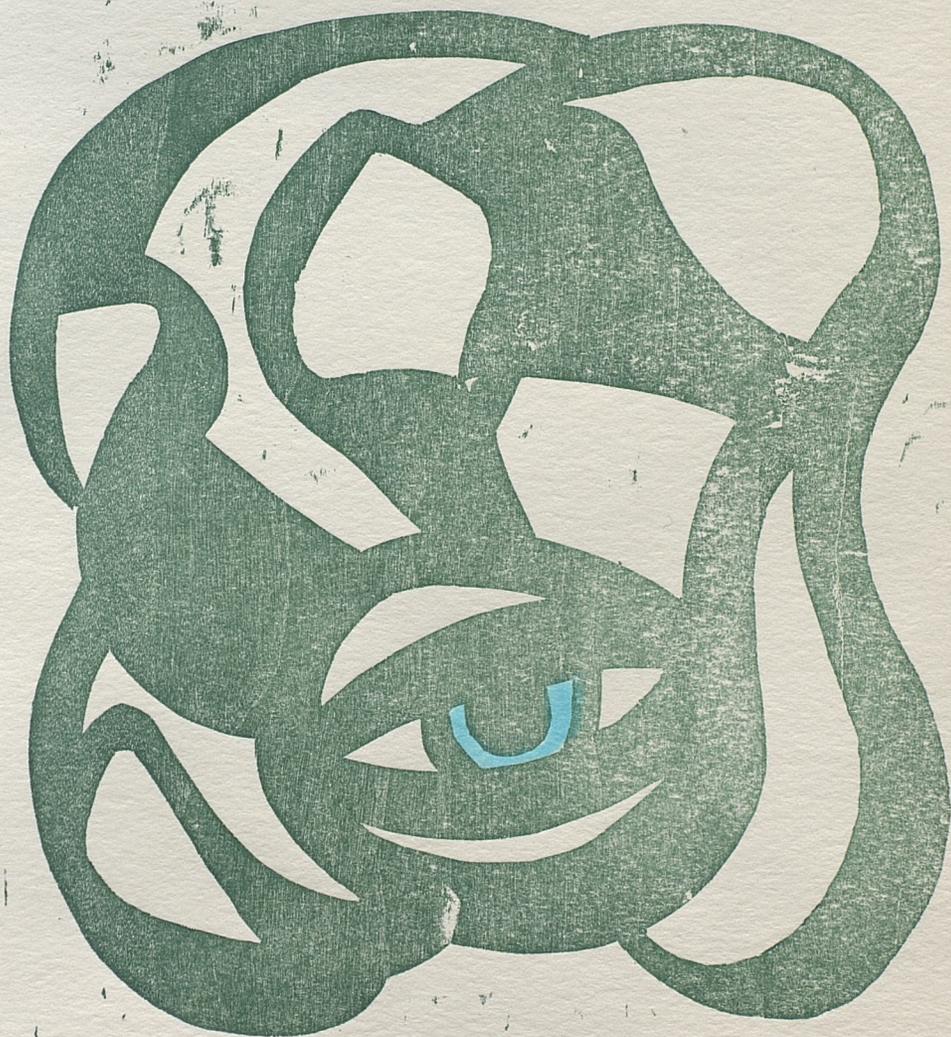


The Wormwood

Review

Number

10



The Wormwood Review

Vol. 3, No. 2

Issue No. Ten

Editor: Marvin Malone

Honorary Editor: Alexander Taylor

Art Editor: A. Sypher, alias: M. Malone

New York Representative: Harold Briggs

Copyright © 1963, The Wormwood Review Press

Subscription, Editorial Offices: Box 111, Storrs, Conn.

