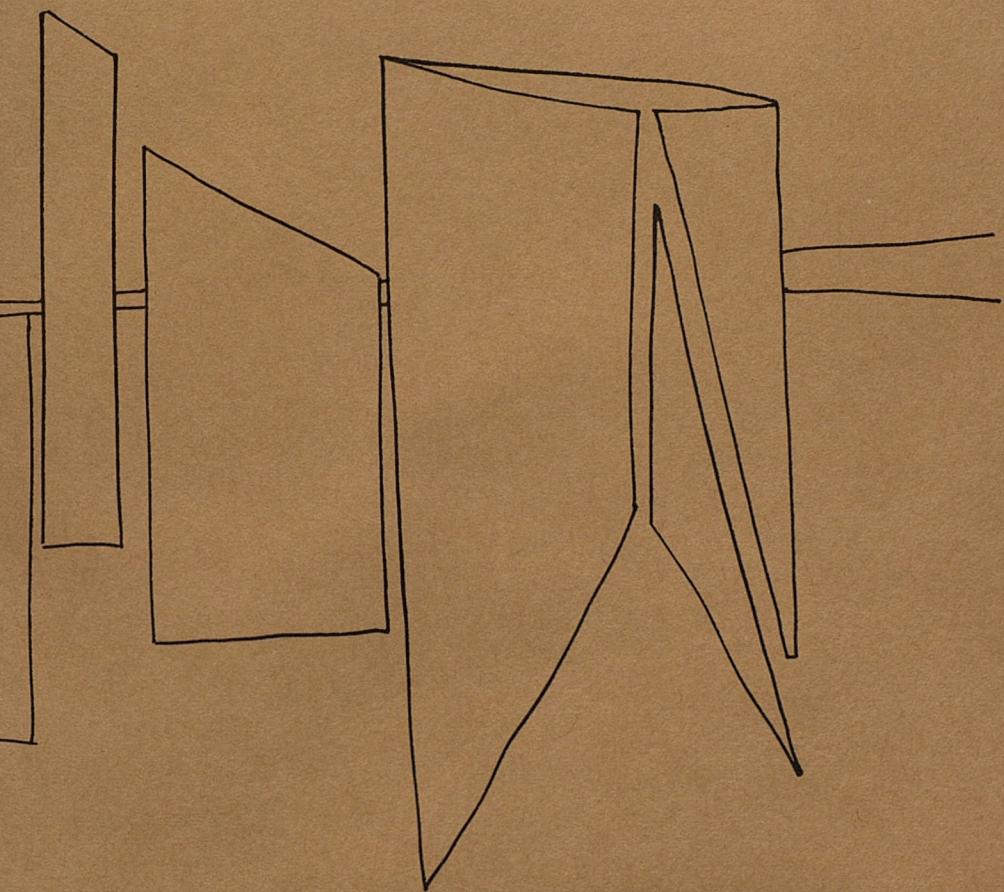


the good old wormwood review number 20



The Wormwood Review

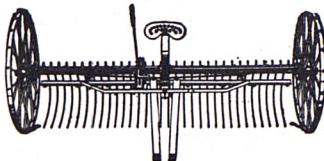
vol. 4, no. 4

issue no. twenty

editor: marvin malone art editor: a. sypher

copyright © 1965, the wormwood review press

subscription & editorial offices: p. o. box 101 & III,
storr, connecticut, zip 06268



Sometimes to East St. Louis

(for T. S. Eliot, who liked to
belt down a few with the girls.)

Yes, we are to East St. Louis
(Cousin Kate called us last night:
said "come over and play guitar").

My girl cousins are all man-crazy.
One tried to go Merchant Marine
and, you know, damm near made it.

You play a little guitar jazz
and watch 'old Mississippi slide past
and you want to go bye bye too.

My cousin called us last night
and we are to East St. Louis
to diddle around and drink it up.

Sure I'll have another. You buyin' Tom?

— D. P. Etter

Geneva, Illinois

Iowa Saturday Night

The girls of Grundy Center
(breast-deep in bubbles)
are rubbing boys into their skin.

Over basins of hair curlers
and flattened tooth paste tubes
steam writes "I love you" on the mirror.

In pinup pasted bedrooms, observe
yellow dresses and pink panties:
butterflies on a summer lawn.

Village Vignette

The sun breaks through a wet cloud,
sweet as a breakfast bun,
and my village of flags
opens up like a bright bird.

See kitchen chairs beneath the trees
and oranges eaten in hammocks.
See the buzzing grapes, the hedge of boys.

An American holiday drones on.

Upstairs behind blue doors, I sleep:
the prince of clocks and candles.

-- D. P. Etter

The Book Store

Inside
under the buzzing tubes of light
the cashier
knows where everything is.
She wears
a green smock and listens.
A fat man
his jacket hanging
on his arm
breathes with his nose
while pages tick
out from under his thumb.

-- James Hazard

Oshkosh, Wisconsin

The Garage at Noon

The dark
inside the wide, open doors
is gritty
and does not look cool.
A car's been left on the lift.

White stucco is
brittle
in the sun at noon.

Up
at the side a piece
has fallen loose
to reveal
the dark under wall
like an ink blot
that tells us our secrets

and above the doors
a red flying horse
is poised and rusting, dented
on its flank
by stones the boys have thrown.

Still Life

It was believed
a sneeze set loose your soul
just as sure as a camera
could steal it.

Consider then that Tom Edison
made a movie of a man
sneezing.

We can watch him now.
The motion of that old picture
is still
the same, but strange
(as old pictures are)
over and over. He is only shades
of white or black, and to us
as to deaf Tom
years ago, the man is silent,
sneeze
after sneeze after sneeze.

We watch him now
and repeatedly it is still

not clear to us
just what we've seen:
a man's loss, a camera's gain,
or in the end nothing at all.

The Audience at St. Moritz

I suppose we saw as much as anyone.
We were at the third turn.
The start and finish were out of sight
but we could hear them coming.
We could hear cold steel on the glare ice.

And they were past.

It was necessary to remember what we'd seen:
the driver, his brakeman (helmet and goggles)
hunched toward the finish, leaning at the turn.
When they had passed (the colors
were hard, as on new cars) when they had passed
we watched the loudspeaker to get their time.

The Americans, the Swiss, the English
passed at proper intervals.
The Italian sled came on sounding hollow
and we saw the brakeman was gone.

The sled began to slam
from one side of the ice to the other.
The driver was out --
hanging by one foot stiff as a doll.
Women reached their hands to him.
He was past
quick as that: we could hear
the sled and his helmeted head against the ice.

The Englishman won.
Naturally, the Italians were disqualified.
We watched the loudspeaker and they were announced alive
soon as the brakeman was found.
Neither had broken a bone.
We never did learn how it had happened.

It snowed all night: icicles grew on all the loudspeakers.
Ski jumping was the next day so we got
a good spot to watch.
Jumpers hunched forward too, but silently
and in our sight the whole time.
Still you have to hear the judging to be sure
who's jumping and who has won.

Icicles grew on the lips
of all the loudspeakers but they broke
at the very first word.

-- James Hazard

Rationale

It rained
and the tent leaked
on clowns, animals,
the highwire act,
ringmasters, managers,
barkers, the owners,
and the paid up
admissions;
and dampened
the act of charity,
and the star:
anonymous.

