



THE WORMWOOD RAY VIEW

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Out From Bedford

I think me a Gibelterro man
centuries back
by the rock face
Mr. Pargitees' boat
is set for London
The Chancellor has
brigadeer's leave I shall
sneak from Bedford
house the less she knows
run Cobble cove
Clavicle Street
to LOW tavern
where they press seamen
there to drink and drink
and let myself be ta'en

-- Ellen Tifft

Elmira, New York

THERES A BIRD IN THE ENGINE

I said, as she
smiled
all the way down
to her crotch;
and the traveling engineer
picking
 his nose
with the tip of an aluminum
hook
grabbed me by the horn
of my eyeglasses,
whispering
 statistics. . .

SOMETHING IS BURNING

I shouted, re-
fusing
a french pastry wrapped
in toilet paper,
cellophane
noodles,
and the blue sauce cooked
from the bones
of a drowned lobster. . .

WHO UNZIPPED THE PRESSURE

I screamed, im-
paled
on a tube of metal,
watching
her lips offer
pillows, and her tongue
break into small
pieces, like aspirin
or stars. . .

THERE ARE CLOUDS BETWEEN MY LEGS

I said, hissing
with all my mouths,
waiting
for the red fist
of God
to bust through the window,
invisible screws and
mountains flapping
in the wind,
 a refraction
of frozen underwear
strapped
to the lap of my brain. . .

for Marianne Moore

This is permissible: to use
quotation

marks
like small flowers, and
to throw them
over the wind,

plucked:
a rain of purple leaves
from the mouths
of a thousand libraries,
lions
in white boots

dancing
behind the garage. . .

Old women
who rollerskate through the world
on wheels of paper
do this: nibbling
bridges, animals, dead poets
and gardens
sometimes a wild flea
turning

to acid
in a pot of Japanese
tea.

Lady, your lips
are thin
as lace, and your songs
fall quietly
into my brain, like
plums
of ice.

-- Stanley Cooperman

North Vancouver, B. C., Canada

Emblems Of Suicide

(First Poem)

Crane--
yr ol man
musta bn a real bastid
callin yu Hart

Hart--
your green iceberg soul
a birdsong single syllable
crisp as a herald's voice
on
the birth certificate

Hart--
you can't leap naked dear
thru the forests of Cleveland
showing off your tail
to every dirty old kosmos
that loafa along

Hart Crane--
your father
must have been real

(Second Poem)

I've tried to sell
the goddam bridge for you
but these people ain't fools
want one made out of steel and threads
and thrown over a river of some kind

I tried every trick in the book
I even told them that your bridge
is really an organ but they laughed
who ever heard of a paper organ
you can't get music frma paper organ

They won't even buy pieces of it
it seems you can't wear your cutty sark
it ain't no blat
it ain't no bottle of whisky
you can't get music frma paper organ

(Third Poem)

They tell me you didn't just
drink a social martini
but alcohol alcohol
and sometimes hair tonic

They tell me you didn't just
write love poems
didn't juss didn't juss
did you shave your legs
save your pennies for nylons
cover your mouth with lipstick

They tell me they tell me
in Mexico City
you peddled your leaf on public streets

They tell me
you petaled your leaf on public streets

(Fourth Poem)

whit mn didnt break the bread loaf
in to strips of sand/grass
to destroy "poem"

in the begin "love"
the boy attempts mn
direction what rime meter not impo

bridges strain the hearts of cranes
as the machines sing
winter needs a good drubbing

myths is only attemption
the mn attempts man

(Fifth Poem -- Orizaba)

in the gulf of april
spit from a dead volcano
you leaped without speaking
your coat a lump of skin
on the deck of the boat

-- Charles Tidler

West Lafayette, Indiana

UNMAILED LETTER TO d. a. levy

you who on the sixth floor of the county jail
sit in the sink in a full lotus/praying/singing
songs to the other prisoners

when six cops came to take you & yr two friends
away/you kissed yr woman goodbye & smiled &
gave flowers to them

who put the
handcuffs
on yr
skinny
wrists

Do you think the cop on the corner directing
traffic with a daisy/does he know now maybe

what it is
to be loved
by a stranger?

do you think it is not too late to teach these
men/hardened by crime/

that under their badge
there is a heart?

write me from jail
it is important
that i know

- T. L. Kryss

Cleveland, Ohio

The Injury

A young man hit me in the stomach on an Amsterdam streetcorner.