Zip Code: 06268

As You Travel Ask Us

*On the left the Saxby home. There are four
Saxby boys, all of whom can move their ears.*

-- George Ade, *THE TORTURES OF TOURING*

*And these kids can
move their asses too,
especially after
letting a car have it
with a few tomatoes.
I've seen them do it.
SPLAT: four ripe ones smack
some old codger's Chevy,
and before granddad
knows what happened
these rascals vanish
and laugh to beat hell
all the way back home,
where under the elms
they roll around like dogs
gone mad with fleas.*

-- David Pearson Etter

Evanston, Illinois

Vagabondage

I return with surprising news,
I have explained the cessation of the oracles!
Joyous beadsmen,
How they sat by the sea around a fire
Even as we did, and hung cells chain on chain
From breakers to consciousness.

But you point the harmony of birds' feet
From tide to highland and bid me silence;
Will you once again garden a rose
In the press of our bodies and quiet my fevers?

But let me finish,
The night of the sea anemone
Is returning in a black carriage and height
Will be no more than a spangle
Of mute blood and poetry
Will be a bed-business with sponges; they knew,
For the cells chain on chain touched
Quiet Mars, dead Jupiter, and so took wives,
Had love, found grace, my love.

SONG

Incense, hymns and prayers I make
But why can't the lovelies wink
When I come piping in, thinking
Them dolphins in some perfect sea.
Don't they sense the mystery
In my belly, my bats
In the belfry ready to sound their bells?

And when I remove my coat --
The tattoos, the sailor's style,
The one who's seen an evil moon and seen
The sea all cut with massive fins --

But the tavern continues unaware,
The whales thudding in my heart,
Ready to sound some chapel roof, I count
My whiskies down, o bastard run,

Run til the sharks are underfoot
And the ark's done.

-- Philip R. Hammial

College Park, Maryland

A Feast Of Runes

wounded by my own spear
I hang from the arms of Yggdrasil
shaken by the wind
for nine days and nine nights I wait
you love and dance and sing
your fingers are too drunk
to lace my veins with blood
I must scream through your laughter
and lift these runes that lie below me
I swing my fists
to south to west to north to east
I sip the hydromel
set Time back in motion
take off your heavy boots
dance and sing and love again

-- Ottone M. Riccio

Belmont, Mass.

Lear At The Beach

On a windy day in summer at the shore,
seaweed and waves of ice crumbling
like midways of ivy and cellophane
mix mint juleps of the mind.

A Roller-Coaster evokes emotion
like any directional change.
To be thrown up and down
wind in hair-
belly turning
is carnival grand. Ride
on a Whip with knuckle-white
hands; laugh high and wild;

the white jacket
of afraid
is the wind around
the turning car.

Melancholy No. II Resolved

In the library the ship, ship
of raped pages
whispers
your name, and I purposely slip
From Shakespeare to the night before.

After love, pillow-propped and nude
we lay under quilts staring
at dark, quietly despairing
of middle age (in a mood
Of yellow seasons), or perhaps of raw

Rain beating on the roof like a monotone
drummer. But make it melancholy.
Times will change like ivy
in the Spring sun, when left alone
To vine and thaw through cemetary stone.

-- William Heyen

The Night Before Eve

“Women live on the moon, men on the Earth”

-- D. H. Lawrence

Moon,
the night's eye,
elliptically
serenely
drifting by evening,
pulling at the seas
and soul of genesis,
sky-glowing
like a gold-toothed lady
in a dark alley)

(and lonely Adam,
yearning
running
sweating jewels
and breaking garden branches,
needing
turning
to the open sand,

(ribs bursting,
trying to understand
and rolling on the beach
gasping in the gold dark,
wrestling
with the sensual light of night)

-- William Heyen

Athens, Ohio

Mangoes

Tropical trees twisted
into grotesque shapes

under a hot sky
and a blinding sun:

yellow yellow yellow
everywhere

stings the eye.
Gauguin in his hut

snores and syphilis
gnaws away

like an angry rat.
Through the dry grass

two bare-breasted girls
carry trays

of ripe mangoes.
It is dinner time.

Saturday Dance

piano & drums
at Elks Hall
Saturday night

everybody
will be comin'
(only 50¢)

say you wanna
go steppin' with me
Marjorie Jo?

