

THE DAM BUILDER

There is a man who builds dams, an astounding old man whose job is to harness the flow. If it moves, I can stop it, he says. Then I can make it move for you.

First he brings his tools to a likely spot, a flaw where the flow is weakest, and he begins to plug it up, throwing in whatever's handy or cheap, so that the flow becomes sluggish. It wonders where to go and starts to back up on itself.

In the evening the old man surveys the progress of his dam. The flow has been made to sit and wait. It has tried to push the dam over with sheer force, but it can't get a foothold. It sees the old man watching it in the evening and the flow begins to hate.

Cackling, the old man keeps working. He builds floodgates to divert the flow when its anger rises. Then he hops up and down, slapping his knee with his hat. Gottcha sonof-a-bitch, he yells. The flow bubbles and broils with hate.

The old man comes to tell me he's finished. As he figures up my bill, wetting his pencil with his tongue, I admire my orderly flow, once so unruly and troublesome.

Don't turn your back on it, warns the old man, folding my check. It's a mean'un.

THE WAFFLE AND THE CANADIAN BACON

In the bathroom the Waffle combs its hair. The Canadian Bacon puts make-up on its gristle.

What's keeping those two, says the man.

Keep your pants on, says the woman, you don't want them before they're ready.

Maybe they need a little more heat, says the man. He turns up the thermostat until the house begins to sizzle.

The woman starts to sweat. You idiot, you've turned it up too high. The Waffle's hair will come uncurled, the Canadian Bacon's make-up will run.

What's going on out there? comes the shout from the bathroom.

A-hah! says the man.

Fool, you'll ruin it all, cries the woman.

But, ruined or not, I'll have it, cries the man.

The bathroom door is frantically unlocked. Behind a cloud of steam, here come the Waffle and Canadian Bacon running down the hall hand-in-hand.

Oh, now see what you've done, screams the woman as they fling themselves on the table.

Dig in, screams the man.

-- Joseph Nicholson

Flemington PA

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT CHEMISTRY

Chemistry is a science. Its main task is to find out what everything is made of.

At first it seemed everything was made out of dirt, water, air, and fire, or some combination of these. The combination was important right from the start, as if the secret of the universe was in a safe, and chemists were burglars.

But soon people found ways to divide up dirt and air and water into many other things. In dirt, for example, there were rocks, sand, ashes, manure, and animalcules. Fire couldn't be cut up so easily, and was too hot to study closely, but somebody discovered that if you used it to cook some things they would change into other things. The Frenchman Lavoisier (Lav-whaz-ee-ay) found out that fire just happened when part of the air "combined" with a "substance" (I shall define this term later). He turned quicksilver into red dust that way. Fortunately, he also turned the red dust back into quicksilver. Then he got his head chopped off by the angry Jacobins, who were butchers and bakers and clerks, and people like that, who didn't have much use for chemistry.

Then many more important discoveries were made, and it seemed as if there were dozens and dozens of "substances," a word meaning "standing under," as when a bunch of muscular slaves carry one of those silk-canopied boxes in which is a beautiful queen with a jewel in her nose and a filmy costume. Everybody watches her and ignores the slaves, forgetting that they, the stalwart standers-under, really keep the whole show going.

At any rate, with all these substances, burglar chemists were hitting combinations by the tens of thousands, each one a jackpot, or "swag" of fantastic riches. George Washington Carver, a famous black man, in fact the only famous black man before Martin Luther King, as far as most people are concerned, showed how you could make shoes and flashlights and pianos and such things out of peanut shells. That made the peanut the piano's slave, in one sense, but in another way the piano is nothing but a hot peanut singing.

Also, about this same time, the Germans put a lot of stinking things together and made phosgene gas, which was used in World War I to suffocate the French soldiers. Somehow the Germans always seem to have chemists who come up with a rocket or a lampshade or a secret gas that will make you change your mind even if you don't want to, especially if you are Jewish. Nevertheless, many people say the Germans are fabulous chemists.

This is not all I know about chemistry. There are all the formulas, like H_2O and $NaCl$ and FeO_2 . These are abbreviated recipes showing, for example, that two parts of hydrogen and one of oxygen can be folded together to make water. Sometimes the abbreviations are confusing and misleading, as "Na" which is Sodium, quite a positive element, really, or "Sn", which is Tin, though there is nothing snide or sneering or snotty about it, as far as I can see. With only ninety-two "elements," as they are called, it is possible to make millions, I think, of compounds. And now chemists have even made some new elements by certain atomic tricks, which brings us to the final chapter of what I know about chemistry.

As we noted in the beginning, there was always something odd about fire. It didn't quite fit in with the others, though it certainly influenced them. Lavoisier figured out that it was a sign of transformation, like a cheer going up from the barricades. However, as we said, he was not popular.

After many clever experiments, Madame Curie (a famous woman scientist and about the only famous woman scientist we ever had, whose unfortunate husband was run over by a milk wagon) and Albert Einstein, who played the violin and liked ice cream, apparently in spite of the milk wagon, and Lord Rutherford, a burly Englishman, together proved that atoms, which were supposed to be hard little buttons, were not that at all. At first chemists decided that there was a little button in the middle with teeny, teeny buttons whirling around it, much as, all the textbooks go on, the planets travel around the sun. However, these teeny buttons often behaved crazily. They would go in and out like yo-yos, or fall off the center button altogether and bounce around, switch places, and so on. Perhaps you are wondering what all this has to do with fire. Be patient.

Anyway, the buttons were so zany that a man named Heisenberg, one of the famous German chemists, announced a very important law, which said that you could never know much of anything about the buttons, because the more you tried to find out, the less you really knew. This was depressing.

Nevertheless some other famous people, like Oppenheimer, who read about Buddha and wasn't very patriotic, found out that some of the little center buttons could be broken apart. These were called push-buttons. When that happened fragments of the button vanished and there was a tremendous hot flash of light, like something huge burning up very fast. The American army gathered Uranium, which had the best buttons for coming apart, and made a bomb to drop on the Japanese. The bomb evaporated a lot of Japanese, except for their shadows printed on the sidewalk. These

push-button shadows are very interesting to tourists.

Thus it was proven that the little buttons could turn into heat, light, and shadows, just like fire, only more so. Of course, the heat cools off eventually; the light shoots away at a fantastic speed, and then nothing is left but the shadows. This is gradually happening to everything, according to famous men nowadays. They say after a long time there won't be anything left but shadows.

This is something to think about in chemistry.

