The Wormwood Review

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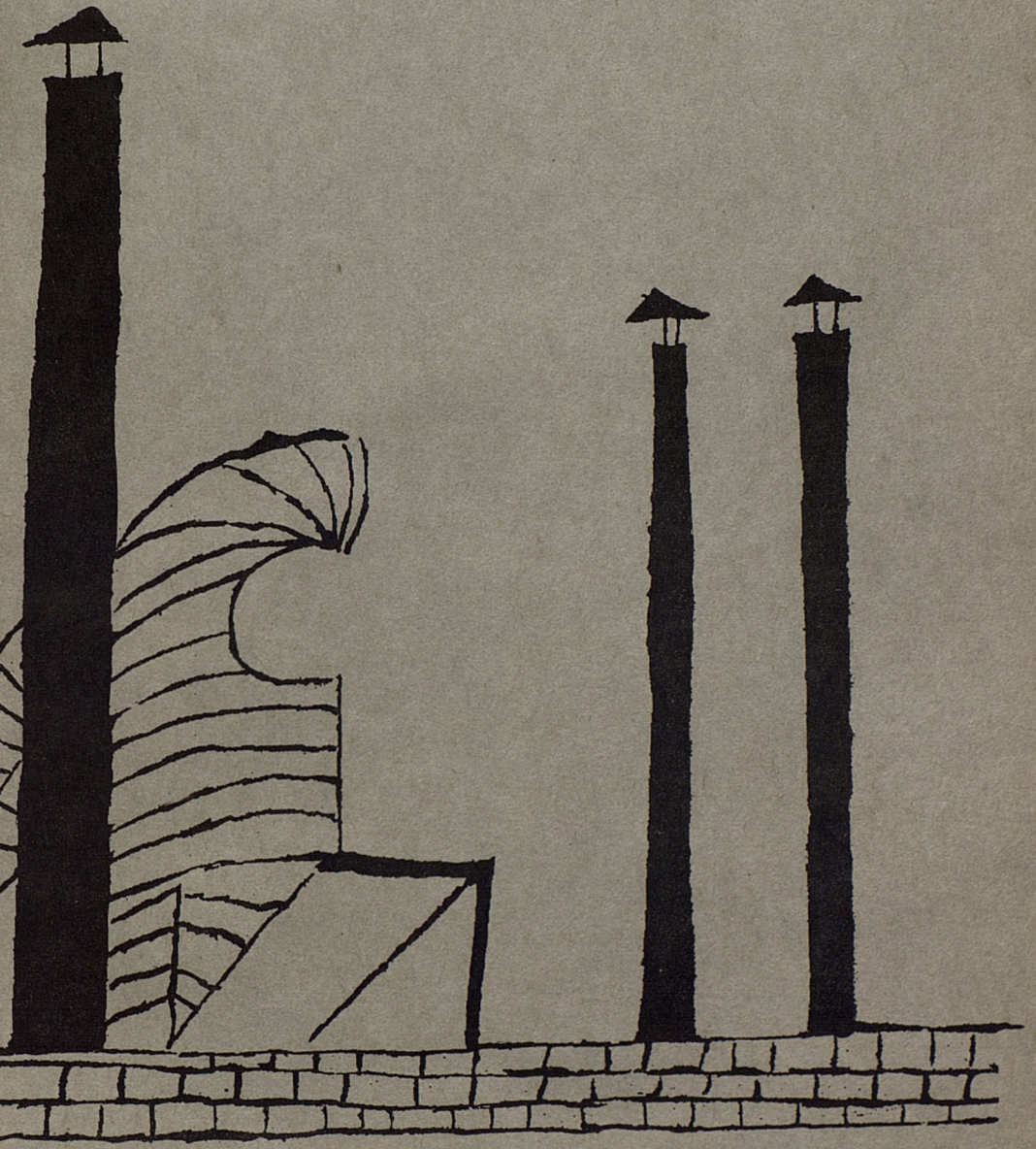

The Wormwood Review

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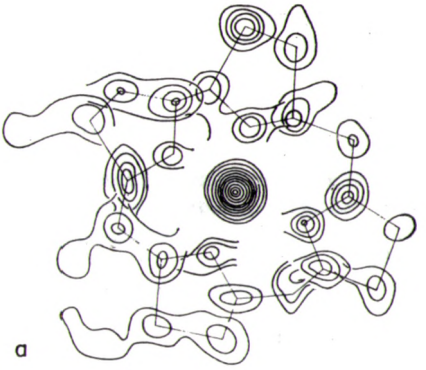

a

every time you
answer the door lately
james cagney bandaged like a mummy
very dead falls thru .

-- stuart z perkoff

seattle, washington

love is the silence out of which
woman speaks. the female
country, the grieving country.

i stole
those images from a
wild girl's mouth. i am a
witch. i deal with
death. she sd. i
struggle against it.

the poem
is my struggle, i sd. a different
craft.

tho once i hungered
where the two crafts cross
to take within my hands
that power
& heat it
at will.

her lips moved in the dark room. blue with
kissing that cold thing. woman is
silence, she sd.
a different craft.

-- stuart z perkoff

ELEGY: William Carlos Williams
(2)

this is what
has come to the pine --
green taken from green,
the redbird flown
carrying the green shadow
suddenly away --
shadow and song
from William's tree

-- Joe Nickell

West Liberty, Ky.

For Ada

opposites
completely,
it could only be
you
and i
would find, as
pole
to pole,
attraction

or,
(more nearly)

like the point
of my
pen,
pushed
helpless
to meet
its mate, reflected
in the table's shining
sugarbowl

-- Joe Nickell

*

The introduction over, him
walking slowly from his friends
to read his poems aloud

-- why should I clap? Applause
is Spain, for chairs
his friends have never seen.

For P.B.

-- Simon Perchik

Staten Island, New York

*

Shaking the echo from my beaten hide
I hear his answering: watch.

My boyish anger strangling inside old scars
made slack to ease the silence rumbling now.

Today I let the gift go back: answering.

*

A use: as generals a horse
my customers attend this desk
race me in a chair
to hurt the wood, dismount
bold treaties in each hand.

I too, am invisible
dressed to outwit my colleagues
to hunt the issue, the gist
: a million years above a street
whose one young maple
screams insensibly with reds and yellows
oranges and blues, it cannot hear
the ease that comes from dying
from experience
from being safe.

-- Simon Perchik

i have no quarrel with
silence / the sky
is low today / outside
my window a beer-faced beggar
belches his way through
green alleys
-- lamplight on my bed
covers old shadows
and for the first time
i understand the heroes
marching in twos down the
wide streets / big drums
following little ones

-- marcus j grapes

New Orleans, La.

