

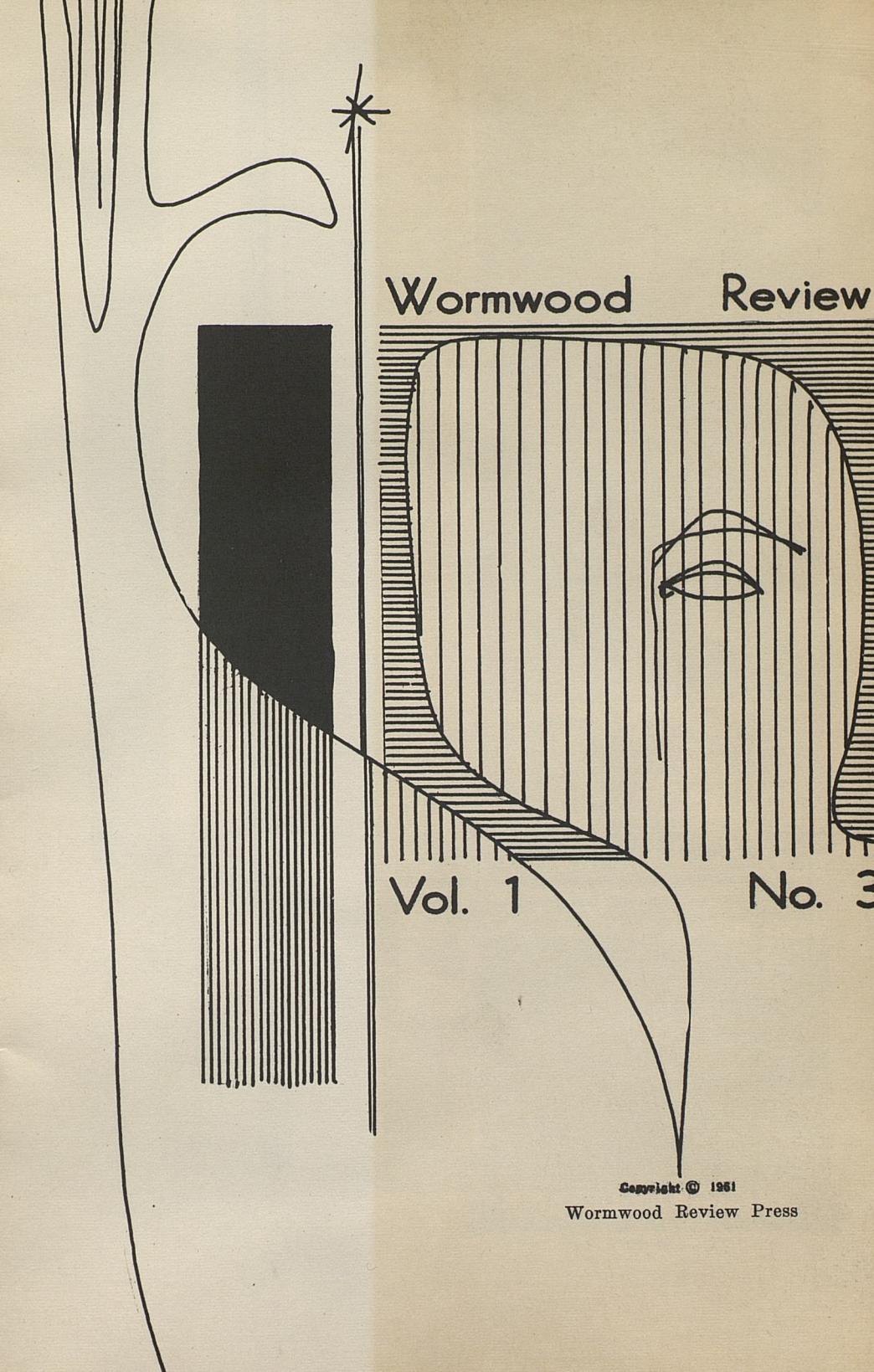


Wormwood

Review



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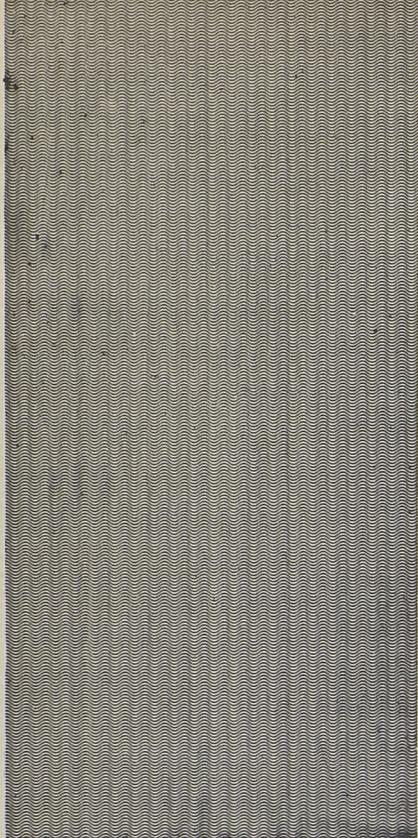
Wormwood Review

Vol. 1

No. 3

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Wormwood Review Press



To switch the light off at his ease, the man
Who lived before me here, without much plan
Has stretched this string along the wall, and there
Convenient at the bottom of the stair
Is hung a shotgun shell to keep it straight,
The nearest thing he had to give it weight.

And yet this room in which I write was for
A gentler purpose than the hunter's war
With flesh and fowl; still papered for a child,
On every wall the bridled West is wild—
Though love is why and how this room was lit,
The string has violence at the end of it.

THE NURSERY

John Taylor

There's a hovel of swallows beneath our eaves,
And a hover of alarms about our rented air.
The little bursts of bird-complaint abridge
The peace like asterisks. These birds
Have tenanted the place since April, may-
Be, months before we came to key this door.

The green hills hunch on every side,
The clouds pass over all, and the sun
Comes down on each one equally;
The air's too clean to lease, too quick
To be owned by anything at all.