-- Will Baker

Berkeley CA

parnell
street
they play
street hockey
shaking
their
long
black hair

"thorobred
racing
every day"
pick
a doozee
have lunch
in a
glass room

simile
cold as the
clams on the
plimouth shore

directions
yellow
yellow
yellow
mix with
a
tin fork

the cupboard
was bare
grant witches
amnesty

death on a bus
gold teeth
& rings
of lapis
lazuli
one
gigantic
kiss

sun
globe
of fire
warming
mice

smallest one
brown hair
brown eyes
stole a
paste diamond
pin
once

green
fabric
tucked in
would
make you
a victim
of
little boys
with
long
legs

ridges
in snow banks
on comes
the winter
roses are gone
tie up
the bushes

detail
the 2
sets of
parents
in pink
& blue
the tiffany
wedding
present
the
satin
& lace
negligee
from the
discount
store

found
embroidered
sleeves
for
pardoned
witches

trees
of poison
green
black between
& weeds as
beautiful
as orchids

now is the
life unmade
like a bed
eat a danish
& sink

a sharp
profile
in a
yellow
dress
running
barefoot

rubber doll
in a crack
falling
down
making
way

cold, cold world
have a
simple life
with
someone
buy
belgian
shoes
live
like a
scavenger

a dish
of scraps
the
cat
flying
in
through
the
mail
slot

shoppe
antiques
are here
yellow bowl
for beating
dutch
chair
with apples
on it

housekeep
she never does
it
her gaudy
clothes
but piles
things in like
a sailor

-- Gloria Kenison

Millis MA

A KING

-- for Russell Edson

A king is too fat, so he declares himself thin. His subjects, who are thin, he declares fat (so that no foreigner will say "The king is thin and his subjects are thin, but the king is not like his subjects, so someone must not be thin." Which could lead to questioning disastrous to the world.).

But because a king should not be too thin, or people will think he is poor and lose respect for him, the king eats even more than before. He eats until he can't move at all, looks like a gigantic maggot in a king's suit or a huge white shaky-fleshed walrus, and declares himself "just right."

And because a king's subjects should not be fat or it will look like they are lazy, the subjects diet until they are skeletons and die.

The king is irate at first. The deaths smack of treason. He declares his subjects traitors, and proclaims his joy that they are dead.

But by noon he is hungry. And no one to bring him food. So he hems and haws and finally pardons everyone and declares them still living.

"You are alive" declares the king, anticipating the grateful cheers, the rush to bring his dinner. "You are alive, you are alive, you are alive!" screams the king.

THE LIZARD-MEN

"Leaderless, the lizard-men stampede off the cliff."

An amazing line. Terrific! Not so much because of the words but because I -- the writer -- am 6 months old (36 lbs., a little over 2' long). Think what I'll be doing at 20. Anything I write now takes on importance beyond any meaning or literary value it may have. Placed in the right hands, it also takes on -- if I may speak frankly -- considerable commercial value.

No, I'm joking. I'm really 35, age of the average hack, age when most men realize that nothing they can do will change that pair of 3's they've stared at so long into a winning hand, and there's nowhere to go but down. Not me. I was born down -- without arms or legs, with no bone or cartilage in my body except for one chalk-like claw which protrudes from my lower half, and which I use to grip my pen. I'm an eyeless, earless, mouthless lump of flesh. It's astounding that I can -- or care to -- write a word. Obviously, my line is more than you thought.

No, I'm an energetic, sexually active human male, 317 years old today. I'm a mutant -- progenitor of a race of perfect men. The previous stories were part of a test which my wisdom -- acquired through so many years -- dictated that I should make before going on. My line is great because of the years of living which inspired it, and stand behind it. You would be foolish -- are not qualified -- to discount a single comma. My sayings should be disseminated through mass media until they become a religion.

No, I'm a 26-year-old American of English descent. Average build, respectable brain (no genius), reasonable looks (no movie star). I sell cars at my dad's used car lot. Why do you listen to a word I say?

PORTUGESE MAN-OF-WAR

i

The Portugese Man-of-War is a large warm-water jellyfish which floats on the ocean surface by means of a translucent, gas-filled sac streaked with iridescence like oily water in the sun. Below this "balloon" hangs a mass of multicolored "guts" and a number of blue, red, and purple tentacles of varied length, for stinging prey.

Seen floating at a distance, the balloon does resemble a sailing ship, though its shape is more nearly like the top half of a Roman helmet, or the head of a nearly submerged, crested dinosaur.

ii

Around the first of March, Teddy and I always made it to Galveston. In cutoffs, we'd ramble over miles of beach, seeing what winter had tossed up. There'd be bottles, light bulbs, net-floats, shells, crates with foreign writing, driftwood (sometimes whole trees), an occasional dead shark, sea turtle, grouper, or nameless rotting monster 2 inches deep in flies. Plus a beachful of Man-of-Wars. March was the month for them.

We'd grab long sticks and gallop up and down the shore like knights, lancing balloons to hear them pop, watch them deflate. They were made of a thin plastic stuff, like super tough jello, and got brittle as they dried in the sun.

We were careful where we stepped, since dead Man-of-Wars can still sting, and stray tentacles could be anywhere. We'd wade out beside a balloon floating in, poke our sticks behind it, and lift up ten feet of tentacle. Being heavier the tentacles always trailed the floats, so to the sides was fairly safe. On shore or off, never walk behind a Man-of-War. Even the popping balloons spit out a mist which makes bare legs redden and itch to beat hell.

iii

I was looking up "Prussic Acid" in the encyclopedia one day, ran across "Portugese Man-of-War," and learned these facts:

1) The Man-of-War is not a true jellyfish, but a complex colony of polyps, each polyp adapted to one of four functions: food capture, protection; food digestion; flotation; reproduction.

2) The Man-of-War was named by English sailors who encountered flotillas of them in the seas off Portugal. North of there, they are rarely found in massed formations.

3) Man-of-War tentacles may be over 15 feet long. Their sting can kill a man. The best antidote is vinegar.

4) The Man-of-War Fish lives among the tentacles, protected from enemies, sharing food killed by the Man-of-War, and sometimes eating its tentacles. As long as it is healthy, the fish is immune to the Man-of-War's venom. Becoming sick or injured, it falls prey at once.

5) The Man-of-War's float may be a foot long. It is filled with a gas secreted by the animal -- 90% nitrogen, a trace of argon, the rest oxygen. A valve allows gas to escape and the float to sink as much as necessary, when necessary.

6) The Man-of-War moves solely by current or wind, its float doubling as a sail. Its shape causes it to tack 45° into the wind. It slows its speed by letting out gas and sinking. In the northern hemisphere, it tacks to the left of the wind; in the southern, to the right.

7) Sea turtles are one of the few animals which eat Man-of-Wars. Their shells and scales keep them from being stung, but they must feed with their eyes closed.

iv

There are always Man-of-Wars around Galveston, but they're usually rare, and you can usually see them coming. Even so, half-blind as I am without my glasses, I never swim or surf without a friend to scan the waves. I remember too well my father's white face getting whiter against the sand, my mother in a panic, me crying, thinking he was dead.