Yeah, with me

-- David Pearson Etter

The Girlie Magazines

(For Rob Cuscaden)

(Ah, here they are)

*Pink taffy
nipples
top breasts
too creamy
too perfect
there is no
female who
has steep hills
of flesh
like this blond
Only from
the skilled use of
a brush
and wet dream
of an artist
(too much alone)
could this
nude come forth
to stand here
between page 12
and 13
of a sex mag*

(I'll buy this one)

-- David Pearson Etter

Evanston, Illinois

fairy tales: 3

*The twentyfifth year
is not quite any other year
ly pilgrimage;
it comes in on
snowflakes,
pinching weeds
off the crosstie mind.
It spreads like
slippery whistles
of outbound freights,
headed west
in leafless dawns.*

-- Lee Holland

Washington, D.C..

Cling, Cling To The Cave Walls

*Cling to the cave walls, push into the ooze
beneath your feet, feel your way along one
blind step at a time, press your face against
the clammy air, grapple the slime with your
fingers, ears aching past the wet rush of bats
toward a human voice; Cling, cling to the cave
walls, dig in until you feel the bones crack
and give way, then hang by your tearing tendons;
Crush your shuddering body against the stone
until the stone enters your bloodstream and
like a limpet, leach, espaliered peach, suck
life from the rock; Cling, cling, barnacle and
tentacle and talon, cleave to the cave walls;
Never forget what is behind you, and always
remember that desperation is the mother of all life.*

-- Phyllis Onstott Arone

Logansport, Indiana

Only A Few Little Things Are In The Way

I am proud to announce that the millennium is at hand.

After giving the matter much thought, I have decided that only details remain to be cleared away before we can all live happily ever after.

A few little things like the relations between parents and children, his children, her children, their children, brothers and sisters, brothers and brothers, sisters and sisters, neighbors, friends, lovers, strangers, old people and young people, haves and have-nots, wants and don't cares, joiners and solitaries, tipplers and tee-totalers, laborers and loafers, city dwellers and country dwellers, liberals and conservatives, radicals and reactionaries, moslems and christians and jews and buddhists and manicheans and pagans, black and white, yellow and black, white and yellow, light brown, medium green, husbands and wives, aunts, uncles, cousins, in-laws, ex-in-laws, outlaws, people who own cats, dogs and canaries, people who can't stand cats, dogs and canaries-----

A few little things to decide about like sex and money and the cooling down of the sun and leisure time and liquor and traffic and cancer and repair men and sinus trouble and women who rush at your contented ash tray with silent butlers and disarmament and smog and which tv show to watch and outer space and overweight, water pollution, population, automation, education, wisdom teeth and motivational research, capital punishment, the aged, the under-aged, the closing college door and nuclear war, language barriers, t.b. carriers, teen-age marriers, to commute or not to commute, or whether it is nobler in the mind to forget the whole darn thing

Blanks are provided in case I've forgotten a few
little things. Please feel free to fill them in.
You see, it still doesn't run to more than a
page or two. It won't be long now.

-- Phyllis Onstott Arone

Wake

Because he had lived, for years, on the vague
Periphery of their close but scattered lives
Who gather to mourn this dim untimely day,

They thought of him always gowned in hospital white,
Cutting past muscles into the thick of sickness,
Improving human meat with a cold knife.

They had forgotten the Doctor's rag-time wit,
The way his elephant's ass could blunder through sexy
Minuets and bring on belly hugging fits

That left them weak. But now a sly bequest
Emanates from his famous deadpan, poised
Among flowers, looking as though it must soon infect

The room with snorts and giggles. Nicknames he coined
Are returned to currency as family treasures
And laughter cascades brightly as champagne
Over antiseptic odors, mountainous clay.

