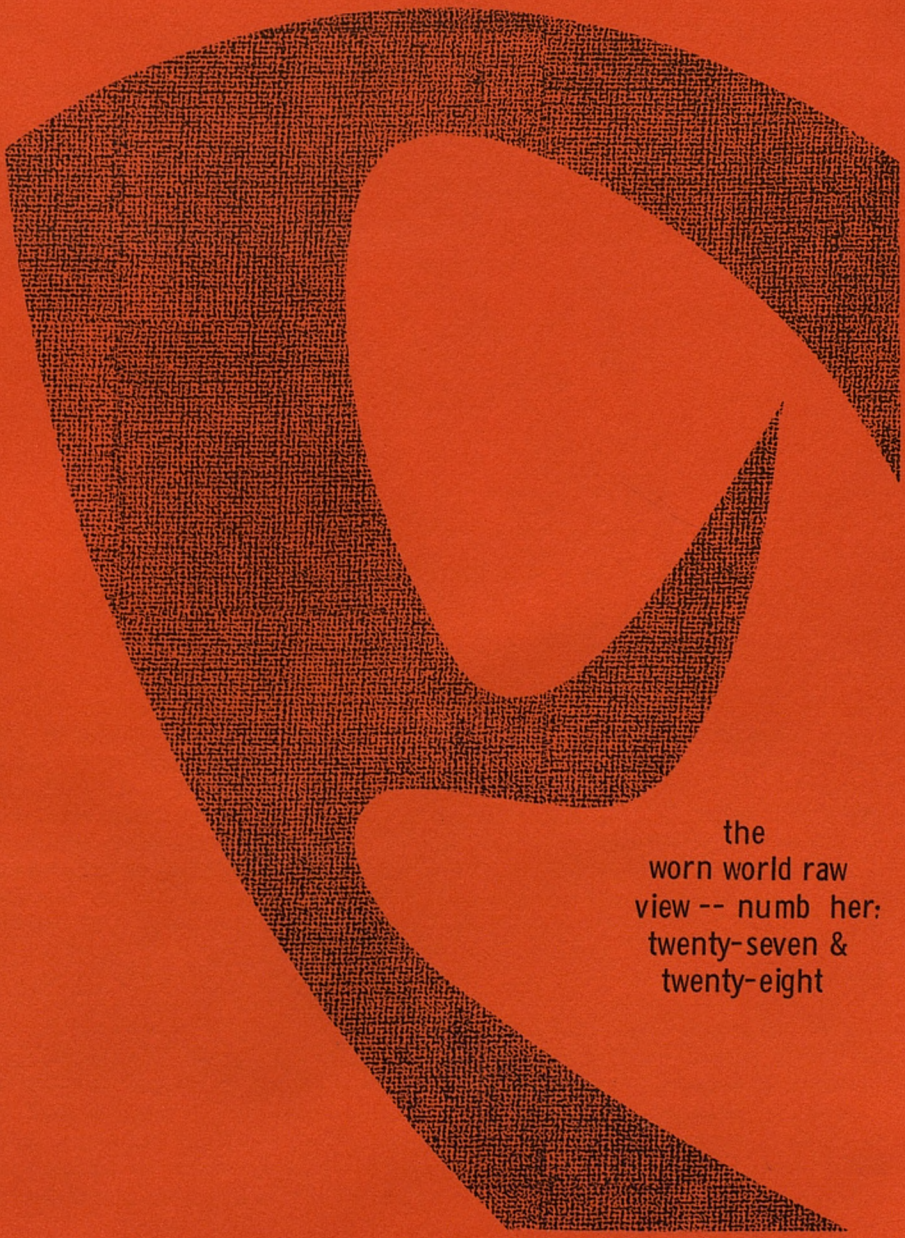

the
worn world raw
view -- numb her:
twenty-seven &
twenty-eight

T H E W O R M W O O D R E V I E W

Volume 7, nos. 3 and 4 Issues no. 27 and 28

Editor: Marvin Malone; Art Editor: A. Sypher

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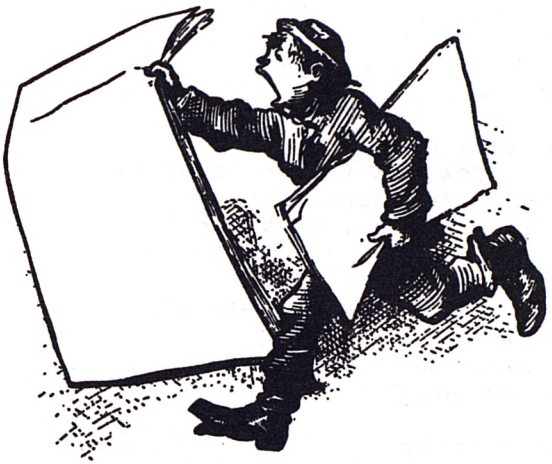


On Monday, July 17, 1967, the Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines announced grants totalling $29,500 to 15 literary magazines. William Phillips, Chairman of the Board, said that this was the first time in the United States that any organization had been able to provide substantial support to a large number of diverse literary magazines. The recipients were: Chelsea, Monocle, The Outsider, Virginia Quarterly Review, The Wormwood Review, Audit/Poetry, Burning Deck, Choice, Coyote, and December. General support grants requiring matching funds were awarded to Hudson Review, Kenyon Review, Poetry (Chicago), The Southern Review and Tri-Quarterly. Wormwood received $415.00 and added $129.41 from the operating budget in order to purchase a model D IBM electric typewriter with bookface-academic type. The serial number is 6081680. This announcement constitutes a full public disclosure of the facts and also a sincere public "thank you." -- Marvin Malone

Song of a Wanton Feigning Sheep

Up here
on the cold plateau
where the wind blows
and the
food is sparse,
rough gorse
and a little grass
through the snow
I would be one of them,
and pull up my collar
bend my head

because they do not know,
down in the hot country
where the blood runs thin
and swirls like absinthe
in the head,
that they weigh the dice
in the streets
and stack the blistering
gorges with the dead . . .
or pretend not to

I speak civilly
when spoken to,
and out of turn
crowd closer to the trough,
knife buried deep
in my cloak,
mimic their bleats, and wonder
if they recognize in me
their own color.

guango

busted in the side of the jaw
they scattered his cartridges
all over the sand;
(as he went down black
in a windmill of thumbs
saw his hat float away
toward a heavenly destination.)

immediately the rats
carried off his boots,
a farmer unscrewed a leg
and used it for a plow;
a cow ate his head
for a cabbage . . .
a newlywed couple in delight
withdrew his intestines for plumbing
a starved old lady his heart
in a wooden box for sacrifice . . .
the wind ate into his pockets
for no reason at all and threw
his papers, like soiled toilet
paper, all over the bushes . . .
the rain and spiders
ate through his trousers;
so that he lay sinking
into the sparkling hotplate desert
like the hull of a ship
coming loose all over
on a reef.

-- Peter Wild

Irvine, California

tristan

life had been so easy in his early
years, laying siege to citadels,
chopping potbellied weightlifters down
to size, lopping an occasional dragon's

head. then SHE came along and
it was all over. later, of course,
he would blame it on the spanish fly,
but no one was really buying that.

what he didn't know was that no one
even blamed him for it. they had all
been bitten by the bug of love at some
time in their teens, and lived to rue it.

the chroniclers who have him dying
of it are as usual lying. i saw
him last week at lake arrowhead, a
divorcee mulatto breathing in his ear.

The Troll

Raised by elfin in a child's garden
of curses, I grew to my majority
at seven months, disposed of
the old folks in the muck beneath
the bridge, and kept a lustful watch
for peasant girls and princesses.

Needless to say, nothing ever came my way
but toads and pelicans.

I moved to the metropolis
and installed myself in a subway cigarette machine.
I pushed one particularly surprised matron onto
the third rail, but the p.r. gangs
stole most of my thunder.

In Kansas City I lynched a klansman
(owner of a chain of drug stores)
in his lilywhite regalia,
and the state troopers executed half a dozen spades.

Didn't get many kicks on old route six-six,
although in Oklahoma City
a karate black-belt tried to break my sternum.
He's a white stripe on the highway now.

Came to L.A. to get laid.
Seduced a fashion designer from the Toad
who was making it with her regularly.
Tired of her, turned her on to STP.
Now she's climbing the walls in Camarillo --
that's what she'd been seeking for ages anyway.

In Hawaii I met
a jail bait heiress
who turned me into a movie tycoon.
Now, resplendent in six buck haircuts
and a TR4, I live in fear of the Ogre,
he who preys upon the nouveau riche.