The rows of fiery welts on his legs and back lasted into next spring.

v

I just heard a lecture called "Confusion in Sexual Identity: The Search for a Model." Some guys have it bad. If I was ever confused that way, it stopped that day, age five. I was sitting on Dad's shoulders surf-fishing and wave-jumping, both of us in swim-trunks. I saw a rainbow balloon float by and started to show Dad just as he flinched once and, without even scaring me, waded the 50 yards to shore and gently set me down.

A FAT MAN AND A POOL CUE

were arguing in a bar. The fat man had lost 30 bucks plus considerable face in a grudge match, and blamed his warped cue. The cue felt it had been incompetently used, made to look bad, then raked over the coals for a handicap which was minor compared to many, and which the fat man had caused anyway by storing it improperly.

"I'll use you for a rug beater," hissed the fat man.

"I'll flatten your pig's-nose," snarled the cue.

"I'll break you into toothpicks."

"I'll pop your kidneys like water-balloons."

"I'll make you into a cane and give you to a blind leper."

"I'll crush your balls into putty."

"I'll nail you to a wall, and people will think you're an S."

"I'll ream out your colon, and people will think you're a rotten-apple-on-a-stick."

There was a silence. Then the fat man sighed. "Look, we're both wrong. Let's call this a draw. Forgive and forget. Ok?"

The pool cue smiled. "Ya know, if you hadn't said it, I was going to."

The two strolled outside, cue cradled in fat palm.

"Pals again?" the cue asked, watching for a truck to throw the fat man in front of.

"You bet!" the fat man said, sidling toward an incinerator which had winked at him that very afternoon.

SUMMER-SWITCH

I'm slogging through brown snow under a trashcan-gray sky, and there's this one dry little twig sticking out of a telephone pole and I push it down to try and break it off and suddenly summer runs up like a girl in a blue bikini chasing an orange beachball which stops right by my feet. And leaves and flowers and bumble bees are all at once there. And two boys in baseball hats whip by on their bikes. And my nose stops running.

I'm standing in the grass trying to figure all this out, still twisting the twig absentmindedly, when it pulls off and winter comes crashing back down.

-- Charles Webb

Seattle WA

30 DAYS AT HARD LABOR

First we throw our timepieces away. At the first dawn we are expected to hold all our rejoicing in our breasts. By sunset we must carry all our losses. At night we are forbidden to weep. They say the days get longer here, and that you never quite get used to it.

LOOKING AT JOYCE

-- for Father Boyle

"Henry for chrissake, get down outa that tree!" First it's warm, then it's freezing. Lately I can't write a thing, all these words keep getting in the way. How fat they are, you can't see around them! Now, Bach ... certainly not Tchaikovsky, that poor cripple, all he could do was dance, and you know what they say about male dancers. Odd that you should be Irish, last of the pagans. (Sleep with an Irishman, you'll never forget it.) Words, words, words! Remember the time we went to the mountains and danced? The sign said Fisher Flour and all of us burst into bloom, fourteen pansies holding up traffic on Interstate 40. "Oh yeah, Joyce, she wrote that great one about trees."

HURRY UP

Twenty years in the Academy and nothing to show for it. They keep sending me back for something I might have missed. Doctor, lawyer, you know, I've been nearly all of them. My friends and I run hard, urge each other on, "Hurry up! Hurry up! We want you up here with us." and I've got one leg up for that final leap and there it goes! my leg hurtles through space without me, forever, forever, there it goes, goodbye, what do I do now?

WHY I LIKE WATER, AND WILL DROWN

Its silver satin pillows welcome my life. I breathe it in, heir to everything. I am the richest man alive, now that I have nothing. Nothing can destroy me, not even fire. Flame can do nothing but make me rise. Risen, I gather among others of my kind and together we fall, the rain.

POEMS THAT ARE NOT PUBLISHED

-- for Michael Benedikt

are the result of your fooling around, all those poets, all those women, not to mention men, or the bastard children you have scattered all over the world, you will never know their names, they will call you Father in the night so clearly you can hear them now, even before they are born.

IN THE MANNER OF RIMBAUD

-- for Michael Graves

Of course you should not presume to ask him again so soon after the first, even before the first has happened! You see how you rush toward everything? Let the moments reveal themselves to you and they, not you, will decide.

* * *

Flashing horses through the pale green of new elm leaves. The grey sky lifting but heavy on your shoulders. The stubborn expectation of delivery.

* * *

Rain. He will not come. The past will have delivered him to you. Someone calls. For an instant a face appears behind the frosted glass. It is only rain.

* * *

Now he approaches. You see him prepare. Without a thought he comes to you, without a thought you wait. Something happens.

MEDITATIONS ON A ROACH CLIP

Purchased from a store run by blacks, owned by ITT, Entertainment Division, selling only jazz and rock records, music instruments, and a wide variety of beautifully crafted implements whose function it is to hold to one's lips a small remnant of a cannabis cigarette. And soft, plump, handmade pillows large enough to lie on side by side.

This particular clip made of old rosary beads in the form of a cross by a retired Jesuit living with his housekeeper at the foot of Mount Rainier. Weight and balance perfect. At the foot of the cross, the roach. Form and function perfectly joined: A work of Art.

-- J. K. Osborne

Seattle WA

CYCLE

(1)

EVERLUST

riding (mainly women
predominantly by men),
the dog

(2)

ADVENTURER'S REALIZATION

there is no great show
at doing everything

(3)

SO ...

to chant
into the grave,
until all
is
earth

(4)

HEAVEN

dancing
and horse-racing
with
everyone
and all

DESERT FAIRE

head
over
foot
grass and weeds
sun-drenched hills

WITCHBREAKER

rice, sugar,
loaded on
her
evil eye.

MAN

and there he is supplied with
armpits and pubes.
clapping

-- Ken Saville

Albuquerque NM

PREFACE TO THE

THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIFTH

EDITION OF

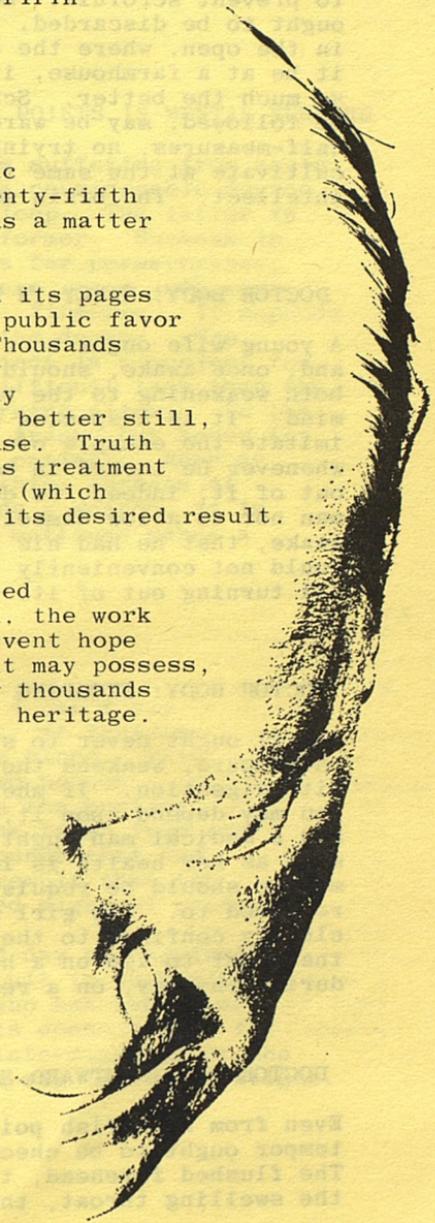
DOCTOR BODY

In presenting to the public the three hundred and seventy-fifth edition of this work, it is a matter of profound gratification to be able to state that the treatment described in its pages has steadily increased in public favor since its introduction. Thousands of grateful people testify to its efficiency, not only as a remedial process, but better still, as a preventative of disease. Truth must ever prevail, and this treatment being based on natural law (which is unerring) must achieve its desired result.

