Saturday Nights at the Getty and Write Now Poetry Society present

Dark Blushing

Featuring

Brendan Constantine
Suzanne Lummis
Jeffrey McDaniel
Rachel McKibbens
Patricia Smith
Ilya Kaminsky

with

Roberto Miranda, bass
Timmy Straw, keyboards

Special guest appearances by Marilyn Manson and America Ferrera

Hosted by Mindy Nettifee and Amber Tamblyn

Getty Center, Harold M. Williams Auditorium
Saturday, September 10, 2011; 7:30 p.m.

The works of art featured in tonight’s program can be viewed in the exhibition Luminous Paper: British Watercolors and Drawings, currently on view in the Museum, West Pavilion, Plaza Level, through October 23, 2011.
The Program

“Invocation”  
By Roberto Miranda

“Stonehenge at Twilight”  
Written and performed by Brendan Constantine  
After Stonehenge, Twilight, about 1840, William Turner of Oxford (British, 1789–1862). Watercolor

“In Which Lummis Makes Several Attempts to Scale the Castle and Apprehend the Cathedral”  
Written and performed by Suzanne Lummis  
After Durham Cathedral and Castle, about 1800, Thomas Girtin (British, 1775–1802). Watercolor with gum arabic over pencil

“Proverbs of Hell,” 1790  
By William Blake (British, 1757–1827)  
Read by Marilyn Manson

“Satan Exulting over Eve”  
Written and performed by Jeffrey McDaniel  
After Satan Exulting over Eve, 1795, William Blake (British, 1757–1827). Pencil, pen and black ink, and watercolor over color print

Unlock performance  
By Timmy Straw

“Insomnia,” 1881  
By Dante Gabriel Rossetti (British, 1828–1882)  
Read by America Ferrera

“Crave of You”  
Written and performed by Patricia Smith  
After Portrait of Elizabeth Siddal Resting, Holding a Parasol, 1852–1855, Dante Gabriel Rossetti (British, 1828–1882). Pen and brown ink with light brown and gray wash on ivory-finished paper

“What She Saw, Lifting the Curtain”  
Written and performed by Ilya Kaminsky  
After The Dream, 1896, Aubrey Vincent Beardsley (British, 1872–1898). Pen and black ink over pencil

Hosted by Mindy Nettifee and Amber Tamblyn

All projected drawings are part of the collection of the J. Paul Getty Museum.

About the Program

All of the volunteers who form the Write Now Poetry Society have been personally transformed by poetry. Ask us to explain transformed how, and you might get a thousand poems, two dozen half-novels, several pedantic essays, and more than several tipsy brunch rants, but you probably won’t get anything close to a straight answer. The straightest answer we can give must be shown and not told. And so we have spent the last five years producing poetry events in theaters and tree groves, ballrooms and bars, showcasing some of the greatest living poets in America, pairing them with musicians and magicians, and experimenting with the ecstatic line where great page writing and great performance meet. We mean to prove handily that poetry is alive, relevant, entertaining, thought charging, soul provoking, and ultimately, exactly what we all need. When we get it right, we no longer need to explain; we create new believers out of the wariest critics.

We are always looking for new partners to help us elevate this work, and so we are thrilled at the opportunity to collaborate with the Getty on an event to celebrate the exhibition Luminous Paper: British Watercolors and Drawings. In addition to having a name that shimmers poetically itself, Luminous Paper features the work of two beloved poets—William Blake and Dante Gabriel Rossetti—who were also great visual artists. This evening’s program pays homage to them both, as well as other artists from the exhibit. We invited musician and iconoclast Marilyn Manson and actress America Ferrera to bring Blake and Rossetti’s words to life, and commissioned six contemporary American poets to write new ekphrastic poems and perform them.