-- George Amabile

Rome, Italy

Lines After The Movie, HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR

*It saved a million lives, you say, and it
could never have taught them peace by raising a wealth
of foam from the sea, nor could its ease in frit-
tering mountains away have unmanned their stealth
or pride, so a few Japs died. War is like that.*

*Fallout sifted down like static to gild
the naked limbs of love. They've been healed by fifteen
years, and still the eyeless infant scalds
his mother's womb. Tonight the silver screen
burned with truthful ghosts, for once, and told*

*how a seed of hatred, settling on that town,
blossomed so brilliantly and with such speed
from the cramped community of flesh and bone,
left such radiant atmosphere over-head
that farmers no longer look to the land for food,
or search a summer sky except in pain.
Their skill grows obsolete under threats of rain.*

GHOSTS

*peer through cracks
in the wall beside my bed,
quiet as dropped pins.*

*But if I sleep,
they'll creep into my head
and do the dance of bones.*

-- George Amabile

Rome, Italy

Childhood's Green Forest

Lost is
childhood's
green forest
of dreams
of blond princes
burning dragons
and imperishable deeds.
But often
like carbon paper
lightly touched
childhood blurs through
into today -- though
there is no room
for dreams or dragons
in supermarkets
where scarlet neons
burn reality
into our benign
pre-washed, pre-cooked
elastic brains.
There is no finding
ourselves down any
of the many aisles.

-- Dorothy Dalton

Menasha, Wisconsin

STATISTICS

1: A Marriage

The marriage ceremony took place at 0900 hours (in the morning)(both bride and groom being agreed on an early not to say quick getaway for their honeymoon in the Honduras -- their plans being simply to fly, at first, but later, after much discussion between them, to go by car as far as Florida, swim and bask a bit there on the notorious Florida beaches, and then continue their journey by plane)(the bride, it might be added, had been experiencing difficulty in seeing properly for some time before the wedding and blinked repeatedly during the ceremony, although only those up close, and certainly not those sitting in the rear aisles, noticed this) -- with less fanfare than might have been expected since one large party of a dozen cars consisting of the bridegroom's fraternity brothers from a college in North Carolina broke down on the road while motoring towards the City of the wedding and could not be present for the ceremonies(ADD LATE EDITIONS: The arrival of the fraternity brothers in the City caused more than a little comment among the natives, who had never seen a party of twelve cars in their lives before.) FLASH: Bride's first question after the ceremony took place was "Why?" She turned and asked this of the groom the moment the ring had been slipped on her finger and the words "I now pronounce you man and wife" had been uttered. Groom, nonplussed, grinned sheepishly at Bride then made a successful attempt to kiss her.

2: A Turtle

On the road this particular turtle of whom we are speaking dallied too long and a great big rolling humming hunk of the Machinery of Our Times (1959 Cadillac fully equipped in this case, and lavender in color, with, of course, the usual white sidewall tires, since this particular driver could afford them) caught up with our friend, this particular turtle, and flattened him -- yes, that's what I said, **flattened** him!

This all happened in southern South Carolina, and the Bride, of whom we spoke only a few minutes ago, saw this flattened "turtle" (for surely he was a turtle no more -- not after he'd been flattened) and -- fainted! This fainting took place in the Groom's 1959 Edsel (this particular Edsel happened to be a two-tone brown-and-tan), and it was the first really dramatic experience that our Bride and Groom had had since ... leaving the City of the wedding.

3: Tee Hee

or

After The Honeymoon

After the honeymoon was over, the former Bride and the former Groom had twelve children (all boys) and he worked in a bank, adding such columns of figures as these:

27	
1248943	
33341	
1	.00005
.59	.38973
40984	-----
.432	
<u>2963445671.301</u>	

Naturally he had an adding machine, and there was always the bowling on Thursday nights with his buddies to look forward to.

-- Robert Lowry

Cincinnati, Ohio

THE SNOWBIRD (Robert Lowry) 1963. New Fresco, Inc., Box 2457, Detroit 31, Michigan. \$1.00 .

A Fairly Funny Story

When my daughter Anna got up this morning to go to work she came as usual to peek in our room, that is mama's and my room, to say goodmorning and ask some questions about where that black scarf was and other things but when she came in this morning she began to get excited and I felt awfully bad about everything and then she said to mama, do you want me to call the doctor? and mama said yes, to call him and everything would be all right.

I knew of course what was the matter and I felt awfully sorry for both of them. I knew that things could't be different and I wished by God that I could do something or other about it but I saw no way that I could so this is what I did. I waved my wings and flew away.