To a Faithful Adulterer

Barriss Mills

Isn't it hard enough
for a poet to satisfy
his own woman

without taking on
someone else's &
at the same time? So

Jesus was a bastard &
something of a poem
a translation by the book.

Beyond that there's no
morality or moral except
maybe to translate

you've got to be god.
Luck Barriss & be good.

Look Love No Eyes

(through a bad one)

for the love
of me I
can't fuse the

images
so I close
my eyes &

you meet who
looks for the
love of you

Sunday

Grandfather
I wind your
clock like a

wound against
time's running
out while the

pendulum
predicts fall
& I run.

Magic

for...

...Rudy: you connect
up your power supply
& apply your screw

driver like a wand
& anything works.
I bring it home &

my boys say magic.
Merlin, what was your
secret circuitry?

How many volts the
vision? -- yes you who
waved Wart toadward

& tomorrow goodbye.
Ok so I say
ho there yesterday.

-- James L. Weil

New Rochelle, N. Y.

Reflections After Digesting a Wild Strawberry

1. The elegance of the unfolding
fern requires less than years.

2. How many acts in a play on words?

3. With parents and daughters
there is no need
for speaking --
with my wife:
words and contact.
The edge of communication
begins here.

4. How many plays in an act of words?

5. A quick cerebro-spinal dislocation
for the opalescent-eyes squirrel
tossed by our cat for hours --
my intrusion upon nature.
Mother-rejected from the nest
for sightlessness.
These are three acts of love.

6. How many words in a play on acts?

7. My story is that the strippers
at the carnival broke loose
and pelted bare-assed
for the far-wood --
there to dwell forever
(in story and song)
as slightly-used nymphs.

8. A toadstool rises through
the packed black-top of the drive.

-- M. K. Book

Lincoln, Nebraska

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED
Carroll Arnett's Then (poems), Simon Perchik's I counted only April, and Cid Corman's Nonce -- all the best fm. James L. Weil's The Elizabeth Press, 103 Van Etten Blvd., New Rochelle, N. Y. ($1/per).
Jeff Keen's Zippzapp -- in praise of truelove comics, monster fanzines and the B feature -- $1 fm. 14 St. Michaels Place, Brighton Sx, England

Charles Olson Thinks of Death on Salem Street in West Gloucester

How can he stay, his answers are
These suicides and head-on collisions,
These repititions? How shall he who
Is passive, who has been so made enigmatic,
Who is no longer weak, who, caught
In the wave, gives in to the wave,
Caught in a sort of terror, how shall he
Overcome the wave, the undertow that is
Pulling him under? And who can
Extinguish, invert and / or discover
The fact that is in reverse not detrimental?
He will do what he now does without preference,
Without what he as a man is bound to consider.
This is why he of whom we speak does not speak.

Charles Olson and the Order of Things

Where does taste come from?
In what city is Piero this year?
Who put observance in order?
He runs in debt to keep an appearance
As winter is to the best mode and obligations
And cuations. But who will say at what shore,
Fleeing, the wind, the lean back, seen, the long legs,
The loose hair of the Florentines, the passions?

Gerard will not be envious. will know
That where wind and wave cross in motion,
Where they constantly move, he'll need
Not give in to the wind's speed,
The depth of the sound, the zone
Being borderless, industrial.

-- Gerard Malanga

New York, N. Y.

COLLECTOR QUALITY, HIGHEST RATING
King Ida's Watch Chain # 1 (Basil Bunting Bumber number) now fm. 19 Eslington Terrace, Newcastle upon Tyne 2, England. A $2 donation wd be right.
REFERENCE MATERIAL
Directory of Little Magazines -- $1 fm. Dust Books, Box 123; El Cerrito, California

Speedball

Do waves reunite to find the shore?
Or is it hills that are climbed?
In the night cars pass from sight
On the road. The "car crash"
Is suddenly what you and I try to do,
Permitting the future to believe
In "the reproduction." What little
I have left I cannot do without.
I bear the burden of responsibilities
& understand drugs deaden the senses
& nerves. Now I neither move nor rise
& am seldom seen. I have regained
The simplicity of winter again.
& am fulfilled as clouds fulfill the sky.

-- Gerard Malanga

king david: for the sun

what positions are
appropriate
care what
when it comes to love
you learn to do,
slow,
what's done by the hand done
by the body
in dark.
she lay beside him,
she had orders to
appropriate
care, &
he could not
go into her
but loved her loved
what kept his body
warm.

-- ronald caplan

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Maestro Insana's Room XIII

Shhh! The Maestro is hiding in the closet.
They're trying to dun him for two month's rent.
He's nothing left of course. All the valuable
Books have been sold. There's only the score
Personally (how else?) autographed by both
Verdi and Manzoni. No not the Requiem,
Not even a Verdi score, but a cheap aria
Sung at La Scala by his late beloved father.
Sung when the Maestro was still a young
And apple-mouthed lad. Eventually, it will
Depart with the rest and the bills will be paid.
For awhile. Then it's back to the closet again.

Maestro Insana's Room XVII

I do not remember whether it was hot or cold outside
That night. I believe it was warm. It doesn't really
Matter. I was too weary of the flesh to care,
Too full of the wine of life (draft beer) to worry
About details. But I do remember standing outside
The Pick-Congress Hotel on Michigan Avenue and pointing
Up to the seventh floor of the Fine Arts Building,
Where a bedlam of madness did take place
And a fellow named Maestro Insana occupied
(When no one was looking) Room 713. If he sues,
Marvin, I plan to deny everything.

Maestro Insana's Room XIX

There is no clock upon the wall
To stroke the hours. No metronome
Upon the piano to tick away in time.
When time is measured by the number
Of trips to the washbasin; when life
Consists of clearing one's throat
And spitting profoundly into a sink
As though it really mattered;
There definitely is no point at all
In having a clock around.
When tunes are measured by what
Might have been, a metronome
Is not the least bit necessary.

— Oliver Haddo

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Leeuwenhoek

"My true love's hair
Is like a pile of logs;
Her tears
Are inlets of the Zeider Zee;
A scraping from her skin
Looms up as fair
As the entire boot of Italy.
The Berlin Zoo
Resides within a bit
Of my fair lady's spittle;
How I adore
The animalcules
Gleaned from her virtuous mouth,
Thrashing within their cages, furiously:
Rare, savage beasts
Spiraled
Most curiously."

Galileo

"The sun is,
Theoretically, and speaking
Strictly off the cuff
As it were,
Between you and me
And the lamp post,
(Pass the mutton please)
The sun is,
And I trust you well enough
To know not a word
Will get back,
(And the stuffed fish, please)
The sun is,
On paper, that is,
Merely on paper,
No offense, an exercise
Of the mind,
Mum's the word,
Under your hat, friend,
Unofficially,
The center of the universe.
(And the roast goose, please)."

