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# Wormwood Review

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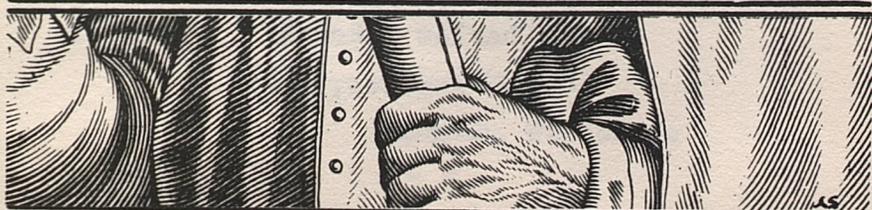


## Chant du Cygne

My God, John, we ran over a Unicorn back there,  
it was all white at first, then  
poppies grew.

What's that? Did it mess up the tires?  
John, I think it's still alive.

— Tamery Dean  
Austin, Texas



into all instants before we like  
woodchoppers die I would like to  
think that what we've said will  
not necessarily follow us into  
that dark hole that is not love  
or sex or anything we know now,  
and when the troops marched into  
Turkey they ran through the first  
village raping the young girls  
and some of the old ones too,  
and Anderson and I found a cafe  
and sat there drinking listening  
to the air-arm overhead sinking  
in its fangs and I said it's the  
same old thing Shakespeare through  
Mailer sticking his wife with the  
same thing but the wrong thing,  
and I thought if we could die here  
now in a minute like a camera  
snapped it would be much best  
all the mules and drunken ladies  
gone the bad novels march  
stuck in the mud it is best  
to die when you are ready  
like razorblades and beersongs  
to an ancient Irish tune  
and then some Turk took a shot  
from the staircase and split my  
sleeve like a tight ass bending  
and I fired back like people in  
a play and I kept thinking  
Maria Maria I wonder if I'll  
ever see Maria again, and  
immortality did not seem  
important at all.

— Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, Calif.

## The Gun

### I

Last night we heard Robert Lowell  
read his poems  
in a slow Boston drawl.  
On my daughter's orders I carried  
a wooden toy gun,  
in case of dragons.  
I carried it  
in my inside coat pocket, all through the poems.

### II

Lowell read his poem about Lepke,  
and I had a gat, by God.

### III

In 1911  
Apollinaire was arrested  
on suspicion of stealing  
the Mona Lisa.

### IV

I am alone this morning,  
prowling our apartment for a poem,  
searching closets and pockets.  
I find a wooden gun.  
My wife is at the dentist,  
my daughter at Grandma's,  
I'm barefooted and armed --  
a second storey man in my own apartment.

### V

How do you live? she asked him  
at the end of that chain-gang movie,  
and the fugitive Paul Muni  
hissed as he disappeared,  
I steal!

— James Hazard

Oshkosh, Wisconsin

If Communication Had Been Invented

we play our parts  
ambitiously being genuine  
we teach ourselves  
specifically feeling sponsored  
foundationed to achievement  
we compliment our genius  
we could have been spared  
this impertinent struggle

— Ottone M. Riccio  
Belmont, Mass.

A work of art  
Is to be laughed at.

It is certainly not  
To be observed  
With composure.

Tears are acceptable  
Or your glass smashed against the wall  
Will serve the purpose  
Of starting a cure of apartness

But I say that  
A soupcon of heyday berserkness,  
Swerving the viewer  
Inside the view,  
Is best of all.

— Dorothy Nyren  
Newton Highlands, Mass.

Alma Mater

And then there was the time  
Sinclair Lewis  
And his publisher  
Went out to Yale  
To present a golden medal  
Big as a grapefruit  
To the library  
(He'd got it one day in Sweden)  
And those reputable gentlemen  
Would have been better off  
With a real grapefruit  
And a dash of salt  
But lurched in anyway  
And made their speech  
While Mr. Rush said things like  
"Please, gentlemen,"  
And "You collect medals?"  
And tried to deal suavely with those drunks  
Till Red was as red as his red hair  
And left that damn place.  
And Fitzgerald didn't do much better at Princeton.  
Nobel prizes and great books are fairly commonplace.  
You can leave your loot with mother, boys,  
But she may not know your face.

— Dorothy Nyren

Sitting In The Wicker Chair At Your House

Give me a green glass with  
Just plain water in it,  
And  
Give me a yellow apple  
And  
A purely (0) a purely green glass with  
Just plain water in it.

— Tamery Dean

## A Critical Poem

We remember only for a certain time.  
The neighborhood changes too swiftly  
as we struggle to connect faces to our friends.

