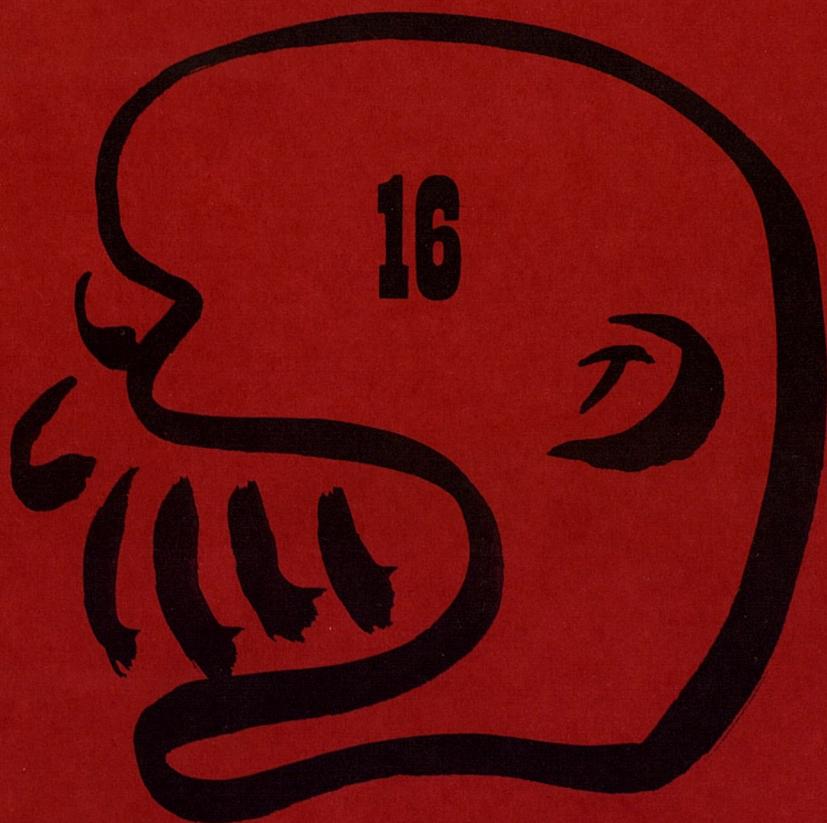


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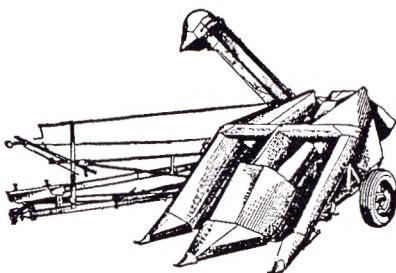
The Wormwood Review

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silly song

— for judy

tonight i want to go
out & decorate all the
cows for you. i mean

paint em up all sort
of different purples
& reds and even hang

crepe paper streamers
from their tails. hell,
cows are usually pretty

dull & loving you makes
me want to turn the
world upside down anyway.

— david sandberg

Los Angeles, Calif.

funeral procession

these
motor
cycles
wrapped
in
official
sadness
for
the
dead
blink
ing
bright
red
flowers

— david sandberg

Jezebels

Going home
from church
in blue gauze hats
and blond kid shoes,
they stop to stare
at flower beds
and wait for
traffic lights
to change,
hoping God won't mind
a touch of color
in their clothes.

— Gloria Kenison

A Fall

The point is, can a boy
walk along a porch rail
without falling on a
Anthony Watrous bush
on one side
or a Chinese straw porch chair
on the other.
He is muttering
because his sister
won't let him steal
her pencil sharpener
in the shape of a globe.
Finally, he falls on the
Anthony Watrous,
which has to be replaced
by a blue hydrangea.

— Gloria Kenison

Ugly House

Victorian grotesquerie
with towers
and fancy shingles
and jigsaw work
covered with aluminum paint
and asbestos shingles
then rented
to dubious boarders
who pay a day late
and keep a fifth
behind the books

— Gloria Kenison

Newtonville, Mass.

My Needs And Yours

A meal to fill me, for a rhyme,
My name is Maxwell Bodenheim;
I've words galore, but not a dime,
My name is Maxwell Bodenheim.

And if you'll rest me for a time,
I, being Maxwell Bodenheim,
Will pay my lodging with a rhyme,
A rhyme by Maxwell Bodenheim.

Nymphets

Forbidden
young blondes
are like butter on
warm days:
teasingly elusive
and unusually golden

— Walt Phillips

Turners Falls, Mass.

Intent

Three crows,
pop-eyed with anticipation,
sweep on the carrion in the road.
The car approaching,
they flap up,
feigning nonchalance.
They are poor fakers,
given away by
reluctant wings.

