

### The Omen

Bill Wantling died at 12:15 pm  
May 2, 1974

About 5:15  
Ruthie & I walk away  
from the well wishing houseful

into the yard / "Just yesterday (she says)  
I was mowing the lawn / and saw  
this little green grass snake  
just in time / I stopped

"A living thing / a  
living thing / I thought  
a living thing (she says  
as the tears start) an omen  
a good omen / a living thing  
(tears still) and  
I watched him safely home  
his home / here at the roots of this tree  
see (as she parts the grass)  
see / he's still here  
a living thing (still  
more tears)"

I stand back  
and look at the living thing  
lingering / an omen  
laughing / licking  
flicking his forked tongue at me

(while Bill's cursed tongue is stilled)  
an omen all right / says I

But Ruthie isn't listening  
she is watching her nurse-neighbor come home from work  
she straightens up / stops  
her tears / sets her shoulders  
"I've got to tell Polly" she says  
and is gone  
across the lawn

and I / watching her stride  
cry / the first tide  
since he died / an omen  
a good omen / says I  
(more tears still)

### Ruthie

#### Ruthie

##### I

You were the bellows / for 5 yrs  
you forced your life into him  
you squeezed and squeezed / you  
pumped and primed (a kind  
of mouth to mouth resuscitation  
of the spirit) you  
jumped up and down / up  
and down / up and  
down on yourself / until  
every muscle in your spirit ached  
ached / ached

##### II

All that ache / to raise  
a spark here / a bellow there  
a poem / a glimpse  
through the trees at the moon  
  
at the moon / the muse / his muse  
(he thought) the muse  
he loved and you hated / the muse  
that dry cold pale-faced bitch

Poem(s) for the Person Who Stole the Posters / and  
Poems  
Intended to Prick His Conscience / from  
My Door

- I    Keep them / I'm glad  
      a Normal someone / cares  
      so much about poetry  
  
            just one favor / please  
            share them with others  
            keep them in a conspicuous place  
            and then / when  
  
            they are stolen from you  
            come talk to me about poems
- II    (until you do / I'll wonder  
        whether you hate or love)
- III   You may have taste / but  
      you ain't got much class  
  
            the least you could do / is leave  
            something in return  
  
            even a packrat does that
- IV   We'll have to stop / not  
      meeting like this / I mean  
      what will the neighbors say?

Benjamin and the Officer

3 yrs after his conviction on the light charge  
(the speeding was dismissed) again 3 AM  
again the same scene  
the same light / the same cop  
(this time with glasses)  
and Benjamin drives carefully / waits deliberately  
till the light turns red  
and then drives through / looking forward  
to getting the cop in court  
with his glasses on  
to prove perjury

## My Orange Sherbert Dog

Why do you lay there  
Staring at me with your melting eyes

Do you wonder  
why I care what you look like  
why I sculpture the tip of your left ear  
so carefully with my silver spoon  
why I take such pains  
to hollow the curve  
between your soggy orange belly  
and the tan stoneware dish  
why I bother to wipe away the liquid  
streaking from your eyes

The answer, my friend,  
to all your wondering  
is simple:

the more beautiful you are  
the better you taste.

-- James R. Scrimgeour

Normal IL

LIZARD LITTLE OLD MAN  
stoned on fireheat

you wriggled your turquoise pattern tail  
around Keith's shoulder

we were drinking seder wine & eating matzos with honey  
under the tall leaning cottonwood.

freezing dusk. all thru the fields of  
sage & bitterbrush

all the lizards were going to sleep  
except you.

little splayfoot stoned man  
pumping your yellow ribs

& you leapt around our circle, under Arlene's  
boots, flicking your black eyes nervously

& grabbed & clung on the firestone,  
stoned gray skull leaning

into the flame, we stumbled  
shouting up -- you stamped your foot

& hurried out into the brown cold  
hunting owl calling

you with a story of the strange beasts who make  
fires hotter than the sun

I shook my grandfather's hand  
"Well, I'll see you in the other world," he said.

I nodded.

"Yes, on the mountains in the other world."

My grandfather shook his head very slowly.  
"There are no mountains in the other world," he said.

-- John Oliver Simon

Berkeley CA

on judgement

in a place like this, there are bound to be pirates and  
elevator operators. there are bound to be liars, old folks  
at home, selfish people, sunshine people, idiots, cartoon-  
ists, parachutists, third basemen, evangelists. politicians,  
marxists, splinter removers, scissor sharpeners, greens-  
keepers, miracle believers, ice suckers, social workers,  
lone rangers, strangers, fire eaters, good humor men, people  
who are under the false impression that their houses are  
mansions, people who are quite sure they must be the dumbest,  
cotton candy vendors, lumberjacks, neurasthenics, spelunkers,  
little wooden people, soy bean eaters, palsied people. proph-  
ets, conspirators against the boss, sub-contractors, false  
teeth people terrified of apples, swimmers of the english  
channel, climbers of mount everest, strippers, trickers,  
hookers, librarians, exhibitionists, carpenters, firemen,  
yo-yo manufacturers, sex-eminating receptionists, murderers,  
stowaways. hi-jackers, incompetents, whiners, skin-divers,  
gypsies, bubble gum freaks. bearded ladies, midgets, pantied  
men in front of mirrors, cheats, word-keepers, blood-soaked  
soldiers, aviators, yodelers, bee keepers, name callers,  
insect studiers, ticket takers, nose pickers, nose job  
doctors, junkies, smugglers, burglars, burlap bag makers,  
cellists, mumblers to themselves walking down fifth avenue,

