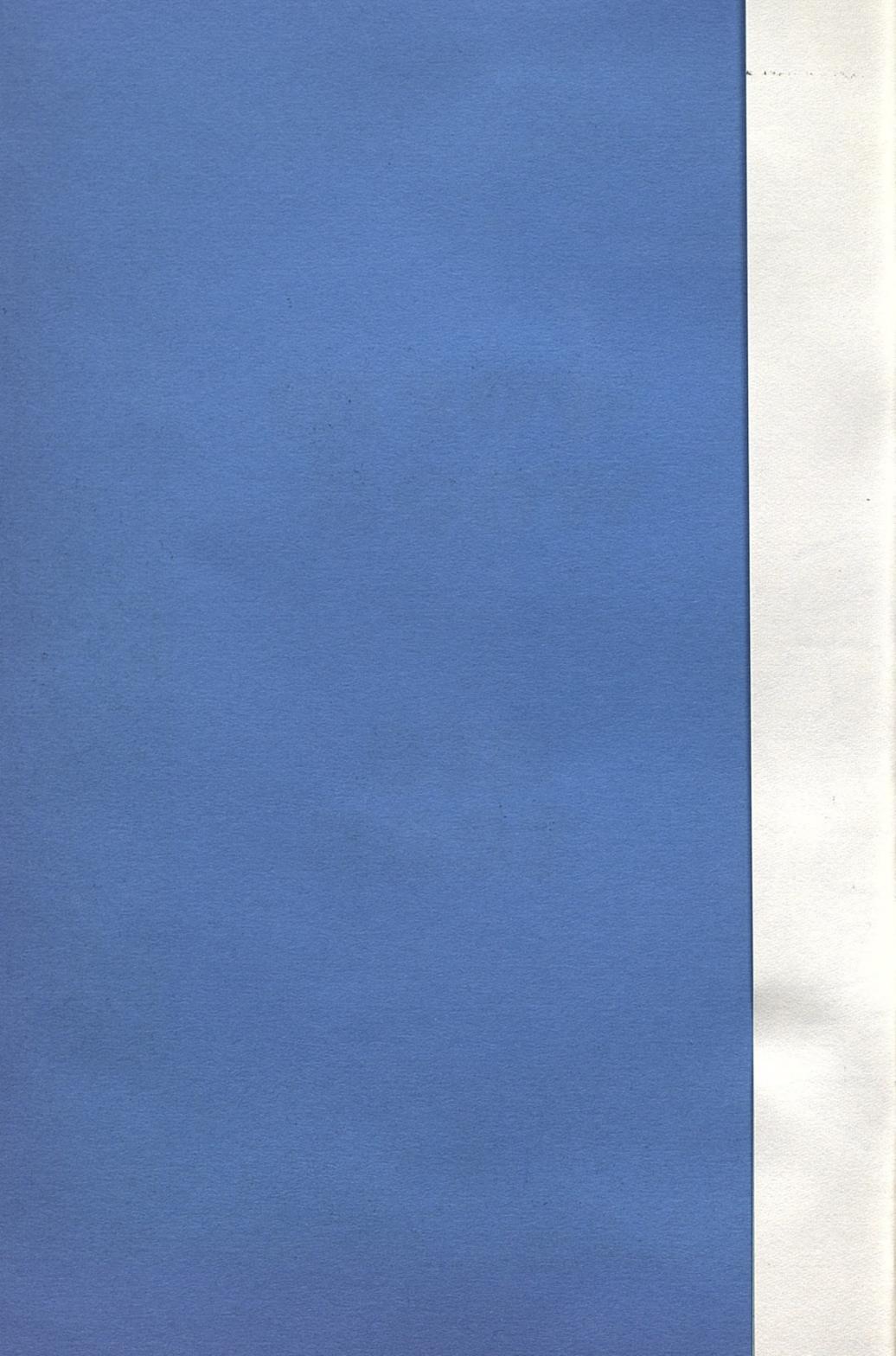


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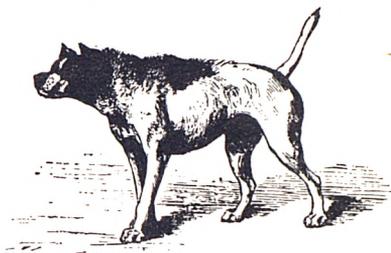
The Wormwood Review

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Synopsis

A mad hired man
puts a farmer
down a well.

Howling, howling,
among algae
and fieldstones
and black water,
looking up
at a disk of blue
with stringy clouds.

The Janitor Finds Some
Good Things In The Barrel

a music box
a pair of women's
high-heeled shoes
a tied-together
pile of True Romances

-- Gloria Kenison

Dedham, Mass.

(for judy)

two
great
sweet
dark
luscious
redripe
strawberries
for us a
perfect

breakfast.
(fat
cold
plums
or
figs
would do as well)
the
point

is
this:
the king
and queen
of
love
should
always
feast

on such
delights
the better
to rule
most
happily
their
beautiful
kingdom.

This is how the west was won

so these old indians
up on the reservation
had got hold of some

old cars see, and had
drunk a lot of wine
and sort of went on

the warpath. they
raised hell till all
the old cars were

taken away and
all the old
indians too.

morning song: the city

morning comes over us
like a net. dew sparkles
the gray grass of side-
walks. withering more
each morning, mrs. kogan
calls to the milkman as
though he were the cow;
"you didn't put enough
cream in the milk again."
a response of some kind,
a word. mrs. kogan merges
with the gray front of
her house and disappears.
the sun on damp walks is
a signal. all up and down
the street,

a day starts to happen.

-- david sandberg

San Francisco, California

Maestro Insana's Room IX

No other room would have served as well
For our hysterical requiem in eternum.
Hell-hot, the window raised, sounds
of Thompson's Easy Exercises,
(English Sparrow accompaniment),
Wandered about the courtyard down
Below -- background courtesy Alban Berg.
That sad Fine Arts building where
It was impossible to move one's bowels --
Men's rooms (on the even numbered floors)
Being stall-less. The true artist,
One can only conclude, does not excrete.
In the end, we wondered whether our
Theater of the Absurd might not be enjoying
Its so long day's dying.

Maestro Insana's Room X

All that was lacking was a hunchbacked
Dwarf with a resonant baritone voice.
Fat Fred, the pansy playwright,
Was there -- searching the corridors
For Bert Lahr and Zero Mostel; or anyone.
Ken, the bartender's boy, a teen-aged,
Leather-jacketed archetype high school drop-out.
Ron, the flaming mustache, playing poems
With brittle hands upon the popcorn-greasy keys.
We closed the door against this tomb
Of madness inspired -- and left quietly.

Maestro Insana's Room XI

A few words on his behalf --
Never having met him, neither
Kin nor cruel. A man behind
In his rent can't be all bad.