Neighborhood Incident

Descended
from original imports
a flock of sparrows
fill the yard
like gypsies
ransacking the grass
fluffing feathers
in driveway dust
chirping
exercising their right
to avian antics
until
a cruising police car
puts them to flight

circling ...

-- Ben Tibbs

Kalamazoo, Michigan

Viewpoints

for C.F.S., June 6, 1965

They will say,
laughing a bit, "We
had to wait an hour
for a guy in shirt-
tails and a two-day
beard to leave/ our
very first flat!"

For me,
it was a long day
of packing, scrubbing
and burning/ thinking
of you.

-- G. R. Morgan

West Lafayette, Indiana

I remember once
you watched me watch you
while you knitted a sweater
for him, and
asked, "What are you
trying to do,
memorize me?"

And
always, always
you are asking,
"What are you
thinking
now?"

Thinking of Mo Tzu

By the river edge
boys are waiting
holding in their hands
the looped ends of coiled rope.
We pass
thinking of the sea
six hundred miles away
as they poke and wave among the rushes.
Further on
more children
sail straw boats
sealed with beeswax and pine tar
in the murk and churn of the river.
We pass
to watch the hills
fold away beneath a sky
patched with clouds and strung with sunset.
Still
many miles
from the sea the boat slows
culing what it can from the sails.
The river
ever widening
is lined with old men moving South.
The banks are steep and muddy.
Before the purple night geese alight
flying high over the pale moon.

But
what the hell
is love
a thought
a question
or an answer?

— G. R. Morgan

— Ben Pleasants

Westwood, California

Praxis

"In the end the peasant may kill the professor..." J. Langbehn

The Douanier perhaps
you doubt he was the
Artiste-peintre (good)
and when passing smile
on your way to the ground
floor. Now you are talking.
(Un soir de carnaval coll. Louis Stern N.Y.)
Why does the lion pass the negress by?

Hartford had a cay set out
on his own account
just for the good few
who knew which way was up.
NO CARS ALLOWED.
All those sentient beings came
who understand and therefore
go everywhere: Gay ladies
mauve hair vague men in
jade ties drawn on buggies.
Carib winds cracked the leathern tops.

Woman lain in multi-colored cloth
nearby the round bowled mandolin
of innocence, music draws the lion on to quiet.

The Blue Fountain Trumpet

What loose
vine unstrung the
wet thrush wings
ruffling
scramble up together
duskward gone on
dapple walls.
A white moon
climbs out across the night
chilled millet fields
and cormorants
brush soft red light
song through panting
cherry groves.

What you are
fragile jazz
isolated star
prods the night away.

-- Ben Pleasants

(fm. History of the Turtle, Book iii)

Passus 26: MEMORIAL FROM THE LEGISLATIVE BRANCH

Screwy hang ups
"Ah well I remember"
concerts & skeeters

Screwy hang ups
crying & writing you a poem in the middle of the quad
@ 7:30 a.m. as they hustled past

& you slept very soundly 50 miles away
hustled

Good to love
to love good
love to good
good love too
too good love
love good too

un-hang up!

Screwy hang ups.
Hang John Calvin from a sour whatever
Like when my naked little relation Suzy
ran into the front room 20 yrs ago naked as
a jaybirdy bathwards HOW Grandmere
shouted
after
a briefly delayed reaction "Dontlook, dontyoulook!"

Inquisitive Presbyterian only
child that I was
SHOCKED (@ Grandmere)
since it didn't take too much study
to see
there was nothing to see.

Screwy hang ups
fears of . . .
& Muscles Veneer took out his glass eye and lammed it
onto the bar to impress my friend who had been unimpressed by
his 50 dollar bills & his muscles:
all, I suppose, because somebody pinched his
yo-yo
or beach ball or . . .
"What wuz it like B.P. (Before Petronius)?"
"Damned if I know, Niccolo."

Passus 27: COMBINE (for Costa)

(1)

Disaster is never far away
& when we leap we fall
& who are they? . . .

when we love we love
what is dismay?
& if we leap we fall
. . . & who . . . are . . . they? . . .

if now we hedge the bet
toward yesterday
if now we fan the lung
& dig decay
& do not leap & they are set,
 lack, lack, lack
not only lack
 a day
(& if we leap we fall & who are they? . . .)

o if we do not leap
o o

("FOLD CORNERWISE & STUFF THAT JAZZ")

• • •
"I sd for chrissake" watch
the snow
as each as they flakes out

(2)

He sd
"They hate my guts
because I don't have childbearing hips,
although I love their children."

I note it down
"without recourse" is how
I checked,
 remembering unpaid debts
upon my father's death
to the widow
whom I loved
(she was my mother) more than me . . .
& how she had not force to bring
to bear
ferocity.

— Ronald H. Bayes

La Grande, Oregon

Passus vii

Anxious Asp
of Grant (on Union)?
N. Beach?

Nope — ESP notwithstanding, Schaff was in Noohaven
& I Luhgrant. Leave it @ ESP, tho, 2d hand the
more surprising.

Orange Ogre.
Movable Forest in the Fresno mall.
(Carmel et Monterey, 19when)
It is hard to keep score.
VIZ, cut across ————— SAIGON.
Coup et counter-coup
et what
shall the owner due
to
redeem (?) it.

1939, early 40's? . . . LUM, hurt:
LUM: "Et tu Brutus."
ABNER: "Whaat?"
LUM: "Et tu Brutus."
ABNER: "Waal, Lum, why didnja save one fer me?"

Retention. Some things worth it.
As at 11:30 a.m., flying, realization
"DEBTS I
CAN NEVER
PAY
& HONOR THE
MAGNIFICENT WEIGHT OF."

Passus xiii
(coup d'oeil)

Pre-empted.
Emptied of the right
sharp (precise) term,
alabaster — I can
only say & sail
on yes, on eyes. Tide
(time og tide). A plaster
saint? & I've had a few
aint worth the pain
of travel/ feet/ feat --
don't even feed
poems later
but even these
can and do not
stand alone.

So! the so there (sew & Sosostris!).
But "Still . . . "
O unstill
in yr navel
a pebble wd thrash, thresh,
into gold.

I am a goddam alchemist.

You are fast on yr feet,
Like
Hope.

(What is the heart of this —
or are John & Henry right?)

As Burroughs wrote:
"I awoke.
someone was
holding my hand.
It was my other hand."

— Ronald H. Bays

understanding our heritage no. 663

in this corner we have the fuck it now
the hell with it mongers
managed by allen ginsberg
who haphazardly define truth as
the presence of pain and insanity
and the absence of safety

and in the other corner we have the
now dear you must realize mongers
managed by queen victoria
who systematically define truth as
the presence of safety and organization
and the absence of pain

to wanda who hasnt arms

dont let anybody lie to you

you will find somebody
like me
who thinks you're god
and can live it and breathe it
like i cant.