By intent or accident I do not know.

A girl was beside him. She spoke to him. He spoke to her. It happened. They walked away, still speaking. Neither looked back.

I do not understand Dutch. I did not understand them.

All I could do was make a noise and fall. A woman picked me up. She comforted me in a foreign language. She asked me some question I could not understand. Then she laughed and spoke unaccented English. She spoke to me as mother to child.

"Are you English?" she asked. She would not believe me. "You are Swiss," she said. She said, "You are German." And walked away.

She did not turn around, although I tried to explain: "I have been hit in the stomach on an Amsterdam streetcorner. By intent or accident I do not know."

The humiliation could not have been greater had it been planned for years.

Planes

What can we do? They would tell us they had done it.
The sky is crowded with somebody else's words.
The planes have taken off. The reservoir is low.

The man by himself in the Automat
Murmurs lovingly about bombs.
Bombs. Over and over, he murmurs, "Bombs."

-- Jack Anderson

New York, New York

The Whole Thing

It's criminal, criminal,
said she
whose son
was some time
dead,

He was so vulnerable
and they got him.

What she got was
notification
no details, very straightforward
later a visit from me:

who had seen
him get it
without him knowing it,
as if some treacherous nurse
just picked him out,
humming into his blood
the last tranquilizer.

Stiffly
he subsided
no grace even in death
but a good heart --
which I stressed, giving
no details

although
the whole thing
played back in my mind
like a newsreel,
grainy film even,
the boy dying
the whole time her going
criminal, criminal.

As I left
(she put me through hell
just a courtesy call
the distant son dead for weeks)

the old lady spliced
onto the whole sick thing,
singing soundtrack
to her son
the newsreel hero
STOP

I told myself
SHUT THAT DAMN
CAMERA OFF
THERE'S FILM ALL OVER
THE PLACE

Rancor Recollected in Tranquility

Larry
the high school
lover,

miraculous
unthumber
of bras,

Wildroot
winner of
cheerleaders,

how I hated you.
Even now
I think of you

only for revenge,
imagine
you

treed
by 20 teen-age
bitches

yipping
come on
Larry

come
Larrylarry
show

your poor
doggies
a bone.

Summer Island

Conjure how the place
looks to the map-maker
taking pictures
from the plane:

a green shoe on a blue rug.
I was a pebble
it it, I would rattle
in it, chafe in the big

thing that fits me now
like the skin
of a mannequin,
as the orange fits the mouth.

At Times Like This

At times like this
these things rise to the top,
bubbles from a sea thing
hiding.

Without this blood
they gain in speech
they may go back to words,
camouflage.

But now,
impatient twisting,
they make an awkward being,
poem.

-- William Matthews

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

La Ronde

Mrs. White rose slowly from
her lover's husband's lover's bed,
turned her alabaster breasts
from her to dress and said

See you Friday, and went home
to lamb chops, petits pois
and an overcooked souffle.
Whatever happened to the old joie

de vivre, George? she asked her
husband. Who the hell knows? he moaned,
circumsizing a cigar,
dreaming of Friday afternoons.

-- William Matthews

"and still a child"

Coleridge
had a son
who wrote
excellent
poetry
on the walls of
Oxford University
about
mute children
and his father,
lived with Southey's family
and, having
failed to
succeed at life
came to Grasmere
as poets will
wrote there a while
had a volume
published
and died
as people will.
That's all I know
of Hartley Coleridge.

-- Michael Dransfield

New South Wales, Australia

Surreptitious as Desdemona

Hardship is fish but no lemon.
Poverty is lemon but no fish.
Starvation is neither fish nor lemon.
Death is no appetite.

Road Out

Excellences
and subways

beards
or bald believers
or cynics

oxcarts
Cadillacs
walking

Venice
Italy
California

true genius
false genius
existentialism

existentialists
in subways

-- Michael Dransfield

YOU

You	should
came	never
into	have
my	closed
room,	the
and	door.

-- Raymond Roseliep

Dubuque, Iowa

Question of Depth

We claim the same poet for friend
and love her each in his own way,
spear greeneyes at one another,
which people swear is the right thing.

You go for poem dissection,
I for the inquiring instep
a woman will nerve and muscle.
We must be of different depth.

February Fourteenth

In forget-me-not and rose
God wot,
I left many a trace
of the swift iambic of my pulse.
Now I'm nineteen and less
sentimental
I flower your house
with cheese and bread
and my father's bottle,
a dry leaf in my beard.

