



# Calliope

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Photo by John P. Sousa

George E. Murphy Jr

CABIN FEVER

There is a rash and heated shiver  
in this house.  
It twitches in your eyes.  
The silvered mirror glints like knives.  
I touch the windows, frosted, cold,  
feel nothing.  
The floor grain tightens.  
The air drapes itself in odors,  
mumbles into corners.

We've started reading in the bathroom.  
Restless midday naps.  
Wandering into closets.

Outside, there is weather.  
Sliding latches, fixing bolts,  
we see the changes, the unsureness  
of the sky.  
But here, the days are harnessed, tamed  
and bitted on a shaft of spikes.  
Here we can, at least,  
predict the future.



George E. Murphy Jr

POEM

I'm trying to learn to talk to you.  
I've dusted off my tongue, read the books.  
Nothing seems to work  
the way my hand  
does, settling on your shoulder.

My lips are never steady  
when I lean in close to kiss  
like this.

Photo by John P. Hogg

Michael Waters

WHORLS

Like the whorls, he contains a secret.  
He has filled the abandoned cave of the snail  
With red pepper, knowing

That pepper excites the imagination.  
Now he imagines the shell in the window  
Filling the room with transformed sunlight.

The red pepper burning in the whorls  
Is like the last wish in his heart  
Billowing. By now

The snail must have crossed the garden  
Bearing its soft new uniform  
Like a gift of prophecy.



Michael Waters

AIR TOUCHED BY THE AXE

Once, the axe over my head,  
I saw clearly, through wood-dust  
and haze, coming home  
through the forest, the woman  
whose land this cabin respects.

But the axe, sweeping down  
into the rough heart of the oak,  
rang through the clearing  
with the clarity of water  
falling, and the woodpeckers

stiffened for a moment. Then  
the forest resumed--  
the woman gone, again, forever.  
In the corner of the cabin,  
on the foundation timber,

is a smooth date: 19--.  
The shavings have blown to dust,  
even the knife is lost  
in rust, but the year rings true  
as the axe hesitates, then falls--

on a hot afternoon,  
swinging the axe,  
surrounded by years, by sunlight,  
I saw her, this woman here,  
stepping home from the forest.

Michael Finley

A DRIVE IN THE COUNTRY

Summer was dry,  
but farmers pretend not,  
and plow the dead stalks under.  
Today the wind was lifting  
the first loose dirt away.  
The elms in the park were striped  
for felling, sugar beets lay  
on the sides of sharp curves,  
tree trunks lay scattered  
where they landed  
in the tornado of 1958.  
Outside Crookston a yellow dog  
just made it to the ditch to die,  
and farther ahead, by the border,  
old shoes line the shoulders--  
Canadians are home now,  
with new ones.

*Dennis Trudell*

MONDAY MORNING. . .

Six men in white coveralls  
and white short-sleeved shirts and white  
caps come into a building carrying a ladder.  
They march out of step  
through the lobby. They try to enter  
an elevator, but the ladder is too long.  
They saw it in half. They leave the two halves

in the elevator, but each carry a small pile  
of sawdust along a third-floor  
corridor. This is a hospital; the six men  
each speak a different language  
and when they reach a nurse's station  
they offer their palms to the young student nurse  
sitting there with a textbook. She

smiles and points to an illustration  
of a nerve cell. Each of the men gently  
pours what he holds onto the page  
and moves away from the counter to form  
a short line of men tap-dancing awkwardly  
in worn white-speckled shoes. A woman  
in a nearby bed sits upward

from her inert body to kiss death  
as the walls around her blaze a new white.



Dennis Trudell

STREET DANCE

Ladies of fire and eye pupils  
soft enough to let you in--

to let you back out and kids  
wild enough to stand still

and change the world. Animals  
peeing on hydrants and police cars;

accordians and fiddles walk the  
invisible tightropes between our navels

while the past unfurls like flags.  
It blows away--it dries and

drifts down the sidewalk into  
vanishing points as the big trombone

of something that never happened before  
comes gleaming around some corner.

Arthur Winfield Knight

Winfeld Knight

LORD

Winfeld Knight

When my wife died  
 I thought of Gene Halboth  
 because it had happened to him  
 a few years earlier.  
 Each time I saw him,  
 asking how he was,  
 he'd say: "As well  
 as the Lord allows,"  
 and I always thought  
 the Lord wasn't allowing much.