— Jon Heinstein

Berkeley, Calif.

wait.

maybe i can

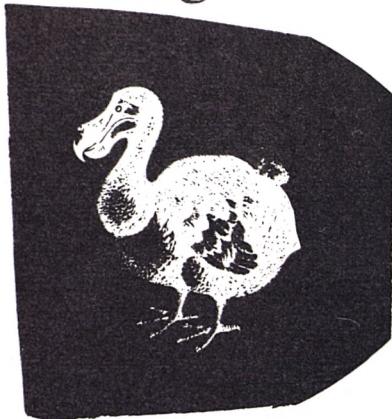
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Enjoy the wonderful
fresh feeling
of

...and with exceptional comfort and speed

Grinning and Bearing

CONTROLE DE QUALITE



En cas de réclamation nous
vous prions de nous faire retour
de cette fiche.

CONSERVATIVE

Birds as Real Personalities

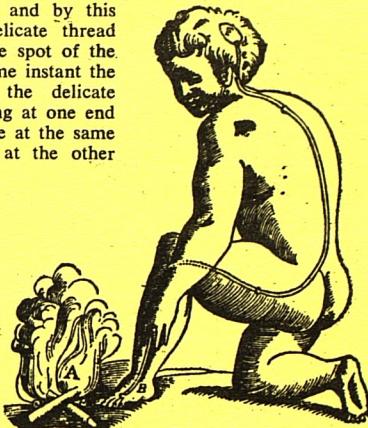
the hands that get into everything...

— M. K. Book

Lincoln, Nebraska

"If for example fire (A) comes near the foot (B), the minute particles of this fire, which as you know move with great velocity, have the power to set in motion the spot of the skin of the foot which they touch, and by this means pulling upon the delicate thread CC, which is attached to the spot of the skin, they open up at the same instant the pore, *d.e.*, against which the delicate thread ends, just as by pulling at one end of a rope one makes to strike at the same instant a bell which hangs at the other end."

prose-poems
and/or
equivalents



understanding walt whitman #1

i occupy every inch every square mile. simply because i choose to be there. i imagine myself there. i know right inside, what i am like out there and i like being there. i like what i am, and thus i choose it. it is optional. it is invisible. i can take it or leave it. but i choose to occupy this space, all the space, simply because i work better when i do. my consciousness is heightened, my thoughts are clearer, my emotions are more powerful, more piercing. and i just generally dig all that territory. i infringe on no ones right. you can all come too. this is my place by squatters rights. but i dont care. i enjoy company. i already have lots. plenty of centers all over the place. out there. i inevitably join. i grudge none. come. come dance. we do what we in general feel like doing. i enjoy it. it is my new frontier. it seems we had exhausted our frontiers. no sweat. there is room for everyone out there.

-- Jon Heinsteini

Berkeley, Calif.

from lessons

the people who begin to get somewhere, somebody comes up to them and offers to put their name on a board and frame it. right away the people think that this is what they want. they think that if their growth is recognized it will be valid. but once you start counting on that board for your validity, you dont grow any more and the man comes and tells you that they have somebody elses name to put on the board. a sort of natural remedy if you can take it.

— Jon Heinstein

The ears grip the side of the head like a rider's knees on a horse. In twos on every ark, which the male? They are like feet generally not much to look (praise to the exception) but are possessed of character and soul, habits, oddities and tastes and function in sleep as much as in waking. Sometimes they die separately in deafness or continue to listen after the person is dead. They are somewhat jealous of eyes and prefer music to painting. Related to mouths (for talking is eating backward with words) they gobble up nourishing prose dinners of sound and then drink silence until stone still, which, for ears, is ecstasy.

He perceived the world was senseless and went insane. When he died, they opened up his brain and found a tiny boat surrounded by sufficient wind and water to sail forever. He lay on his back his ears impaled by carpet tacks, while, on the sloppy deck, fish thrashed and sang in their rising falling monotone of song. Peering through the finest microscopes, expert lip-readers were agreed that what he said was "I have found the truth, I have found the truth" but themselves could say nothing, of course, of his tone, whether joyous or sad.

— Richard E. Lourie

Berkeley, California

Turgenev Dying

Woodnymphs the size of bacteria sit in council deciding whether to abandon his dying beard. He has courage, but no faith, they say. His eyes are slick as moons and he can not decide if the night is a cat's flank, a vagina or just some black paint on the window. His ears are two sunlit fields where crickets chirp and across each a little boy chases pigeons toward the middle of his brain where they fly all at once together becoming a woman. He awakes from the terrible dream which is his life, reaches for pen and paper to write his last truths as the avalanche of cancer rushes to bury his bed.

-- Richard E. Lourie

Cat got the toilet paper again. Looks like a Gertrude Stein piano roll.

An angel is an event with wings.

-- Michael Gregory

Alhambra, California

COMMUTER

There was this college boy who had no Stutz Bearcat or raccoon coat, but came to school in a Good Humor wagon. He should have been a genius, poor, but striving for knowledge; but actually he failed the first semester.

-- Gloria Kenison

Harding, Mass.

finish

the hearse comes through the room filled with
the beheaded, the disappeared, the living
mad.

the flies are a glue of sticky paste
their wings will not
lift.

I watch an old woman beat her cat
with a broom.

the weather is unendurable
a dirty trick by
God.

the water has evaporated from the
toilet bowl

the telephone rings without
sound

the small limp arm petering against the
bell.

I see a boy on his
bicycle

the spokes collapse
the tires turn into
snakes and melt
away.

the newspaper is oven-hot
men murder each other in the streets
without reason.

the worst men have the best jobs
the best men have the worst jobs or are
unemployed or locked in
madhouses.

I have 4 cans of food left.

air-conditioned troops go from house to
house

from room to room
jailing, shooting, bayoneting
the people.

we have done this to ourselves, we
deserve this

we are like roses that have never bothered to
bloom when we should have bloomed and
it is as if

the sun has become disgusted with
waiting

it is as if the sun were a mind that has
given up on us.

I go out on the back porch
and look across the sea of dead plants
now thorns and sticks shivering in a
windless sky.

somehow I'm glad we're through
finished --
the works of Art
the wars
the decayed loves
the way we lived each day.
when the troops come up here
I don't care what they do for
we already killed ourselves
each day we got out of bed.
I go back into the kitchen
spill some hash from a soft
can, it is almost cooked
already
and I sit
eating, looking at my
fingernails.
the sweat comes down behind my
ears and I hear the
shooting in the streets and
I chew and wait
without wonder.

FEMALE AND BREAKDOWN AND PEACE

...the automobiles have big eyes and horns and scratch
themselves and puke black vomit and rot inside very
quickly, and you see them shining and broken and new
being dragged in by white-uniformed idiots looking
angry and calm and final as God Himself, and the
women paint themselves and tighten themselves all over,
jack themselves up to the sky CLICK CLICK CLACK and
they rub their skins with oils and spray them with lotions
and place them in smooth sheen fabrics and act very high
indeed and do not talk to anybody and they wait and they
tease until everybody gets all HARD and then they wait on
the biggest MONEY and then they
give way, they give themselves over like vomit into a
bowl, and they age
quickly and they are forgotten and they spread their days
in supermarkets
wrinkled and officious and angry
arguing sniping spying
praying for the death of everyone
meantime taking up everybody's time
and they have the blues
the most terrible blues
but the brain they never used
now too far gone to
cry.

well, hell, we know that the race falters and that the heart gives way; I can't condemn all these women because of bad climate.

yet it's a shame that only the ugly young women are human.