Always we receive a picture card from Paris  
or Chicago or some newer house:  
"Just getting resettled. Will write later."  
And no letters ever come and names blot  
with watery ink in address books.

Homes are changed yearly, streets turn and fret  
like schoolboys hating to be pinned to one spot.  
Everywhere there is a thunder of humans  
churning and redecorating department stores.

Who can remember someone from last season  
or last week? Whatever became of that man  
who wanted to cut stone? Or that girl who danced  
and disappeared into bohemian adolescence?  
No one ever hears from that writer turned teacher  
and saving his money wandered off into property.  
What happened to that couple who designed furniture  
until pregnancies became their only design  
and kindergarten television their therapy?

Everyone is going away somewhere  
to become a more successful American.  
Everyone is getting resettled and will write  
later. Everywhere people drop attachments and ideas  
more than ten minutes old. They dissolve  
into the convoluted hallucination of desperate  
movement  
and only decadent death arises fat from their  
ruins.

— Leslie Woolf Hedley  
San Francisco, California

On The Occasion Of Hitting A Home Run

With Bases Loaded

He can't do it, icecream tongues clacked,  
he hasn't the wrists. I heard  
and immediately thought of heroes.

There are moments in the smallest sun  
which seem enough. There are events  
whose substance we may magnify  
beyond schoolyards or history of kings.

Europe was creeping up behind our games.  
If we paused to contemplate our bodies,  
the secret code of coaches, the eager girls  
with waiting breasts, spectators swimming  
in our summer gaze,  
we wanted to be reckless as any Greek poem  
or approaching draft boards.

I believed myself invincible (then)  
against curves, sliders, changeups  
and screwballs pitched by life.  
(My father, athletic director of ancestry,  
told me on what side I belonged, although  
such teams were invisible on that field.)

I swung late --  
the fat bat crashing the ball,  
my fists vibrating revolutionary songs,  
my body a pent up barricade.  
And the object became a white pigeon  
spinning strong toward right field fences,  
arcing into green escape.

Then I was sprayed with loud flowers of joy.  
All popcorn and cola voices hurraed their flags  
for that afternoon's minimal victory.

But I argue it was a last season for such things,  
a stolen hour to be American and young.

-- Leslie Woolf Hedley



## In Summer My Hair Turns White

In summer my hair turns white  
in the sun, I look like an old man,  
like my father. That frightens me.  
And some of his age is transferred  
onto me, it seems. I don't have  
the lust in movement, running and such.  
I sit, like an old man, writing poems.  
Peculiar thought: If he could see me;  
what would he feel? Write him a card,  
invite him down. No. He would not come.  
Write him a letter, enclose a snapshot.  
Where are my thoughts taking me today?  
I was thinking of him just now, courting  
my mother. He never talked of that.  
Another generation. That's what it is.  
A whole generation stands between us,  
that's part of it; what is the other part?  
I'm full of questions today. So was he.  
He hated fishing. Said he didn't mind  
being out in a boat, five in the morning,  
but to kill something for sport! Pious,  
call it. Though the word doesn't satisfy me.  
Nor did it him. He went to church, but aloof;  
he'd ape the preacher, not putting much stock  
by his words. In his work he was a pious man,  
you might say that. And today? Yes, today.  
I suppose he is this minute watering  
the lawn in front of his box-car house  
in the South section of St. Louis,  
talking with the neighbors, a little aloof.  
A long way off. I got a long way off.  
I was saying. In summer my hair....

-- Eric Pfeiffer

## Last Year At Marienbad

A surrealistic eye peers in  
on a static frieze  
of svelte silent figurines  
beside a summer breeze,  
who startle into trance  
at the flicker of an eye  
with the harsh intensity  
of a bitter wintry sky --

The captive eye follows  
up the wandering granite stair  
to find them  
wearing withered wreaths  
in their metallic hair

Like cold, dead ashes  
they descend and  
like stringless puppets find  
in an artificial fireplace  
their dank rococco minds

## La Dolce Vita

Is this the second coming?  
the gilded Christ floating overhead  
as on roofs of Rome  
sunburst breasts  
and jutting thighs  
point aimlessly at outraged skies.

In the streets below  
seven scenes unfold  
Italy sits in the cafes  
like a daguerreotype,  
our Dante-esque hero  
in a journalistic daze  
of unrelated episodes is  
trapped by a ceaseless round  
of hangovers with waxwork characters  
who have lost the power of choosing  
and fluctuate  
between sex and Christ

an impersonal art  
the photo-vultures hover near  
the dead intellectual  
who sought to rediscover  
out of his alienation  
a human image  
a voice of innocence  
"the Sweet Life."