After the French

Tongue to tongue,
bee & nasturtium.

-- Raymond Roseliep

Small Town, no. 7

After the baby
the girl came right back
cheerleading again and the
girls' soccer team
and everybody voted her
and smiled and said
she really was a
nice girl and wasn't he an
awful scoundrel
and oh, the poor, poor
child. Who does it
look like?
She finished and got a
secretary diploma
but nobody married her.

Small Town, no. 11

After all these years we meet
and talk about
all the unimportant things
we've done, all the
important things we'll
never do.
I see three snapshots
of her daughter
say she's pretty
even though she's plain and
crosseyed, tell her of my
last degree.
She's heavier and blonde now
doesn't dress the way she should,
she was voted the likeliest
but she didn't.

The Bargain

She all the time rationalizing,
nagging about how if
they couldn't afford to
it was one thing
but not being tied
down, no children yet
nor family to think of
and rent being free
and their food too,
others had,
it really couldn't be
much to pay for
bliss and all
that went along with it.
He, knowing her
womanly calculations
plainly wrong, but
her eyes pleading so
and the day very hot,
went along with her and
ate the bitter apple.

-- Lyn Lifshin

Albany, New York

a a
an an
and and
anda anda
andan andan
andandandand
andan andan
anda anda
and and
an nd
a a
an an
and and
anda anda
andan andan
andandandand
andan andan
anda anda
and and
an an
a a

'umb
n'mb
nu'b
num'

umb
n mb
nu b
num

-- Arvind Krishna Mehrotra

Bombay, India

intermedia..... dick higgins

Two Things

1. Welcome Event

As many people as possible participate. Black tie. Each person has a musical instrument. At the sight of the person being welcomed, each participant trills or repeatedly thumps his instrument as loudly and sustainedly as possible. Each person tries to drown all the others out. This is sustained until there seems no reason to continue. Then the participants drop out, one by one.

2. Goodbye Event

As many people as possible participate. Informal. Each person has chosen a text, preferably the rules for a game. When the person to whom the participants are saying Goodbye begins to go, each participant reads his text as loudly and sustainedly as possible. Each participant tries to drown all the others out. This is sustained until the participant has a sore throat or the person leaving is out of sight, whichever comes first.

February, 1966

Seven Box-its, Bus-its

i

boxes boxing.

ii

busses?
boxes

busses.
busses bussing

busses bussing bonds?
busses bussing?
busses bussing busses

busses bussing?
busses Bulgarians
busses

busses boxing busses
boxes?
busses?
busses males
busses boxing Alexander H. Smith
boxes.

busses.
busses.

busses you
busses

busses busses
boxes?

iii

boxes
boxes
boxes.
busses.
busses us
busses us
boxes.
boxes bussing busses
busses?
busses.
busses?
boxes?
boxes R. A. Langford
busses clarinets
busses.
boxes

iv

boxes bussing.
busses boxing.
busses you
boxes

v

busses bussing
busses Gertrude Stein
busses

boxes?
 boxes boxing busses
 boxes bussing?
 boxes?
 boxes mobs
 boxes boxing boxes
 boxes.
 boxes.
 busses.
 busses boxing?
 busses

busses
 boxes boxing.
 busses bussing

boxes barisans
 boxes bussing

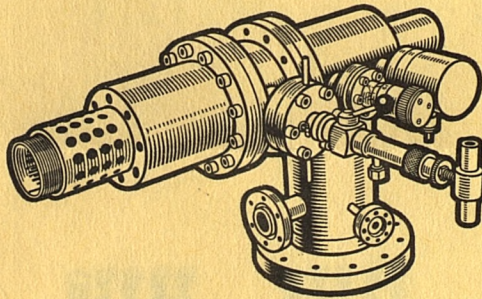
boxes.
 boxes.
 boxes bussing
 boxes bussing
 boxes William Montgomery McGovern
 boxes.
 boxes?
 boxes?
 boxes boxing busses
 busses.
 busses.
 boxes bussing busses
 boxes you
 boxes.
 boxes boxing.
 busses boxing busses
 boxes bussing dogs
 boxes Darwin A. Hindman
 boxes bussing you
 busses bussing?
 boxes?
 boxes?
 busses.
 busses bussing boxes
 busses
 busses Grant Haist
 busses.
 boxes me
 busses
 busses
 busses you
 boxes bussing