Ekphrastic poetry—writing that comments on another art form—is as old and traditional as a Grecian urn. (Sorry, Keats, we had to.) It has inspired writers as a medium throughout the centuries, especially as a way to breakthrough what Socrates called the “most majestic silence” of the painting. Poets Patricia Smith, Ilya Kaminsky, Jeffrey McDaniel, Rachel McKibbens, Brendan Constantine, and Suzanne Lummis have all taken up the challenge, and we are excited to present them to you tonight with the lush live music of Timmy Straw and Roberto Miranda. Together their work is a testament to the power of artists in conversation with other artists, of the great feedback loop of arousal and epiphany that is possible. There will be moments of darkness and light, passion and awe, and, we hope, transformation.

Welcome to Dark Blushing!

—Mindy Nettifee and Amber Tamblyn
In Which Lummis Makes Several Attempts to Scale the Castle and Apprehend the Cathedral

Written and performed by Suzanne Lummis

After Durham Cathedral and Castle, about 1800, Thomas Girtin (British, 1775–1802)

I. Air. The Other Castle

I didn’t see it, the hint, suggestion maybe, of pink, or rose, a shimmering, pale, like another sky unfurling itself behind the usual sky—not at first.

First, I saw the watercolored castle, Girtin’s, then a different artist’s castle. I don’t like “memory” as a word—it’s weak, so I won’t use it. I saw it in my head—the path through ocean breeze-pushed grasses that dropped to the arching bridge, then up to round castle towers that looked somehow as if they’d always been there and the cliffs just poured from them. Children in frocks and pantaloons, straw hats and sailor suits danced down the incline, over the gully and up, growing tiny, tinier, and I followed, tracing the path with my finger to the castle door that would not budge for me. I wanted in. I wanted the stairs that wound through the tower to the high chamber, a room of moon and morning light, as I imagined it, apricot, silver...

Understand, I had no reason to complain. I wasn’t starved, neglected. My parents loved me and each other.

But outside the brown shingled lodge, a cutting wind hurried the new snow, dry, shifting, over last week’s hard-packed snow. It wasn’t my life I minded but the world. I wanted some other, one not so white, white with the frozen creek water showing through black and, way off, gray, lonely highway 80 rimmed with ice. The weird children had found it—

this other place—all of them skipping up the embankment in their lucky fairy dust slippers. Everyone was going but me.

You can get it now on E-Bay, that children’s book, circa nineteen twenty one—an age both Girtin and I missed, too early and too late. Of course, I know now, in The Age

The Poems

“Stonehenge at Twilight”
By Brendan Constantine

After Stonehenge at Twilight, about 1840, Joseph Mallord William Turner (British, 1798–1862)

From so far back, from this copper hour when the flock comes muttering to drink, how meager the stones appear, how like a shepherd’s teeth;

blue as the worm-wood water, remote as the look in a cup.

Sheep don’t see their reflections, don’t wonder at themselves, why their faces are not born away in a stream.

They say their one vowel and remember the dog.

This far into evensong, how like a hand the land looks, an open palm; the flock but a strand of wool. As if the Lord of shepherds were declaring,

Look, what is in my purse instead of money: a bit of yarn to make more purses.

How like a smoking priest the distant Heelstone seems, how like smoke the curlews above it. They don’t need rods or tending.

They say their one say and forget they said it.

So close to dark, to campfires, to propped sleep and still within call of the sun, how like a field is the sky, how much more like a herd are the clouds than the birds.

The stars are a few songs away. Only a shepherd would add them. Only a shepherd wants to ask,

What man made those? How on earth did he get them there?
of Knowing: nobody goes. Castles like that are made of air —no, not the usual air. I mean the kind that drifted in the world before some scientist discovered the existence of oxygen, and gave it its name. The first air, the kind that surrounded us, and we breathed it, lived in it, before we even knew what it was.