While painfully conscious that the critically disposed may find things to condemn, the work is sent forth with the fervent hope that despite any defects it may possess, it'll restore to suffering thousands their natural and rightful heritage.

R I C H A R D

S N Y D E R



DOCTOR BODY: SCROFULA

Strict attention to the rules of health is the way to prevent scrofula. Books, unless as an amusement, ought to be discarded. The patient should live in the open, where the air is dry and bracing; if it be at a farmhouse, in a salubrious neighborhood, so much the better. Scrofula, if the above rules be followed, may be warded off; but there must be no half-measures, no trying to serve two masters, to cultivate at the same time the health, and the intellect. The brain must not be taxed.

DOCTOR BODY: EARLY IN THE MORNING

A young wife ought to rise early in the morning, and, once awake, should never doze. Dozing is both weakening to the body and enervating to the mind. It is a species of dram-drinking. Let her imitate the example of the Duke of Wellington, who whenever he turned in bed, made a point of turning out of it; indeed, so determined was that illustrious man not to allow himself to doze after he was once awake, that he had his bed made so small that he could not conveniently turn in it without first of all turning out of it.

DOCTOR BODY: STOOPING

A girl ought never to stoop; stooping spoils the figure, weakens the chest, and interferes with digestion. If she cannot help stooping, you may depend upon it, she is in bad health, and a medical man ought to be consulted. As soon as her health is improved, the dancing master should be requisitioned, and calisthenics resorted to. The girl should live well, not too closely confined to the house. She ought during the night to lie on a horsehair mattress, and during the day, on a reclining board.

DOCTOR BODY: OUTWARD SIGNS

Even from a selfish point of view, temper ought to be checked. The flushed forehead, the blanched lips, the swelling throat, the fierceness

of eye, and the towering voice displayed in an ordinary fit of anger are pretty sufficient indications of the tumult within.

DOCTOR BODY: IMPORTANT POINTS IN MENTAL NURSING

The recovery of patients suffering from acute mental disorders is to a considerable degree dependent on food and sleep. The latter is often dependent on the former. Success in feeding the insane calls for perseverance, persuasion, tact, patience, good judgement, good humor, hopefulness, firmness. It depends on the nurse more than the doctor. The personality of each patient is a subject for special study, a more difficult task than the technique of general nursing allows. In the matter of delusions, be frank, but never try to argue with an insane patient. When an excited patient is breathing threats of slaughter and brandishing a weapon, it is well to remember that a mattress makes a very good shield.

DOCTOR BODY: FATIGUE

What fatigue is due to, I can't say. One thing seems certain: it resides in some affection of the blood. This was proved by keeping two hounds of a pack at rest. When the hunting hounds came in, blood was taken from one and injected into the hounds that had been resting, with the result that the rested hounds soon showed signs of profound exhaustion.

A man who has had a hard day of physical exercise finds it difficult to work with his brain, and the man who has had a hard day's work with his brain doesn't feel fit for much exercise. An intermingling of the two seems to be the best way to avoid fatigue.

DOCTOR BODY: THE PASSIONS

The most powerful emotions are anger and despair. Scarcely a day passes but we hear of the fatal consequences of giving way to both. Depression and misery swell out the list of grievances that beset our daily life. The leading passion in human nature is irritability. If it led to a good result, it might be thought healthy. But as it merely excites the brain to no good purpose, and seldom gains the end which reasoning might accomplish, it's a waste of time. Women have been thrown into hysterics, epilepsy and death by indulging their anger; men have sacrificed friendships, broken peaceful homes, and scattered their relatives and dependents.

DOCTOR BODY: ARE PIES UNWHOLESOME?

Not necessarily so. A pie with light delicate crust filled with fruit sauce spiced so as to be scarcely susceptible, is one of the most nutritious and easily digested articles of food. But when the crusts are heavy and soggy, and the fillings bitter with spices, pies become troublesome. Mince pies are an abomination under all circumstances. It is one of the most difficult articles to digest. It can be "tasted" thirty hours after it should have passed from the stomach. Mince pies are a common article of diet in New England, and a leaner or more dyspeptic race cannot be found than the New England people. Light, plain cake is easily digested, and very nutritious. Artic explorers take with them a supply of rich fruit cake as it has been found that it possesses greater strength and heat-producing properties than any other article of food.

DOCTOR BODY: SOLICITATION OF THE BOWELS

Last, but by no means least, comes the matter of solicitation of the bowels. In this case, regularity in solicitation will invariably produce regularity in movement. The bowels should be solicited every morning, soon after rising, and every night just before retiring. We only wish that we could impress everyone with the importance of this practice, and of the immense benefit of regularity in the pursuance of it. Just as the stomach requires the habit of expecting food, so will the bowels respond to solicitation if regularity is persisted in.

DOCTOR BODY: SHOW AND SUBSTANCE

The rose of florida, most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance; the bird of paradise has no song; the cypress of greece yields no fruit; and ball-room belles have no sense. A man of wit may sometimes be a coxcomb, but a man of judgement never can. A beau dressed out is like a cinnamon tree -- the bark is worth more than the body. An ass is but an ass regardless of its gold. A fop of fashion is said to be the mercer's friend, the tailor's fool, and his own foe. Show and substance are often united, as an object and its shadow, the sun and its glory, and the mind and its body. To discriminate between show and substance is a work of critical judgement. There is show without substance, substance without show, and show and substance together.

* * * *

TESTAMENTS: 5

It's a testament
to a way of life
no longer lived
that I should sit here
and write while
the rest of the world
goes crazy.

THE HARRY FAMILY CORPORATION

We're here to put your mind at rest,
provide the utmost insurance. We have
the know-how to protect your every interest.
If you want secrets kept, it's us
that can do it. No one need ever know
what you were ashamed of. We'll give you
the things you couldn't do without.
If you want justice, we'll give you that.
If it's friends, we'll get them for you.
You won't have to worry about a thing
not with us around. We'll even see to it
that you never die, that you go on living
forever, at no extra cost, don't even ask,
it's already been taken care of.

