



Reviews by Irene Koronas

Within The Grand Scheme

Joseph Veronneau

2009 Propaganda Press

alt.current @ gmail com

\$7 includes shipping in U.S.

The poems are split into two themes; morose, (with good reason,) and relating specific relationships (with good reason)

“where her imperfection lies,
at the bottom of her pantleg
the one who claimed
that I was the first to
undress her...”

yet and but, yet still, Veronneau combines his poetic process, his way of expressions, with a tenderness that marries rant relative to morose relationships, a three some, a three way street, a three legged dog?

“...at the time
I was content to grip the waistline,
drag them down a bit, ass-revealed,
and undo myself in an equally dark light
that confined us between
the doorway of learning
and of what was given.”

The Grand Scheme is a small marvel, full of clarity and directness the reader will find intimate.

Again and again, propaganda press presents to the public the most wonderful chapbooks, poets, and writings, and this chapbook is another

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exceptional view into the unknown. Unknown in the sense that Veronneau gives his poems the punch, or slap across the back, a wake-up, surreal, rock and roll...

"The one imagines him, tap dancing
his way to the sky, stepping
into the falling snow like
shredded milk glass..."

Another must read, another perfect book of poems, another one to buy.



SNOW IN THE FORECAST

Dave L. Tickel

2009 Propaganda Press

alt.current @ gmail.com

\$2 includes shipping in US

The voice in 'snow in the Forecast', is young, feisty, rebellious and smacks at the truth of being who the poet, characterizes, as, 'the other', the person who records the age lived in, in the exact present, even if not now. each poem is refreshingly on the edge, jumping off and bouncing into view the pages turn easily, one poem after the other, informs the reader about what is going on in the apartment next door or at least with that kid down the block. we listen, peek through the key hole, put a clear glass against the door and begin to understand the murmurings behind the walls. you won't be disappointed if you buy this small book of poems.

"...I didn't win any
awards, I wasn't a
teacher/student at the college. Kurt
Vonnegut and
Ken Kesey

in the night auditorium on
the rock & roll stage..."



Poughkeepsie Icehouse

Anthony G. Herles

2009 Propaganda Press

alt-current.com

\$7 includes shipping U.S.

It's like this, a couple enter the breakfast restaurant, make as much noise as possible; scarp the chairs across the hard tile floor, and loudly announce their presence. He talks about his intelligent observations, she speaks quietly about nothing in particular, just asking questions, to keep the focus off herself.

This is not the theme of this small book of short stories, but it is the reaction I get on opening the book and reading the first page. I am privy to what is usually private. the reader becomes captive to the stories, more or less, like eating pancakes, but, it is that ease drop, over easy eggs on toast, which entices me. I'm there and the story happens without the characters knowing I'm there. Herles is a story teller. He is handing us a slice of bread, buttered on one side.

Buy this book. The book will teach the reader what short stories can become.. There are four perfectly told, in repeatable form, stories, to chew on. No matter how you like your eggs or pancakes, guaranteed, you'll eat with relish, all four tales and will want more.

"I never liked dogs, but when Mr. Wilson died,
I took Scraps.

Wilson (we never called him Mr. Wilson) had just backed his old Ford pickup to the dock for his usual order of five cakes of ice (300 pound blocks of ice), seven bags of crushed ice, and twelve bags of ice cubes. After turning off the motor, Wilson had a fatal heart attack and fell forward onto his steering wheel. The weight of his chest made the horn blow, but not too loud. Scraps, who was on the seat next to him, barked some, but not much and not very loud..."