II. From Manchester, England: Facebook Communique

Unsuitable for this Poem

Suzanne, knowing that it was the most splendid cathedral I did visit Durham once. Unfortunately, I was in the company of someone who cannot abide cathedrals, which made it difficult to stay long. The building is indeed fabulous—the pillars, the architecture, the geometry and the size. Sadly, the choir began their rehearsal, and this made my friend’s discomfort almost unbearable. Outside is a lovely cathedral square and a view way down to the river—but we had to go. Regrettably, there was some confusion about parking and we had some difficulty finding our car. Because he’d been troubled by the cathedral and now we couldn’t find our car my friend was in great distress. I think I caught a glimpse of the castle as we made our way back to the center of town. It looked lovely. It was far away. I’m sorry none of this will be suitable for your poem.

III. Stone. Wrong Castles

When I looked again I saw the cathedral’s slim, peaked windows, and before it, the battlements, the rising castle, and down below, the risen waters of the River Wear, smooth, spilling from the river wall

toward the viewer, into her palms, into his arms, though of course, one can’t catch water. The painting’s beautiful. Sometimes I have to say it plain, flat-out like that. Sometimes

there’s no help for it. Long ago, I once entered real castles —two. They were made of stone, not air, and the moats were made to collapse and drown armies who tried to dig beneath, to burrow in, the maze of greenery outside designed to throw them off—and beyond the gate, the round “murder holes,” they’re called, for pouring tar and fire. In the center, in the Great Hall, lords and ladies once drank and chewed. After dark sleeping servants sprawled across the floors. The tower steps go crazily, high then low, to make invaders stumble and give those defending swordsmen who knew these stair stairs by heart, a chance to strike. And at the top, the dank castle keep, a dungeon near the sky.

That’s the truth I guess, or much of it, which is also made of stone. In English, it makes a wispy, lisping, indecisive sound against our teeth, truth, but it’s hard.

We knock our head’s against it—who set that there!? We complain truth hurts us, but no: we build it, one stone on the next, then—we hurt ourselves against it.

IV. Prosaic Travel Notes with Certain Reflections on Thomas Girtin,

Medieval Histories and Other Musings that Will Not Coalesce into Poetry

Thirty years in these whereabouts and I have never until now visited this municipality off the 210, west of Azusa, south of Sierra Madre. But even now in my first wondrous experience of Monrovia I cannot stop thinking about Thomas Girtin, and his short life. ‘Short’ I am thinking, ‘but long enough to become loved by the public, admired by Turner, and to raise the status of watercolor to a new rank’.

So far, I have not met or spoken to anyone here, but everyone in Monrovia seems nice. I arrived at this dispensary for quick food by following a car whose bumper proclaimed “I’d rather be watching ’I Love Lucy’. However, I’m not fond of this chain, because its terrible mascot terrorizes my TV with its immense, round, white head and crudely abbreviated features.

What would Tomas Girtin think of that? He would not like it either; the beholder of beauty both earthly and otherworldly would not like that mutant who cajoles its target market of jaded boys to eat more ground flank of cow. But he might enjoy this rich chocolate cake inside a round plastic container that unsnaps, and this coffee. I am thinking first of the cathedral then the protecting castle, here, now, because I must have a place to sit down until the two o’clock panel on noir, which is a diversion for college-polished people captivated by stories of crimes they would not wish to happen to them. Indigo brush strokes, golden brown, amber. . . I am attempting to reconcile beauty and mayhem. I am not the first to have tried but might be first to have tried in this franchise. Certain weather angles down across the ancient monuments,

an odd brightness in the clouds I can’t discover the source of, then the small, sudden white of a covered wagon on the bridge. Is it true that workers installing a heating system a few decades back turned up a cluster of Scottish warriors imprisoned in the cathedral walls after a failed siege? Of course, by then they were dead. Now, somehow, quite unaccountably, this starts me thinking of Lady Jane, yes, like the Stones song,
the same Jane, brilliant, a reader, a thinker, and forced to be queen. For nine days a queen, then cast down by rivals, condemned as a traitor, sentenced to die. She was only a girl, seventeen. And why do I have to think of this here, in Monrovia? On this pleasant day? When I’m supposed to be focused on noir, or the brushstrokes of Mertin? No one here tugging their orders from their paper wrappers is lost in the late Middle Age.