### Homage To Algren

Same old jazz  
summer in New York on a red rimmed stool  
watching some loony astronaut  
shoot the moon

damp comfort tears  
in a slaughterhouse of sad sacks  
who sink their fevered histories  
into my frozen ear  
yet what of me?

in my pocket a thin lousy dime of courage  
and not a cent of faith

So at  $\frac{1}{4}$  past sex and  $\frac{1}{2}$  past hope  
I up to 42 Street  
to dig the freaks  
lizz and queers, winos and chenangos  
hoods with the monkey, the rough trade,  
marks, sharpies, jostlers, hustlers,  
punks, meatheads, hot-rodders of God  
hooked to the past  
and hot!  
this August day an abstract sweat  
on the bloody, funky hog-calling elect  
and me  
and me

I come up with a fast hustle  
4 nails, a hammer, a folding cross,  
as all the poets gathered love and hunger thin  
my pitch ran like this --

Loneliness is the greatest sin

-- G. Ridley

Van Nuys, California

How To Make Modern Poetry  
Out Of Ordinary Materials  
Found Around The House

talk a great deal about being drunk last night  
and tomorrow night in fact you're smashed to  
the gills while you're writing the whole thing  
and here and there use fourletteranglosaxon  
people will be so goddam grateful to understand  
one word of it, they'll call you  
a genius

give explicit details about your heterosexual  
adventures everyone was wondering about you

allude often to obscure and mystical tomes  
(not books, tomes) quoting from them heavily  
in the original languages and don't worry if  
someone manages to translate they'll just  
think there is some psychological connection  
they're too stupid to figure out

everything is hopeless and ugly. use it.

capital(ize nothing and do not punctuate  
except for a liberal sprinkling of semi-  
colons in the middle of words it slows  
up the reader to the point of insanity and  
then man he's really with it

meter isn't hard to avoid but you've got to  
watch like the devil or cadences will creep  
up on you and for godsake don't rhyme anything  
it sounds contrived and those artificial  
devices man are like  
nowhere

don't cuss bigmoney it's already been done  
just mention with a cynical leer that you  
like payola as well as the next little creep  
caught in the big machine that's what THEY've  
done to you jack and you're bitter see  
and speaking of machinery use things like  
flywheels, pistons, fanbelts, the turn of

the screw in the forehead of the century  
and above all throw in THE BOMB every three  
or four lines

put  
each

word

on

a

separate

line

poetry is paid for (that's an inside joke)  
by the line besides it's very difficult to  
read

when you've done all this, describe your  
plumbing, the scum in the ditch across  
the road, the bastard next door, don't  
forget you're mad you love everybody that  
is you love mankind something terrible but  
you're mad, real mad at them because  
they're all a bunch of idiots too stupid  
to know when they're miserable

then collect a bunch of these poems and  
have them privately printed it's chic and  
what's more it's the only way and send a  
copy to your old english teacher, your  
ex-wife, assorted friends enemies and the  
unknown names in your old address book  
don't send one to me

-- Phyllis Onstott Arone  
Logansport, Indiana

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Current and highly recommended:

HERMES PAST THE HOUR by Judson Crews, published  
by Este Es Press, P. O. Box 1492, Taos, New Mexico  
USA (\$1.25).

IRON ARK, A CENTURY OF PROGRESS, ICARUS all by  
Kirby Congdon, published by Interim Books, Box 35  
Village Station, N.Y. 14, N.Y. (all for \$2.00).

## Mutiny!

James Wm. Broom III came home to his spicandspan apartment after his usual dull day at the insurance office, made himself a peanutbutter and jelly sandwich, poured a glassmilk and settled down in his easychair to do the crossword puzzle in the Times.

He always did the crossword puzzle in the Times.

But this evening, his clock seemed to be tick-tocking much louder than usual.

He tried to ignore it and concentrate on a four letter word meaning 'Paleontological findings.'

But the clock stopped.

Chimed twice.

And he raised his eyes to see the hands racing around and around the dial with a maniacal intensity that froze him with horror.

Then the television set turned itself on and a man with nice teeth said RUSH OUT AND BUY!

James Wm. Broom III was halfway into his coat when the typewriter, all by itself, began clacking out Newton's Formulae of Motion.

And the refrigerator door swung openandshut, openandshut, openandshut, playing merrily with its own light.