I'M NO GREAT ADMIRER OF ARISTOTLE

My words are intercepted
in enemy territory. My lips
are mounted on a loudspeaker,
buried in an echo chamber. But
for that I'd speak a foreign
language or go unheard. You can't
read my fingers, can't see my
tongue. One of these days I'll
get a message through. And a white
horse in shining armor will answer.

A REVIEW OF UP TO DATE MATERIAL

Into the books that tell how to do it
step by step, so even a moron
can follow. And books that
look like each other, dandelions
between the pages, surrounded by books
that enjoy universal popularity
and have been made into movies. Books
that were written by pseudonyms, books
with good reviews and numerous
typographical errors, books that reveal
themselves on the first page
as the means to eternal salvation, books
out of print, a lifetime supply
of paperbacks, wedding presents, How
To Do It Without Embarrassment. The book
that had the biggest impact on your life.

A book that's been in the family for years, on the tip of my tongue, can be read on any occasion. The same book over and over again, with a list of facts and thousands of important names. A book that says what it means in no uncertain terms and still says nothing. The books that stayed single during the war. A handsomely bound volume for collectors only, signed by the author and dedicated to the first 500 people buying it. Unpublished books, their whereabouts unknown; several books of a technical nature, books that can't be put down, that you never want to finish, whose every page is guaranteed to blow your mind. A short inconvenient book, turn your back and it commits suicide. Books you had to read, classic comics; the book that sold the most comics. Another book, bought second-hand, can't seem to find it anywhere. The best book I ever read. Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, Johnny Appleseed, post-doctoral dissertations, small print, photographic offset, The Chancellor of Books for the City of New York, Bookmobile, Book Heaven, book to book resuscitation, books ending in y, a quarter of a million books printed daily, available for the asking. Books to carry on long trips, and the five books you'd want on a desert island. Books without a plot, pocketbooks, hard to get, harder to read, love stories, compendiums, the most books ever written by a single author, writer's cramp, readers digest, the book without a name, its pages blank. Children's books, scientific treatises, books that make good presents, underground best-sellers, translations of poetry, limited editions, the Holy Bible, books that make you want to cry, first grade readers, book worms, old maid librarians, books sold under the counter, books that you have to ask permission to read. Picture books, dirty books, art books, national geographics, speed reading courses, books with large print, books that no one's heard of, encyclopedia britannicas, book of the month clubs, bookkeepers, book suppositories, book ends, books for the blind, books by anonymous authors,

bookbinders, reference books, books written in a foreign language and translated into English, books that make up a set, oversize books, patent impulsoria, books that tell you how to answer any question, books approved by the Pope, a list of books a mile long. Text-books, coloring books, books with a message, almanacs, stamp albums, believe it or not, books you have to read twice, books you can't remember the name of, books worth reading as opposed to books of no value, books you weren't able to read more than twenty pages of, books you didn't like but finished anyway, books you read the end of first, books you started eight times before giving up or maybe you still hope to read them, books you can't give away, books that no one else likes, books that make you forget.

INDIAN FOOTSTEPS

The last thing I want
is someone to love me.

Some other person
talking about love.

Some hungry person
eating their heart out.

Somebody person
with personal hard-on.

A life-size someone
pulling the person.

A smaller-than-life other
in a wooden cigar-box.

A tree on my mountain.

A shin on my sink.

A side dish of something
when there's nothing to eat.

ROBUST LIFE

The hell of it is squeezing
life into a jar. Affixing
a label that doesn't make
sense because no one will
read it. Having no concern
for any but the smallest
phenomena. Getting screwed
regularly by somebody's
mysterious hand. Walking
away without moving a
muscle. Spending in air.

HOW TO MISS THE MARK

Start a war
on the business principle.
Let it develop
by losing ground
then spring a trap
which opens the flue.
Survey the terrain
that could've been yours
by sticking to fundamentals.
If you see what I mean
cap it off
by returning to the farm.
The rest is yet to come.

JUST IN CASE

The man is not sure.
The woman in question.
Both decide to wait.
They hug the clock
teasing the pricks
that know what they're doing.
Suddenly a leaf drops
where she planted it.
He licks the surprise
from her lips before
anyone sees the fall.
Now they're doing push-ups
on the white-house lawn,
a sort of desecration
they owe the gods.

YELLOWTHROAT AT AVRON'S

When we talk about nature, we're talking about things we can't hear, things that can't be seen. Across the walls are gardens where men listen to each other speak. They don't want food or even shelter, not when they can see questions being answered, the story unfold itself like a cautious snake. So these men wait for they know not what, revelations of nature, to jolt them from the living day-dream they uncovered but can't replace. And still the sense of life takes its toll on the imagination. Men are not stones to be counted. Neither are they needed to verify the facts. If only they would stand up and look at what's happening, they would see weeds ripping apart the concrete, birds hunting and fishing down to the last bird. They would see that time is merely their mind and its suggestion of death, that the past survives in its present form as each one of us must. There are not many roads, there is one. We are on it.

AMEN

The care of a man
is not the necessity
that care of oneself is.
Good motives spring
from clear sources
not dreams. Love
is a street
at the end of the nose
that few can see. You
have to push many
babies from your
past and present
before you can bear
watching someone else eat.
That's the humility
of knowing who you are.

WHAT I HAVE IN MY HAND
IS A LIST OF POETS
IN THE STATE DEPARTMENT.
A LIST OF HIGH PLACES
WHERE ONLY A POET
COULD EXIST. WHEN
YOUR NAME IS CALLED
I WANT YOU TO LEAVE QUIETLY
AND PLACE YOURSELF
UNDER ARREST. WE WILL
COME TO YOUR HOUSE.
DO NOT TRY TO ESCAPE.
THIS IS A WARNING.

SLEUTHS OF OLD

Every castle is a means of escape.
Every man is a straight line
leading to an exit. All doors
are reversible. All knocks,
paper mache. Halls are long
passages in get-a-ways. The crime
is nosing around underground.
This weapon is raised on an arm
of glue. The question of survival
attacks the whole machine. An
enemy is seen. A tone of alert
whistled under dark. The day
is passing but the earliest omens
are abroad before you're awake.
The night contains nothing
but the bark of a dog yet
you only have hours to live.

STILL NUMBER ONE

Take your number one poet.
He drags his feet.
He doesn't wash. He'd
rather drink
than eat. Fuck
than sleep. He
can't vote. Speaks
no foreign languages.
And he's an expert
on everything.