ravers at nothing, people who are in spiritual contact with cleopatra, inheritors, sky-divers, grocers, beer guzzlers, complainers, people just stupid enough never to get out of new york city, glue sniffers, john paper crumplers, john paper folders, show people, show business show people, one-armed discus throwers, hardhats, crooners, wooers, explorers, women's liberationists, alarmists, jesus freaks, snake lovers, insomniacs, pimpled marilyn monroes, pencil biters, lacrosse enthusiasts, butlers, psychiatric aides, looneys, billboard painters, riders into a violet sunset, quitters, tap dancers, melancholy people specializing in 40's nostalgia, finger tappers, senators, gossips, rose gardeners, soapbox debators, spear throwers, vine swingers, art historians, museum guards, security guards who were pronounced dead and woke up in the morgue, misanthropes, wholesome people, architects, turkish bathers, revolutionaries, karate experts, fire seekers, fire escape sneaks (those bastards), peeping toms, clowns, soap opera freaks, alchemists, envious people, thumb suckers, cheek biters, pill takers, very dull people who once made a great catch in a little league game, saloon sweepers, salvation army trumpeteers, astrologists, tumblers under tables, butchers, thinkers for the worst, coopers, barbers, candlestick makers, stagecoach drivers, cavalrymen, poets, tattooed people, daughters of the american revolution, daughters of daughters and thus themselves daughters of the american revolution, sons of cousins of daughters of the american revolution, sons of bitches with whiskey on their breath, villains, masochists, scrubwomen, air hammerers, monolog givers, goodyear blimp pilots, fortune tellers, orphans, adulterers, moonshine makers, harvesters, milk walkers, moon walkers, milk drinkers with oreos, goat fornicators, bomb inventors, snake charmers, warlocks, levitationists, cab drivers, scab pickers, insurance salesmen, painters, beatniks, bohemians, psychedelicists, burpers, burned out freaks, nowhere men, lovers of nothing, bores, paranoids, christian scientists, progressive educators, kindergarten teachers, dreamers without pants flying dreams, dreamers of wild animals and water rats and wolves licking at the turquoise moon so strange, fuller brushmen, martyrs, retardates, hamburger countermen, hamburger repairmen, fullbacks, bell ringers, humpbacks, bootblacks, moneybacks, dentists, hangmen, fascists, aryans, bigots, journalists, part time nurses, coonskin cap wearers, cake bakers, patty cakers, giant lakers, energy takers, spaghetti throwers, sculptors, human sacrifices, beggars, self-emulators, strange people, long distance runners, midnight cowboys, filmmakers, light-show creators, waterbed repairmen, arabs, spades, old ladies, bikers, litterers, little leaguers, long-limbed golden bicyclers to the shore, organ grinders, fraternity presidents, rope jumpers, knuckle crackers, lovers of saltine crackers, people with great walnuts from mrs. henderson's walnut tree but no nutcracker, breast feeders, big dreamers, wheeler-dealers, pushers, derby wearers, race car drivers, skinny

dippers, nudist campers, national park campers never getting out of their trailers, book freaks, magazine worms, critics, punctual people, newspaperboys, marble champions, prostitutes, pimps, lesbians, transvestites, virgins, freckled sophomores, beauticians, morphologists, grumpy people, fabulous whistlers, great whittlers, people with undecipherable handwriting, pizza flippers, playwrights, ancient people, youthful mariners, people so wrinkled, first breathers, fathers of the child, people existing on commodity mashed potatoes, gazers from crumbling tenement windows, dreamers of the homeland, ivy leaguers, watchmakers, presidents of monopolies, hoboes, caboose wavers, caboose wavees, star gazers, organ players, incredible egotists who border on megalomania, fishers of men, pipe smokers, hash smokers, opium dopes, skinny weaklings who got beat up on the beach and sent into charles atlas, ballet dancers, spotlight grabbers, arguers, self-righteous people, dog lovers, heavy sleepers, sleep walkers, sleep joggers, officers of the day, pilots who flew missions in viet nam stoned on acid, mail clerks, whalers, rodeo men, zookeepers, parakeet conversationalists, old ladies with ear trumpets, englishmen with crumpets in their shoes, silver fox lookers, elephant snorers, people with patience enough to read this list, kleptomaniacs, nymphomaniacs, people with oedipus complexes, solemn people, practical jokers, tactiturn people, indians, professors, people with texan accents, people with no accents whatever, people with no tongues, high society people, sailboat racers, world travellers, debutantes, snowmen builders, antique collectors, antique makers, dude ranch runners, counter spies, diplomats, oil tycoons, raccoon-faced people, wearers of eight and a half gallon hats, stetson hat salesmen, masked men, vagrants, wanderers, surfers, frauds, flotsam, cops, robbers, extortionists, blackmailers, black listers, blackshirts, flesh eaters, arsonists, indifferent people, college dropouts, draft dodgers, people with 365 for a draft number, big game hunters, hustlers, life guards, sunset watchers, authorities, hot chocolate drinkers, embezzlers, streetcorner discussers, streetcorner disgusters, wavers with handkerchiefs from trains, dukes, kings, jesters, charioteers, bull fighters, veterinarians, linguists, cathedral freaks, pistachio nut freaks, strauss freaks, cataclysmic singers, seventy-six trombone lovers, seventh day adventists, satanists, vegetarians, midnight walkers, butterfly lovers, butterscotch pudding addicts, acrobats, jugglers, soft-hearted people, old men with hearts of gold and ventricles of pyrite, farmers of a future, rice krispie freaks with sugar flavored droplets of milk on their ears, people with three pairs of sneakers, people with itchy beards, people with itchy crotches scratching on the sly, dandelion wine makers, valets, people with lousy breaths, people with very congenial grandmothers, people accidentally pictured in volkswagen commercials or resort postcards, hangers from chandeliers, beaters of heads against walls,

tuggers out of little remaining hair, leapers from 77th story building windows, and others,

but

in a place like  
this, i would wager there isn't a single one of us in the  
human race that is a non-person. i would further wager  
that there isn't a single one of us in the human race  
that is a non-hero.

#### fourth grade

billy lived in a house on the corner.  
he had a pretty mother. but no friends.

every day at lunchtime, billy would ride  
his bicycle right up to the edge of the

oily dirt playground with a big cyclone fence  
carrying a big bag of all kinds of candy bars

that he had bought with money stolen from his  
pretty mother, and scream, "come and get them,"

illy lived in use on corner.  
he had a retty other. but nds.

flinging the candy bars over the iron barrier and  
into the oily dirt; ballgames would stop all of a sudden

as they saw him coming on his bike and went  
racing towards the edge of the playground, and grappled.

ly in se on rner.  
had other. but no s.

#### responsibility occurrence

"i will wait & see,"  
he mumbles/

while at the same time  
pyramids crumble at ghiza

a surgeon's hands  
wither to pinecones

a taxi driver smashes  
into a steel girder  
on the golden gate bridge

avalanche buries two  
mountain goats in love.

-- David L. Wann

Indian Hills CO

### ambition

he took a quick look at the world around him, and  
clawed his way to the bottom.

### common humanity

"How would you like your peculiarities cooked today?"  
the lunch counterman asked.

She sighed to herself. "Very rare, please," she  
said aloud, knowing full well that the Cook would  
never permit her or anyone else to have them that  
way. In his pot everything became much alike.

