



New European Poets

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A major anthology spanning the diversity of the latest poetry to come out of Europe

New European Poets presents the works of poets from across Europe. In compiling this landmark anthology, Wayne Miller and Kevin Prufer enlisted twenty-four regional editors to select 270 poets whose writing was first published after 1970. These poets represent every country in Europe, and many of them are published here for the first time in English and in the United States. The resulting anthology collects some of the very best work of a new generation of poets who have come of age since Paul Celan, Anna Akhmatova, Federico García Lorca, Eugenio Montale, and Czeslaw Milosz.

The poetry in *New European Poets* is fiercely intelligent, often irreverent, and engaged with history and politics. The range of styles is exhilarating—from the lyric intimacy of Portuguese poet Rosa Alice Branco to the profane prose poems of Romanian poet Radu Andriescu, from the surrealist bravado of Czech poet Sylva

Fischerová to the survivor's cry of Russian poet Irina Ratushinskaya. Poetry translated from more than thirty languages is represented, including French, German, Spanish, and Italian, and more regional languages such as Basque, Irish Gaelic, and Sámi.

In its scope and ambition, *New European Poets* is destined to be a seminal anthology, an important vehicle for American readers to discover the extraordinary poetry being written across the Atlantic.

New European Poets Details

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Download and Read Free Online New European Poets Kevin Prufer (Editor) , Wayne Miller (Editor)

From Reader Review New European Poets for online ebook

mark mendoza says

Poor selection and a terrible introduction written by the editors.

MEGAN C says

Some great poems.

S. says

Rich anthology, like taking a ride through a changing landscape. Among my favorite poems were Valerie Rouzeau's "Takeway," Raphael Urweider's "(brown dustbeetles everywhere brown)," Asko Kunnap's "O night, my car," and Anka Zagar's "Journey." There are a couple poems in this that I know well and love – Novica Tadic's "Antipsalm" and Medbh McGuckian's "On Ballycastle Beach" – and I recently got Lidija Dimkovska's book of poems in English, which is worth the while.

I got kind of anal about keeping a tally of how many poems I liked from each country (below). The two Irelands scored perfectly, as did Macedonia. I must have read through Spain on a down day. I plan to revisit.

Other than that, I'll mention this book is lovingly packaged with nice bio notes and flaps on the jackets for holding your page, but unfortunately there are a couple typos, which is always a shock when otherwise it's all so well done.

Portugal: 3 of 13

Spain: 0 of 22

France: 8 of 28

Luxembourg: 0 of 2

Switzerland: 3 of 12

Italy: 3 of 26

Malta: 0 of 2

Romania: 4 of 12

Moldova: 1 of 3

Greece: 3 of 13

Cyprus: 0 of 4

Turkey: 8 of 12

Bulgaria: 3 of 8

Macedonia: 3 of 3

Albania: 0 of 5

Kosovo: 1 of 3

Serbia: 4 of 8

Montenegro: 2 of 3

Croatia: 4 of 7

Slovenia: 0 of 4
Hungary: 6 of 9
Slovakia: 1 of 8
Czech Rep.: 3 of 10
Poland: 9 of 26
Belarus: 3 of 7
Ukraine: 5 of 11
Russia: 9 of 18
Latvia: 4 of 6
Estonia: 4 of 6
Finland: 7 of 9
Sapmi: 0 of 1
Sweden: 6 of 12
Norway: 7 of 10
Iceland: 1 of 4
Denmark: 2 of 5
Germany: 10 of 25
Austria/Lichtenstein: 2 of 6
Netherlands: 5 of 12
England: 6 of 11
Wales: 0 of 2
Scotland: 3 of 7
Northern Ireland: 2 of 2
Republic of Ireland: 3 of 3

CX Dillhunt says

there's more than so-called American poetry, incredible collection...

Rosa Jamali says

Pretty overwhelmed for a couple of weeks with this poetry essence of European milieu!
Contrary to the Americans' which often experience a rigid piece of linguistic work, here you learn that poetry's still an overflow of dionysian aspect of human soul,...

Lindsay says

The thing I like most about this book is that the editor dedicated it to "all who translate." I like this because it bothers me when people are snobby about translated poetry. Translating, in itself, is an art. If you've ever read Beowulf translated by anyone other than Seamus Heaney, and then read his translation, you can understand the value of a good translator. Or, if you've read different translations of Les Misérables.

So, when you read a well-translated poem, you are witnessing not one, but two instances of good art. Why is

this a bad thing? This poetry anthology is chalk-full of good translators, and I appreciate them. By translating poetry from one language to another, they can help me get a glimpse of poetry from different cultures that I wouldn't be reading otherwise. Just sticking to poetry originally written in languages you already no can be so limiting. This anthology transcends those limitations.

Ana says

As the description boasts, it "collects some of the very best work of a new generation of poets who have come of age since Paul Celan, Anna Akhmatova, Federico Garcia Lorca, Eugenio Montale, and Czeslaw Milosz" - and it amply lives up to its promise.