Intermedial Object #1

by Dick Higgins

Construct what matches the following description:-

11. Size
Horse = 1, Elephant = 10. Object is at 6.
12. Shape
Shoe = 1, Mushroom = 10. Object is at 7.
13. Function
Food = 1, Chair = 10. Object is at 6.
14. Craftsmanship
Neat = 1, Profundity = 10. Object is at 3,



15. Taste
Lemon = 1, Hardware = 10. Object is at 5.
16. Decoration
Color = 1, Electricity = 10. Object is at 6.
17. Brightness
Sky = 1, Mahogany = 10. Object is at 4.
18. Permanence
Cake = 1, Joy = 10. Object is at 2.
19. Impact
Political = 1, Aesthetic = 10, Humorous = X10. Object is at 8 and is X7 up.

Photographs and movies of resulting objects may be sent to Something Else Press, Inc.,
160 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10010.

New York City
June 10, 1966

Delusions & Tribulations in the Grrayutt Society

by Glue Mama

Meaning Game #1

Worker: Not responsible
Boss: Not responsible
Worker: Not responsible
(Etc., ad lib.)

Meaning Game #2

Grey Flannel Innocent #1: Who, me?
Grey Flannel Innocent #2: Who, me?
Grey Flannel Innocent #1: Who, me?
Grey Flannel Innocent #2: Who, me?
(Etc., ad lib.)

Meaning Game #3

Worker and Boss (together): Crush them. Crush them.
Crush them. (Etc., ad lib., for as long as possible.)

Meaning Game #4

Grey Flannel Innocent #1: I am indispensable.
Grey Flannel Innocent #2: I am indispensable.
Grey Flannel Innocent #1: I am indispensable.
Grey Flannel Innocent #2: I am indispensable.
(Etc., ad lib.)

Meaning Game #5

Boss: I'm a poor man. Doesn't your heart bleed for me?
Worker: I'm a poor man. Doesn't your heart bleed for me?
Boss: I'm a poor man. Doesn't your heart bleed for me?
Worker: I'm a poor man. Doesn't your heart bleed for me?
(Etc., ad lib.)

Meaning Game #6

- Grey Flannel Innocent #1: I am John Herbert Mathews. I am single.
I do my job, which I do not enjoy. I believe in the
community of the Individualist.
- Grey Flannel Innocent #2: I am John Herbert Mathews. I am single.
I do my job, which I do not enjoy. I believe in the
community of the Individualist.
- Grey Flannel Innocent #1: I am John Herbert Mathews. I am single.
I do my job, which I do not enjoy. I believe in the
community of the Individualist.
- Grey Flannel Innocent #2: I am John Herbert Mathews. I am single.
I do my job, which I do not enjoy. I believe in the
community of the Individualist.
- (Etc., ad lib.)

Meaning Game #7

- Worker: Another day, another dollar.
Boss: Another day, another dollar.
Worker: Another day, another dollar.
Boss: Another day, another dollar.
(Etc., ad lib.)

Proem

- Grey Flannel Innocent #1: Ho ho. Ha ha?
Grey Flannel Innocent #2: Ha ha. Ho ho?
Grey Flannel Innocent #1: Ho ho. Ha ha?
Grey Flannel Innocent #2: Ha ha. Ho ho?
(Etc., ad lib.)

Printing Songs

For Alison #1

Choosing some ink, some materials, and some silk screens.
Using them.

For Alison #2

Choosing some ink, some materials, and some silk screens.
Using them wisely.

For Alison #3

Ink. Emulsions. Maybe acetates. Maybe gloves.

For Alison #4

Choosing eight inks. Putting them away and ignoring them deliberately.

For Alison #5

Choosing eight inks. Choosing eight silk screens. Choosing one surface. Printing each silk screen once with each ink onto the surface.

For Alison #6

Printing something eight times on one surface in one color.

For Alison #7

Printing happily for eight minutes, eight hours, or eight days.

For Alison #8

Eight?

For Alison #9

Not printing it completely.

For Alison #10

Washing up, perhaps printing with solvent, perhaps burning the solvent image.

For Alison #11

Printing perhaps everything printable in sight with as many perhaps inks as possible and with at least as many silk screens as possible very perhaps rapidly.