And the airconditioner began whistling The Old Rugged Cross and the reading lamp turned itself from yellow to red to green to yellow to red to green like a hysterical traffic-light and the plumbing suddenly flushed itself and splashed and spewed and sprayed and played with water water everywhere and the Hi-Fi played Madam Butterfly backwards and the garbage-disposal began eating the sink.

And the refrigerator.

The television set...  
The air-conditioner...  
The typewriter...  
The tictocking clock...  
And James Wm. Broom III.

### And A Prose Poem

I live in a roomfull of clocks -- electric clocks, allarrum clocks, grandfather clocks, cuckoo clocks. They tick, they tock, they click, they whirr, they hum, they buzz, they chime. I wonder what it is like -- bong -- to live --bong-- in a world -- bong -- where there are no bong clocks?

-- Bernard Epps

Bury, Quebec, Canada

### Temporal Pleasures

(for Jim Callahan)

Said the hedonist/ I must insist that life to be life must contain good books, and food and wine and (of course) a sweet one with gently mounded buttocks and belly and alive brown eyes.

Said the priest/ Evil! Cast off desire -- resist all -- be as I -- I can resist all the temptations except (of course) the temptation to save a lost soul.

-- M. K. Book

Lincoln, Nebraska

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A first-edition classic-of-sorts for fifty cents: Journey Beyond Tomorrow by Robert Sheckley -- a Signet Book, The New American Library, 501 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. (1962) still available.



Carl Larsen's



The Stainless Steel Incubus



I: Advertisement For An Android

1.

The wise and docile  
friendly father-face  
stares out (full page)  
at all the unawakened world  
from morning Times.

...a New York Doctor's  
Daring, Frank, Revealing  
Book on the Machinery  
of Love...

it says. A quiet introduction  
to the things to come, imbued  
Security for Psychopath,  
the knowledge that now everything  
we've called to ken  
is charted on a graph.



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A simple advertisement  
in the best of taste

I find that when  
I fold the paper flat,  
his nose is pressed against  
the crossword puzzle.

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2.

You'll Softly Sell me  
soap and whiskey,  
Ballantine  
Stretch-E-Zee bras,  
or O-Do-Ro-No  
for my stinking pits.  
I'll buy and buy,  
my eyes grown large  
with Greed and Ownership  
as I sing 'Merica,  
America!

(Send no more surplus wheat  
to Greece: they're homosexed  
out there, I hear)

but Love's machinery?  
A penis made of finest  
stainless-steel, perhaps?  
Or else (or plus)  
a robot woman, matched  
to fit my moods (and after  
careful fitting, tailored  
to my manhood, designed to  
flex at any angle?)



Don't sell me love.  
The price is high enough  
without your help.

3.

**U. S. INGENUITY REVEALS  
AN END TO DOMESTICITY!**

the Christian Science Monitor  
proclaims.

**ROBOT SEX BILL PASSED**

the Kansas City Star  
reports.

**PUSH BUTTON PASSION!**

roar the headlines in the  
peasant press.

**GOD HAS HAD IT!**

snicker weighty monthlies,  
licking their now-withered  
chops.

**PREZ SEZ:  
SEX REX**

and even Show-Biz papers  
have to make a dime.

4.

The crowd is restless  
all around the shop  
awaiting Opening.  
Greasy mechanics leer;  
inside, they know  
the intimates.  
Involuntarily, a cheer  
fills up the narrow street:  
the Happy Lover Haven's  
brought to life.

The doors  
(shaped vulva-like)  
slide back.





The Wormwood Review exchanges issues with the following little magazines and presses — all of whom deserve larger audiences.