Yet every time we slam the door
Beneath their home, they're out ahead,
Decoying us with the first chandelle,
Then strafing us with scold. Aloft
With tiara-ed tails, exhibiting
Between bright sickles the lesser flash
Of bodies birded perfectly, they wheel
To home, those fencers at the dusk
Who parry the lonely dark at the last
With a simple dip, and drop into the nest.

So we've rented the cottage out from under
These birds who slash the breeze that blows
Beyond the cottages of both of us,
And chivvy us on radii of instinct,
Just as we shout our children in
At evening from the wonders of beyond—
Past the wattled swallows'-nest
To rented beds, beneath blankets pulled
Up smooth by habit, tight by love,
To chin of child or bill of chick.

From blossom, egg or womb, we're all
Far carried down this voyaging wind,
Under the whirl-willed sun, all equally
Bereft of deed or tenure. All belong,
As much as all trespass, on
This ownerless globe. The reasons we
And swallows propagate, or flowers—
Make, seek or find a sheltered bed—
We none of us know. We do it because we do,
In fury, fear or tenderness of love.

Side by side we sleep
In the dark above us deep,
In the common cloud of air,
Clung to the steep of a sphere:
Eyes closed against the gape
Of tomorrow, anywhere.

PROCNE AT THE
COTTAGE

Charles Philbrick

WE TRIQUAT COMPOR, I LOVE YOU MATMOR.*

Lost in misery,
Comforts few;
Now euphoric
HOMBY you.

With all others,
SEPFROM them;
I find you
MATADORNBLEM.

Our hands SURTACT,
Sun in your hair;
My heart pounds
A' RECURPER.

World GENERAT,
Growing big;
My love for you
MATRESILRIG.

Robert L. Smith

WE TRIQUAT COMPOR, I LOVE YOU MATMOR. WE TRIQUAT COMPOR,

The unruly English language of Chaucer, Milton and Gertrude Stein is being tamed by the Patent Office to fit the needs of the Computer Age. The office sees that computers may one day take over the job of clicking every new patent application against some 7,000.

American and foreign inventors to determine if it is a real idea.

A computer, however, can remember only one meaning of every word. For example, "adhesive" adheres to a finger, to the scene or to a resonant voice from a book. The work of a truly verbal English is suitable for the poet's mind. But for the scientist, a tool of admirable

dornblem—[From a blemish.] Denotes displeasing, from pleasing, when used to fix—mat (materially) or lightly. Thus, "aliad" means "displeasing eye"; "matadornblem," "in the eye."

orlap—[From before lap.] Denotes a period which begins before on starts and ends with action continues. Thus which begins in suspense in rain is *orlap* in relation to the rain.

compor—[From common tors.] Having one or more ions in common.

am. *sew*, *l. a. s. p.* creating new substances atomic or subatomic reaction.

hobby—[From hobby.] As the result of—e. g., limp *hobby* a fall.

lapaft—[From *lap* and overlap.] Denotes a kind of time when *beginning* is an action and ends after that action.

matless—[From *materially* and *less*.] Substantially small.

meansby—[From means and by.] As a mechanical result of.

recupper—[From *recup* and *er*, through.] Repetitively refers to an action which occurs several times in the course of other action, as lightning flashes during a storm.

resilrig—[From *resilient* and *rigid*.] Used with *aliad*, *mat* and *sew* to indicate relative degrees of resiliency and rigidity. Thus a *resilrig* object is slightly resilient, or fairly rigid.

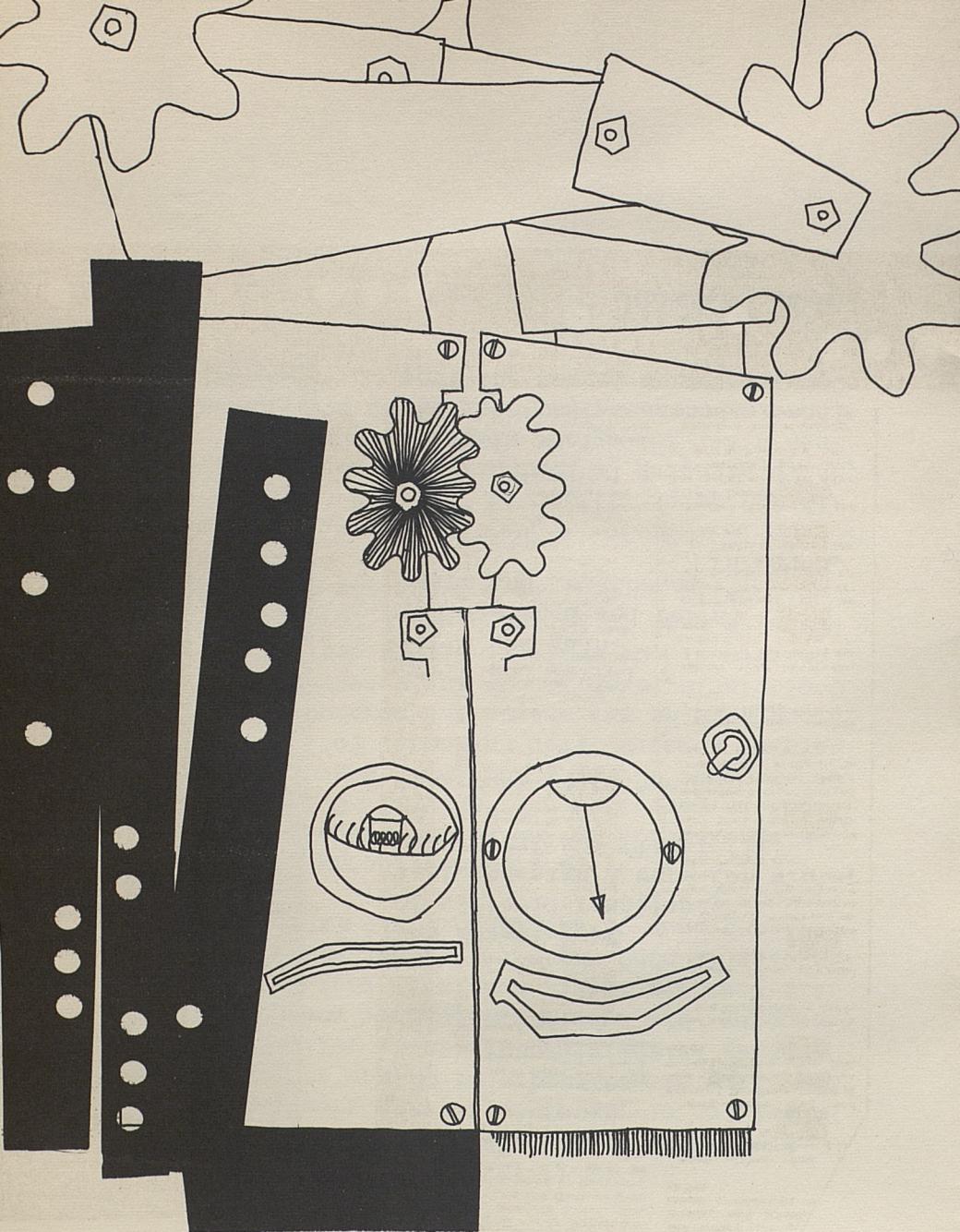
sepfrom—[From *separate* and *from*.] Having nothing in common.

