

TRINACRIA

Poems, Translations, Essays, Reviews



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TRINACRIA

Voulant des clartés, vous en faites.

—Charles Maurras

*δίξημαι δ', ὅτινι θνατῶν κεχαρισμένος ἔνθω
σὺν Μοῖσαις·*

I am going to seek out among mortals to whom I
may come with the Muses, and be welcome.

—Theocritus XVI, 68-69

TRINACRIA

Joseph S. Salemi
Editor and Publisher

All correspondence should be addressed to the Editor at:

TRINACRIA

220 Ninth Street
Brooklyn, New York 11215-3902
U.S.A.

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NEITHER SHAMANS NOR SHAPE-SHIFTERS

There is a person in the poetry world who seriously believes that there is no difference between formal verse and free verse. He has actually put that opinion down in writing. His identity is unimportant, but the fact that someone could make so egregiously absurd a statement is symptomatic of the profound confusion that reigns in the contemporary poetic scene.

If you press him on the issue, his bizarre argument goes something like this: “There is great formal poetry that I find deeply moving, and there is great free-verse poetry that I also find deeply moving. It’s all poetry, and it’s all good poetry. Therefore there’s no distinction between free verse and formal verse. If it moves me it’s poetry.”

This is the kind of paralogical, celebrational style of pseudo-thinking that makes ordinary people look upon poets as ditzzy, irrational jerks. And these ordinary folk are right most of the time. Many contemporary poets do prefer glandular response and emotional gush to rational understanding. Saying that there is no difference between formal and free verse is about as sensible as saying that a house cat and a rhino are the same animal because they are both quadruped mammals. But lots of po-biz denizens don’t seem to mind such absurdity. Or as an elderly poetic diva once said, “I prefer my own facts.”

What lies behind this mulish disinclination to think clearly? Simple: *feeling, passion, and gut response*. Poets are governed by their emotional reactions to a degree that goes way beyond that of most other people, and as a result much mainstream modern poetry is afflicted with all the things that make it so offensive and fraudulent: mawkish emotion, posturing, indirection, kneejerk irony, portentiousness, private references, vagueness, chaotic syntax, self-absorption, and the hieratic mystification that comes about when a poet thinks that he is a vatic voice of “earned” authority.

A good deal of this nonsense is traceable to modernism, but its roots go even deeper into Romanticism and the Hesiodic-Platonic notion that the poet is somebody special who has been touched by a divine energy, and the corollary belief that poetic creation involves a kind of shamanistic dynamism that can't be explained except via metaphors of "possession" and "inspiration."

The trouble with such metaphors is not that they aren't useful ways to describe how poetry might be made, but rather that, under the conditions of contemporary poetic praxis established by modernism, they give the poet license to be pompously oracular. Combined with the enforced reticence, hostility to rhetoric, and verbal parsimony that a modernist mindset imposes on the craft's practitioners, the image of the poet "with his eye in a fine frenzy rolling," swept up in a Wordsworthian storm of emotional recollection and release, allows for poetry to be mystically suggestive while at the same time hesitant and sparing of both words and clarity. This attitude is so absolutely and indelibly embedded in contemporary poetic self-definition—and even in the general public perception of poetry—that it takes a conscious act of directed volition to escape it. Poets who want to break free from modernist assumptions must reject them deliberately, in both theory and practice, and at the same time firmly refuse to engage in debilitating discussions and arguments with those who defend orthodox modernist ideology. Unless we reject our enemies root and branch, we will be sucked into the asphyxiating cloud of gaseous indirection and formlessness in which most contemporary poetry breathes and thrives. We will be hopelessly entangled in Dana Gioia's "lyric frisson."