Alphabet, 276 Huron St., London, Ontario, Canada  
American Weave, 4109 Bushnell Road, University Heights 18, Ohio  
Approach, 114 Petrie Ave., Rosemont, Pa.  
The Beloit Poetry Journal, Box 2, Beloit, Wisconsin  
Bitterroot, 5229 New Utrecht Ave., Brooklyn 19, New York  
Black Cat Review, 348 W. Highland Ave., San Bernardino, California  
The Carleton Miscellany, Carleton College, Northfield, Minn.  
Chat Noir Review, 1354 North Sedgwick St., Chicago 11, Illinois  
Chicago Literary Times (Literary Times), Box 4327, Chicago 7, Illinois  
Choice (Chicago Choice) Box 1359, Chicago 90, Illinois  
The Creative Review, Box 564, Eugene, Oregon, 97401  
Descant, Texas Christian University, Fort Worth 29, Texas  
The Dubliner, No. 3, T.C.D., Dublin 2, Ireland  
Elizabeth, 103 Van Etten Blvd., New Rochelle, New York  
Epos, Crescent City, Florida  
Este Es Press, P. O. Box 1492, Taos, New Mexico  
Hors Commerce Press, 22526 Shadycroft Ave., Torrance, California  
Icarus, 3 Trinity College, Dublin 2, Ireland  
Lynx, 300 Broadway, Plainview, Texas  
Motive, Box 871, Nashville 2, Tenn.  
Mummy, 79 Liberty St., San Francisco 10, Calif.  
Northeast, Box 502, Waterville, Maine  
The Outsider, 618 Rue Ursulines, New Orleans 16, La.  
Plumed Horn, Apartado Postal No. 26546, Mexico 13, D.F.  
Poetry Northwest, Univ. of Washington, Seattle 5, Washington  
Quagga, P. O. Box 7591, University Station, Austin 12, Texas  
Sciamachy, 1096 Elm St., Winnetka, Illinois  
Semina, 10426 Crater Lane, Los Angeles 24, California  
Seven Poets Press, 620 East 6th. St. (#3), New York 9, New York  
The Sixties, Odin House, Madison, Wisconsin  
South and West, 2601 South Phoenix, Fort Smith, Arkansas  
The Sparrow Magazine, 103 Waldron St., West Lafayette, Indiana  
Statements, 1017 Fifth Ave., Iowa City, Iowa  
Targets, Casabuelo, Sandia Park, New Mexico  
Trace, P.O. Box 1068, Hollywood 28, California  
Voices (Michigan's Voices), 716 Holland Ave., Saginaw, Michigan

and last, but not least — the index card was displaced:

Midwest, 289 East 148th. St., Harvey, Illinois AND:  
Interim Books, Box 35 Village Station, New York 14, New York

Each of the above magazines has a unique "personality" — this is the strength of the true "little magazine." Certain sponsored magazines have been trying to convince themselves and the public that they are little magazines and hence deserving of the mantle of "glorious irresponsible—responsibility" common to the true little magazines. Amusing? With certain of the above, Wormwood feels a distinct rapport, but Wormwood does not condemn the others. These are changing times, and only history can indicate which ones were most vital — but this supposes an interested and actively discriminating audience now! We must have a slogan? OK. "Think big — buy LITTLE magazines, you'll be glad-sad-mad you did."

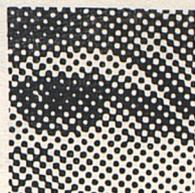


Women, good for just  
one purpose  
for ten thousand years,  
are good for nothing,  
now.

5.

Lovely android women  
fill the streets.

(She shops!  
She cleans!  
She cooks  
Your beans!)



Their owners -- bachelors  
at first, the married  
men by tons -- smile happily.

(She soothes  
your brow!  
And she  
knows how!)

A snowball rises from  
the dust.  
You can't stop Progress  
any more  
than you can say  
what Progress is.

6.

A woman Congressman  
speaks up:  
Play Fair, You Guys!  
Give us Ladies  
Robot Men!

(We want the wise and  
docile, friendly-virile-  
father type.)

And she is heard,  
and industries  
spring up.

A businessman in Iowa comes up  
with one self-centering:  
Can't Skid Around, he claims,  
and is deluged.

(Nylon construction  
out-does rubber. Gives  
you longer, safer wear,  
increase your mileage!  
Better traction, everywhere!)

The government appropriates  
a billion for Research.

7.

And Sex, at last,  
is a Monopoly -- No  
Moving Parts, It Can't  
Break Down, with  
friction-proofing oil.

It's U. S. Steel behind  
it all, some say,  
and don't forget  
Shell Oil -- and I. B. M.!

(Ball--bearings cranky,  
Buddy? Our new model's  
got fourteen transistors,  
guaranteed for 30 days!)

The gossip runs, but  
everyone is pleased.  
They don't know what  
to do.

(The miners are starving.  
The farmers are rich.  
The Martians are coming.  
My wife is a bitch.)

8.

The word gets out that  
everybody makes a buck on Sex.  
Obstetrics

now is metrics,  
dealing with a quarter-inch.

(Chrome front,  
rear-safety-guards,  
a tapered tail  
gives air-tight fit)

The International Cartel  
gets fat, the farthest thing  
from pregnancy. A world  
runs riot:

everybody gets a piece  
of Peace.

9.

The machinery  
of love  
grinds on.

There is no war.  
The rebels die of grief.

The marriage-brokers  
lay aside the phrase,  
take up the turning  
of a lathe.