James Schevill

THE ANGEL TRACK

Four feet from the canvas he points  
His brush at the white emptiness:  
"You have to know where to begin.  
These young guys start to paint anywhere,  
All they want is to go fast.  
What way can they fight twenty,  
Thirty years of experience? NO WAY."  
For an hour he tries to start and fails.  
He advances, circles, measures, stares,  
The canvas, pristine white, remains intact.  
"The beginning is the curse, the crime.  
Once you get started you hit the rhythm.  
The whole thing grows like it was forcefed.  
But the beginning, you've gotta be bold,  
You've gotta hit the deep stuff where it hides.  
It's like looking in a mirror or lake.  
If you don't see more than your reflection  
You're in trouble. There's a whole world  
Under that reflection, all those images  
That connect you to time, space, history.  
You see that blank white space singing to me?  
It's an angel track. To fill that angel space  
You've gotta dance around with demons.  
A painter's trapped searching for invisible angels.  
The real beginning is when you find dim angel tracks."  
Suddenly he slashes a black line on the canvas,  
Smears it up, down, searching for the angel track.



Author: Calliope 1.2

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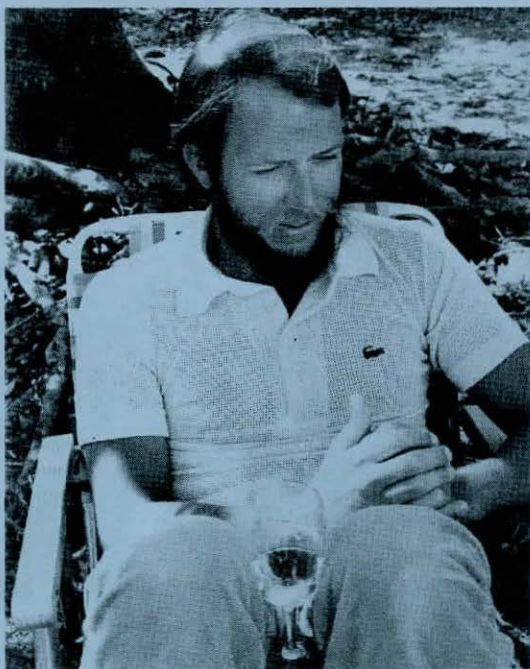
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THE ANGEL TRACK

You feel how the canvas he paints  
 his brush at the white background  
 You have to know where to begin  
 down young guys start to paint anywhere  
 all they want is to go fast  
 that way can they fight tonight  
 thirty years of experience to say  
 for an hour he tries to start and fail  
 in someone, circles, squares, triangles  
 the canvas, painting white, looking black  
 "The painting is the canvas, the crime  
 how you get started you hit the victim  
 The whole thing grows like it was foretold  
 but the beginning, you've got to be bold  
 how's gonna hit the deep stuff where it hides  
 it's like looking in a mirror or lake  
 if you don't see more than your reflection  
 you're in trouble. There's a whole world  
 that's that reflection, all those images  
 that connect you to time, space, history  
 you see that black white space sliding to me?  
 it's an angel track. To fill that angel space  
 you've gotta dance around with demons.  
 A painter's trapped searching for invisible angels.  
 The real beginning is when you find the angel tracks.  
 Nobody be misses a black line on the canvas,  
 starts it up, down, searching for the angel track.

*SPECIAL FEATURE: JIM HALL*

*An Interview and Five Poems*



Jim Hall was born in Hopkinsville, Kentucky, on July 4, 1947. He did his undergraduate work at Eckerd College and has an M.A. from Johns Hopkins University and a Ph.D. from the University of Utah. He has worked as a bartender, a landscaper and gardener, washed yachts and been a ranch hand on actor Robert Redford's ranch. His poems have appeared in many little magazines, including *The Antioch Review*, *Southern Poetry Review*, *Beloit Poetry Journal* and *New York Quarterly*. His first book, *The Lady from the Dark Green Hills*, was published by Three Rivers Press in 1976 and re-issued by Carnegie-Mellon in 1977. A second volume, tentatively titled *The Mating Reflex*, is expected from the same press in January 1979. Jim lives with his wife and three cats in Miami, where he teaches at Florida International University.



Martha Christina

AN INTERVIEW WITH JIM HALL

Q. The poems we're publishing seem to show it not several voices, at least several tones from one voice. Do you feel that any of them reflect a truer you than the others?