— Myron Levoy

Rockaway, New Jersey

Leonardo

"As you can see,
These recent works are all of
Women. But I'm giving that up,
The same face, endlessly.
Turning to beetles, mollusks,
Bats, boats, pulleys, etc.
Fish, frogs, flying machines
Etc. You see what I mean.
However, nevertheless,
We could manage a small portrait
On my diminished schedule ...
Next Tuesday at three is fine ...
By the way,
Should you see any
Persimmons, lodestones, horseflies
On your way home
Do bring them along next Tuesday.
Persimmons, in particular.
Good day, Signora del Giocondo."

-- Myron Levoy

Confucius

We gave him
that Roman name

so we may call him
thinker.

Thus to
diminish him, to

complete the job
with Confucius jokes.

-- George Bowering

Calgary, Alberta, Canada

To Margaret Randall de Mondragon

Guns and fiestas,
my friends said
look for a bulge at the hip
when you stop anywhere in Mexico,
listen for the guitar.

But Meg, when we first met you
your belly was full
of the baby that was to be
Ximena

(we heard her
first cry, we saw her
black hair, wet on her head)

Ximena. Where she goes,
a Mexican girl, all her life
she will carry with her
our eyes, our ears,
the air of that distant
night of Mexico we carry now.

Margaret, now when we talk
of Mexico we say
listen for the voice of babies
born, watch for women
with big bellies,

the warmth of that place
is not a Spanish festival
or the weight of a concealed weapon,

we carry it in our loins,
the warmth of Mexico
grows like a bonfire
in the love we make now
far in our starry north.

-- George Bowering

Cid Corman's 3rd series Origin -- $10 subscription from Corman c/o Yamada Art Gallery, 253 Umemotocho Shinmonzen, Higashiyama-Ku, Kyoto, Japan (1st series was unexcelled; 2nd series -- obtainable by love only, hence not seen widely anywhere, including here; 3rd series by subscription so may get some distribution and effect -- good!).

The Temper of Judson Crews

From the Virgin Islands

Two doves
or else white pigeons
with ringed

Red eyes
Wings spread, ready
for flight

Supported by
delicate wires
visible beneath

The purity
of white
foolscap

Our friends
have sent these
with a rooster

Of Danish glass
and pewter
to brighten

The place
where we are
a cock

And two doves
the goodness
of our

Long lost
beloved
friends

69494

Early Bird

Departing winter
I strip
to the welcome

Sun though
the canvas cot
is chill

To my bones
how palely blue
my flesh

Has become
Is that you
old blue worm

Rearing up
your mauve-blue
head

610034

A Feather Duster

Let me go
I have slaved
with images

For an hour
or more
a feather

Duster is made
of feathers
is made to dust

Dust with
let me go
you would think

I too am made
of feathers
you would think

I too am made
to dust
dust with

69203

I Lighted a Fire

Under a primitive
pot of
coffee, the smoke

Wafted ever
which-a-way
into the tent

The sleeping
bags, up
our asses

Smoked ass is
our camping
out specialty

610105

Abiding Time

Your archness
has the resonance of a gong

So I failed
in my penetration
though you
are not technically
a virgin

Do you mind
if I change the subject

I have climbed through heather
and eaten berries
bitter as quinine

Infested by rattlesnakes

I have wiped the sweat
from my brow
and having gotten
a clearer view of things

I look around
and am astonished
that I
am still alive

68942

In My Life

I am leading
a horse
an old nag

Up a steep
hill. He has
cockleburs

In his mane
and he
slobbers

At the bit
but think
I once saw him

Gallop up
this same hill
and mount

Three mares
to foal in
early spring

69052

Cuculiform

I knocked my
knuckles against
the weathered wood

And professed
ignorance of
all arcane lore

But if something
or other
can rise up

Against its own
weight
wouldn't you think

She said
that had something
or other to do

With, say, the
mysteries?
Something or other

Maybe or no
I conceded
Of course

I knew all of
the time
she had her eye

On my fly
Mysteries!
There are no

Mysteries to
speak of
about that

69864

So Her

Breasts do not
erect

She could never pose
for bunny art

Though her heart
is there beneath

We span the arc
for there beneath

Is bread no hunger
can forsake

610175

Past a Sunlit Terrace

The willow dapples
the wake
of the sun

"Wake," what a dread word
to intrude
upon this alabaster morning

As if to reawaken
some
moment of dread

There in all the sunlight
as if ...
yes, I know

It is only that
you remember my
lips upon your thighs

My fingers upon
your breasts and
the cold shudder

That you
could not
repress

Now you are deathly pale
as a willow frond
brushes your cheek

69634

An Asinine Observance

You have let
the hair grow
at your armpits

A natural enough occurrence
at best

But with all
this sleeveless
springtime

Why provoke me
with a sloppy
old jersey

Ripped
at the seams
just there

68892

Stated Simply

The light changes
on the mountains
here are more subtle

Than the changes
of light
upon the sea

I am no sailor
on horseback
no mountain man

The changes of light
on north tundra
on changeless snow-fields

Change more subtilely
than the
everlasting truth

Propounded by
the living church
you name it

69072

An Interlude

You walked to the window
on pretext
to look at the river

There it was
the light moving on it
the shadows very dark
at all the edges

You could almost
hear the sound of it
but not quite

For that matter I could
almost hear the sound
of your breathing
though not quite

I was holding my breath
you said, counting
I counted to one hundred

I could come up three times
you said, that would take
three hundred

That is not very complex math
I said, of course I could hear
your breathing again now

69163

Fall Is With Us

When the storm
knocked
the storm-window

Off the pantry
at the guest-ranch
we found a pound

Of stale butter
someone forgot
to put in

The deep-freeze
a three-pack
of condoms

Never opened
we had never
thought

Of those
fornicating
summer people

As being
so delicate
as all of that

69604

Did Ever

Did ever
such as I
seek

For anything? —
proud in
his squalor

Seek knowledge
or cunt
or a halo

The irreconcilables
if ever
are reconciled

In my presence
proud though
I am in squalor

At least I have
sought for each
of these

69624

Seeing Suddenly

Seeing suddenly
what could seem
only a mirage

Of small dark
birds like a school
of fish

Skimming over
the sage
in a fitful

Storm of fine snow
wind-driven
I thought

What can I
feed them
breadcrumbs

I thought
fumblingly
but suddenly

They were gone
and the snow
and the wind

Had
suddenly
subsided

69904

Time for Prayer

A rash developed
first on
my balls

Then on
my ass-hole
Mildred

Said to me
have I
been sinning

Not too venal
I reassured her
Strawberries

Twice in a week
is disaster
even if

The children
keep crying for
more and more

69484

Letter to Bill

Dear Mr. Bryan
my mother wrote
to William

Jennings Bryan
your stand on
alcoholic beverages

Is the will
of the Lord
your stand

On the teaching
of evolution is
the will of the Lord

Your stand
on the question
of obscenity

And profanity
is a great boon
to the forces

Of the Lord
it grieves me
that my husband

Would not permit me
to name my beloved
son in your honor

68922

an informal bibliography

PSALMS FOR A LATE SEASON, Iconograph Press, New Orleans, 1942. 16 pp. self cover. Included an after-word (as I recall) by Kenneth Lawrence Beaudoin. 500 copies printed. Sold (I think) at 50¢ a copy. o.p. I do not have a copy, but the Univ. of New Mexico does.

