



# WORM· WOOD



# REVIEW



*no.*

**12**

**&**

*index*







---

---

# Wormwood Review

---

---

Volume three, number four; issue number twelve

Editor: Marvin Malone; Art Editor: A. Sypher  
New York Representative: Harold Briggs

Copyright © 1963, The Wormwood Review Press  
Subscription and Editorial Offices: P. O. Box 111,  
Storrs, Connecticut, 06268 ; U.S.A.



When a poet dies  
Love relaxes for a breather  
And spring begins to doubt  
Another try is really worth it.  
Cummings died, and neither  
Could be found for comment.

— Edward O'Brien, Jr.  
Trenton, New Jersey





Anonymous Note, Among Camellias

I send these pale camellias with my love,  
Assured you'll handle them with care.  
The last bunch you returned was scored  
With paper clips: an oversight, I'm sure.  
Besides (I must admit) I love retyping  
Them. Your rejection, slip, is worded  
So as to encourage, in a blanket way,  
The billion poems' poets that you read  
Each year, to try again elsewhere  
(Or after Fall, next year) with you.  
I understand your Deep Regret, appreciate  
Your Thanks to me for Having Given You  
The Opportunity to just Consider them.  
P. S.: The stickum on the self-addressed  
Stamped envelope enclosed is poisoned.

-- Carl Larsen

New York, New York

The Age Of Vanity

in sunless interiors  
behind curtains, in  
porcelain cups...

mark

The web of a spider  
spinning smothering  
death for its life --

are sibylline tea-  
leaves, the whispering  
light of the moth:

mark

the face of a woman  
when her heart ruminates  
on a knife.

-- Christopher Perret

London, England



## Dr. Ashley Recalls A Dream

I suppose the thing I did on Pope  
Should find a home one of these days.  
They all said it was good, liked it  
Immensely, encouraged me, but with the load  
I've had here, well, revisions and all  
The new research — you've seen our  
Library by now I imagine. And yet  
One or two of the larger houses have  
Expressed interest. Keen, one of them.  
You might say I chose to teach instead,  
Leave the glory for the other fellow,  
Though I haven't seen anything on that  
Twickenham scoundrel to match it. One  
Day I'll give it to the world. Perhaps a  
Summer when I'm free. The work involved  
Isn't monstrous, just time-consuming.

But it is a dream, not unrealizable,  
And one day Pope shall immortalize  
Me. And then I'll be free to move on,  
Not that I haven't been well-treated  
Here, you understand, but the element  
Of time, and the hours here, well,  
Perhaps you'll see it too when you've  
Put in a dozen years. Naturally  
The houses want the proper auctorial  
Address. They have a private  
Prejudice which makes it doubly  
Difficult here, in our public  
Situation. But if it's good, if it's  
Really good they can't look the other  
Way. You make them see you. Loom so  
Large you're unavoidable. Any day  
Now something might break for me.  
But I wouldn't say anything now.  
Discretion, you know.

-- Lee Jacobus

New Milford, Conn.



## History Without Tears

for my Father  
who gave me lines 8, 30 & 31

Herman Göring lives in this:  
When I hear the word CULTURE  
I reach for my revolver!  
The way Mollie says it:  
Come on in, you'll see...  
Like Barnum & Bailey says  
There's one born all the time --  
THIS WAY TO THE EGRESS

All right. Let them eat cake  
but you better save the  
glems of the cake for me --  
Marie Antoinette. Reece  
volution. Catherine wheels -- Stop  
calling me Mother  
of All the Russias!  
Well she was. Great that is.

And Earle Long said it:  
Like Caesar's wife  
I can do no harm.  
TIME also quoted Jimmy  
Hoffa: The truth don't lie  
in the middle of any  
thing. The truth is the truth.  
Sure takes one to tell one

Eisenhower appears,  
the whole world in the hollow  
of his head; Jenner mutters  
Weel runnim if we hafta  
stuffim. They did.  
"If I had it all to do  
over I'd do it all over you!"  
In the twinkling of an eye.

-- Michael Lebeck

New York, New York



## Median 26

The fealty to substandard soil  
is the prevalence of actored stones:  
I have palely derived wizened  
wassails of leaning liens, souring  
beneath the chocolate soda loam.  
The corpse, burnt beyond vaudeville,  
is kewpie toast --

Only that which has not forsaken  
me is beyond recognition.

-- Gil Orlovitz

New York, New York

### A Mistake

Assasinated by amputees  
whom he thought  
thought him  
the one who  
ordered  
their mutilation,

he tried to explain  
he was innocent,  
but  
the amputees were too noisy.

Finally,  
an amputee said:  
"We knew you had  
no power to order  
anything done.

So shut up."

-- Duane Locke

Tampa, Florida



## The Pattern

Amulius Silvius with ambition  
to be a god found it could be done  
by the construction of a machine.  
By diligent research on the streets,  
he soon learned that awe  
is generated by loud noises.  
He produced a thunder making machine;  
soon had a large following  
proclaiming him  
the equal of Jupiter.

A few refused to believe  
until he regulated his machine  
to produce thunder  
according to an invariable pattern.  
Then everyone was convinced;  
how could anyone but a god  
produce thunder  
that sounded so natural.

## The Controllers

hid my face  
                                under shirt  
stuck hand  
                                through collar  
they came with their handbook  
read my palm  
                                seeing in the lines  
their own autobiography  
they never knew  
they were looking  
                                into a mirror  
                                what  
they saw  
they condemned  
                                therefore  
I was allowed to buy groceries



## The Morality Of The Summer House

The stone tablets  
on the screen porch  
command only:

Thou shall not remember  
the dinner jacket with a steel trap  
where a leg  
still hangs.