-- Robert Lowry

Bill Smith Is Dead

Bill Smith is dead. He scrimped
for thirty years to save
for his retirement
and on the very day it came
went to his grave.
Weep for the living if you must
but not for Bill -- he doesn't care:
the day Death powdered those
clay-pigeon plans mid-air
with one sure burst of shot
it ceased to matter whether
life was kind or not.

-- J. H. Lowell

Havertown, Pa.

C O M M E N T A R Y

on remarks of Cornelia Schwarz

*'Irregardless. Most modern artists
are performers not creators' --
You are a former basketball player
Who fiddles while ash falls and starts
Talking immediately you open your eyes.
That's unnerving as broad daylight.*

*'I move naturally and gracefully
in ways above suspicion and so
I departed mysteriously in an aura
of hallway whispers' -- To work, make
Coffee, mix talk with silence, sleep in a dream
Whose windows can stand up to your paintings.*

*'My preoccupation has been in achieving
a more perfectly coordinated control
of snow' -- And a maniac in the City of Dwarfs
And Lunatics wears blue and laughs like it hurts
Or looks up at the sky and says WHEE!
As people leave each bench she moves to.*

*'A blind Santa Claus like the ones
that stand on street corners ringing a bell' --
For all those who have little choice
And know or guess it: colored people,
People with birthmarks, lovers, all of us
Who paint or write music or just write.*

-- Michael Lebeck

New York, New York

Winter Vacation

The Mexican street singer pauses to whistle
tweaks his nose and throws a fart

This is the Latin wonderland
I sing it
for the edification of the gloved lady
in bum-bum shorts

If her fortune was in her face
even the Bank of England would go broke

A few flowerd for a wilted bouquet
an ass burdened with small twigs
oh Smarna

But Acapulco is waiting
with silk bandanas and many roses
skin-divers neat as Bourbon, willing
most willing
to wrestle with the sun

The Lash

Winning is too easy
and losing
too difficult

I have smarted from cats-
of-less-than-nine-tails

One
had only
one

-- Judson Crews

A UNICORN WHEN NEEDS BE (Judson Crews) 1963. Este Es Press
P. O. Box 1492, Taos, New Mexico. \$1.25 .

Yeeess, hee,

GROWG!

YES! SHE HAS!

Analect trick egg beat her in the
kitchen.

Sophronia's just wild, just simply wild tonight!

-- George Zabriskie

The Reproach

The last throes of disgust never killed anyone:
they lead to an ordinary Monday's dirt
and disappointment, Tuesday's malaise
and forty blunted hours of discontent, until

another weekend, when we get rewound
to face it over again. Life has a meaning
beyond what we do to keep it alive.
It's when the sensuous quality of everything

From earth and water to a pencil on a desk
is driven out that the stark pattern
of our frustration becomes clear and naked
as bare branches against the winter sky.

-- George Zabriskie

Harpers Ferry, West Va.

New Books Received: Testimonial of Oblivion, Death
and Reawakening, The Kindling of Hope, a trilogy by
Walter Gore, Exposition Press, N.Y., 1962-3. "Not to
our taste," say the galled WORMWOOD editors. \$8.25 for
all three!

Phaedra's Tale, Or The Lack Of It

There was this chick, see (her old man was a big cheese
and her witch-of-a-mother made it with a bull)
who sort of went off the deep end.

Her man screwed around a bit
and had a brat that grew up to be a Gregory Peck-type.
(This kid's old lady had only one tit, but what a battler!)
Well, this chick, see, kind of went for this G P-type cat,
and when her husband subcontracted some construction work
to his kid, this crazy chick (the kid's step-mother,
actually)
starts haunting him on the job.

In fact, she went in for a construction project of her own
so she could dig this cat doing his daily push-ups
(as we all do these days). She got so damn hot
watching him twist his body right and left
that she blew her top and started jabbing
some tree-leaves with a fancy pin she wore
on her tight orlon sweater. I'm telling you,
those leaves took a beating.