### taking thought

Miriam had the theory all her life that if she gave  
up smoking in her old age her eyesight would improve  
-- when she reduced she would look pretty and ten  
years younger -- when she began to exercise, she  
would add those ten years to her life time -- when  
she put her mind to it, she would stand tall with  
no stoop.

So she never bothered to do any of those things and  
died with her theory intact.

-- Beverly Lancaster

New York NY

## Hair Curlers and Sunglasses

A woman just walked by me talking to her sandals. They responded to her words by flopping up against the heels of her feet. First the left then the right or the left first then the right. I was the closest person to her and I could not decipher a word she said so I concluded that it must be the sandals to whom she spoke. It was difficult for the sandals to get a word in edge wise because the woman bantered on and on, interrupting whatever they said. She seemed upset about something but her voice was so inaudible that I listened no further. She was wearing a wrinkled pink housedress that looked as if it had been covering furniture in an attic for some time. She was also wearing sunglasses that shaded her words and bright red haircurlers that had stayed out of the conversation.

## Sunday in the Park

On Sunday, visitors to the city park were shocked and horrified to find all the ducks, that resided in the pond surrounding the bandstand, dead. Most were found in the water floating limply on their sides, moving with the current. The rest were flopped down on the pond's edge, heads pressed against the mud, as if basking in the sun. A soft breeze carried feathers across the lawn while flies flew in zig zag patterns over the wake. An appalled park commissioner called for a full investigation into the matter. The popcorn stands braced themselves for a depression while parents told children that they (the ducks) were only sleeping and that the seal could balance a ball on his nose.

-- Phil Barber

Providence RI

## Still Life (With Apples)

-- for DeWitt Hardy

1.

A man shipped apples for five years. It was like shoving the freight cars down the rails with the pressure of his forehead, apples from his orchards in Wisconsin, into the western states and the western Canadian territories, toted the figures in ledgers,

and in his best year made only  
a hundred dollars profit, though his idea  
of expenses was generous: after  
five years of it he quit. I was he,  
my forehead as if polished like an apple,  
pushing my five years like solid rectangles  
which weighed tons yet slid ahead my sore head.  
The effort consumed me and the profit  
was too small. I couldn't help it, I quit. So,  
apples, out of an orchard, shipped west on freight  
trains, today in aluminum trailer trucks  
rolling over the inter-states, life's broad gray  
highways, wind, rain, sun, somebody else's.

2.

I looked for my familiar pain and it was gone.  
Right away I resurrected the actress  
whose face had preyed on my memory many eons, moons,  
or eras, and when her face to me appeared  
and as a forefinger of her transparent hand  
returned a little tress of hair back somewhere,  
absolutely nothing happened, nothing happened,  
as if where once had stood a stunted tree  
all alone on a field of juniper and outcropped  
stone, was sand, mere desert, merely bare, and  
cratered like white candy, like moonscape,  
like comic book shock, five-pointed white stars  
shooting across a black sky, and exclamation  
points, planets wearing boasts of satellites,  
ouch! sob! yikes! I missed the wholeness I had had  
when I still had my sorrow. Now I was like ...  
I was like nothing. I was like dead.

3.

Standing on the platform at the railroad  
station -- I talked to a chubby little  
black-haired girl I used to know -- I asked her  
questions -- five of them -- one right after  
the other -- getting straight answers -- how do  
they ship apples -- how marijuana -- and then  
became aware I might really be asking where  
my actress was -- if or when she was ever  
coming back. I slung my head. I was  
ashamed, looked up, stopped talking, went away,  
and then came back. There was dirt on the walls  
from everywhere and the posters boasted  
New York shows I would never see. How the air  
hurried! A train was coming. Should I get her  
drunk, try to make love? I even surprised myself  
half-desiring her. Then the air brakes  
screamed out and I saw all the faces at the row  
of windows reading things, watching things, talking.

4.

I stood at the station because I didn't believe myself. I wondered what I wanted to know, what I wanted to do, who I wanted to have, and lied to myself for answer. I didn't want anything and therefore didn't know anything and so a life is a lie to itself. Tinny and weak, a tininess cried to me I didn't want to want to die, and yet the smoke and smell and noise of the train blocked off the cold air, whatever desolate wind sent a desolate, crumpled page scraping somewhere. The doors opened with many bangs and clangs, like traps in scaffolds, and I hung on as all that was busy and warm swarmed over me.

5.

Still life, still live, like an apple on a table, a bowl, a cloth, and everywhere out incredible life.

### The Split

1.

Standing around the desk, looking at the record player playing Red Army songs, a friend, an aficionado, dropped in, stood around for a moment and grinned at the tenor's appassionato: "That's Jan?" he asked me, inclining his head in happiness. "Yah!" I answered. Just then Department Secretary came in with a message: the next poet I was bringing was scheduled to read in Hill Gymnasium. "What?" I asked her, visions of transparent blackboards, hoops, escalator benches, waxed hardwood floors adance in my head: choose your partner, do-si-do! "Whose," I wondered, "idea was that?" "In the first place, Mister So-and-so," (my name) "both auditoriums are scheduled or closed, and Sandy Callahan" (of Student Activities & Affairs) "suggested the gym might be a good place to hold your poets." She left and in front of my class I kicked over the wastepaper basket, threw my eraser and the chalk, and wiped the books off the table. After that I cussed out Sandy Callahan, glowered at them and said. "I don't give a shit. None of those fuckers got candles can stay lit in my spit."

2.

So it was good to get back to my room and find three ladies with black hair waiting there, happy to see me. I lay down on my bed, surrounded by my bookcases, my paintings, and them. Wherever home is, there's always maroon, dark woodwork, and they all had such pitch-black hair. I hardly know what passed for conversation. I imagine I grinned, rested my teeth on my lower lip, and one lady, murmuring "Alas!," slipped out the door and closed it, unplugging our impasse. Soon we three lay snake naked. I was peeking into somebody's wet ruby and wiry wreathed crevasse, red as beefsteak, thinking 'I could eat that with mustard and a bun,' thinking 'I wouldn't last in that for a minute,' so I sat on their chests and had them suck me, slipping myself from one set of teeth and lips to the next, thinking 'It'll be interesting to see if I can detect a difference,' and then I lost out in a face that neither art here nor memory there could make a person, dressed, and expelled myself into the street.

3.