-- Duane Locke

## Pictures On Opposing Pages

Broad-nosed Socrates with stone-curved beard,  
ugly and bald with marble pate.  
Creved eyes pocked deep in rock,  
full-lipped mouth speaks, eloquent,  
from stone. A voice that stands  
against the years, unstatured and alone.

Hermes stares with finely chisled poise  
down his pale, pinched, geometric nose.  
His clothes (who imagines your clothes, Socrates?)  
as finely drawn as those tight,  
metamorphic limestone curls.  
His stoney chest as smooth as breasts.

The echo of an unrepentant, gad-fly voice  
gives the cruelly childlike features force.

## Everything Isn't

But everything isn't  
after all.

I mean, sure,  
the snow  
goes rotten  
in the March sun  
but everyone knows  
so why turn Spring  
into some big thing



even if grass  
and leaves  
are always new  
and the inevitable  
equinox is out of the hat?  
Who's  
excited about that?  
They're all too busy  
feeling  
their own sap rise  
and reading  
some subliminal lies  
printed on the insides  
of their own blind eyes.

— Robert M. Chute

Auburn, Maine

---

#### Nature Song

Candy Lips carved  
her name in dusk  
and pinned it on a rainbow.  
Then plucking a star for a lantern,  
faded into the woods.

But strangely that night  
in all the woods  
there wasn't a single faun  
and even the satyrs (disguised as trees)  
for once had called it a day.

Candy Lips hung  
her head in pique  
and fled to the nearest lake  
only to find the waters loud  
with the tinkle of naiad laughter.

— Charles Shaw

New York, New York



## A Word Or Two For Jennybelle

Jennybelle, whatever you do  
When you go strolling through the zoo,  
Observe the signs the keeper placed:

Please do not tease the chimpanzee.  
Her name is Prudence. See, she wears  
A long wig and a willing face.

Please do not feed orangutangs.  
Their names are Percy, Sam and Bill.  
They get good dinners every night.

Please do not reach your hands through bars.  
A gibbon, name of Albert, shrieks.  
Lemurs lean out to nip your knees.

Jennybelle, with your mad makeup --  
Mascara intricate, dimple simple,  
Lips on wrong, gone long and leerful --

You're a vicious civic problem!  
Remember what your mama said:  
Invite no confidences from

Apes in Bermudas, posing for  
America, a camera.  
Look out, look out for Liberty...

That old baboon forgets he has  
A flaming and inflamed behind.  
A big bat wags between his legs.

Walk if you will down crazy lanes  
Of cellophane and peanut shell.  
But when you crackle through the zoo

And soft talk rattles every cell,  
When Sam and Bill wink back at you  
And tiptoe through the monkey waltz,

Observe the signs the keeper placed;  
Remember what your mama said --  
The price of unspent innocence.

-- Ralph S. Pomeroy  
Davis, California



## Untraveled Roads

How quickly wilderness  
reclaims untraveled roads.  
I followed paths of Boyle  
and Gay-Lussac to mountain  
passes hewn by Gibbs  
where Maxwell's Demon sat:  
a difficult terrain,  
yet, traveled daily, these  
were unobstructed roads.  
I went away and after  
five short years returned.  
Now tangled grasses grew  
where wheel-tracks once had been.  
The outline of the road  
was well defined and with  
some plodding I still made  
the journey. It was twenty  
years before I came  
again. Now bush and bramble  
blotted out the way.  
Travel was impossible  
and alders arched overhead  
shut out much of the light.

-- J. H. Lowell

Havertown, Pennsylvania

### City Almshouse

It stood among  
fields of grass  
and flowers  
under fair-weather clouds.  
Bulfinch was the designer.  
Inside old men  
and women  
spent their days  
in long rooms:  
one chair,  
one bed apiece.



### After The Rain

In every puddle,  
down the street,  
I see a piece  
of house,  
some in this one,  
some in that,  
windows,  
roofs,  
and doors,  
thrown in the dirt  
like jigsaw pieces.

### Sideshow

Once a small mother  
had a large child.  
When they went out,  
they were pasted  
on the street  
like a circus poster --  
monster child,  
midget mother --  
and drew the stares  
of passersby.

### Painting By Kuniyoshi

When grandmother  
comes to call  
and sits in a chair  
in the yard,  
dressed in her best clothes,  
the baby  
crawls on the ground  
and his sister  
stands with a hoop  
in her hand  
trying to think  
what to say  
to this strict lady  
in the matron's hat.

-- Gloria Kenison



## East Boston Airport

Before concrete,  
we welcomed unscheduled landings --  
butterflies on blossoms,  
grasshoppers on grass  
and small boys jumping  
past waves of the high-tide.

Time is a slippery staircase  
and everything is lost --  
butterflies in scrapbooks,  
grasshoppers in bottles,  
small boys in pot-bellies  
of screaming or silent  
travelers who trusted  
steel wings on a jet,  
crumpled so easily  
in an unscheduled landing.

-- John Vilkas

East Boston, Mass.

## The Wasted Corner

She was a higglety, pigglety hen,  
one wing askew, tail ragged,  
stranger to the rooster,  
under a board pile  
she nested a clutch of eggs  
that decay ripened.  
She fought off rats and crows,  
comb bloody, eyes blazing,  
feathers loose on her basket of bones --  
a daft old woman  
snug in a wasted corner.