A genuine poet is neither a shaman nor a shape-shifter. He isn't the Pythia on the sacred Delphic tripod, uttering indecipherabilities. He isn't cavorting at a slam, or doing improv to bongo-beat in a downtown coffee house. He is a craftsman in language. Here are six genuine poets from Issue # 9 who have been nominated for a Pushcart Prize:

- Matthew Brennan for his “Burlesque,” an ekphrastic poem in trimeter quatrains that gives a sardonic description of the male audience at a strip-tease show.
- Douglas G. Brown for his “Between the Acts,” a *jeu d’esprit* in heptameters on the imagined consequences of a typographical error.
- Bryce Christensen for his “Collections,” a Petrarchan sonnet that draws a grim parallel between a caseful of athletic trophies and a graveyard.
- Ruth F. Harrison for her “Warming Trend,” an English sonnet that moves from a description of the speaker’s small garden to a larger comment on climate change.
- Dennis N. O’Brien for his “A Masterpiece?”—a concise comment, in the form of a rhetorical question and a pithy observation, on contemporary poetic practice.
- Matthew Buckley Smith for his “Open Letter to a Rapist,” seven Sapphic stanzas that are addressed to an aging ravisher, alone on a sickbed, awaiting death.

I’m very happy to have put into print the work of these and many other skilled poets. Long after the silliness, frivolity, and the posturing of our current poetic scene are gone and forgotten, poetry of this solid quality will—as I hope and believe—remain as testimony to that which is permanent and lasting, and to the truth that at least a few poets in our day were willing to maintain their loyalty to the same.

Joseph S. Salemi
Woodside, New York

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Athar C. Pavis

It's Only in the Morning

It's only in the morning I can see,
Only in the morning I can hear,
When from a second sleep there rise in me
Dreams that I can remember: you are there—

A face among the shadows shining still,
A voice like bells that ring the end of time
Reverberating from some distant hill
I can encompass but I cannot climb.

And rushing forth to meet you at the hour
I dreamt you set, at the appointed place,
A disappointment, bitter as the power
Of death wakes me, and I have lost you twice—

But for that moment of mistaken joy
I would give all, and only this suffice.

Norman Ball

Poisonous Relations

The slights sprang full-imagined from her head
in leaps no stable mind could justify.
The quiet sort, he seethed in silent dread,
suppressing bile he loathed to amplify.

Besides, more pressing battles loomed ahead.
At least, that's how he reconciled his head
to epithets launched from the other side
until he could no more. The cyanide

he pilfered from the stockyard's pest supply;
then dashed it on her not-so-humble pie.
Her breath fell short. Aghast, he held his own,
then grabbed in haste the ringing telephone.

The stockyard had been quick to note the loss:
"Are you aware of missing pesticide
especially as, this morning, you were spied
eyeing the mousetraps?" asked the stockyard boss.

He stammered: "It was not to kill my wife!"
This outburst would convict him (jail for life).

Ruth F. Harrison

Old as the Hills

We call the hills eternal. Mountains are
our synonym for solid. They endure.
Pagans among us look to them for aid.
Lift up our eyes, we say, as if some star
rose there to guide our footsteps, make them sure,
as though the fault-crest were secure and staid.

With my young family I explored the tunnels
of Mount Saint Helens' caves and branching channels.

They were as permanent as rock could be
far back above the lake reflecting greens
of bracken and vine maple, every tree
to turn to torch when the volcano's screen
of fire and ash destroyed their constancy.
Mountains don't last. I walk where one has been.

James B. Nicola

April

A conservatory student, practicing
her scales and études sealed in from the rain,
interrupts the diligence of their refrain
to peer outside. Her fingers ache for spring—
when he'll return. She fears she's half-insane,
it's spring *now*. Summoned by the hourly ring
back to a sterile sound-proof practice booth
she'll polish the arpeggios of youth
as perfectly as in a drier day
and turn into a lady, come what May.

Jennifer Reeser

Bimbo Billings

Bimbo Billings wiggles, ooohs, and *ah...*
Adjusts the contours of her gingham bra,
Eyeing her passing salesman with a skill
For which a Prairie Ingenue might kill,

As though both thumbs and past had been jade green,
She circles him; as though she went unseen.
Sexy, secretive, *n'est-ce pas?* And covert?
Non—public, gauche, *bourgeois*, cliché, overt.
You've heard the one about the farmer's daughter?
Bimbo swills her father's wine like water,
And takes her chosen to a darkened lot.

Charity committed on the spot,
Doe-eyed Bimbo Billings on her knees,
Looking upward, nun-like, gulps, "Oh... please..."
Words dribbling from her crude, crass lips like cream—
A registered hygienist's dental dream.