The fringe of lunatics  
take unaccustomed glee  
just Following

the Simple Instructions  
Printed on the Box.

Do-it-yourself Lobotomy  
is next.

---

## II: Leah

1.

I will touch  
your sleeping hours

with this,  
for we came singular  
and second  
to this part  
of time.

Wandering  
or less,  
but needing gifts  
for given.

Know  
there is a way  
of knowing one.

One is enough,  
is more,  
is maximum.

2.

You are a woman, spread  
this once as pages  
in an open notebook,  
laid so carefully  
upon our Sunday  
morning bed.

Air is heavy here,  
within the limits of  
the radiator's shadows  
and the all-we-know,  
heavy summerness obliged.

I stand,  
unwilling to release  
the momentary composition  
of your lines.

You smile,  
awaiting stylus,  
punctuating finally:  
a timid moan.

3.

I touch  
the tiniest of hairs

grown patterned  
down your back.

They wash in, left  
as driftwood  
in your body tides,  
and never reach  
the oiled  
slick slipping  
of the conch.

The horn of Triton  
hears the sea  
within itself  
upon the beach.

4.

I am nightmare  
as you move.

Your tongue,  
exotic snail,

explores  
and memorizes

me.

5.

I am the most of you  
when I'm engulfed  
in thighs  
or lips,  
recesses,  
channels,  
surging to  
just once  
touch innermost.

I will know  
when I am there.

6.

The sunlight slices  
through your sleep,

through shades  
and contours of  
your body, touching  
here and there  
a Moebus Strip.

It touches the  
slim valley of  
your needs.

I move into  
the darkness  
growing there,  
into your night  
and you to mine.

7.

I press my mouth against  
your thigh;  
the primal need  
(so well concealed)  
to eat  
the captured flesh.

And in this moment  
you are still as birth.

I am aware of that.

An errant artery  
pumps you between  
my lips.

I taste the rhythm  
of your heart.

8.

Your eyes are closed.  
I cannot find the patterns  
of your thoughts,  
though I reach deep  
to touch them.

Let me in!, I think,  
with each locking

with each  
interlocking.

You are lost,  
and arching suddenly,  
and I forget,  
and squeeze my eyes  
before your lean  
and patterned conjugation  
of my scattered  
parts.

9.

In the warmth  
of aftermath,  
we both drift off,  
hands now quiet,  
laying near  
our secrets.

-- Carl Larsen

New York, New York

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LYNX, a semiannual of poetry edited at 300 Broadway Plainview, Texas, announces an award of a year's subscription to LYNX for the best poem in each issue of WORMWOOD REVIEW. LYNX is interested in encouraging poetry -- not fads. Its criteria is the presence of a least a spark of that intangible quality which, as Dylan Thomas said, "Makes your toenails twinkle." LYNX awards go to Felix Anselm for "Musings of Late" (8th issue), to Charles R. Angione for "Madonna On A Bus" (9th issue), and to J. H. Lowell for "Bill Smith Is Dead" (10th issue).

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Always ready to accept a challenge, WORMWOOD will reciprocate with an "editor's choice" per each issue of LYNX. First "choice:" G. C. Oden for her "Baptism of Desire" in LYNX:4.

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## Dalla Terrazza

Nell'etere di fuoco sta la luna  
e in terra sparso ai piedi dell'ibisco  
sfuma il disco viola dei suoi fiori  
a cui dinanzi riapre gli occhi d'oro  
la civetta che grida sul tuo tetto.  
E i granoturchi paiono nei campi  
com'anatre sorprese alzare il becco  
correndo verso l'aia dove un cane  
smarrito abbaia fuori della cuccia.

Se ti addormenti, il tempo ti ridesta  
e non altro che il tempo, se dolore  
lo chiami, o il vagolar della foresta  
luminoso del vento alle persiane.

Il fiume e' secco, le calvane tacciono  
impietrite e le argille ancora il taglio  
dei vomeri conservano compatto.

Che ti divise, anima mia; visione,  
qual lampo ti levo' dal tuo disteso  
esistere; qual credito ti diede  
sul tuo credere questo disperare?

— Piero Bigongiari

Firenze, Italy

### From The Terrace (translation)

The moon lies in ethereal fire  
and on the ground, scattered at its feet,  
the violet disk of the hibiscus' flowers turns to  
smoke  
at which the owl screeching from your roof  
opens wide its golden eyes.  
Sheaves of wheat in the fields  
are like ducks caught by surprise lifting beaks  
running toward the threshing floor where a dog  
lost outside his kennel barks.