-- Gerald Locklin

Long Beach, California

love poem

maureen i love you more than modigliani
loved his lissome models as forever
as the crescent of a swan unsevered
as the curve and morning color of

your body. in the way that jeanne elvira
beatrice preserved their unblind painter
from the modern measure so you teach
me to combine my work with pleasure and

to always rhyme our wedding with our bed-
ding our playing with our everydaying
and to always make the world go 'round with the
creation-praising sound of happy bedsprings.

my love you are a child of urban nature
surface hard as hollywood and
quick as freeways but as lonely as
a streetcar lonely lovely free as sand.

your seaside face eludes the strictures of
the painter's hand. it is as calm as yest-
erday, resigned to all of now as simply
pretty as mad modigliani's pictures.

The Naturalist

E. A. Robinson continually aspired
to be death's gentleman; the task was tiring.
For one thing it precluded his expiring;
for another, it damned him to be a weigher of words.

He early learned his fate: to be of those
deprived of love. Not that screwing around
is guaranteed to heal the original wound:
but it's a remedy that many choose.

He might have caught his second wind from fame,
but by the time of his limited acclaim,
he couldn't have cared less. For he had seen
what lurked beyond the brink: the cosmic inane.

No doubt there were the dilettantes to offer
him the haven of the ineffable, the Sublime.
But his impeccably gray matter
abhorred illusions: his absolute was quicklime.

His Greenwich Village was a laboratory
of the alien soul, Bohemian without gaiety.
Of course he had his friends, and credit to them,
but he might have been better off with a woman.

Now tell me, was his vision universal?
As much as yours or mine, if every man's
his only universe; yet what is worse,
he seems to have wished he could have been like
Shakespeare.

But you, the active, do not seek to put
him down. Although the loves and memories
are yours, still he succeeded in what
he set out to become: death's gentleman.

Rumpelstiltskin

Here is the truest of the myths of Christ-
endom, the screwing of the usefully
abnormal by a coalition of
the flaxen-haired and golden-hearted.

What else the Pauline Privilege but license
to screw the infidels? How about
Hollywood, its cult of the cosmetic,
pandering to the taste of ugly folk

for watching themselves get the stick? Or reminisce
on high school where the best inevitably
are driven to corruption by the success
of the worst: the flaxen-haired and golden-hearted.

Now by no means would I disparage beauty,
male or female. Everyone prefers to
marry and to screw around with girls
with tits and tapered legs and flaxen hair.

But I will not sit back and cheer like a fucking
folklore-and-mythology man because
some dumb peroxide broad has got a chance
to break a perfectly reasonable contract,

and Pegleg, as if he didn't have troubles
enough already, gets his wooden
apparatus spinstruck in the mud
amidst the honorable act of cursing

creation roundly. No, let the later
Walt Disney make a movie of it if
he wants, and the children's ballets dance it to death,
but you'll never catch me all night at the wheel,

and the chick has put it on her Bankamericard.

-- Gerald Locklin

Lack Lack Luhan and Some Las Vegas Marriage

Hear them filing as the aged
made antiques computing amputating
because only what is singly done

works. I called him and he said
if you don't snow he was the
xopywriter then think of the
thousands of if you don't snow
then think of the thousands of

I knew a dog died
of smoking his own tale.

You'll find the fill bolder
in the new narthex he said
if you fasten the pew-belt.

The Pope said to the pill I'm
leaving. The pill said to the Pope
I'm growing. I was -- rythm rythm --
green see that you do.

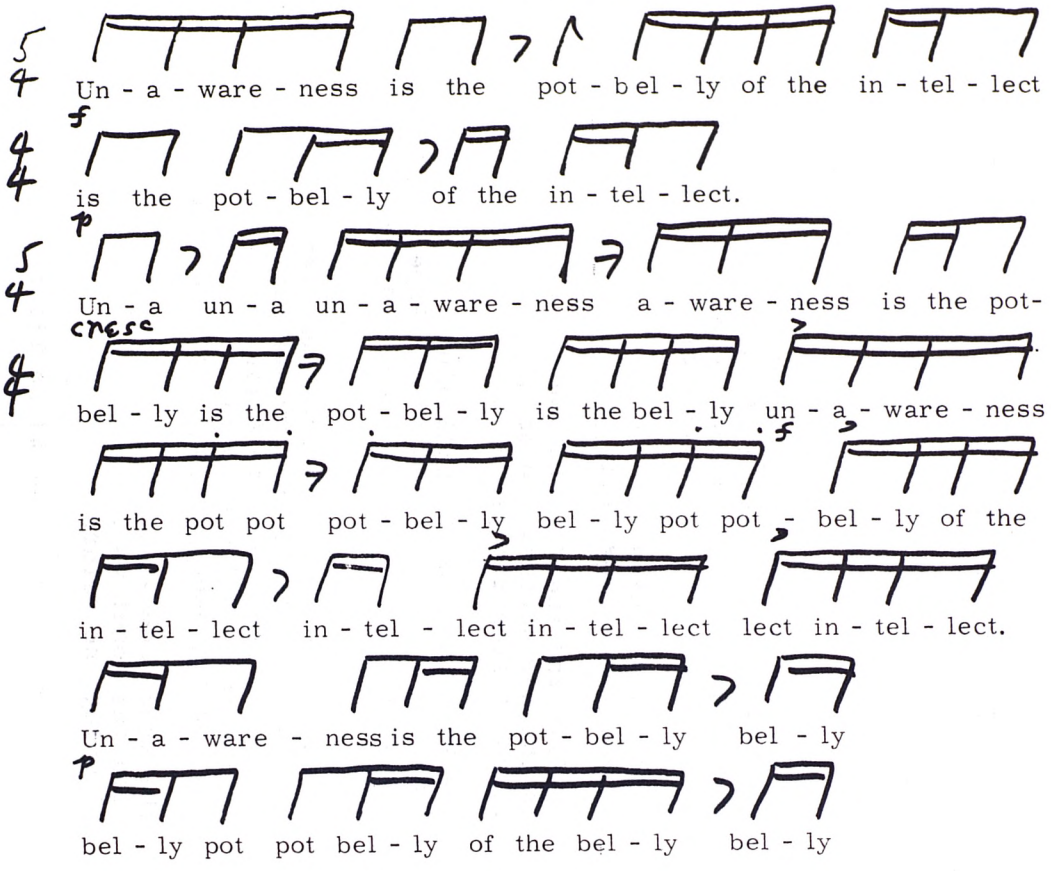
And they stood in line them computers
Oh I don't believe in marriage bureaus
do you Oh no Too scientific
hoping the parallels would
but nothing happened until someone said

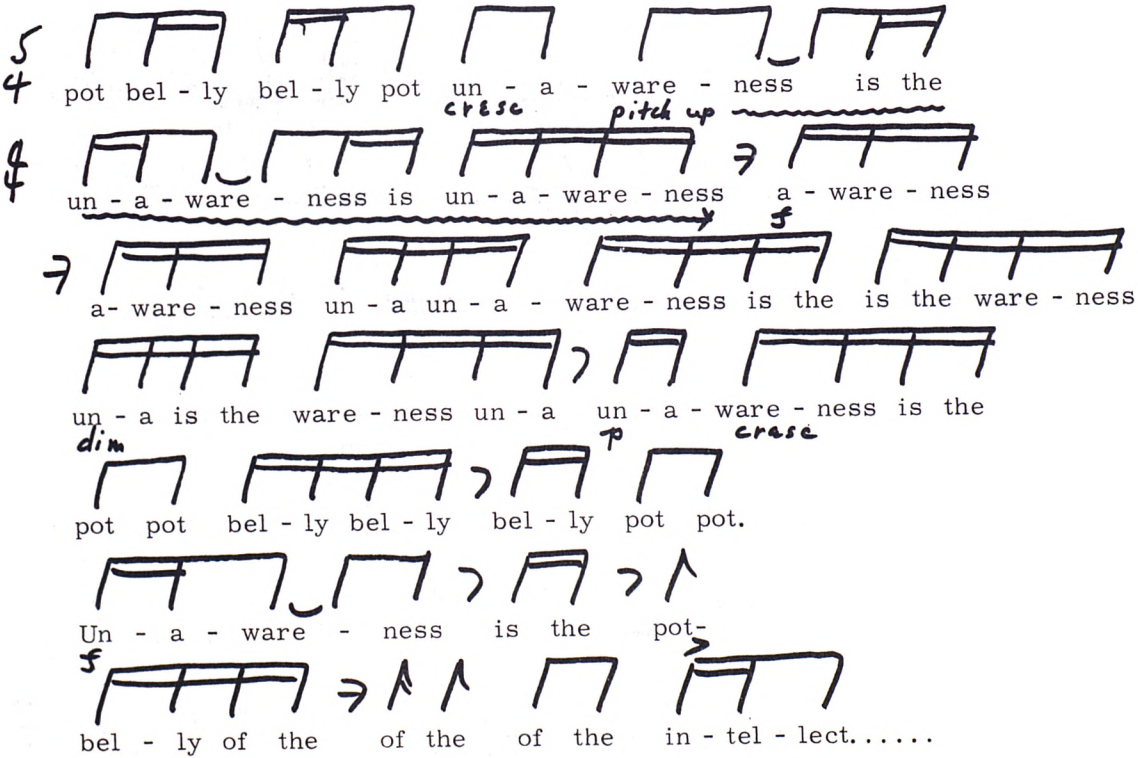
the stove comes
with the roast no
cleaning no return.