-- December 17th., 1965

WHERE IS VIETNAM

WHERE IS VIETNAM

HERE IS VIETNAM

ERE IS VIETNAM

RE IS VIETNAM

E IS VIETNAM

IS VIETNAM

S VIETNAM

VIETNAM

-- Dick Higgins

New York City, N. Y.

what am ei	me	sumtime
dooing.	with	and hide ur
the	es up	hed fôr the rai
	it catch	n and ei am balanc
	and maybiy	ing and maybiy getting
	ov this page	it rong and the sparsness
neurotic thing		ov a wurde ð the richness ov
		sum thot iz running around insi
		de mei hed and wanting screeming tooe
		cum out ther it goez and the pain
		and maybiy the loozing ov sum
		thing in the transporte and
		ei am calling up mei insur
		ans aigent now tooe
		claim a loss

-- david w harris

toronto, canada

LETTER TO ERIC

Soe long itz been sins ei wrote tooe u and u tooe mee.
Soe long. Shiy had beutiful hair, eric. and her eyez
too. wer blue. And shiy could fuck. and did.

But ei wept
last night, eric, even thoe shiy slept wormly biyside
mee.

Ei guess eim stil calling out f0r luv luv luv. Ei
guess eim stil waiting f0r an answer.

Dere eric, iz Shiy
well?

ESTHETICSTUDY NUMBER ONE

consider

a peanutbutter sandwich
in all its directness
attacking your palate
with undisguised simplicity
single and unpretentious
swallow it

now

switchon
tv

-- david w harris

Locust Song & Wine

Suddenly
it is summer
and we, in our late
twenties, are old

four or five of us out
of the old neighborhood
sit in the shade on my
front porch and drink
Piasano from jelly glasses

out on the sidewalk
under the hot sun
the proud young girls walk by
flashing sleek indolent calves

we talk about women
'You know' Hugh Murphy
says, tilting the gallon
and splashing red wine
into his glass, 'Catholic
girls are the best lovers.
They have that dark sorrow,
and such a profound sense
of original sin.'

Later, after more wine
we talk about baseball.

ROBINS DO NOT COME TO 3RD STREET/but
it is easy to tell when it is spring.

From hot-plate cubicle
of second floor room
the first old man has
appeared in the street

threadbare/old man hat
on and winter overcoat
buttoned up to neck
stands back to brick wall
washed in pale sunlight

thin-lidded eyes half
closed against bright day
head turning slowly
on corded neck like
an ancient turtle
he surveys the familiar street
as if seeing it for first time

drawnskin face/triumphant
having lived through
another winter

later he walks/careful
steps as if the thin
body under his clothes
is bone china
and sits with other
old men on benches
at park front

there to hold quiet
council with each other
smoke and nod in warm sun
and watch the summer plod
by on dusty splayed feet.

-- E. R. Baxter

Niagara Falls, New York

"Route 66 ceases to be at night" ... Willie the road saint

We talked about Kansas
and what road you took
and mostly things neither
of us saw or could have seen.
We were too blind then, too young.
My own roads were longer.
U.S. 35 out of Topeka straight line
almost into El Dorado and night near Walnut
River drunk with two men killed
later in accident near Webster City
Iowa; yes straight roads 54 from
Wichita thru to Okla. I didn't know
my way then. You had gone before and
said the names the numbers and I had
followed. Strange that we shld talk
of Kansas now as if there really were
something to remember there except
two men killed later near Webster City
Iowa and how I didn't know their names.

"No place to think or work
drifting."

Snyder

first late dinner

then walk six miles to
out of town

walking
into car headlights

almost falling on basalt
and limestone chunks

cross over road

hitch-hike -- no ride
sleep under bridge
near stream

awake at

before dawn
car tires
night
sounds

I am not Basho.

a man here forgot
his lunch bucket
and it had to ride
the bus home alone
with an empty thermos
bottle in its one arm.

The telephone
keeps ringing
in my closet
of a head
and if I
can't get
untangled
from all these
damn
coathangers
oldshirts
pants hatboxes
and dusty old books
I'm not going
to be able
to answer it
and somebody
will probably
think I'm doing
something immoral
or else that I am
not really here
at all.

-- D. r. Wagner

Carmichael, California

OFTEN

as if they were statues in a dream,
people left over from some other party;
not tonight's, some other one -- you met them,
yes, partially you met and had meant to meet again.

He'd just published in POETRY and that we nibbled on
as if the idea had been a good one once; frozen,
unfrozen for the evening and somehow lost its flavor.

You try again; how many countless times you try
to pick up where you left off --
a forgotten name of a forgotten dog you'd once adored
as a child of your own dreams of being a child
with a dog you once loved.