People were sitting around liquor stores mixing their own drinks. Underneath the clocks on the downtown bank buildings, people stood in files while motorcars, at the change of light, cruised through open intersections. A couple of my friends wearing bearcat coats invited me to come with them, to poke my pout, my snout, into a little jar of gin. The juice was dusty and gray, like a juniper berry: it was gin, and into that heavy liquid troubles of person, place, and time passed like smoke off a doused fire, away, like someone abandoning a mirror, and yet this was it, the apocalypse, red and black, blood on the asphalt coming, clergymen and soldiers. This was it. The girls were gone. I was afraid I was too old to change, worth nothing to anyone. I'd been wrong. Now I'd be lost for good in the split.

4.

"For us today, decades after Krafft-Ebing and Freud, it is probably all too easy to invent psychosexual explanations of the long and continuous life of the strange legend Renaissance humanists called 'Caritas Romana.' The story of Roman Charity concerns a daughter whose father was imprisoned for a crime

and left to die of starvation, but whose uncommon courage and devotion inspired her to visit the prison and stealthily sustain her parent's life with milk from her own breast."

- Robert Rosenblum

5.

The moral of this long "poem" is that one good turn deserves another. Tit for tat, etc.

-- Kenneth Rosen

Falmouth ME

LA MAUDITE RIVIERE ENRAGEE

as th red glo kunsumes  
th hash in mi hart  
i diskount th unresolvd  
hasls facing me  
and plan to buy  
a black cowboy hat

wearing it they wil say  
yr not a cowboy  
and i wil say  
tru  
i am a centaur  
thiz is all u c of me

faraway on bits of paper  
signals inviting me  
to b in top form  
emanate frum universities  
bureaukrats and frends  
a veritabl venus  
flytrap for poets  
lurks  
in all th ways  
i kan go  
save one

la maudite riviere enragee  
wd hav its migrant sail  
on its thin skind soil  
thru th cottonwoods and pine  
wet lady of mi dreams  
wher all th best in me  
wil b or not to b

littl different wil it make  
which if any of th false  
sirens i xpose or follo

when the blume iz on th sage  
and th mountain blubirds fly  
thru mi garden on th floor  
of old lake bonneville  
mi hart goez over red  
rok pass

river of exaggerated violence  
i navigate u badly  
but in mi dreams  
im kuming home to stay

#### SONG FRAG FRUM A BAD DREAM

giv me oaxaca in th wintr time  
let me c jalisko in spring  
but th states of old mexiko stil shine for me  
on th baks of mi hands in sing sing

-- charles potts

murray ut

#### Salt

-- for Becky

A child will lick his arm  
to taste it.

Deer come  
where thick-tongued cows are,  
the saltlicks round and yellow.

Out in the winter pasture  
before snow  
we'd crack the saltlick open  
for clean white shanks.  
Our tongues were raw when  
we came home, we couldn't taste  
anything.

It's like this  
after I love you.  
I go to the ice-box for beer.

A farmer and his family fish from the pier  
in South Haven

They catch six perch,  
one rainbow trout, green,  
silver beside the spotted  
small ones.

Until sunset when  
a storm comes.

Dark blue clouds, lightning  
behind the family  
walking off the pier:  
two sons ahead,  
farmer and  
woman, tanned face turned from the wind  
and first rain.

The sea rises.

Last thing is  
the farmer's flashlight  
shining in  
the car trunk  
as they pack their gear.

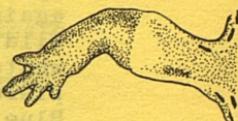
Marilyn

Seven,  
I was so happy.  
At supper told the whole family.  
Gone with Dad to the garage,  
pick up the car, lube job,  
Marilyn Monroe was all there:  
tits, lips, thighs,  
on a calendar behind the parts counter.

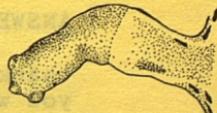
-- Ben Jacques

Tucson AZ

LIFE



## PROCESSES



B Y  
A N N

## M E N E B R O K E R



that trapping the boy from  
the other family was best

and the ad-Tell uoy word  
and the ad-<sup>o</sup> not uoy word

GRACE AND SHIRLEY fish from the pier

The women stand in a green garden  
holding up two gold squash,  
their long hair falling down  
upon their shoulders  
against the rise of plants.  
Wild bushes behind them;  
whatever the sky has left  
pierces through at leafy angles.  
Blue is not very ominous  
against the garden growers  
who have planted, picked  
and now hold their product  
like limited suns  
taken from the vine at will.

ANSWERS

thank you for letting me know  
you would rather I wouldn't

thank you for billing me on this item

thank you for inviting me to your party  
I can't come

thank you for letting me know  
where I made the mistake

thank you for inviting me  
to your book reception

thank you for the price by the dozen

thank you for sending me the instructions

thank you for the dinner and the movie  
and the other stuff

thank you for the present  
which was just what I wanted

thank you for calling to let me  
know you will be late

thank you for the green dress  
that is now too large for you

thank you for letting me know  
you have been ill

thank you for the tickets to the  
saturday night concert

thank you for asking me to participate

thank you for letting me know so soon

thank you for telling me this is not  
exactly what you are looking for

thank you for answering

### .Migrations

i have been out late again  
surrounded by people  
who seem to know me  
and regard me with less  
than a skeptical eye

you say we are all  
a little mad  
drinking and carrying on  
with our poems  
egos on the sun  
that sets and rises  
within our own horizons

and i say yes  
i suppose it is true  
birds of a feather  
et cetera

for suddenly i feel like  
another extinct  
species, so that  
only became rare

### Posture of Love

Standing in such  
a tall position  
feet pointed  
arms by the side

the profile  
so bravely correct

like a dancer  
before the curtain rises.

The eerie remembrance  
of propriety

like Aunt Alice  
in her white lace house.

Feel fat and ordinary  
and slip a little;

think of running naked  
through an African forest.

Touch someone on the breast  
and by the neck.

Sleep with someone you love.  
Talk till morning.

Move before the music begins  
to keep it from being a

performance.

