

A Dozen Lemons in Autotropolis. John Flynn.

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This poetry collection brings to mind Nathanael West's novella *Day of the Locust*. It examines the sun-baked denizens of Hollywood with all their posturing, their sound and fury--all amounting to nothing. This is a world of sad ciphers; ready to make a deal, do lunch, and who never really connect to anything remotely human. Flynn writes with humor, irony and empathy about this strange milieu. Here is a right-on description of some trendoid Hollywood types making the scene:

"That retro futurist wearing a monocle in the third row,
craves second order recycling for Navy Ships...

Techno. The new pretentiousness. So slyly aloof, we are,
So afraid. Plasticene irony dot com.

I caught it all on film and then film became obsolete." (Electro Theatre)

In the poem "Three Portraits From The Elevator At The Getty Museum," Flynn literally uses the elevator at this tony museum to examine several archetypes in this surreal milieu. Here are classic Hollywood bohemians, making the scene in the art world with skateboarder garb:

"Art makes people sad,
he doesn't like that
so in cargo pants

tie-dyed shirt and Vans on big feet
he'll skateboard through shining concerns
a billion movies brewing inside
none of them as dumb as art."

You want a generous slice of life from your poetry? Flynn dishes it with this fine collection.

Doug Holder

Ibbetson Update

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<http://www.authorsden.com/douglasholder>