— Walt Phillips

The Three R's: New Style

We do not teach the young to read
But to achieve certain techniques whereby
they may absorb information necessary
to the achievement of limited objectives

We do not teach the young to count
But to evaluate the opportunities whereby
they may achieve the maximum return in the
shortest possible time: i.e., the highest
standard of living commensurate with the
least expenditure of energy

We do not teach the young to write
But expose them to the philosophy of
mass communication cum expertise in
various media designed for political and/
or economic action

— Mary Graham Lund

Los Angeles, California

New magazines/Newsletters

Kauri, c/o Will Inman, Apt. 4W, 362 East 10th. St.
New York 9, N.Y. (\$1 contribution)

Hardware Poets Occasional, c/o Jerry Bloedow, 323
East 53rd. St., New York 22, N.Y. (\$1 contribution)

Paradise

An old man who was so wise nobody ever listened
to him

Diffidently approached a young man.

"Look," he said, "listen. Don't you realize
This is paradise?"

But to the young man spinning through space
Splattered all over with lemon meringue pie and
Frequently falling flat on his face,
The old man's remark was definitely out of place.

Beginning with the most distant and dangerous
stars

The young man dangled until his teeth broke
And down he went but a banana skin
Tripped him and hurtled him up again

Down another cliff-edge,
Clinging to the side of a twenty-story building,
Clutching at window-sills,
Grabbing at awnings,

Once a piece of his wife's hair
(But she was busy with her affairs
And soon forgot him and went to market
And left him hanging in mid-air)

When the old man walked by and said, "Come down,
Come down!
Don't you realize your feet are only
A few inches off the ground?" "This," said the
young man,
Is paradise?"

— Patricia Goedcke

Athens, Ohio

Noted

The first issue of Borderline (Sherbourne Press,
7863 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90046) has
a perceptive article by James Boyer May on the
borderline world of little magazines (\$7/year).

The Last November

1:

Trees

(color blown off
(and down the street
are old men
with brittle arms
(claw the wind

2:

old papers
(yellow as sunlight
with faded words
ride bum
on the gusts

3:

A girl
in a red coat
walks
(as driven by
(an eccentric gear

Gold rings splash
her ears with light

(She seems not to move
The world moves
under her
as cold as nylon
(on a winter night

— James Singer



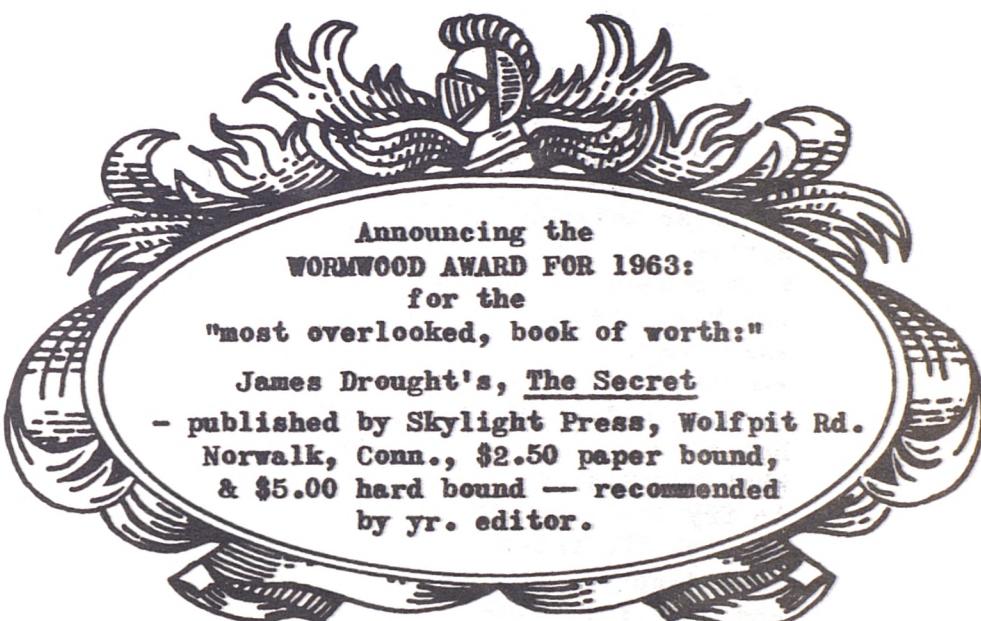
New releases of Goosetree Press, P.O.Box 278, Lanham, Md. 20801: Last Light (Robert Hazel), 5 Sonnets (Gil Orlovitz), Personal Safety (Henry Birnbaum), Lying in Lamplite (Willis Eberman), The Snow Queen (Barbara Downey), Mushrooms Are Blooming (David Kalugin): 20¢ per; One Extraordinary Am (Curtis Zahn), 14 Poems (George P. Elliott) 30¢ per

Everybody Stand

Up off your ass and raise
your hand. Say, sincerely,
"I believe and that's not
all." Science will save
our race, the PTA resolves:
Everybody stand! In this
land of plenty we will give
arms to our children
who only ask a hand.