#### A ROUND OF ONES

at Peter Pan's  
he takes a dollar from his boot  
& buys 2 glasses of beer

she drinks one  
& he drinks one

others drink one

a round of ones  
as long as there are more  
than one  
gathered

we can take ourselves  
a little seriously

## TREE SNAKES

please, come into my rooms, pick up the books, look at the paintings, steal an ash tray or a poem to remember me by; notice how I arrange things, listen to the stereo, stay late when the candles are lit and the incense burning, watch our performance when the wine makes us sensuous and the darkness gives us a new courage, listen to the magic snakes hissing in the trees waiting to strike

## A POEM TO CARRY AROUND SO YOU WON'T FORGET WHERE YOU ARE GOING WHEN IT IS VITAL TO REMEMBER

### schedule:

the boat leaving for alaska  
is bound for alaska  
ending in nome  
where a return flight  
will take you back  
to your point  
of departure  
from where you left  
to go to alaska  
before you left  
for alaska

### FOCUS

the scene is the ocean and a wave of it slapping against a small boat knocking out a father and his two children curtain down green and green and green the performers will not come up for a curtain call

POEM TO THE MAN ON THE WALL

In Paris in 1928  
some unknown artist  
did a pencil sketch  
of a young man.  
Now it hangs  
in a house many  
thousands of miles  
away from Paris;  
it hangs over a  
Lester piano  
built in 1907.  
It hangs on a  
bright yellow wall  
in a house  
where no one knew  
him very well.  
All I can accurately  
remember about him  
is that he said  
'motoring' instead  
of 'driving'  
and he had a cook and  
a maid and once  
when I ate at his house  
he served cold soup  
with a fancy name,  
but it didn't make  
it taste any better.

I BUY A BOOK BY TILLICH, THINK OF ONE WHO CARES,  
AND WRITE A POEM

he is yours for now  
all caught up  
in your newness

he finds you terribly interesting  
and a little crazy  
he takes you to lunch  
for drinks  
a dinner or two  
he cannot help it  
and there is no one to blame  
for these feelings

he thinks of you  
calls you  
and you tell him you love him  
there is a lot going on

I lose sleep  
and spirit  
and simply keep growing old  
but I am a tough old bitch  
in the civi there are no grudges  
I know how things work with people  
it is all open between us  
for him a gall very civilized  
of the stra  
to enlight what hurts is  
that I cannot become  
twelve years younger  
all bitter and ac  
all idle he tells me he loves you  
but differently than he loves me  
as equally and he assures me  
arrogant wall all is well  
and crude  
oh christ oh christ  
how's that for an ending

COMPARISON BY CONTRAST

Above all  
with words  
were express  
describe, said the contest  
chairman, in as few words  
as possible, a fourteen line limit,  
who you are  
without using your  
physical appearance  
birth statistics, hobbies  
occupation, or sex:

Jane  
Goodall  
of a young  
Is  
Probably  
gently placed  
Un-  
filled  
afraid  
Of  
The  
Dentist  
Or  
Death  
Or  
Lonely  
People

INCEPTION

i am not saying  
we have not had our moments  
i am saying  
we need more of them  
each different from the first  
nothing neat or concise  
nothing planned to capture  
our primitive moods  
just a happening of sorts  
disassociated from  
itineraries  
just the urgency  
of you and i  
needing what the other is  
and giving it

DEADLY CURE

why do you deny yourself  
being alive?

the steady drone of bees  
spills out of your eyes  
you are a worker  
educated to caution  
conservative as a bow tie  
who has told you  
this is the way of the world?  
who has drawn the map?

nightly i dream of magic  
and its invasion

only to find the world  
has discovered another vaccine

-- Ann Menebroker

Wilton CA

## Language of the Buddha

What greatly attracts me to the Buddha  
is the civilized concern which he shows  
for the temperate use of language.

For him a right way of speaking is one  
of the strands in the eightfold path leading  
to enlightenment and the end of suffering.

To attain this right way all lies,  
all bitter and double-tongued words,  
all idle babbling, must be avoided.

So equally must harsh abusive speech,  
arrogant usage heeding only itself,  
and crude expression tending to corrupt.

Style also is important, and bombastic  
inflated language is condemned no less  
than gentility and plausible fine words.

Above all the Buddha values restraint  
with words, knowing that silence is often  
more expressive than the finished poem.

## An Old Man

An old man with a large white beard  
and long white hair, but with the body  
of a young athlete, wades slowly  
into the Ganges. When it reaches his waist  
with closed eyes he quietly utters a mantra,  
gently places half a coco-nut  
filled with marigolds upon the water,  
then stands gazing inwardly  
watching them drift away.

-- Raymond Tong

Bristol, England

AT ST. GAUDENS' HOME, CORNISH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

"The appearance of everything was altered; there seemed to be, as it were, a calm, sweet cast, or appearance of divine glory, in almost everything."

-- Johnathon Edwards, Personal Narrative

1. vines will not enter this space a hand shaped  
the sunlight shivers on the nearby leaves  
at the second coming of Washington's polis  
the hewn fields want to kiss my eyes to sleep  
and steal my breath in one long slow yes
2. I chew a blade of grass and let the grass  
taste me it tells me we are old comrades  
the grass always speaks of its need to be stone  
of mixing the eyes of young men and the breasts  
of women then making a frieze in its studio
3. it recollects Gaudens' New Hampshire masque  
and how the farmers up from Cornish wore togas  
the republic of laurel molasses and petit fours  
lived then was left behind like a party favor  
the grass held this failure in its mouth for years
4. beyond the grass birch trees hanker to return  
to the open spaces they were chiseled out of  
by Gaudens' Cape Cod Acropolis  
and beyond the trees  
are the hills that want to become mountains again
5. all the yearning ... the man scything who sees  
the course of empire as he mows down summer grass  
the woman who wipes the flour from her hands  
and watches the white dust rise into the air  
like seed  
the girl lying on the grass near me  
who dreams the sun fills her womb with children
6. the grass its yen to be stone stone hungry  
for the fern fossils imprinted in the human palm  
sun-struck trees and hills that want to be clouds

... this land is a state of mind that declares  
its independence from the mother world each day

when cocks crow citizens stare at their hands  
stunned to find themselves still in their bodies

## PLAUE

"London might well be said to be all in tears; the mourners did not go about the streets indeed, for nobody put on black, or made a formal dress of mourning; but the voice of mourning was truly heard in the streets; the shrieks of women and children at the windows and doors of their houses, where their nearest relations were, perhaps dying, or just dead ....