-- Ellen Tifft

Elmira, New York

Unawareness

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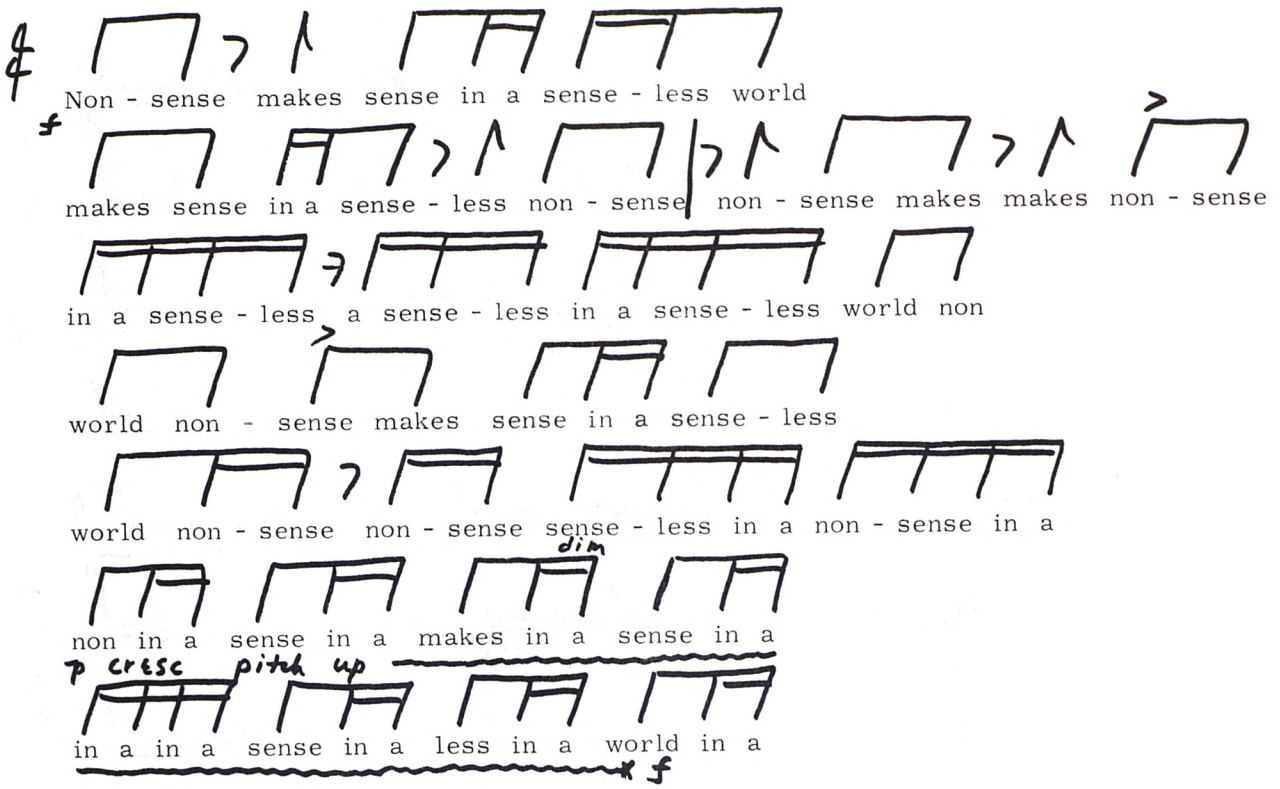
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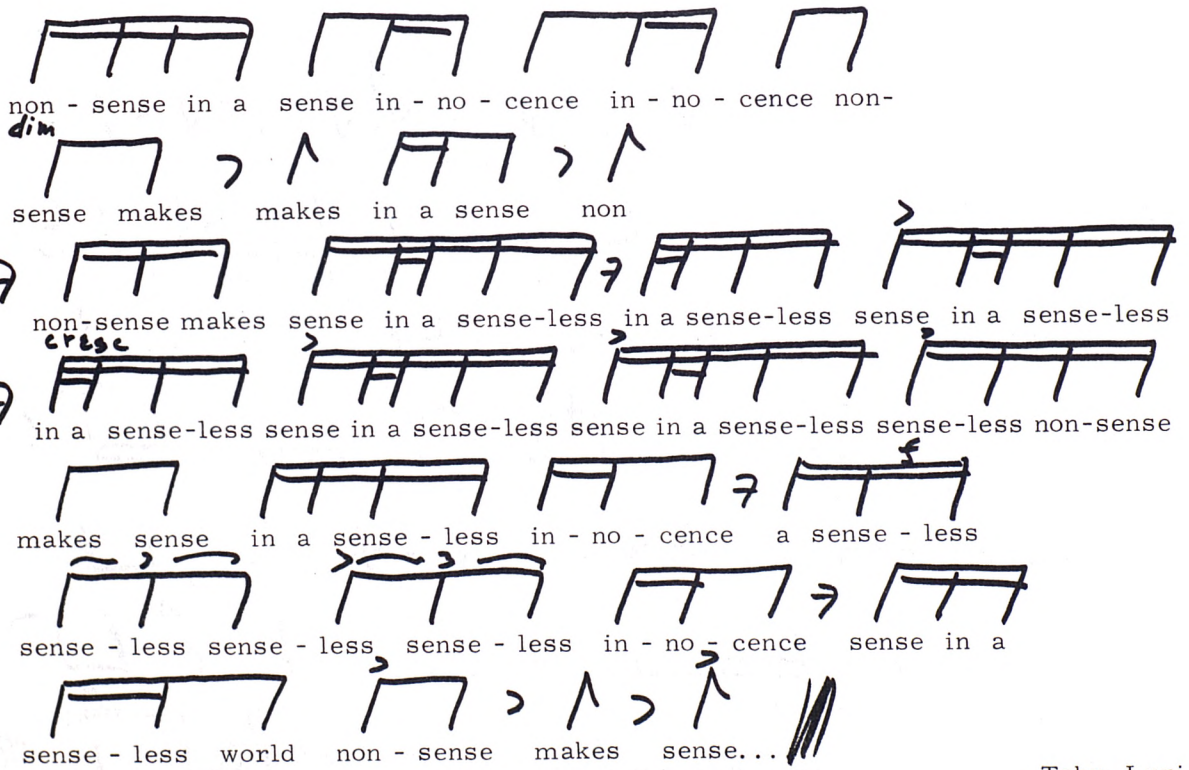
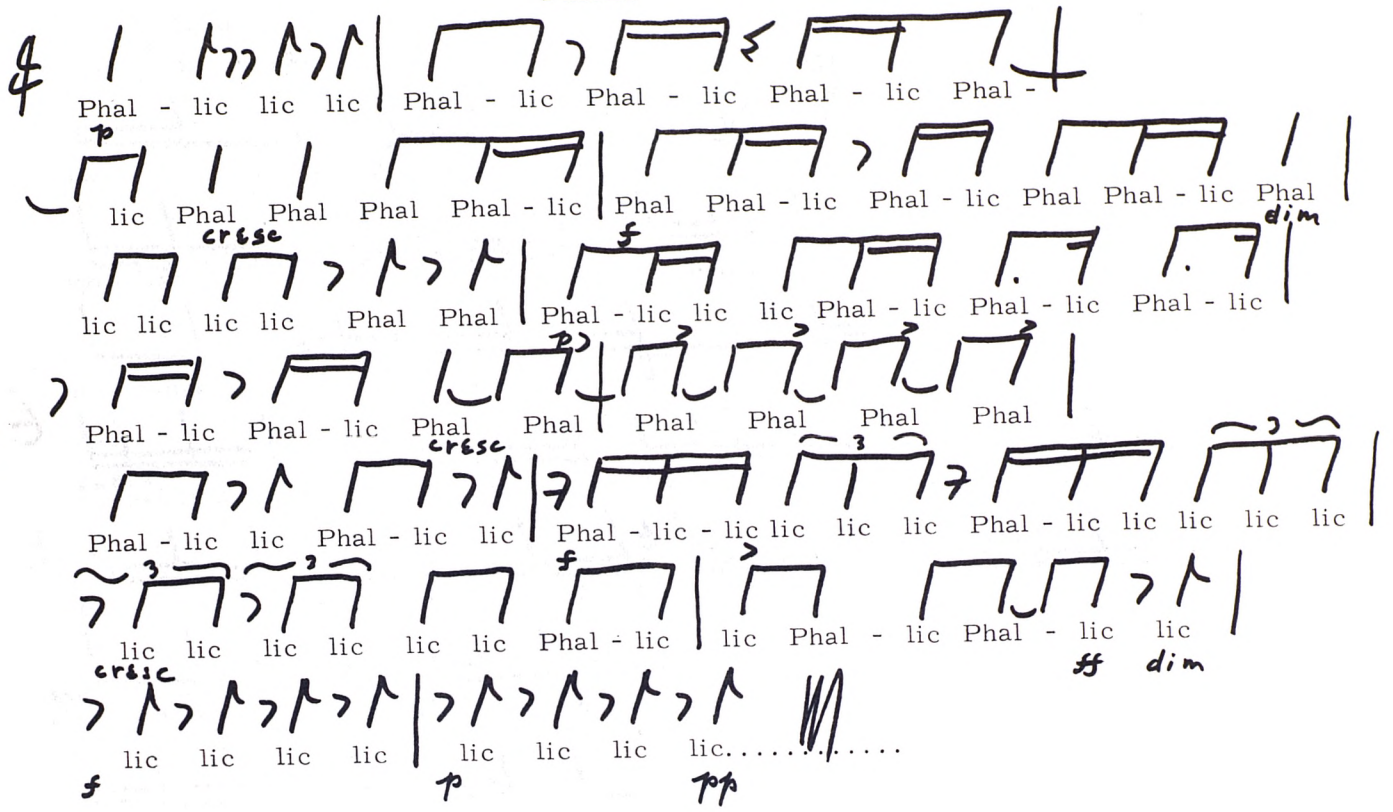


