

# Ahh, Anselm!

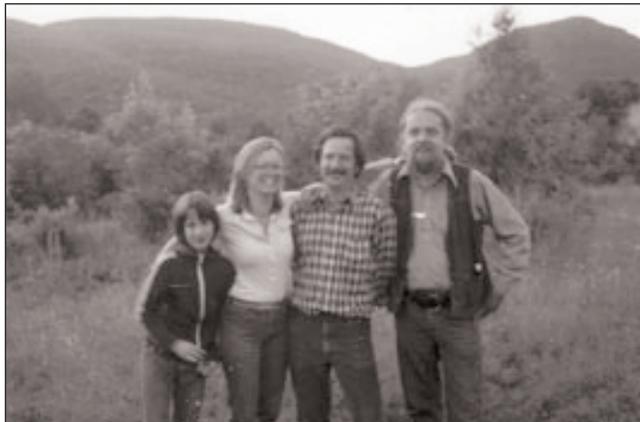
## —a tribute to Anselm Hollo

What a splendid laugh he had— raspy, deep with just enough treble in it to thrill the listener. And laugh Anselm did, and so frequently, in the times we spent together during the past 46 years. He was like, say, Phil Ochs— he always lit up a room when he entered.

His poetry was new, bold, very inventive, and full of satisfying wonder, and he was enormously erudite. I recall him at the World Poetry Congress in the summer of 1968; at an anti-war reading in April of 1969 in Iowa City; at Hobart and Williams in early 1973; at a reading I gave at Bard College in 1974 after which to this day his splendid laughter remains in my mind; in Baltimore in 1977 and 1978; in California; in Boulder— always with that great seeking gleam in his eye, and his mind packed with love of poets and writers. He came up with a powerful new verse for the Amazing Grace project which had its premiere at a benefit for the Poetry Project in 1994.

Like Allen Ginsberg, Anselm had an International Eye— he nurtured many literary connections and friends in a number of countries. And what a noggin! We miss his mind! Like we miss Olson, Burroughs, Rukeyser, Edna Millay, and others by the bardic quire! And wow, as a translator. I recall how I was blown away by Anselm's German translation of Part V of Ginsberg's *Kaddish* ("Caw caw caw crows shriek in the white sun...") As Anselm wrote in 1992: "Task of The Living: to ask questions of The Dead."

Here's a picture of Ron Loewinsohn and his wife Joan, their son, and Anselm at the Magic Meadow above our house in Woodstock near the mountain top in blueberry season in 1978. Anselm was loath to pick the blueberries in the meadow, something about his grandmother in Finland, as I recall, demanding that he pick them when he was a kid.



And then, another picture at Naropa, summer of 1990, with E.S., Anselm, Jane, and Bobbie Louise Hawkins.



Tom Raworth e'd me that Anselm will lie on the same hillside as Ed Dorn and Lucia Berlin. Good for swapping rounds of poesy in eternity.

—Edward Sanders