For poets: why must you, dear poet, read this book? Because we know everything about what our American contemporaries are doing, but not nearly enough about the work blooming or crystallizing across the ocean. Because what Spanish poetry was to James Wright, what Šalamun and Pessoa and Tsvetaeva are to a number of young poets working today, Romanian or Italian or Norwegian poetry might be to you - a radical influence on the way you handle language and image. Because you need to travel, open a window, not see your friends for a while, take your poetry to a hotel room and have a second honeymoon, a second coming out, a nice flight through a blurbless sky where though it's in a different language you suddenly find you CAN understand the in-flight magazine, and it's talking about you. Your poetry as a destination.

Marie says

Cyprus (Green Line) by Lysandros Pitharas

"I can't see this green line. I can only see gold and the eyes of the people blacker than embers, and secrets which they nestle in their breasts, standing like monoliths looking toward the sea, saying nothing as if they are chanting."

Kosovo (The nightingale sings) by Eqrem Basha

"What is that mourning so near which belongs to us"

Luxembourg (The Fire Eater) by Anise Koltz

"None of our complaints will be heard
God is a deaf mute
No one has taught us
sign language"

Macedonia (Bronchitis) by Kata Kulavkova

"The therapy should have changed. Alter the place of living, fly away to the high clear skies and undertake something with a future, I know, but I've got better things to do. Don't be embarrassed. I won't tell anyone you're here."

Moldova (Amputated Homeland) by Alexandru Vakulovski

"Everyone is unhappy on this earth
everyone lives out the pleasure of not knowing
the pleasure of losing"

Montenegro (Great Preparations) by Pavle Goranovic

"We need to talk only of unquestionable things. things not praised by poets. Fear of happiness is certain,
death--most certain. Lonely people know this--at receptions, in cold hotel rooms and automobiles. "

Slovakia (How To Endure the Sun if Not Tiptoeing) by Martin Solotruk

"Even beyond the very first door you can still arrive with ease in front of a mirror, that will send you out to
the unknown"

"They rise on nothing but a few crumbs, grains shared with shaken pigeons who keep nodding yes to
everything they have never been asked by them, the philosophers."

Slovenia (Cast Vote) by Ales Debeljak

"we are not a wall but a shutter some far-off god is opening halfway."

Karen says

How parochial one must be to be miffed by what familiar work is not included in an anthology of poetry
meant to expand our concepts of newer European poetry! Be open. Like them or not, experience them.

Marcus says

The selections in this anthology are mostly uninteresting. There are definitely more interesting contemporary
Polish poets for sure! (Grzegorz Wroblewski is definitely one of the most interesting Polish poets writing
today and is remarkably absent). And the U.K./England! Yikes! Where is Holly Pester, Jeff Hilson, Tim
Atkins etc. etc. Not at all representative of interesting contemporary poetry happening right now in the U.K.
There are a few poets worth checking out of course. Turkey is represented well with interesting poetry (Lale
Müldür, Küçük Şekender, Seyhan Erözçelik etc.) But it's too bad. Missed opportunity. Nowhere near the
exciting creativity of the work of Paul Celan, Anna Akhmatova, Federico García Lorca in their day. Maybe
the editors just didn't look hard enough?

secondwomn says

a good selection that takes a wide sweep through europe. lots of interesting work in here & well worth
reading & revisiting.

Laura says

O America, of insular literature, read New European Poets! If only for Dan Sociu and Chus Pato!

Stephen says

I opened this up to Imre Oravecz's stunning "Soldiers' Graves" and "The Hole", two of the best poems I've read in a long while. Unfortunately, this anthology went downhill from there and sometimes hit rock-bottom for me. I think anyone can honestly admit that having 290 poets in a collection representing every single European country is extreme, especially when you're squeezing in countries like Belgium and Switzerland (places I wasn't even aware had a literature -- seriously, name me a Belgian writer) just to be democratic and keep the EU happy.

The Irish poets kept me from total despair -- really good stuff there -- and of course the occasional good poem scattered around, but like most contemporary poetry anthologies, I just didn't find enough interesting voices here that would make me want to go out and find everything any given poet wrote.

Would have been better if maybe 50 instead of 290 writers were jammed in here. Some of the better writers were clearly competing with slim talents for space. Though with only 1 or 2 poems per poet, it was hard to get a good sense individually.

Collectively, I thought this was just more spineless, weepy, frigid Postmodernism from a generation obsessed with chain-smoking, denim, jeans, and genitalia that talk. Where was the metaphysics here? Some exploration of place, which I thought was a boost, but overall so little engagement with themes that gave verve to European poetry even just a few decades ago. Amazing how far poetry fell in just one generation, since Milosz, Heaney, Tranströmer, Szymborska.....

Michael Odom says

I'm leafing, repeating, hit here, hit there. Loving this anthology. Call it read because I never finish with a great anthology.

Andrew says

I've found this book to be refreshing and heartening. I'm enthused about poetry again. Thank you, Graywolf Press. And thank you for your Reading the World initiative. Great vision. Great stuff.