Toby Lurie
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Phallic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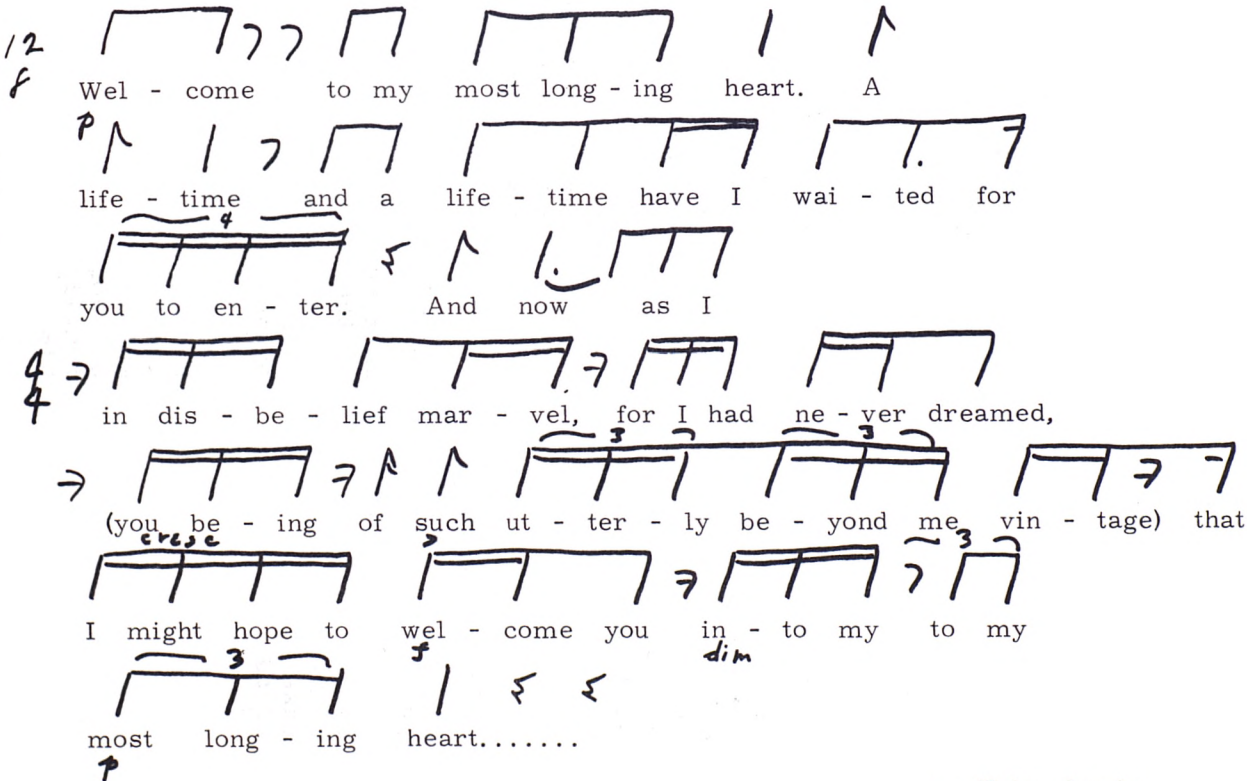
Welcome to my Most Longing Heart



---Toby Lurie

Santa Barbara, Calif.

ballet

smiling,
a dancer
twirled
on a/toe/strung/on a/
string
to
make it
go

props

straw wig
worn
by
pierrot
in per-
formance
for
louis
X-five

A

black
kitchen
with
cheese
glasses
on a tray

"tonight's events"

in the louis XIV
room
is the
banquet
for chiropractors
while
in the
small ballroom
is the dance
for supermarket
employees

hood's wife

sitting
on a
step stool
eating
milanese
cake
bread

caller

walking
on the
narrow
walk
between
the
prickly
barberry
bushes,
snuffling
old dog
trailing
him

-- Gloria Kenison

Harding, Massachusetts

Good
morning

Peace

Liked Those **FAT** *Birds*

Gamblers

LAY AWAKE
ALL NIGHT ITCHING

GO HAND IN HAND

All Christians

TAILORED
FOR
TRAVEL

Colorful Guy!

-- Norbert Blei

Chicago, Ill.

No Parking Anytime

H.P.D.

on the governor nichols street wharf behind the
oil drums
i watched the gulls, the barges, the harbor patrol
the sailor on the witte zee watched me
i wondered what youd think if i got on the witte zee
and on that sailor
what would the sailor think?
i said if i walk the whole wharf and walk it slow
without stepping on a crack
by the time i get back
youll be finished writing poetry for the day

on the way back
i passed the witte zee
whatre you doing one sailor said
there were now four sailors on the witte zee
writing poetry i said
they laughed, i laughed
come here another said
no i said
im finished with poetry for today

-- Darlene Fife

New Orleans, La.

Tonight the Phone Rang

tonite the phone rang & i won't anser it
it's not easy not to anser the phone
suppose it's sumbody in jail

later on sumbody knockt on the door
i wdnt let em in

i'm saving tonite for a poem

suppose it was sumbody in jail
will the poem be worth it
a nite in jail

suppose it was an awol knockt on the door
suppose he gets caught
will the poem be worth it
5 years hard labor

what if no poem at all comes
if all that's ever gonna come is
a phone call
a knock at the door

it's a dumb question i rather not hear it

we've all got it coming
5 years & more
it'll take a poem plus

like dead jimmy newell
an IQ 140 plus

to beat that rap

another knock at the door (i'm not making this up)
i musta changed my mind becoz i anserd it
whoever it was was already gone

it seems to hav been a successful maneuver not ansering
the phone / nobody calld
nobody but dead jimmy newell

-- rbt head 15 aug 67

New Orleans, La.

A Lady, Entering

(from VOICES)

What the hell
's the matter
with you,

mister.
Don't you know
when a lady

enters the room,
a gentleman
's always

stands up.