Unassuming, homely by disguise,
Could you discern the color of those eyes?
Yes? No? Allow me, then. They correspond
With too-tweezed brows and nymphette ever-blonde.

Spreading on a weary picnic table
Her homespun skirts (as widely as she's able),
So oh-oh *jolie-laide*, her every feature,
Bimbo Billings makes an eager teacher,
And plans Montana Randy's downfall next:
Domestic. Under-handed. Over-sexed.

Frank De Canio

Mighty Aphrodite

It's easier to throw a punch
than have the will to weather it.
And while I'd mercilessly bunch
my combinations, you were fit
enough to parry them in stride.
But I in turn began to lose,
along with confidence and pride,
the stamina to even cruise
with someone who displayed such verve.
Your countering depleted me
of both resourcefulness and nerve
to challenge such a battery.
And even as I stood bereft,
I clinched to stay what you had left.

Frederick Turner

Whistling Schoenberg

*On being told the story of a talented young composer,
who hearing from his master that we all had to write
like Schoenberg now, took up mathematics instead.*

When players make their private music
For their own skilled ear,
They ornament the piece they've chosen,
Just because it's dear.

In plainchant, brawl, pavane or nocturne,
Oratorio,
In raga, country, blues, or ballad,
Grace-notes always flow.

We scarcely hum a thing but, strangely,
Variations spring
Out of the branches that the master
Thought but did not sing.

Supreme at this was our loved Mozart:
Always what we thought
Would be the next phrase he would alter
Into what we'd sought.

But nobody can alter Schoenberg
Or his children now,
For who would ornament his structures,
Were he to allow?

Let art be always rich and open
To be snatched away
By any lover of its branches
Of unwritten play!

Sally Cook

Mr. Passive Aggressive

A man in thrall to bitches
Gives over everything—
His heart and mind and riches,
Times he's allowed to sing.

The more that he submerges
His nature in their muck,
The sooner that he verges
On running out of luck.

He has a stony center
So hard, so cold of touch
That none of them can enter—
He hates them all so much.

And yet he bows and wallows
In every female whim;
Then stumbles in their shallows,
Finds out they're using him.

Chris O'Carroll

In-and-out Dry

How do they conjure us, our dry Martinis?
Shake us or stir us to be so fanatical?
Do we envision Bond Girls whose bikinis
Will melt off if we mix with mathematical
Precision? Is the perfect formulation—
Vodka or gin with just enough vermouth—
Our key to long-limbed starlet copulation?
Don't question why. Just know that there's One Truth,
And I'm one humble prophet who imparts
This central tenet of cocktail theology:
It's in the freezer that the journey starts,
The pilgrim's quest for heavenly mixology.

Contrive to make room in your freezer for
Your stemware, Tanqueray, and Stolichnaya
(Or what brands you prefer). Then, when you pour,
All is sub-zero, so you'll not require
Ice, which dilutes the drink. Decant a splash
Of dry, well-chilled vermouth and swirl about
To coat your cocktail glass, then gently dash
The residue away. This "in-and-out"
Procedure leaves the ideal quantity
To subtly complement the spirit's bite.
Now fill the chalice. Fear no heresy
In lemon twist or olive. Both are right.

Robert Beum

Alfred Dorn

Thousands of poets busy making names.
All thin of heart and fat with ego. One
Born to save wonder and its poems: Dorn.

Life without wonder: that's Narcissus, lost
In preening, lost in blowing a sick horn.
Sometimes that makes a name. But never Dorn.

Malcolm Paige

General Gerbil's Speech on Memorial Day

We honor on this sacred day our comrades killed in action—
Those ones who braved the tube and lube, and died before extraction.

Their heroism conquered all, and so it does not pain us
To know a fellow soldier lies embedded in an anus.

Where better should he rest entombed, than on the field of honor?
When he went through that mouth of hell, he knew he was a goner.

Pungent farts were in his path; they volleyed loud and potent,
But still he burrowed valiantly, our thunder-scorning rodent,

Till caught within the rectal grip, he struggled unavailing,
And all alone and friendless in the large intestine's jailing,

He perished with true gallantry. The final foe that got him?
Expansion and contraction of the sodomitic bottom.

