

Postcards

If you want to tell us what you think of *Entrepôt* please contact Geoff Munsterman, editor-in-chief at: entrepot@tremblingpillowpress.com

Post Card

from

A little staggering yesterday to hear the chain of events that you've been following, and so I look forward, very much, to the appearance of *Entrepôt* as promised here. I'm wondering too if any of the French Creole pieces (circa 1845) will be appearing therein or if you could send me a couple of examples once you get a chance.

Your work is nothing short of remarkable and I thank you very much for what you're doing.

With love to all there,
Jerome Rothenberg

ENTREPÔT

From: Jerome Rothenberg

Post Card

Quick bliss darts in response to *Entrepot*. NOLA Looking to more & more.

David Meltzer

ENTREPÔT

From: David Meltzer

Post Card

Good job on issue #1.

Sinclair is evolving into a master of historical narrative, and I was moved by Formento's essay on Gypsy Lou Webb, and by your "Getting it Right"

Ed Sanders

ENTREPÔT

From: Ed Sanders

Carta Postala

Splendid recovery Dave! New Orleans was and is the Atlantis of music, cum poetry and America's last outpost against the squares - Atlantis uncovered is a fine metaphor. The big thing in the 19th century was finding the source of the Nile, like going to the moon was in the 21st - finding Hip Atlantis is the best feat of the 21st. The fuckers buried it and you dug it up. Dig it. ENTREPÔT (with) that great quote and pictures of dear Tom Dent is a shot in the arm for the tired pros of the poetry slum. Wake up, like the *International*, says, poets used to dance! Or at least nod. Or nod out. Whatever they did it and can still do it in NYC, the very name of which means, "No, motherfucker, no, I won't do it." So, no, it's not lost on anybody.

Onward, Andrei

ENTREPÔT

From: Andrei

The Photographer and The Bullfighter: The Search for Anne McKeever

It is generally believed that one of America's most gifted photographers of the twentieth century, Anne McKeever, vanished in Mexico in the late 1950s. McKeever also explored other artistic mediums and she was considered to have been a prolific poet and painter as well. Brief mentions of her extraordinary works have been noted in *An International Anthology of Surrealist Women* edited by Penelope Rosemont, *Women of the Beat Generation* edited by Brenda Knight, and the critical essay "The Midnight Revolution" by Paul Garon in *Arsonal* (1989).

Of her close friends, including poets Philip Lamantia, Ruth Weiss and David Meltzer, each have spoken numinously of the impassioned genius behind her works.

Yet for more than a half century, what became of McKeever after '58 has been a great mystery. Furthermore, not even the slightest trace of her photography, poetry or art has turned up. Until now, that is.

As chance would have it, the first hint of McKeever's work surfaced alongside another seemingly lost artifact of pre-beat, mid-century America. It was quite a joy actually. I had never seen nor heard of *CLIMAX, A Creative Review in the Jazz Spirit* edited by Bob Cass. But there I was, standing in Crescent City Books in New Orleans one early morning in the third week of June '11, holding two copies of the virtually unknown journal: *CLIMAX, A Creative Review in the Jazz Spirit*, Session One, January 1955, New Orleans; and *CLIMAX, A Creative Review in the Jazz Spirit*, Session Two, September 1956, New Orleans.

The proprietor, Joseph Phillips (also the publisher of Black Widow Press), had just come across poet Judson Crews's contributor copies of *CLIMAX, A Creative Review in the Jazz Spirit* a few days earlier during one of his customary road trips between Boston (the location of his other bookstore) and New Orleans.

The Girl with Green Hair: Meet Poet ruth weiss

"Poet is a verb!" exclaimed my friend, Jessica Fox-Wilson, borrowing a piece of chalk from a neighborhood kid and scrawling the phrase in big letters on a square of concrete where two sidewalk meet at right angles. The moment planted a smile across my face. Jessica is a present-day Minneapolis poet and her hip, unrehearsed, plunked-down credo is sound wisdom for anyone in any time.

Now reset your clock back to another century in another town situated along the same river thirteen hundred miles to the south, and prepare for a troubadour encounter of another kind; one which is the very embodiment of the full-blown spirit and hipster ethos captured in that phrase.



"Ms. McKeever by Mr. Blakeslee"
(Photo by Richard Blakeslee)

PATRON

He is bright-eyed, (retiring nightly at 11). His rooms are muzzled and tidy while a gleaming, steaming coffee-pot tempts not at all too subtly. Along water-shelves peeps a bulk of "Monthly Selections," two pairs of grapes ease each into exactly four folds.

"Mural this wall," said he, "but . . . I'm not looking for a work of art. Just spread the brush and let the paint dribble."

— RUTH E. WEISS

"The Old French Quarter"
poem by ruth weiss, 1950

It's mid-September, 1950, well past midnight in New Orleans. An hour earlier you heard that there would be a party happening at 912 Toulouse near Dauphine in the French Quarter. As you round the corner, you notice a person carrying a jug of wine opening an iron gate between two old cottages on your left. You make your way down the service alley. **Continued on Next Page**

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