The Hunter, Megler Ferry

(from VOICES)

Like I always
say, a man
deserves just

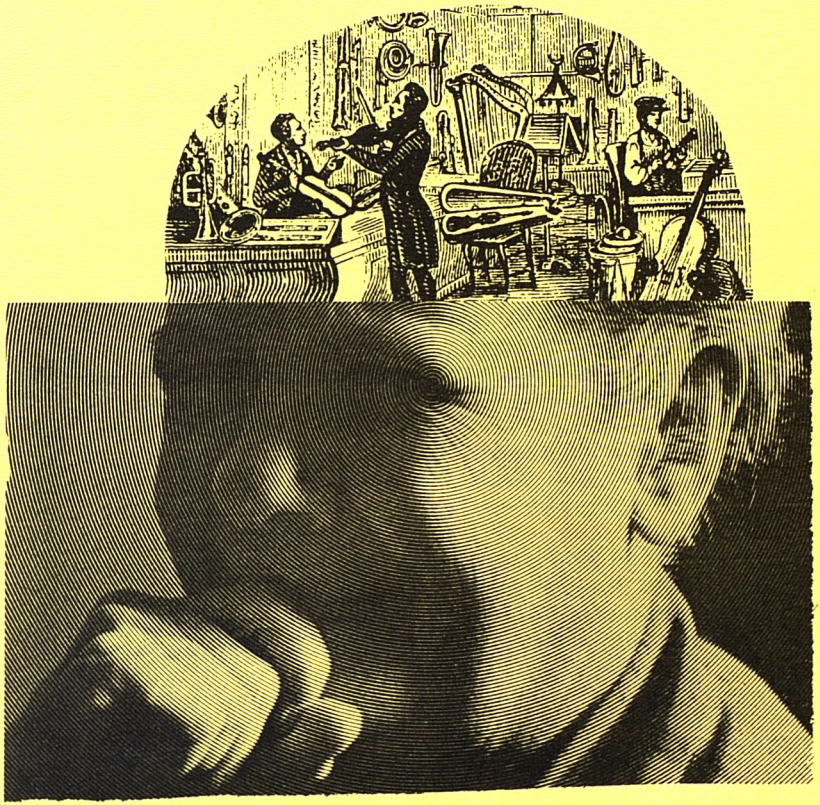
one good woman
and one good
dog in a life-

time, and I've
already had
two good dogs.

-- William R. Slaughter

Lakeland, Florida

OLIVER HADDO'S



MAESTRO INSANA GOES WEST

"... I don't know where they all appeared but Haddo's original Insana Room series was great -- maybe the most distinguished long poem of the 1960's. At the very least a damned good poem..."

-- M. K. Book

"...yeah, he's OK...."

-- Charles Bukowski

"Tell me about Haddo."

-- Christopher Perret

"I recommended the Insana poems to three legitimate publishers and to two experimental publishers and none was interested. The "legitimate" boys were not interested in an "unknown," while the poet-operated experimental presses were mad at the entire staff of Chicago's Literary Times (which included Haddo). The Insana poems in Wormwood appeared as follows:

Maestro Insana's Room III, IV and V: Issue 13, page 13.
Maestro Insana's Room IX, X and XI: Issue 18, page 3.
Maestro Insana's Room XIII, XVII and XIX: Issue 19, page 9.
Maestro Insana's Room 24 and 25: Issue 22, page 5.
Maestro Insana's Room 27: Issue 24, page 32.

-- Marvin Malone

"...Haddo is the talent among those blasted Chicago wild men...."

-- Anonymity Requested

Maestro Insana's Room: 27

He never had his picture on the cover
Of Time or his name in Who's Who,
But he did have a picture of Caruso
Patting him on the head and his name
Painted in black Gothic letters on the door.

"...I had word from Jay recently that Maestro Insana died recently, about two weeks back. He said he'd send me the obit, but I haven't seen it yet. Whether he likes it or not, however, he will live forever."

-- Ray Puechner
11/29/67

Maestro Insana Goes West I

It was a bad day at Blackhawk, the old Indian
Trail along the Rock River, first stop from
Chicago on a gray morning. A concrete chieftain
Watched us from the hillside across the river
As the thermos came out, hot coffee and brownies,
And the Maestro sat on a picnic table staring
At the river and chewing slowly -- his plate was
Loose. When the wind was wrong a sweet sick
Smell of decaying food drifted from a rusted
Trash barrel. A popsicle stick (with wrapper)
Floated by and empty beer cans edged the bank.

Maestro Insana Goes West II

Expresswaying through flat farmlands of Iowa
In dead green monotony, we paused momentarily
To stuff down a hamburger at Victorian Inn
In Victor, town of. These corn-bred people
Are not too fabulously original at names.
The food was bad and the gas from the
Adjoining station the same, the car choking
On it as we hurriedly went our long straight
Way. Even the cornstalks popping through
The ground seemed very disappointed in
Having come up where they had.

Maestro Insana Goes West III

Fagged after watching 800 miles of Interstate
Sliding by we lulled in the Sunset Motel with
The stockyard smells drifting in the windows
Of this thick Omaha night. Finally we picked
Up our bodies and walked them across the road
To Cliff's Chicken House, a magnificent house
To be in if you are a chicken. Omaha's finest.
Some old farmer had knocked out a wall and
Put in a few tables on the ground floor. Patrons
Knocked each other down to get their Friday
Catfish fries or Cliff's personal chicken at $1.75.
The Maestro wore black suitcoat, levis, and plaid
Shirt and most mistook him for a regular.

Maestro Insana Goes West IV

The metamorphosis began shortly after passing
Through Ovid, Col. The dead flat plains broke
Suddenly into hills with plants of Indian
Paintbrush -- Marlboro red -- and columbine.
Don't pick! And go west, old man, we did
To Greeley whence we came to rest with the
Mountains waiting heavily on the horizon.

Maestro Insana Goes West V

The radiator boiled over delightedly
In the rarified air -- 13,000 feet --
As tourists we were in Rocky Mountain
Park we tossed the remains of the brownies,
Crumbs, over the stone retaining wall
Where Clark's nutcracker and common
Chipmunk vied for a share of the handout.
The first mountain streams of fresh water,
An inquisitive marmot looking like a lost
Beaver above the timberline, pausing to
Throw snowballs. It seemed a pity to live
Back there on Michigan Avenue.

Maestro Insana Goes West VI

The sun dropped behind Pike's Peak as we
Watched from the bathroom window of the
Blue Fox Motel, the only room with a view.
No more hamburgers tonight. Vincent's
Six course dinner for $1.49. (Skipped the 10 cent
Hamburgers at Michael's Drive-Inn.) And all night
Stayed awake listening enviously to a tribe
Of Pueblo Indians (college graduation party)
Hold a mad bash on both floors with beer-can
Joy and giggling girls footstepping along the
Runways. They seemed almost American.

Maestro Insana Goes West VII

The chapel, of course, Saarinen's steel accordian;
Like waltzing inside a moving kaleidoscope.
Protestants upstairs! Catholics downstairs!
Jews in the little room on the side, please!

Outside again the white stone blocks glisten
So bright our eyes water red, try to bleed.
In panic, the Maestro and I run, stumble
Into the Planetarium, right on time for the
Matinee -- ceiling slides cut from Halliburton's
Book of Marvels. Later, I had a hard time
Convincing the Maestro that we had not yet
Reached Disneyland, simply the Air Force Academy.

Maestro Insana Goes West VIII

Past big Red Mountain, down in the green valley,
Silverton, where the snows have thawed, but
The residents have not, where the last major
Construction project was the indoor outhouse
Installed at the railroad stop. A bagful
Of sandwiches in his hand, the Maestro boards
The toy train to Durango. Kids screaming.
Some five hours and fifty miles later, waiting
For him on the tourist-trap Old Town street,
He arrives, sound asleep, his lunch untouched.

Maestro Insana Goes West IX

The ex-Nazi, Japanese cameras hanging on him
Like war ribbons, first appeared to haunt us
At Mesa Verde, home of the Pueblo Indians.
While climbing through the Cliff Palace ruin,
Peering into a kiva, and pausing in the museum
To admire the skull of a man who possessed
A particularly gruesome tooth disease, he was
Omnipresent, watching us watching him watch us.
Old habits, it seems, are hard to shake.

Maestro Insana Goes West X

A can of beer, a deck chair, and thou,
Grand Canyon yawning in the sunrise.
The mules descend leaving numerous
Territorial markings along the trail,
The better to find their way home.
The more civilized human animal simply
Follows the string of rusting beer cans.