-- richard snyder

Ossining NY

A BEGINNING BIBLIOGRAPHY OF RICHARD SNYDER

1. mind pobie (1973) Intermedia Press, Box 8915, Station H, Vancouver, B.C., Canada (sic); 11.7 x 17.1 cm.; perfect bound (grey wrappers with black offset lettering and black/red devil design); unpagged (40 pp.); black offset text with unidentified photo on verso of title page and four palmtree hands on last page (labeled Figs. 222-225); edition and price unspecified (\$1.00 fm. Titmouse Review, 720 West 19th Ave., Vancouver 9, B.C., Canada).
¶ Poem Company Monograph #3. Contains 39 poems including an early version of "Yellowthroat at Avron's." Magazine credits given as Grande Ronde Review, Titmouse Review, Brown Sweater, Blue Suede Shoes, King James Version, Invisible City, and Sparrow.
2. STAND BACK YOU FOOLS (1974) Community of Friends, n.p. (c/o Moses Yanes, Boulder Creek CA 95006); 14 x 21.6 cm.; stapled into orange wrappers (black lettering and offset design); v + 19 pp.; black offset text; edition and price unspecified.
¶ One-page introduction by Moses Yanes. Contains 20 poems. Cover design supplied by the poet.
3. PREFACE TO THE THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIFTH EDITION OF DOCTOR BODY (December, 1974) / detachable booklet, center-section of magazine/ The Wormwood Review (#56), P.O. Box 8840, Stockton CA 95204; i.e. what you have in hand.

FROM: THE TALKING EGGPLANT

A dog who read the Collected Works of Anton Chekhov became confused, and ashamed, grew gray hair, squinted, barked in a minor key, reminisced often to his friends and began to have opinions about compulsory vaccination, dog licenses and suicide.

After straying from the expedition the child was adopted by the giant ants of Madagascar by whom he was nurtured until the age of thirteen when rescue came and he returned to civilization to become an expert on efficiency experts.

The editor-in-chief of "Astrology" observed that there were certain months of the year when circulation fell for no earthly reason. He discovered that the horoscope of the person in charge of circulation was malignant for those periods and adopted a system of rotating three circulation managers so that the stars would always be benign to his enterprise.

At three o'clock in the morning during a great storm, a chess master in a small hotel room on the island of Majorca secretly altered a move in the only existing record of a game that he had played and won in an obscure tournament at Baden Baden fifty years ago in order to make himself appear more brilliant. The Devil, observing this transgression, condemned him to an eternity of watching beginners learn the game in the Diabolical Kindergarten.

The statistician who planned a study of how many widows are disconsolate and how many are liberated was forced to abandon his plan for personal interviews and employs an anonymous questionnaire which is enclosed with a stamped self-addressed envelope.

When the physicians found that the victim of amnesia remembered with what percentage of the population he had cast his vote in the last election, his tax category, his intelligence quotient, the world records for barrel-jumping, juggling, stilt-walking and number of marriages but was unable to recall any other fact of his past life, they exhausted their therapies, named him "The Statistic" and gave up hope.

When the metaphysician was asked to explain how he would recognize the emergence of the Ultraman whose appearance he had predicted in ten thousand pages of impenetrable prose in a typography that deranged hundreds of retinas beyond hope of repair and how he would distinguish him from the Superman, the Overman, the Praeterman, or the Giant in "Jack and the Beanstalk," the metaphysician answered, "He would understand us but we would not understand his way of understanding how he understood us."

In the statesman's nightmare he entered the zoological garden at night and the gates clanged, locking behind him. The doors of the cages were open, creatures wild and tame wandered on the paths, challenges, snarls, skirmishes, feints and shrieks cut the air, and as the animals began to devour one another he pleaded with them to select an Overseer and to establish committees that would absorb some of the hostile energies of the most dangerous beasts.

When the warm, clear days of July come to the lunatic asylum there is a pleasant old man who has to be persuaded to leave what he is doing and enter the flourishing garden of roses. In fine, he is reluctant to put down the blank sheet of paper which he has punctured with a pin in order to sieve and separate the motes from sunbeams -- this obstinate behavior began many years ago when as a distinguished historian he attempted to separate symptoms from causes.

A physiologist who had eaten nothing but grasshoppers for several months suddenly spent all of his savings, chewed tobacco, won the distance jumping contest in the Olympic games and was able to speak with ants.

-- Jerome Salzman

Elmhurst NY

A CRITICAL STUDY OF THE WORKS OF STEVIE CRANE

he wrote poems as spare as this.

TAP DANCING LESSONS

back in second grade
my mother had a brainstorm.
she would sturdy up my spindly legs,
with dancing lessons at marge miller's studio.

i had my choice of tap or ballet
and instinctively i chose tap,
not so much because i had anything against homosexuality
as that i sensed the rise of ed sullivan, and the
whole third world.

i quit tap dancing two years later
so as not to miss the notre dame broadcasts,
just as many years later i was to be spared a life of
shame
when i quit the boy scouts to watch i love lucy.

the funny thing is, my mother's crazy idea worked.
it worked so well that for twenty years i moved around
with the shape of a wigwam, a sort of winnebago teepee --
picture if you can a six-foot dwarf.

only years of lifting weights and drinking beer
have given me any semblance of an upper body,
and even that, like a glacier succumbing to the centuries,
is sloping badly towards the equatorial belt.

still, i was better at it than you might imagine.
mrs. miller once informed my mother that i was
her "little fred astaire." and even now, at parties,
i am apt to break into my "shuffle-off-to-buffalo."

i have two other steps in my repertoire:
the "bell step," although i barely leave the floor now,
and the old standby "stamp-shuffle-vault-change."
the "cossack squat" is just a memory.

thus do the best laid plans
of mummies and of mummers go awry.
if i had opted for ballet,
my mother might today be proud of me.

RON FOOTE'S MEMORIAL SERVICE

ron, i really meant to attend the memorial service
they held for you on campus the other day
but i was well into the third day of an inevitable five
under the volcano, and my car was illegally parked,

and then the campus wives began to arrive,
and i couldn't find a spot to move my car to,

so finally i just said shit
and drove to the 49er tavern.

i sat down next to lou boyles
and bought a round and asked if he remembered you
and he said of course and that he had read about your death
and i declared your unofficial memorial service officially
in session.

lou told of the time he bartended a reception you were at
and how you drank your scotch neat with a cold beer back,
and a goodly battalion of those pipers indeed,
and nary the worse for wear,

and i said yes, that our paths had been known to cross
as the sun was setting behind morry's fine liquors fine
wines
and how when i first came to long beach, begging for a job,
a kid with short hair, three kids to support, and fired
after his first year someplace else,

you had made me think you were impressed by my bibliography
of three poems,
and later you helped in your perpetually invisible ways
to see that i got tenure, and at committee meetings,
you always
did your best, with wit and discreet nudges, to keep
me from falling asleep.

and i spoke of the time you came to our place at
sunset beach
and said that you had lived there as a young professor
and that they had been the happiest days of your life
and how you made my wife feel a part of everything.

and i recalled your kindness to the stetlers when they
first arrived,
putting them up until they found a house
and later saying, "look, don't feel you have to be
inviting us over
or any of that silly reciprocal nonsense."

others, overhearing us, began to stop by,
and they spoke of your season's tickets for the rams
games,
of your excellence as an instructor,
your patience as a counsellor,
your efficacy as a diplomat, always sensing the
progressive
aspect and insuring, quietly, that it prevail.
your virtues were as comprehensive as your courses:
shakespeare and the rules of grammar.

they spoke predominantly, though, of these last years
when you and everyone knew you were dying;
they marvelled at your unabated humor,
at your utter perseverance in normality.

i am afraid, ron, that we were unstinting
in our efforts at commemoration,
so much so that it is only now, a full week later,
that this pen rides steadily upon this sea of white.

in closing let me say that i hope
the creative writing scholarship being established in
will produce a student able to come up with something
better than
"this sea of white."

in closing let me close with an inconclusive anti-climax:
a lot of people wish that you were still around.