-- James Hearst

Cedar Falls, Iowa



## Old Wheat In A Tassel

Old wheat in a tassel  
Tobacco knot against the sill  
A grandfather's total will  
An old flypaper spiraled  
Flies to what they may have thought  
A spiritual death  
But their feet as caught as ever

Rings of wood around the bedpost  
Held the patterns  
That held the oily heads  
The caustic lie  
That addled in the bowl

Don't touch this box  
The faded slogan read  
An old time prank  
A marble and a can  
Elastic and a rotten egg  
The boy who did it  
Hat upon a peg

A field mouse nesting  
In the icebox pan  
We let them stay all winter  
Said the man  
Whose teeth would come and go  
The children now forgotten  
Had shivered in their glow

Wind now  
A pony's tail reveals  
That curtains in the window  
With the sill  
Are shades of older patterns  
That will remain  
Despite the tracks the switches  
And the rain

— Franklin R. Miller, Jr.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



## Oh, There Are Lovers Still

Centuries old the willows on that island,  
a half-moon lying within the river bend,  
carved by the glacier or an ancient flood.  
Winters revealed gray knotted trunks and branches  
woven with withes, interlaced with vines,  
but in another season the warm rains  
fostered a jungle, a mysterious wood.

"Remember, never land there," we were warned  
lest we encounter danger, who knew what  
poisonous fangs, what quicksand or quagmire?

And so by day, youth-curious, we rowed  
close to the weedy bank, where we could see,  
peering into the leafy emerald twilight,  
the long-toothed brakes crouched on the island floor,  
wild orchises, sometimes a cardinal flower  
burning as if to tempt us further in.

On summer nights, safe-anchored in a cove,  
we watched the silver serpent of the current  
and talked of life, our future, the unknown  
in quiet voices, the only other sound  
the ripples gently lapping at our prow.

Now all the trees are down, the island bare  
a bridge built over, a grove of chimney stacks  
where once we yearned but did not dare to trespass.  
Black barges nudge the roughhewn timber pier,  
oil tanks rise in rows along the shore.  
The moonlight shines on oil-slick darkened waters.  
Oh, there are lovers still, in the long shadow  
of the mammoth aluminum-painted cylinders.

-- Mildred Cousins

Rochester, New York

---

---

We are privileged to publish the following opening  
section of H. E. Briggs' "Though Man Fly Angel High"  
-- soon to be released from Hors Commerce Press of  
22526 Shadycroft Ave., Torrance, Calif. 90505 -- an  
ambitious but successful, meaty poem of 360 lines --  
man versus space or inner versus outer space.



Though Man Fly Angel High

"Let us return again to the good we are seeking."  
Aristotle — Ethics

Silence like a padded cell  
envelopes the astronaut  
sweating out the dog watch  
on some lonely satellite in  
space-time:  
two tired eyes  
against  
two billion light years  
one hope  
against a universe  
expanding like a toy balloon  
as science and imagination  
clash  
in an avalanche of meteors  
on the periphery of Pluto;  
the precise mileage of infinity  
eludes the mundane  
mind unweaned from green horizons  
and the slow ageing of trees.

Here bursting Nova,  
ripe for death,  
blasts divine metaphors:  
the  
WORD  
is  
PANIC:  
escape is a madman's song,  
tightrope between compulsions, out  
when vanity transcends the physical.  
The bosom of Venus tempts his tired head  
but being earth's ambassador to Mars  
intrigues him more,  
when time pursues him for an answer  
down the endless tunnel of night.

O MOTHER of JESUS,  
where are you NOW,







When I leave my steel desk  
and glass cubicle  
and go to the men's room  
with its porcelain furniture  
and china-tiled walls  
and look through the galvanized mullions  
of the high window  
whose panes are threaded with wire,  
and look out over the asphalt roofs  
and brick walls

for miles and miles  
to this earth's end  
under the belligerent tear of the sun,  
I see no green leaf  
or living thing.  
I look at the sky  
to relieve myself with the light of day  
but the sky, too, is sullen  
its color, grey.

-- Kirby Congdon

New York, New York

---

---

**Recommended:**

---

---

In addition to the three books previously noted in WORMWOOD:11, Kirby Congdon has authored "Icarus in Aipotu, The Gravy Train, EGO, Office Poem," and "Manifesto." -- All five from Interim Books, Box 35 Village Station, N. Y. 14, N. Y. --\$2.35 for all -- K. C. is acting editor for a one-shot magazine entitled "mag'a-zine'." J. Socin's "Hiroshima, Hiroshima, Hiroshima," is also out from Interim Books. This is a handsome folder but no price is listed.

---

---

**Due But Not Seen:**

---

---

Emilie Glen's "Laughing Lute" --\$1.00 from the Chat Noir Review, 1354 North Sedgwick St., Chicago 10, Illinois -- see poem overleaf.

---

---

**Received but not to the WORMWOOD taste:**

---

---

Robert E. Hoagland's "With Crimson Sail" --\$2.00 from author, P. O. Box 56, Danboro, Pa. 18916.

---

---



## Who Killed

Poor poor peony,  
Shot down on Bleeker Street  
By a moa,  
A legend shot down,  
Who killed Lester Peony?  
His coffee-house is closed,  
Tables of the Yak are stacked,  
He walked Bleeker Street  
In monk's cloth like Saint Francis,  
Beard for birds to nest in,  
Brought some birds into the Yak,  
Was a mask fancier,  
Shot by an old-timer evicted  
For a bigger coffee-house,  
Let's put peonies on Lester's grave

Poor poor Dino,  
Poor old man,  
He's the real village the in-legend,  
Homed here from Southern Italy,  
Knew O'Neil Millay,  
Artists who lived the Village,  
He was trying to drive out the money-changers  
Of the tourist temples  
With one bullet,  
Saint Dino,  
Villagers call meetings in his honor  
For giving his last years  
To the driving out of peony,  
Poor poor Dino,  
Let's visit him in his cell

— Emilie Glen

New York, New York



it's not  
who lived here  
but who died here;  
and it's not when  
but how;  
it's not  
the known great  
but the great who died unknown;  
it's not  
the history  
of countries  
but the lives of men.  
fables are dreams,  
not lies,  
and  
truth changes  
as  
men change,  
and when truth becomes stable  
men  
will  
become dead  
and  
the insect  
and the fire and  
the flood  
will become  
truth.

