Loud Speaker In Vietnam

On a pole beside a road across a plain, a white horn, that looks as if a bathtub manufacturer had made it, twitters Chinese to birds and rain clouds.

— Gloria Kenison

Newtonville, Mass.
Exile

One spots him easily: too perfect
Native under beret/sombrero/turban,
The puppet's own ventriloquist
With satchel full of masks (wherever
The country drinks, his bar is Harry's).
Though lost in any part, all thumbs
And dictionary, he knows one scene
By heart, the last. Which unlike the decor
Never changes and he rehearses
With a grin: leaping from a taxi,
He bumps his suitcase up the Station
Stairs to join the queue of stand-ins
Waiting for a ticket to the place
Where all are exiles, no-one leaves.

— Lucien Stryk
De Kalb, Illinois

Conversation Between The Full Reliefs Of Theodore Roosevelt And George Washington At Mount Rushmore On A Particularly Warm Summer Afternoon In 1963

—George— said Teddy
— I don't know how much longer
I can keep this expression on my face—
—Bully— encouraged George.

— Harry A. Livermore
Manhattan, Kansas
Poem For Kaja

Before your madness crystallizes let us
discuss antipathy.

You are America whipping
its country words to Zero.

I am America
for the examined life worth living on a sink-
ing ship.

Will the taut rope electrify — turn
to magnetic steel in our determined hands?

I sit in England with the moon in my pocket:
no windows no doors: across the firmament
I see a red raw bleeding sectioned sun.

Orange of California spills blood as well
or New York's bitter Concord Grape.

Like live hair of the weeping women of Wales:
hiding the warts of Louisiana's trees

Spanish moss hangs. Rivers of Florida still
flood from drinking French and Spanish blood.
The pomegranate is halved on all the continents.

Running not travelling you whirl with spin-
ing mirrors and prismatic lights: your pain
is multiplied — childbirth of a steadfast wound.

But for the analyst
the sight of salt sifting
into the sore — puckering its convolutions with
ticking of the clock
knocks him insensible.

— Christopher Perret

Rome, Italy

- 3 -
Memory No Servant

but a stubborn master
Eight years ago weekend in Vera Cruz
It was sugary hot no doubt
I think my bed was a hammock
coooned in cheesecloth

Oleander? There must have been ...
past the fountains down to the sea
which I rather think was too warm
... or were they hibiscus?
Somebody else recalls that the meals
were good and cheap
I have some color slides somewhere
showing silent purple cascades
of bugambilla between the gold-cups

But what I can be sure not to forget:
Ten feet from the first bridge
on the highway beside the Gulf
a turtle coming up from the sea
Both left wheels ran over its middle
The sound a crushed carton
Looking back
the untouched head
ancient stretched and still moving

— Earle Birney
Vancouver, Canada

the people who skim
along in rich boats
are a different caste
than those who toss
pebbles from the shore

— Dan Georgakas
Rome, Italy

- 4 -
On Reading James Baldwin's *Another Country*

Black He,
Who after climbing into bed with White He,
Really wishing he could leap on top of White Her
And secretly longing to slide beside Black Him
(But he thankful it wasn't Black Her
Who, after all, is his sister!)
Now takes one big leap into the river —
The Black River, thank heavens!

Meanwhile, back in bed —
Italian He (who is only half black)
Has mounted Black She
(Who, after all, wasn't his sister!)
Because he loved Black He
Who jumped into the Black River,
Or so he says.

And White She, who — prepare yourself now —
Is married to White He
Now decides she loves another White He
Which would be all right, I suppose,
Except that White He loves hes — white or black.
He even loved Black He who —
Yes, that's right, the one who jumped into the
Black River.

And, considering his limitations, does just fine.

Italian He, who always thought he loved Black She
Suddenly discovers he loves White He, too!
What a triangle that is!
And Black She (who, after all, wasn't his sister)
But was the sister of Black He —
You know — the one who jumped,
Well, she's been sleeping with a White He
Who, and it's quite incredible —
Only loves shes — black or white.