-- Oliver Haddo

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

The Lover

She sat in the next room and ate all this:
A pigeon pie and a lobster;
She ate five oranges, a bull's tongue and a pile of
 blanc mange;
A pair of rabbits, saddle of mutton, the gravies from them;
Two candied apples, a blob of sour cream and then the
 five baked potatoes;
A false moustache, two sheep's eyes looking at odd angles;
A plate of assorted bird seed, her eye too on the parrakeet;
A carton of glistering sardines, eighteen hot peppers and
 their juice;
Two desserts of ice, meringue and cream as big as basketballs;
Sandwiches of cold cuts from all over, and by that I mean
The Bronx, Bacteria, Poland and Lebanon;
Prawns, four dozen eggs of the coot, a delicacy anywhere;
A bottle of black olives like cow eyes;
Lentils, mushrooms piled in a black frying pan;
Two innocent glaring trout;
Seven bags of dime store candy, all pregnant colors;
She wrote herself a menu in various languages
Including Coptic and sent it down to the corner
 restaurant;
They wheeled in syllabubs, omelettes, tender steaks in sauce,
Duck with orange and with paper frills, a bouquet of
 celery and pamplemousse,
Pancakes with syrups from Vermont and the Ukraine,
Rose petal pie -- a whole one --; spiced fruit, bread with garlic,
Milk puddings, curries, swords with lamb, onions and one
 bottle of orange soda.

And now you want to know more about her.

But when I asked Who are you
She wrote, on black paper with gold ink and a quill
'I am a unique esophagus-ridden aging happy woman.'

-- Emily Katharine Harris

Johnson City, New York

Love Song at the Olivetti on Fifth Avenue

Look, friends, at the tiny way
violets have in the grass -- those
small blue bulbs that light its green:
windows of the dirt's cathedral,
skylights on the silences
and promises of the earth,
short stars a lawnmower threshes
into little heavens, falling
in the sun.

 Come closer, friends;
I won't be long.

 By actual count
there are, on any summer's day,
sixty-two zentillion of them
(more than the real stars we see).
Right in our backyards!
our roadsides, friends, our fields and woods!
An incredible resource,
since the dawn of time, these tiny flowers
have set their eyes on us,
from below; but we've been too
involved with wars and kings and things
to see that we can use them --
I mean, not to eat, or wear, or burn
(though a salad would be good
shining with them, or icy-blue whiskey
in glasses tinted with their melted hue,
naked, a fluffy rug of pollen wool
before a hearth, crackling petals
and pungent lights ... Technologists,
now the possibility
is pointed out, may make what they will.
I want no patent rights or royalties.)

Here, somebody hold this sheet. Friends,
I'm nearly through.

 My plan is plainer,
to give, simply give them to each other -- handfuls
of blue: cups, buckets, bushels, truckloads.
See them coming to market, mountains
of flowers piled in our streets and squares!
Think of the jobs! Think we could fight
wars with them, at a huge saving --

explosions not only like great flowers
but of a million flowers, showering
foxholes, fronts ... or cities bombed
with their bright flakes, the gay down of love --
and the bombers could stop for tea
before going back; everybody
laughing, talking, kissing in the streets! holding
out blue ...

Please, somebody
poke that lovely girl who's
yawning (I see her in the glass;
some people won't read anything if it's long).
Friends, I don't stand to make a penny;
I've come up from the country
to give the plan away for free,
like violets, or poems, or cash
(isn't she pretty, eyes like angels!)
so help yourselves (what I'm trying)
it's our world, after all
(to tell her is life is short
and I'll find her a violet and walk
her home hello hello

JJJJJJJJJJ

-- Robert Wallace

Cleveland, Ohio

the speckled trout
in my hand i slit
open to sift out
his guts to eat
him after fire
scorched his
body in the
pan and my
belly

the roots are
my legs, head holes
gather moisture and
nourishment, my flower

spits a seed

-- Steven Richmond

Santa Monica, California

calif.'s sunburnt kid,

sick of his own nipples milk
hopped a spanish freighter hoping
only the bed bugs bite would
disembowel, turning his

blue corvette for an engine
boy's grease he screamed from the
porthole 'the will to suffer
wet in his eyes.

gagaku

out
in my
world there is
a small fly who is still
on top of a rock that rests in
a slow moving stream of water, near
the shore i stand watching the small fly
that does not move, and i begin to hear him
talking to the stream in a language i cannot under-
stand

--Steven Richmond

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED: _____

Poems On Poetry (edited by Robert Wallace & James G. Taaffe)
\$2.25, a Dutton Paperback Original D159 fm. E. P. Dutton & Co.
201 Park Ave., S.; N. Y., N. Y. 10003 -- an antidote to the
usual poetry anthologies and poetic artsie-craftsie books.

Poems (Steven Richmond) \$1 fm. The Tasmania Press, 3208 Sunset
Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90026.

Fm. Wild Hawthorne Press/ Rooksmoor House/ Woodchester/ Stroud
Gloucester/ England a poem-print series in color at 75¢ per:
Pierre Albert-Birot's "Poem-Pancarte," Franz Mon's "Visual poem"
Ian Hamilton Finlay's "Poster poem," Ferdinand Kriwet's "Seh-
text," and John Furnival's "Visual poem." Also Finlay's Ocean
Stripe Series 3 (45¢) and First Suprematist Standing Poem (35¢).
Also Ronald Johnson/Erik Satie: Sports & Divertissements (\$1.05)
and nos. 12, 13, 14, 15 of Poor Old Tired Horse (15¢ per).

Leah (Carl Larsen) 75¢ fm. Asphodel Books, 465 The Arcade in
Cleveland, Ohio and pub. by Renegade Press.

Down, Off & Out (William Wantling) \$1 fm. Mimeo Press, 449 South
Center St., Bensenville, Illinois 60106.

Third Anniversary

After the struggle for position
and the lack of timing
and the misses and the pain
and the collapse of his arms
they sit like two drunks
dizzily watching dust marks
slide over their eyes
and wonder distantly
if that was love.

Bridge

The road peels off
six lanes booming cars
and the rain stings
thru glass and steel
and the bridge has me
and I grab for myself
and sing scared to death
until I'm shouting
to deafen the killer
conning me to turn off
make it over the edge.

-- Phil E. Weidman

North Highlands, Calif.

Recounting

What a thunder
it sometimes starts
that recounting
of past miseries,
like the fistfight
with his father
fought over and over
in his dreams, each time
the old wound
erupting like an ulcer
and a thunder of voices
accusing, condemning
him for his
lack of tolerance,
for destroying the man
in an old man.

Do-Dads

I sit up all night
like someone crazy
thinking up excuses
to stay up. Night
is common to me.
Trains pass through
me at night. Ordinary
trains with spaces
between the cars
and hobos dangling
their legs over the
side every so often.

NEW MAGAZINE

The Croupier (edit. James Ryan Morris) publ. 3x/yr.; 50¢
per copy fm. 2438 Wickstrom S.W., Seattle, Wash. 98116.