How many of our comrades fell to make up Death's grim tally
And left their bones to moulder in a butt-cheek's gaping valley?

And so we set this cenotaph in memory of their souls,
And say "But for the grace of God, we might have filled those holes."

Jane Blanchard

Restraint

In northern Georgia, Southern women writers meet to share their recent work. My session starts at ten—three, not four, poets on the stage. Each leaves her seat to read for fifteen minutes, as directed, then is done. The third (mere me) is interrupted by the missing fourth, who bursts in late, apology forthcoming to the friendly folks from home. Not shy, she takes two turns behind the mic; affectedly, she drawls from her first book, unpublished yet, despite appeals to presses numbering a hundred, so she says. She leaves no time for questions, just polite applause. Right afterwards, as I prepare to go, one of her fans pays me a compliment. I smile, say thanks, resist the urge to curse in any style.

Leo Yankevich

The Careful Gardener

The garden has been left unkempt. Now thorn
and thistle thrive, burr, bramble and stinkweed.
The path that led to tulips, once well-worn,
is overgrown with wort and crabgrass seed.

What grand and stately gardens—Egypt, Greece
and Rome, though under the same sun and clouds
they perished. When great civilizations cease
existing their bleak ruins are but shrouds.

Thus we await the gardener's return,
who careful, dedicated to his work,
makes certain the weeds, pulled and gathered, burn
efficiently, since others loom and lurk.

Cheat brome and hemlock plot behind the scenes
to overtake the garden and the path.
For him it's not a war against bad genes,
but of survival, husbandry and math.

A Universal Story

by

Arthur Mortensen

Review of: Frederick Turner, *Epic: Form, Content, and History*
New Brunswick, NJ: Transaction Publishers, 2012
ISBN 978-1-4128-4944-9

I read little literary theory and criticism, since most of it follows absurdly reductionist clichés from ideologies. An example? Squeezing *Moby Dick* down to a dead New Englander's self-serving tale about white men killing whales to make a buck. An old friend suggests literary theorists resemble cargo cultists who hope that, if their essays resemble papers in *Science*, readers will give them the same weight.

One author with a lifetime commitment to a different and better scholarship is Frederick Turner, represented here by *Epic: Form, Content, and History*. Turner's no disciple of intellectual cargo cults, but opts for close reading of the texts he's examining, supported by internal evidence from them and external sources. No agglutinated hodgepodge of racial, sexual, and economic complaints with an occasional reference to Homer, Turner's new book sets out to examine the form, content, and history of epics—exactly what the title says. How desperately old-fashioned! Turner says

The great poets who composed epic... were coming to terms with myth in a historical and civilizational context, and therefore they—and this book—are equally concerned with natural science, history, society, technology, economics, law, ethics, philosophy and language. (p. 11)

A bold promise, and Prof. Turner, akin to a scientist, bases his case on evidence, referencing the texts and synopses of hundreds of epics over a stretch of several thousand years, beginning with the remarkable similarity of epic poets across the world:

One of the most remarkable features of world epic is the astonishing uniformity of the epic poet's social role across the globe. The Celtic bard, the Malinese griot, the Anglo-Saxon scop, the Kyrgyz manaschi, the Japanese biwa hoshi, the Tibetan babdrung, the Mayan ajq'ij, the Norse skald, the Hindu pandit, the Balkan guslar, and the Greek poietes all have an identical role and a typical biography... [they are] chosen mysteriously, experience a kind of possession, learn from their dreams, have... healing powers, perform in a communal context with food and drink, use a musical instrument to punctuate their recitation, and are rewarded with gifts; many... are blind. (p. 47)

This paragraph illuminates the author's approach and view. Fortunately, Turner missed the recent memo that debunked research in favor of unsubstantiated opinion. The book would otherwise not be worth reading.