Maestro Insana Goes West XI

Among the many things we would rather not be,
We concluded, is a Navaho Indian dwelling in
Monument Valley. It would be all right if you
Didn't like trees or grass or eating regularly,
If you could learn to enjoy severe sunstroke
As a sport, learn to give up water for a perpetual
Lent. Monument Valley where a man's home is his
Hogan (call it a mud igloo) and the inhabitants
Wait for the Negroes to move into the neighborhood
So that the property values will begin to rise.

Maestro Insana Goes West XII

In order to make certain that no trace or trickle
Or water might by some accident slip down a wash
Or a draw and reach the lips of the Navahoes,
Your friendly neighborhood U. S. Government
Has kindly constructed a damn, Glen Canyon,
To suck up all of the waters of the Colorado
Before it gets down to the reservation. This
Great and glorious system is called American enterprise.

Maestro Insana Goes West XIII

In the modest little town of Kanab, Utah,
Motels as fine as any to be found. How
Come? we asked. This, said the proprietress
Proudly, is where they make the Westerns.
Confidentially, the very room I'm giving you
Was once slept in by George Hamilton.

Maestro Insana Goes West XIV

Playing the nickel slots in the Lounge
At the Sahara, the Maestro hit an $8
Payoff, but, not seeing the girl rush
Toward him with the money, thought
The blinking, buzzing machine had tilted
And played another nickel, while all
Around gazed in admiration at the gambler
Who had no time for a mere $8, but went
On resolutely for the big two hundred.

Maestro Insana Goes West XV

Fresno, where stopping at the motel of
The same name, we walked to Riding Park
And saw white flowers as big as our heads
Grow on a tree, paid two-bits to be insulted
By the chimps in the zoo, a modest but
Provocative little beastiary. And after
The smorgasbord we fell asleep to the tune
Of Magic Fingers walking. We shall return.

Maestro Insana Goes West XVI

Early morning and the deer sponging food
Along the roadside (easy marks, we tourists),
Tossing bread crusts, snapping color slides
With which to bore our friends and onward
And upward to Glacier Point. There, down
In the valley a white bird sails on the wind --
Species: Beechcraft Bonanza. Water, water,
Falls everywhere. Nevada, Iililouette, Ribbon,
Sentinal, the great Upper and Lower and more.
Not God's country but ours. Half Dome to the right,
El Capitan on the left, and we like stout Cortezes
Standing silent upon this viewpoint in Yosemite.

Maestro Insana Goes West XVII

We're off to see the hippies, the wonderful
Hippies of ... Chinatown, my Chinatown ... those
Broadway topless rhythms got us on the go-go!
We ensconced in the Oxford House, making daily
Cable trips to the bay, walking, walking,
Telegraph Hill, City Lights, not so much of
A bookshop after all, the Vesuvio, near the
Park the banana lovers, at the Wharf the fresh
Shrimp looking like overgrown maggots, a Golden
Gate painted red. And we left our hearts in San
Francisco, but before we left, we had them served up
Raw, looking like slices of cold watermelon, and
Called roast beef. It's a great place to visit,
But you wouldn't want to have your sister eat there.

Author's Biography

Oliver Haddo's 'poems' have appeared in Oyez, Wormwood, Cardinal Poetry Quarterly, Spectroscope, Kauri, Gadfly, and New Improved. Oliver Haddo is the pseudonym of:

Charles B. Victor, whose 'stories' have appeared in Swank, Jem, Midwestern University Quarterly, Bachelor, Macabre, Dapper, Trace, etc. Charles B. Victor is the pseudonym of:

Ray Puechner, whose 'humor pieces' have appeared in Saturday Review, The Realist, Grump, North American Review, Dare, Pageant, Literary Times, Omnibus, 1000 Jokes, The Smith, Adam, etc.

Recommended Reading:

The Sky Went Red, by Charles B. Victor, is due shortly as a paperback original novel from Avon.

The LSD & Sex & Censorship & Vietnam Cookbook, by Ray Puechner (pronounced Peak' ner), is a collection of humor pieces to appear in April from Harris-Wolfe.

Should Auld Acquaintance

This friend of mine ... who's
not a friend. One of those
things that grew too fast: we met;
he'd read a book that I
had heard of; I'd seen
a play he nearly bought
two tickets for; our wives
both browse in stores; his dog
likes our two kids -- so now
it's every other week
at his place or at ours. And I
am running out of books
I've heard of which he's read,
and for some reason this guy,
who never gets unkind
or pushy or anything,
diminishes me.

I sometimes think
no problem is so small
it can't be walked away from --
which may be another way of saying
that as soon as his wife
hands that drink to me,
I'm going to grin, pour it
on his lap, grab my wife,
and do a soft-shoe out the door.

Etc.

Funny,
the way my wife
keeps after me
for drinking beer,
saying it gives me
a pot belly,
reminding me
I won't look good
in a bathing suit,
and such
when the only reason
I drink the stuff
each night is because
I want it to help

me see a way
to remove the fat
from what she
was raised to think
is sacred and
to call my soul.

Bachelor

He lies in bed,
hears bare feet
cross midnight lawns.

He sits,
sniffs April, feels
the shock of female-
tingled darkness
reach his groin.

He stands,
sees a neighbor's
nubile daughter
sneak into bushes,
followed by another
neighbor's nubile son.

-- Dennis Trudell

Selinsgrove, Pa.

Reading

Robert Bly will be
here tomorrow to
read & maybe preach.
He's against war
but supports poetry.
Funny how you can
turn them around
poetry war
war poetry
& they read
all right.

Aphrodite

She waits flint
eyed thigh spred
pearl pink gash
gawking while I
hang like an
Oldenburg telephone.

-- Phil Weidman

North Highlands, California

Give him
Comfortable
and Good

rust-proof

Suicide

SUMMER-SIMPLE

sunburn pain!

-- Norbert Blei

Chicago, Illinois

Renaissance maiden

ISN'T IT NICE

pearls Vibrating

HOT AND BLUE ?

Quiet Flows the **FLOWERED KING**

A Valentine for Miss Eddy

Alligators; said Miss Eddy, our second grade teacher,
referring to babies,
and made it seem like final exams addressing valentines;
Scriggly and slimy

But never green
Johnny Lastrow raised his hand

Betsy Green's new sister is green.

And so we get on with exams, wiping our pens with paper
lace

and botching the capital letters
and daring only occasionally to glance at the sun filter-
ing through the talc on Miss Eddy's chinwhiskers

How do you spell violents?

VIOLETS Susan. Violets-are-blue
blue, blue, purple with holding cold hands under water
petals that huddle under umbrellas in the dark woods
by water

spring after spring

No I mean violents
like when you violent a rule

It is time for our spelling lesson, says Miss Eddy and
brings a book sharply down on her own finger
For spelling you line up against the blackboard
we'll play it like war
I'll shoot the words:
machinegunned faster than we can spin violent violet
violate inviolate

(Can you get unvalentined?)

You just died, Sammy: valentine valid invalid
validate villify verify verity vindicate vanquish
vex vent vaunt vain valve valley valve vamp vampire

Why don't we start with A-for-alligator
says Betsy Green

Betsy you're dead
The blackboard riveted with shells of our failures.

Miss Eddy with the exactness of an x-acto knife pronounces our whole class Mort.

Dead.
Get on with the valentines.

The sun bounces off Miss Eddy's blonde fuzz
but cannot re-yellow a daffodil stuck in a glass on her desk with no water.

Mrs Higgenbotham's Quest

Mrs. Higgenbotham searched for herself all day long
first behind the greenhouse door then under the shelves in the library
and finally in her closet.

She unzipped two pink flowered dressbags and shook out
chiffon dresses printed with pink geraniums;
not even a speck of lint
fluttered to the floor
to remind her she had worn them;
or a moth;
or its eggs.

Wrenching open the glass door to the livingroom she found Mr. Higgenbotham
nodding over a brandy and the New York Times
his hands cupped like asters on his knees.

Roger Higgenbotham, she said, What do you mean by drinking brandy at two in the afternoon?

Mr. Higgenbotham smiled beatifically and said I'm taking the news dear
any harm in that?
and his chins slipped back to his paisley vest:
his afternoon recorded in the rose chintz chimes of three French doors
leading out into the garden.

Mrs. Higgenbotham walked out into her garden
still searching
and sat on a stone bench surrounded by pink geraniums
nodding in the sun.