BLIND LEADING BLIND

i was handing back some freshman papers
that i'd had graded by a new student assistant,

and while idly perusing his scribblings
i noticed first that he had vastly overrated them
and then that he was rather a poor speller himself
and then i read, "you write real clear!"

"jesus," i thought, but the student was already upon me,
so i handed her the paper, automatically intoning the
and espied, "you got some good ideas!"
next name,

heart in stomach, i handed the paper over,
called the next name, and there it was,
big as china: "... HARDLY NO MISTAKES AT ALL!"

i distributed the rest of the papers in a sort of trance,
doing my best to keep my eyes from falling upon any
inwardly praying, "please god, don't let any of these kids
bring home their papers to their parents."
more of the comments,

BUKOWSKI AT HIS BEST

he was sitting in the forty-niners tavern
after delivering a relatively sober noon-time reading
and he was bending over backwards to be gracious
to the students who had gathered there, a little
fearfully, to meet him.

when this fierce-faced young cadaver
bullied his way into a seat right next to him,
committed homicide upon the conversation
and re-cycled it to his own usages.

he told us all, but especially bukowski,
how he had started writing at an early age,
and how he'd filled his pockets with poems,
and then he'd filled his drawers with poems,

and then he'd gone to a pawn shop
where he had purchased a sea chest
and a hope chest and some contraption of the hopi indians
and he had filled them all with poems.

(at this point gordon bent my ear:
"i'm gonna have to hit him," he said;
"i'm gonna have to give him a prettier face."
"let him hang himself," i said.)

so the spectral youth went on about the poems in his
glove compartment and the poems in his trunk,
the poems in his safe deposit box, and a couple
thousand he had buried in his back yard.

finally he got to the point.
he had never shown his poems to anyone.
he didn't think the world was ready for them.
he had no respect for the intelligence of editors.

"what," he asked bukowski, "should i do with my poems?"

now all this time bukowski had been drawing back a bit,
to gain a little perspective, to size up the situation,
to figure out, in short, what the fuck this guy was up to.
now he uncoiled and thundered,

"burn them ... throw them in the fucking ocean
... piss on them ... shit on them ...
do anything, as long as we are spared them.
then, start over."

there are moments, though they are few and far between,
when you wish that there were more bukovskis.

-- Gerald Locklin

Long Beach CA

GOD SAVE THE VID

the english are good at this
but their artists live in bright yellow
rooms called flats and their women
have tiny chins and brown hair

the real english are irish
and the real irish went to americur
in '48 and got caught in the civil war
and were buried in the wrong grave

dont you know. tv taught us that,
and that the french artists are
artistes, live in towns built
like joan of arc movie sets, where

someone next door plays the violer
all day, and theres a skylight to
paint by. there aren't any spanish
artists, except picasso, who makes

his children piss on the statues for
patina and anyway is dead.
tv told me that, in its 7th hour
boldness, satellite report and all.

the americans inherited
the self-made man, and invented
all the rest; they invented
me, the fordor and the sex crime.

the norse invented tragedy, in
the guise of peace, and gave it to
the irish. some of the race
were not as lucky as intended.

they kept being, through centuries
until they ended up being me.
i watch the vid, and when
someone irish by satellite

dies of a rubber bullet, i laugh.
my cousins are in Long Kesh, art
is dead, and when something
beautiful is on the vid i cry.

-- Michael Ward

Long Beach CA

ABSENCE OF PAIN

my arm
asleep

needles
of pain

sprinkling
through it

I cut
my hand off

and reach out
feeling

the absence
of pain

blossom
like a flower

SNAKES

I was always afraid
of snakes

but when you turned
the light on

and uncoiled
that thing

to show me
suddenly

I realized how
wrong

I'd been.
Since then

I've spent
most of my life

hunting
snakes.

-- William Virgil Davis

Oak Park IL

AMARANTHUS

under the rule
of saturn it helps
unruly actions
and passions of
venus the flowers
dried and beaten
to a powder stop
the terms in most
women as do many
other red things
the flowers stop
the blood at nose
or wound the ones
with a whiteflower
stop the whites
in women and the
running of the
veins in men

WATERCRESS

under the moon's
rule powerful
against scurvy
to clear the
blood break a
stone provokes
urine and women's
curses you know
the leaves bruised
are good applied
to the face for
pimples the juice
mixed with vinegar
is good for those
that are dull
or drowsey

NORTH POEMS

ix

believing

that man came to
live in the middle
of darkness in a
dead silver sky

rain from a pelt
dipped in urine

the long dark
nights punishment
for killing too
many animals

their spirits rise
with the spirits
of places

ghostly caribou
in the sky the
fire

xiv

in the spring they
came to port au choise

followed the whelping st
lawrence seal north

the ice retreating in
the rose light of the fire

polished slate arrow heads
told of the moon's grief

snow melting all night
in the tents their arms

trembling birds and
salmon in the wind

by fall people left
each other for

a caribou hunt
this phase of their

lives unclear

xxviii

the old often
changed their
names to bring
summer into
their bodies

they left warm
blood in the
snow for the
soul in animals
bones in teeth

clams or quartz
crystals on a
hill shaped like
a man's face so
the earth's soul
might be touched
by sun

xxx

following the river they carried
slate blades knives inlaid with

ivory needles in a skin
needle case no one knows where

they first found iron
they moved with the

stars entered their houses
from the west the thin layer

of bones and ash frozen in the
moss floor suggests

no one stayed long

xxxii

what was inside and outside
joined nothing can change

that bears have a spirit of their
own that can charm traps

souls of the worm
live under the water

spirits in the hills in
the snow are always watching

so when you eat a sea
mammal never offend its spirit

xxxiii

the athapassem
the least known indians
21 tribes

named by the
traders: yellow

knives dog
ribs slaves
beavers

carriers

this from the widows'
carrying their dead husbands'
ashes in a basket
for 3 years

