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All Dreamed Out

George Held

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Necklace of Steam

Andrew Bleeker

THE NOTHING THAT IS

John Olson

Ravenna Press

<http://www.ravennapress.com>

150 pages; paper, \$13.95

John Olson is the least important part of his own autobiography. In fact, Olson doesn't feature at all in *The Nothing That Is*, which casts its subject's thoughts and actions in the second person. A bullheaded reader may attribute said thoughts and actions to a Seattle poet named John Olson, but this habit should be abandoned as soon as possible. The "you" that blusters and wonders and spins litanies through *The Nothing That Is* doesn't confine itself to a particular identity, much less the leveling narrative tendency of autobiography. It dances around the middle of a single year. In this book, writing is "a necklace of steam." It comes into being when the flame of a hungry mind meets the cold water of daily life.

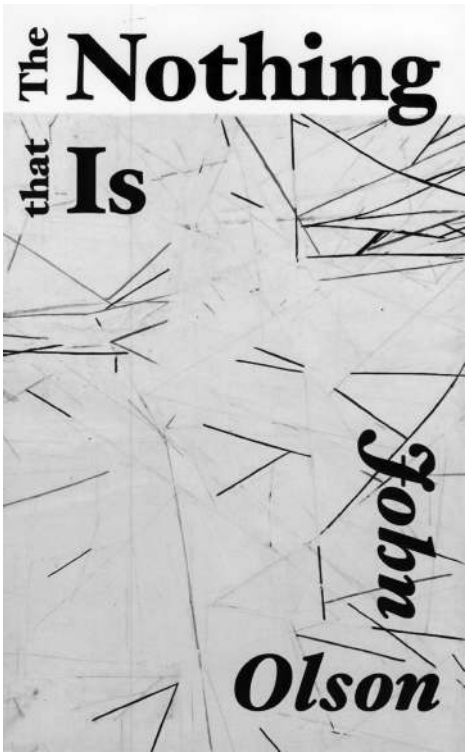
The book's monumental pettiness attains a left-handed form of universality. Even a supple reader will risk exhaustion during Tolstoyan excursions on noisy upstairs neighbors. You may not recognize yourself when "you risk being interpreted, perhaps rightly, as a neurotic crank...." You rail cloyingly against rap music, SUVs, and cell phones. But over time, your autobiography emerges as a comedy of thwarted transcendence. Your grievances don't matter in themselves; the problem is that you have to engage them at their level. The particularity of your complaints puts in contrast the indignity of a beautiful thought interrupted, and the waste of a culture that keeps what matters from mattering. "That's why poetry was so important: it ruptured and destabilized language, so that nothing congealed, hardened into dogma, or if it did, you could take a jackhammer to it and break it apart." *The Nothing That Is* takes words seriously—words as ideas, words as agents

of creation and destruction. Olson's brilliant prose poetry lurks around the corner of every idle speculation and seething anecdote. Passages on the creation and consumption and social life of poetry make for bewilderingly enjoyable reading. Much of the book chronicles situations to which you feel unsuited, so your fierce intelligence and palpable enthusiasm for writing stand out. You assume the responsibility of creating a space in the language for thought, or vice versa: "A helium attic full of haddock and metaphors throbbing with nuclear gerunds."

Such phantasms interweave with brass tacks. You describe a traffic jam as "A slow, bumper-to-bumper, inch-by-inch crawl of grid-locked frustration and cockamamie entanglements." Your search for peace and silence constantly ends in frustration, or never begins. "Solitude without silence is merely solitude." This book that disregards conventional plotting develops a rhythm of striving and sabotage, a spiral form visible from sentence to sentence or across dozens of pages. "All it took was the sound of some jerk's woofer to put you back in the world again." Violent fantasies do battle with Zen teachings in a parking lot. Personal connection fails to trump institutional indifference after a reading in Montana. Memories encroach on the present, and minding encroaches on "no-mind."

John Olson is the least important part of his own autobiography.

The comic aspect of this veering isn't immediately apparent. You never explicitly acknowledge it. *The Nothing That Is* trades in the very small and the very large; the occasional wry observation or absurd image seldom admits the structure of a joke. But the book's open-jawed intimacy can't help but establish a sort of value system. You're concerned with balancing politeness with integrity, whether dealing with yuppie neighbors or earnest poets. Your eye for decay helps you seize moments of beauty. You're prepared to be surprised when the world is less oafish than usual. You compile lists that burlesque comprehensiveness, as in this speculation on the automotive choices of authors: "Shakespeare, on the other hand, would be a little less modest. He



would drive a Lexus. John Donne an Infiniti. John Keats a Jetta. Lord Byron a Harley Davidson. Elsa Von Freytag-Loringhoven a helicopter made of valentines and peacock feathers." Adhering to these values yields surprising results, and an ending so perfectly in tune with what came before that its very humility seems virtuosic.

Whether funny or rhapsodic or ruminative or whiny, Olson displays an intellect at work. He delineates the circumstances in which the brain's work can happen, and lingers on those in which it can't. *The Nothing That Is* solves the problem that it describes—it's a short book resplendent with space and time, strange enough to point at new possibilities and grounded enough to recognize where it comes from. Its nimble shifts of perspective teach a freedom that anyone can access and everyone needs. John Olson has often written "[a] poetry that capitalized on the inherently hallucinatory properties of language," but here we see poetry lapsing in and out of its fever dream.

Andrew Bleeker sometimes writes poetry and criticism. He graduated from The Evergreen State College in 2005, and currently lives in Kirkland, Washington.