— James Singer

Hyattsville, Maryland



Announcing the
WORMWOOD AWARD FOR 1963:
for the
"most overlooked, book of worth:"

James Drought's, The Secret
- published by Skylight Press, Wolfpit Rd.
Norwalk, Conn., \$2.50 paper bound,
& \$5.00 hard bound — recommended
by yr. editor.

Past Awards:

1961: Alexander Trocchi's The Outsiders, Signet
The New American Library

1962: Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Mother Night, Gold Medal
Paperback, Fawcett Publications, Inc.

A California Love Poem

— for my Mother

I smelled of dogs and the breath of weeds.
My mother brought me juice in a tall glass.

Breezes juggled oranges and bright leaves,
and good morning was the color of girls.

A gold butterfly sat down on my knee.
Her wings brushed away a globe of sweat.

All boyhood day was warm with sun and sleep.
And the orange blossoms fell, white as love.

Twisted Apples

(After reading Sherwood Anderson's
Winesburg, Ohio)

Even the smashed
scarecrow
flaked out on
the tumbled fence
is not nearly
as grotesque
as these twisted
apples
that reddens
the hard ground
What puny
specimens
what ruined flesh
But also
what temptation
to try one
to sink the teeth
down deep
and suck for juice
then spit out
the small seeds
against the rude
and ruthless
weather

— David Pearson Etter
Evanston, Illinois

Eight

I am marching towards
nowhere
and I am not alone
the moon scrapes down
from rung to shelf
in the black crepehanging earth
I shiver
new
eclipse is rape and summertime
one game with wintermate
my eyes are emerald marbles
you
sent balling through too late

Eleven

New lands all watery
clocks ticking under the sea
few airtight graves
eyes reproducing what is free
I wing from an old seabass
blowing with age
from webfoot mask expiring me
the curving hawk breaks
but it does not flee
the clock ticks the camera
clicks
but the sea still smiles
and the heavens hum
they have been awhile
the bass the hawk

— Christopher Perret

Deya, Mallorca, Spain

Object Of Contemplation

Poet or alchemist
he turns what other finds
a baser metal into light spears:
Quiet hotskinned man
pounding intensity from fools-
gold cups: bright hand!

Clown

What is complete
in his condition
is his lack
of circumspection

Clayfoot father
Christian mother

indeed

forseek

to

cut

the

foreskin

from

his

cry

— Christopher Perret

Haiku

An upsidedown fly
noting that I read Schweitzer
dozed on the ceiling.

— Lourine White

Piggott, Arkansas

Poetry As Social Exercise

excitement is outlawed
in this wooden room
lined with dustsealed books

the poets slither in
wriggling through an orgy
of mourning names names

more than wine will take the night
a thunderbolt from Hopkins perhaps
or Crane's ghost on a narcotic binge

the poets slip away
the others sip tea from bone china
and remember to be gracious

— Ottone M. Riccio

Belmont, Massachusetts

What Happened To The Ceiling?

comme il dit lui-même:
you can't lead a horse to bourbon
but you can sure make him drink
now there's a picture
a drunken horse
reeling down the highway
with the cops hot after him

it's better than mice coming through
the cracks in that bloody wall

ti ricordi quando noi abbracciammo
la luna? eri piccina
oggi non ridi più

you know all that gunk: in vino veritas

think how I'd look to you
if you saw me only with sober eyes

quest' è inutile
perdi già la volontà
di far attenzione
a le mie canzzone

he was so wise in his wisdom
what a crock it all turned out
you didn't really care
if he knew the sun's new plans
but he enjoyed the telling
and you listened

the real excitement
to find that bourbon
stimulates your pulse
il sole sospire quando noi salutano
con mani rossi matina nuova
e poi tu mi prendi coi detti pieni
di fuoco di passione
and I flip my lid

what skaters' waltz of schmalz
dragged out this rococo jazz?
take your hand out of my pocket
everything is turning green
don't blame him
he came to this
par une nuit d'amour

Red Herring

— Ottone M. Riccio

Fragment from "The Disembraining of the City"

Nearly naked in her diaphanous dress, a kind of phthisic radiance emanated through her pale and easily bruised skin.