And what an ending!
Young French He, who loves White He too,
The White He who loved White She and
Italian He and Black He
(I promise this is the last time!)
Who jumped into the Black River
Now boards the plane to America
Land of the Free, Home of the Brave.

Oh, Mr. Baldwin, with your incredible talent did I
have to endure all that to learn that life is not
all black or all white?

Don't you see? I knew. I knew.

— June Canino
Highland, New York

Mr. Nowhere Goes

After the smash and grab
the whimper of a mourning child
carries over the smoky hole
its father made.
The blinded eyes cannot see;
the child only smells
the mangled mess
of hair, bone and brick
all ghastly bloody —
torn from owners
by their own hands —
all ghastly bloody.
Jesus, God, how did all these imbeciles
get in here?
They sat on soft bottoms
complaining about the weather
and low intellect of neighbors —
laughing so loud at Mr. Nowhere
that they didn't even hear it coming.

— Veryl Blatt
Detroit, Michigan

Recommended from Interim Books, Box 35, Village
Station, New York 14, N.Y.: Search (William Wantling)
$.50; An Essay On New American Fiction (Fielding Dawson)
$.75; Excusology Of The Ocean (Roberts Blossom)
$1.00; A Poem And Drawing (Kirby Congdon) $.50; The
Coming Of Chronos To The House Of Nightsong (Calvin
Hernton) $1.00.
When Does The End Come?

What marks the end
When it is not a rapier thrust?
En route north from Florida
I watched the palms grow scrawny
dwindling to ferns.
Somewhere in the Carolinas
they petered out, but who
could draw a line and say:

north of this line are no more palms?
The aging violinist's spider hand
darts on the strings to great acclaim.
When does it lose its touch?
Will he play less well tomorrow?
Or the next day?
Or the next?

When does the end come?
Can the Kreislers, Tildens or Di Maggios
lead you back along the slow incline
and, pointing, say:
here — here is the very spot!
Or must they from the valley
turn vague eyes toward the summit
wondering: where was it on that slope
I lost myself?
Sometimes the rapier is more kind.

Blueprint For Advancement

Don't talk too much:
Your weakness lurks behind your tongue.
Speak knowingly, obliquely down,
And shun detail that might be your undoing.
Don't risk your own ideas
But shrewdly summarize the best of others.
Be managerial:
Touch glibly on new budget plans,
Sales policy,
And how to make best use of hands-and-feet.
Be critical of things the little people do;
Pounce on undotted i's and uncrossed t's;
Hew strictly to the party line:
These signs of virtue will not go unnoticed.
Don't pioneer a new development;  
Step selflessly aside for someone else.  
He'll be conspicuous for error  
Groping to his goal,  
And you'll build reputation  
Pointing out his blunders.  
He'll be too busy to think "big,"  
Too deeply buried to compete  
When you, unhampered and unblemished, pass him by  
Shining with perpetual promise.

— J. H. Lowell  
Havertown, Pa.

Van Gogh

The crows,  
beating black fire  
against windows of  
the mind.  

The crows and  
sun of course,  
and  
other yellows  
baking reason black  
like rhythm's thoughts.  

The eyes,  
burned living  
with their knowledge  
of  
the center.  

The eyes,  
and death of course,  
is colored  
chrome.

— Dave Kelly  
Menomonie, Wisconsin
A Problem

Suppose
a thread.
can it hold the
hills
upon it?

Dead Dreams

Dawn,
and lovers waken,
knowing
nothing new.

Reminders

Apples, falling
make
an old man cry.

Competition

In the mens room
sad comparisons
erase
the songs outside.

Definition

A man
stands
in the center
of himself;
looking out...
he draws a
circle.

Question

Why not,
tomorrow perhaps,
rip the silky cover
from this cursive year?

