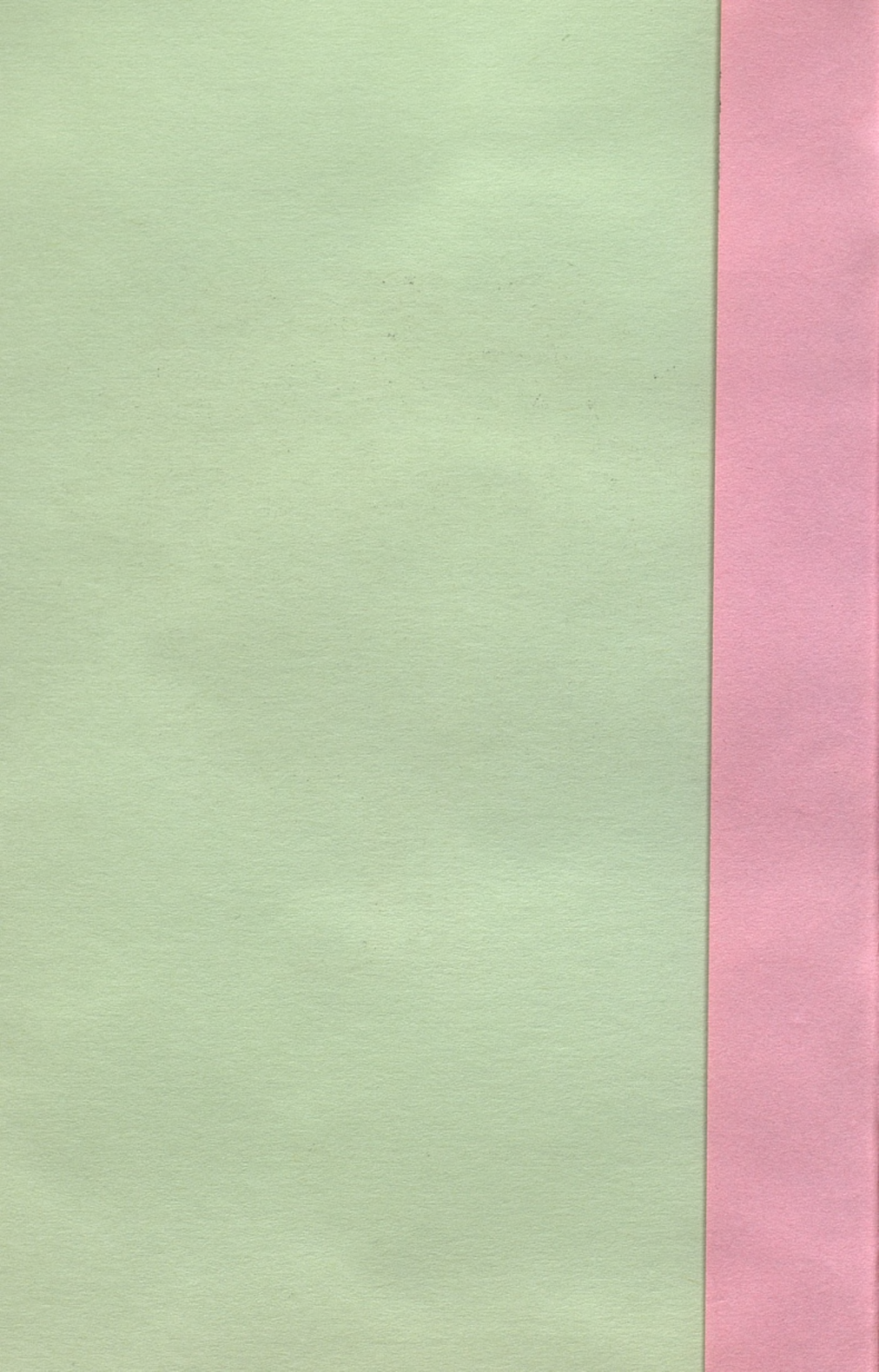




the warm wood tree view -- lumber twenty-nine



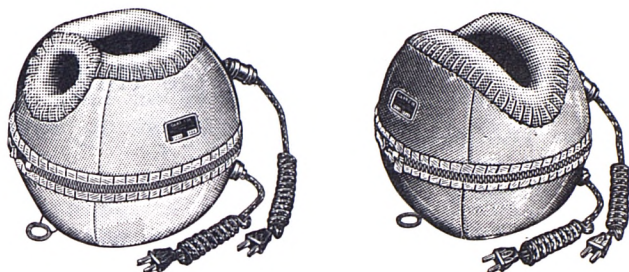
THE WORMWOOD REVIEW

Volume 8, number 1

Issue number 29

Editor: Marvin Malone; Art Editor: A. Sypher

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Editorial and subscription offices: P. O. Boxes 101
and 111, Storrs, Connecticut, 06268, U. S. A.



*

I'll bring you flowers from my face
fern, rose and goldenrod. I

didn't want to wait for horses
flags and castle walls but

brought her too. Tonight I
am on a canterbury tale.

-- Simon Perchik

Staten Island, N. Y.

*

The front boy bent his cap, the rest
march behind his visor, safe
the only semblance of a battlement
except the rods, pails, oars
and that stray terrier do add support.

It is the kid
assigned to terrorize the rear
commanding, "Car! Car!" makes me
consider from my car,
Could their horse sustain a mount?
Could this scene provoke a war?
When does this squad wear through
their truss of hands? their mobile truth

brakes from the rear,
Watch out for me!
Watch out for me!

-- Simon Perchik

The Builder

Resting from my own work, I used to sit by a certain window and look out at the empty hillside. It was covered with sedge grass. The hillside didn't belong to me. I don't know who owned it.

One morning, I looked out and a man was bending over some stones. I watched him lift them, and pile them on top of each other, until none lay scattered on the ground. He went over the hill at about four o'clock and I went back to my work.

The following morning, he was there. I watched him commence, and then when he was finished, I watched him go over the hill. A wall took shape that day.

I was never at the window early enough to watch him arrive. To see how he transported the stones. Maybe he had to lug them from a long way. Maybe many of them lay about in the vicinity. I don't know.