6:21 P.M.

to run out of dogs
that is what the clock
says to run out of dogs that is what
the worn automobile tires
say
and now the orange-red afternoon comes
creeping like a wounded dog and
lies before me
while blackbirds still pursue the game
like motorcycle policemen hounding
tired traffic

my soul is wrinkled
I turn on the light and read the
evening paper.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, California

Charles Bukowski's Cold Dogs in the Courtyard has been released. A reasonable \$1.25 fm. Literary Times/Cyfoeth Publications, Box 4327, Chicago, Illinois 60680. Don't miss this vintage, mint Bukowski prose Confessions of a Man, Insane Enough to Live with Beasts which is \$1 fm. Mimeo Press, 449 South Center, Bensenville Illinois 60106. Buk collectors shd. subscribe to Kauri and begin with number 10 issue -- \$1/year to individuals and \$3/year to institutions fm. Will Inman, Apt. 4W, 362 East 10th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10009.

Nos. 13-16 of Columbia Essays on Modern Writers (the only literary series with some feeling for modern lit) released at 65¢ per: Louis-Ferdinand Celine (David Hayman begins the worthwhile task of rescuing Celine from the critical grasp of Milton Hindus -- Wormie endorses Hayman's Celine "...is the black magician of hilarity and rage, the perverse mirror of 20th century energy ...next to Proust as a painter of a moribund society, next to Joyce as a liberator of language ...unmatched as a comic genius, the father of verbal slapstick"), also Alain Robbe-Grillet (Bruce Morrissette), Raymond Queneau (Jacques Guicharnaud) & John Millington Synge (Dennis Johnston). All fm. Columbia Univ. Press, 2960 Broadway, N.Y. 27, N.Y.

JOURNAL ENTRY -- SEPTEMBER 24

I am sure that somewhere I left an empty red box on the ground. I know it wasn't full of apples because it just wouldn't have been likely, to leave red apples in a red box, that is. An old man with steel rimmed spectacles, the professor type, who sold balloons was watching me as he rested under the shade tree. I remember a dog urinating on a low, round bush, and there were a few clouds in the sky.

No, the box certainly had nothing in it. It was definitely empty.

Sometimes the stairs are too high. I do not climb them on those days, but, instead, take in a show at the local cinema. The shows never interest me, but it is something to do until the stairs become lower. Once, after climbing the stairs, I discovered I was in the attic. And by the time I arrived at the top it was night-time. Everything was quiet and the city hung far below. That was the night I noticed the hole in the roof and saw the star that dimly shone through the hole.

They fixed the hole eventually, but since then the stairs have never taken me to the attic. But sometimes when it is raining, on Sundays, I go to Aunt Bertha's room. Aunt Bertha, that's the landlady's aunt. From her room I can get an excellent view of the railroad bridge, over which a train often crosses.

No, you couldn't say I live an unhappy life. I have my pleasures. It's just that sometimes, in the night when I cannot sleep, I remember that box, and I am sure it was empty. There would have been absolutely no reason for me to leave apples in it.

-- John Cornillon

Cleveland, Ohio

To a Chicago Poet

That's funny
Judging by his moustache
He looks like a poet.

-- Jean Rosenbaum

Santa Fe, New Mexico

Last night I met this guy named Leon
While my husband was eyeing whores at the front of the bar
And wondering if I'd mind the money to buy one a drink
Leon asked if he could make love to me.
I hesitated.
He said, "Will you be home Monday?
How about Tuesday?
What time does your husband get home?"
I said, "I'm really not interested in that, but why dont you
Be our friend?"
He said, "But I want to make you, baby. What will your
Husband say to that? I mean,
How can we be friends?"
So, seeing John's need, I sighed and said,
"Okay, Leon, anytime you want
Bring a woman for John.
We'll play switchies.
(After all, there's a difference between switchies and adultery)
And we won't be friends.

— Susan Cornillon

Cleveland, Ohio

The stream was awash with stones and bubbles.
Foam hissed and drifted, bordering the rocks with lace.
The sun sang like a magpie. A green stubble
Of light scattered across the moss -- a brace
Of minnows hung distainfully above the blind
Lashing of water weeds.

On the far bank, sporting
And shrieking on the shoal, their glinting hind
Ends tossing like flowers, a shock of girls -- sorting
Their clothes after a swim, naked as frogs.
I watched, less vulnerable in my hiding place,
Laughing as they hopped and humped like kegs
Rolling, trying to dress --

A golden mace,
The allegoric dragonfly, fluttered --
Snickerling, Pan retreated, sniffed,

muttered --

— Charles Wyatt

Philadelphia, Pa.

I am lucky enough to have treetops
Outside my window. If I stand
In a certain place, I can imagine great flops
Of ferns on a yellow forest floor.

They yield,
When I come close, to a machine clamped
To a rooftop, the girders and pipes touched
With brittle rust and fading paint --

still lumped
In the window, tangled in shadows, clutched
In the ripe mud of night, it rears and screams
Like a beast sinking in an ancient swamp --
Triceratops, Iguanodon -- the names
Clamor in my mind --

at dawn it looms damp
And gritty, it has bled a pool on the roof
And a sparrow is washing slowly.

Please consider, in the morning hours,
When lovers stumble out into birds,
And the worn rows of flowers stand most rigid --

In the museum a man toils --
touching the shadowed walls,
His heartbeats move like small wet frogs,
His hands unwrapping the mummy cloth,
His bundle shrouded with dust, the moss of darkness,
The core still invisible, a resurrected sloth,
Hanging quaintly in its woven coat.

The rapt silence of the sarcophagus mocks this place --
Wave on wave of mummy tape falls in the dance,

Until the lewd black thing, grasping its knees,
Is carted off,

time's flower, grinning cheese.

-- Charles Wyatt

Social Notes From All Over

Edourdo

Meeting him at a pokerino palace in Times Square
Puts you one up on Winchell,
Rewrites the society column,
His notes smell of the police blotter,
Explosive as a sawed-off shot gun,
"Ya know da t'eater where you put on dem plays?
It's a night club for J D's
Without no liquor,
Run by a bunch'a youth workers,
The Young Dragons beat one of 'em up last week,"

How's Florito?

He went bad,
Rumbles around with the Elegant Lords,

And Sanchez?

The army got him,
Oh, and where is he stationed?
He's out now -- dishonorable discharge,
What about little Estoban?
Doin' time at a reform school,
Did he threaten his sister with a knife again?
That and other things

How's everything with you?

That Estralita said I got her in a family way,
When it could be any one of a dozen,
And how is your father?
We're not livin' with him,
He's not beatin' us up no more,
Says he'll shoot us all dead for lockin' him out,
But we got a family lawyer now,
He sprung my big brother in nothin' flat,
My Aunt's on horse,
You know heroin,
Got knifed since I seen ya last,
I'm just outa the hospital,
We have a family doctor so it's all right,
Nice meeting you Edourdo,
Catching up on the news,
Take good care

-- Emilie Glen

New York, N. Y.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF

SIDNEY HERBERT RUFUS

The author of this Will, SIDNEY HERBERT RUFUS, known as SID RUFUS, also known as TACK and TACKLINE RUFUS, was born in the town of HILLERY, in the State of ILLINOIS, in this Nation, the UNITED STATES of AMERICA, on the 19th day of November in the year of our LORD 1903. A citizen by birth, he forfeited the main part of that citizenship by establishing residence in the capitol of this Nation, the DISTRICT of COLUMBIA; and by relinquishing his right to vote and practicing the privilege of taxation without representation, he does, at the time of this writing, maintain residence in that same neighborhood.