— Dave Kelly
Seven Gaelic Haiku

Recording angels
posting on the credit side
work very short hours.

Just being alive
is enough for a small child
man baits existence.

A jest stream knifing
the big world into many
small selfish pieces.

It may not seem so
but history still records
the progress of man.

When sleep comes at night
we taste of death and the world
is none the wiser.

Flowers in a bowl
spreading scent and soul aloft
make the nose happy.

Valiant hunter
slayer of the woodland deer
from hunger or fear?

— James D. Callahan

Torrance, California

Recommended from Hors Commerce Press, 22526 Shadycroft Ave., Torrance, Calif.: The Day The War Ended (James Hazard) $1.00 — soon to be released: These Doors Ajar (Phyllis Onstott Arone) $1.00.

Recommended from the Sixties Press, Odin House, Madison, Minnesota: Twenty Poems (Blas de Otero, translated by Hardie St. Martin) $1.00

Received from Poesia-Ahora, C.C. Central 1332, Buenos Aires, Argentina: Acera del Desorden (Juan Carlos Kreimer) $1.00
In The City

You are always looking for the smell of flowers; through dust of a dirty sky, blue appears; everyone is happy. On the roof a green weed creates smiles, and when the wind blows it brings smells of a million cities. But in the country you are always looking for the plane, sometime root or hint of black, loud cities, waiting to climb out of the grass.

— Alexandra Grilikhes
Fort Washington, Pa.

A Trick of The Tilted Eye

A trick of the tilted eye at this red light, perspective, slants of earth and roadway leading backward, low brick wall, curb. The car rolls on while I admire, head upside down through the window, a gathered zoo of clouds stalk through bars from one cage to another.

— Norman H. Hoegberg
Baltimore, Md.
My Friend

My friend
used,
she told me late one day,
to ask men in to watch
her strip her clothes,
and then deny what
any man, lascivious,
gaping at her breasts,
expected.
She asked for it,
a fuck,
the leaping rape,
death,
begging naked on her knees
'please. Kill me,'
but none could ever take her
at, much less beneath, her word.

— Norman H. Hoegberg

find fresh thyme
pinned above the threshold
eat crisp asparagus
as a horned snail
spill wine seeds
upon the tablecloth
rest as an oriole
among green figs

wind
runs thru wheat
as
sudden quail

— R. Morris

Los Angeles, California

pawnee
rain
bursts
upon
ears
Feast Of The Knight Of Celano

Giotto painted it:
a steak, two buns,
some sliced pumpernickel,
a mushroom,
a green pitcher,
and two cups,
on a white tablecloth
with a black border —
all as stiff
as the varnished-cotton food
in a dollhouse.

Crap Game, With Spectator

a parking lot
is enclosed
by a high fence.
Piles of dirty snow
lie around.
Pigeons walk
back and forth.
Between the
white-striped
blacktop
and the white
sky,
a gang is
shooting craps,
with a child
watching them
over the fence.
They play from
three to five,
with the sound
of trucks
outside.

— Gloria Kenison
Newtonville, Mass.
Grilse

is a Scotch word
that might mean
"grits" or "grills,"
but really is a
young salmon,
returning to the river
from the sea
where it was born,
to hide in the
rock-cold channel
until it finds
the fisherman's hook.

--- Gloria Kenison

long graceless oreboats
passing mutely in the strait,
counterparts to the spine backed
benches along the shore:
both quaint beauties in a style
peculiar to their age

--- Dan Georgakas
Detroit, Michigan

A Note On Personal Integrity
--- for Ian Hamilton Finlay

The growth
of this vine
among granite —
rocks few
sensibilities.