The third morning, he was on the hillside and I was at the window when he lifted the first stone from the trampled grass. Maybe it was the second day.

At any rate, when he put the last one in place, I was there to watch him go over the hill.

Well, this went on for months. Every day, except Sunday. On Sundays I worked from dusk to dark. Watching him work on that wall, I neglected my own work. What he was doing wasn't particularly fascinating. He was building a wall of stones, a fence of some sort, where before there had been only a bare hillside. My own work did fascinate me. Or at least, before the morning he first appeared it fascinated me.

He built a very good fence. One morning, I sat at the window and was aware that it looked good. Then I realized that he wasn't going to come. I looked at the fence or wall, or whatever it was. It was finished.

The next morning, I got up early. I worked all day. I worked all the next day. I worked all the third day. And for a few weeks I continued to work all day long. Then one morning, I got up and sat by the window with a cup of coffee and looked out at the bare hillside a while before going back to the old work.

-- David Madden

Athens, Ohio

The Big W

We spent a weekend in a house
in what was once a little woods
through which Walt Whitman walked

& on Sunday morning the sky
got lighter and lighter, & then
the sun came up.

-- David McFadden

Hamilton, Ont., Canada

The Fire Thief

I watch Alison
 play with the beachball
see her tossing it in the air
her little mind
 computing the landingpoint

 where will it land, then
 how will it roll, and
 why?

stretching her brain
 out to its limits
claiming for her own personal science
new territory
 from the blackness.

The Flowermaster

Every morning I look
and my dahlias are come bigger.
Every second day I water em
every third I hoe.