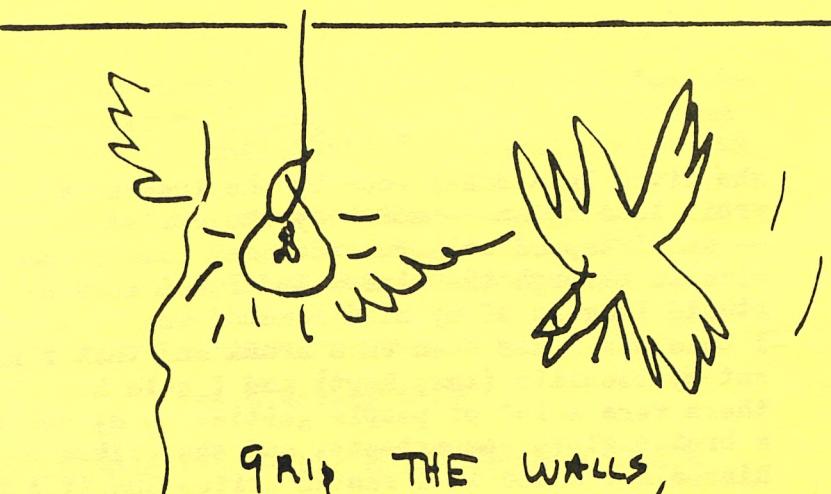
Reminding one rather
of a chicken defeathered
arsehole end up.

— George Zabriskie

Harpers Ferry, West Va.

Recommended

Against A Wall Of Light (Ottone M. Riccio) published by Hors Commerce Press, 22526 Shadycroft Ave., Torrance, Calif. (\$1).



GRIP THE WALLS,

BUKOWSKI

the dogs

the dirty dogs of Egypt slide down my bones
and the cat goes home in the morning
and I think of agony when there's little else to
do, and there's usually little else to do
except think the agony might kill us --
but, perhaps, what really saves us from it
is our being able to luxuriate in it --
like an old lady putting on a red hat.

yet my walls are stained where broken glass has
pissed its liquor.

I see agony in a box of kitchen soap
and the walls want their flatness to be my
flatness, o the dirty dogs of Egypt,
I see flatirons hanging from hooks
the eagle is a canary in the breakfastnook
eating dry seed and cramped by the
dream.

I want so much that is not here and do not know
where to go.

poetess

— for S. S. V.

she lived in a small room by the freeway and she wrote like a man — somebody who worked on the dock — and I tapped on her window and she let me in, I climbed through the window and I sat down as the stupid fingers of my mind reached around the room, I told her I had been on a drunk and that I had to cut my toenails (they hurt) and I told her that there were a lot of people getting on my nerves like a broken glove compartment, and she walked over and kissed me, asked if I wanted coffee and if I had been eating, and then she told me her radio was broken — she had dropped it on the floor. and I took a knifeblade and worked at the screws in the back.

be careful, she said, it says there is danger of shock, and I told her: I am immortal, I can't get or be killed.

she sat a cheesesandwich and a cup of coffee in front of me and I straightened up the loose tubes, there seemed to be no broken ones, but it was getting to be time for the first race and I told her, Jesus, I don't have time!

if you're immortal, she said,
you have plenty of time.

I ate the cheese sandwich and drank the coffee.

see you tonight, I said, I'll put the god damned thing together tonight.

I climbed out the window and into my car. the sun came down in the dust and dirt of the parking lot making everything a good soft yellow and brown, and the vines on the fence smelled green the way green smells, and I drove out backing up, waving to her through the windshield and she stood in the window waving and smiling, and I backed up the alley and around into the street, put it in forward and ran along the pavement toward the freeway, out of there,

thinking about what I had done or hadn't done to the radio (or her), feeling as if I had left an army in trouble during battle, but then some kid in a Volks

cut across me without a signal
and I forgot about all the rest
and I pushed the pedal down and
moved after him.

The Literary Life:

There is this long still knife somehow like a cossack...

and C. writes that Ferlinghetti has written a poem about Castro. well, all the boys are doing poems on Castro, only Castro's not that good or that bad — just a small horse in a big race.

I see this knife on the stove and I move it to the breadboard...

after a while it is time to look around and listen to the engines and wonder if it's raining; after a while writing won't help anymore, and drinking won't help anymore, or even a good piece of ass won't.

I see this knife on the breadboard and I move it to the sink...

this wallpaper here: how many years was it here before I arrived? ... this cigarette in my hand it is like a thing itself, like a donkey walking uphill ... somebody took my candle and candle-holder: a lady with red hair and a white face standing near the closet, saying, "Can I have this? can I really have this?"

The edge of this knife is not as sharp as it should be ... but the point, the point fascinates, the way they bring it down like that — symmetry, real Art,

and I pick up this breadknife and walk into the dining room ...