April 15, 1964

Iron Horse
flew in Wyanet, Ill.
The People
smiled buried there
for the lady to sit down.

A whole lot of other ones
sashayed burning
Rocket Motors
loose childless
when leaving her seat.

Corn silk ahead
flying in the Vista Dome
Catastrophe
twisted sandwiched water tower
into lighting her cigarette.

Red Dresses
falling down to Mendota
Black Wings
rose bleeding
as we passed Somonouk.

March, 1964

I wake hearing
an owl
and sparrows remembering
war

-- Bruce Baillie

Berkeley, California

RECOMMENDED: _____
A Line of Poetry, A Row of Trees (Ronald Johnson) \$4.50 and also
Some Deaths (Walter Lowenfels) \$3.50 -- Jargon books of Jonathan
Williams fm. Asphodel Book Shop, 465 The Arcade, Cleveland, Ohio
--the Lowenfels format does not meet the usual Jargon production
standards.

Bleaching

On the bus riding toward work and bread
ol' nigger lady she sayin' to fresh white uniform
 negro young nurse
yu nurse yu nurse withered black eyes
lookin' at young embarrassed black eyes

Ol' small mammy wif manger face
knowin' young breasted nurse is all negro
so child delight happy for white short skirted
delicious thighed ebony nurse

Shriveled up bandana head of wet nurse slave youth
talkin' talkin' talkin' proud to freedom's
rollin' bed dark child

Rollin' bed dark child goin' to white Ben Casey
in white marbled corridors in white stoned hospital
young dark baby real shamed fraid white klu klux klaner
will see mammy lady talkin' talkin' talkin'
and never take young nurse black belly to bed
my belly's not black says young frightened white eyes

Oh lord where's bessie smith lead belly paul robeson
medgar evers tractor crushed white minister odetta
hanging silent bodies swinging from quiet southern olive trees
mississippi swamps miriam makeba africa

This conversation what they live for this conversation what
they die for.

-- Dave Rasey

Omaha, Nebraska

Situation

a problem or a rose,
which would you take?

Direction

the picture window --
one step from the blackboard.

Premise

we are always falling.
the earth is a
horizontal waterfall.

Answers

cakes on my table
covered with dust.
i'm afraid to eat.

-- Douglas Blazek

Statement

adolf hitler
is
not dead.

i saw him
on a streetcorner
directing traffic.

Age

my
chest
o
f
dr
awer
s
has
a
be
l l y

Problem

given
proper
tools.

construct
your
brain.

it takes
all the energy
i can muster
to write this poem
i live. whatever
strength i can
spare
i
write
a
few
lines
of
love
then
step back to
watch them burn.

Immortality

graves:
eternal windows.

-- Douglas Blazek

Bensenville, Illinois

Japanese Figurines at Woolworth's

A dog driving a car,
a cat opening an umberella,
a blue pig spotted
with red roses:
19¢.

-- Gloria Kenison

Aide-Memoire For March 15th 1964

to Ken, for Ruth

Ken your towels are a disgrace! In Cambodia the other day
cries of US GO HOME and DOWN WITH THE FREE WORLD.
If Tonight were a frog he'd be bigger than the bull by now.
I can't get over the way Ruth

tipped everyone. She does it
for luck like I used to do beggars. "Certainly, Mrs. Elmslie" --
your butcher. To Ruth. Your bath tub is pink, with a ring;
there's a moth in it "Dead," I think. You're in the Windward
Islands? Ha. Ha. I'm

going to sleep with your dog.

The Atlantic has named Westhampton his winter quarters:
General Gloom prevailed

outside; inside we laughed without
a fire -- my tee shirt smelt rottener than orange peels no older.
No one hid their dirty nails: off or out of season
I found the first tick of the season. You believe Rossignol
resembles Mercedes MacCambridge? I

say Whippoorwill

looked like Ignatz Mouse -- he's those nipped-seal whiskers.
Our shoes literally laced with sherry ... I'll never make a
bartender!

Tonight for the first time had his stars all out in force.
Ocean,

Ocean copies wind storming leafy branches
but this foliage, leonine, hides

nothing more than a bath
Nature never finishes drawing for you, Walt Whitman.
Now he's completely under the covers. I let a fart: Whew
get a load of that! He starts and turns and heaves
a sigh like Cornelia has done it

in Spain when I screamed
myself awake. My, Ruth's an excellent cook.

-- Michael Lebeck

New York, N. Y.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED:

The Thing Said (James L. Weil) \$1 fm. American Weave Press at
4109 Bushnell Rd., Cleveland, Ohio 44118.
Seven Occasions (Hollis Summers) \$3.75 fm. Rutgers Univ. Press,
30 College Ave., New Brunswick, N. J.
Occasions & Silences (Barriss Mills) 50¢ fm. Scrip, 35 Spring
Bank Road, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, England.

EXEUNT . . . a short anthology of
Americans abroad . . .

with two drawing by C. Peret



Can you hear
Severin's pen
as he sketches
dying Keats?

-- Dan Georgakas

Rome, Italy

Mr. Four Letters

Mr. Four Letters asked a pretty girl to visit him. One evening she knocked on his door. Mr. Four Letters was in his dining room eating one of his meager dinners. He swore to himself when he heard the knocking. He lived alone, and he enjoyed eating his small nourishment without interruptions. But he did get up and go to the door to see who was there. He was very surprised to see the girl, and he was delighted that she had come to his house. He never really thought she would be in his section of town.

"Come in, come in," Mr. Four Letters chanted with much interest. The girl entered. She looked around until she found his bedroom and immediately took off all her clothes and sat on his bed.

This surprised Mr. Four Letters even more than seeing the girl at his door.

"Why do you take off all your clothes, my dear?" he asked her with considerable bewilderment.

"I've come to get your advice," she replied eagerly.

"But why do you take off all your clothes?" he asked her again.

"You are Mr. Four Letters, aren't you?"

"I'm an old old man," Mr. Four Letters complained.

"But you asked me to visit you," the girl reminded him.

Before Mr. Four Letters could stop her, she was lying down on the bed, and rubbing her bottom on his white bedspread.

"I'm the elderly Mr. Four Letters," the old gentleman explained.

"Then why did you ask me here?" The girl was frankly puzzled.

"Why to help you," he answered.

"Where's your son?" she asked Mr. Four Letters.

"Kiss?" he raged.

"I really wanted to see the other one," the girl replied sitting up.

"My grandson and I are not on speaking terms," Mr. Four Letters said with much dignity.

"Then what's your name?" the girl asked staring at him.

"Love," the old gentleman said.

The pretty thing fell back on Love Four Letters' white bedspread and laughed until she wept.

-- John Stevens Wade

Apeldoorn, The Netherlands

Liberty I Have Outpaced

Liberty, I have outpaced your carpet.

The smoke of Melville's strong cigar
Lingers on at Uskudar,

And Mr. Hawthorne's tall top-hat,
What could be lonelier than that?