A major thesis is that epics across time and geography tell essentially the same story: how a given society evolved from hunters in a Stone Age tribe to citizens of a modern city. To support that, Turner sets out to demonstrate how a dozen elements are relatively common to epics throughout the world. The effect is to stimulate recollection of a story we are still familiar with, though today perhaps more from science fiction and sword-and-dragon stuff. But the more the author explicates, the more it begins to appear that epic, and a given author's methods, are not a local phenomenon, like a variety of straw used to thatch a hut in Albania. Instead, there's a common structure and relatively common content. As in architecture, where principles structure huts and temple alike, individual cultural traditions are bound to a universal language of an art, not only in Albania, but in Nairobi, India, and China. Consider the creation myth:

The creation myth is... given its accepted shape in the context of the rest of the narrative. The Book of Genesis, the *Popol Vuh*, and the *Enuma Elish* are themselves canonical creation myths as well as being epic stories... If creation myth does appear... it has many fairly universal and standard features... with a primal, featureless, undifferentiated, chaotic, and usually liquid unity. (pp. 52-54)

There follow seven similar stories of creation from different traditions and eras, including Exodus. And here is Turner on the perennial hero:

Epic is a second look at myth... as it gathers itself together... for civilization... Old features... are pressed into service to make new points... in the finest epics the old means remain as an enriching background to the new... this is especially true of a very common plot element in the epic: the hero's strange birth and extraction. Mythological characters... nearly always... have strange births, often because their genealogy is an explanation... of the conceptual foundations of the tribe. Epic presses into service this familiar feature to indicate the special character of the hero. (p. 69)

Turner follows this with dozens of examples from traditions so varied in time and place that their authors could not have been aware of each other and their work. (In today's networked world this commonality outside of ordinary communication and time is hard to imagine as once being the norm, but it was.) As in Frazer's *The Golden Bough*, the reader's prejudices are overwhelmed by the scholar's citations and references—a sharp change from current literary theory, where fantastic presumption and political opinion are commonplace. Scholars of epic are lucky to have this book. Turner's procedure, like Frazer's, is angled at proofs for a thesis, not politically correct statement-making.

Here is Turner on the epic “cutting of a blaze”:

The boundary of what is knowable must somehow expand. And is this not what happens when an explorer cuts a blaze?... where does it make sense to cut a blaze? Not within the circle of the known world... the explorer is headed into unexplored country... if he cuts it outside the circle, he is already lost. The purpose of a *chinjikijilu*, like the ball of string... that Theseus unwound as he penetrated the Minotaur's labyrinth, is to show him his way back home... there is only one place to cut—at the exact edge of the circle, just where the explorer crosses into *terra incognita*. And now something marvelous happens. A new space opens up... neither on one side of the line or the other. (pp. 77-78)

Again, many citations and references follow to illuminate Turner's interpretation. He comments on the twelve elements, from quest, journey, magical helpers (evolving into the gifted scientists and technologists in science fiction), to games, trials, and the great battle. These proofs are exhaustive (sometimes exhausting) but convincing. Something becomes evident: Epic is not just *Star Wars* written in Greek, Sanskrit, English, Chinese, or Urdu. It's an extraordinarily complex summing up of our transformation from nomads to modern people, told a thousand different ways using elements that are astonishingly similar. It's what we love to hear over and over regardless of where the writer and the epic's language originate. Screenwriters who produce similar stories are informed by the same cultural and biological evolution as the epic poets of old.

Those dozen elements are the easy parts. Epic's real work (a triumphant display of a hero's progress in leading the transition from what became regarded as shameful origins to civilized humanity) is deeply embedded in sexual rites and taboos, kinship systems, and the enormous complications of human awareness and memory. Without memory, the meaning of death would disappear, as would a major impulse for planning a great journey. From that complex foundation emerge the monuments of human epic.

A good way to measure Turner's thesis is to look at science fiction epics, where the same narrative function, flow, and power are pro-

duced not by an evolutionary process, but by the author's invention. Frank Herbert's *Dune* is a fine example. *Dune* is not in verse, though it often cites poetry by imaginary authors. Almost every element and theme referred to in Turner's book can be found in *Dune*. While the story bears superficial similarities to the twentieth-century Middle East, with a dose of Mohammed and Lawrence of Arabia, it uses procedures recognizable from eons before Herbert wrote, despite the fact that he invented those shameful origins, developed a plausible alternate universe (for all its advances, rooted in that synthetic tribal past), and then built the great quest and struggle to transform a people from desert denizens to modern citizens of the galaxy.