-- Daniel Defoe, Journal of the Plague Year

grandfather laid with her  
in his coal miner's shed  
he paid flesh and she made  
his face into the moon's

we did not want her to play  
and tried to chase her off  
with stones still she came  
to size up our plump legs

she gave us her red badge  
to pin on our cheeks father  
nailed paper on the door  
to drive her from the house

she stayed and we kept her  
scars dwarfed limbs a wheeze  
of breath that is her name  
I hold her in my heart

she still can make it tick  
or throb like a beserk clock  
and my children play toward  
the time she walks the streets

again with another name  
that makes children go chill  
and fathers will blame germs --  
anything to explain her work

except embedded in seeds  
we pass on father to son  
the memory of her first kiss  
steel hard drawing her home

THE LOST COMMITTEE

-- for my former colleagues

expeditions of deans seeking it have disappeared  
teachers whisper of a conference room overgrown  
with lianas and rumor has the records buried  
near the source of the library's blue tile floor

the Committee was to deal with the abominable  
snowman the griffin and unicorn it has not  
been seen for years its final proposal lies  
on the table of a meeting no one can recall

still we find cryptic minutes carved on desks  
beneath hearts that read 'Sue Puts Out' and hear  
the hum of deliberations in florescent lights

a school day will run as smooth as a mimeograph  
until lectures stall and radiators begin to beat  
like tom toms calling the Committee to order

-- Michael McMahon

New London NH

From The Fifties

Child even the buds  
at the ends  
of your arms will not grow.  
I shall touch  
the sawed off logs.  
An expert draws complex maps  
of your genes, big loops  
for your features; but all  
that spacing  
is uneven.

Yesterday the poem  
in my typewriter sounding  
like Blue Suede Shoes.  
The small cassette  
in my chest sang Hound Dog.

There is discord in the cells,  
though some are splitting  
with the eveness of 8's;  
"rhythms work to correct  
if the timing is off,"  
he says. On a blackboard he chalks  
the combination for your face.

This morning your vital signs  
and mine measured  
on the expert's table;  
legs anchored into stirrups,  
my torso a clumsy vessel  
he has wired for sound.

I drop a depth charge into your space  
and do not hear the old songs  
in the sound of your pulse  
as it plumbs me  
for a rhythm, for something  
unalterable.

Magnifying The Light  
Through A Glass In Winter

Here in this place to which  
the light comes traveling  
a long way through the threads,  
the houses are black knots.  
It is the shape of the planet  
weaving itself into a blanket.

Inside the circle of light  
you have been aiming, the addresses  
multiply and come closer.  
You inherit your neighbor's suit,  
a bright cloth against despair;  
like burnt string  
it holds its shape  
until you try to wear it.

Your message to him  
a kiss  
dammed up against the glass.  
A reservoir  
the fish have abandoned  
is collecting old shells,  
like a history of carbon, long after  
the bodies have gone  
into their new jewels.

On shore, the rats are taking  
their instruments  
to your garden.

No hope now of sleep  
beneath the warm blanket,  
ignoring the winter light  
like a bear.

It is the way the bruises go on  
drinking up the darkness  
that scares you,  
the teeth  
larger than your life,  
the fibres breaking,  
the shape of the planet.

-- Susan Sonde

Bowie MD

griffith park

Three Girls With Dogs  
could be the title of an oil  
or a french postcard  
but no there they are  
real as lizards on a rock  
reptillian eyes dreaming of hawks  
my blood drunk with the sun  
i slither over the grass  
trying to spread my wings

father

fashion me boots  
with hungry soles  
cut from the thickest  
night

give me a staff  
of muscled thorn  
carved from the winter  
stars

show me a path  
with the sun on my right  
a way that is dusted  
with wheat

fill my tin cup  
with copper coins  
minted from the honey  
moon

mother's hand

the child's screams  
wake me from an afternoon dream  
i see my mother's stiff-boned hand  
flung with leaden anger at my waiting face  
i see girls with rumpled smiles  
eyes abandoned as fishheads  
i see bachelors with lips grim as newsprint  
eating alone in chinese restaurants  
the odor of furnished rooms  
clinging to their elbows

late lunch in hollywood

grey clouds floating like grease  
on the soup of the day  
cocaine and the heady smell of urinals  
frosted with three o'clock come  
thick negro tongue spiced  
with sand, sea-salt and iodine  
doorknobs, transparent white curtains with flyspecks  
a side of roosters  
crowing in an empty room  
coffee  
greek custard  
gnats floating in a glass  
of flat beer  
i roll my shredded heart into a cigarette  
light it with a faggot's smile

i like

i don't like nice people  
sailboats, national parks  
houses with picture windows and  
rustic hearths  
i like women fucking  
scorpions  
bikers with fingers  
bitten off in bar fights  
black pimps in white shoes  
white women sucking black cock  
mean dudes with knives hidden in their boots  
i like the smell of sweat and semen  
the funky smell of black cunt  
riding on my nose  
lesbians and drag queens

pornographers with black fingernails  
sitting in the morning sun  
winos soiling the green park grass  
with yellow vomit  
dirty bars with unswept concrete floors  
i like the sight of blood  
the feel of a broken jaw under my fist  
the smell of shit on my fingers  
after i wipe my ass  
i like old unwashed women  
who grub for cigarettes in gutters  
the sweet screams of murder  
the ecstasy of steel parting flesh  
i like fires, earthquakes, the sinking of ships  
the exploding of bombs  
i like rape, incest  
broad-shouldered whores with callouses on their eyes  
ladies who drink piss like warm beer  
men who wear bullwhips  
looped round their hearts  
i like the taste of fear in my throat  
clear as moonlight  
sweet as a rotten lemon

-- Frank Prosak

Venice CA

### lecture

I visited your classroom last night  
the students were  
as usual  
but you  
your beard grew more red  
your eyes  
were candles  
your feet seldom  
reached the floor  
myths flew about the room and  
Gilgamesh  
passed by the window  
as you said  
"Poetry is my passion"  
and fell back  
wheezing.

the front row stirred  
a little.

L.A.

Charles Bukowski, I never met you  
though I've lived in L.A.  
cut classes to walk  
miles across Hermosa Beach  
seen the girl with uncombed hair  
sweatshirt backwards  
take it off  
turn it round on Pier Avenue  
I too cool to look  
was 19, had a forged I.D.  
I've been to Santa Anita  
Ben told me on the way his wife was frigid  
he lost a hundred bucks, went home  
drunk to her and 3 kids  
in West Covina

I never met you but I've read your poems  
seen Music City full  
at 4 a.m.  
thought about Allen Ginsberg  
thinking about Walt Whitman, then  
about those faces  
bobbing  
to silent music behind the glass

I think of you  
behind  
your glass

throwing up  
Hollywood

-- Roger Holdstock

Burnaby, B.C., Canada

To Charles Bukowski

I

It's 3:40 a.m., Buk, and I've been reading your  
stuff and the TRIBUTE to you from all the ass-  
kissing lit folk who congregate at your door,  
breaking in;

Congratulations on keeping that knife taped behind  
that door,  
and tip-toeing in the dark through the night to finger it --  
Fear, and it makes sense too.

