



In the Pines

Alice Notley

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A bold and strikingly original new work from one of America's greatest living poets

Alice Notley is considered by many to be among the most outstanding of living American poets. Notley's work has always been highly narrative, and her new book mixes short lyrics with long, expansive lines of poetry that often take the form of prose sentences, in an effort "to change writing completely." The title piece, a folksong-like lament, makes a unified tale out of many stories of many people; the middle section, "The Black Traylor," is a compilation of noir fictions and reflections; while the shorter poems of "Hemostatic" range from tough lyrics to sung dramas. Full of curative power, music, and the possibility of transformation, *In the Pines* is a genre-bending book from one of our most innovative writers.

In the Pines Details

Date : Published October 2nd 2007 by Penguin Books (first published January 1st 2007)

ISBN : 9780143112549

Author : Alice Notley

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From Reader Review In the Pines for online ebook

Kylie Q says

It's so perfect, she excels further and further

C.A. says

TO ANYONE WHO WOULD GIVE THIS BOOK LESS THAN 3 STARS if you die before me I promise to use your graves as a toilet for no less than 108 days! The latest issue of Rain Taxi has an abhorrent review calling Alice Notley an Hysteric Poet, making my heart heavy with the metal of anger.

This book has the courage to create a NEW TEMPLATE for the poems of grief.

Anyone who DOES NOT understand that, anyone who dismisses this, well, you bastards don't deserve poetry at all then as far as I'm concerned. Why don't you stick to reading novels and other such safe shit!

CAConrad

<http://CAConrad.blogspot.com>

Bettina says

I found it very repetitive...and not in a good way.

Richard says

I have no idea what Alice Notley is writing about. I see this book gets high marks from other readers, but it's incomprehensible to me. I'll keep it nearby and try again, but not with high-hopes. If anybody out there would like to explain this book to me, I'd be more than happy to pay attention.

cristiana says

"Don't destroy time because then we can't have evolution. We can't have the mind-body problem."

"I'm the new species, the girl says."

"As for the body. As you called it."

named after an old blues song from the southern appalachians, alice notley's latest book haunts. she interweaves narratives in an elusively rich language, with each "section" of the book performed in/as different forms. she names memories (several poems are about her first husband, ted berrigan), with narratives speaking of specific, unnamed landscapes. she distills in simple language the failure of language ("I know the words shouldn't be in any order, but I'm obliged by the language to keep them in line: trembling, crumbling, lightning").

Paula says

See my review published originally in American Book Review's Line on Line on-line reviews:
<http://americanbookreview.org/PDF/Lin...>

I've just reread *In the Pines* in conjunction with a poetry project I'm enmeshed/embroiled/mired in and discovered that I almost totally missed the importance of American song, i.e. country, folk, blues to these poems the first time I read (and reviewed) the collection (duh! as if the title, brought to my attention by Steve Harris, weren't a clue). Definitely holds up to a second reading, particularly the long poem *In the Pines*, which, to my mind, ranks among the most powerful and thought-provoking poetry that I've read, ever.

Gina says

I've been trying to read more poetry. Notley, with her long career and extensive backlist, seemed like a good author to explore. I'm not sure I'll explore past this one. This is yet another case where I can appreciate the genius of the work but not enjoy it at all. It reads long form postmodern, almost stream of consciousness, but it doesn't take but a few lines to see how each word was carefully, painstakingly chosen. I'm sure there's a contemporary/postmodern literature class somewhere all over this, but for enjoyment's sake, I found this a slog to get through. Another reviewer used the word "esoteric" and I think it fits perfectly.

Cherie says

Not for me--while Alice Notley is heralded for her poetry, and I appreciate how marvelously and brilliantly she works with words, she just doesn't speak to me. I admire this book with how she writes poetry in a prose-like form.

Kristen Silvermoore says

I read 1/3 of this book but had to return it to the library before I had finished it. My husband bought me a copy at a book sale a few months ago, and I've decided to pick it up again, starting from the beginning. I was loving the richness of language and imagery when I first picked it up, and so I'm looking forward to starting to read it again. I think Notley is creating truly original, breathtaking work.

Allison DeLauer says

I've really struggled with this one. 90% of me will happily concede that it has mostly gone over my head, (but the other 10% would like some instruction.) I suspect the themes she's engaging include violence against women, our cultures' narratives around sensationalized violence, addiction, the trouble with capitalism, and agency; but I couldn't really say for sure. "you have no stamina, you're a sick weakling" I read that as an indictment of my inability to comprehend the bulk of the text. (Was I projecting?)

The lines I've enjoyed the most:

"I hope the steeple topples/ I hope all of your religions die/ Not you, not you. // The vending machine has lit up/ to tell us it's empty. / What did you think you ever had to sell me?"

"How far gone/ into my defect/ am i?"

"You're going to have to face that love./ I can't stand to./ The high priestess for that moment is no one."

"What is owed to / beauty:/ finding it out / that is the ode / to beauty. // And no cathedral/ can hold this song/ for me."

From the poem I Can't Speak To You... "No/ pronoun shakes like body. /No"

I can say that reaching for it over the last several weeks, I felt a sense of dread. And the emotional chord it struck most often in me was a stale despair. There is something unforgiving but vital in the narrator's reclamation of power. "You do not have a light / to shine on me. I have it." I'll let it steep and see what else it offers.

Molly says

When your baby's on the cooling board. (14)

I almost admire the symmetries of your biological story. (30)

I'm trying to fix your illness now, you know. Says the man. I'm trying to fix your defect. / It may be what I love now, I say. (50)

I have a necklace of bloody teeth for this cure. Teeth of many martyrs; the stars above the barren town. (53)

You do not have a light / to shine on me. I have it. (112)

Poetry / can justify you too. (117)

Many people whose tastes and brains I admire love Alice Notley's work. I did see her at AWP and it was lovely to be there--though that might have had more to do with the fact that I was flanked by two of my dearest poetry girl friends, a former professor embroidering, and behind me, Rachel Zucker and Arielle Greenberg with knitting in her lap. What I mean to say is, simply because I cannot connect to Notley does not mean she is not brilliant--I will say she is, because I trust those friends' tastes and simply accept that she is not a poet for whom I feel the electricity. It's my loss, you see.

Corey says

"Volumes of poetry by Alice Notley are the great novels of our time." - Ariana Reines

I would disagree and say that great novels are the great novels of our time, but the above quote is enough to have me intrigued, anyway.

Rebecca says

4.5 for the whole thing, 5 for the first part

Sarah says

The long opening poem, "In the Pines," is probably the greatest thing I've read in years. It's marvelous. It has everything. It is the Instruction Manual for the new consciousness of the poem. I recommend reading it in one sitting, and then reading it again. And then again.

Maddy says

Thank you AroarA.