Self-exiled men, like sage and thyme,
Grow a wilderness and call it home.

O Liberty, I have outpaced your carpet.

Voyages men take, and tell them
To the four corners of a room,

Towers men build, and climb them,
No better than a Wayside Inn.

Customs-house and consulship
Are hawsers the mighty cables slip.

O Liberty, I have outpaced your carpet.

Ding-a-ling, all anchors drowned
In the old depths of a wound,

Albany and Istanbul,
Ends of a peripatetic school,

The long, green summer lies afield,
Afflicted by transcendant gold.

O Liberty, I have outpaced our carpet.

A Flash-Poem On the Affinities of Frost

A strawberry, a strawberry,
A strawberry with bright success
Hangs in a niche of Caucasus,
It and I alike in this,
Our chins grow white with rime.

-- James Lovett

Istanbul, Turkey

Bright Rags

Ah, the great black cypress of Hannibal the Carthaginian,
Who drank a dab of death-fire from his ring-finger
On the Bursa road!

Today that tree is tied with prayers
By the votive-minded ladies of the neighborhood.
They climb from the village of Eskihisar, clutching
Their shawls of discretion, to tie those love-knots
On its boughs. They crouch in their vivid pantaloons
With their surcoats pinned like grief about them,
To whisper it cantative bits of the Koran, begging
A cure to the luck that fails. And what could be
Kinder than silence to the flame of their candles?

Ballad of Beddington

I heard the cry of a loon
It was the ghost of Stephan Rothermell
Who under my window-ledge would step
To throw a scare into my soul

I heard the cry of an ant
It was my old friend Leroy Zick
A razor-strop in his father's house
He came along to be nervous

I heard a whistle with fingers in it
It was that fair-haired ghost Jim Lang
When laughter made him weak
He'd stretch out on the street

But the moon no good in the sky
Pock-marked, whey-faced, puny
As we went out rolling
With our hands in our pockets
Down hills and holes and river-beds
Pretending to be destined logs
Abrupt to the bottom we bounced
There stood a Devil with a saw-mill
Shouting orders to his Swedes
They cut us up and stacked us up
To serve more human needs.

-- James Lovett

Four Poem Sequence

- in a café beside the Loing drinking coffee
mother of my saints sweet
lizard on my window
thoughts of yesterday early in the
morning
 i will settle myself for things to come

five fishermen in three boats
 in the distance trees
shine green in the sun
i see shade under them and cows eating grass
 it is sunday and peaceful
over the water the roof of the chateau
shimmers dry rot in the heat

black hairs on the lip of the
waitress her face cruel and witless
 she approaches the becoming gentleman
with the blonde she smiles there is a
smell of money in the air

enter a family the father
gray moustached somewhat distinguished
the mother flesh mountained
fish face fish lips
 the son dull and bored
says nothing

a pretty bathing-suited girl
lying between her father's legs
passes in a flat-bottomed boat
 white skin reflecting the sun
- we drive each other desperate
with our common hopeless causes
 will you have another rum
friend? as you lean against
the dirty wall

 everyone is doomed but doesn't die
by bombs which must explode but haven't
though centuries back some decades ago
we had it all resolved
 the celebration of the end of things
like souls hearts and futures all
sensitive with great parties where all
booze flowed licitly and illicitly
with the changing times

3. as a young girl she would have made a handsome
man

in the tired light under the dusky ceiling
the profile is still striking a lover of
plants and animals versed in their
daily rhythms dedicated
disciplined but it was not enough
parted from the blonde Christina she
showed her friends the verses and they
after the usual compliments seeing them
more clearly than she
indulged in a little private desperation
and hoped that the bottle she brought was
full and proofed

how will she feel tomorrow? she
will water the beloved
flowers at five am
or five minutes after
we depart

have a cigaret friends another
glass of rum there are people doomed who
do not die by a bomb which must explode
but hasn't now we'll ooze a bit of
sorrow and if we nudge each other
a little the bottle will soon be empty
tomorrow we'll take an aspirin

4. three times you stomped
on my liver
as it lay thudding on the floor
be afraid i tell you!

the cat is crazy turning in
circles too large
for the room
thrashing its tail
in the air!

take care! i'm going to
slap you right in the mouth
my hair is dancing on my head and
my eyes are caged lions!

i have never worked on
the thirty-third floor
of any building
nor like
winter-grimed pigeons
creaked my cold way
to blackened ledges

i saw a B-51 fly fly
around the light bulb
and asked myself: will
my sense of humor hold out?
the thing was big and black
and made a shocking noise in
the bones
the kind of fly that bites
a horse's ass
and spreads terror among
the anthrax-fearing!

Joe Kidgel killed cats with his foot
(while his buddies held them
well stretched out from head to tail)
Joe Kidgel was a football hero
of local importance
Joe Kidgel went to war --
was killed by a bomb
a merciful death as it
hit him right on the head
Joe Kidgel was a war hero
of local importance

Poem # 46

Ignore his situation
Keep the branding iron in your pocket
Who's good looks matter to the postman?
He delivers our mail
Do not ask for whom he tolls
... the piece of wood
on which the boy is working
was Abraham Lincoln

Poem # 49

Dead pigs hanging on the butcher-shop wall
small blue flowers in the butcher's nose
flutter gently only when he sneezes

Poem # 50

Tis a cold wind
that blows no toasty cornflakes
into our cardboard lives

-- Harry Bell

Here & There, Europe

It Shows

The tops of mountains that I tossed
down eight-o'clock mornings
Old rubber soles and heels
It shows in my way of bragging
The games I played bent each and feverish
over the wooden tables
It shows in my way of winking
The holes in my socks
My hands manipulating the leaden hockey-men
The serious talks oh yes the wine I drank
the curious caravans circling the painted
desert
It shows in my way of walking
The big town riffs
The pockets full of copper coin
I know I sifted sand and gold
The women shared their clothes and softness
I pared like pears
in pairs they entered, sat, and smiled
and blinked and held their cups of tea
It shows
they laughed
With each one thing in common each
they slept when I tiptoed
and sank it shows

-- Christopher Perret

Mallorca, Spain

Don't know whether you like
working-copies of poems like this:
I find them graphically
interesting something — so
if you agree, here's one
for your collection.

Poem For Kathy

Shade me with your kindness
Love in your forest make my bed

Let the greening grasses grow
in the Gilead of my head

When you touch me Love
how true Goodness breaks my heart

in two You're the image You're
the stillness You're my eye Love

You're the need Fluent brushstrokes
breed those songs which from bird

and silent pond make a Hokusai of me
Tartar queen and mountain prince

strutting with the sun are One in
me Love gladness rumbling for the kis-

ses of Cathay I have heard
in treeless halls sun-haired drumbeats

fall from reeds stark with thread-
like discipline You have taught me

what I know of the rockbound Barbary
Love and Love amalgamated

in a long march to the sea When I
taste you Love I know rolling laughing

tongue in cup that a god's son I must
be God I am of Joy and Free.