Larsen says we mustn't take ourselves so seriously. Hell, I've been telling him that for 8 years!

There is this full length mirror in the hall. I can see myself in it and I look, at last, as if I could do anything. It hasn't rained in 175 days and it is as quiet as a sleeping peacock. a friend of mine shoots pool in a hall across from the university where he teaches English, and when he gets tired of that, he drags out a .357 magnum and splits the rocks in half BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! while figuring just where the word will fit real good.

In front of the mirror I cut swift circles in the air, dividing sides of light. I am hypnotized, unsettled, embarrassed. my nose is pink, my cheeks are pink, my throat is white, my god the night, the shoe fits good, the wood, the wood ... the phone rings like a wall sliding down and ... "nothing," I answer, "no, I'm not doing anything..."

it is a dull conversation but it is soon over. I walk to the window and open it. the cars go by and a bird turns on the wire and looks at me. I think 3 centuries ahead, of myself dead that long and life seems very odd ... like a crevice of light in a buried tomb.

the bird flies away and I walk to the machine and sit down:

Dear Willie:

I got your letter, everything fine
here ...

Bukowski's Crucifix In A Deathhand is being published by Lujon Press, 1109 Rue Royale, New Orleans 16, La. (\$3) and Cold Dogs In The Courtyard by the Literary Times, Box 4327, Chicago 80, Illinois (\$1.25).

When You Wait For The Dawn To Crawl Through
The Screen Like A Burglar
To Take Your Life Away --

the snake had crawled the hole,
and she said,
tell me about
yourself.

and
I said,
I was beaten down
long ago
in some alley
in another
world.

and she said,
we're all
like
pigs
slapped down some lane,
our
grassbrains
singing
toward the
blade.

by
god,
you're an
odd one,
I said.

we
sat there
smoking
cigarettes
at
5
in the morning.

sleeping woman

I sit up in bed at night and listen to you
snore

I met you in a bus station
and now I wonder at your back
sick white and stained with
children's freckles
as the lamp divests the unsolvable
sorrow of the world
upon your sleep.

I cannot see your feet
but I must guess that they are
most charming feet.

who do you belong to?
are you real?
I think of flowers, animals, birds
they all seem more than good
and so clearly
real.

yet you cannot help being a
woman. we are each selected to be
something. the spider the cock.
the elephant. it is as if we were each
a painting and hung on some
gallery wall.

— and now the painting turns
upon its back, and over a curving elbow
I can see 1/2 a mouth, one eye and
almost a nose.

the rest of you is hidden
out of sight
but I know that you are a
contemporary, a modern living
work
perhaps not immortal
but we have
loved.

please continue to
snore.

the new place

I type at a window that faces the street
on ground level and
if I fall out
the worst that can happen is a dirty shirt
under a tiny banana tree.

as I type people go by
mostly women
and I sit in my shorts
(without top)
and going by they
can't be sure I am not entirely
naked. so
I get these faces
which pretend they don't see
anything
but I think they do:
they see me as I
sweat the poem like beating an
ugly hog to death
as the sun begins to fail over
Sunset Blvd.
over the motel sign
where hot sweaty people from
Arkansas and Iowa
pay too much to sleep while
dreaming of movie stars.
there is a religionist next door
and he plays his radio loud
and it seems to have
very good tubes
so I am getting the
message.
and there's a white cat
chewed-up and neurotic
who calls 2 or 3 times a day
eats and leaves
but just looking at him
lifts the soul a little
like something on strings.

and the same young man from the nudist
magazine phones and we talk
and I get the idea
that we each hang up
mildly thinking each other
somewhat the fool.

now the woman calls me to dinner.
it's good to have food.
when you've starved enough
food always remains a
miracle.

the rent is a little higher here
but so far I've been able to
pay it
and that's a miracle too
like still maybe being sane
while thinking of guns and sidewalks
and old ladies in libraries.

there are still
small things to do
like rip this sheet from the typer
go in and eat
stay alive this way.

there are lots of curtains here
and now the woman has walked in
she's rocking back and forth
in the rocker behind me
a bit angry
the food is getting cold and
I've got to go
she doesn't understand that
I've got to finish this thing
but it's just a poor little neighborhood
not much place for Art,
whatever that is, and
I hear sprinklers
there's a shopping basket
a boy on roller skates.
I quit I quit

for the miracle of food and
maybe nobody ever angry
again, this place and
all the other places.

— Charles Bukowski
Los Angeles, Calif.

We Are The Blue Ties

we are the white shirts,
blue ties,
shuffling notes and pens,
sharpening ends of calculations,
dreaming figures,
listening to nicotine clocks
going round round round
and smoking into fog,
blinding us in notes, envelopes,
and we do not know if it is real,
nine in morning, five in afternoon,
things close in.

we are in white shirts,
blue ties,
and wait for the world to come
and take us away.