— Charles Bukowski  
Los Angeles, California

Poem For My 43rd. Birthday

To end up alone  
in a tomb of a room  
without cigarettes  
or wine —



just a lightbulb  
and a potbelly,  
grayhaired,  
and glad to have  
the room.

...in the morning  
they're out there  
making money:

judges, carpenters,  
plumbers, doctors,  
newsboys, policemen,  
barbers, carwashers,  
dentists, florists,  
waitresses, cooks,  
cabdrivers...

and you turn over  
to your left side  
to get the sun  
on your back  
and out  
of your eyes.

#### The End

here they come  
grey and beastly  
rubbing out the night  
with their bloodred torches,  
Numbo! they scream,  
hail Numbo!  
and grocer John gets  
on the floor and hugs  
his precious eggs  
and sausage,  
and a divine photo  
of Lady Godivã  
fell down when her  
horse went down,  
and the bats of  
Babe Ruth got up and  
strutted their



averages  
around a dark bar,  
and the grey blonde in bed  
with me asks  
"what's all the noise?"  
and I say,  
"the world is coming  
to an end."  
and we sit in the window  
and watch, strangely  
happy. we have 14 cigarettes  
and a bottle of wine.  
enough to last  
until they  
find us.

— Charles Bukowski

### Suburban Matron, They'll Call Her

SUBURBAN MATRON, they'll call her, and add  
that she was THIRTY-SEVEN. MOTHER OF TWO,  
they'll say, beneath the photo in her  
wedding dress some sixteen years before.  
AMBER EYED, they'll write, FIVE FEET FOUR  
AND SLENDER, under the blurry album-wrested picture  
of her squinting into the hard impartial eye  
of an unremembered summer afternoon.

ARTIST, they'll call me, suggesting Paris  
of the Twenties or the West Coast fable of the  
Fifties; UNEMPLOYED PAINTER, using for proof  
the vicious charcoal I committed one black  
bedevilled day in self-damnation. MARRIED  
ONCE BEFORE, they'll say, DIVORCED; and DEAD  
AT THIRTY-SIX, clapping shut the record book  
on one more swift sanguinolent career.

He will be the HUSBAND IN THE CASE. WAR RECORD  
will hint of hero, and you'll read that in  
COLLEGE he played TENNIS. COMMUTER, they'll  
say, JUNIOR EXECUTIVE, inching up the status



of his job a notch or two. And each toast-munching man who folds the paper to page seventeen, to the **STONE AND REDWOOD RANCH STYLE HOUSE**, will jerk the trigger for him once again.

**TRIANGLE**, they'll call it, in ignorant geometry, giving all the latest figures on the roaring **RATE OF AMERICAN DIVORCE**. And a churchman with a daily column will shake his syndicated head in celibate reproof at the **WILD DECLINE IN MODERN MORALS**; while a noted female expert one quick column over, will tell you **HOW TO KEEP YOUR MARRIAGE FROM GOING STALE**.

**CRIME OF PASSION**, they'll call it, omitting that the crime, forever alien to all passion, was done long years before, and that two ghosts, their spectre hands untouched, had turned the TV dials and stacked the terrace chairs for winter in the wide garage. Nor will they say that time runs out before it heals all wounds...

**LOVE NEST**, they'll call it, unable to imagine that it wasn't a nest at all; it was a fortress, under heavy siege by days and hours, a sixth-floor citadel walled in by brown-stained cabbage roses and armored with a scabrous varnish, toward which the dying sun assailed machicolations in the cracked green blinds.

And, **ARTIST**, they'll call me, **UNEMPLOYED PAINTER**, mentioning of course the **NUDES** I did of her. None of them will even notice the small canvas in the corner, her face a quarter turned, where I caught the light that crowns the curving bone above the smoky eyelid -- the one I did in urgent memory one autumnal hour when she'd gone.

**SUBURBAN MATRON**, they'll call her, with a neat diminishment in each new detail. They'll never say that loneliness had stalked the seven rooms with her, spacing out



her days in emptied cups, or that desolation  
pushed the buttons of each new machine.  
They won't tell you that she sometimes  
whispered words against those walls of glass...

UNEMPLOYED PAINTER, they'll call me,  
not caring that the long untended  
kindergarten of my life had ended just  
six singing months before, or that a  
hand that followed blindly an unseeing  
eye into an alleyway of isolation,  
had been led forth, unleashed,  
and nurtured into certainty at last.

SUBURBAN MATRON, they'll call her,  
and add that she was THIRTY-SEVEN.  
They won't mention that her skin  
smelled of apples ... and that the molten  
amber of her eyes at certain moments  
changed to jet. They won't tell you  
that she was afraid of storms ...  
and sunsets, and the age of thirty-eight ....

-- Phyllis Onstott Arone  
Logansport, Indiana

#### Rooms

A room  
like other rooms, he thought  
but she stopped short  
when she entered  
and he saw it  
for the first time  
from the house next door  
how each thing  
book, picture, chair  
memento pinned



to the wall  
even shoes and socks  
blabbed shamelessly  
about his life  
with an overwhelming  
candor  
-- the risk he takes  
who lives alone  
so long he grows  
accustomed to  
walking naked  
in his own house  
forgetting both strangers  
and friends

-- Jack Anderson

Berkeley, California

### Past Due

The artist is not appreciated  
in his lifetime,  
I can hardly wait  
for posthumous recognition --  
When you come  
bearing those wreaths  
and flowers  
to extol my far off spirit,  
tread carefully  
for one small sprig  
of vanity  
elbowing your rose  
will stretch its stem  
to an exquisite  
camera angle.

-- S. L. Friedman

Los Angeles, California



## L. R.'s Poetica

There are two kinds of poetry or two ways of looking at poetry, one of which does not permit the reader to be critical.