-- Virginia Saunders

Lincoln, Massachusetts

The Resourceful Princess

once upon a when in a far kingdom
a delicious princess kept under close guard
by a jazzed-up dragon spent her days
in a little garden surrounded by high walls
she got her kicks by walking in her garden
trying to name the different flowers
considering them people-friends her father
anxious to obtain a suitable son-in-law
and just as anxious to protect
his daughter's virginity until it could be
suddenly ripped according to custom
let word of her beauty and her talents
be broadcast through the surrounding kingdoms
and also let be broadcast how well she
was guarded only one of royal blood
brave enough to kill the dragon
and rescue the princess could claim her hand
many princes intrigued by the tales
of her looks and accomplishments
tried their luck but they all came out
on the short end until one dog-August-day
a brave handsome prince from way off
riding a sharp white charger leaped the wall
snipped off the dragon's fangs and carried off
the virgin without checking with the old man
of course the two kingdoms went to war
the princess being rather a vain chick
enjoyed being a cause celebre
the excitement and action was such a contrast
to her sterile little garden
her husband killed her father
and the war sort of deteriorated into skirmishes
and insults finally peace overpowered both kingdoms
since neither side could remember what the fighting
was all about well this royal wife grew restless
dissatisfied with being just another princess
at last she figured out a course of action
calling in a bunch of workmen
she had a huge wall built around
her current garden which up to now
had been open to the public as a park
it was that sort of a kingdom
sort of post-Greek pre-American democracy
well she had the wall built and imported
the biggest most expensive fire-breather to be found
and let it be broadcast far and wide

that though she'd been unceremoniously torn
from her father's protection by a wicked ugly prince
whose black horse had broken the wall her father
being attacked without mercy and she had fallen
victim to lust and rape and was now being held
prisoner by the black prince while mourning
the murder of her father she was still beautiful
and more desirable than ever having become aware
of the techniques of connubial connections
and she promised wealth and her most exquisite favors
to the man who would be brave enough
to deliver her from her plight.

Life Revisited

two ghosts haunt the water's edge
remembering promises they made
to revisit this exact spot
love would wait for them
water and grass would still be here
and they flesh and laughter again

they lie down at the water's edge
in the middle of the afternoon
and wonder why they didn't make love
fifty-odd years before

-- Ottone M. Riccio

Belmont, Massachusetts

To a Cat Called Mouse

In
the land
of the cod
I
- missed my cat
so i wrote a verse
to a cat called Mouse
in a far-a-way house.
Good cod ! How odd to
find i've bean to Bos-
ton when
another house
avec bal:-con's in the
corner of my mind (and
almost a p o l o g i e s
are due to M I S T E R
CUMMINGS, e's are 2)
w h e r e g r a s s
is green and C A T I S M O u s e .

One Good Reason

I asked a soap salesman
about soap
in relation to death I mean
did he know about the soap shortages
in World War Two ?
The French managed to make a bit
at home from candle-ends and lye.
The Germans used
concentration camp cadavers
unless they were too thin of course
the skin
for lampshades remember?
And I asked him isn't it a waste
all these Vietnamese
we could make good soap out of
(add the factoryfresh smell)
those sleek brown babies fat too
especially when nursing -- sometimes they die
because too burned or their mothers are --

"But we haven't a soap shortage,"
the salesman said as he picked up his kit
"I've more here now than I can sell."

-- Fanny Ventadour

Winter Park, Florida

The Naming of Trees

Addressing the branches
having given up their leaves

Dawn is less early
the birds quieter

I recite to your blank
cold trunk

How tree like woman
how tree like

Because Of

The horse races
breaking
his knee cap

Laid up like
an invalid
assorted girl

Friends jacking
him off
under the covers

Grown soft
September
the magpies

Crying outside
the windows
he was surprised

By October
the frost and
the pumpkins

Chipping off
the cast
he found

The strangest
hieroglyphs
written there

If God

Had devised
a way
to you

As to Eve
through
the serpent

But you
equally are
immune

To pleasure
as to
command

-- Judson Crews

Wharton, Texas

BLESSED BE (the sermon in the square)

blessed be newsboys
for they shall inherit my dimes
after i have food to eat
and have seen a movie
and have pocketed enough
for busfare
to my apartment.
blessed be policemen
for they turn the other way
when i piss on streets
after much drinking.
blessed be the bloodbank
for accepting my blood
and giving me four dollars
in return for one pint.
blessed be norman
for sweeping the roaches
from his penthouse floor.
blessed be the city
for the christmas tree in the square --
blessed be the nuns for singing
to the poor winos.
blessed be the people
for they shall soon dwell
in a land of worms.
blessed be young men and women
for they shall inherit the worst.
blessed be our father
who has showered us
with candy and candy-wrappers.
and blessed be newsboys
for they shall sell newspapers
in heaven.

-- neeli cherry

South Pasadena, California

C & O freight

bearing down on my
consciousness, whining
past, winding thru
a Michigan forest,
vanishing into a stand
of jackpine.

'in pursuing the flashes

of insight'
my solitude is minute
as this easter raindrop
   walking
            through old town
near the civil war monument
      the half-crazed river/
abandoned store-fronts/
                        now
   thursday night revival churches

in federal square
                  a mexican
sugarbeet worker spraws on
   his p.o. lawn stone-banked seat/
by the old s & h green stamp exchange
      black-skinned brethren
   fresh from choir sing

off henry st
             into the alley
stumbling over chicken skeleton bones --
   remnants of last night's feed
   in matchbox
               4th floor walkup --
      spilling over rusted metal pails
   worm-crawled/
                 musty garbage-stenched air

moving on location
                  & then returning

                  -- Fred Wolven

                     Ann Arbor, Michigan

News Item

Another stick-up --
right, they say,
in the center
of Central Park.

This time
in broadest daylight --
with nursemaids
almost watching.

Now, Most of the Time

Now,
most of the time,
he spends, they say,
in far-off recollections

of long-ago encounters
with dolls
of divers
charms.

Embroidering
those moments
that lacked the
needed spark

while carefully
omitting the
vast number of
fiascos.

How It Added Up

Putting two
and two together
not to mention a few lost chords,
we came to the sad conclusion
an elephant never forgets.

Which wasn't at all,
let's face it,
what the dear old doctor
had ordered.

Nor for that matter
a reason for Pan
being a wolf
in goat's clothing.

-- Charles Shaw

New York, New York

Play the Critics Away

Little red wagon
Wheels his little red wagon
Round Times Square
Peddling Show Business
To the news-stands,
Wheels red-past theater marquees,
Past rave reviews,
LAST FIVE PERFORMANCES SRO
Bearded six feet four of him
Humped to kid's handle
Wheels past actors making the rounds,
Actor out of work says the news-dealer,
Show Biz uses out-of-work actors
Whenever it can,
Voice of actor calls delivery,
He makes a production of hurtling paper stacks
Pistol shot,
Startling the pigeons about Times Square

My Neighbor's Goods

Neighbor
Behind brownstone,
Never knew you,
Never knew your name,
Know you better now you're moving,
Everything you own,
Much that you are,
Waits at the curb,
Must have passed you on the street
Yet I meet you only in the blank canvases
Stacked by your paints and easel,
A couple of painted ones
Show corners of high color,
Your rubber plant is well watered,
Chairs and tables Swedish modern,
Martin guitar on the daybed,
Sunsweated panama by an umbrella,
The porter moves out more and more
Of your belongings
Air cooler TV set,
As a policeman moves in
To guard your goods hanging out to the curb,
Bluecoating your eviction.

-- Emilie Glen

New York, New York

Notes:

Film-Makers' Cooperative catalog #4 and Canyon Cinema Cooperative catalog #6 fm. Film-Makers'Cooperative, 175 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016.
New catalog: "The Arts of the New Mentality," fm. Something Else Press, Inc., 160 5th Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

Little Presses:

Hors Commerce issues Harvey Tucker's Revelations and Doubts ($1.45) and Bernard A. Forrest's There Are Birds In The Computer ($1.95) fm. 22526 Shadycroft Ave., Torrance, Calif. 90505.
The Runcible Spoon's new chapbook series: Ingrid Swanberg's The Riversong, Dick Greer's Anna's Gram and Richard Krech's How Easily Your Mind Can Slip Off -- distrib. by Asphodel, 306 Superior W., Cleveland, Ohio and Poetry, est. 1966, 75 N. Fair Oaks, Pasadena, Calif.