## II

Old-timer Lester Cohen, once a Liveright star, long forgotten, gave a talk at NYU before he died -- a big hulky man, big stomach, mountain of white hair. A paranoid, true talk about how his book about Liveright was butchered by the publisher, cut into snippets. He flailed his arms -- he loved Liveright, he was forgotten as a novelist, now his last book was butchered.

Later (after he died, after the reviews never appeared) I saw the remaindered copy for 59¢ at Marlboro Books and didn't buy it. (The title of Cohen's novel, by the way, was WRAPPINGS, and I want to set it down here.)

## III

Then there was Joe Gould's oral history of the world, which when he was dead and the notebooks examined, turned out to be just as he said: oral. The notebooks were empty.

## IV

Last month Lester Cohen popped up again, naturally in an out-of-print old mag. A memoir of Dreiser in the thirties: a picture of clumsy, remote, black-suited Dreiser in his hotel room apartment with five male secretaries sorting out his mail, his life.

## V

Bukowski, at the writers' colony there are all these names of writers carved in wood on scrolls above fireplaces, and almost all are forgotten. Most of them were probably not very good.

## VI

O'Neill hated kids. Dickens, Mann liked them. O'Neill's hands trembled so he couldn't eat in public. He drank a lot when he wasn't writing. So do you, you devil you, and get thrown in the drunk tank for putting your fist through a glass door. For every O'Neill, a hundred carbons drinking, fighting, growing moustaches, long hair, and dark brooding visages. They're prowling the streets around City Lights, sneaking an Orange Julius. 18 of them are working with Timothy Leary on his comic book.

## VII

Buk, Allen Ginsberg was in Vancouver this week for his 47th birthday sitting behind his harmonium chanting, chanting, fat and bald, while the bland blondes 15-18 sat at his feet waiting for the dirty jokes. Allen's commercials for Buddhism rhymed and his New York, Jewish voice was mellow. (He once wrote a poem: KADDISH.)

VIII

So Bukowski, keep it up, none of it matters, none of it ... Dreiser was just as crazy, Dickens died in a paroxysm of excitement acting out his murder scenes on stage, O'Neill drank as much ...

You are no carbon.

-- David Evanier

Santa Monica CA

## DOGS, A CONQUERING-HERO DAYDREAM

This spring my dog pretends hip displasia. The huge fool drags his ass up the porch and begs for a cortisone shot. I love him, but I know when something is out for sympathy, and I kick him onto the lawn. But he won't rise. He offers a limp paw, trembles, makes his eyes glassy and rolls them back in his head. Finally, so that he won't die just to get my attention, I push him onto a blanket, pick up the corners, and heave him into the back of my station wagon. He moans the whole twelve twisting miles to the vet and then, when we get there, hears all the dogs, forgets he is sick, leaps over the tailgate and starts a fight with a Pekingese. The vet stares while I insist that my dog was completely crippled.

hair grows all over my arms, and when we get home, before he can try any more tricks, I leap at him and easily finish him off there in the driveway. Then, after carefully weighing the alternatives, the probable taste of dog food, the short life span, the effect on my wife and department chairman, sleeping under the porch, the chance of distemper, I argue myself back onto two legs, shake the fur off and walk over to my mint julep, my other dogs and my cat laughing affectionately, my own hips rolling oilily on their sockets. I ease into the sofa of my options.

JUDAS

Lord, it is one thing to be loyal,  
but this -- me betray you?  
And, worse, for money? So you can hang  
until your ankles wear out and your weight chokes you  
for our sins? The fine sacrifice  
to prove love and pride? I can't do that.  
I think you realize what it will do to my name.  
Try to get John to do it, or Simon --  
and don't say again I'm more intelligent.  
That may be true, but this is too much to understand.  
Don't look at me with your gentle eyes  
and talk of your dying to prove anything.  
It would mean more, never to recognize them.  
We are right -- they are evil. Don't look at me.

-- Richard Frost

Breuberg-Waldamorbach, West Germany

Thursday's Autobiographical Poem

In libraries  
where Borges  
clerks  
in dark sunglasses  
my book will be  
fitted  
like a shrunken shoe  
onto the glass foot  
of Obsession,  
layered in  
the C skin  
of the onion.

Cor-ren: Marcus  
Flavius Flaminius  
born Americus,  
chosen immigrant  
of letters  
whose chariot  
vanished  
shortly after  
violating  
Xanadu.

Do You Need The Gold Ring?

"I discovered inside myself,  
even in the very midst of winter,  
an invincible summer."

-- Albert Camus

-- for Denise Levertov

Dear Rabbi Rosenberg  
they are not  
molding me  
anymore  
than the pyramids  
which wilt  
as ice cubes  
in sand.

It's russian lapis  
on my little finger,  
not the yellow  
fetish of Midas.

Could we exchange it  
and my sportscoat  
for the tallith  
on your desk?

Your paternal  
goodbye slap  
carried the weight  
of ninety pounds  
of neurosis,  
waking something  
the Taoist monks  
strived for;  
I see your fingerprints  
in the mirror,  
they glow  
in the dark.

-- M. A. Corren

Stockton CA

CLASSIC RATING:::::::::::-----

Vladimir Nabokov's Lolita: A Screenplay -- his great original screenplay for what eventually became a very fine movie and based on the classic book; \$7.95 fm. McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1221 Avenue of the Americas, New York NY 10020.  
J Ronald Koertge's very fine The Father Poems, \$2.45 fm. Sumac Press, P.O. Box 39, Fremont MI 49412 (also fm. the same publisher: Jim Harrison's Letters to Yesenin, \$2.45).  
J Lyn Lifshin's 40 Days, Apple Nights beautifully (only 400 copies) printed by Morgan Press, 1819 North Oakland Ave., Milwaukee WI 53202.