There was this other old dame who sort of looked after
this wild chick, and she guessed the score.

'Hell,' she says to the chick, 'drop the dope a line;
what can you lose!'" (Honest, these were wild times.)

Well, this chick, like I'm telling you,
just wasn't thinking straight,
what with her watching the young cat doing deep-knee
bends,

and all, so she takes the old bitch's advice.

I tell you, she'd been better off in bed with her legit
than fussing around with this cat. He was floored
(he was real square from the word go) so he rips
the note and prances over to bawl the poor gone chick
to hell.

She's real bugged by now and figures: 'This jerk's
going to
turn me in!'" So she sends her daddy-o a hot little note
telling all about how the kid manhandled her
and did all sorts of nasty things to her
(like she wished he'd really been sharp enough to do)
and then the stupid dame goes and hangs herself
(wasting all that juiced-up lust and loving
on the goddam devil
who must have been waiting for her).

The Thrush

*All day the thrush sings,
the lilac hedge is in bloom --
the window stays closed.*

Haiku

*The table is set,
the bride sings -- before nightfall
a ship leaves the port.*

Yellow Grass

*Yellow grass whispers,
the old pine gives green shelter;
waiting, I am cold.*

Return

*This is the street, this
the house; at last I come home.
I have lost the key.*

-- Herta Rosenblatt

Peapack, New Jersey

Poor Man's Woods

Walking through the summer woods
when I was poor and hating the world
I pulled my thick belt from its loops
and swung it whistling toward the leaves
which quivered on the lowest branch.
The blow was something more than brash --
I struck as hard as I would strike
the deadly threat of poisonous snake.
The whistling belt arched high and fast,
pivoting in my knotted fist.
It ripped a space around the branch
and leaves sank down like dollar bills.

-- Wallace Kaufman

Osney-town, Oxford, England

Capsule Wormwood Reviews:

PICTURE POEMS (Kenneth Patchen) 1962-- two different sets, \$1.50, Miriam Patchen, 2340 Sierra Court, Palo Alto, Calif. -- highly recommended.

UNTITLED EPIC POEM ON THE HISTORY OF INDUSTRIALIZATION (R. Buckminster Fuller) \$3.50, Jonathan Williams, Pub., Highlands, North Carolina (Jargon 44)--The book of Genesis of the industrial revolution, possibly venerated some day. Excellent prose-poetry while handling theories of physics, mechanics, sociology, in a palatable way! Can statistics be made poetry? Guess so! A book to stretch minds of poets and non-poets. Quite possibly, the poetry of the future -- of the integrated, automated society (not 1984) where everyone is a necessary functioning piece of a machine called Utopia. Poetry and society built with an erector set can be successful. Try it (the book that is).

Tea On A Rotted Log

On the broad, early-afternoon lawn
I played alone, watched amazed
A spider use my hand to travel on,
Saw the leaves an airplane grazed,
Taught a praying-mantis to shadow-box,
Alarmed our slumbering collie dog,
Examined crevices in planting-rocks,
And served tea on a rotted log.
All this I did with elegance
Beyond my years, and being alone
I lived a life of high sentence,
Was Hadrian in imaginary Rome.
The price for such luxury was small:
Sheltering youth behind a wall.

Skimming An Anthology

De La Mare and Mansefield wrote poems
On pillows: soft, fleecy things
That immobilized their listeners.

Sassoon had a few ideas Henry James
Would have discarded, so we weren't
Upset when he died chasing foxes.

Davies was beat, a better man for it,
And Hodgson's Linnet Swallowed a Bull:
Choked, died young from indigestion.

Houseman was sweet on Wilfred Gibson,
Though a few of his ambiguities
Were unintentionally Stupid Stuff.

Lord Noyes' Barrel Organ blew up
Into the Highwayman like a balloon,
And burst in Russell's Irish Face.

A regular fellow, Graves is still
Classical; and The Curtains Now Are Drawn
On the Oxen's happy Hardy.

So that leaves Yeats, again, and just
As well he's alone: who could sing,
Bellow, whisper, and beautifully moan.