THE SOUTHERN TEMPER (Prose poem), Motive Press, Waco, Texas, 1946. 32 pp. in wrappers. 2000 copies printed to sell at 35¢. Most copies were destroyed or lost by being put out on a consignment basis. Occasional copies turn up at divers points.

NO IS THE NIGHT, Motive Press, Taos, New Mexico, 1949. 125 copies printed by the author, sgnd. and numbered. 32 pp. as I recall in wrappers. Sold at $1.00. o.p.

A POET'S BREATH, Motive Press, Taos, New Mexico, 1950. 24 pp. self cover. 200 copies (though maybe 300). Sold for 10¢. o.p.

COME CURSE TO THE MOON, Motive, Taos, (date uncertain). Mimeographed with printed strawboard cover. Spiral (plastic) binding, with several interleaved printed photographs (clipped from magazines). May not have been more than 50 copies, but possibly as many as 100. Sold for $1.00. o.p.

THE ANATOMY OF PROSPERPINE, Motive, Taos, (date uncertain, but issued later than the book above). Same format. Probably 100 copies. $1.00. o.p.

PATROCINIO BARELA, TAOS WOOD CARVER (with Mildred Tolbert and Wendell B. Anderson), Motive, Taos, 1955. 10 x 13" with a plastic spiral binding. Board covers. 24 plates, 72 pp. 300 copies. $2.50. o.p.

THE WRATH WRECHED SPLENDOUR OF LOVE, Motive, Taos (date uncertain) Poems reproduced offset from clippings. Spiral plastic bound, pictorial covers. Photos clipped from magazines and/or books. 100-200 copies. $1.00. o.p.

TO WED BENEATH THE SUN, Motive, Taos (date uncertain). Format as above. 100-200 copies. $1.00. o.p.

THE OGRES WHO WERE HIS HENCHMEN, Hearse Press, Eureka, Calif. (date uncertain). Cover by Ben Tibbs. 125 copies, numbered. Offset reproduction, clipped photographs, plastic spiral binding. $1.00. o.p.

THE HEART IN NAKED HUNGER, Motive, Taos, 1959. Offset, clipped photos, plastic spiral binding. 150-250 copies. $1.25. o.p.

THE FEEL OF SUN AND AIR UPON HER BODY, Hearse Press, Eureka, California, (date uncertain). 125 unnumbered copies, $1.00. Pictorial covers, offset, clipped photos, plastic spiral binding.

INWADE TO BRINEY GARTH, Este Es Press, Taos, New Mexico, 1960. Nudes by Eric Gill. Printed by the author, spiral plastic binding. Probably 200 to 300 copies. $1.25.

A UNICORN WHEN NEEDS BE, Este Es Press, Taos, 1963. Cover by Ben Tibbs. Offset, clipped photos, plastic spiral binding. Probably 250 copies. $1.75.

HERMES' PAST THE HOUR, Este Es Press, Taos, 1963. Picture cover. Offset, clipped photos, plastic spiral binding. 250 copies. $1.25.

YOU, MARK ANTHONY, NAVIGATOR UPON THE NILE, Este Es Press, Taos, 1964. Sgnd. and numbered, only 350 copies although the fly leaf says 500. Picture covers, offset, plastic spiral binding clipped photos. $1.75.

SELECTED POEMS, Renegade Press, Cincinnati, Ohio, 1964. Limited to 100 copies. $1.00. o.p.

All copies with clipped photos are different from one another.

I guess this is about it. Mark Anthony, Hermes, Unicorn and Inwade are all in print so to speak -- that is I have several copies (Motive Book Shop, P.O. Box 1492, Taos, New Mexico, 87571). For the rest a copy turns up occasionally here and there. Hearse probably still has copies of Feel of Sun and Air.

I hope that this will satisfy Wormie's request. If there is more on this that I can do, let me know. I simply have no records and my memory is fairly poor. But the above is roughly the general picture, not a very pretty one, but largely a self portrait.

Yours very truly,

Judson Crews

Judson Crews

September 1, 1965

Seth's Place

Why when

Rednecked
crease eyed
a little drunk
old timers whack
each other's backs
grin laugh slap sides
because their things
won't stand at how
they'll have to leave
all that for youngbucks

and laugh and have
a great old time do I

young buck in a corner booth
good for forty years
of tingle and of thighs
sip beer and grow afraid
don't grin have fun or
want to whack
a buddy's back?

Mr Keen,

Where did Plastic Man the Green Hornet Sky King the Shadow GI Joe Kid Colt Lorenzo Jones (and Belle) Capts Marvel Midnight the Fat and Thin men Beulah Submariner Baby Snooks David Harding Wonder Woman Stella Dallas (Olive Higgins Prouty) Jack Armstrong Airboy Jiggs and Maggie Jughead Gildersleeve and Jimmy Wittig (who lived across the street and suddenly used to from in front of the green-eyed thing over spread-out comics leap behind chairs under tables soon emerge with an apron for a cape) and the I who used to love them go?

-- Dennis Trudell

Iowa City, Iowa

April Fools

Although most N.C.O.'s, Ph.D.'s, J.P.'s
C.P.A.'s, 4F's, D.A.R.'s, M.D.'s
Emcees and V.I.P.'s don't give a shit,
the sunlight this spring morning
has precisely struck a nearby tree
in so exact and such a perfect way
as to stop a speedy firstgrade child
make him think the town's goldfish
have left their bowls to play they are
exactly perfect shining leaves,
to halt some grinfaced girl in love
and make her stare at how the birds
have brought champagne which they've uncorked
then poured upon the fish or leaves,
themselves, their nests, the tree, the child
the air and everything.