If you fall asleep, time wakens you,  
none other than time; although sorrow  
you may call it, or the windblown light  
of the forest straying through your window blinds.

The river is dry, naked hills are silent  
as stone and the clay slopes keep intact  
the ploughshare's furrow.

What took you away from me, my soul;  
what bolt of lightning removed you from your  
peaceful  
way of life; what made you grieve  
and lose faith in your belief?

— D. M. Pettinella(trans.)

New York, New York

### Sopra i Morti non Piove

La morte sa di tabacco  
se viene in autunno  
e le veglie sono torbide di fumo

Per noi non venne in ottobre  
quando le prima castagne  
scoppiavano sulla brace  
Il vino resto' nel bicchiere  
ancora caldo di bigoncia  
e sembrava sangue in una teca

I piedi secchi di nostro padre  
erano al centro della notte

-----  
I giorni li stiamo contando  
dall'alba del nostro dolore

Sopra i morti non piove  
mentre la mala stagione  
a noi scorre nelle vene

— Remo A. Borzini

Genova, Italy

It Never Rains On The Dead  
(translation)

Death tastes of tobacco  
If it comes in autumn  
and vigils are hazy as smoke

It did not come for us in October  
when the first chestnuts  
crackled on the embers  
The wine remained in the glass  
warm from the bucket  
as blood in a tube

The withered feet of our father  
were in the midst of the night

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Since the dawn of our sorrow  
we count the days

It never rains on the dead  
while the mean season  
runs in our veins

-- D. M. Pettinella

The Burning Of The Leaves

Then the dry hard autumn leaves  
came all at once into the ward-  
And the nurses rushed about  
frantically sweeping them  
into the sterile tidy piles.  
Then the patient Markowitz  
who wound the yarn  
Around the chair as well  
as any spider could --  
Lit with match secreted in  
her yarn the pile  
Of hard brown leaves.  
And all the patients gathered there,  
as they had gathered  
when but small,

And smelled the tangy  
resin smell  
And sang the flaming  
autumn song.

### The Illustrated Man

The illustrated man is inside,  
The lights come on in the Hall  
Of Science and the recording says:  
I am the illustrated man,  
These are my veins and my organs  
This is my brain side front and back  
This is my maleness.

These are my arteries  
My kidneys are green like a lobster  
They are colored lights  
My miles of muscle hills  
The blue valley of my billion nerves  
My ganglion and my hands  
Building, turning, grasping,  
Lifting, moving  
My eyes my arms my legs  
Walking, stretching, climbing.

The man is illustrated in the mind  
When the lights switch on  
The pedestal revolves  
And the nerves shine in the blue neon  
And my voice begins:  
I am the illustrated man.

-- Ted J. Berk

New York, New York

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#### Books Received: Capsule Reviews

"Essence Of Gold" by Goldsmith Kittle (1961) fine printing by Ward Ritchie Press -- some fine short poems that can stand alone -- the "sweet" illustrations should have been omitted. Obtainable from: Grace Waldron, Box 314, Valley Center, California, 92082 (no price listed).

"Smile!"

The putting of arms  
around waists  
facing the lens  
reaching for a concord  
not merely cheese  
a standing on ground  
pebble in the shoe  
fly in the hair  
windless sky  
the pressure of arms around waists.

"Let's Eat!"

Stay here  
where you are  
eating a fast lunch  
hating to go back to work  
your eye on the clock  
the boss  
a hollow in the stomach  
you want to let all breath out.

"Putting A Few Things Together"

Lying on the bed  
looking at your face  
I see a lot of hair  
the suggestion of mustache  
eyes without romance made  
looking looking  
can't see anywhere  
the body of love.

— George Chambers

Madison, Wisconsin

## All The Pleasures Of The World

Coffee break.

The delicatessen downstairs has just made doughnuts. They are still warm, soft as breasts, crispy brown, and taste as rich as steak.

The taste fills my whole head, the whole world is a fresh doughnut taste. The coffee is fresh, pure and clear as a flawless morion. The rich smell of it

drives up my nostrils like a rod. The deli smells like a harem, sweet with the myrrh and musk of cakes and bread.

Dish clatter rattles like oriental percussion, chatter of stenos enjoying a break is like chatter in a latticed seraglio.