surfact—[From *surrounding* and *contact*.] Surrounding and contact with (another substance).

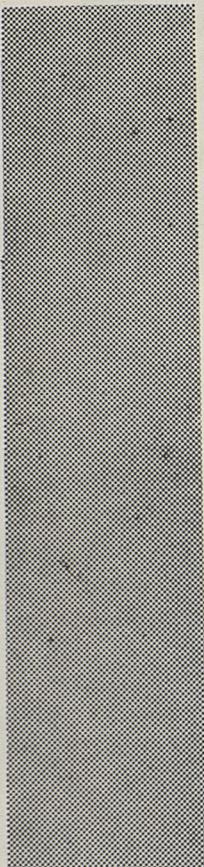
status—Denotes any unchanging (1) position (2) existing circumstances, activity or (4) mode of being—e.g., hardness, *status*, sleeping, etc.

timefor—[From *time* and *fore*.] Denotes a period of time during which an action ends completely before being followed by a second action.

triquat—[From *tri* and *quarter*.] Three quarters or less



T H E M O U N T A I N P E N I A L



I traveled there for a cure
beating through
the underbrushes
brash young infidel
in my prime

The Mongol leaf
of a florid resiliance
leaf and sign I wept for winter
hater leaf and floral fill
brine was loof
this meek heart weather

Forth and ferral
forth and gain
the wreathed and ferral
heart and lengthened

Must in laminal
moist in heat
the sear that seasoned
shut the ragged wound

Judson Crews

C O C K O F T H E W A L K

How is it that, once having seen
Clear through to the essential shallowness and
Indecision of the majority, the superior cock
Now flaps side-thumping wings and shouts exuberant
Defiance at the sun? His beady yellow eyes
Snapping, his auburn neck arched and burnished
Tail-feathers astir, how is it that he yet
Fancies to bend the pert younger roosters and the
Soulless hens of all ages to his express and
Immediate will?

Is it sheer inconsistency, this
Taking of pride in the subservience of a
Flock he more than half scorns? Does it, on the
Other hand, betray a modulated adjusting to his
Natural concern, even fondness, for those
Among whom he was reared and somehow feels
Comfortable, even though fully aware of their
Ineptitude? Or would it simply prove a bold cock's
Pressing need to impose himself intellectually and
Emotionally as well as through the more obvious
Channels?

Could it just be, again, that with
All the quick tilting of that red-combed head and
Sharp glancing of those angry eyes, he hasn't really
Seen clear through to the shallowness and the
Indecision of the majority he so confidently
Commands?

John Moffitt

Do You Dig

Is heaven everthing
you thought it was
is there anything
like peace in your pad
do the stars still sing
as they did
in the dawning
of creation.

Is God the WORD
heard in the beginning
or man's own echo
plus advertising.

Is the devil BEAT
or square as the King
Kong SUPERMARKET
are the saints cool cats, do they swing
in the Milky Way
when Gabe's horn hits the ceiling.
Did you make it
with an angel's wing
what did you use for bread
after you had your fling.

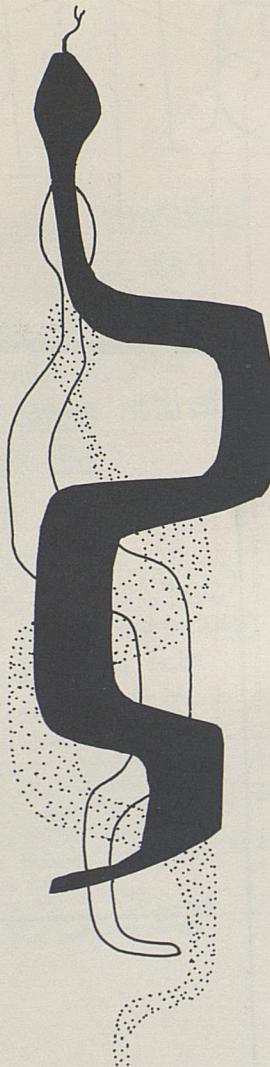
When I GO man
what shall I bring
besides my shroud
do you still cling
to appearance
or the sting
of reality.
I've a feeling
there's more than meets the eye
and you're not giving
OUT with the low down
on just being.

me Galileo

Don't bug me
with that silver lining
DAD, I know a chick who flipped
believing
all that jazz
about those flying
saucers. Are you with it
or just making
with the wrong end of your telescope.
Do you dig spring
with Venus or Mars
wake up in the morning
with a yen for zen.
Am I touching
home or out of your orbit
if I'm taking
up your space-time
don't blow your jets trying
to dig me I've a head
like cloud nine
stop gassing
the fix is in.

Harold Briggs

P
E
D
A
G
O
G
U
E



I insist upon respecting the snake in the garden
The children know that he is not poisonous,
But they do not cherish him. They do not bring
Him food nor seek him in the grass,
And they have not even given him a name.