— Dennis Trudell

lucerna hall
a speech to people concerned

we gentlemen are
defined as
a residence center for
emotionally disturbed
youth
though we use of course the term
advisedly
for we are not
a hospital
a ward
an institution
if you please
at least not in the usual conotations of that word
for these
you see
are not really
sick
indeed about the
best diagnosis
we can come
up with is
adjustment reaction to adolesence conduct disturbance
although we
have some schizoids
and other
paranormal types
they will talk to us

yes talk to us
and we to them
but when they
leave and run to play
they run
to play
peek a boo
with
insanity
gentlemen

Aspects of Robinson, Jr.
to Weldon Kees

Now, twenty-three and residing by Golden Gate
Park. A morning fog rolls in on tide rushed
Breakers; a lady-dressed cop sighs, tired of
Only a dog for company. A pale woman smears on
Lipstick: this is G. G. Park, Junior.

Robbie, Junior watching the Giants while
A surgeon, with a sterile mask in his breast
Pocket, explains how to fix an iron.
The score goes up on the board.
There's where Mays caught that one, Robbie.

Robbie walking across the Golden Gate Bridge;
The tide brings in Pacific waters. Leaning over
And looking down -- the ships call for a
Sea mother. Now safe on the other side.
Robbie in North Beach, walking around the block.

Junior, afraid in the night, crying, running
From dark men. Junior ogling Cleopatra's asp
In cinemascope. Robbie at tea saying, "Yes,
Agatha. But. Yes, Agatha. But Ag --. Damn it
Agatha, I'm not a catholic." The tea spills.

Robbie in bed, alone with the night
Light, paring his toenails. Robbie in the
Bathroom to defecate upon the dead roach in the
Toilet, having a reverence for life.

— Don Gray

Stockton, California

A LITTLE PLAY ON WORDS WHICH I HAVE MODESTLY
ENTITLED: HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

I laughed and shrugged it off when, just after I'd subscribed to TV Guide, our television set went on the blink. (I guess the old Dumont had broke a leg, because we finally had to have it shot.)

I wrote the publishers a letter, explaining what had happened. They sent condolences, but said it was against their policy to refund cash: would I take a different magazine instead?

Well, why not? So, real sneaky-like, I said to send a year of Sunshine and Health. Then feeling guilty, told them to throw in Better Homes and Gardens, for the wife.

That was the summer that I caught pneumonia, and our house burned down.

So we moved back to the city, got all Cultured-up, and I subscribed to Punch. The first issue came, from England, and the guy across the hall knocked on my door and hit me in the mouth.

He was an Isolationist, I guess, but I began to wonder if there wasn't something funny going on, so next I tried Consumer's Guide,

And Sport. So I came down with diabetes and started eating like a horse. But I had this joke all figured out, and knew how I could beat the game:

I threw my dollars in the teeth of destiny, and steeled myself, awaiting the arrival (on a three-month trial basis) of a magazine called Playboy.

My wife ran off with my best friend, a bachelor by trade. (She was only gone a week. She heard that I was reading The Wall Street Journal, and came running back. That was in 1929.)

When people get real desperate, there's one last place for them to turn: a place where sunshine fills the air, and merry children laugh and play.

The Reader's Digest welcomed me with open, understanding arms. I lived in Pleasantville for months, devouring every word they sent. But after fifteen volumes of condensed, digested books, I suddenly went blind.

O, they were real nice about it, settled out of court, and even continued my subscription. In Braille.

Eight happy, carefree years went by before my sight returned, but I'd had time, this time, to plot revenge. Whoever up there had been throwing me them curves would have to do his damndest, now. I got home from the Institution, sat right down, and wrote two checks. One went to Fantastic Universe the other to Amazing Stories.

Well, the winters here on Mars are mild, at least, but there's not an awful lot to do. And I am just a wee bit worried, cause last week my wife

Suggested we subscribe to Life.

MEMO TO CHARLES BUKOWSKI

I'm sitting here at the old typewriter
with a can of beer chilling my left
hand and a whore I used to know heating
up my right hand, typing on the back
of the racing form and listening to
myself sweat. And out the window I can
see the world beginning to come to an
end without wondering what the hell it
all meant anyway because George the
Chinese cook at the greasery where I eat
is picking his nose at just this minute
and my stomach is lapping up beer
with a big black sticky sponge-leather
tongue and blinking and waiting for the
cascade of happiness that will follow
and in between sips I slam one into the
whore who groans and picks my pocket.
Chopin and Dostoyevsky are beating on
the door but I don't hear them because I
am busy pounding out this poem and a
poor girl with small breasts is walking
her dog outside the window and the dog
shits in my mailbox and I kind of chuckle
and slam one into a cockroach that's crawled
up on my typewriter and wink at the landlady's
crotch which winks back and figure what the
hell anyway. I am what you might call a
master of insignificant detail.

-- Carl Larsen

New York, N. Y.

POEM ENTITLED UNTITLED POEM

A lady
stopped me
in the street
and asked
if I
was Gregory
Peck. "No,"
I said.

-- Carl Larsen

birth

i

reading the Dialogues of Plato when the
doctor walks up and says

do you still read that high-brow
stuff? last time I read that I
was in
high school.

I read it, I tell
him.

well, it's a girl, 9#, 3 oz. no trouble at
all.

shit. great. when can I see
them?

they'll let you know. good
night.

ii

I sit down to Plato again. there are 4 people playing cards. one woman has beautiful legs that she doesn't hide and I keep looking at her legs until she covers them with a blue sweater.

iii

I am called upstairs. they show me the thing through glass. it's red as a boiled crab and tough. it will make it. it will see it through.

hey, look at this, Plato: another broad!
I can see her now on some Sunday afternoon
shaking it in a tight skirt
making boulevards of young men warble in their
guts.

I wave the girl and the nurse
away.

iv

the woman is still stunned with
drugs but I tell her

a great woman has arrived!
and make my fists into little balls and I
hold up my arms and
snarl-cry.

the nurse is fat and Mexican, has eaten too many
tortillas.

nice to have met you, sweetheart, I
tell her.

v

then I am back at the shack. I sit down and listen to
the bathtub drip.
I go over and pull all the blinds down and fall on the
couch. all I can hear is tires on
steel streets.

vi

there is a meeow! from the screen and I let him
in: sober, indifferent,
hungry.

vii

we walk into the kitchen
male swaggering under the electric light:
4 balls, 2 heads
dominion over all the continent
over ships that sail in and out
over small female things and jewels.

I get down the can of
catfood and open
it. Plato is left in the
glove compartment.