Poetry is seldom approached this way because few people will stand for losing a chance to criticize and sound wise, nasty, and witical.

Poetry of this type has no restrictions because it is whatever the writer says it is. And the reader better know it.

Whether it conforms or not to any standards doesn't matter because anything goes which is usually the reader who doesn't like it.

The theory behind this kind of poetry is that if you like -- fine, and if you don't -- Tough.

But you're not supposed to analyze this kind so I think I've said enough.

Since poetry was first written there have been things about different poems which have seemed somewhat similar

So these are the things that are expected in a poem because it is human nature to like Tradition and that which is familiar.

The first thing anyone thinks of when he thinks of a poem is the rhyme.

Poets beware because a poem without rhyme is an absolute crime.

Where or how you put the rhyme in does not matter just so long as it is there.

It can be end rhyme, internal rhyme, alliteration, assonance, or anything else you choose,

But no rhyme at all is just not fair.

A poet must also remember the importance of rhythm and meter if he has any hopes at all Of ever being put in a text.

There's a wide enough selection of meters and feet to fit everyone and anyway without them

The poet is hexed.



Tróchee's ókee.

Dáctyl is práctical.

But so much for meter;

Let's move on to feeter.

Mono/meter is di/meter which is mono/meter and a half, as is tri/meter, while tetra/meter, Penta/meter, hexa/meter, hepta/meter, and octa/meter are all di/meter as is mono/meter.

It has been said in all seriousness indeed,

(take

heed)

that

the

form

you

choose to use can be made

to

fit

the

idea

of

the

poem.

Without thought no poem would be, but too much preaching is frowned upon in the best of poetry.

It's fine to imply things, but that to state them too pedantically is certain ruin,

Is for surety.

The habit is to make the most of metaphor which is very nearly like simile but not quite.



You will notice that the amount of poetry found in anthologies which does not make the most  
Of metaphor is slight.

The realization of ideas or concepts in poetry is more effective in absence than in presence.  
Therefore, use of fact instead of allegory or allusion is an obvious act of malfeasance.  
There are two other things a poem must be:

Precise  
Concise

— Laurie Retter  
Phoenix, Arizona

THE VULGAR SOUNDS  
RISE MY MISERY

Downstairs he snores  
flat on his back  
up  
at my ceiling  
as I  
and  
the night  
the heater  
the clock  
conjure  
and decide to  
go on,  
go on  
and try  
to keep  
heater  
clock  
and  
myself  
together.

what  
he's decided  
is perhaps  
a little  
more  
or a little  
less  
but decided  
once (if ever)  
and  
forgotten.

— Charles  
Bukowski  
Los Angeles,  
California



## Groundwork For Reconciliation

Should you miss me,  
I am camped on a little-known X  
where the forest campaigns  
for painlessly-extracted promises.

How lightly I have learned  
to walk into the soft shrug  
of another summer;

to dance in the sun's rotunda;  
to entwine in the terminal hug  
of dusk;

to scatter unread copies  
of the previous season's  
breadth and width.

Nor will I hammock  
the buttocks of fat ladies;

nor countenance  
thinly-nursed faces of theorists  
dying of academic constriction;

nor take part in poorly-organized hunts  
for esthetic foliage.

Maybe if you can manage  
some comic relationship  
burlesquing the beginning of September,  
you will have a start  
into what is flying windward  
in my mind.

## A Thin Mist Between Boulders

Ilka says it is best  
to halt at the sight of  
days that will not wake  
to songs of birds;  
and stone markers  
that do not step aside  
to let you pass.



Halt and remember  
what you dreamed of yesterday:  
a willow tree, perhaps;  
a better way  
to mobilize the world.

Stand in last-leaf shadow;  
listen to a mortal call;  
hold in your hands  
what is foretold darkly.

Somewhere, you hear it said:  
life is an exhibition  
of claw and kick;  
or stand and stare;  
a game which becomes impossible  
if played to the end.

Departing comes:  
first as a coaxing;  
then knuckles on the door;  
then heavy hands  
twisting what obviously is  
a tender matter.

It will, of course,  
be most mortifying;  
and what will she do  
if I am not at the door  
when she calls?

— Parm Mayer

Alma, Michigan

#### Upon Watching A Small Boy's Perambulations

I too have fallen under spells of nonchalant  
gladness,  
skipped a few steps before I looked to see if I  
were watched,  
and then sedately ambled back again into my splotched  
and mottled world of incipient and vagrant sadness.

— W. Arthur Boggs



let it be understood

i want no activity  
besides fundamentals  
no asking me to dinner  
no chatter on stairs

everything  
precisely arranged  
in accordance  
with my snow-white ideas  
and artistic interpretation

no scratch-cat stuff  
either  
simply a ribbon  
wavering from neck to knees  
and pink toes  
ascending the staircase  
of my need.

— Parm Mayer

#### Pilgrims At The Shrine

Who, indeed, is who in Mrs. Kitty's zoo?  
Said the flea to the nervous red ant  
On the window ledge.

Well, I'll explain,  
Said the nervous ant. The fat one  
Boils the fish, shakes catnip on the paper.  
The thin one supplies the money  
When he's sober. The one that's middle-sized  
And growing, only mopes.

Thank you,  
Said the thoughtful flea,  
For the lucid explanation. I prefer,  
I think, a different destination.

— Leonard Gilley  
Denver, Colorado



### At Her Apartment

Ripe red bananas remind you of what? she asked,  
Setting out a blue pottery bowl filled -- apples,  
Red bananas, oranges, figs, plums and cherries  
And russet pears. Iced coffee and cream,  
Knives and plates, crackers, a yellow pot  
Of Roquefort with a stained, imported label.

They remind me -- he said, untangling his feet  
And coming to the table -- of the monkeys  
When I was in Rangoon. Oh, you were out there!  
I used to be with State -- he explained; pushed in  
Her chair. She settled, sighed: Now, fruit?  
He nodded -- Thanks, yes. I'll try a yellow apple.