xxxiv

packing sleds
in the green light
of the aurora

caribou and
wolves in the
big dipper

the pleiades,
branches on antlers

xxxvi

1000 ad. winter
houses built of
sod and stone
driftwood domed
snow houses 60
could dance in
skylights paned
with stretched
walrus gut. they
stretched ropes
of sealskin :next
to sex jumping
on them was the
best part of
winter

xlix

hunting sea otters thru
the ice at breathing
holes shivering numb
all life connected to
animals whose souls
could be charmed
with ivory dolls
the red blessing

but if you
kill more animals
than you need
the sun goes away

lv

dark afternoon the
thick snow

no one saying what
he feels the
stillness presses
turns something
inside out icy

a man whose wife doesn't
want him may rip
her clothes if she gets
bitchy tear her
lips to her cheeks

run home and he'll
slit the achilles tendon
so she can't walk
there again

lxi

angakuk shaman

inside a tent
swaying beating
the tambourine
like a drum over
his body

other souls start
pulling him

everyone falls in
to a trance souls
of animals rise in
the hut the men
strain to hear
what to do about
their families

where the seal and
caribou will move

lxiv

the baby's soul
from a dead relative

nobody speaks
harshly or slaps

the child who rides
close to his mother's

nipple. black
nights in bed with

his mother and father
touching each other

someone always holds
the child so

the dead won't
be offended take

vengeance by causing
humps bowlegs or

large ears to grow

-- Lyn Lifshin

Niskayuna NY

NEW CLASSICS:::

Richard Morris' Plays handset by twowindows press, available fm. author, P.O. Box 703, San Francisco CA 94101. ¶ Vladimir Nabokov's Look at the Harlequins!, \$7.95 fm. McGraw-Hill, 1221 Avenue of the Americas, New York NY 10020 (witty and readable in top form). ¶ Steve Richmond's Earth Rose (with intro by Charles Bukowski) \$4 bargain (250 pp.) fm. Earth Books, 137 Hollister Ave., Santa Monica CA 90405 (unique poems of flesh/mind).

VERY HIGHLY RECOMMENDED:::

Wally Depew's Nine Essays on Concrete Poems (\$3) and Series (\$2) fm. PNbooks, 819 17th St., Sacramento CA 95814. ¶ Edouard Roditi's Emperor of Midnight (\$4), Robert Creeley's Thirty Things (\$3), Charles Reznikoff's By the Well of Living & Seeing (\$4), Gerard Malanga's Incarnation (\$4), and Joyce Carol Oates' Miracle Play (\$4) fm. Black Sparrow Press, P.O. Box 25603, Los Angeles CA 90025 -- also issues Tom Clark's Blue (\$3).

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED:.....

Kell Robertson's All the Bar Room Poetry in This World Can't Mend This Heart of Mine, Dear \$1 fm. Litmus, 573 Third Ave., Salt Lake City UT 84103. ¶ Douglas Blazek's Lethal Paper fm. The Stone Press, RFD 3, Box 153, Norwich CT 06360. ¶ the lazy nickels action philosophy fm. Buffalo Ghost Dance Productions, P.O. Box 39436, Los Angeles CA 90039.

NEW EXCHANGES OF LITTLE MAGS:.....

Isthmus (edit. J. Rutherford Willems) \$3.25/no. fm. P.O. 6877, San Francisco CA 94101. ¶ The Cold Spring Journal (edit. Pamela Beach Plymell, Joshua Norton & Chas. Plymell) \$10/12 issues fm. Cherry Valley Editions, Box 303, Cherry Valley NY 13320 -- also releases first chap books: Roxie Powell's Dreams of Straw, Barbara Holland's On This High Hill, joshua norton's west 29th street, Bob Arnold's Rope of Bells, J. Vega's Journal of a Hermit. ¶ Puerto del Sol (edit. David Apodaca) \$3.50/4 nos. fm. New Mexico State Univ., Box 3E, Las Cruces NM 88003. ¶ Grupo Cero (edit. Miguel Menassa) fm. Viamonte 2440, piso 4^o "A", Capital Fedral - Buenos Aires, Argentina. ¶ SCREE (edit. Kirk Robertson, nila NorthSun, bette gilleland) \$4/yr. fm. P.O. Box 2307, Missoula MT 59801. ¶ Mushroom (edit. Peter Fiore) fm. 3310 Bainbridge Ave., Bronx NY 10467. ¶ Minotaur (edit. Jim Gove) fm. Box 4-1166, Anchorage AK 99509 -- looking for manuscripts. ¶ Grapeshot (edit. Ken McKenzie) fm. Progressive Club, Riverina College of Advanced Education, P.O. Box 588, Wagga Wagga, N.S.W. 2650 Australia -- looking for manuscripts. ¶ Lazarus (edit. David Highsmith) \$8/yr. fm. P.O. Box 7, East Lansing MI 48823. ¶ Yellow Brick Road (edit. Robert Matte) \$3/yr. fm. Emerald City Press, 1025 East Orange St. (#31), Tempe AZ 85281. ¶ PULP fm. c/o Sage, 334 East 93rd St., New York NY 10028 -- seeking submissions.

LITTLE PRESS NOTES:.....

Alternative Press' new address: Ken & Ann Mikolowski, 3090 Copeland Rd., Grindstone City MI 48467. ¶ Morgan Press releases ltd. editions of opal l. nations' five poems, Paul Grillo's Video Ranger, and Michael Bonesteel's Infinity Poems fm. 1819 N. Oakland Ave., Milwaukee WI 53202. ¶ Man-Root releases Jack Spicer's 15 False Propositions About God (\$1.50) and Paul Mariah's The Spoon Ring (\$1), The Electric Holding Company (\$1) and Letter to Robert Duncan While Bending the Bow (\$1.50) fm. Box 982, South San Francisco CA 94080. ¶ Writing fm. a women's penal facility: Strong Voices From Bedford Hills (edit. Walter Keller & Betty Ebert) fm. The Fault, 41186 Alice Ave., Fremont CA 94538. ¶ The 1974 poetry prize fm. Casa de las Americas: Armando Tejada Gomez's Canto Popular de las Comidas -- fm. 3ra. YG, El Vedado, La Habana, Cuba.

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T H E W O R M W O O D R E V I E W I S S U E : 5 6

I N D E X P A G E S

Will Baker.....	123 - 125
William Virgil Davis.....	154
Gloria Kenison.....	125 - 127
Lyn Lifshin.....	154 - 158
Gerald Locklin.....	148 - 152
Joseph Nicholson.....	121 - 122
J. K. Osborne.....	131 - 133
Jerome Salzmann.....	147 - 148
Ken Saville.....	134

Richard Snyder's Special Section:

PREFACE TO THE THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIFTH EDITION OF DOCTOR BODY.....	135 - 146
Michael Ward.....	153
Charles Webb.....	127 - 131

P R I C E : \$ 1 . 5 0

E D I T O R : M A R V I N M A L O N E