I, SIDNEY HERBERT RUFUS, on my fifty-seventh (57) birthday, this nineteenth day of the eleventh month of the one thousand nine hundred and sixtieth year of the Gregorian calender (November 19, 1960) do hereby make this Last Will and Testament. Adjudged by the conventional laws of our society to be sound of mind, or, at least, legally at large and free to express myself, it is my profound wish that the Will of this Testament be executed without legal expense or question, and that the expediting and fulfillment of the bequests and requests herein be done so without delay, discussion or dispute.

With a song sparrow chirping his anticipation of the coming winter while perched amidst the thinning autumn leaves on a tree outside my window, unpreturbed; and with my cat curled and purring at my feet while she sleeps away the remainder of her nine lives, undisturbed; or, in plainer language: "with God as my witness" I make the following bequeathals and requests:

1. When the kernel departs from this shell to take its destined place in the next cycle of eternity in the pattern of the Absolute, I bequeath the cadaverous remains to the nearest School Hospital or Clinic interested and engaged in the study of such carcasses for the purpose of bettering the physical being of mankind. And, if this be done, let the responsible persons concerned in this knowledge of the anatomy dispose of the remnants in their own manner, without ceremony and without obligation.

2. If this NOT be done, and should this body NOT be worthy of such cause, then let it be cremated into ashes and those ashes strewn to the winds to settle back to dust; or let them be scattered in the nearest river or creek which winds its way to a bay or baylet and on into an ocean, joining the minerals of their making. May there be no funeral, nor exercise of any kind, nor a marker to mark any spot.

3. Nothing on this earth or in this universe or in universes beyond belongs to man. There are material things which he may collect, gain or lose, pay taxes on but never keep; only use and

then pass on in his name to heirs of his choice for them to use and pass on to others. This being known, I hereby bequeath such material things as might be called my estate to my beloved wife, MRS. HELEN DUKE RUFUS. Should I survive my wife, then may my niece and favorite blood relation, MRS. WILLIAM V. HOWLAND, a resident of COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA, be beneficiary of such estate, without further appointment or ado.

4. All my mistakes -- my faults and failure -- my bad judgments and bad behaviors -- my jealousies and petty greeds -- my lies, deceits and such misdeeds -- I leave for the world to behold, that they shall be remembered and serve as profit for them wise enough to profit by such beholdings.

5. A goodly collection of good intentions I leave intact to be started and finished by folk more capable and responsible than I, before they die.

6. My many happy dreams and fantasies and pies in the sky, I return to the magic cupboard to replenish the supply for other dreamers such as I.

7. Should this Will perchance suggest one good thought, may the goodness of that thought propagate and multiply and spread to hearts and minds willing and able to nurture and develop that

goodness into being, with hope that Man will -- as well as search in outer space -- explore the realms of Truth, which someday he must encounter face to face.

Signed by: SIDNEY HERBERT RUFUS (seal)

Witnessed by: The sparrow
The cat
And the Creator

DISTRICT of COLUMBIA

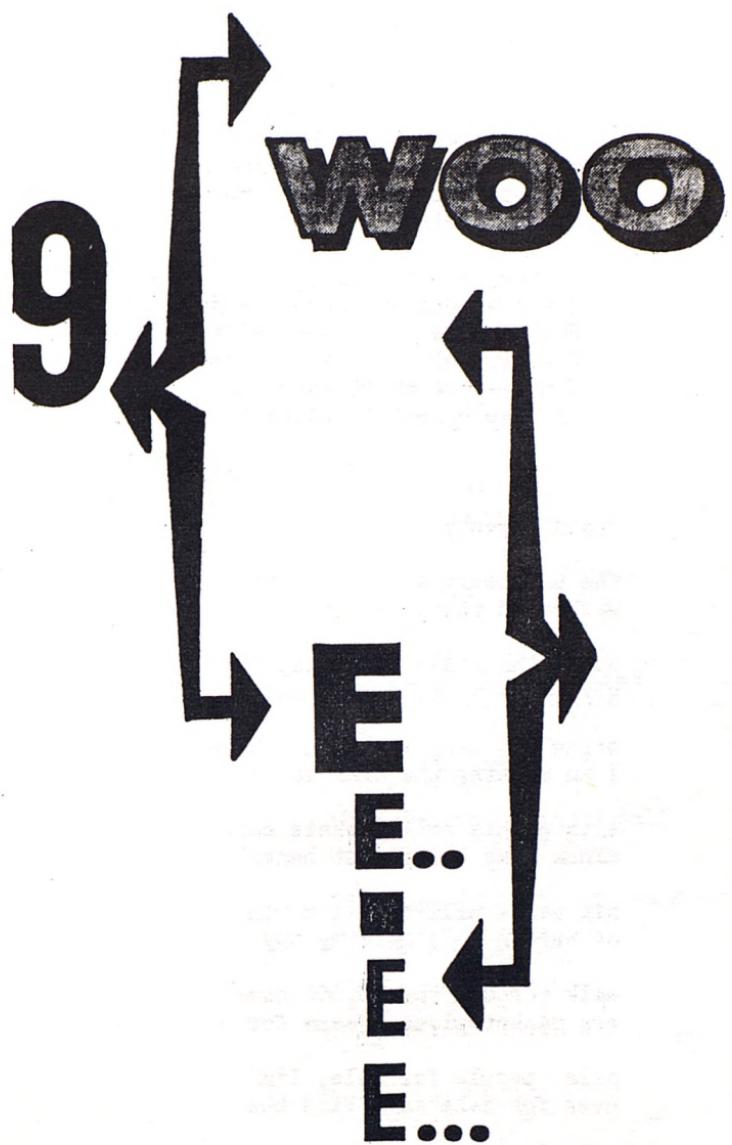
Subscribed and sworn to before me, a Notary Public, in and for the District of Columbia, this 19th day of November, 1960.

Mary Jo Freehill

Notary Public

My Commission expires:

Apr. 14, 1961



bern porter

Letter to Ruthie -- 1

My Darling
Is it your time now? You
Could never love the spring
The muddy thaw, the stink
Of it. Are you sick of
Springs, when your blood
Runs thin -- and your mind
Becomes depressed with un-
Known longing?

Winter is best for you
You love the whitened fields
Beneath the moon, the swift
Free run of snow before the
Wind -- the sweet warm act
Of Love beneath a blanket

11/64

Pusan Liberty

the 6x6 bounces me down the
washboard roads, I see the
sun-eaten walls of Korea, my
girl-wife & child in a mud &
straw hut back in Taegu & here
I am meeting the SEAL as he
sits on his roller-skate cart
minus arms & legs but beneath
his ass a million \$'s worth
of heroin -- I make my buy
walk through the 10,000 cam-
era market-place, jeeps for
sale, people for sale, I'm
even for sale as I find the
porch of Cutie's suckahatchi
house & fix, sitting in the
sun on the adobe veranda, the
2 Chinese agents come around
to make their buy, 2 young
boys, they're hooked bad & I

charge them too much -- we sit
there & fix, I fix again, the
so-called Enemy & I, but just
3 angry boys lost in the immense
absurdity of War & State sudden
friends who have decided that
our hatred of Government exceeds
the furthest imaginable limits
of human calculation.