-- Leonard Gilley

### To His Uncoy Mistress

Sitting there, you are my Africa,  
exploited continent,  
though once a land of magic awe.

When first we met, I went  
exploring, dared to conquer all.

Now that I've won consent,  
the search was hard, the treasure small.

-- W. Arthur Boggs

Oswego, Oregon

---

---

Now Available:

"Bucolics and Cheromanics" by Marvin Malone from  
Hors Commerce Press, 22526 Shadycroft Ave. Torrance  
California -- 18 poems and prose-poems with five  
wood-block prints by A. Sypher -- the Wormwood Re-  
view crew -- \$1.00

---

---

In 1962 the WORMWOOD AWARD was first made for the  
most over-looked book of worth. Since the first  
printing of Alexander Trocchi's THE OUTSIDERS --  
Signet, The New American Library, 1961, 50¢ -- is  
still available at newsstands, it receives the 1961  
WORMWOOD AWARD. Really fine -- a modern classic.



### Materiel

The harsh palmetto,  
dark and bright in the sun,  
has fronds that would comb the brain.

Its seething clumps seem  
impolite and obscene

to

man

with

his

love

of

ranks

and

of

rows.

But the berries make good wine  
and the fans make good mats  
and the shade makes good  
rattlesnakes.

### Oolongapoo

A sailor, frowed and shaveless,  
pinched awake by last night's whore  
(Hey! Pat-Boone boyfriend!  
drink a beer and go to work!),  
strides bayward, evading garbaged pools,  
an object of concern to slender curs.

Runs the night through his mind like silk;  
her tipsy prayers at a bedroom shrine,  
frayed honest panties, a shared bath ...  
until memories of mutual tenderness  
lodge beneath his collar like ice  
and leap him into a ten-centavo taxi,  
frightened that he cares.

— Raymond Ó'Hara

Tampa, Florida



## Sunlight And Raindrops On Leaves And TV Antennas

the curvature of the earth he said  
and looked  
as though he knew what it was about  
Einstein dead and unable to disprove him

I looked at her  
she laughed in my eyes  
twirling my eyes' pupils like keys on a chain  
she laughed and said he likes you  
that's why he bothers to lie to you

I was flattered  
and kissed her hand  
the curvature of the earth he said  
and challenged me to disagree  
but I was holding her hand  
and didn't want to stop touching her  
to win any argument

I mumbled  
of course you're right absolutely  
now it was his turn to laugh  
while my hand slid up her leg  
I studied the look of triumph in his eyes  
she laughed again louder this time

I knew  
she whispered that hand-kissing  
was just a cover-up you're more than that  
you're a stud! I bowed to acknowledge the compli-  
ment

he moved toward me and put his hand on my shoulder  
my fingers had reached the place between the  
thighs

his smile was absolutely superior  
the bending light does it

his voice was pompous and grand

I nodded

she had put her hand over mine  
preventing me from a graceful retreat  
he went to the blackboard to illustrate his argument  
she leaned to me and murmured

it is all violence of the mind he cherishes



but you know how to make me womanly

I smiled back

I will make you womanly if it kills me  
he looked over at our whispering  
neither of you is paying attention  
I was struck by disbelief  
the tears washed down his cheeks  
if you lose interest in the argument  
then have I won a hollow victory indeed!

wait I said to her

let him be happy

we can take care of the other later  
after he's grown lazy in his eloquence  
and relaxes into sleep

leave the door unlocked

I'll come back after dark

and wait in the hall

come down as soon as you can

she smiled in appreciation

his happiness

at capturing our attention again  
revitalized his voice

I learned

how deeply he had dug into his science  
up to now he said we all thought  
that particles travelled at a constant speed  
but the truth of the matter is ....

I stopped listening

became engrossed in the contemplation  
of how I would fit the arch of her back  
to the curvature of the earth

---

### Where Do You Get Your Information?

No spires of any church can touch the feet of angels;  
angels are a race apart.

Yet, they forget Sunday mass quite ordinarily.

Who can criticize dancing  
around the sceptre of God?

You told me heaven was a sober place

where souls spent all their energy

basking in goodness,



but I find instead  
a realm of laughter, of swinging  
to a tune that waltzes through eternity.  
Remember how you barely whispered  
when you told me about your Christmas  
and the Trinity and all those other things?  
But here there is no subterfuge;  
God's a gay old Bacchus  
who enjoys the same fast jokes  
we laughed at long ago  
and raises many glasses  
to lips quite red with wine  
and can easily whistle along  
with the song the angels' wings  
fan into sound. Oh, no, this place  
is not what your priests predicted.  
And I can't thank you quite enough  
for having me converted.

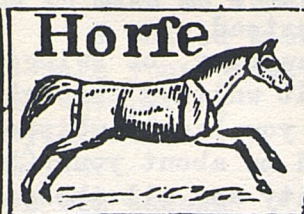
— Ottone M. Riccio  
Belmont, Mass.

#### A Worry Of Sam Snake

Coiling on barstools,  
Slithering in bookstores,  
Creeping across library dust,  
And sliding along  
The belly of a wriggling wench  
Is the life for me.  
But though rummaging  
Through bookstores, bars  
And whores is pleasant,  
From which can one learn more?