-- neeli cherry

San Bernardino, Calif.

One Of Many Judys

Danced like a Scorpion Queen
but made love like a rich kid
entering a toy shop.

So, kisses were always a problem
of who kissed who
and desires too subtle for lips.

Anyway, the voices seemed too loud,
the laughter too long and brave
for anyone in particular.

"Especially me! Especially me!"
I always thought I heard --
though I was wrong.

Self-love did not compel her hands
to hug her tiny breasts while crazy on the bed,
but shame for what she was and I was not.

Explanation For Rejecting The Proposal Of A Potential Mistress

Look at my car:
old wrappers, used matches, empty bottles
rolling around in the thick dust;
outside: tar, bird-shit, rust.
And I really like the damned thing !

— Ron Offen

Wood Dale, Illinois

Here's One For Norbert's Wife

She looked mild enough when she stood
Holding the baby, but on that
"Night of all nights"
When I had to sleep at the kitchen table
Like a first grader with his head
On his desk, she was a little more than angry.
Of course we were drunk,
But I really had nothing to do with that.
But naturally, being single,
I am the evil ogre who leads all
Husbands down the primrose path
Of scotch, gin, vodka and beer

— Oliver Hadde

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Recommended

Poets Of Today: A New American Anthology edited by
Walter Lowenfels was released November 23, 1964 —
published by International Publishers, 381 Park Ave.
South, New York 16, N. Y. (cloth \$5, New World Paper-
back \$1.95). "Vigor and passion."

The Man With The Florida Tan

Every winter

I dream of going south,
golden-brown

semi-nude

travel-poster-girls

instant heaven;

every winter

I'm the bronze-skinned
beach boy

with the surfboard-prick
bringing moonlight miracles
to bored wives

who come

like thunder

out of Cuba

cross the bay;

every winter

I dream

of being

the MAN.

where's the snow shovel, Mary?

Once
we jumped into bed
moon-high
the springs twanged
like guitars
all night
my love in the groove.

Now
we crawl into bed
blinds down
the springs creak
like rusty gates
all night
my love in a rut.

— Harold Briggs

New York, New York

"Will you look like your mother?"
I ask as I finger my rose
at my fingertips the future of the flower lays
"Will you look like your mother?"
the rose looks at me through eyes of passion
"Your mother who walked through fields of burning
glass

jumped off cliffs of embryos
swung on juke-boxes of the twisting night
sank in the sea of oil
will you look like your mother?"
I love the rose
the red rose in my hands
"Will you look like your mother
of the tender love lost
of the moon
of the winter night stars
your mother of draining life
life
life, life, life,
oh death,
child of mystery and tears
will you look like your mother
life?"

— George Montgomery
New York, New York

& There Was May Day On The Main Line
& There Was Bryn Mawr & Ah Well I Re-

& now the day the pole is
romped about;
see Bryn Mawr maids as one
cavort & shout!
throw posies, wiggle
cultured hips
hot for the haystack,
phallus
& blue chips.

— Ron Bayes

Pan: Second Sight
(A Re-Take)

Pan the camera
you
by the sundial
half tame --
& why not? --
it is hot
& your skin
has the texture, the sheen that
caused somebody
(& your hair)
to invent
I
fancy
kodachrome.
"One & the same."
The concrete god remembers
too.

--- Ron Bayes

La Grande, Oregon

Relative

a gust
just blew in
through the window
billowing drapes
scattering papers
hands in reflex
spilling a cool beer
against my will
over a testament
of fire and dust
naming as heir
the capricious wind

— Ben Tibbs

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Art Of The Sonnet: 219

This grovel of anticipated surprises
produces disappointment so secret that one
rises from the knee to proclaim heroic attitude,
truth unavoidable to cowardices.
Abasement at bottom is secret to itself:
it counts its cancellation of self with abandon --
of integers -- confusing itself as impetuous
profundity. The surfaces take constant revenge.
We are, then, momentary survivors. Afterward,
we hail a scheme: someone must govern
the speed of endurance, and we scale down astonish-
ment
to conform with deity -- prayer becomes bad breath.
The grandiose reacts with invisibility: no
wonder, at last, allowing us our cut-off noses.

— Gil Orlovitz

New York, New York

For Dylan

The weak say, I'm strong
The strong say, I'm weak

They're wrong
All week long

Let me be
me
Sing a song
bong
Lift a sarong

i'm just me
singing songs
while lifting sarongs
for the week
that I'm left to be.

— George J. Keegan

—, Korea

Incident

The bird
eating a
butterfly.
Sitting on
the fence,
gulping the
fragile thing
down. And
then flying
away happy
and without
a trace of
nervousness.