--- P. H. Lee
Storrs, Conn.
- 14 -
t u g b o a t .

t o . t h e . m o o n .

eleven from edinburgh by

Ian Hamilton Finlay
pleure
pleut
pleure
pleut
pleure
pleut
pleure
pleut
pleure
pleut
pleure

para
pluie
Pinget Ponge Pinget Ponge Pinget Ponge Pinget Ponge Pinget Ponge

(after Eugen Gomringer's 'ping pong')
2 additions

1) pedantic

beautiful
bu ti ful
bu tea foal

blue tea foal

2) fantastic

boat
bo at
bow hat

rainbow hat
Summer Vocabulary Lesson

1. Is the tea infused?
   2. It is infused.
   3. Suffisiently?
   4. Suffisiently.

---

1. Is it pouring?
   2. It is pouring.
   3. The rain is pouring.
   4. May I pour?

---

Ian Hamilton Finlay
Edinburgh, Scotland
Even

going is graceless —
it is receiving
like walking past flower shops
taking all that they give
  no thanking —
  receive it
it is free with no umbilicus
  except grace
for in revenge
  there is none
no grace is unforgivable
even generosity can be obese
  only take
  thinly
as the flowershop gift

AFTER SEEING YOU LAST
I sat down & listened
to the sound of acanthus
played by the wind on glass,
found even my cat's fur
too rough to bear
on the fingertip

when the window broke
at having just the proper pitch
struck, I closed the shutters

even so, the wind blew
through the cracks
between my fingers
& chilled the huge
& languorous satisfaction
that sat in the arch
of my brow
after seeing you last

—— William J. Margolis
Jalisco, Mexico
—— 23 —
Did You Come Back

Did you come back
or is that just the wind
in the shade

Did you leave
Did you leave me
wound in the shade
coiled upon myself

Is that your footstep
beyond the window
on the stairs

Are these tears
Is that you
or is it just the fire
Just the fire
the one across the room
or here

There are shadows
of footsteps winding
wending, mindburning
shadow footsteps

Do they dance
Are they yours
these firesteps
these shadow wounds

Are these tears for you

— William J. Margolis

Recommended: Picture Poems (Kenneth Patchen) two
different sets, $1.50 from Miriam Patchen, 2340 Sierra
Court, Palo Alto, California.

Recommended books from Renegade Press, c/o D. A. Levy,
14112 Becket Rd., Cleveland, Ohio — all at $.50 per:
Selected Poems of Kent Taylor, Objects 2 by Russell
Atkins, More Withdrawed Or Less by D. A. Levy, Irene
Schramm's Who Is Dead, Carol Berge's The Vulnerable
Island and, of course, The Silver Cesspool:5 (just re-
leased).
A New And More Becoming Ornament

She tried on people but they did not fit although she made a stab at many sizes: felt small in giants, ignored children, but squeezed into pygmies, or draped folds of fat around her waist and pinned them. She was willing to make some alterations, but not one fitted at all, and she had had her fill of every type building she had worn.

Lying in marble on the beach, she thought: I must have something new; my feet are tired of earth. I have touched wood too long, and know too much of steel. And people do not fit.

The sun reflected from her to the water: water that had been there from the beginning, that she had felt, but never thought of wearing.

She tried, but she could not adjust the waves, they were so heavy. The vague shoreline slipped from her stiff fingers. It was she the water arranged in its own way, disposing legs and arms to suit its style, coldly insistent on the design it wished. Water wore her for a short time, until it found somewhere a new and more becoming ornament.

— Norma McLain Stoop
Greenwich, Connecticut

Also Recommended: Hungarian Anthology (trans. by Joseph Grosz) poems from Bacsanyi (1762-1845) to Baranyi (1937 - ), bound in linen, $4.50 from W. Arthur Boggs, 653 D Ave., Lake Oswego, Oregon. Recommended: Iowa Workshop Poets/1963 (Editor: Marvin Bell) $1.00 from Midwest, 289 East 148th. St., Harvey, Illinois.