1/65

I remember the time
Black got it
incoming knocked him back
into a snowbank
buried him
he was Missing In Action
all winter

spring thaw & we were
back on the same hill &
the Lt. stumbled on him
cracked his shin-bone on
Black's helmet & looked
down at Black, preserved like
a fresh side of beef
all winter

'You Sonofabitch' he said
to Black's stiff corpse

'You Sonofabitch, if you'd
been more careful I
wouldn't hafta write
all those Goddam letters'

'You Sonofabitch' & he spit

but I'd seen his eyes
watering before he looked
straight up into the sun

7/65

-- William Wantling

Edwards, Illinois

once you've been a
dopefiend for a year
you learn anybody can
become a snitch
but when we got the word
on Chester the Bear
we all felt bad

as far as good people
go in the life he was
one of the best

it was his old lady, finally
who offered to give him
the hot shot
but she was evil, we
didn't go for it somehow

Al & I took him
out & got him lushed
the next night -- he was
Sick & we said we weren't
holding so he drank a pint
in about $3\frac{1}{2}$ minutes to kill
the Pain

Al went off
& came back 20 minutes
later -- said he'd scored
& Chester shook half
a greedy spoon in his winecap
drew up & it was that
simple -- anybody could've saved
him the first half hour so
we drug him back in
the alley & covered
him with an old
L.A. Countyfair banner

if I hadn't of been
so high I think
I'd've cried

— William Wantling 7/65

Wm. Wantling's Heroin Haikus (unpriced fm. Wantling, R.R. 1,
Kickapoo, Edwards, Ill.) is unpretty but totally successful
book with words and pictures that work together. Carl Robins'
Not as a Faceless Number (intro. by Wantling) fm. Hors Commerce
Press, 22526 Shadycroft Ave., Torrance, Calif. 90505 (\$1). Also
fm. H.C.P.: Ralph Kinsey's The Last Straw and James D. Callahan's
Prelude to Armageddon (illust. by Ben Tibbs), both at \$1 per.

Withering in Springtime

The tide sweeps in
The tide sweeps out
The boys they wave and jump and shout
The children jeer and laugh and clout
The lovers heave and sweat about.

And elderly statesmen
With shrunken weeds of manhood
Grimly contemplate their own demise
In violent condemnation of the lively.
Celebrating their unexpected recession
By fusing youth to weapons
Transforming love to missillery.

I shall not die alone.

Better Things for Living

Through Chemistry
We have made such wondrous
Things.

Such as glare proof nylon
Gun turret windows.
Used to really be a problem
Angling up into the sun
From a strafing mission.

And that gook woman
Standing at the edge of that sewer
They call a river
Holding a shriveled blackened souvenir
That was once a baby girl,
Weeps and prays to some pagan god
For the pain saving swiftness
Of her infant's death,
Courtesy of napalm jelly
Made among the growth stocks
Of a Delaware suburb.
For the benefit of each and every.

-- Jean Rosenbaum

Santa Fe, New Mexico

We're in the Pepsi Generation

and I grew a beard and everything
but that didn't work much either.

I mean

they kept coming down on me anyway
and I still couldn't make nothing new
and no chick loved me significantly
and my mother kept mailing me those god damn checks
if I promised to not come home.

Why I even stopped taking baths --

which simply ruined my stretch pants
but not too much came to mind
and they're still selling I.B.M.
which outrages me
cause they pay such a stinking dividend
and there's something basically invalid
about growth stocks
cause only the rich cats own them.

So I refused to register to vote --

joined the peace corps
went on a freedom march
sprained my knee water skiing
and smoked five pounds of pot
but . . .

— Jean Rosenbaum

Private Thoughts to a Public Figure

Too late come the bright-eyed suitors to your fame.
Offering lava hot praise and an open hand:
 to their bank books
 (now there is no need)
 to their gay Paree parties
 (nobody quite looks gay as
 they pass the green cheese)
 to their wives
 (everybody is an Eskimo these days
 when there is little left to barter).

Too late they come, without kindness,
In such numbers we wonder if some great stone,
Pushed aside, belched forth scurrying troops,
Ordered to collect and fold you in
If not too late.
Laugh well, my friend,
In good health, my friend.

Stolen Beauty

Kindly excuse and disregard this wrinkled covering
That I wear as skin today. You see, at a carnival,
Last spring, while turning, squeezing through the mob
In the mirror house, hysteria began. In the riot,
Someone grabbed my beautiful face -- and stole away
In the crowd. They took my long, raven hair,
My clear, shining, love bright eyes. Tore off
My soft and willing lips, and threw on this tight,
Wretched mask that sticks to my heart.

Have you seen it?

My lover, who claimed devotion
To my soul's goodness, walks by me
Without a glance -- yet my light still shines
Beneath this flesh. Have you seen it?
Please report in one week,
For I grow weary in search.

— Vervyl Rosenbaum

Santa Fe, New Mexico

the put-down

Bad poetry,
because you don't
understand it? --
I told him don't feel bad and
said my style isn't all
that hot

either --

but he wouldn't
listen

(what could I
really use
right now,
really need
is maybe
something like
four young lady
poets)

and there you sit
trying to think that
your differences were
truly those of quality.

— George Tysh

Detroit, Michigan

a limit of correction

the eyes in
her face
 outlined
 in the hair
hanging over
 me, around
 me --
"Hey baby, I'm
a fine cooker,
 right?"

(she saying that,
meaning in her
accented foreign
french mistake, of
course, "of food")

but she was so hurried
 in her
 beauty
and I wouldn't
 have the
 heart/

conscience-
stricken conscience
stricken
 too late
 now/
 after
 the fact

(couldn't tell her
now,
 or ever,

--- George Tysh

Ecdysis

the girl
plucks her ear-rings off
the whole world
whirls
the green
fiddlehead compression
of the fern's
impression of the Spring
unwinding
out of bud scales
from time-lapse flowers
she draws
her gloves off
taking hours
Spring requires
patience too

--- Robert M. Chute

Auburn, Maine

Soft in Bed

"Marriage? It's the best thing
for a man. You just remember
this, Boy: it will be
as soft as sixty
when you snuggle up in bed
as at sixteen." We were picking over beans
in the open chamber. "Just remember that,"
he said again, while down below
Aunt Anne's unseen presence
rattled pans in the sink.

Born Too Late to See Tahiti

(these once remote islands are now reached
easily by high speed air lines)

-- too late to see Tahiti.
Burn your gaudy red, green, blueprints
of Paul Gaugain's
escape to paradise.

(in 36 hours the tourist
may descend . . .)

You might as well go
to the Poconos.
It will be swell there to see
(higher than Niagara said the sign)
Digman's Falls,
a silver thread falling
the bluffs and sparse deciduous wood.

Can you see
the Scranton school girl
veiled in hair,
bathing golden in the mist,
drifting -- ? No! Even for this
it is too late. We are all born now
much too old: the water much too cold.

-- Robert M. Chute

Recommended Little Magazines

The Small Pond (edit. Bob Chute) \$1/yr. fm. RFD 3, Box 101-A.