They’re happy—look how they chew! Still I read it in Time Magazine, yes, and clipped the article—how she resolved to be brave, and asked only that her executioner dispatch her quickly. He begged her forgiveness and she gave it. Now I feel the first salt sharpen my eyes but I don’t think I’ll cry—the cake tastes good, anyway, and so does the coffee. Only when blindfolded did Jane start to panic, for she could not find chopping block for her head, so she groped on the floor, calling in terror, “Where is it? What shall I do?” And now I am crying in this maniacal food outlet, the fattest tears I’ve let fall in years, but no one sees. The chattering and noisy sucking of the last, low-lying carbonated sodas carry on in this place where it is always lunch. Even at midnight it is lunch, or at the hour of the world’s end: lunch. I’m furious about what happened to Lady Jane! Still, I’m liking this coffee. Suddenly it seems many cars are traveling the wide, urban-planned boulevards declaring their drivers would rather be watching I Love Lucy. What would he think of this—Girtin who, like Joplin, Hendrix, Winehouse, died at age twenty-seven—but look what he did, look what he raised up against chaos. In just twenty-seven years Thomas Girtin made sense of his life. See? The arched bridge and, below, the River Wear, uncreased, silky, moving toward the North Sea. And rising above: those colossal shapes that are not human, a mystery—if that’s the word—at their core, a silence, some deep enduring calm. It must’ve been there once, must have existed. He must’ve seen it that day—he painted it.

V. Paint. Error.

Try again: the twin Colossals, and there, slanting just below, ragged, uncrushable dwellings with thick, stacked brick chimneys and windows the poor lean from—made of pigment.

And the slippery water that bends over the sheer drop and foams toward those of us cast out here—pigment. And water. And sealant to keep it in place—and still like that. And moving.

In the dream I almost had, keep having, I step inside, because one can pass through paint in dreams, parchment. I’m standing just ahead of what the viewer knows, and all around birds signal their letterless, tipped syllables. They overlap with the overlapping waters.

Of course, I’m gazing at the tower. So I take, one by one,

each step—three hundred and twenty steps, but (in the dream I’m almost having) steps aren’t made of stone but desire, turning, turning the way desire does in life. Now. This top door will open at a touch, the right touch, a press of fingertips, three.

When it’s revealed I see it was never the room after all, which is just a space for possessions, a roof to sleep beneath, a mirror—it’s the window. Always, it has been the window. I gaze out, first at the sky with its waves of muted light and the wash of some secret other sky, then down. Look. It’s there—The Beautiful World. And at its heart that place I’d been standing before, by the river, starry now, almost translucent, calling out of itself, and far, far.

“Satan Exulting over Eve”
Written and performed by Jeffrey McDaniel

After Satan Exulting over Eve, 1795, William Blake (British, 1757–1827)

Here she is, master, your little child.
See how her head slopes back, neck arched, as if frozen in prayer, her hair spilling out of her skull in thick, amber waves, as knowledge’s venom courses through her. See how my scaly logic coils around her, like bacon curling a lush piece of shrimp.

Come and get her, lord, before I throw her on the grill.

Oh, don’t act so surprised—you knew this would happen, dressing up your little mousetrap like paradise, with sycamores and starlings, dipping sweet Eve’s tresses in jasmine, rubbing crushed lilac between her toes and setting her here like bait, her fragrance loose in the wind.

You knew I was coming, my partner, my lord, forever linked. You put the ticking in the apple, you put the fatal in the fruit. I, your slithering assassin, your eternal patsy, merely carried out your dirtiest deed.
shuddering into the dark, nethery spires
of my temples, irises quivering
like the quartz tips of metronomes,
as melted coins of moonlight
jukeboxed out of me.

How could something so pure and sweet
have sprung from the gypsy cauldron of my loins?