The Wormwood Review Citation for the best poem in Lynx:6 has been awarded to Carl Larsen for "When I have Gone (At Last)." The Lynx Award for Wormwood:13 has been awarded to Don Gray for "Desert Mother."
The Crows

At sunset in winter, crows cluster
in bare oaks, aimlessly settle
on high branches. A few flap
to other trees nearby, return
to perch lackadaisically.

Now and then they caw-caw
in creaky voices, beak-pick their wings,
scratch themselves purposefully —
(hopeless old men benched
in railroad stations, going nowhere).

— Ruth Berrien Fox
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

I am choosey about the air I breathe:
at early rising I reserve a touch
of honeysuckle to waft, then to wreath
about my window; afternoon, I much
prefer that spicewood, apple, birch and pine
blend before me; each evening, I take
a dash of honey with the wild grape wine
sun and patchwork rain conspire to make.
All these and more are pulsing in my blood —
persimmon, pawpaw, sassafras and oak —
were there before I recognized their mood,
were there to guide, to prompt and to invoke:
one mountain born, I must be wild-wind free.

— Lillie D. Chaffin
Meta, Kentucky

Books Received:  Permit Me Voyage (Adelaide Simon)
with drawings by d. a. levy — $1.00 from Free
Lance Press, 6005 Grand Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
Also:  The Sample Stage (Sue Abbott Boyd)$1.00 from
South And West, Inc., 2601 South Phoenix, Fort
Smith, Arkansas.
Song Of The Mad Clubwoman

I box and alphabet the stars,
The unwed stuffs of country stores;
We're selling them at church bazaars.

I recondition old guitars
And rent them out to sleepless whores.
I box and alphabet the stars.

I mend the crowns of kings and czars,
The bobby-socks of sophomores;
We're selling them at church bazaars.

I spit and polish rusted cars,
I put the swing in swinging doors,
I box and alphabet the stars.

Give up your wines and caviars
For pies and pretty petits fours.
We're selling them at church bazaars.

Send me your empty jelly jars,
Old shoes and hatpins by the scores.
I box and alphabet the stars.
We're selling them at church bazaars.

— Barbara Drake
Portland, Oregon

Metamorphosis Of The Fairy Tale

To three different first grade classes
I read Cap O' Rushes today.

Each time I asked first if they knew
what rushes were,
Because we too have tall reeds which the wind sings through
down along the river.
And each time a hand was raised and a thin voice piped:
"Rushes have guns and knives
and they are going to kill us."

— Holly Beye
Woodstock, New York
The Scene

Three flights up above the gap between our houses Mrs. Ronsalow used to stand in her wavering negligee and whistle the first five notes to The Blue Danube Waltz.

Miss (or Mrs.) X would hang her raccoon coat out the window during the rainy season.

Tidy young matron across the way almost bled to death one night after a week's experimenting with self-abortion.

There were men about these warrens, too. One of them baked a cake of hash for pals celebrating their last week of unemployment insurance.

The one who cohabited with Miss (or Mrs.) X left the house by the fire escape whenever the cops came around.

And there was a third one we never saw. He was dead having jumped or fallen through Mrs. Ronsalow's window.

Story was:

standing around in that fat blowsy negligee in broad daylight, she'd given him a hard time never going any further than the first five notes of The Blue Danube Waltz.

-- Holly Beye
Mother Asking About Her Child

mix me another highball
did you roll the baby under the sink?
sh! someone's at the door
where's the baby? did you roll him
under the sink? too much ginger
my poor baby where the hell
did you hide him? they went away
didn't guess we're in here ha!
hand me my purple panties
what did you do with my little boy?
I'm his mother you know and mothers
are concerned about their babies
put the stopper on the V.O.
you might knock the bottle over
you know how you get when you're drunk
of course you are the whole world
is (hic!) drunk stop teasing me
where's my baby
you're a bastard coming here
screwing all over my wall-to-wall rug
I've a good mind to call a cop
just wait till I get dressed
where the Christ did you hide
that lousy brat!