The effort would have failed if the reader were conscious of this as invention. The elements and themes Turner discusses in his book are wound into Herbert's story, a synthetic imitation of the evolutionary process, cultural and biological, that underpinned Homer and hundreds of others over several thousand years. *Dune* was enormously popular; and as this reader sees it, the reason is that the book's narrative background and movement successfully imitated epics that evolved within a particular society. The feat is impressive, even astonishing, but Herbert was not the only science fiction writer to employ the form. Another is Turner himself.

He's not only a fine scholar of epic—he's written four, including two science fiction tales, *Genesis* and *The New World*, and another, *The Return*, set in our time. If you find Milton a struggle, try *Genesis*, which uses modern language and ideas to accomplish much of what Milton did in *Paradise Lost*. Turner proceeds with much the same approach as Herbert's, including the invention of a vast (and largely concealed) foundation that makes the story of Mars' terraforming possible. *Genesis*, just reissued, has been in and out of print for several decades, suggesting that Turner knows what he's writing about.

While not expressed directly in the book, it strikes this writer that the epic form is best suited for either a particular epoch in the development of a given society, or as a synthetic form for science fiction or satire. As Turner vividly demonstrates, epic is not a primi-

tive, tribal art. However, one could argue that epic must be timely. *Paradise Lost* could only have been written in the wake of the English revolution (not to mention written by Cromwell's Latin secretary). The *Aeneid*, commissioned by the Emperor Augustus, was written at a celebratory time in Roman history. Assumptions that underpinned Vergil's great poem had faded toward irony a century afterward. *The Vision of Columbus* (Joel Barlow, 1787), an early effort to introduce epic stature to American verse, was written too soon, and is forced and imitative. We had to wait for *Moby Dick* for an American epic. It seems that a society must first live a story before it can tell it.

Science fiction is a special case, working on invented terms. Herbert's *Dune* combined synthetic mythology, magic, and a heroic quest, set in an invented world, as if it were a contemporary account. Turner's *Genesis* is enclosed as a historical artifact, more like a painting than an account, *The Consequences of War* instead of *Saving Private Ryan*. Each is remarkable. For each, however, epic is a narrative strategy, not a cultural imperative. Turner would likely say, nonetheless, that these works sprang from the same roots as the *Popol Vuh* and the *Odyssey*.

This is an important and unique book. For a solid understanding of what epic does, and how, try it. If you teach, introduce it to your students. Free from cant and ideological blindness, *Epic: Form, Content, and History* merits close attention and, where possible, use in the classroom. It's available for Amazon and bookstore ordering, and from the publisher. Transaction Publishers' late editorial director, Irving Louis Horowitz, to whom the book is dedicated, has left us one last piece of his great legacy.



Contributors

C.B. Anderson lives in Maynard, Massachusetts.
Peter Austin lives in Toronto, Canada.
Norman Ball lives in Vienna, Virginia.
Juliana Beedy lives in Framingham, Massachusetts.
Robert Beum lives in Lincoln, Nebraska.
Russell Bittner lives in Brooklyn, New York.
Jane Blanchard lives in Augusta, Georgia.
Laura J. Bobrow lives in Leesburg, Virginia.
Matthew Brennan lives in Terre Haute, Indiana.
Douglas G. Brown lives in Belfast, Maine.
Derek Burgoyne lives in Uppsala, Sweden.
Jared Carter lives in Indianapolis, Indiana.
Sally Cook lives in Silver Creek, New York.
Frank De Canio lives in Union City, New Jersey.
Daniel Fernandez lives in Brooklyn, New York.
George Fitzhugh lived in Port Royal, Virginia.
Claudia Gary lives in Lovettsville, Virginia.
Anthony Harrington lives in Alpharetta, Georgia.
Ruth F. Harrison lives in Waldport, Oregon.
Juleigh Howard-Hobson lives in Beaverton, Oregon.
Karen Kelsay lives in Hemet, California.
X.J. Kennedy lives in Lexington, Massachusetts.
Yahia Lababidi lives in Silver Spring, Maryland.
Arthur Mortensen lives in Brooklyn, New York.
James B. Nicola lives in New York City, New York.
Dennis N. O'Brien lives in Araluen, Australia.
Chris O'Carroll lives in Emporia, Kansas.
Richard O'Connell lives in Deerfield Beach, Florida.
Malcolm Paige lives in Los Angeles, California.
Athar C. Pavis lives in Paris, France.
Melissa Peralta-Hovejos lives in Bethesda, Maryland.
Winthrop Mackworth Praed lived in London, England.