What’s that you say? Now you make threats
to line her pelvis with tiny grenades
so when the offspring grinds out
pain will ricochet through her hips like shrapnel,
so she’ll scream your name in labor, her savior?
Talk about vanity. Some savior you are—
saving her for yourself perhaps, you two-faced swine
planting and pruning the tree of death
besides the tree of life. Yes, I am evil. Yes,
I am the minister of woe, but at least I’m consistent.

And what about Adam—you’re boy wonder,
with all those ribs? Well, he climbed
the tree of curiosity, father, and he watched
thimbles of her breath lap
the shoreline of my forearm. Now he wants
to grow up to be just like me, Lucifer,
the one who cracks darkness in two
and extracts light. Her gasps,
like little balloons leaving the hands
of children and floating up
into the never-ending space
between my ears:
tremolo, tremolo, tremolo.

Yes, my lord, you are infinite, yes,
you control the galaxies, but this space here
between the shoulder blades
is mine. I patrol this orb, this piece of fruit
plucked from the tree of planets
and spun recklessly. This
bruised orchard is mine.
"Crave of You"
Written and performed by Patricia Smith

After Portrait of Elizabeth Siddal Resting, Holding a Parasol, 1852–1855, Dante Gabriel Rossetti (British, 1828–1882)

Woman, know that the crave of you was the first chaos, the bone lodged bluesways in my belly, the slow slap that tore your fingernails loose and left them in my hair. No man’s hue could speak the damnable light that rollicked from your skin, or the ocean that snarled and sat upright whenever the unrhymed stanza of your dark eye latched to mine. Know the backside of dawn, the burn of my arced and awkward back as I struggled to capture you in etching and oil, fingers prickling with failure as I swept a brush dripping with coral across your breastbone and wept you in the direction of a breath you never drew. When color betrayed me, when my attempts to birth another touchable you fashioned a tongue broad enough for mocking laughter, I abandoned canvas and crawled to the door you slept behind.

Lizzy, you never tried to glimpse the angry language those midnights left on my knees, the ripe landscape of scarring and drag, the wounds of a man gone hollow. I crawled to what you’d closed to me and pressed my face to the inch of break beneath our door. I snorted and sniffed, desperate for the sugary stench of your angles, sour from your drooped mouth, the voice of a rotted tooth in the cavern my spit could never reach. I could hear your nude and proper turning, accordion bone, I listened as you spoke aloud, always on the cusp of swooning, trying once again to remember the motions of waking. Woman, know that the crave of you was the first familiar, the drums in the country of my chest, my blinded grasp at the purpose of religion, and my shame.

When you allowed, I unfolded your startled sex and laid beside a body of shuttered doors, squinting in the moonwash for the nerve to invade your painfully drawn lines, to circle your wrists of dust with my forefinger and thumb, to crack you, to fill your collapsing outline with altered light. My life, as it was, was lived for the reckless clock, for your muffled bellow of my name riding an air that stank with bruise and rearrange, pummel and repetition and mouth. Woman, I loved you from my marrow, far beyond the borders of swallowing canvas and the false precision of brush. In poems I finally found name
for the luminous stains I desired for you, lines to unleash and contain the carousing purples and screeches of scarlet, golds without bottom, lily greens and improbable oranges written to explode and burn my crave on the listless milk of your skin.

When you were full with child, your whole self unbidden tears and rumbling fluid, I once again cursed the limits of sight, shoved aside the paints after trying canvasses of your weeping, your thin teeter, the odd thing like a cocked rifle inside you. It was poetry that forgave you the implosion of your bones, the fracturing at your core, poems forgave you the soft murder of our daughter. I penned a hundred of them, all beginning with the flowery name we never had time to give her, all describing the blood-slicked comma of her arrival, the dramatic squeal as you pushed and pushed and pushed out the absolute nothing of her, and I even crafted a four-syllable color for the silence that revised the purpose of the birthing room. We built the rest of our lives around the messy, upended ceremony of her goodbye, the clipped mopping up of what had spilled from you. I wrote long into the muscle of hours, lines with a foretold measure of loss and lyric, I forced a chanted love from my fingers while you lay on your side three rooms away from me, sweating and sleepless from your root, snippets of lullaby swelling your throat. Laudanum, cheaper and more romantic than gin, carved a slow river in you. You mangled my name, laugh/wept from your center. I dropped to my knees, began the slow crawl.