To show them how pleasant he is, I picked
Him up. My heart beat only a little
Faster when he coiled and his tongue flickered.
He felt cold and smooth, quite acceptable.
Who's first? I said, making it a game.

Thin-eyed, they said nothing but came no closer.
I railed at them, then built a proper pen.
Now, because children watch from windows,
I have to pat the reptile every morning.

Paul Kendall

A MODERN PSALM

*King David Cemetery
secluded, gently rolling hills
lovely family plots
easy terms
call 5434.*

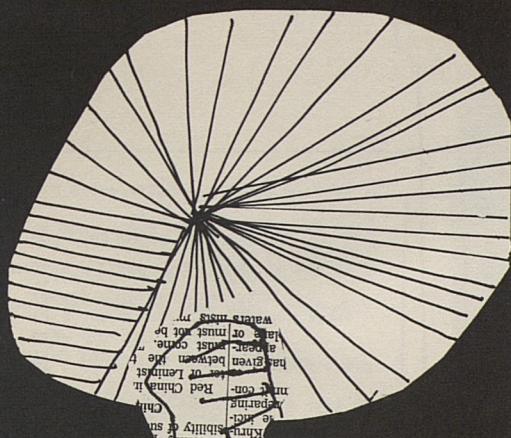
*King David Cemetery
your gates are falling off their hinges
your fence is hidden
by weeds and vines and shouldergrass.*

*King David Cemetery
your stones are falling over
tilted leaning over
falling on the dead below.*

*King David Cemetery
your graveyard dust
is blown across the intersection-
lonely cold deserted town
three houses and a store*

and King David Cemetery.

Peter Krustangel



SE

RE

Tanto palla mea
I am undone
with undoing

No princess ever found me
floating
among the lotus
and the rushes

Oh the wind rushes
where she found him

being more substantial
truth
than even she
had known

And the wild reeds

I am no prophet
to lead my people
nor yet
have I any people
whom to lead

I seek the lotus
the wild reeds
and the rushes

Judson Crews



So I'm packing up and off to Philadelphia.
To hear the early morning of a street brave with red brick,
Like Franklin in Republican breeches entering Versailles after a rain.
Even the trolley tracks lie silken on that simple imperturbability.
And the trolleys sing and hiss, the way an udder sounds
Squeezed by Marie Antoinette in her English dairy
When she is troubled by the Fourth of July striding through
Mr. Jefferson's red hair.

Where I am, it's a Mischianza of tops without bottoms, the world of the twirler.

The men have completely revolving heads, always
Completely revolving, stirring a stale breeze which whispers Yes...yes.
Like radar.

Scanning unmanned scanning: three hundred and sixty degrees (more, soon) of wiry wariness,
One hundred per cent sensitive to all movement in the area;
With subsequent automatic adjustments to maintain
Optimum altitude and attitude and verisimilitude (and Gertrude, discreetly,
Providing she can keep score).

If you don't revolve, people go cold sweat and shaky.
They see hairy ribs of discontent and unassimilable eyes
And conviction like a naked wrestler strangling the Chairman of the Board.
A stiff neck is a cave man's club, the phallus of unmutuality.
When an unmutual smiles, time becomes a gland with a slow leak not to be negotiated.

Scanning, mother.

Blips.
Blip. Blap. Yes, it moves, Galileo. And they spin. Blop.
Vertigo Fair.

I DREAMED THE UNIVERSE WAS CLAD IN EARS

Paul Kendall

Best Seller

I liked him very much
but could not stand the way
he played the piano (which means)
I did not like him.

He was glossy serpentine
and full of fast gun whacks
the way he talked (New York)
just trying to get along.

Now famous for his writing
because he had sex with
his aging uncle (in-law)
What an age we live in.

Hard to distinguish
between the man and what
everyone thinks he is (doing)
He is forty years old now

tattered and haggard
dressed in Brooks' Brothers
best velvet I think he (is suffering)
Now I like him.

Jane Mayhall

HOJOKI

If you can keep straight you will have no friends but catgut and blossom in season.

--Basil Bunting,

no loot, no
lust to string a catgut
in a banjo

to hoot
or holler into
Nawth Jawja

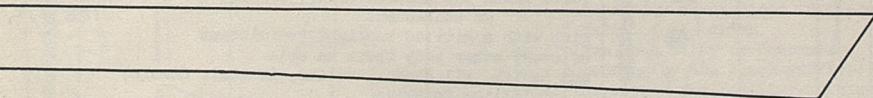
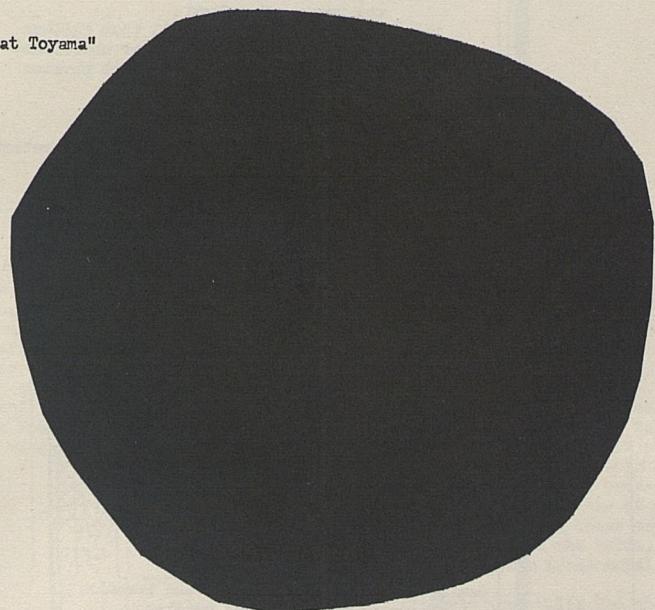
too effete to
chant "Chattahoochee"
in trochaic feet