— Charles Bukowski

ABOUT MY VERY TORTURED FRIEND, PETER:

he lives in a house with a swimming pool
and says the job is
killing him.
he is 27. I am 44. I can't seem to
get rid of
him. his novel keeps coming
back. "What do you expect me to do?" he screams
"go to New York and pump the hands of the
publishers?"
"No," I tell him, "but quit your job, go into a
small room and do the
thing."
"But I need ASSURANCE, I need something to
go by, some word, some sign!"
"Some men did not think that way:
Van Gogh, Wagner —"
"Oh hell, Van Gogh had a brother who have him
paints whenever he
needed them!"

"Look, I'm over at this broad's house today and
this guy walks in. a salesman. you know
how they talk. drove up in this new
car. talked about his vacation. said he went to
Frisco -- saw FIDELIO up there but forgot who
wrote it. now this guy is 45 years
old. so I told him: 'FIDELIO is Beethoven's only
opera.' and then I told
him: 'You're a jerk!' 'Whatcha mean?' he
asked. 'I mean, you're a jerk, you're 45 years old and
you don't know anything!' "

"What happened
then?"
"I walked out."
"You mean you left him there with
her?"
"Yes."

"I can't quit my job. I always have trouble getting a
job. I walk in, they look at me, listen to me talk and
they think right away, Ah ha! he's too <u>intelligent</u> for
this job, he won't stay
so there's really no sense in hiring
him.
Now, YOU walk into a place and you don't have any trouble:
you look like an old wino, you look like a guy who needs a
job and they look at you and they think:
Ah ha!: now here's a guy who really needs work! if we hire
him he'll stay a long time and work
HARD!"

"do any of those people know you are a
writer, that you write poetry?"
"no."
"you never talk about
it. not even to
me! if I hadn't seen you in that magazine I'd
have never known."
"that's right."
"still, I'd like to tell these people that you are a
writer!"
"don't."
"I'd still like to
tell them."
"why?"
"well, they talk about you. they think you are just a
horseplayer and a drunk."
"I am both of those."
"well, they talk about you. you have odd ways. you travel alone.
I'm the only friend you
have."
"yes."
"they talk you down. I'd like to defend you. I'd like to tell
them you write
poetry."
"leave it alone. I work here like they
do. we're all the same."
"well, I'd like to do it for myself then. I want them to know why
I travel with
you. I speak 7 languages, I know my music --"
"forget it."
"all right, I'll respect your
wishes. but there's something else --"
"what?"
"I've been thinking about getting a
piano, my fingers just itch for a
piano. but then I've been thinking about getting a
violin too but I can't make up my
mind!"
"buy a piano."
"you think
so?"
"yes."

he walks away
thinking about
it.

I was thinking about it
too: I figure he can always come over with his
violin and more
sad music.

-- Charles Bukowski
Los Angeles, Calif.

-----es -----ski*

a bartender is:

the
poor man's
psychiatrist.

The

patient crys
in his beer
all after
noon

for

two-bits,

and
a bar rag
wipes off

old
ugly
apparitions,

making them

new and
shiny and
pretty,

saving
the poor
man

expensive
hourly
couch-time

talking to the ceiling.

---

realism -- when you know you've got it.
surrealism -- when you know you've got it but don't know what it is.

-- Sid Rufus

Washington, D. C.

* a note to Chuck

lifting your pants up in the toilet you
feel youve had a breather one way or the
other and you cast a shrugeye out the
window where you note a truckload of kids
pulling up in front of the political
building and a boy maybe five years old
maybe six jumps down with an apple in
his hand so he can stretch his shadow in
the sun something like that anyway you
know and you see the kid thumbing and indexing
the apple which by the way isnt close
enough to the toilet for color but
isnt too far away for blackandwhite
depending on your exposure and light
and you know even though the kid looks hungry
he wont have that apple eaten not until
its gotten out of hand so you notch your
belt around your pants preparing to leave
the toilet and avoid the political
building at all costs to return to your
group when out of the corner of your fly
eye you see this guard come up to this boy
who because he isnt too close to the
toilet is a sort of blackandwhite kid
you remember from your own youth you know
sort of with eyes like bare dirty knees and
a look as if he were just caught squinting
at himself in the effort at a hinting
of more discriminating guises and
before you know it the guards swinging the
boy by his feet in the country air as
the other kids in the truck are quiet
quiet as if they have to stop even
doing nothing and you why youre glued to
yourself watching with one hand on your fly
and the other on the toilet lever
flushing flushing as the guard swings the boy
around for the third time and you cant tell
goddammit because the noon sirens wailing
like a harpooned harpy if the kids screaming
or just has his mouth open for the country
air as the guard bashes the boy skull first
against the political building wall
so his brains jerk out sticky gray feelers
against the political building wall
jerking a creeper try up the wall but
the gray feelers cant stick it so they jerk
down in creepers to the boy body the

sticky gray feelers falling on their boy
face while the guard you know is either very
new here or old picks up the blackandwhite
apple and munches on it because obviously
hes wanted it for lunchtime and youre short
of fruit here even in the country and
the boy was scheduled to have his brains picked anyway by
your political pederast
so by god in the toilet you drop your pants again fast fast fast

-- Gil Orlovitz

New York, N.Y.

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City Lights Bookshop, 261 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, Calif.
Earth Books & Gallery, 244 Ocean Park Blvd., Santa Monica, California 90405
Gotham Book Mart, 41 West 47th St., N.Y. 36, N.Y.
Mahogany Hall, 1033 St. Gregory St., Mt. Adams, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202
Miles Paperback Shop/ Better Books Ltd., 92-94 Charing Cross Road, London WC2, England
New World Book Fair, 113 South 40th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
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Trent Book Shop, 1 Pavilion Rd., Trent Bridge, Nottingham, England

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0428

NOTES OF IMPORTANCE:
Judson Crews' latest book is not included in the bibliography because of the delay in printing this issue -- just released: Angels Fall, They Are Towers fm. Este Es Press, P. O. Box 1492, Taos, New Mexico 87571 (unpriced).