-- Christopher Ferret

Rome, Italy

A Few Lines For H. B. At Morning

(... harry's driving off into the sun in his tin-can citroën.
where's he going: duck-foot Charlie walking off maybe thirty
years ago with Paulette Goddard on his arm -- she was a dish --
bolts, tin-cans, monkey-wrenches, nuts and screws -- What's
left ...)

Don't let the sun go down
Pull your end of the string
Jerk it back into the sky
Grinning cardboard
Salt of your eyes
Green cacti
The lack of ebullition
The globe the rope
The circle
The rooms of self-destruction
 rectangular
 pinch the nose and bite the eyelids
Oh the wilful dead-end bottle
Anywhere

What rips through your cage
Shake the bars
It's only the red coyote laugh
 of those blind hand on shoulder
 walking knee-deep into yesterday
Deeply broken
Beyond the trappings
Weep too late for tomorrow's kisses
Light heart of the salty lake
Let there be bright!

-- Christopher Perret

NI PAR GOUT NI PAR DÉGOUT

(translation)

J'ais pris le papillon
par les deux ailes
et lentement j'ai tiré

I took the butterfly
by its two wings
and slowly pulled

j'ai regardé
les deux morceaux

I looked at
the two pieces

-- Harry Bell

-- Christopher Perret

La voiture de l'amour
La voiture de la mort
La voiture de la haine
La voiture de la vie
Que de circulation!

The car of love
The car of death
The car of hate
The car of life
What traffic!

Code de la route
Choisir son chemin
Moteur du destin
Brebis du vide
Tigres du néant
Que d'ailes à briser
Que de coeurs à ronger
Que de monuments aux morts
à avaler

Code of the road
To choose your way
And destiny's motor
The sheep of emptiness
The tigers of nothing
So many wings to rip
So many hearts to gnaw
So many monuments to the
dead to gulp

Prière de ne pas déranger
Les vivants dans les virages

Please do not disturb
The living at the turns

-- Harry Bell

-- Christopher Perret

Surrealist Ads

(translated from Maurice Nadeau's Histoire du Surrealisme:
to each ad was added the address of the Bureau of Surrealist
Research -- 15 rue de Grenelle, Paris 7^e -- followed
by the "business hours.")

The rectory has lost nothing of its charm
nor the garden its glory.

You who have lead in your head
Melt it into surrealist gold.

S U R R E A L I S M
is writing abjured.

"We cannot hope for too much
from the strength and the capacity of the mind."
Hegel

ENORMOUS PLEASURE LIKE
THE BALLS
OF HERCULES !

Ariadne my sister! of what love wounded
Did you die on the sands where you were left?

If you like LOVE
you will like
SURREALISM.

The chocolate's umberella is discolored,
Soak it in the door and braid.

SURREALISM

is within reach
of all sleepwalkers.

PARENTS!

Tell your dreams to your children!

YOU WHO CANNOT SEE
Think of those who can.

Is surrealism
the communism of genius?

-- Christopher Perret

Nostalgia

These are the reason-rocking days,
When all the turbulent Fish swim nigh
In their trillions of amorous blue,
And business men with hooks in their wallets
Fish off the bridge called Kopru,
While their mistresses, huddled in negligees,
Wait till the coals in their red-hot braziers
Also turn a little blue.

-- James Lovett

Now,
so late
we only hope
that others dare
those things
we thought
too bold.

-- Dan Georgakas

The Monastery: Aegina

Nektarios was a sweet old guy.
In those dusty shoes (in that glass case)
He tramped the island giving alms,
Advice, dowries to ugly girls --
But no saint. He could milk a goat
Or brew or gather wild honey
Or make good jam from roses.
And now, looking his ikon in the eye,
You see him wink and think it funny
That a limping monk could get so far
Among the pine trees and the palms,
Bequeath his fellow monks his coat
And leave them panting in the race
Like donkeys following a car.

The Idiot In The Bus: Aegina

With the back door agape and the horn drooling,
He clumbered the slow-motion road in the heat's wake,
Tossed his limbs inside the bus, shut his eyes, died.
But the jibes revived him. He clapped hands in glee,
Sat up, gained a seat, grinned at the classic crowd.
And the miles within his head quietly conspired
With the sun, with the rocks as he tried to speak.
He was bound and gagged in the cave of sense,
The robber's cave where the lights blow out,
Where the air grows wings and the tongue fur.
He beat his wings on the walls of our sight.

Athens By Night

The sad gluttons who once feared
Brambles on the baked rocks,
Hunger and the amorous wasp,
Now in fury and tight pants
Slap cards against the sidewalk,
Or pinch the mustached girls.
The sheep they kept also love secrets:
Their eyes blink from gourmet platters
As bazoukis sob for unlikely hills,

As the lottery stirs in its cage,
When the moon slides toward Piraeus,
The octopi flirt with the lobsters,
The blind waiters pocket tips,
The curley boys stack up chairs,
The chestnut sellers go home warm,
The avenues collapse with laughter.

-- Lawrence P. Spingarn

Athens, Greece

POUR SON ANNIVERSAIRE

Avril arbres enfants fleurs
Champs rouges jaunes bruns et verts
Collines monts et montagnes
Rivière froide et claire
Poissons oiseaux chats et chiens
Le soleil
Les maisons
Saluent ta nouvelle saison

-- Harry Bell

For Her Birthday

April trees children flowers
Red fields yellow brown and green
Hills and hillocks mountaintops
River cold and clear
Fish birds cats and dogs
And the sun
And the buildings
Greet the morning of your Spring

-- Christopher Perret (trans.)



"Young Amazon" by C. Peret

Lydden, Kent, England

... american express, Athens Greece:

fucker, you might at least send me a couple of your books

I don't read anymore unless

I get them free

you write a good letter but then

a lot of them write good

letters

but when it comes to writing the poem

they tighten up and die like a

wax museum.

and, baby, I see you've been around:

Evergreen Review, Poetry etc.

I cannot

make these golden outhouses of

culture and have long since

given up.