THE WORMWOOD LEDGER

New Classics:

Peter Wild's Sonnets $1.50 finely printed ltd. ed. fm. Clifford Burke's Cranium Press, 642 Shrader, San Francisco, Calif. 94117 and Wild's The Good Fox fm. The Goodly Co, 724 Minor Ave., Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Wallace Berman's Poster/Poem 22x25" $5 fm. John Martin P.O. Box 25603, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025

Gershon Legman's The Fake Revolt is out fm. author of the classic Love & Death (1949) --"The Fake Revolt movement, very simply, a trick of the money & power organization and its dead-end culture, whereby all real révolté emotion and art are siphoned off into degenerate static and snowblitz, which are no danger at all to the status quo." Mailed to friend and foe fm. author, La Clé des Champs, Valbonne (Alpes-Maritimes) France.

Highly Recommended:

Two Windows Press, P.O. Box 16272, San Francisco, Calif. 94116 has released Maurice McDonald's The Homing Elephant & Cucumber Prophesy Party $1.50 with a classic dust jacket worth the price alone.

Shael Herman's Offshoots unpriced fm. Aphrodisia Press P.O. Box 52856, New Orleans, La.

Ron Loewinsohn's L'Autre $2.25 finely printed fm. Black Sparrow Press, P.O. Box 25603, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025 -- publ. also announce intended release of Robert Kelly's Finding the Measure at $4.50.

Recommended:

Josephine Miles' Kinds of Affection $4 (cloth), $1.85 (paper) fm. Wesleyan Univ. Press, Middletown, Conn.

Hollis Summers' The Peddler and Other Domestic Matters $4 fm. Rutgers Univ. Press, 30 College Ave., New Brunswick, N. J. 08903.

Wm. Bryant's novel The Roses in Iron $5.95 fm. McGraw-Hill Book Co., 330 W. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036 -- a mixture of Henry James and Ronald Firbank in Mexico!

C. C. Hebron's Scavenger $.60 fm. Iconolâtre, 71 Ryehill Gardens, Hartlepool, Durham, England.

the small pond issue # 10 is The Heart Walking in re: Peace Walkathon -- $1 fm. robt. chute, 39 Josslyn St., Auburn, Maine 04210.

Tina Morris' A Song of the Great Peace is first release fm. former Poetmeat, now BB Bks., 11 Clematis St., Blackburn, Lancs, England.

Maps # 2 is Homage to David Smith, $1 fm. John Taggart, 1109-B E. Genesee, Syracuse, N.Y. 13210.

Chas. Simic's What the Grass Says $1.50 fm. Kayak, 2808 Laguna St., San Francisco, Calif. 94123.

Arvind Krishna Mehrotra's bharatmata -- a prayer, $.50 fm. erza-fakir press, Deep Mandap, Agra Rd., Mulund, Bombay 80, India.

Manuel Moreno Jimeno's Delirio de los Dias, finely printed fm. author, Calle 23, no. 21-32, apt. 4, Barquisimeto, Venezuela.

Ronald H. Bayes' Ejection $1 fm. Olivant Press, P.O.D. 1409, Homestead, Fla. 33030 -- a future release to be Ruth Moon Kempher's The White Guitar, $3.95 fm. the same source.

Carroll Arnett's Not Only That, Margaret Randall's 25 Stages of My Spine, and Spencer Brown's Looking Into the Fire, $3 each fm. Elizabeth Press, 103 Van Etten Blvd., New Rochelle, N.Y.

Cronopios #4 is Barbara Gibson's Say My Name, $.75 fm. 138 S. 13th St., La Crosse, Wisc. 54601.

To Be Noted:

A special issue of Cheshire contains only poems of Dan Rose & Bruce Renner, unpriced fm. Cheshire Mag., Univ. of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Milwaukee, Wisc. 53211

Robert L. Peters' Songs for a Son a paperback ($1.95) fm. W.W. Norton & Co., Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

New Magazines:

0 to 9 (edit. Vito Acconci & B. Mayer) $1/copy fm. 383 Broome St., N.Y., N.Y. 10013 -- also releases Aram Saroyan's coffee coffee.

Foxfire $3/yr fm. English Dept., Rabun Gap-Nacoochee School, Rabun Gap, Ga. 30568.

Quark #1 is Translations fm. the Spanish by Clayton Eshleman & Cid Corman $.25 fm. Richard Morris, P.O. Box 8161 Univ. Station, Reno, Nevada 89507.

Ann Arbor Review (edit. Fred Wolven) $2.75/4 issues fm. 115 Allen Dr., Ann Arbor, Mich. 48103.

Poetry Florida And (edit. Wm. E. Taylor) $3.50/ 4 issues fm. Rt. 2, Box 78-A, DeLand, Fla. 32720.

Goliards returns (edit. Jerry Burns) $1.50/copy fm. P.O. Box 703, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

Weed ceases, to become the new Hyphid (edit. Nelson Ball) $2.15/ 6 issues fm. 501 Markham St., Apt. 1, Toronto 4, Canada.

Premiere (edit. Virginia Saunders) $3.75/ 4 issues fm. P.O. Box 252, Lexington, Mass. 02173.

Journal of Popular Culture (edit. Ray B. Browne) $4 fm. Univ. Hall, Bowling Green Univ., Bowling Green, Ohio 43402.

Noted as Received:

Latest 7 Flower Press release is Napalm by Dennis Saint-Eden, unpriced fm. Donn Foster, Box 8867 North Texas St. Denton, Texas 76203.

E.M. Stoetzer's Vacant Cities, Crowded Forests, Unpriced fm. author, 3361 NW 174th St., Miami, Fla.

Lillabulero has released Lucius Shepard's Cantata of Death, Weakmind & Generation, and Geof Hewitt's Waking Up Still Pickled, each $.75 fm. P.O. Box 1027, Chapel Hill, N. Carolina 27514.

Joseph A. Sarno's 10 Poems $.50 fm. Telloyan Press, 8663 N. Oketo Ave., Niles 48, Illinois

L. C.Phillips' Thaw Out Of Thunder unpriced fm. Outcast, Box 2182, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501

L. N. Krause's The Meaning Of unpriced fm. Pindar Press, 932-g Belgian Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21218.

Seis Cuentos Premiados (Jose Moreno Colmenares, Jose Balza, Jose Santos Urriola) fm. en haa, Apartado 8612 Quinta Crespo, Caracas, Venezuela.

Richard Howard's The Damages $4 (cloth), $1.85 (paper) fm. Wesleyan Univ. Press, Middletown, Conn. 06457.

Newly released fm. Casa de las Americas, G Y Tercera, Vedado, Habana, Cuba: Félix Grande's Blanco Spirituals, David Viñas's Los Hombres de a Caballo, Dalmiro Sáenz's hip...hip...ufa!, Antonio Benítez's Tute de Reyes, and Federico Brito's Venezuela siglo XX, all $3.

Lynn Lonidier's Po Tree $1.50 fm. author, 1612 Burgundy, Leucadia, Calif. 92024.

Chas. Cooley's Notes by Which I See $4 fm. author, 406 West George, Alvin, Texas 77511.

Jorge Seferis' Mithistorema (trans. by Fernando Arbeláez) fm. Poesia de Venezuela, Apartado 1114, Caracas, Venezuela.

Sonnet Season at Ghost House by Angelo DeLuca, unpriced fm. author, 101 Morris St., Phillipsburg, N.J.

Norimoto Iino's Hints in Haiku $4.95 fm. Philosophical Library Inc., 15 East 40th St., N.Y. 16, N.Y.

Monster by Brian Coffey, about $3 fm. Advent Books, 13 Elms Ave., London N.10, England

Douglas Flaherty's The Elderly Battlefield Nurse, unpriced fm. author, Wisconsin State Univ., Oshkosh, Wisconsin 54902.

Wm. Scholl's Summer '66 $2.75 fm. Vantage Press, 120 West 31st St., N.Y., N.Y. 10001

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J. M. Nunnelee, Bookseller, 439 N. Sprigg St., Cape Girardeau, Missouri 63701
Paperbook Gallery, Storrs, Conn. 06268
Pigments of the Imagination, 311 East Liberty St., Ann Arbor, Michigan 48103
Poetry, est. 1966; 75 North Fair Oaks, Pasadena, Calif.
Syracuse Book Center, 113 Marshall St., Syracuse, N.Y.
Unicorn Book Shop, 905 Embarcadero del Norte, Goleta, California 93017

The following bookstores do not honor their bills -- preferring to maintain their credit with the large publishers at the expense of the little mags: Abington Book Shop(Kansas), Artists' Workshop (Detroit), Aspen Bookshop (Colorado), Better Books Ltd. (London), City Lights (San Francisco), Tompkins Square Books (N.Y.C.), and Trent Book Shop (Nottingham, England). Little mags should not provide free "local color," or "arty" backdrops to lure patrons into these establishments.

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insana goes west issue

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