— Ottone M. Riccio
Belmont, Mass.

Ghosts emerging from gas chambers
souls fleeing from Death Houses
back to innocent birthplaces
back to busy hospitals
to look upon hurrying young couples
at emergency entrances

— James Hargan
San Francisco, Calif.
The Tiger Sun

I am the poet
with the broken tongue,
whose poems run
with the Tiger sun,
fiery-eyed,
and a wounded heart
will bring me back
to the place
of start
where the wild nymphs run
and never tire.
stitch my broken
tongue
with a golden wire.
Furry of leg
and cloven of hoof
I'll prance
in a bacchanal dance.
I'll give you
a necklace
of lightning,
thread with the melting stars.
I'll slur my poems
over my mended

tongue,
forgetting the scars
after the night is done.

— Frank Ankenbrand, Jr.
Greenwich, New Jersey

The publications of The Wild Hawthorn Press are
highly recommended (24 Fettes Row, Edinburgh, Scot­
land): Sixteen Once Published (Louis Zukofsky) $1,
A Very Particular Hill (Gael Turnbull) $1, Rapel
(Ian Hamilton Finlay) $3, Fish Sheet One (a broad­
sheet of 'concrete' poems) 25¢, and Poor Old Tired
Horse (an important monthly broadsheet of poetry)
25¢ a copy or $2 per year.

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She

She has the heart of the raven, hungry, heart, love, she is so utterly transparent, so guileless, without malice, intent, yet a raven heart, simple, lustful, agreeable, sincere, the qualities, tall building, tree, sky, a wide river, belly, sky, that these measures are against the sham, the secretive, usually applied, sincere etc., but she IS these things, the way a river is wide, so, not to accept, unthinkable, drastic error, as the saved suicide usually is.

Reflection

"You use the same words."
Even to you I cannot say everything, because my reflection is not me, the world where I should stand is backward writing, behind is a space where reality walks, with signs, all the expressions.

These illegible words, flat codes, reside in wood, my blood runs on glass — a face like mine is a chrome pond.

— Carl Linder
Berkeley, California

The premiere of Carl Linder's new film, The Devil Is Dead, was held May 12th in New York City.
are you that man—
afraid of the world
outside a dream—
a coal without
a vital flame—
going in
on sun drench day
sucking cool lemon—
just when monster
eating (pig in pen)
climbs long vine
to tower chamber of
his sleeping beauty
as he took her
screaming— in his
hairy mattress
eve on the big town
she and her hat-pin
stuck him—
(were he meat-ball
looking—
on a dew drip rose)
as if he didn't care—
thistle or a fig
stainless—
just as a small
chicken-hawk
frightened Mr Mad
then she to his left
stuck her hat-pin
in his eye-ball
removing pincher bug—
pong went lemon puff—
in a cheek how she
screamed;
that's the monster—
then she fainted!
a yeti— for
your camera (eye)!

a yeti and a hat-pin
I beat my baby badly,  
I beat him to a pulp;  
Then mixed him with some bourbon  
And swallowed with a gulp.

Oh I layed me low over Tokyo  
In a great big blue balloon,  
And I gazed below at the frozen snow  
And above at the cool white moon.

I closed my eyes, and I tried to rise  
By hauling the sandbags in.  
My balloon took flight in the dark of night;  
And along came God with a pin.

— Suzen Tebbs  
Mansfield, Pa.

Life Class

...this model;  
her torso  
with flushed eyes  
heavy in mammary dream,  
their pointed questions  
pleading tactile reply;  
navel like a nose  
in a child's drawing;  
pubic hair smiling,  
darkly  
geometrical...

— Ben Tibbs  
Kalamazoo, Mich.
Chartered carrier
in standard procedure,
operating solely,
the armored car U-turns,
(unlawful for other traffic)
and parks,
wholly usurping the space
between NO PARKING signs
in front of the bank
across the street.
Functionaries emerge,
equivocal eyes
searching left and right,
attending the goddess:
that old bag with the golden calves.
They register for the night.