VERY HIGHLY RECOMMENDED:::::::::::-----

Charles Bukowski's Burning in Water, Drowning in Flame (Selected Poems: 1955-1973) \$4; Paul Bowles/Mohammed Mrabet's The Boy Who Set The Fire \$4; Larry Eigner's Things Stirring Together or Far Away \$4; Fielding Dawson's The Sun Rises Into The Sky \$4; and Joyce Carol Oates' The Hungry Ghosts \$4 fm. Black Sparrow Press, P.O. Box 25603, Los Angeles CA 90025 (also fm. the same publisher: David Bromige's Tight Corners \$4). J Gerald Locklin's Son Of Poop only \$2 fm. Mag Press, 3802 La Jara, Long Beach CA 90805. J John Haines Leaves and Ashes and Francois Dodat's Lord of the Village (translated by Bert and Odette Meyers) fm. West Coast Poetry Review, 1127 Codel Way, Reno NV 89503.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED:::::::::::-----

Paul Vangelisti's Air \$2.50 and Stuart Z. Perkoff's Alpha-Bet \$2.50 fm. Red Hill Press, c/o Serendipity Books, 1790 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley CA 94709 (also fm. the same publisher: Alvaro Cardona-Hine's Words on Paper \$2.50). J Warren Woessner's Landing \$2.95, William J. Harris' Hey Fella Would You Mind Holding This Piano a Moment \$2.95, Steve Katz's Cheyenne River Wild Track \$2.95, David Gitin's City Air, Ray DiPalma's Soli \$2.95, and Lynn Shoemaker's Coming Home \$2.95 fm. Ithaca House, 108 North Plain St., Ithaca NY 14850. J First of a series of translations from the Danish: Villy Sorensen's The Soldier's Christmas Eve (trans. by Nadia Christensen and Alexander Taylor) fm. Trekroner Press, 321 Jackson St., Willimantic CT 06226. J David Hiatt's Vanish \$1.50, Andy Clausen's Extreme Unction \$2, and Peter Rutledge Koch's Magnus Annus \$1 fm. Litmus, 574 Third Ave., Salt Lake City UT 84103.

RECOMMENDED:::::::::::-----

H. L. Van Brunt's Indian Territory \$3 fm. Horizon Press, 156 Fifth Ave., New York NY 10010. J Daniel Kaminsky's Snout To Snout 95¢ fm. Cleveland State Univ. Poetry Center, Cleveland OH 44115. J Warren Woessner's Cross-Country 75¢ fm. Abraxas, 2322 Rugby Row, Madison WI 53705.

RECOMMENDED (CONTINUED) ::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::

Kenn Kwint's Looking Under A River \$1 fm. Inca Press, P.O. 769, La Jolla CA 92037. ¶ Paul Auster's Unearth (Living Hand #3) fm. Compton Russell Ltd., Compton Chamberlayne, Salisbury, Wiltshire, England. ¶ New Poems (Albert Frank Moritz and Peter Morris) \$1 fm. Swan Song Books, 51 Park Drive (#3), Cambridge MA 02139.

LITTLE PRESS NOTES ::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::

The 10th edit. of International Directory of Little Magazines and Small Presses: 1974-1975 is invaluable for any person interested in the present lit scene, \$4.95 fm. Dustbooks, P.O. Box 1056, Paradise CA 95969. ¶ The latest issue of December (Box 274, Western Springs IL 60558) is a complete reprint of Curt Johnson's Nobody Perfect; you can still get the original edition (\$6) fm. Carpenter Press, Rte. 4, Pomeroy OH 45769. ¶ Lillabulero Press launches a prose pamphlet series with Henry H. Roth's The Cruz Stories \$2 and Leon Rooke's Vault \$2 fm. Northwood Narrows NH 03261.

RECEIVED ::

Yves LeFol's Et Mille Vaisseaux Seront Un Cortege 10 Frs. fm. author, 23 Rue Buffetterie, 17000 La Rochelle, France

NEW MAGAZINES AND EXCHANGES ::::::::::::::::::::::::::::

Poetry Now (edit. E. V. Griffith) \$5/6 nos. tabloid format fm. 3118 K St. Eureka CA 95501. ¶ Big Boulevard (edit. William J. Robson) \$5/6 nos. fm. 5585 Orange Ave., Long Beach CA 90805. ¶ West Coast Poetry Review (edit. William L. Fox) \$1.50/issue fm. 1127 Codel Way, Reno NV 89503. ¶ Lunar Adios changes its title to Lunar Retorno -- a Magazine of the Arts (edit. Michael Ward) only 60¢/issue fm. General Honors Program, CSULB, 6101 East 7th St., Long Beach CA 90840. ¶ Pearl (ars poetica feminae edit. Joan Smith) fm. Brassbed Press, P.O. Box 4261, Long Beach CA 90804. ¶ Clown War (edit. Bob Heman) \$2.50/yr. fm. 153 Albermarle Ave., West Babylon, Long Island NY. ¶ Stooge (edit. Geoff Young & Laura Chester) fm. 4063 Petit Rd., Oconomowoc Lake, WI 53066. ¶ Sequoia (edit. Douglas Musella & Mike Waters) fm. 2901 Mariposa, San Francisco CA 94111. ¶ White Arms Magazine, c/o Dana Wichern, 10215 Hickory Valley Drive, Fort Wayne IN 46815. ¶ Newsletters (edit. George Drury Smith) fm. Beyond Baroque Foundation, 1639 West Washington Blvd., Venice CA 90291. ¶ The Surfside Poetry Review (edit. W. Linehan, G. Betar, T. Jankowski, & M. Routh) \$3.50/yr. fm. P.O. Box 289, Surfside CA 90743 (formerly known as Egg, A Literary Quarterly). ¶ Seeking submissions: Whirlwind (edit. Stuart P. Radowitz) 236 N. Overland Trail Ft. Collins CO 80521 and Squeezebox, 334 No. Vassar, Wichita KS 67208.

A THANK YOU NOTE:::::::::::::::::::

In October, 1972 Wormwood filed an application with the Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines for support. On December 1, 1972, Wormwood was awarded a \$1,000 matching grant for general support. After casting about for ways and means, we realized there was no honest way to match such monies. Therefore, we announced our intention to turn the grant down (Wormwood:51, page 119). On February 4, 1974, we unexpectedly received a \$1,000 check (#378, dated October 26, 1973) without comment. On March 29, 1974 we were informed that we would not have to match the \$1,000 since our editorial hours (uncompensated) could be used as a monetary equivalent for matching purposes. We appreciate the money and the honor. We do not intend to spend the cash on one plush issue and fold -- we intend to go on in our usual modest manner. These funds will give the magazine increased stability and will obviate our earlier decision to raise the subscription rate for both individual and institutional subscribers. We assume our subscribers will appreciate this long-delayed grant as much as we do. This constitutes full public disclosure and a public thank you.

:::::::::::::::::::::

The edition of this issue has been limited to the usual 700 numbered copies; the first 30 copies being signed by Ann Menebroker. The copy in your hand is # **345**

OUR PATRONS: Anonymous: J. C.  
Anonymous: G. I. L.  
Anonymous: A. R. M.  
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