Auburn, Maine, 04210

Tlaloc (\$1/6 issues) fm. Location Press, Flat A, Grosvenor Ct.
3 Grosvenor Rd., Leeds 6, England

Resuscitator (no. 4 has Creeley, Olson, Turnbull, Hollo, etc.)
75¢ fm. Gregory's Tynning, Paulton, Nr. Bristol, England

Modus Operandi

-- for Howard Zinn

The plain raw fact of the matter is
You can't please all of the people
all of the time. No.
And not even all of the people
some of the time. Or
some of the people all of the
time.

Most likely
you won't please any of the people
any of the time. So
please yourself.

Emerson had the right idea, though
he might not have understood
just why. As for
Henry David Thoreau,
he knew.

In the Middle of the Journey

Under the green umbrella of time
a yellowing stalk
caught in the current between
then and when
stretches toward the sun
arches toward the sun
uncurls its withered edges
straining toward the light
And is stunted by the shock
that so long a shadow could be cast
by such a green umbrella

-- Esta Seaton

Atlanta, Georgia

The Literary Times

Box 4327, Chicago,
Illinois 60680



Radio Free Europe offers an
alternate choice of diet -- keep
free choice alive in the USA --
read the book reviews of the LT.
Produced in Chicago for jaded
diets -- irascible? yes; touchy,
vindictive, opinionated, yes --
but alive. 25¢/copy, \$2/yr. and
\$2.50/yr. foreign subsciptions.

Oh, Yes

-- for Joan Clifford

For what is done is
done well,
but always there is
the bitter weed

root of the thing gone

the strangeness/softness
& looking back, parts
out of sight

... so much said.

In time
the faint smell of life,

& some certain stones
will disprove this day, these words

and the difficult horse
will be

rode.

For Kenneth Patchen

Behind my face there
was a drunk, mad with
a knife, & shouting.

He came for me, and
he came for you:
now its done

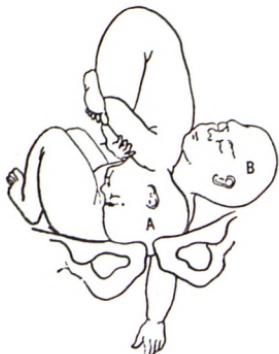
and I'm dead too.

-- James Ryan Morris

Seattle, Washington

Highly Recommended

James Ryan Morris' .22/for her, \$1 fm. Paul Neibauer, 10762
Alton Ave., Seattle 55, Washington.
Duende Press releases Robert Kelly's lectiones, Ron Bayes'
History of the Turtle, Book 4, Ken Irby's Movements/Sequences
and Wm. Dodd's Se Marier, all \$1 bargains fm. Larry Goodell,
Placitas, New Mexico 87043



Patrons of Wormwood:

Clark P. Galle
Mrs. Nancy S. Glenn
Davis M. Lapham
Joe Nickell

Wormwood Contributors:

Anonymous: K & Anonymous: W
William H. C. Newberry
Donald R. Peterson
Mrs. Nelson Rostow
David Stalzer

The drawing on the cover is by Bern Porter.

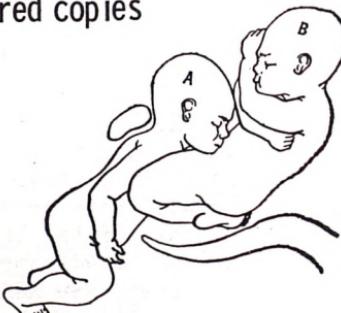
Wormwood may be purchased at these excellent stores:

Abington Book Shop, 1015½ Massachusetts, Lawrence, Kansas
Asphodel Book Shop, 465 The Arcade, Cleveland 14, Ohio
Artists' Workshop, 4825-27 John Lodge, Detroit, Mich. 48201
Briggs' Books 'N Things, 82 East 10th St., N.Y. 3, N.Y.
City Lights Bookshop, 261 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Calif.
Earth Books & Gallery, 244 Ocean Park Blvd., Santa Monica,
California 90405
Gotham Book Mart, 41 West 47th St., N.Y. 36, N.Y.
Mahogany Hall, 1033 St. Gregory St., Mt. Adams, Cincinnati,
Ohio 45202
Miles Paperback Shop/ Better Books Ltd., 92-94 Charing Cross
Road, London WC2, England
New World Book Fair, 113 South 40th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Paperbook Gallery, Business Dist., Storrs, Conn. 06268
Trent Book Shop, 1 Pavilion Rd., Trent Bridge, Nottingham,
England

Wormwood guarantees at least one more volume, 4 issues for the year of 1966. Wormwood regular subscription rate: \$3.50/4 issues per year. Patrons' and Contributors' subscriptions are \$12 and \$6/4 issues/ year with bonus signed books and prints. Anyone wishing to donate an electric typewriter to the cause (functional) will receive an A. Sypher oil painting and the correspondence and manuscripts for any one issue.

the edition is limited to 600 numbered copies
and this is copy number:

0424



Dear Marvin Malone,

I am preparing an article on how little magazines choose their names and wonder if you could enlighten me on the true history and meaning of the name "The Woodworm Review"?

Many Thanks/ V. Navasky, 80 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10011

12/3/65

Dear V. N.,

Why Wormwood? As in The Wormwood Review?

The one common denominator about little magazines is the fact that while nobody subscribes, everyone gets upset when the mag folds for lack of funds. Everybody begins to think about how much life, how much zip, how much balls, etc. the late departed little mag had.

i.e. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

But then Dorothy Parker corrupted that lovely thought into:

"Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder."

And what is absinthe? An alcoholic liquor made from common wormwood (Artemisia absinthium) -- romantically associated with the decadent twenties ... now banned because it produces mental deterioration and madness with chronic use. ergo: "Wormwood makes the heart grow fonder."

Ah ha, how's that?

I would state definitely that we are not a pro De Gaulle publication as is in "Wormwood and De Gaulle" but then it takes a lot of gall to produce any little magazine -- let alone a magazine called Wormwood, and yet...

The apocalypse will be heralded by the appearance of the star named Wormwood as I recall the Bible says. Yes, things do appear to be going downhill fast since we started publishing four years ago.

Then perhaps

inspiration from the fact that the first issue was published about 1 mile from our local Wormwood Hill? Or that Artemisia grows in my front yard and is beautiful and that I am interested professionally in drug plants as a pharmacologist and pharmacognosist?

or maybe, simply

as Webster says "anything bitter" and the tone of the mag is rather bitter and ironic (or perhaps you haven't read it lately? The price is \$3.50 for 4 issues). Probably all these things.

When does the next issue of Monocle come out?

Faithful subscriber of Monocle and continuing editor of Wormwood, Yrs. Marvin Malone

The following cheered, seared, feared and sneered at little magazines currently seem to be exchanging with Wormwood. Each has a distinctive flavor. Sample them.

Action Poétique, 16 Rue des Capucins, Honfleur (Calvados) CCP Rouen, 2201 05V
American Dialog, 853 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10003

France

American Weave, 4109 Bushnell Rd., University Heights 18, Ohio

Approach, 114 Petrie Ave., Rosemont, Pa. 19010

Beloit Poetry Journal, Box 2, Beloit, Wisconsin 53512

Black Cat Review, 333 W. Highland Ave., San Bernardino, Calif.

