1970.)

By the late sixties the Viet Nam War had escalated. An estimated 550,000 troops were in Southeast Asia by 1969. The Tet offensive was a serious setback, discrediting the American government's optimistic and false reports. By the time of Nixon's illegal bombing of Cambodia in 1970, the Mai Lai Massacre, and gruesome casualties all around, the anti-war movement was at its height of engagement. St. Mark's was a hotbed of political activity that many of us became more consumed by in the late 60's/early 70's. I began working with John Giorno on various provocative "cultural interventions" including street works, dial-a-poem. Several of us, in cahoots with the Yippies, participated in cultural activism around the Chicago Seven trial. Allen Ginsberg and I started our demonically active "spiritual marriage" (as he called it) which began by chanting Hindu mantras in

could only reiterate the ongoing decades-long argument between academic and experimental writing and try to draw attention to the work of my friends (though I didn't have much say about what books I could review). Writing poetry criticism during the late sixties was to associate oneself with an academic world, and a tone of voice, which was considered inimical to the life of poetry itself. It was more important to look out the window, to feel the light coming in, or the way the whole world seemed to collapse around you and rearrange itself as you stepped off the curb, than to think about poetry in a way that might improve other people's lives. There was the poetry of being alive and there was the poetry on the page. The word "poet" was often used generically to describe the way you lived your life, whether you wrote anything or not. No one I knew aspired to a tenure-track position, no one I knew attended MLA conferences, no one I knew had a PhD. Most of the people I knew didn't work at all. Visiting writing gigs at colleges was the most one ever hoped for, but no one was hustling in that direction.

This nonacademic stance, however, was never anti-intellectual. The freedom from working regular jobs meant there was more time to read and talk about books, and not just the books that arrived in the mail. And the culture of the late sixties was inviting, as well, so that as a poet you could feel part of a larger world that involved music and painting and dance and movies and politics, what was going on in the present, and without feeling cynical. The songs on the radio actually had some immediate illusory connection to what one might be doing as a poet. I remember going with Anne to a special screening of *Blow Up* in London; before the movie came on, they played "A Day in A Life" by the Beatles—it was the first time I heard it. The day that the Beatles' *White*

Daley Park in Chicago and resulted in the founding of the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics at Naropa Institute (now University) in Boulder, Colorado, in 1974. I had visited the Tail of The Tiger Tibetan center in Vermont in 1970 and begun Tibetan Buddhist practice. Life and focus were already changing by the time Lewis left for the West Coast in 1970. We were able to keep the press going in spite of our separation, stayed friendly, mutually supportive, and consulted one another concerning our continuing Angel Hair productions, now literally from two coasts. We spawned further publishing ventures with new partners and situations: United Artists, Songbird Editions, Rocky Ledge, Erudite Fangs.

Obviously a major consequence of Angel Hair's publishing debut books and pamphlets and other items was the launching of an array of young experimental writers, including ourselves, onto the scene and into the official annals as second-generation New York School poets. A handy moniker, it doesn't cover the entire territory. Of course the magazine was a project of friendships, artistic collaboration, which are defining qualities of "New York School." Yet our project mixed up East and West coast scenes and juxtaposed them in an unusual and appealing context. We were also making up on the spot, stumbling along improvisationally.

In retrospect, Angel Hair seems a seed syllable that unlocked various energetic post-modern and post-New American Poetry possibilities, giving a younger generation cognizance that you can take your work, literally, into your own hands. You don't have to wait to be discovered. And so-called ephemera, lovingly and painstakingly produced, have tremendous power. They signify meticulous human attention and

*Album* came out, we stayed up listening till dawn. (I can still picture Anne, curled up in an armchair, attentive as always, as the light came up over St. Marks Place.)

At the same time—and this might be the true measure of how much time has passed—there was almost no feminist or multicultural consciousness at work, no conscious attempt to balance the number of male and female poets contributing to the magazine, no thought of raising the political level beyond the politics of the poetry world itself. Especially embarrassing is the dearth of women poets published in the magazine. To say that there were fewer women poets writing or that the most radical political groups at the time were sexist and homophobic is no excuse.

By the fifth issue, the magazine became associated almost exclusively with the The New York School. Yet I've never felt quite like a bona fide New York School Poet, whatever that means. The poetry world, especially during that time, felt more communal to me than a cluster of different schools, and I saw no contradiction publishing poets associated with the west coast—Ebbe Borregaard, Philip Whalen, Robert Duncan, Joanne Kyger, John Thorpe and Jim Koller—alongside the poets from the New York School. (The magazines I'd learned most from, *Yugen* and *Locus Solus*, were committed to a sense of variousness, and I had no interest in editing a magazine where the bloc of contributors was the same from issue to issue.) I'd begun reading Clark Coolidge's poems in Aram Saroyan's *Lines* magazine, and elsewhere, and felt an immediate rush of recognition. Bernadette Mayer's *0 to 9* magazine, which she had begun coediting with Vito Acconci, overlapped and expanded the work we were doing. Of all magazines published in the sixties, possibly *0 to 9* is the true precursor for

intelligence, like the outline of a hand in a Cro-Magnon cave. Yet with the overwhelming availability of information-everything known, nothing concealed-that we have today through more and more complex technologies, I wonder if Lewis and I would go about our press now in quite the manner. With the same naive enthusiasm and optimism? I like to think so.

We gave away our magazine and books, sent them out into the void. We saw little income from bookstores, many of which never even responded. But how much more pleasurable to visit Donna Dennis in her studio, discuss collage versions for Jim Carroll's *4 Ups & 1 Down*, than generate computer art at a solitary "work station." Or vie and hustle constantly in the competitive world of grants. When we published a pamphlet it was a grand occasion. We celebrated all week when Ted Berrigan's *The Sonnets* was picked up by Grove Press. It would seem in the new millennium poets have to hide their successes from one another. Envy, literary "politics," who's in, who's out--concerns seemingly tangential to the work itself cloud the atmosphere. The early years were magical. Unself-conscious about who we were and what we were doing, we were our own distraction culture. We weren't thinking about career moves or artistic agendas. We weren't in the business of creating a literary mafia or codifying a poetics. There were no interesting models for that kind of life. We talked about poetry constantly, wrote a lot, worked nonstop on the magazine and press. It was the most interesting and smartest thing we could be doing. We created a world in which we were purveyors, guardians, impresarios of a little slice of poetry turf, making things, plugging in our youth, offering the gift of ourselves to help keep the ever-expanding literary scene a lively place. And it was.

—Anne Waldman  
10/2000

much of the experimental writing that has been done in the decades to follow.

The sixth and last issue of *Angel Hair* is a kind of denouement to the whole project. Only three years had passed, but it felt like many lifetimes. Anne and I were more involved with publishing books (many of the poets we knew had book-length manuscripts and no publishers, so doing books was more useful) and *The World—the* mimeographed magazine published every month or two by the Poetry Project—was beginning to cover much of the same ground as *Angel Hair*. I also felt that we had made our point in trying to define a poetry community without coastal boundaries—a community based on a feeling of connectedness that transcended small aesthetic differences, all the usual traps that contribute to a blinkered pony vision of the world. Anne and I, however, had by then created personal boundaries of our own—we were evolving, growing up, growing out of ourselves, but no longer in parallel directions—and it was time to move on.

—Lewis Warsh  
7/2000