II.

Watching a woman die is to see her siphoned of blush, to witness a clock unbeginning. Your soaked, reddened hair painted my forearm as I held your head and whispered shattered sonnets, feeling you grow smaller, my Lizzie, my ghost. Woman, you as ache. I crammed whole pages with our unraveling, mirrored the wither in stark syllable. Then, in a frenzy, I picked up my brushes, desiring to fill your dimming with riotous chroma, painting all and everything that dared a pulse beyond your fall. But it was words, scrawled and driven, that stood our history on its end, opened the clenched throat of our dead daughter, prepared me for the night when I found you, scrubbed of glow, you, crinkled on the woven indigo rug beside our untumbled bed, clutching the vial drained of necessary sweet. The delicate balance of overdose was like a blood around your mouth. Woman, the crave of you was the first chaos, Woman, I loved you from my marrow. You were all that color could have been.
but I am just so so hungry and I lift the lid and I love the creak of you, the dusted wrists of you, the absence of eyes of you, the dress still in the shape of the no body of yours, I love the skittering motion in the matted hair of you, woman I love the eaten roads in you, the absolute blank of you, the notebook and its thinned pages still resting beside the no pulsing of you and I grab and it crumbles, and I grab and it powders, it yellowgrays with two thousand days of no you, but there is my next poem, not in the written, but in the you, you, the you, in the resounding no of you, in my mad mouth gaping, ravenous, moving closer to your altered light of you L L L L L Lizzie, Lizzie, the crave of you was always the word and the rhyme the word and the rhyme the word and the rhyme you were always the first always the first always the first always the first

chaos

“What She Saw, Lifting the Curtain”
Written and performed by Ilya Kaminsky

After The Dream, 1896, Aubrey Vincent Beardsley (British, 1872–1898)

...Inhabitant of earth for thirty-something years
I once found myself in a silent country

where human beings move, but how differently they move!
I do not know what silence is, mine or

not mine, this country speaks to me
I am sitting before an enormous typewriter. Outside—

a street café, the customers drink lemon vodka,
throw their cups in the air,

they speak of gratitude, the music
we touch in ourselves. If they have nothing else, silence

is their music. And here I stand, a fool in an old-fashioned hat,
I have earned the laborious right

to love my country: yes, I stop and stare
as the wonder of the sun occurs—

pigeons rise over churches, the opera theater.
How bright the sky is, as the avenue spins on its axis,

how bright the sky is (forgive me Lord) how bright.
Jeffrey McDaniel is the author of four books: *Alibi School* (Manic D, 1995), *The Forgiveness Parade* (Manic D, 1998), *The Splinter Factory* (Manic D, 2002), and *The Endarkenment* (University of Pittsburgh Press, 2008). His work has appeared in a number of anthologies, including *Best American Poetry 1994*, *The Outlaw Bible of American Poetry*, and *New (American) Poets*. He has won several awards, including an NEA Fellowship. McDaniel teaches creative writing at Sarah Lawrence College. He recently moved from Brooklyn to the Hudson Valley, where he lives with his wife, graphic artist Christine Caballero, and their daughter, Camilla Wren.