H. All my selves are true. From the first my impulse to write poetry was mixed up with a desire to impersonate. I love to mimic, and feel that wearing as many different masks as possible in different poems has allowed me to hack out new terrain in my inner life. If I wrote all my poems in the first person confessional voice, I'd get bored and give up writing in a few years. In a poem like "Golden Pond," for instance, certain lies had to be told because the names of those Kentucky villages didn't weld together right when I told the truth. So as the logic of the poem took over, a different self had to emerge to speak it.

Q. Many readers like to speculate on influences. They'll say, for example, "There's a William Carlos Williams poem," or "He's sounding like Roethke." Who are the poets in your past or present whose work influences your own?

H. The positive poetic influences were Frost and Dickey. Both of them are concerned with and very good at rendering speech patterns. They are also story-tellers. I was strongly attracted to the story-telling possibilities in poetry. Another positive influence was Edward Field, a New York poet whose recent work has gotten a little too flat and talky for me, but whose early books revolutionized what I considered possible in poems. The negative influences, which were at least as important in the beginning, were so many that I can't list them all: Pound, Eliot, Milton, Stevens. After learning more about poetry, though, and

Christina/HALL

teaching some of these giants whom I used to consider unnecessarily recondite and opaque, I find that I admire a great deal of their work. But in the beginning I wanted to write a good simple poem, one that would never need footnotes. I was angry with Eliot and Pound especially for making poems which were so damn hard.

Q. What about extra-poetic influences, things like where you live, things you like to do?

H. I've always read more fiction than poetry, and seen more films, too. I'd say my study of film has been a large influence. Rapid cutting in film, and the right gesture to expose the emotional condition correlate with poetic technique. I have a tropical spirit and need lots of sunshine to feel healthy. My interest in sports, I guess, has been the largest extra-literary influence. That and my curiosity about and fascination with sex.

Q. Many of the poems in your first book, *The Lady from the Dark Green Hills*, are full of sexual innuendo (and more!).

H. Pound says the three things men have in common (I'm not sure if he meant to say people) is a fascination with money, sex and tomorrow. I'm a money/sex person myself. I suppose the sexual ignorance that seemed to be the norm when I was growing up, coupled with the transcendent possibilities of sexual activity have made the subject one of great interest to me. Also, sex forces you back to the body. You can't think and make love very well. I like that. Money talks for itself.

Q. Your poems, even those dealing with grim subjects, seem to retain a light touch. Is this a conscious effort to avoid mawkishness and sentimentality?

H. It's very easy to give in to the sway of your own feelings, to convince yourself that your grief, your loss, your guilt, is the best grief that's



Christina/HALL

ever wept into town. I've tried to cultivate ambivalence about most things, not get too pompously certain I'm right. Because I mistrust pomposity more than anything, I like to scratch at the truth with humor. Humor, jokes, are really great tools for truth telling. Comedy seems much more natural, much less a perversion of the spirit than gloom. If I could, I'd write only funny poems.

Q. What about the delicate line separating sentiment and sentimentality, i.e., "Golden Pond"?

H. If the words of a poem which is full of sentiment don't preen and ooze, then the sentimentality won't be there. I don't believe in being emotionally tough and resisting strong feelings as you are writing a poem. But I do believe in allowing your feelings to be ruled by the necessary form of the poem, rather than the other way.

Q. You've said many writers hate words. Would you please elaborate on that paradox.

H. Writing a poem means cooperating with the form it begins to take and the words that are helping it emerge. I don't believe one should slap an emotion or an image down on a page, quick while it's still hot. What will always happen is: the original impulse (image or emotion or idea) will seem to decay as the words fail to make it zing and whistle and belch as it seemed to do when it was just in the writer's mind. The natural result is to begin to hate the words. Those incompetent bastards, they failed me again. It's more profitable to look on the blank page as a chunk of wood rather than as a forbidding canvas that you have to fill up. You and the words and the page and the original image or impulse all get together and see what you can come up with. Hopefully, the finished poem will deepen the original impulse. Hopefully, you'll discover something, know something at line 27 that you had no idea about in line



Christina/HALL

one. Poems work when they are the overt history of a revelation.

Q. What about your own love of puns?

H. I hate puns. I try never to use them. They hide in my keys like roaches.

Q. You're one of many poets who support their habit by teaching. Do you find that teaching others to write helps or hinders your own progress?