Christopher Perret -- dead of heart attack in Deya, Mallorca, Spain -- Dec. 6, 1965 -- WR:21 will print last poems mailed shortly before his tragic death.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED:
Russell Edson's The Brain Kitchen, $3 fm. Thing Press, Stamford, Conn.
Douglas Woolf's Signs of a Migrant Worrier, $1.50 fm. Coyote's Journal, 1558 Lincoln St., Eugene, Oregon 97401.
Ken Irby's Kansas-New Mexico, $1 fm. Terrence Williams, Pub., 830 Missouri St., Lawrence, Kansas.
George Bowering's The Man in Yellow Boots, $1 fm. El Corno Emplumado, Apartado Postal 13-546, Mexico 13, D.F.
Bernard A. Forrest's Titled & Untitled, $1.30 fm. Hors Commerce Press, 22526 Shadycroft Ave., Torrance, Calif. 90505.
Robert Wallace's Views From A Ferris Wheel, $3.50 (worth it!) fm. E. P. Dutton & Co. Inc., 201 Park Ave. S., N. Y., N. Y. 10003.
marcus j. grapes' A Savage Peace, $2 fm. 6308 Fontainebleau Dr., New Orleans, La. 70125 -- uneven, but the real thing is there.
E. R. Baxter's Hunger, $1 fm. Moonstones, 517 7th. St., Niagara Falls, N. Y. 14301.
Ian Hamilton Finlay's Cythera -- a finely done concrete poem fm. Wild Hawthorne Press, Gledfield Farmhouse, Ardgay, Ross-shire, Scotland. ($1.00).
Edwin Morgan, Dom Sylvester Houedard, Susan Cornillon, Alan Denis and Sam Dogin contribute to d. a. levy's Polluted Lake Series -- and a new series a' starting (don't miss!): Ohio City Series with thom szuter, Kent Taylor, Susan Koppelman Cornillon, bpnichol, Eric K. Albrecht, d. a. levy and dagmaR. New releases: Moon by Marguerite Harris and October by E.K.A. Major document is Allan Denis' 50 Seconds Til Blastoff and then The Marrahwannah Quarterly:4 -- all fm. Jim Lowell's unique Asphodel Book Shop, 465 The Arcade, Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio (one of the 4 points of the literary compass).

PUBLICATION ANNOUNCED:
Charles Bukowski's Atomic Scribblings From a Maniac Age, $3.50 fm. Border Press, 2814 Tilles Ave., Fort Smith, Ark. 72901.
Barriss Mills' Carmina of Catullus (Latin included) $4.95 fm. Purdue University Studies, 308 State St., West Lafayette, Indiana 47906.
Ellen Tifft's A Door in a Wall, $1.45 fm. Hors Commerce Press, 22526 Shadycroft Ave., Torrance, Calif. 90505.

RECOMMENDED:
Nancy Sullivan's The History of The World As Pictures, $3.50 fm. Univ. of Missouri Press, Columbia, Mo.
Nelson Ball's Room Of Clocks, 75¢ fm. Weed Press, Apt. 4, 22 Young St., Kitchener, Ontario, Canada.
Howard McCord's The Spanish Dark, $2 fm. Washington State Univ. Press, Pullman, Washington.
Jean Rosenbaum's Arise Solomon (cover drawing by Ruth Chaban), $1 fm. American Poet Press, 1341 Canyon Road, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87502.
Jo McDougall's A Lemon Yeast And Other Mornings, $2 fm. South & West, Inc., 2601 South Phoenix, Fort Smith, Arkansas 72901.

RECOMMENDED (continued):

Robert K. Rosenburg's anthology Confessions & Experiments ($3) is a hard bound book of 10 contemporary poets -- a laudable experiment containing Leonard Gilley fm. Wormwood -- fm. Linden Press, 901 Lake Drive, Baltimore, Maryland, 21217.

Henri Simon Faure's Sous Couleur de Certaines Circonstances and Poemes: Provisions Initiales en Matiere de, handsome formats, unpriced fm. La Main Violette/Du Corps De Garde, 17 Rue du Musee, Saint-Etienne (Loire) France.

Pat Mathis' Give Me a World, unpriced fm. 1002 Palmer Rd., S.E., Washington 22, D.C.

Kenneth Lawrence Beaudoin's holographic A Book of the Hours, unpriced fm. 1298 Jefferson Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

The Soap Duckets by John Taylor, $1.50 fm. Verb Publications, 1323 E. 14th. Ave., no. 15, Denver, Colorado 80218.

LITTLE MAGAZINE NOTES:

Spero -- now out & v. good fm. Fenian Head Centre Press, 1517 Jonquil Terrace, Chicago, Ill. 60626

Action Poetique, no. 27 lists Tristan Tzara, Walter Lowenfels and Paul-Louis Rossi's La Poesie de la Beat Generation -- 2,50 F fm. 16 Rue des Capucins, Honfleur (Calvados), CCP Rouen, 2201 05V, France.

Lines lives fm. 335 West 85th. St., N.Y., N.Y. 10024 (75¢ per) with Aram the Saroyan as editor.

Work/2 -- $1 fm. Artists' Workshop Press, 4825-27 John Lodge, Detroit, Mich. 48201 -- has fine photo report by Magdalene Arndt on the Berkeley Poetry Conf.

Damascus Road/2 -- $1 fm. 417 Grant St., Allentown, Pa. 18102.

December/7 is finally delivered ($1.50) fm. P.O. Box 274, Western Springs, Ill.

My Own Mag/13 has Dead Star mms. of Bill Burroughs of St. Louis USA -- 2 shillings fm. Jeff Nuttall, 37 Salisbury Rd., Barnet, Herts, England.

Alembic: new & due Jan. 1966 fm. Ray O'Hara ($3/yr.) fm. P.O. Box 2672, Tampa, Florida 33601.

Earth Books is starting a new review, broadside series, and a single poet series fm. 244 Ocean Park Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif. 90405.

Magazine Two fires fm. Interim Books, Box 35, N.Y. 14, N.Y. ($1 bargain).

Poetry Karamu soliciting mms. for semi-annual fm. E. Hale Chatfield, P.O. Box 162 Hiram, Ohio 44234.

Exit/3 -- $2/yr. fm. 22 Bostock's Lane, Risley, Derbyshire, England.

Poesia de Venezuela -- nicely printed folio series fm. Apartado Postal 1114, Caracas, Venezuela -- also booklet series: Jacinto Gutierrez Coll's Poesias ($1).

Perstare -- pub. under auspices of New York Univ., Univ. Heights, N.Y., N.Y. 10453 at 35¢ per issue.

Poetry Newsletter is developing under W. Depew -- $2/yr. fm. 315 E. 9th. St., N.Y., N.Y. 10003.

Cardinal -- $3.50/4 issues fm. Casciani, 1326 S. Cicero Ave., Cicero, Ill. 60650.

Message:65 (bilingual French/English) fm. Jean Groffier, 46 Rue Richer, Paris 9e, France -- 5 F/issue

Ante/4 fm. Echo Press, P.O. Box 29915, Los Angeles, Calif. 90029 --$3.50/yr.

Tzarad -- no. 1 fm. Lee Harwood, Night Scene Pub., 37 Wellclose Sq., London E. 1, England -- bargain at 35¢ a copy.

Poetmeat 9/10 continues unphased although censorship troubled, support the cause -- $1.80/4 issues fm. 11 Clematis St., Blackburn, Lancs, England.