all's quiet at
Hut City

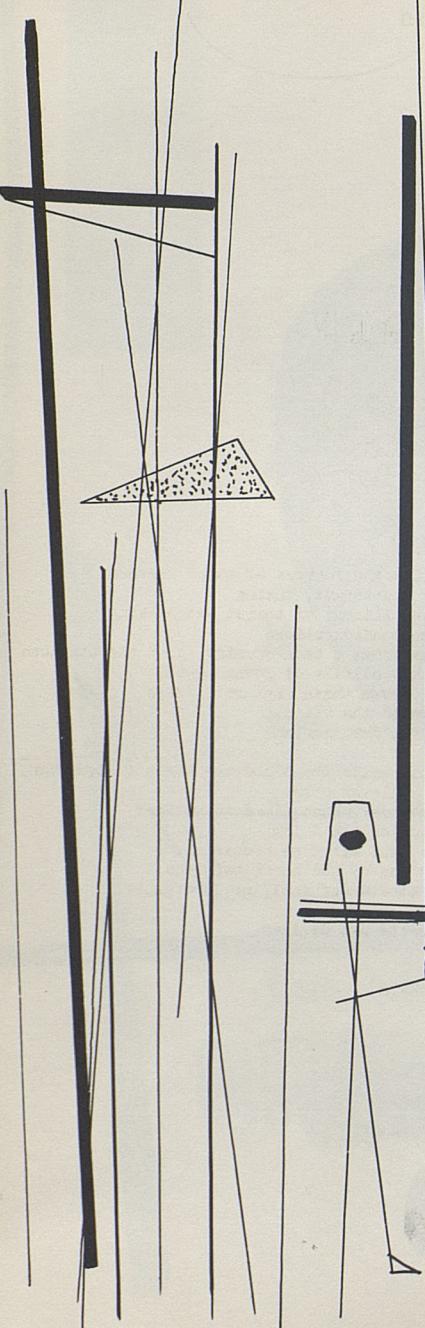
in the future, with the further investments your company will make in the energy sector, we are sure that the energy market will continue to grow and that our company will be well positioned to benefit from this growth. We are also confident that our company's commitment to environmental responsibility will continue to be a key factor in our success. We thank you for your continued support and look forward to working together to achieve our共同的目標.

Jonathan Williams

om "Chomei at Toyama"

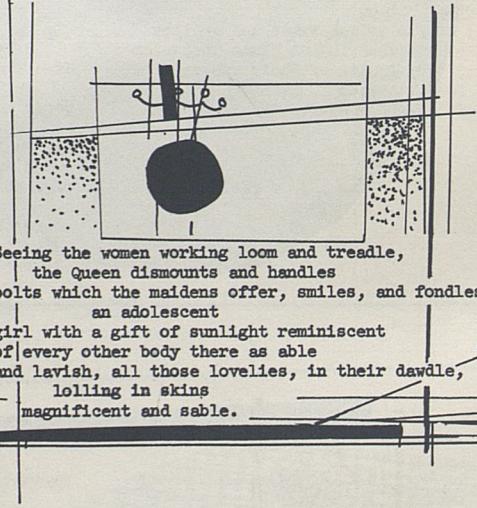


... Out in



f royalty persists in paying visits,
the regal entourages
through heat and sandy Sudanese mirages,
the Queen had better
look with a deeper gaze at all that glitter
rather than blot the sun with her umbrellas,
abandoning quaint caution and court physics
to view the ribs
of actual gorillas.

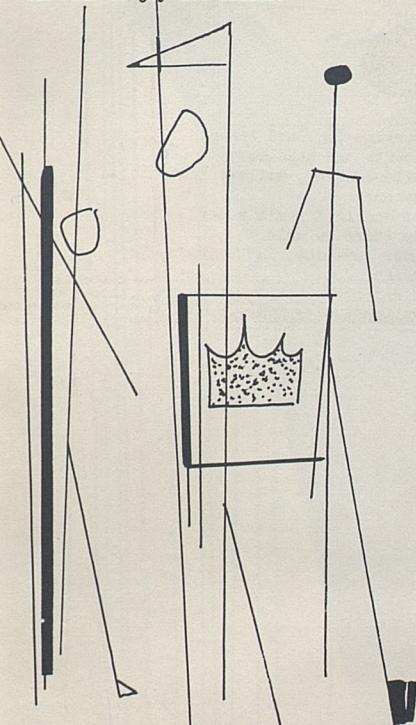
Casting aside those silks, that worm's protection,
one feels the weight of Asia
or Africa upon him, some vast pleasure
steamy and sodden
and like the juices of the jungle suddenly
rising in the ears with its green liquor
singing the heart the drunk of its perfection
higher than deep
and slenderer than thicker.



Seeing the women working loom and treadle,
the Queen dismounts and handles
bolts which the maidens offer, smiles, and fondles
an adolescent
girl with a gift of sunlight reminiscent
of every other body there as able
and lavish, all those lovelies, in their dawdle,
lolling in skins
magnificent and sable.

The Dependencies...

Beside them, royalty shall wear its pallor,
breathing a scanty nostril
northern and cold and constitutions mistral,
bereft of pollen
blooming the native melons sweet and swollen
and causing queens feasting on plums to ponder
the frail and very fruits of their own squalor
too long unsoiled
in beds of joy and wonder.



Even touching the fabrics of those weavers
or, on the tongue, taking
words in Swahili out of thirst and slaking
the conflagrations
far in the throat's back-country, past the stations
ruled by the codicils of governmental
regulation: even these meek retrievers
remind the veins,
rescue the fundamental