-- Lee Jacobus

Danbury, Conn.

The Magician

'When poor children are shown coins
they later recall the coins as much
larger than they really are: rich
children do not make the same error.'

Tell me three wishes never gained,
I will show you three Goliaths
likely of these things made;
of flesh, of gold, of bread
and something more that has no name.
Your need is a glass that magnifies
and wanting is a mirror
as you see reflected here
behemoths for your pleasure:
of bread, flesh, gold -- and something more.
Lead out the giants and I will read
your fortune in their palms,
in strange coins great and small
of gold, bread, flesh and shadow
that nameless form that holds them all.

-- Joanne de Longchamps

Reno, Nevada

The First Of July

The first of July
and I have a little wood gathered
 from the pinon foothills
(on foot and by hand,
 carrying it in a canvas shopping bag)
and cardboard box of coal...
A few dollars in my hip-pocket.
A roof over my head.
A bed.
A stove.
A few groceries (enough for me
and what there is, is good to my appetite:
Corn-meal, sturdy black molasses (rich as loam),
coffee, sugar (brown), and a bag of beans).
Just outside the door, a well
 with cold, good-tasting water
which I enjoy drinking from a copper kettle
 (given to me by a friend)
 on these hot summer days...
Three potted plants which I have
are thriving well, each day, in the sun,
where I **PLACE** them in the morning
and take them in at night.

-- Wendell B. Anderson

Ranches of Taos, New Mexico

Sixth Summer

*I remember the green gloom and the deep moss
Of the big woods, and the trees like towers of green
With their trunks stretching up forever to meet the leaves;
No sound but the far-off toot of the donkey engine
For company and no fear of anything,
Of the loneliness or of crawling things or of spotted slugs.*

*I remember the slick-leaved salal like metal,
The prickling of Oregon grape on bare skin,
And the tunnels of bracken sweeter than hay
And perfect for a bird's nesting or a child's hiding.
O the hot yellow of false dandelions
In the sun and the straw-light heads of everlasting.*

*I remember the sour taste of sorrel,
And one tongue-shaped, coarse-veined weed pursing the mouth
Like alum; the fresh taste of peeled salmonberry shoots
And the little flat buttons from some forgotten plant,
Bland in the mouth but sweet for the soul's eating
And never a griped bowel or blunted appetite.*

*I remember the hill top on a clear day
And making a telescope of my curled fist
And the circle of sky at the end full of breakers;
And under the hill, some times, the smoke of small fires
Marking a hobo camp and mixed with smells of bacon;
But this was a thing for running from, not for watching.*

*I remember the distant whine of the head saw,
And the red-rimmed dome of the black consumer
Blotting the August sky; the lazy, log-lined Wishkah
Looked, from my perch of green, like a river of matchsticks;
I remember the sound and the shine on the water
And the long long summer going on on forever.*

-- Edith Rigg

Seattle, Washington

The Fat Frog

Into an obscure corner of a pond in a farmer's field, was born a swarm of tadpoles. They came wriggling into their world one sunny morning and began excitedly examining every shell and stone, every weed and reed, over-awed by the wonder of their world. But a fat frog, who was a Doctor of Divinity, soon put a stop to their foolishness.

He assembled them all in one place, made them mind their manners and proceeded with their education. He told them that they had a Duty and an Obligation to the One-Who-Created-All; that there was a Reason why they had been born into this particular pond at this particular period; that there was a pre-ordained Purpose behind their existence.

The fat frog had barely warmed to his theme when a small boy came by and urinated into their pond. The fat-frog was among the first to dive for safety.

The Martyr

There once lived a man -- a good man, a kind man, a St. Francis of the City's streets -- who believed in the power of love. "Love is omnipotent," he said. "Love can win wars for there is no defense against it. Love," he said, "can work miracles, can calm the savage breast and tame the beasts of the wild. It was Love that saved Daniel in the den of Lions. It will be love that maketh the Lion and the Lamb to lie down together. I shall prove it," he said. "I shall play the part of the Lamb!"