— Ben Tibbs

beerbottle

a very miraculous thing just happened:
my beerbottle flipped over backwards
and landed on its bottom on the floor,
and I have set it upon the table to foam down,
but the photoes were not so lucky today
and there is a small slit along the leather
of my left shoe, but it's all very simple:
we cannot acquire too much: there are laws
we know nothing of, all manner of nudges
set us to burning or freezing; what sets
the blackbird in the cat's mouth
is not for us to say, or why some men
are jailed like pet squirrels
while others nuzzle enormous breasts
through endless nights — this is the
task and the terror, and we were not
taught why. still, it's lucky the bottle
landed straightaide up, and although
I have one of wine and one of whiskey,
this forsooths, somehow, a good night,
and perhaps tomorrow my nose will be longer:
new shoes, less rain, more poems.
What To Do With Contributor's Copies?

(Dear Buk: although we realize it is small payment for your poems, our payment is 4 contributor's copies of which we will mail to anywhere, anybody or anything.... note from editor, WR, on 8-24-62)

well, ya better mail one to M.S.? or she'll prob. put her pisser in the oven, she thinks she is a goddess, and mabe she is, I sure as hell wd't know like some of the boys tell me,
then there is C.W.? who does not answer his mail but is very busy teaching young boys how to write and I know he is going places, and since he is, ya better mail 'm one...
then there's my old aunt in Palm Springs nothing but money and I have everything but money... talent, a good singing voice, a left hook deep to the gut... send her a copy, she hung up on me, last time I phoned her drunk, giving evidence of need, she hung up on me...
then there's this girl in Sacramento who writes me these little letters... very depressed bitch, mixed like quite some waffle flower, making gentle intellectual overtures which I ignore, but send her a magazine in lieu of a hot poker.

that makes 4?
I hope to send you some more poems anytime because I got to figure that people who run my poems are a little mad, but that's all right. I am also that way. anyhow, —

I hope meanwhile you do not fold up before I do.

C.B.

— Charles Bukowski
Los Angeles, California

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"The Wormwood Review" is still non-beat, non-academic and non-sewing circle and non-profit. Wormwood is interested in quality poems and prose-poems (proems) of all types and schools — the form may be traditional or avant-garde-up-through-and-including-dada — the tone serious to flip, the content conservative to utter taboo. A good poem should be able to compete with the presence of other poems. Wormwood is not afraid of either wit or intelligence — both are rare qualities. Wormwood is published when 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 post paid. Unfulfilled subscriptions will be refunded on request. Contributors' subscriptions are $6 (4 issues and a signed print by Sypher); patrons' subscriptions are $10 (4 issues, a Sypher print, plus signed copies of extra publications related to Wormwood— currently James Hazard's The Day The War Ended).

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The cover, "Memus and Phallus" is by C. Peret and was conceived Dec. 1963 at Deya, Mallorca. The composition and collating of the magazine were done by M. Malone with offset presswork by Bill Dalzell of 218 East 18 St., N.Y. 3, N.Y. The edition was limited to no more than 600 copies, and this is copy number: 473.
Dear Marvin Malone:

Thank you for sending me two copies (editions) of your magazine for the price of one. You say you did it because of my sincerity and straight-forwardness, or similar wordage. I am glad you classify the qualities as positive.

I have read your magazines and as strange as it may seem, they are just about as I thought they would be. I will again be sincere and forth-right. I thought you were giving the "public" a sort of "cover-up frontage" by emphasizing "Excellence" as the common denominator of your requirements for publication. I don't believe there is anything for us to gain by discussing that point, as I think we will both agree that "Excellence" figures very little as it is hard for me to correlate "frigging, whoredom, etc." as subject matter, object as they are, with excellence in the expression of (should we magnify the verbage as) thought. I think the best that could be said for your authors is that they show some Imagism. Imagery would be based upon what is uppermost in the mind of that person of course.