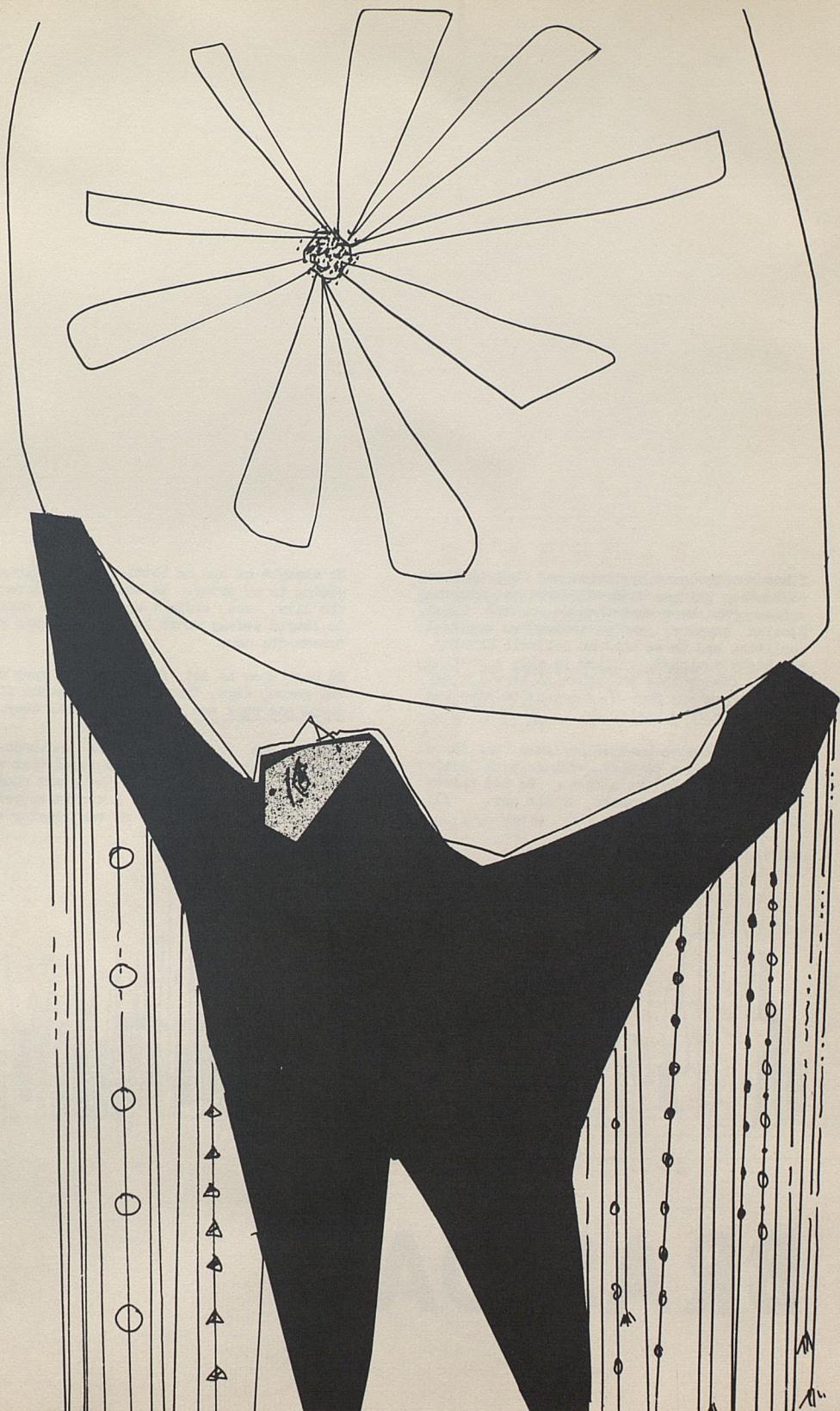
statute that wills the blood the highest sovereign,
and any clever other
mere masquerader mannequined in weather
feigning the Asian
or African, but milky as Caucasian.
Only a touring by the blood suffices,
under the single sun familiar-foreign,
and artifice
left to its own devices.

HERBERT MORRIS

H A R U S P E X

Back within his mind,
& I say Back to relate
darkness &/or ignorance
to the past, two thousand
years or so, he slays
his calf of opinion
& tells his future
by the products
of its entrails. Freud,
you know. & from
this sacramental, star
touched tripe, as from
reading by half light
a manifesto, he emerges
to or usually not,
& finds his rite is burned
or fed the poor

James Singer



I had one thousand Myrcinian and Chalcidinian peltasts, fifteen hundred Thracian mercenaries. (You know what they're worth.) I had Edonian cavalry, and peltasts, two thousand hoplites, and three hundred Hellenic cavalry, all badly equipped. I had to make a rousing speech (Thucydides the Athenian says I'm not a bad speaker for a Spartan) to keep the whole bunch from panicking.

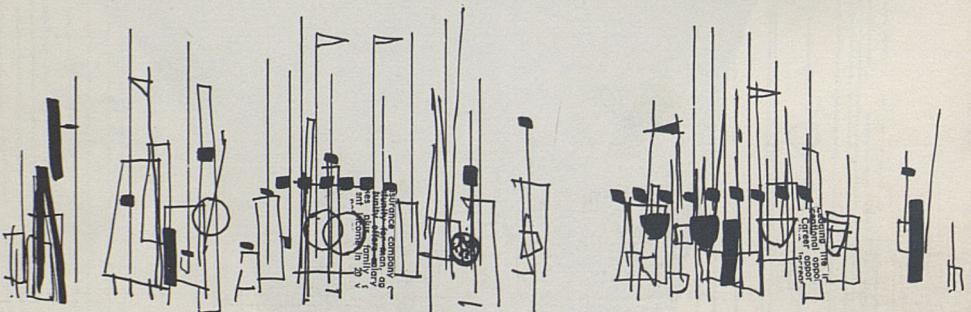
Cleon had twelve hundred hoplites and three hundred Athenian cavalry with an even larger force supplied by the allies. He had thirty ships and reinforcements on the way. All first-rate troops, too.

And the stupid bastard bungled it.

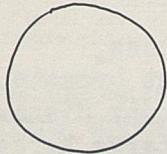
He thought he had me bottled up in Amphipolis peeing in my armor. He could have surrounded the city, and brought up the siege engines. Or stayed safely where he was until his reinforcements came.

So what does he do? He brings his army up to the gates, says, "Brasidas ain't gonna fight turns his back and starts to stroll away.

We came out those gates like you-know-what from a constipated dog. We whipped that whole army, losing seven men to their six hundred. Cleon died as he should: A Myrcinian peltast got him from behind as he was running away, deserting his own troops.