He went with his followers to the city's zoo where there lived a Lion -- a rather old and lonely Lion, it is true, but a Lion in the flesh -- and he opened the cage and stepped inside.

The door closed. The people held their breath. Lo and behold, before their unbelieving eyes, the Lion ate him.

-- Bernard Epps

Brooklyn, New York

Bill's an Operational Logician

*Bill's an operational logician
(Plan -- departure -- journey -- arrival)
Whose reason, a tensile catapult,
Projects him in a pre-plotted course
From one precise point to another precise point
Along a steel-blindingly brilliant-in-the-sun,
Carefully-engineered-for-the-specific-purpose
Monorail.*

*Sometimes (often, of late),
Failing of his destination,
Or, finding, when he arrives, that it's the
wrong terminus
Or not at all the end of the line,
He becomes so honestly and so deeply disturbed*

That he

*Clenches his fists,
Grits his teeth,
Furrows his brow,
Cudgels his brain,
And, in the attempt to eliminate entirely --
or at least, reduce by a considerable
percentage -- the extant Margin of
Error,*

Redoubles his efforts.

-- T. P. Shoenfield

Brooklyn, New York

Capsule Wormwood Reviews:

*COUNTERMOVES (Charles Edward Eaton) 1963. \$2.00 --
Abelard-Schuman Ltd., 6 West 57th., N.Y. 19, N.Y.--
competent without poet's commitment.*

Autumn Sequence

Where weeds have tilted
the sidewalk, a fire
plug leans into its
perspective;
shape against shape
the street frees
from generality.

The leaves have wilted
now. Crisp as the air,
their lone adagio fits
the wind's directive;
like swirling crepe
they settle quietly
at the base of a tree.

I watch, halted
by a strong desire
for pirouettes,
finely attentive
of rust, the shapes
of leaves, the grey
monotony of sky.

Where weeds have tilted
the sidewalk, a fire
plug leans into its
perspective;
shape against shape
the street frees.

-- John Judson

Waterville, Maine

On The Birth Of A Daughter

*Nor does it matter that the trees
relent, and scatter their identities
like tears upon the ground; one sees*

*no portent in the old distress
of seasons, no fear of chill, unless
the wind shares his barrenness.*

*I read no malice in this mild
curvature of limbs, but gnarled
time born gracefully now, beguiled
of summer by its autumn child.*

-- John Judson

March Wind

*The wind spurts and
ecstatic red and
(shirt and skirt)
yellow cracks and snaps.
The grey tenement's wash
is alive on a line,
dancing, dancing,
blown red and blue
snapping into fleeting purple.*

-- M. K. Book

Lincoln, Nebraska

Patrons

Mr. Davis Lapham
Miss Barbara Snow

Contributors

Mr. Ralph Kinsey
Mr. William H. C. Newberry
Mr. Donald R. Peterson
Dr. Leonard Weller
Mr. Loring E. Williams

The Wormwood Review is still non-beat, non-academic and non-sewing-circle and, of course, non-profit. We are interested in quality poems and prose-poems (proems); the form may be traditional or avant-garde, the tone serious or flip, the content very conservative or utter taboo. The magazine is published whenever sufficient material has been gathered for an issue -- this happens about four times a year. The regular subscription rate is \$3.50 for four issues. Price of a single issue is \$1.00 postpaid. Patron's subscriptions are \$10.00 while Contributors' subscriptions are \$6.00. Unfulfilled subscriptions will be refunded.

The Wormwood Review may be purchased at these very excellent stores:

Books 'N Things, 82 East 10th. St., N.Y.. 3, N.Y..
Gotham Book Mart, 41 West 47th. St., N.Y.. 36, N.Y..
Paperbook Gallery, Business District, Storrs, Conn.

The cover design is by **A. Sypher**

Composition and collating of the magazine has been done by the editor. Offset presswork by Davidson S & S Agency of Hartford, Conn. The edition was limited to not more than 500 copies, and this is copy number: 354

Editors: Alexander Taylor and Marvin Malone
Subscription and Editorial Offices:
Box 111 — Storrs, Conn.

\$1.00