Patricia Smith, lauded by critics as “a testament to the power of words to change lives,” is the author of five acclaimed poetry volumes: *Blood Dazzler*, which chronicles the devastation wreaked by Hurricane Katrina, was a finalist for the 2008 National Book Award. Smith’s previous book, *Teahouse of the Almighty*, was a National Poetry Series selection and winner of the first-ever Hurston/Wright Award in Poetry. Her other poetry books are *Close to Death*, *Life According to Motown*, and *Dark Towns, Big Talk*. Smith has performed at venues around the world, including Carnegie Hall, the Poets Stage in Stockholm, Rotterdam’s Poetry International Festival, the Aran Islands International Poetry and Prose Festival, the Bahia Festival, the Schomburg Center, and the Sorbonne in Paris. A four-time individual champion on the National Poetry Slam—the most successful slammer in the competition’s history—Smith has also been a featured poet on HBO’s *Def Poetry Jam*. Smith teaches in the Stonecoast MFA program at the University of Southern Maine and is a professor of creative writing at the City University of New York.

Roberto Miranda is a dynamic bassist who is noted for his inventive, high-energy improvisations. He is adept in both soulful passages and fleet percussive lines, and is fluent in all jazz idioms. He has toured, played and recorded with an impressive array of jazz artists, including Shelly Manne, Kenny Burrell, Horace Tapscott, Bobby Bradford, John Carter, David Murray, Cecil Taylor, Charles Lloyd, and Bobby Hutcherson. He has recorded extensively including albums with his own group, showcasing his successful blend of African American, Latin, and experimental jazz. As a young player Roberto studied with jazz legends Ray Brown; Red Mitchell; Red Callender; and master classical musicians Bob Stone, Dennis Trembly, and Fred Tinsely of the Los Angeles Philharmonic. While studying for his master of music at the University of Southern California, he received two grants from the National Endowment for the Arts. These grants enabled him to score two compositions for symphony strings, jazz bass, bassoon, and trombone, one of which was performed by the Carson Symphony Orchestra.

Timmy Straw is an Oregon-based singer songwriter whose soulful compositions combine his classical training on piano and strings with electronic beats and loops. His music has been described as “the meeting of Béla Bartók, Doc Watson, Frederic Chopin, Nirvana, Goodie Mob, Tupac, church hymns, Sam Cooke, Nine Inch Nails, and Lil Wayne.” Straw has toured with Bitch and Animal; Emily Wells; Carla Bozulich; A Silver Mt. Zion; and most recently the Nite Kite Revival, an award-winning poetry theater experience with Buddy Wakefield, Derrick Brown, and Anis Mojgani. Straw’s self-produced first album, *State Parks*, came out in 2010.

**Write Now Poetry Society** is a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization, cofounded in 2007 by actress/author Amber Tamblyn and poet Mindy Nettifee. Write Now is dedicated to finding ways to connect audiences and readers with great poets, and championing the kind of heartbreaking, soul-easing, mind-blowingly good poetry that knows a jugular when it sees one. *Drums Inside Your Chest*, part of Write Now’s Best Contemporary American Poetry Series, is an annual showcase of the best poets writing and performing in the United States alongside magicians and musicians. It is taking place this year at the Largo in Los Angeles on November 6, 2011. Visit [www.writenowpoets.org](http://www.writenowpoets.org) for more information.
Acknowledgments

Special thanks to Julian Brooks, associate curator of Drawings, the J. Paul Getty Museum; Keeli Shaw; Shawn Marie Turi; Danielle Furman; Aldra Robinson; Alison Granucci; Blue Flower Arts; Joan Hyler; Bonnie and Russ Tamblyn; and Lynne Nettifee for their generous support of this program.

Saturday Nights at the Getty Staff

Performing Arts Manager.............................................................. Laurel Kishi
Senior Project Coordinator.........................................................Sarah McCarthy
Senior Event Specialist..............................................................Tony Matos
Audiovisual Services Supervisor ...............................................Steph Dirden
Stage Manager........................................................................Samuel Herod
Master Sound .............................................................................Jeremy Parks
Lighting Director.......................................................................Bill King
House Management.................................................................Visitor Services Department

Please silence all cellular telephones, pagers, and electronic watches. No video taping, audio taping, or photography during the performance.

To receive information about Getty Center exhibitions, music, dance, and theater events, please subscribe to the e-Getty newsletter at getty.edu or complete a survey in the lobby.