You Just Can't Win

When it rains around here,
it rains — really!
Like last night — tapping
against the windows, and
drumming on the roof — it
was trying its hardest
to get in at me. However,
it stopped during the night,
leaving everything(except me)
still wet this morning.
I stepped outside, and looked
up at the sky:
"Beat you this time," I said
and a single drop fell from
above the door —down my neck.

Morning Song

Mist-hazed morning
railway station
I watch a train
racing in
It looks good
from a distance
Well I guess
I do too

The Poet As Trapeze Artist

Little me up here
and, with a sure smile,
about to turn a trick
or two.

"Look ma, no hands."

CRASH

They didn't publish
that one,
either.

— Jim Burns

Preston, Lancs, England

6 antipoems

114: Back seat at the lecture
Forgotten blackboard at one side
Two words in capitals
Minute by minute meaning more
ZAMBA BUMBA

115: Most mine
In all her singing
Down the strings
The rub and slide
Of faint her fingers.

117: Wide out open passing thirty
Comb, cut, and look back
With school teachers marry
With your mothers living
Live live crazy all
You lost job-getting
Beatniks.

119: In his black cabinet
Under white flowers
Smiles the dead man,
Smiles ...
Smiles ...

122: Stare from your husband's small
Town gas station window
Where the winter evening
Nights beneath the high
Hard lights turn, turning
Your future
In, into your past.

125: From winter woods
Through large slow flakes
Three black crows
Flap, flap, flap,
Up.

— E. E. Jacobsen
Bedford, Mass.

such a prickly shell
holds the smooth, shining chestnut --
just like you, my child.

asters, goldenrod
shine by the road; cars rush by
leaving them dusty.

many came to greet
the bride -- now she is busy
emptying ashtrays.

on top of the maple
waits a crow -- fitting standard
for autumn's advance.

— Herta Rosenblatt

Peapack, New Jersey

Another Move

i've traded another city
for a hill
thistime the mornings
scream of cold
&
allthewoods
give shelter to furry
beasts

great regions of clouds
at sunrise
gray
windbrushed gray
of spursteel
laced to an angled
cowboy heel

&
nights are a different dark
in their own black silent
personal way

there's
another
mountain
to be climbed
its nipple stabs
the
taut blueskin
of sky

Any Noise In The Bushes

a 4:00-in-the-morning
drunkenness
from a nosleep night
awakens in me
an
hour-of-loving

which
should be
hurled to its creative
limit
rightnow
but can't

all the trees are asleep
&
any noise in the bushes
might
wake
the
birds ...

— S. A. Osterlund
Ashland, Ohio

Sane At Sixty-Five

Philip Saygrace had three sons
But no daughter.
His wife was hale and hearty
But inclined to be bossy.
Mr. Saygrace could not follow
the white line
Long at less than seventy miles
per hour,
Or with less than a gill
Of whiskey, vodka or gin
Taken in.

After fifteen years on this
regimen,
He achieved the masculine
Menopause with all the trimmings.
Whenever he stopped for a traffic
light,
He would look around and see
In the empty back seat
Three naked women.

His psychiatrist told him,
"You are no worse off than many
men
And some few women
Who think that they are perfectly
well.
You do feel
Your woes with full intensity
And complain of them loudly."

After ten thousand dollars' worth
of treatment
Philip Saygrace no longer complains
Of too much female company.

— Kelly Janes
Monterey, Mass.

Big Mouth

I opened my big mouth
and said, I welcome
experience.
So I had an invitation
for flagellation.
Go out, do it, come back
And tell me what you find,
I said,
It's not my olive for a sexual bed.

Do I?

I could lead you on
Get you excited
and tell you, yes.
But what's the use?
I'll only find
another excuse
to deny
your invitation
to depravity.

Awakened Powers

He received his
sexuality from me!
Heightened
in volume
and degree --
now his rakish eyes
disturb
all the ladies
when he shops
at the local
supermarts.

— Mary M. Green

St. Laurent, Quebec, Canada

Let It Come

Even if late, let it come.
With a flourish of trumpets
and drums.

Let it come with a
crash of cymbals
and a rumble of
summer thunder.

Let it come with a wail
out of nowhere,
cartwheeling down the stairs.
And I shall be waiting,
hidden and still,
in a wide displacement
of darkness.

The Lost Ones

They came with
pockets filled with light
and hung the air with wine
and everywhere their eyes
were laughing stars.

They laced the night
with liquid words
and burned chromium moons.
They huddled in high places
and made song.

Now lost in darkened ways, they grope,
seeking feasible exits,
like yesterday's kings who later
were reborn in the
hearts of fools.