All Dreamed Out

George Held

NOTES FROM THE NIGHT: A LIFE AFTER DARK

Taylor Plimpton

Broadway Books

<http://www.randomhouse.com>

190 pages; cloth, \$22.00

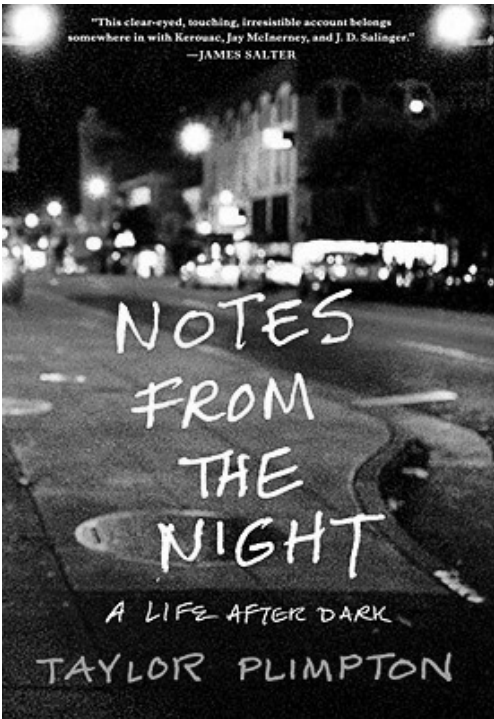
Acutely aware of his many options in the New York City night, Taylor Plimpton, 34, recounts his experiences as a regular in the Manhattan nightclub scene when he was in his twenties. Though this debut has been compared to *Bright Lights, Big City* (1984), whose author, Jay McInerney, contributes a blurb, Plimpton's book is a memoir, not fiction, and

he comes across as more vulnerable and less hip than McInerney's narrator.

Plimpton's New York, though mainly limited to the West Side clubs where he spent most of his nights, is "this city of endless possibilities and movement, all of it pulsating around you." If this sounds a bit true, it's because so many books have been written about New York in the same vein, but Plimpton makes us feel that pulsation and puts the stamp of his generation on the city, much as F. Scott Fitzgerald did for *This Side of Paradise*, the debut novel that made him famous in 1920.

Compressing thousands of nights out clubbing into one typical foray from late evening to early morning, Plimpton shows his stuff as a stylish writer, the true son of George Plimpton, to whom *Notes* is dedicated and whose name "Tap" reluctantly drops

Held continued on next page



to get into an exclusive club. Though the book's title nicely alliterates, the memoir is less "notes" than carefully plotted chapters, each a well-constructed essay addressed to a portion of the night, from the day before to the morning after, and as a while, they form a narrative arc, from anticipation to fulfillment, innocence to experience, or recovery to splurge to hangover to recovery. Nevertheless, the tone of the book turns elegiac toward the end as Plimpton senses that he has come of age and must leave nightly clubbing behind: "what scares me [is] that to be a healthy person, I'll have to give up the night, all its endless wonders and possibilities.... Love affairs with the night rarely last long."

It's possible that he'll also give up his best friend and mentor, Zoo, the Dean Moriarty to Plimpton's Sal Paradise. Zoo is a master at jumping lines and gaining entrance to exclusive clubs and generally excels at getting over to advance himself. We've all known a Zoo, who fascinated us when young but whose charisma dimmed when we grew up, and he is probably more charming to Plimpton than he will be to some readers.

Plimpton is a sometimes goofy, often eloquent knight errant on a nighttime quest for self-knowledge.

Plimpton's carefully wrought syntax and extended sentences offer pleasure to the reader who might otherwise lose patience with the author's self-indulgent life. In one such sentence, in the marvelous chapter "Dancing: A Self-Conscious White Man's Guide," the author describes grooving on a dance floor crammed like a tin of sardines, his gerunds both providing cohesion over its roughly 400-word course and imitating the kinetic charge of the dancers: "moving," "sweating," "swinging," "dancing," "flashing," "spinning," "rumbling," "thrusting," in order "to finally lose yourself in something bigger, this ancient, communal beast of the dance." Paradoxically, "it's moments like these, when I lose myself, that I somehow stumble across my real self, the ridiculous me with the goofy grin...."

While Plimpton writes compellingly of his immersion in the night, a false note sounds when he turns to romance. Early on, he has noticed at the clubs he frequents pretty, even gorgeous "members of the fairer sex," who seem idealizations of the sort that show their flesh in lads' magazines, but in the penultimate chapter, he fumbles his chance at hooking up with a "beautiful bodhisattva" from Colorado(!), who must leave the city for home in the morning. As the night wanes and her departure nears, Plimpton shifts to the second person, à la McInerney, and writes, "You want to hug her, or kiss her, or tackle her or something." The reader, however, might recall feeling other desires in such a situation.

A sometimes goofy, often eloquent knight errant on a nighttime quest for self-knowledge, Plimpton ends his nocturnal peregrinations feeling "all dreamed out." But *Notes from the Night* offers enough promise to keep us on the alert for his next book, a memoir about life with his father.

George Held reviews for ABR, Small Press Review, and Notre Dame Review, among other periodicals. His fourteenth collection of poems is *After Shakespeare: Selected Sonnets (2010)*.

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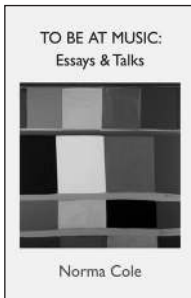
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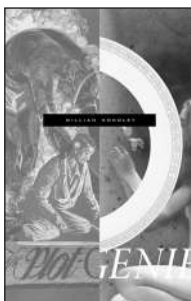


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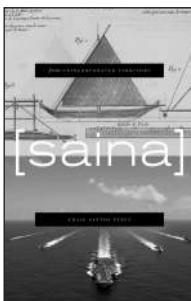
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