H. I've gone through some simple-minded worrying over whether I was a teacher, who also wrote, or the opposite. Now I see I am a good teacher and an improving writer, and I'm realistic enough to know that even if I thought my teaching hindered my writing, I wouldn't give it up and go back to tending bar or planting palm trees around condominiums. If I had it to do over again, though, I think I would have gone into scientific research. I'd like to have a set of metaphors that were non-literary to work with. I still fantasize about joining an expedition to study the puffin or the slow loris. But teaching doesn't really impede my growth as a writer. It doesn't help as much as one might think either. Partly that's because teaching robs the same energy bank that writing uses, and partly because you begin to take too seriously the activity of writing. You endow it with false reverence. Writing is really, in Eliot's words, "superior amusement."

Q. "Fifteen Billion Sold" addresses a very real situation. But what about the positive side of little magazine publishing?

H. One positive element is that literary magazines will print the incoherent ramblings of a pompous poetaster. I can send a copy of this literary magazine, with my brilliant and unselfish remarks, to the Guggenheim committee and maybe get a whole lot of money. Literary magazines help us stay in touch. That's their best purpose. In touch with

Christina/HALL

who is writing and what they're doing. The failures, the successes. They also act as an index of the passion that is alive for poetry. I'm continually amazed, though, by serious writers who publish in literary magazines but who don't read anything in the issue except their poem and the notes on contributors.

Q. Writing can be a very isolating activity, enforcing a kind of solitude. When you have a poem in progress, do you share it and, if so, with whom?

H. I read the poems that I think are nearly finished to my wife. But the ones that I'm not sure of I sometimes send out in the mail, and after a few rejections I look at them and usually withdraw the one good line or image, and throw the rest away. It takes a few rejection slips sometimes before I can be honest with myself; I wish it weren't so. I wish I could tell right away, but it takes me a while, sometimes quite a while, to cool to a poem, and having it in the mail helps with this objectivity. I know a lot of my poet friends would be appalled at this. "I would never let anyone see something I was less than certain of." But I write so much that it takes the shock of repeated rejection to admit that a particular poem is just not successful. Another aspect of your question is the poetry community issue. Is it important to have a tough and critical audience who see and discuss early versions of a poem? It was quite helpful to me to have had such critical audiences in graduate writing programs for several years. But I'm quite tired of conversations about poetry. I feel like the things that other people have to contribute to my knowledge of the world is much greater in fields outside literature than in it. I like stock car racers. I'd ask Frost about the biology of a white heal-all before I'd ask him what elements of prosody he employed in "Design."



*Christina/HALL*

*Q.* You've been writing seriously for about 10 years. How do you feel about where you are now and where you'll be in 10 more years?

*H.* I'd like to write a few good novels. I know I can if I don't get too discouraged. It's a tough craft to learn and break into. I also expect I'll keep on publishing poems, if I can maintain the amused distance I have had on poetry writing. I'll probably be moving further south to avoid the coming ice age. I imagine I'll still be eating too many Girl Scout cookies, and I'll know one or two new barnyard sounds. I do a good pig. As far as being king of the mountain of American poetry, I neither aspire to that nor will willingly accept the office. I'd rather make my little toys and go relatively unnoticed, than become lionized and a hopelessly self-congratulatory poet. There are a dozen or so of them running amok just now.

\*\*\*\*



Jim Hall

GOLDEN POND

Canton Gracey Cadiz Golden Pond  
Those names he made me memorize,  
the towns leading to the Lake, leading  
towards his birthplace.

Canton Gracey Cadiz Golden Pond  
The same route the funeral cars took  
the hills stiff and bald on either side,  
my tan hands stiff in my lap.

Canton Gracey Cadiz Golden Pond  
I'd forgotten their names, forgot the road  
and the cemetery where the others are,  
those women and men related to me  
in ways no one alive can remember.

Canton Gracey Cadiz Golden Pond  
I chant it now a thousand miles away  
and bring back the summers, his bourbon tinted  
skin, those hands that helped me reel  
up my first silver prizes.

Canton Gracey Cadiz Golden Pond  
I trace on my palm the curves that road took  
I am my own fortune teller now  
This is the only fortune he left me  
My silver prize, this bourbon tinted hand  
This road map to Golden Pond

*Jim Hall*

KILLING MY TEACHER, FOR PETER

The afternoon the screaming cockatoo lit  
in my orchid tree, escaped from Parrot Jungle,  
hounded by sparrows and bluejays,  
which it knocked away with its cumbersome beak,  
I was thinking hard of you.