BRASIDAS

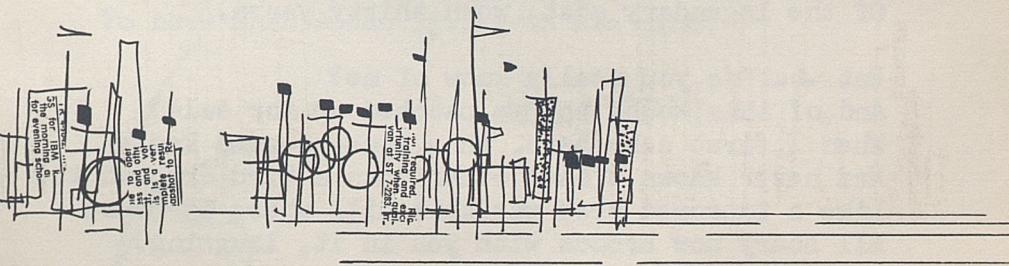


I've had it, I know, though my aides stand around my bed and say I'm going to be all right. But I've seen too many men chopped up like this to think I'll pull through.

Maybe the Athenians got the best of the day, after all. We're losing a damn good general, while that nipple-head Cleon certainly is no trophy to be proud of. We've done Athens a favor.

I never could stand amateurs, anyway.

Robert L. Smith

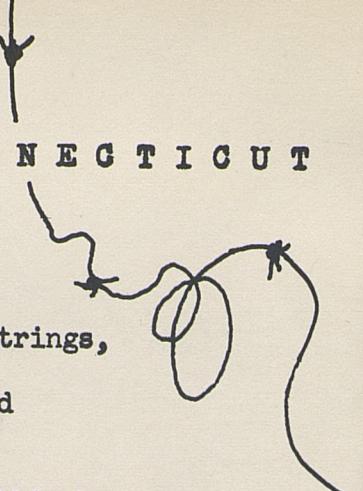




A CONNECTICUT

He:

"Are these too short to be saved?"
My grandmother must have asked of the strings,
And avowing that they were,
Saved them; put them in this box labeled
STRINGS TOO SHORT TO BE SAVED.
And here they are. Everything is here.
This attic holds the sole abundance in this house.
It was the way of those old socialists
With their pinched, penny-bank mouths.
Like ancient Greeks, each a separate state and treasury
Beholden to none other.



This is a picture of that very lady.
Note the calculating eye, the Griswold nose,
The marvelous waist, and those full, taut breasts
That fourteen Trumbulls drank down to empty discs.
You'd never think this same she would starve herself to death
With ninety thousand dollars in a Norwich bank.

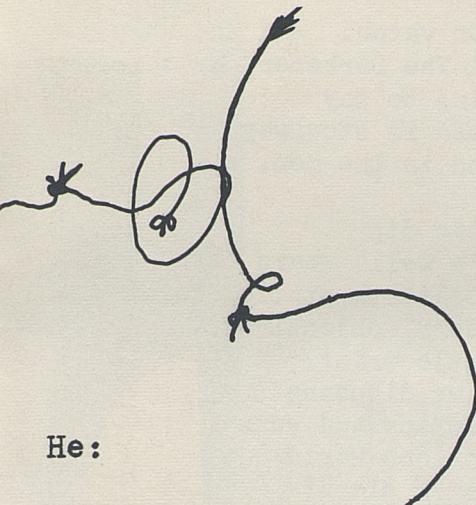
She: Nonsense, Byron Trumbull!

To you I'm just an old dust bin of anecdotes
(And money too, if we face things squarely.)
Today the 'strings' story, tomorrow the tale
Of the legendary coat, worn thirty years.

But what do you really know of me?
And of this house you've patched up for sale?
When I first came here, this gone-to-seed knole
Had never known a seed other than a bird dropped it.
Like a tonsored head was this hill where my house
All hoary now broods with you in it, laughing.

Granted, we saved too much by your measurement.
We saved for a foolish future
That came full round to a present
Time — We saved for a never-time. Agreed.
But it's your time and turn now, Byron,
And how much multiplied by what equals a principle?

DIALOGUE



He:

Everything whispers its memory. I remember that
Her dying words were the names
Of the sixty-three kings and emperors of Rome
In strictest order. She was eighty then.
What strength! Like one of those curved and carven
Ladies on a ship's prow, serenely snouting
Through a peck of wild seas,
She surfaced everytime looking
Just slightly surprised, just vaguely older.
Makes it hard on a man looking for a wife
To have that woman living in his mind.