No, I am not a Fresher — I am a professional man; also an Ex-service man of about 2 yrs. in U.S. Navy; so the lurid imagery is not entirely foreign to me, though I say the use of English is very poor on average. I made notes on the poems as I read them but when I got over to Charles Bukowski's "HOURS" and Pam Mayer's "Ground Work for Reconciliation," and Ottone M. Riccio's "Sunlight and Raindrops on Leaves & TV Antennas," I quit the notes, as it was then clear what you purpose to major on in your publication. Let me just put it plainly, "I really feel (sic) sorry for you." You are evidently striving for "something" which you have not found. In my Navy experiences, you can guess that I saw much of the slums and red-light places, including Barbara Coast in San Francisco, Cal, at its worst. They make a real man's passion burn, and I am wondering if your lurid authors may be like a story I once read (and have about forgotten) where the protagonist was sexually deficient — the soft boring augur would not get hard. He called in a man friend to do his work with his wife as he looked on, whimmying like a Stud-horse as the other man did the job. That was his only means of sexual satisfaction.

Of course, any man that is not deformed sexually, gets "a rise" out of reading such things. BUT, my would-be friend, when one's mind hangs onto those things as a principal interest in life, he becomes something besides a man; a whore-pimp, homo-sexual or some Sadistic kind of person. If the promotion of that way of life is "excellence," God help us.

I am married, have a fairly beautiful wife who takes care of my sexual needs in a clean manner, and respectable. I have four beautiful daughters who are respectable. Imagine my majoring on the things which you publish, as a guide in life for them! What would our Social Structure in America be within a few years if everybody did? It is much better to have your own wife, home and family, and good friends, than to be an Outcast thrown in with the whores, etc. to eke out a passion-soaked existence of drunkenness, debauchery and slighthfulness. Practically all of your "things called poems" are directed to that sort of subject matter. I see some names listed in your publication which surprise me, also.

I do not say all of this to be wholly critical; but to encourage you to a better view-point of life. There is bound to be a Divine Creator of things; too much of super-human shows up in animal instincts, and also human instinct which must come from a higher source than the human. Things don't "just come into existence" of their own. When one recognizes something of the Divine in creation, his eye-sight turns "up and out" and the bellies of whores become less important. Some contemporary poets have written articles arguing that our Govt. should now appoint more poets to places of importance in governmental affairs, as poets "are people with vision and understanding." Are your authors qualified?

Why am I taking time to write all this anyway? I am very busy and perhaps wasting time. I write a lot regarding titles to property, etc. and a large number of people are waiting for me to do the writing for them. Shame on me for disappointing them. Here we bore a great deal, into the womb of nature to gain the deposits of oil and gas — valuable prizes; your men evidently do their "boring" to make deposits in wombs. Which is the more excellent?

Thanks very much for refusing my submissions. You were smart and knew they did not belong in your publication. I will keep trying on my messages of optimism and beauty, etc. even though they may not strike the chords that attract many
listening ears.

Sincerely yours,

Harry A. H———, President: N———- Abstract Company

N———, Oklahoma

P.S. I take the blame for our conflict of views, as I should have known from the name of your magazine that it was fraught with the bitter and unpleasant taste — as wormwood. Yeah, I know the original meaning of wormwood was different but current meaning is about as I said. Also I should have first ordered sample copies rather than submit blindly. Your listing in WRITERS MARKET and in Writers' Digest fooled me. HAH

(an accurate transcript)

Dear Harry A. H———:

Good poetry is a group of words totally occupied by any man.

Bad poetry is the result of any man totally occupied by words.

Thank you for your poetery (poem-letter).

Marvin Malone

Comments on the above exchange are invited by the editor — they may be pro or con in regard to either letter