— Charles Shaw

New York, New York

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Wormwood believes that a good poem should be able to compete with the presence of other poems of different styles and content. The magazine is published whenever sufficient material has accumulated -- this happens about four times a year. The regular subscription rate is \$3.50 for four issues while the price of a single issue is \$1, postpaid. Unfulfilled subscriptions will be refunded upon request. Contributors' subscriptions are \$6 (four issues and a signed print by A. Sypher); patrons' subscriptions are \$10 (four issues, a Sypher print plus signed copies of extra publications related to Wormwood -- currently Ottone M. Riccio's book: Against A Wall Of Light published by Hors Commerce Press.

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BOOKS RECEIVED AND HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

6 Mid-American Chants (Sherwood Anderson) with 11 Midwest photographs by Art Sinsbaugh — \$6.50 from The Nantahala Foundation, Highlands, North Carolina — an unusually handsome and unusually good book bypassing the usual cant about the Midwest. The Place Where I Am Standing (theodore Enslin) \$1.00 from Elizabeth Press, 103 Van Etten Blvd., New Rochelle, New York.

5 Cleveland Prints (d. a. levy) \$10.00 from Asphodel Books, 465 The Arcade, Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio — unusual and effective poetic prints.

You, Mark Anthony, Navigator Upon The Nile (Judson Crews) \$2.00 a signed copy from Este Es Press, P. O. Box 1492, Taos, New Mexico — a unique main-line poet.

City Poem (Augusto de Campos) 50¢ fm. Wild Hawthorne Press, 24 Fettes Row, Edinburgh 3, Scotland. a typographic poem, well printed.

The Reception (Larry Eigner) \$1.00; Thoughts Have Wings (Larry Goodell) 50¢ and Small Sounds From The Bass Fiddle (Margaret Randall) 75¢ — all from Duende, c/o Goodell, Placitas, New Mexico.

A Test Of Poetry (Louis Zukofsky) \$1.75 — a reprint of a primal book; Modern Poetry From Spain and Latin America (trans. by Nan Braymer and Lillian Lowenfels) \$1.45 — includes Vallejo, Guillen, De LaSelva, Cremer, De Otero, Millares, Alberti, Oliver, Casahonda, Goytisolo, De Bohigas and Valverdu; Hands Up (Ed Dorn) \$1.25 and Black and White (Gilbert Sorrentino) \$1.25 — a good, valid package of poetry — all from the enlightened Citadel Press, 222 Park Ave., South; New York, N. Y. 10003.

LITTLE MAGAZINES — CURRENT AND RECOMMENDED — A PARTIAL LISTING

Island (edited by Victor Coleman and Michael Spivak) \$2.50/yr. fm. 259 Humberside Ave., Toronto 9, Ontario — two issues out to date.

Wild Dog (edited by Drew Wagon and Gino Clays) \$4/10 issues fm. Box 11094, Salt Lake City, Utah 84103 — deserves more financial encouragement.

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The Marrahwanna Quarterly (d. a. levy is editor) \$1 for the history-making #1 issue fm. Renegade Press, 14112 Becket Rd., Cleveland, Ohio.

Ole is now out. edited by Douglas Blazek — 75¢ for the #1 issue fm. 499 South Center, Bensenville, Illinois 60106 — a limited number of copies still available. Notes From Underground \$3.50/yr. fm. 1303 Rhode Island St., San Fran., Calif.

Canyon Cinema News \$2/yr. fm. 2201 Ward St., Berkeley, Calif.

Spero — first issue due soon with big name cast — \$1.00(?) fm. Fenian Head Centre Press, 4821 John Lodge, Detroit, Michigan 48201.

Kayak (edited by Geo. Hitchcock) \$3 for 4 issues fm. 2808 Laguna St., San Francisco 23, Calif.

ECO Contemporaneo (edited by Miguel Grinberg) C. C. Central 1933, Baires, Argentina — the current American scene, South and North, North and South.

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New and wild from Renegade Press: King Lord/Queen Freak (Ed Sanders) \$2; Aleatory Letters (Kent Taylor) \$1.50; Parent(hetical Pop)pies (Russell Salamon) \$1.50; and the ultimate in last words: Farewell The Floating Cunt (d. a. levy) \$2 — all from Asphodel Books, 465 The Arcade, Cleveland, Ohio.

Two For Our Time (Jim Burns) 10¢ from Screeches Publications, 11 Clematis St., Blackburn, Lancs, England.

Pcems (Ennis Rees) \$2.75 fm. Univ. South Carolina Press, Columbia, S. C. 29208

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Poems (Gregory J. Markopoulos) \$2 from Film Culture, 414 Park Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016 — better known for his experimental films.

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