I will never have a house in the valley with

little stone men to water my

lawn.

as I get older

(and I am getting older)

I can look at a green gardenhouse

(not mine)

for hours or I can look at

these swinging elephant ears outside the window

they are caught between the wind and me and

the stinking sun

and the sea is 20 miles south and west and

I have not seen the sea for maybe 3

years and

maybe it's not there anymore and maybe I'm

not here anymore.

and the only time I begin to feel here

is when I drink the yellow beer down so fast and so

long that the electric light bulb looks like the

sun and my woman looks like a jr. highschool girl with schoolbooks and

there is not a dent in the world and

Pound has shaved and

the bulldog smiles.

now,
for a cigarette. cancer and I
have an understanding like a
whore paid for. I haven't been to a
charity ward and slugged to my knees for some
time
all the stale dog blood of mine everywhere like
puke
but I keep thinking that there have been men who
died for something or
thought they did
and so somehow
there's this sense of waste in
just seeming to die for yourself with
nobody around
not even a nurse
just
this last time
an old man of 80
talking to you down on the floor while you are
hemorrhaging,
talking from his bed:
"shut up! I want to SLEEP!"

well, he'll get his
sleep.

and, I write about him and I know about L. you long-dicked
hound, she writes me, but you are there
with her. I'm surprised that she
belches and giggles and farts and
that she's a green-eyed nut, just the same
give her a kiss for me or anything you
feel like giving,
and send

book,

yrs., the damnation kid of
West-end off,
buk

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, California

Chas. Bukowski's Crucifix In A Deathhand has been issued and is available from The Independent (239 Park Ave. S., N. Y., N. Y. 10003) for \$7.50 signed. The format is superior to the previous book (etching by Noel Rockmore) and Buk is in good form. Worth the money. Bukowski's "Practice" in Wormwood: 15 will be included in Borestone Mountain's Best Poems of 1964.

Some Sight Of Maybe Moon

-- for D. L.*

When you said
is gone out the light
You spoke a kind
woman truth of truth
I guess you
better to say would say
That than to say
So there you are it was a lie
In the dark
truth with your bright
And here I am
in the light out here
Holding my lie
a useless candle like it was

Reductio ad Absurdum

-- for D. L.**

You lost me
invisable and Holy saying Heaven is
The essence of
invisable and holy woman is
Heaven is where
hidden it you have
Last year's
good as new Easter bonnet
Invisable or hidden
your way have it
Hidden as
your heart the depths of
Invisable as
your thighs the depths of

-- Judson Crews

Taos New Mexico

* Drusila Loftus

** Dierdre Llewelyn

n.b. invisable / invisible

MAGAZINES ANNOUNCED BUT NOT SEEN:

The Idiot, 1283 Bush St., San Francisco, Calif. 94109
the little review, P.O. Box 4046, Portland, Oregon 97208
Blitz, 2004 First St., LaGrande, Oregon

Professor Faust

Put away professorial pomposity
And arid, academic asininity.
You're vulnerable and venerable
For all your venerability.
You've been a professor,
A plodder and a plotter
Staggering in the stagnant sea
Of students' stinking feet
Pimples and puberty;
Pupils pukey and puling
Yet ruthless, lewd
Executioners and polluters
Of the true youth of you
Committing piracy on your privacy
Puffy with putridity and sterility
For all their puberty --
Fathers of nothing but lies
Satanic fountains of error and inaccuracy
Out of whack with whacking off.

The closest professors come
To Devil or Deity
Is tea with the Dean
While they themselves scheme
To attain that distinction.

Peel off
The enclosing clothes
Of academe
For clothes are prose
And nudity
Is poetry!

-- Henry Strutz

New York, N. Y.

LITTLE MAG NOTES: _____

Small Pond: 2, Box 101-A, RFD 3, Auburn, Me. 04210 (contains
Walter Lowenfels' Land of Roseberries) 50¢
duende (a successful cross between the little mag and little book)
is issuing Lectiones (Robt. Kelly), Movements/Sequences (Kenneth
Irby), Stories (Wm. Dodd), Book IV of History of the Turtle
(Ronald Bayes) and Poems (Larry Goodell) -- all 5 for \$3 or \$1 per
fm. L. Goodell, Placitas, New Mexico.
magazine: 2 of Kirby Congdon, \$1 fm. Interim Books, Village Station
P. O. Box 35, N. Y. 14, N. Y. -- an encore.

Aim At The Marvelouses

Yesterday, a fat-tuberous
begonia day, on the stone wall
dividing me from my Baptist
neighbor, I took my weapon —
a something-gun with bow and
arrow and javelin attachments
a something old and new like poetry
and shot at the marvelouses in
the air which chirped around me
with all the feathery felony of
brokers at their daughters' prom.

What are you shooting at? my
B. neighbor asked ... A poem,
I says, a goldarn poem with
no symbols. Your shirt is hanging
out, he said. Indeed, I says, because
I'm shooting poems, I'm shooting
at the marvelouses over your head.

Roger & Check, he said, but this
is 1965, and it was in 1960 and
before that you let your shirt
hang out; we all did; what will
you think of hanging out next?
Indeedy, I says, and I sang him
a Sanky hymn, shot another marvelous,
one already maimed by all his prose.
Indeedie-de, but this is a 1960 --
before or just behind -- poem
and it won't be marvelous or
be bedeviled with beard or down.

— David Cornel DeJong

Providence, Rhode Island

Notes:

The second series of (ff. the good first series) Columbia essays
on mod. writers has been pub.: Michel Butor (Leon Roudiez), Eugene
Ionesco (leonard Pronko) -- and apparently lacking signif. mod. men
already, they have issued E. M. Forster (Harry T. Moore) and C. P.
Snow (Robt. Gorham Davis) 65¢ per fm. Columbia Univ. Press, 2960
Broadway, N. Y. 27, N. Y. The rival Univ. of Minn. pamphlets on
Am. writers continue to be pub. to the detriment of Am. Lit. vis.
Reed Whittenmore's naive Little Magazines (#32), and the latest
Hart Crane (Monroe K. Spears) which ignores the Greenberg manu-
scripts except for a carefully casual note on page 27 -- all 48 in
this series 65¢ per fm. Univ. Minn. Press, Minneapolis 14, Minn.

Wash Me I'm Dirty

Traveling
a crosstown street
on the way
to work

Yesterday morning
I came across
a boy
on a bicycle

Writing
with his finger
on the fender
of a parked car

These words.

The Metaphor

Define
for the child

death
and love

by maybe
the metaphor

of nightmare
and dream.

-- William R. Slaughter

Seattle, Washington

Pyrotechnique

To the shredded manuscripts
I add cigarettes, the last
of the booze, lewd books,
and the lucid match.

The flame absolves
gorgeously my vices,
this rug, the room,
preparing a fervent skull
for a cleansed mind.

And now, perhaps
the church. I shall spend
the night making lists
by fire-light.

Some Who Wait

Contritely, the banyan tree
skirts the sidewalk, crawls
beneath the power lines,

Then explodes its seething
emerald arrogance, beyond.

-- Raymond O'Hara

Tampa, Florida

Heavy Heavy What Hangs Over

In the woods way back
is always burden.
Ready to jump back on.
Do I really mean what I feel
sometimes?

Is there the long
connection to everywhere
at once as it seems.
Who fleshes these woods?
I walk the flat creek steps
letting up but
there is burden,
ready to spring.
He is squatted down.
The stone house made with stones.
Let the old cat die,
the old cat die down.
Burden is my twin,
is what I dread and am.
Well, all right, Burden,
ready or not I'm coming.