I was trying to recall a single thing I'd learned  
from you, my teacher, my buddy now. And nothing  
came to mind. Nothing at all.

Until the cockatoo.  
With its spray-paint colors, its wings  
like the coat of the craziest pimp  
like your glaring paisleys.  
Get it?  
I did.

The air drops down all the answers we need.  
When the mood is raging hot enough  
the solutions speak in every radio song  
in every grain of the oak desk.

You are the cockatoo, see,  
and me and the rest of us back then, in our drab  
fatigues, our depressing earth colors,  
we came at you, for a crumble of your beak,  
a spiney feather come loose.  
And you just wanted to coast back to Parrot Jungle,  
your little bungalow.  
You just wanted to stir us up, not hurt us,  
then swim away yourself above the trees  
through the sweet air,  
the air no one can be taught to breathe.

The cockatoo never returned.  
It couldn't, for this to come out right.  
The sparrows, the jays, they live in my backyard sky  
all their lives and mine. We are each other's ambiance.  
We really wanted to kill you.  
We really did.  
I'm glad you outflew us all.

AT HOME ON DAYTONA BEACH

He's seen alligators snapping  
at asses perked on postcards in St. Paul.  
The sunsets sliced by white birds.  
He's dreamed of sliding his hand  
into the pocket of dark where bikinis  
stand off from the wings of hip bones.  
And here, balanced on the railing  
of his hotel in clothes that don't yet fit,  
he squints out past the yellow sails  
which lean across the immense water  
and he toys with the unfamiliar key  
and breathes and breathes and breathes  
to own at least a quart of this  
expensive air.



*Jim Hall*

FIFTEEN BILLION SOLD

The earth is a big mac  
and fourteen times around its  
greasy equator stretch the  
poems laid end to end  
Convenient fast slapped  
cookie cut poems they  
sizzel on silver skilletts  
and young graduates spatula  
them into congruent stacks  
and collate the pulpy tomatoes,  
the spiceless pickles and the  
bloodless gray patties

Haiku blot out the sun  
Undigested burgers are seen  
drifting at sea Free verse  
is pumped from bilges by  
large and small craft  
Young boys wake at night  
and shit cheeseburgers into blank  
verse They wash ashore  
belting the earth  
with a saturn of images

Where do they come from  
where do they go  
Large libraries catalog quarter  
pounders, junior plains,  
small fries learn to ride beefy  
motorcycles of metaphor before  
they've suffered through spinach

Mothers deserve a poem today,  
and fathers have change left  
and everyone, everyone is having  
it their way after another and  
another and another meatless  
bun is fast wrapped quick sacked  
chewed swallowed burped and after  
tasted and dumped back into the  
limitless unpollutable ocean  
of our heartburnt imagination

*Jim Hall*

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPENED BUT ALWAYS WERE

When the soldier returns with new eyes  
when a woman cries unexpectedly  
when two tired men drop their tools  
and remember  
when the sun and the moon and each star

When you touch my face  
when you blind my mouth  
when you fumble for the best way to say it

When these things are no longer blessings  
when these things are all that matter  
when all of this is made petty by easy people

When the sun when the moon when you and  
each star  
find each other







Willis Barnstone

WHEN THE APRICOTS ARE RIPE

I know the garden. Deer eat there, are shot  
and haunt us with their flight. And when I lay  
in the surprising islands, under the apricot,  
by the white pigeon tower, happy in our day  
of kisses, hair, in our huge night of cries,  
loving screams while memorizing the sweet  
science of our thighs, suddenly the animal  
harried us with its blood. I'm at your feet  
but you are gone. I call. Dead phone. I fall  
in the same grove. And deeper in the wood  
I call. Now like a fool I shake. Your eyes  
are olive on the olive mountains. Of  
course deeper than white night, since gone. With love  
far I rush on fire nowhere, cold for good.