Icarus: no. 46 has a new look and Wm. Burroughs too -- $1/yr. fm. 3 Trinity College Dublin, Ireland.

Human Voice (edit. by D.V. Smith & J. H. Fredrick) a strong contender fm. P.O. Drawer 1409, Homestead, Fla. 33030 -- $2/year.

LITTLE MAGAZINE NOTES (continued):

Don't overlook It -- definitely sh. be noted and collected fm. 336 Luther St., Detroit, Michigan, 48217 $1/6 issues.

Black Sun wants mms. -- rises fm. Harvey Tucker, 150 Corbin Pl., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Weed -- coming fm. Nelson Ball, apt. 4, 22 Young St., Kitchener, Ontario, Canada $1.60/6 issues.

Reactions/1 -- 15 F/yr. fm. Poesie Vivante, Hirondelles 13, Bienne, Switzerland directeur: Jean Beguelin.

Folio -- unpriced fm. 4167 Cliff Rd., Birmingham, Alabama.

From a Window/3 -- doing good things fm. Box 3446, College Station, Tucson, Ariz. 75¢ per issue with editors: Paul Malanga & Bobby Byrd.

The Fly's Eye looking for mms., fm. 6102 Sherwood, Houston, Texas 77021

Vagabond -- send poems to J. Bennett, Jr. at Gollierstrasse 5, 8 Munich, Germany and $1/yr. subscription to Richard L. Bennett, 22 Mc Alva Dr., Hampton, Va. 23369

Do not subscribe to Sortie/1 unpriced fm. 2625 Milburn Ave., Baldwin, N.Y. 11510 and do not send poems as it is not a true little mag -- a sort of in-group workshop showcase -- all material is available for sale or for reprinting.

NOTED AS RECEIVED:

W. Arthus Boggs' The Idol Maker, 50¢ from Centro Studi E Scambi Internazionali, Accad. Inter. L. DaVinci, Via Corrado Segre 7, Roma, Italy -- Boggs can do better.

Hans Juergensen's Existential Canon and Ardath Hurst's Journey To An Ending fm. Border Press, 2601 So. Phoenix, Fort Smith, Ark. 72901 $1.75 and $2 respectively -- borderline publications.

Jean Rosenbaum's only the black at heart fm. American Poet Press, 1341 Canyon Rd., Santa Fe, New Mexico 87502 -- $1.

claude dunster's Tecumseh/ A Play -- $1 fm. Steele Enterprises, 306 West 4th. St., N.Y., N.Y. 10014

C. Edward Case's So Let Me Love -- $1 fm. C.E. Chase, Comm. Support Element, Box 16, MacDill Air Base, Florida 33608.

TOTALLY PANNED AND DAMNED:

Serge S. Fischel's Serenade of a Renegade, Lotty H. Athey's Just One Small Voice, Georgia Bell Luttrell's Beyond Doubt's Shadow, Marion Phillips A Foot In The Door, Margo Reich's Ashes and Dorothy Bell Kauffman's The Inheritance of My Fathers -- all $2.50 per from those finks who run a nice vanity operation at Vantage Press, Inc., 120 West 31st. St., New York 1, N.Y. -- considering all the good things around these days that are poorly printed (including Wormie), it is totally unnerving to read nicely printed poems that have absolutely no (repeat: NO) redeeming features. Perhaps written by nice people but....

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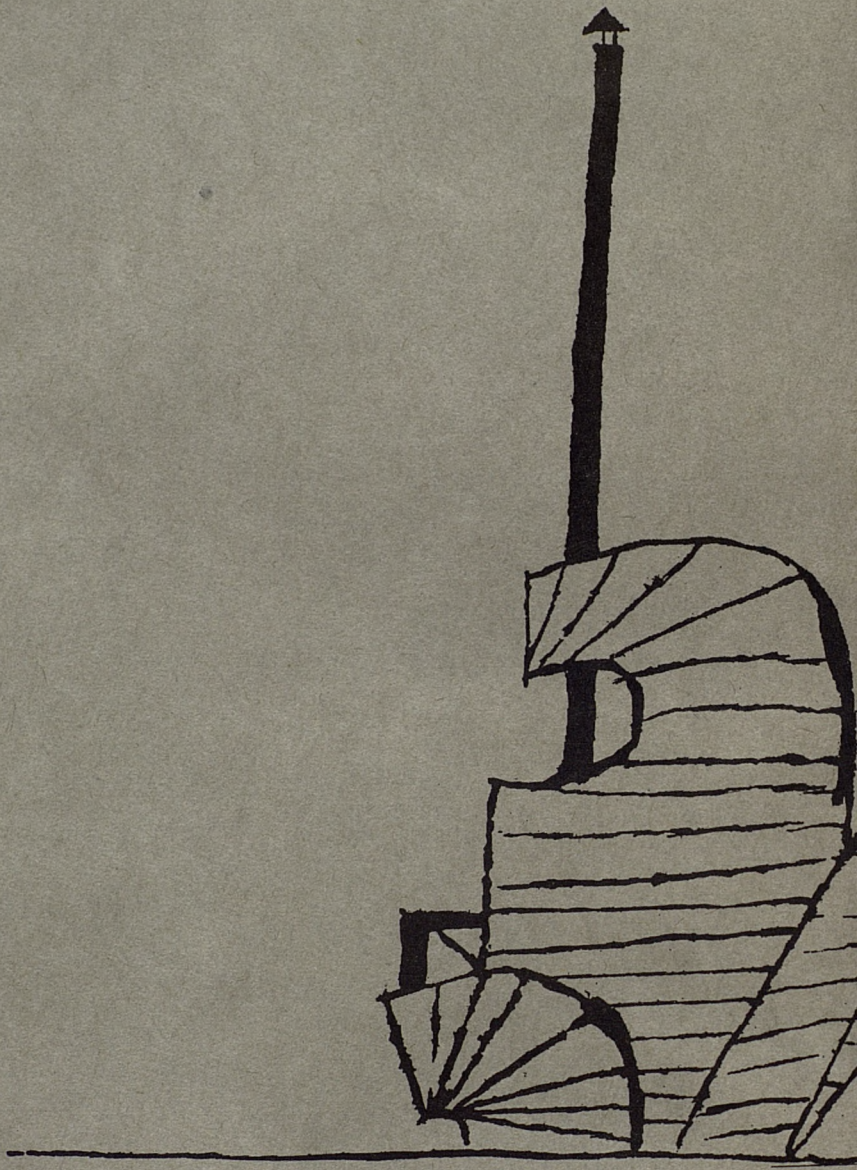

Ben Shahn