Misplaced

Where did I put that
dream I had
word for word
a black funeral wagon
(no that was real)
and the man pushing
his cart with the skinned
rabbits

no that was real too
and the black private horses
and me feeling skin
warm in the plane tree's
down yellow stairs

I have my oeil on you
said the concierge
and walked back down
her staircase stairs
down to those open
box-like stalls,
yes, here we go
that man-woman
plainly removing garbage.

-- Ellen Tift

Elmira, N. Y.

Poetry Makes Something Happen

I think, this time the words. This moment
I am ready. But the Indians swarm. Braddock
confuses me. Keats. The teeming ball-point.
The arrows. A problem not so much of mathematics
as of judgement. The rare insight that pronounces
infinity. Makes something absolute become:
defeat transcending invidious victory.

Down from the hill
all poets ascend, I descended. Brought
the night I found there. And day. A parcel
of light tied with snakes. Thirteen blackbirds
in a bag. And the melon of a mouth tasted
when I was young. Happening now with clarity.

-- Ralph L. Kinsey

Navarre, Ohio

In communicative effort we
began
with some crazy painter and his
pointalism style

and turned to why you were putting
egg cartons on your basement ceiling

Then you explained that it wasn't your idea
so we turned to Scotch and you-name-it
for enjoyment

funny that the Scotch wasn't yours either

That's when everything started disagreeing
with me and I lost the Scotch all over
a stack of egg cartons on the basement floor.

-- Sherry Hutchinson

LaGrande, Oregon

nice
that you trust
not knowing what,
sad
that you have to.

but

Unshaven, the
manliness
reeks, as he asks
to refill your coffee.

-- Sherry Hutchinson

Don Peyote

-- after a drawing by James McCracken

meat & flesh melted off, drained
of all but

PURE ESSENCE

(that broken sword
still pointing, ahead, at some
lovely vision long since
disappeared) & his horse

what/s left looking
like some weird masto-
don, twisted under
him

in the rocky dawn where
the vision was, out on
a crumbling ledge, the whole
countryside gone berserk,
sprouting hair & teeth &
med rocks

the dope/mad horseman
rusted in the dying light
of what he saw, afraid (or
knows better) of where he came
from, won/t go

back, still, hand pointing

out

at the sun

-- John Sinclair

Detroit, Michigan

in the beginning

for Leni 11.xii.64

it/s in the word (how
you say it.

love

(how it/s heard. in the head of
the one, ear of the
other, our differences
ring that clear.

or see it
on the page, love, how it becomes
what we need it to be, so
different
from what we've come
somehow

to expect. the word, that
is, how it can sound
our need.

(love

-- John Sinclair

THE MEMOIRS OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL 30 YEAR OLD
MODEL BOAT BUILDER IN THE WHOLE UNIVERSE

Sometimes I used to feel like I was Youngblood Hawke, and women could feel me across a room. Mostly, though, that was before last August when I got to be thirty (an accomplishment that, while not unique, is about the best I've been able to do).

Since then, I am not so sure anymore that having a harem would double my pleasure, double my fun, or even be double-good everything rolled into one.

All of my friends, who just two years ago were on the brink of becoming Established, are old enough now to be Yale Younger Poets. And most of them are. None of those guys feel like they are getting ... mature. They are too busy. Being famous.

O, I take time off myself every once in awhile from my job down at the waterfront to mimeograph up a little collection of my unpublished poems, and send them all over to my buddies. I get some real nice comments, too.

George Montgomery, whos Poet-in-Residence at Rutgers (and graduated the class behind mine at El Camino Junior College) always says: You know what, Carley-babes? You are ahead of your Time! Well, I been waiting around for a few years, and it never quite seems to catch up.

Chuck Bukowski, who won the Lamont Poetry Prize last year, said he just couldn't understand how he got it and I wasn't even Honorably Mentioned. He's a great kid, Charlie. All heart.

When we were still in school, Al Planz and I shook hands and swore we were gonna stick together and rise to the top. I picked up his new book from Scribners last week, and it's not bad, considering. That he was born with that deformity.

You can have Integrity whether you're virile or not, my wife says. Well, I've got Integrity. I would never lower myself to do something like Dave Antin, who got a Beatle haircut and had that fabulously successful lecture tour all over England last year.

But one thing, boy: my wife never gets depressed about my career. She hardly even mentions it. Our relationship is real intimate, and if there's anything lacking in it, the blame falls on me. Always.

So I don't write so many poems any more as I used to, which is good in a way because it gives me more time to make a living, pay the bills, take the baby out.

I figure I've covered all the Big Themes: Love, Death, War, in my earlier work, some of which has even been published -- but of course, you're aware of that. If you got the September, 1955 issue of the Wormwood Review.

Nowdays, I am concentrating on Defining and Clarifying them Big Themes even better. Does your wife leave little soggy lumps of Kleenix in your ash tray?

What I started out to say, was: that's all in the Past. Today I feel that Youngblood Hawkeblood coursing through my veins again. This morning my wife rolled over and kinda kissed me on the ear a little bit, and said: Honey -- you know I missed my period last month? Well, I went to the Doctor yesterday for some tests, and guess what I'm gonna have? Hepatitis.

-- Carl Larsen

New York, New York

Snowflakes Are Immortal

In the snow the steel ascendencies
seem fragile as they are

and I know hewn cubes of heavy stone
for soft impermanence:

just below a brittle lamp that flares
snowflakes are immortal

-- Harry Smith

Brooklyn, New York

Patrons: Mary Jane Brabston, Clark P. Galle, Davis M. Lapham &
Joe Nickell

Contributors: Anonymous: K, Anonymous: W, William H. C. Newberry,
Donald R. Peterson & Mrs. Nelson Rostow

Wormwood may be purchased at these excellent stores:

Abington Book Shop, 1015½ Massachusetts, Lawrence, Kansas

Asphodel Book Shop, 465 The Arcade, Cleveland 14, Ohio

Artists' Workshop, 1252 West Forest, Detroit, Mich. 48201

Briggs' Books 'N Things, 82 East 10th. St., N. Y. 3, N. Y.

City Lights Bookshop, 261 Columbus Ave., San Francisco 11, Calif.

Earth Books & Gallery, 137 Hollister Ave., Santa Monica, Calif.

Gotham Book Mart, 41 West 47th. St., N. Y. 36, N. Y.

Paperbook Gallery, Business District, Storrs, Conn. 06268

Wormwood seeks good poems of all styles, schools, moods and
manner that reflect the temper and depth of the human scene.
Wormwood's regular subscription rate is \$3.50/ 4 issues/ year;
a contributors' subscription is \$6/ 4 issues + bonus/ year;
and a patrons' subscription is \$10/ 4 issues + bonus/ year.
The price of a single issue is \$1, postpaid anywhere.

The cover is by A. Sypher. Composition and collating of the
magazine were done by M. Malone. Offset presswork has been
executed by Bill Dalzell. The edition was limited to 600 copies
and this is copy number:

0478

New Magazines:

Blitz -- Number 1 blasts out fm. 1601 Madison, La Grande, Oregon; 75¢/single and \$2.50/4 issues.