*Willis Barnstone*

SUN AS A WINTER ONION

Padding through the snow, the cat fires a look  
through the glass door and tigers off to woods  
of blue air. Six degrees. Sun on my book  
burns shadow on the page: black dogwood buds,  
a knight with parchment eyes. The marble table  
holds a graph pad and four painted clay birds,  
my elbow, the gold Sheaffer nib, blue words  
on the squares; and Mahler's last amazing fable  
sings. I watch fire on the marble. The bells  
of fire are an illusion Plotinus found  
is life itself. He went inside a round  
darkness and up like any Siberian shaman,  
and was the sun. I search within, a Sunday layman  
to mystery. The sun, like a cut onion, smells

Terry Nathan

GEORG TRAKL

The liquid stillness of oranges  
before they are eaten. A fragrance  
of fruit on the black linen tablecloth.

Blue lights, azure. Blue autumn  
resounding through the spines of unborn  
finches fluttering away. In your evening dream,  
huts are thatched with lavender ribbons.

Wine swells bitter in your throat.

Friend, we have climbed down hills  
like Calvary, and the scars relax in the watery-red.

Your voice undresses outside  
a cry of mandolins we cannot kill.

Someone plays a sonata as you  
drag an axe across the icy-blue doves.

Janet Little

EOHIPPIUS

I saw a picture of an elephant's embryo  
Sac torn, trunk curled  
And I saw a horse in a jar.  
It had perfect hooves and a smiling snout  
And the withered sac waved like a rag.

Sometimes I think that I am eohippus  
Walking on strange mountains  
Eating something that looks like bamboo.  
Or I turn, slow-motion, in yellowish fluid  
My circle, my uncharted sea.

CAESURA

I am standing in my bathroom mirror  
While you sleep like a pink fish in a fuscia pond  
Just as still as all this light

My suitcases look expectant in the kitchen  
They don't seem to mind how still it is  
With the sky so blue and an empty house

So I go barefoot in mourning  
Down the dusty stair-rug  
Once outside I'll probably scream  
Like a gaping fish in all this light



Janet Little

THE VISCOUS SLEEP

There is a river and I am the marshes  
The vapors are yellowish ghosts in the trees  
I find rotting apples clutched in finger-like weeds  
And the black swarming waters have covered my thighs  
I am damp stillness  
I am the tongues  
Of the waves in the wings of drowned birds

Cliff Saunders

GATSBY'S GHOST

It brushes the night from its dinner jacket and enters the mansion in search of a telephone. Outside, the lawn party rages like a dazzling inferno: chords of laughter, clinking glasses, crescendo of sad violins...The call is made. It returns to the gathering outside, women flocking to its smile like curious moths. The music stops. Cobwebs adorn the trees like silk veils. It removes a green light from its pocket and tosses it into the bushes. Standing alone, it awaits its chauffeur. The moon fades like a drop of breath on a dark window.

Peggy Heinrich

EXPOSURE

The funeral was in the old neighborhood.  
There used to be a newsstand at the corner  
where my brother and his friends  
stole pennies tossed  
at the blind newsdealer.

The butcher shop's still there  
but not the red-faced butcher  
with three fingers missing.  
I used to stare at them missing.  
One side of the store was gray  
with seafood lobsters crawling  
in their tank on one another  
fish on ice the fish man  
asked me once if I would like to  
have the eyes moist and cold as glass.

I ran away a lot  
from boys who chased me  
yelling fuck and men who stood  
exposed my mother called it  
I thought she meant me.

The candy store's a thrift shop now  
the deli's a boutique and different  
people roam the streets we chalked  
different kids run errands roller skate  
sit in our movie house fill up our cubicles.

At the funeral parlor someone said  
they didn't know a soul there anyomre  
someone said they didn't understand  
a word someone said dirty  
empty someone said strange I said  
the neighborhood has changed.



Elton Glaser

EASTER

We watched the evening sparrow,  
 Upstroke and counter-poise, sweep  
 From the white pear a spiced  
 Sheet of blossoms that hung there  
 Whitely as light drifting  
 Down clouds that do not move.  
 Then night came, dragging her wings,  
 Sick breath of nicotine and  
 Wet fur in the bedroom.  
 We waited, overtaking  
 The last scared hours, then leaning  
 Out of the window to watch  
 The stars degenerate and  
 The moon, in a downy light,  
 Roll back at the bell's appeal.

*Elton Glaser*

MARTIAL ART

The bridge retracting under us  
was no shock, nor were  
the brass clangors, limp flags,  
the syllables numb to the core.

We took the city in two days  
with no problem, no prisoners.  
Booty piled up like barricades.  
The women laughed with their legs.