-- Robert Leary, Jr.

Storrs, Connecticut

Confrontation With My Face

It bothered me that I could hold
my face out at arms length,
pivot it on one finger
and hear it make excuses for its folly.
An iron mask with class
had been my aim, the glory
of a painted shield, its cross
dragging like a carcass behind.
This face, it said it was too human
and that faces in the future
should be constructed of stronger things.
Perhaps plastic or an aluminum alloy would
enrich this instrument in its future efforts;
a celluloid coating might improve upon
the older flesh models.
Photographs of my younger plumes
might enable science to restore my luster,
said the face with half a face's heart.
No, I said, the fault is not all yours,
the eyes now suspended in mid-air
are much to blame. They did not help
with their insistence on this game.
You're free to go, your homage has been paid,
my indentured parents have been lost,
the ship sails on and I'm no longer
sure you're mine. I'll grow a beard
and carry my eyes in my hands.

-- Robert Leary, Jr.

Reflection in a Cocktail Glass

Do you know of long ago
when love was real
child pure, like white.
Do you yearn of long ago
when green was emerald
water deep, like birth
or
Do you act the host
precisely twist the lemon peel
turn
And wait for everyone to go.

Shooting Star

I saw a shooting star
 (sometime after dark)
I opened the door
and I saw it
underline the last great statement
split the two halves cleanly
leave them yet as one.

Does it matter that jack-o-lanterns
are mutilated pumpkins
or that
Jolly Old St. Nicholas never
touched the coke
or that
Easter eggs
 are only dyed
 and cold.

-- Ruth Chaban

Santa Fe, New Mexico

the new machine

I have a soft spot in my heart
for ancient unwieldy machines
as a child
I kept a player-piano in the basement
as a teenager
I had the only Stanley Steamer in town
for my 21st birthday
I bought a war-surplus ice plant
and they all worked --
the player-piano squeaked and plink-planked
and rusted nervously in our musty cellar --
the Stanley Steamer hissed and steamed
and belched fire at the neighbors
as I bumped and roared down the road --
the surplus ice plant groaned and clanked
with such vigorous ambition, that it melted the ice
as fast as it was made --
the noise and inefficiency
were amusing and entertaining
the machines and I got along fine
in mutual whimsicality

but today I found a new machine
on my doorstep --
a gift from an unknown admirer
a small brush-chrome box

no larger than a portable computer
the only noise it makes is
a soft warning hum, almost a murmur
it looks quite efficient, even deadly
beside it lies a book of instructions
even bigger than the machine
with red-lettered warnings
on every page --

I feel uneasy
for there is no switch to turn it off
not even a dial to control it
I pick up the book, glance at the first page
"It would be dangerous
to attempt to remove this Machine!"
and the second warning reads
"It would be even more dangerous
to attempt to remove yourself!"
I am afraid to read any further

Very Strange Couple

Nick drew a chicken
it had 2 eyes
2 nostrils
all on one side
it slumped in a chair
body all loose and dangling
and it had a navel
the disturbing thing was
it had a navel
dopefiend chicken
dopefiend flapcapped Nick
chicken has a navel
Nick hasn't

-- Aw c'mon man! he sd
when the judge pronounced
sentence
-- Aw c'mon Man! laughing
& crying together, blinking
tears away, his mouth twisting
into a lopsided laugh

but he knew then, that 3rd
time, his -- Aw c'mon man ...
whispered, full of bitter
sudden understanding

Dialogue

Men whose names are great
I must explain
Like you I am human
Being human, I am often weak
Although weak, capable of love
Yet like you, I more often hate

Like you I am quite vain
Kind only when frightened
Thoughtful only when necessary
Humble only in pain

Men whose names are great
I am so much everything
you detest within yourselves
I offer myself as a bad example
for edification of your masses
for crucifixion on your cross of State

Can you do other than accept?

-- William Wantling

Normal, Illinois

baby

baby trots by
on tiptoes
little pig feet
my hairy chin
chin
the fat peach
cheek
of her last
nite
we
gave her rum
to sleep by
fast asleep.

but
trot rite by
on pink pig toes
a grape
her moon full
face
cracks wide
impossible face of
smile.
nice.
her nice is nice.

-- Dave Kelly

Iowa City, Iowa

mirror

facing myself
lathered
razor in hand
i recognize faith

the small animal
behind
the lion.

waitress

i could love you
bending like that

fifteen minutes
while the hamburg fried.