— Arthur Kistner  
Newark, Delaware





## *index - vol. 1 - 3*

**a** Ackerson, John/11:8; Albert, Samuel L./1:17; Amabile, George/5:4,19, 10:10-1; Anderson, Jack/12:23-4; Anderson, Wendell B./4:17, 6:25, 10:26; Angione, Charles R./ 9:13, 11:25 (note); Anselm, Felix/8:23-4, 11:25(note); Arone, Phyllis Onstott/7:15-21, 9:7, 10:8-10, 11:12-3, 12:21-3; Ashley, L.R.N./7:23;

**b** Bechtold, Judith/11:32; Becquer, Gustavo Adolfo/4:3-4; Bell, Marvin/9:23; Berk, Ted 11:28-9; Bigongiari, Piero (Gino)/11:26; Birnbaum, Henry/2:5; Blatt, Veryl/11:34; Boggs, W. Arthur/4:25, 6:31, 12:29,31;Book, M.K./5:6,15, 7:11, 8:8 9:31, 10:31, 11:15; Borzini, Remo/ 11:27; Boyce, Arnold J./ 8:12; Bradley, Sam/ 3:26, 9:25; Brann-Chieffo, B./1:cover, 2:cover; Briggs, Harold/3:8-9 5:6, 8:20-3, 12:15-6; Brock, Edwin/1:1-3; Brown, Rosellen/9:31; Bukowski, Charles/7:13, 8:18-9, 11:2,35, 12:19-21,27; Bullock, Michael/2:4

**c** Callahan, James/9:14; Chambers, George/11:30; Chatfield, E. Hale 6:24; cherry, neeli/11:35; Chute, Robert M./12:7-8 Congdon,Kirby/12:17; Conover, Grandin/2:2-3, 4:7-8 Corman, Cid/ 9:3; Cousens, Mildred/ 4:21, 12:14;/ Crane, O.W./ 9:19-20; Crews, Judson/3:6,13, 4:13, 7:3, 10:17-8; cummings, e.e./1:19; Cuscaden, R.R./9:15-6;

**d** Dahlstedt, Marden/2:16; Dalton, Dorothy 10:12; Dean, Tamery/11:1,5; deLongchamps, Joanne/10:25; DeRivas, Enrique/1:5-6; Devoe, Nina/5:13,22 Devoe, Robert/3:cover,1-32(illustr.); Dickey, James 1:13-5; Dokey, Richard/5:11;

**e** Eaton, Charles E. 4:18; Edson, Russell/8:9; Elder, Gary/7:27; Epps, Bernard/10:28, 11:14-5; Etter,David Pearson/5:25-6



10:1,6-7;

**f** Farber, Charles/9:6; Fey, Isabella/3:28; Fleming, Harold/4:11; Fleu, Richard/7:2; Flint Roland/6:31; Ford, Edsel/6:25-7; Ford, Michael C./7:5; Forgione, Carl/11:33; Frank, Adassa/8:14; Friedman, Norman/2:13; Friedman, S.L./12:24; Friedman, Zelda/5:16, 7:4;

**g** Garrigue, Jean/1:9-10  
Gilley, Leonard/12:30-1; Glen, Emilie/5:17, 6:21, 9:29-30, 12:18; Gray, Don/9:2; Grutzmacher, Harold 4:22-3;

**h** Haines, John/4:3-4(transl.),19; Hall, Donald/2:22-4; Hammial, Philip R./10:2-3; Hazard, James/8:3-4, 11:3; Hearst, James/6:1-2, 12:12; Hedley, Leslie Woolf/11:6-7; Heyen, William/10:4-5; Hochberg, Matthew/6:22-3; Hoggins, Carolyn/9:22; Holland, Lee/10:8; Holmes, John/1:7-8; Huppler, Dudley/4:cover;

**i j** Jacobus, Lee/5:20, 7:1-2, 10:24-5, 12:3; Jerred, Charles H./7:24-5; Jones, Frederick/6:22; Judson, John/10:30-1; Juergensen, Hans 6:29;

**k** Kaufman, Wallace/10:23; Keithley, G.F./2:17; Kell, Thomas W./8:27; Kendall, Paul/3:10,14; Kenison, Gloria/9:4-6, 12:10-1; Keyser, Gustave/9:16-7, 11:31; Kistner, Arthur/12:35; Knoepfle, John 8:31; Krustangel, Peter/3:11;

**l** Larsen, Carl/4:5,12, 7:6-9, 9:9-11, 11:16-25, 12:2; Lebeck, Michael/1:12, 2:19, 10:16,-12:4; Lerner, Laurence/4:27-8; Leviten, David/7:14; Levoy, Myron/8:7-8; Lewis, James Franklin/4:6; Locke, Duane/9:11-2, 12:5-7; Locklin, Gerald Ivan/9:30; Lowell, J.H./10:15, 11:25(note), 12:10; Lowenfels, Walter/6:6-7; Lowry, Robert/8:4-6,30, 10:13-15; Lyttle, David/4:24;

**m** McCloskey, Mark/6:4-5; Macnab, Arden/9:12; Malone, Marvin (see pseudonyms: Book, M.K. and Sypher, A.), 9: broadside, insert; Marks, Aline Musyl/6:8, 11:33; Mason, Mason Jordan/5:14-5,27; May, James Boyer/5:12-3; Mayer, Parm/12:28-30; Mayhall, Jane/3:15; Miller, E.S./1:



20; Miller, Franklin R., Jr./12:13; Miller, Raeburn 4:1; Mills, Barriss/2:12, 7:4; Mintz, Lawrence E./7:25-6; Moffitt, John/3:7, 5:1,10, 8:10-1; Montminy, Tracy/ 1:23; Morris, Herbert/ 3:18-9; Morse, Louise/9:27;

**n** Newberry, William/5:5; Nichols, Douglas/2:26; Nyren, Dorothy/9:20-1, 11:4-5; **o**

O'Brien, Edward, Jr./12:1; Oden, G.C./4:9, 6:3, 8:15-7, 11:25 (note); O'Hara, Anne/ 7:10; O'Hara, R. 12:32; Ogutsch, Edith/9:18-9,22; Orlovitz, Gil/ 6:12-7, 12:5; Ossman, David/2:18;