Jennifer Reeser lives in Westlake, Louisiana.
Tom Riley lives in Napa, California.
David Roberts lived in Le Havre, France.
Candace Ruggieri lives in Washington, D.C.
Joseph S. Salemi lives in Brooklyn, New York.
E.M. Schorb lives in Mooresville, North Carolina.
J.B. Sisson lives in Bangor, Maine.
Lee Slonimsky lives in New York City, New York.
Carol A. Taylor lives in Houston, Texas.
Don Thackrey lives in Dexter, Michigan.
John J. Trause lives in Wood Ridge, New Jersey.
Lewis Turco lives in Dresden, Maine.
Frederick Turner lives in Richardson, Texas.
Angelique Wellish lives in Phoenix, Arizona.
Frank White lives in New York City, New York, and Alanya, Turkey.
Leo Yankevich lives in Gliwice, Poland.

Translated Writers

Charles Baudelaire (1821 – 1867)
Quintus Horatius Flaccus (65 B.C. – 8 B.C.)
Yahya Kemal (1884 – 1958)
Philodemus of Gadara (*circa* 110 B.C. – 35 B.C.)
Rainer Maria Rilke (1875 – 1926)

TRINACRIA

A statement of core principles

We publish no free verse at all. We publish formal metrical verse only, following the example of the great pre-modernist masters, and of those contemporary writers who maintain that tradition.

We are not interested in poems that employ an excessive number of substitute feet. If we have trouble finding the stresses in your line, we will not publish your work.

We do not consider syllabic verse to be metrical verse. Moreover, we have a very limited tolerance for hypermetric lines and heterometric forms.

We are allergic to mid-line breaks, or anything else that gratuitously violates typographical conventions. We prefer left-margin capitalization of every line, but we recognize that this is not the practice of all poets.

We believe that the register of language in poetry should always be distinct from that of ordinary colloquial speech.

We believe that an excessive dependence on slant-rhymes and assonance in end-position is a sign of incompetence.

We do not publish poems that are vague, gaseous, or that indicate a flaccid and sentimentalizing mindset.

We do not publish poems that are primarily quoted dialogue, nor poems that make extensive use of quotation marks.

We judge poems primarily by their inherent craftsmanship, not their subject matter. We see no reason to publish a mediocre poem just because it trumpets virtuous sentiments, or expresses sincere feelings. We specifically refuse to evaluate any poem by the yardstick of political correctness.

At the same time, we believe that subject matter is another ingredient that goes into the overall aesthetic effect of a poem. For that reason we will reject metrically excellent poems if we find their subject matter boring or trivial or fatuous; or if the subject matter is handled ineptly; or if the subject matter does not suit the chosen poetic vehicle.

We believe that poems are fictive artifacts of a self-contained nature. For us, any poem that pretends to a bogus authenticity; or that consciously cultivates dissonance and asymmetry; or that deliberately avoids aesthetic closure, is *ipso facto* a failure.

We have taken as our watchword the sentence of Charles Maurras: *Voulant des clartés, vous en faites*. We believe that the primary task of a poet is not to discover beauty, but to create it with his own skill and energy.

TO ALL OUR READERS

Because of the steady increase in postal costs, the price of a single copy of TRINACRIA, starting with Issue # 10, is raised to \$15.00.

This new price is also retroactive to all past issues of the magazine purchased from now on.

Published contributors will of course continue to receive two free copies of the issue of the magazine in which their work appears. Any additional copies ordered will cost \$15.00 each.

Joseph S. Salemi
Editor and Publisher



Voulant des clartés, vous en faites.

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