-- Dave Kelly

Down and Out -

We were stealing bread and peanut butter
just to stay on this living kick
for one more day --
my partner and I.

When the man wasn't looking
I'd load my pockets with Armour sandwich spread
and Junior would hit the flat tins
of sardines,
ready-made to tempt big empty pockets.

Once in awhile we'd cop a steak
and eat like hell and rich cats and gorge ourselves
because it's so nice to eat well and make-believe
you're buying the best.

When we really got desperate,
Junior would squeeze the dried-up boobs
of the Salvation Army lady
and when she turned her head to slap him
I would grab a handful of coins from her pot.
On these days we'd eat well --
God bless General William Booth.

"Where are the Images?"

Where are the images?
Where have they gone? And
the vibrant words of make-believe
that drew me up and out of myself
and let me dwell for that silken, breathless
second in the world of the intellect?

Where are the Eliots?
Where are the Pounds and the Yeats?
They've drowned in the watery, unreal world
that they created with god-like pen
and fevered brain.
Life is a word: harsh and often ugly
and bitter to the taste.
Life is the hypo hunting for a collapsed
vein,
and the search for a lost soul,
and living under the threat of ashes that turn
flesh to burnt sores --
and that's where your poetry is now --
how can you make an image out of that.

-- Robert Nelson Moore, Jr.

Normal, Illinois

Homage to Stephen Crane

A man, strangely attired in bright clothes and feathered hat,
Was stopped at the border by a guard who,
Consulting with some others,
Handed him over to the enemy army.

"I am an Imagist poet!"

The man in the bright clothes and feathers shouted.

"I know," said the guard,

"Your costume gives you away."

-- Robert Onopa

Honolulu, Hawaii

Six Red

The grey, the white, the black
bullet headed cars are shooting
past me. Inside the last white
the heads of the two Lilies sway
on their stems in the wind,
jerk back as the car jerks
forward. I zigzag
across the street I brokenfield
run, leap to the pole shadow,
hang on.

Behind me bomb
more cars past where I crossed,
more Lilies spill back and
forward on their white wands,
swaying in the

Storm; Now
horns smack the air,
diesels racket the black crows
(over the field)

The big dying four o'clock
chops the air in sixty sharp sections

six red in a row cars
whack time

Humpback Sleeping

Humpback when you go
go slowly

that olive tree Look
it is you

it goes on & straight as it can
bent around
gravity, like

a creeper-plant around shoots
of the stick-straight lily

You who get no sun in the face

Bentback
you & the tree lie over the ground
aching the skies delicate
straight we

crone

but do not make our bones with like
as crooked canes
closeness to earth

-- Irene Schram

New York, New York

Tight-Rope Walkers

I like to look at those wary tight-rope walkers
At any fair or circus. They teeter and turn.
I like to watch them balance pulls and tensions
With so much carefully nonchalant unconcern.
No doubt that practice must have given them skill.
Or were they born with natural, inner resources
To juggle with various contradictory powers
And reconcile the feud of clashing forces?
Sometimes some of them slip and fall to break
Their bones or worse. Some keep poised like a spell.
I like to watch them balance joys and griefs --
One of those tight-rope walkers I know quite well.

-- Louis Ginsberg

Paterson, New Jersey

the edition of this issue has been limited to 600 numbered copies and this is copy number:

0342

Patrons

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The following bookstores are apparently not interested in honoring their bills -- preferring to maintain their credit with the big publishers at the expense of the little magazines. Wormwood cannot continue to support them: Aspen Bookshop (Aspen, Colorado), Abington Book Shop (Kansas), Artists' Workshop (Detroit), City Lights (San Francisco), Tompkins Square Books (New York), and Trent Book Shop (Nottingham, England).

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Wormwood is a true little magazine and because of this we cannot undertake extensive correspondence and cannot criticize manuscripts. We appreciate all poets enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope with their work. All poems are copyrighted for protection of the poet.