Micromegas -- \$1/yr. -- a biannual fm. 1425 Buresh Ave., Iowa City, Iowa.

Volume 63 -- Numbers 1 and 2 now out; \$1.50/yr. -- a biannual fm. Board of Publications, Univ. of Waterloo, Waterloo, Ontario, Canada.

Small Pond -- \$1/3 issues fm. RFD 3, Auburn, Maine 04210.

News:

Charles Bukowski's latest work will be in Poems Written Before Jumping Out Of An 8 Story Window -- \$2 soon fm. Mad Virgin Press, 1601 Madison, La Grande, Oregon.

New Addresses:

Wild Dog -- 39 Downey St., San Francisco, Calif. 94117 -- still 50¢/issue.

Wild Hawthorne Press -- Gledfield Farmhouse, Ardgay, Ross-Shire, England -- a new release is Ian Hamilton Finlay's Ocean Stripe Series: 2 (40¢).

Highly Recommended:

More Goosetree Press releases: The Masks Are Becoming Faces (Daisy Aldan) 20¢; Poor White & Other Poems (Allan Planz) 20¢; 12 Bones (Howard McCord) 30¢; And Then Derision (Joseph Joel Keith) 30¢; After-Math (Barriss Mills) 30¢; Time Sand Our Edges (Harlan Ristau) 20¢; Philovinyitropicide (K. Mayamo) 30¢; Waiting (Harriet Zinnes) 20¢; The Decapitation (Geo. Abbe) 20¢ -- excellent format, this series should be collected.

Recommended:

Five Poem Songs (William Wantling) \$1 fm. Hors Commerce Press, 22526 Shadycroft Ave., Torrance, Calif. 90505.

Modern Poetics (edit. by James Scully -- a former W.R. editor) essays on poetry by Yeats, Pound, Williams, etc. with good comments -- \$2.45 paperback fm. Mc Graw-Hill 330 West 42nd. St., N. Y., N. Y. 10036.

A Planting of Chives (Gena Ford) \$1 fm. Elizabeth Press, 103 Van Etten Blvd., New Rochelle, New York.

Listen George (Lionel Kearns) 60¢ fm. Imago, c/o Bowering, English Dept., Univ. of Alberta, Calgary, Canada.

Some Poems (Jim Burns) unpriced fm. Interim Books, 102 West 14th. St., N.Y. 11, N.Y.

Worth Noting:

Lost Natives & Expatriates (Jay Nash) has an excellent cover by Jerry Walker -- \$1 fm. Hors Commerce Press, 22526 Shadycroft Ave., Torrance, Calif. 90505 -- also fm. H. C. is The Mountain Climbers (James D. Callahan) 35¢.

Love Is Death's Oracle (Trevor Goodger-Hill) The cover is striking & fantastic (disturbingly good) executed by Marie Koehler who also illustrated and lettered the text (Koehler is a cross of Kathe Kollwitz and Aubrey Beardsley) signed, ltd. edit. \$3.50 fm. H. E. Heinemann, Mansfield Book Mart, 2065 Mansfield, Montreal, Quebec, Canada.

The Tintinnabulations of Boos & Applause (David Kalugin) \$2 fm. 1112 Gerard Ave., Bronx, N. Y. 10452 -- in this case ignore the terrible art work.

Pavanne For A Fading Memory (Wm. Pillin) \$3 fm. Alan Swallow, 2679 So. York St., Denver, Colorado 80210.

Taboo 1 (Nelson Algren, Chas. Beaumont, Robt. Bloch, Harlan Ellison, Fritz Leiber, Paul Neimark, Ray Russell) and Taboo 2 (James T. Farrell, Jay Nash, Paul G. Neimark, Con Sellers) 75¢ each fm. Novel Books Inc., 2715 North Pulaski Rd., Chicago, Ill. 60639 -- first run material -- worth the price -- ignore the other books by this publisher, they make one yeara for the general availability of honest hard-core pornography.

Educational:

Informative, well-produced, over-priced Twentieth Century China (O. Edmund Clubb) \$2.75; Introduction To Brazil (Chas. Wagley) \$2.25; A Chinese Village (Martin C. Yang) \$2.25 and Heridity & Human Life (Hampton L. Carson) \$1.95 fm. Columbia University Press -- paperbacks.

Noted As Received:

Arte Y Rebelion (direccion: A. Sorenson Vitale) 50¢ fm. The Angel Press/ Eco Contemporaneo, C.C. Central 1933, Baires, Argentina.
Lawyer Nead (Leonard Gilley) and The Spendrift Gaze (Norman Harris) 50¢ per fm. Verb Publications, 1323 East 14th. ave.(15); Denver, Colorado 80218.
PM In The AM (Jerry H. Burns) 50¢ fm. P.O. Box 2672, Tampa, Florida.
forTuItOns motHerFuCer (d. a. levy and kent taylor) \$1.50 fm. Asphodel Books.
From Any Angle (Louis Newman) \$1.25 fm. 5 Beekman St., N. Y. 38, New York.
Kiss Of Space (Milo Norse) unpriced fm. 505 O'Farrell St., 416, San Francisco, California 94102.
Candelabra In The Dust (Henry Ohring von Werner) unpriced fm. 804 $\frac{1}{2}$ Harold, Houston 6, Texas.
Dark Earth (Joyce W. Webb) \$1 fm. 53 S. Midvale Blvd., Madison, Wisconsin 53705.
Freed Bird (Dan Allen) \$1 fm. Ironwood Press, Poughquag, New York.
The Clod (Robert E. Morrison) unpriced fm. 113 Marshall St., Syracuse, N.Y.
The Crossley Annual (Donald Crossley, Peter Procnier, Herman Graser) \$1 fm. 34 St., Dennis Dr., Don Mills, Ontario, Canada.
The Red Bull (Gene Shuford) \$1.50 fm. South & West, 2601 So. Phoenix, Ft. Smith, Arkansas 27901.
Of Dust and Stars (Leonard Williams) \$1.25 also fm. South & West.
There Must Be Beauty Too(Alice M. Silver) \$2.75 fm. 15 East 40th. St., N. Y. 10016

Late Additions:

d. a. levy's North American Book Of The Dead (Free Lance Press) 75¢ now fm. Asphodel Book Shop, 465 The Arcade, (Euclid Ave.), Cleveland, Ohio.
Work: 1 (75¢) -- a new magazine and John Sinclair's This Is Our Music (50¢) fm. The Artists' Workshop, 1252 West Forest, Detroit, Michigan, 48201.
claude dunster's c & p: a play (\$1.50) fm. Steele Enterprises, 306 West 4th. St., N.Y., N.Y. 10014.
Great Fear Press launches forth with a Journal fm. 346 East 9th. St., N.Y., N.Y. 10003 -- asks donations.

a. syppher

\$1