Nancy Sullivan



OFFICER OF THE WATCH

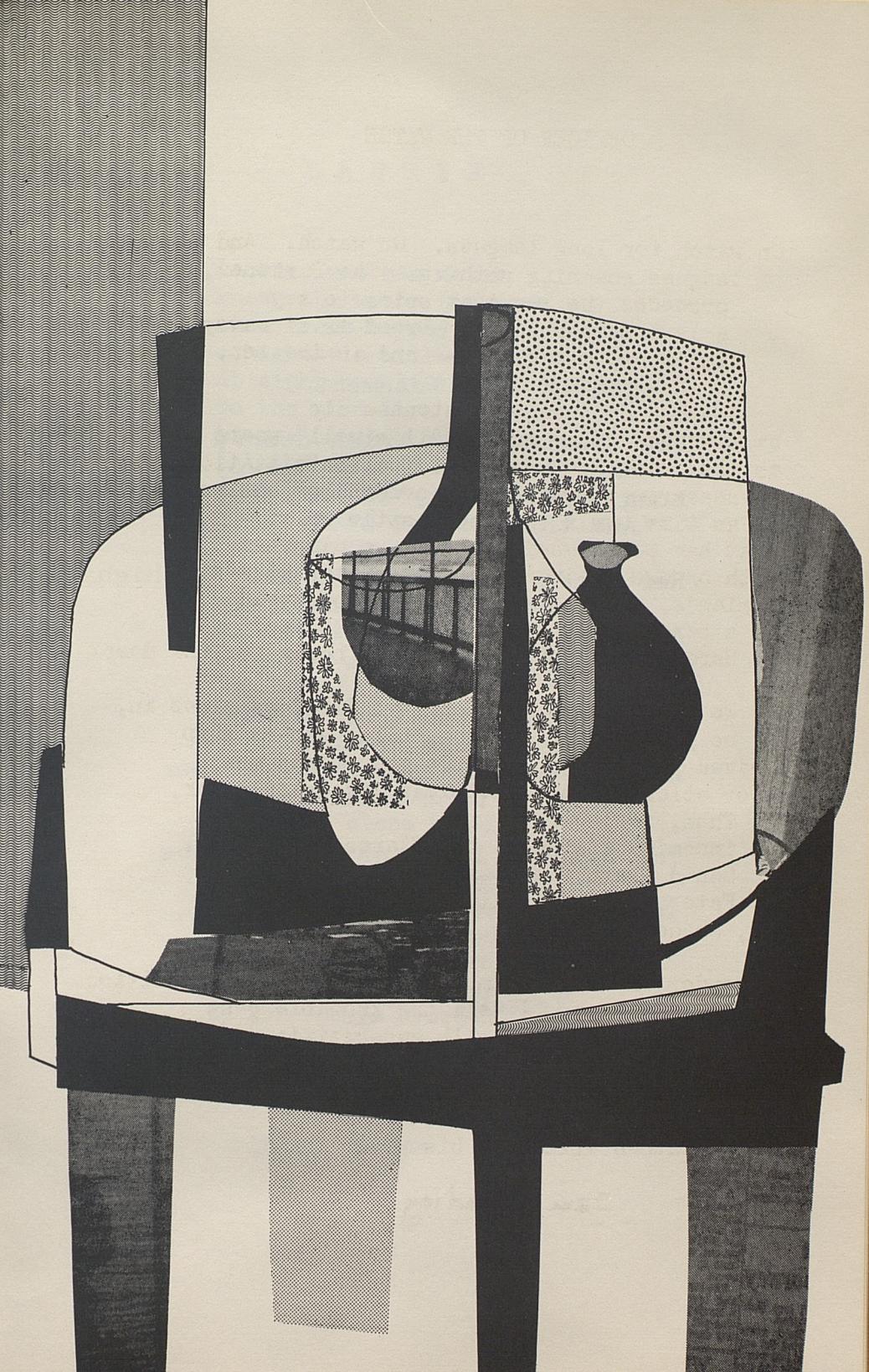
On watch for long leagues. On watch. And the whip
of leagues scanning nothing. The Darkener, my ship,
precedes the log that spins to say
a leviathan-whisper. Dread is stowaway
in the ship's belly -- and in the men.

Jonah's my jest, as antennae dip
at masthead of my age. "All's well" wears thin
as the Great Scythe nears. Delicate statics twist
seaserpent trails: new orders, objectives,
as time curls to each trestle wrist.
What has God classified? Do we dispense
with orders affirmed by statistics and sense?
Isaiah's, Akhanaton's dream of one world
is a cancelled code. When can I sleep?
Here are weights. O are the books for the deep?

We are drilled in security: "If foes close in,
be prepared to abandon." The secure ship
heaves steadily on, as the hour binds men,
poor sticks of men, helpless fasces of power.
Then, a-flower
on incoming distance, two flares. Distress.
Sound alarm. Zig-zag.
Fate has candles lit:
so, shadow-play again. We're in for it.

I wonder who's at helm, under the changed condition.
My relief comes. I tell the knowable past
tersely -- knowing a glib superstition
tips my tongue. For at last
all has come to come-what-may.
What does it matter what I say?
Leviathan will have his way.

Sam Bradley



TESSIE — a fragment

Now Tessie is an Irish dwarf,
She lives in County Clare,
Long past seventy is her age,
And thinned her bushy hair.

Her hands are soft as a baby's thigh
And broad her fingertips,
And many a lover Tessie's had
For all her narrow hips.

A travelling man from Galway,
A writer chap from Spain;
And an Englishmen, who loved her
And then went home again.

The Spanish lover gave her combs
From far-away Madrid;
The Irish lover gave her hell,
The English, fifty quid!

Isabella Fey

L A U R I E

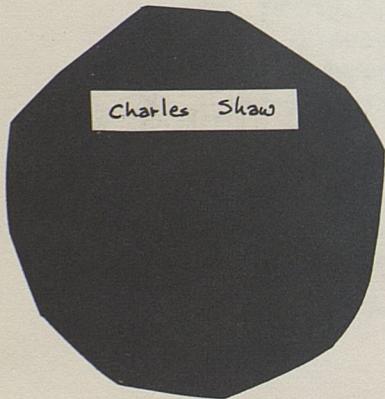
Laurie, who has never
known the woods for more
than trees beyond
a highway's billboards,
at eight has listened
to the wind thru willows
& come to understanding
all the weird & Pan.
As a child she understands,
not so much by fact
that's documented
& arranged in logical
progressions simulating
science, but by what
I must call faith.
She insists birds talk
to her & cats, fish,
mice & dogs belong
to subscribed intellect
that is umderstood
when held close warmly.
& now that snow
has covered all the green
--our two front trees
have lost their leaves
& the grass is matted brown
— she sulks off
to her room. Dressed
in brown, she asks me
every morning, When
will it be spring?

James Singer



A RATHER SUDDEN AFFAIR

We were somewhere
waiting in the
while of nothing to do
when suddenly
someone it almost seemed
came straight
directly toward us
and asked if by any
conceivable chance
our names happened to be Golightly
which of course they weren't
and never had been
and we said so and
that was that.



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Miss Barbara Snow
Mr. Lewis Turco

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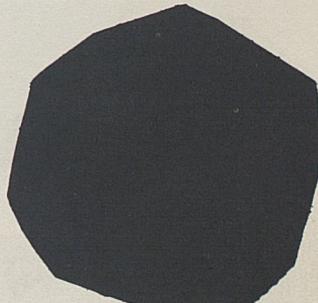
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Representative.



We hereby certify that all the
poets represented here are for
real.

This issue of WORMWOOD REVIEW was prepared
entirely by hand, and printed by photo-
offset and serigraphic techniques. All of
the art and hand lettering was done by the
art editor.

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VIEW, Box: 111
Storrs, Connecti-
cut, USA