**p** Perret, Christopher/2:14, 12:2  
Peterson, J. Robbins/9:28; Pettinella, D.M./11:26-28 (transl.); Pfeiffer, Eric/ 11:8-9; Philbrick, Charles/3:3, 9:1; Pomeroy, Ralph S./12:9;

**q r** Retter Laurie/12:25-7; Riccio, Ottone M./5:23-5, 6:28, 8:1,28-30, 10:3,21, 11:4, 12:33-5; Ridley, G./11:10-11; Rigg, Edith/10:27; Robbins, Martin/4:25; Rose, Phyllis/9:8; Roseberg, Rose/4:26; Rosenblatt, Herta 10:22; Rosenhouse, Archie/11:32; Roseliep, Raymond 2:25; Rosenbloom, Leon/4:10; Rubin, Larry/2:7

**s** Salisbury, Ralph J./8:14; Saunders, Sally/9:13-4; Sayres William/6:10-1; Schwager, Marian/6:18-20; Scully, James/4:2; Shaw, Charles/3:30, 5:3,9, 6:20, 8:25, 12:8; Shoenfield, T.P./10:29, 11:34; Singer, James 3:20,29; Slicer, Margaret O./7:22; Smith, Robert L. 3:4,22-3, 5:2-3; Solomont, Susan/7:21, 8:11; Spielberg, Peter/ 9:17; Stallman, R. W./1:4, 2:10-1; Standish, David/ 9:26-7; Stepanchev, Stephen/ 2:8; Sternlicht, Stanford/ 5:20; Stewart, Dolores/5:18, 22, 9:24; Stoop, Norma McLain/ 4:20, 6:8; Storm, Hester G./ 8:2; Sullivan, Nancy/ 3:24-5; Summers, Hollis/2:20-1; Sward, Robert S./1:11, 4:14-6, 7:13 Sypher, A./6:cover, 7:cover, 8:cover, 9:cover, 10:cover, 11:cover, 12:cover;

**t** Tagliabue, John/2:6;  
Taylor, C.H., III/7:5; Taylor, John/3:2, 8:13; Taylor, William E./ 9:8,28; Thorpe, Peter/ 7:9; Tinkham, Charles B./ 7:11; Trocchi, Alexander/ 12:31



(Wormwood Award:1961); Turco, Lewis/2:9;

Richard/5:cover;

**U** Upton,  
**V** Victor, Florence/1:16, 2:15;;  
Vilkas, John/12:12; Vonnegut, Kurt, Jr./8:13(Worm-  
wood Award:1962);

**W** Wallace, Robert/5:7-9; Waugh,  
James C./1:21-2, 2:27; Weaver, William Fense/1:5-6  
(transl.); Weeks, Robert Lewis/ 6:27-8; Weller,  
Sonia Topper/ 6:30; White, Joan/8:26-7; Williams,  
Jonathan/ 3:16-7; Witt, Harold/6:9; Wright, James/  
1:18;

**X Y** Yawin, Camille/6:2; **Z** Zabriskie, George  
7:12, 10:19-20; Zahn, Curtis/5:21

Author/issue number: page(s)



Wormwood would like to thank the following libraries for their support -- all have complete runs of WR -- General Library, Univ. of Arkansas; British Museum; Brown Univ. Library; Lockwood Memorial Library, Univ. of Buffalo; Library, Univ. California at Berkeley; Univ. of Chicago Libraries; Univ. of Colorado Libraries; Concord (Mass.) Free Public Library; Library of the Univ. of Connecticut; Cornell Univ. Library; The Univ. of Florida Libraries; Harvard College Library; Univ. of Illinois Library; Louisiana State University Library (Baton Rouge); Louisiana State Univ. Library (New Orleans); Weyerhaeuser Library, Macalester College; Library, Univ. of Mississippi; Eastern Montana College of Education; Memorial Library, Mount-Allison Univ.; New York Public Library; Northwestern Univ. Library; Oberlin College Library; Ohio State Univ. Library; Univ. of Oregon Library; Princeton



Univ. Library; Library, Purdue Univ.; Library of the Univ. of Rhode Island; Univ. of Washington Library; Wellesley College Library and the Univ. of Wisconsin Memorial Library. Other institutions have partial sets. Copies of WR are mailed to subscribers in the USA, Canada, Mexico, Ireland, England, France and Free China.

---

Patrons:

Mr. Davis M. Lapham  
Miss Barbara Snow

Contributors:

Anonymous  
Mr. Ralph Kinsey  
Mr. Donald Peterson  
Mrs. Nelson Rostow  
Mr. Leonard Weller  
Mr. Loring E. Williams

---

"The Wormwood Review" is still non-beat, non-academic and non-sewing-circle and non-profit. W. R. is interested in quality poems or prose-poems (proems) of all types — the form may be traditional or avant-garde-up-through-dada, the tone serious to flip, the content conservative to utter taboo. We are not afraid of either wit or intelligence — they are rare qualities. The magazine is published whenever sufficient good material has accumulated — this happens about four times a year. The regular subscription rate is \$3.50 for four issues. Price of single issues is \$1.00 postpaid. Unfulfilled subscriptions will be refunded. Contributors' subscriptions are \$6.00; patrons' subscriptions are \$10.00. Buy WR at these very excellent stores: The Asphodel Book Shop, 465 The Arcade, Cleveland 14, Ohio  
Books 'N Things, 82 East 10th. St., N.Y.3,N.Y.  
The Gotham Book Mart, 41 West 47th. St. N.Y.36  
The Paperbook Gallery, Storrs, Conn.

Designs and cover are by A. Sypher. Composition and collating of this magazine were done by the editor. Offset presswork by Bill Dalzell 218 East 18th. St., N.Y. 3, N.Y. The edition was limited to no more than 500 copies, this is copy number: *review*









\$1