But that was before our relief turned back,  
before the orders lost in a muddy portmanteau  
and the maps shattered in the sound of

mortars, carbines, light and heavy guns  
heaving over the unmarked minefield  
where we stand, the next step not taken.

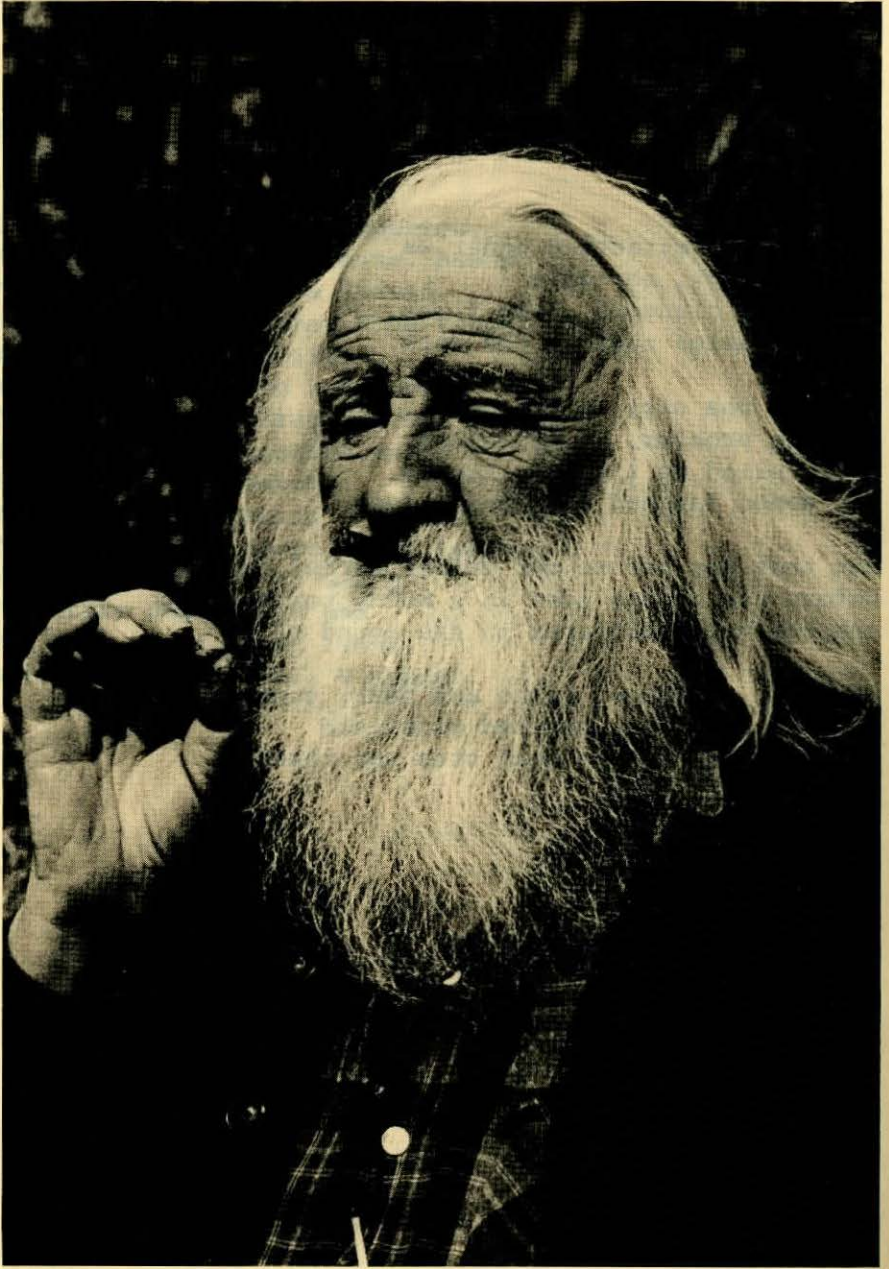


Photo by Les Breault



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FROM THE EDITORS

CALLIOPE is the class project of the Literary Magazine course in the Creative Writing Program at Roger Williams College. The student staff participates in all aspects of preparation and publication except the actual printing, which is done by photo offset.

Each subsequent issue of CALLIOPE will be edited by a new staff, but the editorial policies and procedures will remain the same as those followed in the publication of CALLIOPE 1. Manuscripts will be read and evaluated with the author's name masked so that beginning and well-established writers are read without prejudice.

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