New Mags, Changes & Miscell. Notes:

Haravec (in Spanish and English) \$1/copy fm. Casilla 68, Miraflores, Lima, Peru
Expression Poetry Quarterly, edit.: Michael Bullock, 50¢/issue fm. 56 Carlton Ave., Kenton, Harrow, Middlesex, England

Drainage, edit.: Neil Barrett, \$3/4 issues fm. 21 Watson St., Cambridge, Mass.
Down Here, edit.: Michael Perkins, \$6/4 issues fm. Tompkins Square Press, Ltd. 97 Ave. B, New York, N. Y. 10009

Curt Johnson's December, v. 3, no. 1 is issued as a book: Anaconda: A Novel by Jerry Bumpus, \$2 fm. Box 274, Western Springs, Ill. 60558

Lillabulero, a bargain in fine format, etc. at \$2.75/4 issues fm. P.O. Box 1027 Chapel Hill, N. C. 27514

Mundus Artum, international scope, \$3/yr. fm. Ellis Hall, Box 101, Ohio University, Athens, Ohio 45701

Apple, edit.: David Curry, \$3.50/4 issues fm. Box 2271, Springfield, Ill. 62705

Runcible Spoon, edit.: D. r. Wagner & Barb O'Connell, 35¢/copy fm. 5248 Acorn Way, Carmichael, Calif. 95608

Ezra/ a Mag of Neo-Imagiste Poetry, now fm. Arvind Krishna Mehrotra, Deep Mandap, Agra Road, Mulund, Bombay 80, India -- also issues good Concrete Poetry and the projected Wine & Oil Anthology

Gallery Series One contains J. M. Murphy retrospect, \$1.25 fm. Harper Square Press, 5649 South Harper Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60637

Sorry! Poetmeat stops as a mag with #13 issue, but merges with BB Bks to continue with books and a newsletter, \$2.25 for 3 releases fm. 11 Clematis St., Blackburn, Lancs, England

GrOnk specializes in concrete poems and shares same address as david w harris' mag, Spanish Fleve, at 73 Bernard Ave., Toronto 5, Canada

Human Voice Quarterly now has a chapbook series: Bernice Winters' The Tropic of Mother (\$1); Archie Rosenhouse's Aubade for Eve (\$2); D. V. Smith's 5 Sonnets (50¢); Robert B. Truscott's Sojourn Among Strangers (\$1); Joseph Joel Keith's Backdrops (\$1); Rodney L. Barker's Skirting the Stilled Waters (\$1) -- all fm. Oliviant Press, P.O. Drawer 1409, Homestead, Fla. 33030

Smorgasbrain, edit.: Kay Wood, \$3/12 issues fm. P.O. Box 5612, Cleveland, Ohio

Cronopios, edit.: James Stephens, 138 S. 13th. St., La Crosse, Wisc. 54601 has a subscription rate of \$3/ 4 issues

Hiram Poetry Review, edit.: Hale Chatfield, \$1.50/ yr. fm. P.O. Box 162, Hiram, Ohio 44234

Ronald A. Ham's A Loveliness That Falls, unpriced fm. the goodly co, 724 Minor Kalamazoo, Michigan

Manuscripts Wanted:

Prosework, prose-poems should be sent to Nick Woods, 2 Edison Ave., Hornchurch, Essex, England -- mag provisionally titled Hobble Hobble

New Presses -- Send for Catalogs:

Two windows press, Don Gray, Publisher, P.O. Box 16272, San Francisco, Calif. 94112
Unicorn Press, Kenneth Maytag, Publ.; Alan Brilliant, Direct.; Studio 126, El Paseo, Santa Barbara, California 93101

Black Sparrow Press, P.O. Box 25603, Los Angeles, California 90025

Something Else Press, Inc., 160 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010

Reprints:

Allen Ginsberg's Prose Contribution to the Cuban Revolution, now 50¢ fm. Guerrilla, 4863 John Lodge, Detroit, Michigan 48201

Recommendations:

One of the pivotal books of the 1960-1970 period has been issued -- the tone is absolutely true of the times. The title is A Tribute to Jim Lowell and it can be obtained for \$2 a copy from T. L. Kryss, c/o The Asphodel Book Shop, 306 W. Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44113. The format is very good and the list of contributors covers the present liter'y scene. It is a valuable commentary on art, ethics and the law in our contemporary society -- collectors' item! Since the book is a bargain, send another \$ for the d. a. levy Mimeograph Fund (to keep levy's hands and talent busy) and another \$ to the Lowell-Levy Defense Fund. For a total of \$4 you can help civilize Cleveland!

The highly praised (justifiably so!) and long awaited Christopher Perret Memorial Volume has been released. Only \$3 for a 215 page copy fm. Poesie Vivante, 11 rue Hoffmann, Geneva, CCP12-17579, Switzerland -- 1/3 discount on orders of 3 or more copies. Collectors' item!

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