In one group at a nearby table, the girl facing me is a new one I haven't seen before, silky sleek, hair black as a black cat, skin white as its fangs, and lips such a red red I think she must be drinking blood from her cup. She stares at me unabashedly, watching me ogle her long silken legs, meagrely covered

by her tight short skirt. My eyes are crowded to the limits of sight with silk. When the group moves to leave, she lingers till last, then looking steadily at me swings her legs out slowly. I feel my forearms tremble. Like the violet after-image bright sunlight leaves on retina, the glimpse of white thighs and cat-fur black between floats in my eyes. I linger over it, over the rich nut taste of cigarette and coffee, over the sexy smell of sweet cakes, the smooth feel of porcelain cup against my fingertips.

My God I feel good!

My God it's a good morning!

— Gustave Keyser

Dallas, Texas

Poetic Image Of Woman

1945 - 1960

Adam bartered rib  
to create answer to his needs.

Close visual scrutiny,  
far flight of imagination --  
a line of demarkation,  
a point where reality and fancy part --  
the midriff they took to pondering.

The upper structure: head, cheeks,  
hair, eyes, lips, breasts, necks --  
superfluous trivia, lacking utility to man --  
would be atrophied by disuse.

The under half --  
thighs guard gateway to pudenda,  
epicenter of man's needs, raison d' etre.

To this utopian ideal  
they glued poet's visionary eyes,  
man's wisdom, ultimate hopes.

-- Archie Rosenhouse

Los Angeles, California

Bachelor Breakfast

Bald, he eats  
Boiled eggs across  
A table void  
Of the condiments  
Of cold cream and curlers.

She Sat, Lapful Of Cat,

Chatting with Father Thatcher  
On the advisability  
Of marriage before pregnancy.

-- Judith Bechtold

Seattle, Washington

## Life Span

i stood and watched  
until i was enveloped in hands and feet  
and unable to partake of the sun  
and then there was no need  
for anything.

### Poem

Long trousers,  
short legs;  
short trousers,  
long legs:  
nothing ever fits.

### London

London is  
a warm policeman  
and warm lights in the mist  
when you fall from high up  
into the Thames.

— Carl Forgione

London, England

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### Forget Not

A young undertaker  
Embalmed an old undertaker.  
While he was pulling  
Out his guts, he said  
To another undertaker:  
"Remember: this is the way I want it done."

— Aline Musyl Marks

Lincoln Park, New Jersey

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## Celebrity's Child

That sad, stumbling child  
With her round hollow eyes  
Was eaten alive before she was ten.  
Her famous parents were too busy  
Talking themselves, strutting,  
Gloating and appeasing giant egos,  
That she was casually tossed in the salad  
One day, and being occupied with chewing,  
(Majestically), they didn't hear her small  
Protest.

— Veryl Blatt

Detroit, Michigan

His joy was white and dry and cold;  
His beater: fall  
(Swathe-hacker for the white giant);  
His song was silence.

I knew him briefly, in the spring.  
As green shot, he drooped,  
Wore dark glasses, and went unshaven  
To protect his face.

July was hell.  
He had, by then, retreated  
To some air-conditioned darkness  
And fell ill of terror.

I heard that just before  
His master's herald reappeared  
He died.        These few stranger's lines  
Are all that survive of him.

— T. P. Shoenfield

Brooklyn, New York

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Received and Noted: "God Is My Flesh" by Trevor  
Goodger-Hill (\$2.50 from author, 81 Oscar St.,  
Montreal 18, Quebec, Canada) Poetics without the

## cute girl eternity

a cute girl named eternity and her hour  
of dawn before the morning.

rooftop generation of birds singing  
such songs as there is plenty of  
time before the dawn to live another  
tomorrow.

as if one could not be wise for living  
his rightful moment of possession and  
dewdrops sunpeep.

moisture gleaming.

come dawn it seems that nothing has  
happened except the turning of the  
dripping clock and the rising of the  
sun.

— neeli cherry

San Bernardino, California

### Rhyming poem:

the goldfish sing all night with guitars  
and the whores go down with the stars,  
the whores go down with the stars.

I'm sorry, sir, we close at 4:30  
besides yr mother's neck is dirty,  
and the whores go down with the etc.  
the whrs. go dn with the etc.

I'm sorry jack you can't come back  
I've fallen in love with another sap,  
3/4's Italian and 1/2 jap  
and the whores go  
the whores go  
etc.

— Charles Bukowski

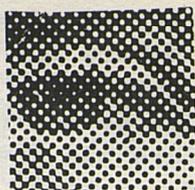
Los Angeles, California

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the fire of total commitment — fine printing with  
graceful, sometimes-disturbingly-effective line  
drawings by Marie Koehler.

**Patrons:**

Mr. Davis M. Lapham  
Miss Barbara Snow



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