Black Sun, 150 Crbin Pl., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11235

(more)

Blitz, 2004 First St., La Grande, Oregon
Border, 2601 So. Phoenix, Ft. Worth, Arkansas 72903
Burning Deck, Creamery Road, Durham, Conn. 06422
Canyon Cinema News, 263 Colgate Ave., Berkeley, Calif.
Cardinal, 1326 South Cicero Ave., Cicero, Illinois 60650
The Croupier, 2438 Wickstrom S.W., Seattle, Washington 98116
Cyclic, 2820 Ekers Ave., Montreal 26, Quebec, Canada
Damascus Road, 417 Grant St., Allentown, Pa. 18102
December, Box 274, Western Springs, Illinois
Descant, Dept. English, Texas Christian Univ., Fort Worth 29, Texas
Desert Review, 917 Idlewilde Lane, S.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico
duende, c/o Goodell, Placitas, New Mexico
Dust, Box 123, El Cerrito, Calif.
Eco Contemporaneo, CC Central 1933, Buenos Aires, Argentina
Elizabeth, 103 Van Etten Blvd., New Rochelle, N.Y.
Epos, Crescent City, Florida
Este Es Press, P.O. Box 1492, Taos, New Mexico
Exit, 22 Bostock's Lane, Risley, Derbyshire, England
Floating Bear, 35 Cooper Square, New York 3, New York
Folio, 4167 Cliff Road, Birmingham, Alabama
The Free Lance, 6005 Grand Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44104
From a Window, Box 3446, College Station, Tucson, Arizona 85700
Future City, 14 St. Michaels Place, Brighton Sx, England
The Goliards, P. O. Box 2672, Tampa, Florida 33606
The Goodly Co., 724 Minor Ave., Kalamazoo, Michigan
Gooseberry, Studio 427, 5511 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44103
Goosetree Press, P.O. Box 278, Lanham, Md. 20801
The Grande Ronde Review, P.O. Box 536, La Grande, Oregon 97850
Grist, 1237 Oread, Lawrence, Kansas
Hardware c/o Bloedow, 323 East 53rd. St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022
Hors Commerce Press, 22526 Shadycroft Ave., Torrance, Calif. 90505
The Human Voice, Olivant Press, P.O. Drawer 1409, Homestead, Fla. 33030
Icarus, 3 Trinity College, Dublin 2, Ireland
Iconolatre, 71 Ryehill Gardens, West Hartlepool, Co. Durham, England
Imago, c/o Dept. of English, Univ. of Alberta, Calgary, Alberta, Canada
Inferno Press, 209 Post St., San Francisco, Calif.
Input, 24 Olsen St., Valley Stream, N.Y.
Interim Books, 102 West 14th. St., N.Y. 11, N.Y.
Is, 336 Luther St., Detroit, Michigan 48217
Joglars, 292 Morris Ave., Providence, R.I. 02906
Le Journal des Poetes, Maison Intern. de la Poesie, 147 Chaussee de Haecht, Kauri, Apt. 4W, 362 East 10th. St., N.Y., N.Y. 10009 / Bruxelles 3, Belgium
Keyak, 2808 Laguna St., San Francisco, Calif. 94123
Lines, 335 West 85th. St., N.Y., N.Y. 10024
Literary Times (Chicago), Box 4327, Chicago, Illinois 60680
Marrahwannah Quarterly, 13814 Strathmore, East Cleveland, Ohio
Message:65, 46 Rue Richer, Paris 9e, France
Micromegas, 1425 Buresh Ave., Iowa City, Iowa
Midwest, 409 West State, Geneva, Illinois
Moonstones, 517 7th. St., Niagara Falls, N.Y. 14301
Motive, Box 871, Nashville, Tenn. 37202
Move, 7 Ryelands Crescent, Larches Estate, Preston Lancs, England
Mt. Adams Review, 2344 Ashland Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio 45206

(more)

mummy, 3632 26th. St., San Francisco, Calif. 94110
My Own Mag, 37 Salisbury Rd., Barnet, Herts, England
The New Era, Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kansas 66048
Northeast, Box 353, Temple, Maine
Ole, c/o Blazek, 449 South Center, Bensenville, Ill. 60106
Penny Poems From Midwestern University, c/o English Dept., Wichita Falls, Texas
Perstare, c/o Ian Singer, 750 Grand Concourse, Bronx 51, N.Y.
Plumed Horn, (El Corno Emplumado), Apartado Postal num. 13-546, Mexico 13, D.F.
Poesia De Venezuela, Apartado Postal 1114, Caracas, Venezuela
Poesie Vivante, 11 Rue Hoffmann, Geneve, Switzerland
Poet & Critic, 210 Pearson Hall, Iowa State University, Ames, Iowa 50010
Poetmeat, 11 Clematis St., Blackburn, Lancs, England
Poetry Newsletter, c/o Depew, 315 East 9th. St., N.Y., N.Y. 10003
Poetry Northwest, Parrington Hall, Univ. of Washington, Seattle, Wash. 98105
Poetry Review, c/o Duane Locke, Univ. of Tampa, Tampa, Fla. 33606
Prism International, c/o Dept. Creative Writing, Univ. of British Columbia, PS, 2679 South York St., Denver, Colorado / Vancouver 8, Canada
Radar, Krystyna Tarasiewicz, Smolna 40, Warsaw 43, Poland
Radix, V.B., P.O. Box 16, Tufts Univ., Mass. 02153
Reactions, Hirondelles 13, Bienne, Switzerland
The Resuscitator, 35 Gregory's Tynning, Fawltton, Nr. Bristol, England
Salted Feathers, 112 Washington, Pullman, Wash. 99163
Semina 10426 Crater Lane, Los Angeles 24, Calif.
Seven Poets Press, 537 East 5th. St. (5-A), New York 9, N.Y.
The Small Pond, RFD 3, Box 101-., Auburn, Maine 04210
The Smith, Room 535, 15 Park Row, New York, N.Y. 10038
Sortie, 2626 Milburn Ave., Baldwin, N.Y. 11510
South & West, 2601 S. Phoenix, Ft. Smith, Arkansas 72901
The Southern Review, Drawer D, Univ. Station, Baton Rouge, La. 70803
Spero, Fenian Head Centre Press, 1517 Jonquil Terrace, Chicago, Ill. 60626
Theo, 309 Court St., Utica, New York
Tlaloc, Location Press, Flat A, Grosvenor Court, 3 Grosvenor Rd., Leeds 6, England
Trace, P.O. Box 1068, Hollywood 28, Calif.
Vagabond, Gollierstr. 5, 8 Munich 12, Germany
Verb, 1323 E. 14th. Ave., no. 15, Denver, Colorado 80218
Voices, 716 Holland Ave., Saginaw, Michigan
Volume 63/Poetry Biannual, Board of Publications, Univ. Waterloo, Waterloo, We Magazine, c/o Greenwald, Northview House, New Paltz, N.Y./Ontario, Canada
Wild Dog, 39 Downey St., San Francisco, Calif. 94117
Wantling Enterprises, 423 Lakewood, Peoria, Ill. 61614
Wild Hawthorn Press, Gledfield Farmhouse, Ardgay, Ross-shire, Scotland
Work, 1252 West Forest, Detroit, Mich. 48201
Writers' Notes & Quotes, 142 W. Brookdale Pl., Fullerton, Calif. 92632

one dollar

Editor: Marvin Malone

bern porter