



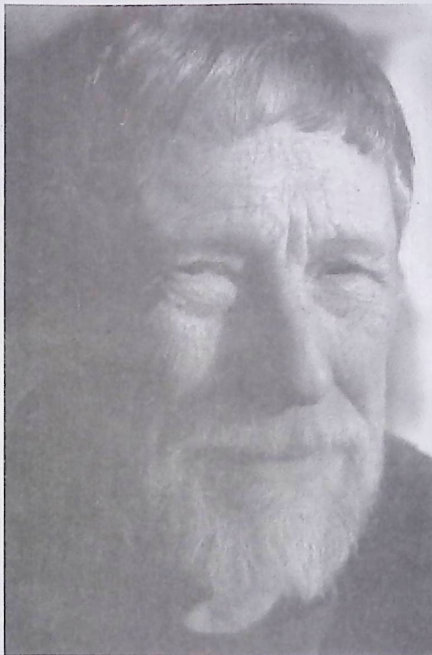
THE TULE REVIEW



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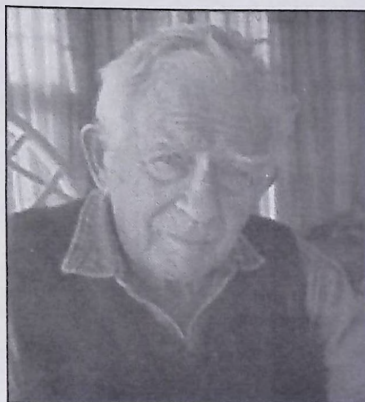


Featuring an interview with

GARY SNYDER

was born in San Francisco, and brought up in Oregon and Washington State. He received his BA in anthropology at Reed College, Portland, in 1951. His subsequent career has been a remarkable combination of the academic and the contemplative, spiritual study and physical labor. Between working as a logger, a trail-crew member, and a seaman on a Pacific tanker, he studied Oriental languages at Berkeley (1953-6), was associated with Beat writers such as Ginsberg and Kerouac, lived in Japan (1956-64), later studied Buddhism there, and won numerous literary prizes, including a Guggenheim fellowship (1968) and the Pulitzer Prize (1975). Until recently, he taught literature and 'wilderness thought' at the University of California at Davis.

NORMAN MAILER



If poetry is the food of the soul
then some poems are like pot roast
lots of meat, pannikins of gravy and
a great deal of taste all very
much the same.

Other poems are fishy
tang, pepper, weed, and green as the
sea. I know a few which stick to the
fingers. Poetmaster in patis-
serie. But my poems-

I want my poems
to be like bones. Bones make it possible
to stay in good form.

And there are
poems which taste of grass, air, earth,
rock salt and old lady granite in the
minerals (not to mention all
the dairy products, milky poems,
vegetables and gourds).

But I want
my poems to be like bones and shine
silver in the sun.

For poems which
are like bones crackle in my teeth.
Look for the death within the death

I have a simple mind
and write my words
to sweep across
a broad cloth
Rich talents go often
to misers who make
diadems of chocolate.
the emperor is
the emperor of ice cream

Yes, the rich speak only
to the purls of their lace.
I want the whole wipe
of the cloth

Or do I delude myself
and merely spit like
a hoodlum
into the wake of phaeton
that drive away?

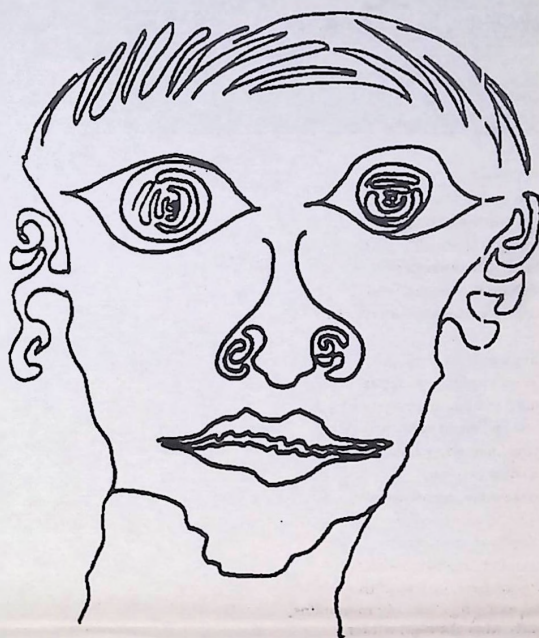
"Our concern was speech, and speech impelled us
To purify the dialect of the tribe
And urge the mind to aftersight and foresight."

aftersight and foresight
the sound is dull
in the ear
like a bruise
on fruit or
taint
In strong

meat
So curious a man
this Elliot
exquisite, pertinent,
yet dimmed in his climax

aftersight and foresight
hole upon hole
a curse
upon poetry
even when T.S.
sponsors
the hole.

These poems & drawings are from two-time Pulitzer Prize winning novelist
Norman Mailer's forthcoming book *Modest Gifts* from Random House

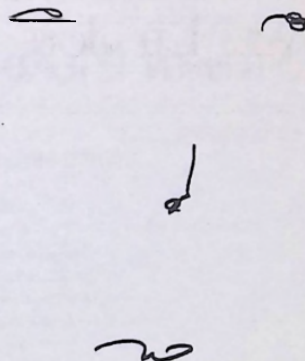


Falling in love has
left my work in a mess.



Some of
my ideas
are impossible

to describe. I'm so
afraid
that people
will squash
them.



Spleen?
Yes! Bad
poetry always
inspires spleen
in me.