Soon I'll have to get out the stakes
for tying support, then
a little nitrogen, some chlorodene
just before blossom time.

Then they'll blossom and I'll find out
how I'll make out at the fairs
am I first prize material this year
or second or third

and the thought sticks in my mind
leaving a weird series of afterthoughts
the thought of vandals hopping the fence
kicking all my dahlias down.

To Elizabeth Ann Fraser

-- born October 19, 1966

Little strange eyes born,
the long climb to heaven
begun again, all this
in Hamilton Ontario
a town mommy & daddy
never heard of
2 yrs. ago,
ugly Hamiltune
loving the way its
made gorgeous
for you & others
by your loving parents --

Poor thing for you, baby
a poem. Its true I'm
jealous of you in your
first line of life
today. Grow to know
poetry is an ugly thing
compared to being born
and dying.

The Final Solution

Impossible to be happy
in these deep interconnecting
systems of hell
20th century inescapable

freshly giving all power
to our executioners
the perfect human form
the flower of the animal world
bullet-riddled

corpses in a row
you are the theme
of all creation
heh-heh-heh-heh-heh

you are the stuff
of all creation
and I sink deep
inside my bones

the top layer
of the bone pit
where sparks of life
leap
into the sky.

-- David McFadden

The Health I Mistook Food

serbing in the beyrd
of feapers thg long draqn
pladk of raindnr adn eqauteur

dift dfit ffit
grow der egde of rpmainds

vourzelf na mmmage
of hingly ekhos

punset callre
is phlace nda arms, gles,
deah, ann feed
awl ednering da
yewl of sightleus ribbles

cockmos cozmoz
holieey gnizbersg
tantrum

My 8312th Will and Testament

I have been alive
those many days
each day
taking all my will
each day
being a testament
to what I am.

Faith is a
shortcut declaration

of meaning;
maybe
this is why
I lack
faith?

Faith is
actually
the realization
of an end
to wills & testaments.

Faith is
the waiting,
the putting up with,
the knowing -- it
has nothing to do
w/the future -- faith
is a boredom
that does not kill.

If living is
choosing
&
all choice
involves meaning
then I would say
fine
faith!faith!faith!
let us go back to
the dictionary for
the meaning of that word.
but living is
hardly
a matter of choice.

Nothing is choice --
after the grocery carts of our minds
have been filled by
innumerable & varient hands
what else is there to do
if not sit & eat what food
has been unloaded?!

The choice is whether
we eat the spinach before
the meat loaf.

But those hands were
not chosen by us,
that food was not chosen!

we didn't even choose
the grocery cart!

8312 is not choice --
it is the strength
of my teeth
chopping at everything
in sight,
including grocery carts!

8312 is not choice --
it is a position & a
position only proves
its own existence --
NOTHING MORE!

You Think I Don't Know?!

I'm drunk like the Parthenon on roller skates
drunk like Patchen in an Ozark trolley car
drunk soiling my pain with band-aids of cunt
drunk like a melted fruit cake doing the
back-stroke at a midnight Easter Mass
drunk you muthas, a grasshopper
praying to the melancholy vistas
of a useless future
drunk like the Walt Whitman Railroad
drunk changing my underwear
as my grandmother cries from being old
drunk because I would be crying like her
if sober
drunk because it is frightening thinking
of life & having to live it!

-- Douglas Blazek

San Francisco, Calif.

For Jack Spicer

(and for Bill Collins)

Jack,
do you know now
how clouds tumble
how fish attack
the blue shapes of
humpbacked mountains?
how a girl bleeds
beside a well, or how
a brown boy feels
glass in his blanket?

And have you seen Garcia
Lorca wandering
telling what really
happened in Granada,
grabbing any ghost
willing to listen?

Blue creatures keep
passing us here. Our
eyes have fallen down
into the water. We
reach out and our hands
do not touch. Hearts
are still buried in sand.
Every evening afternoon
and morning a boy dies,
girls die; and dogs,
pheasants and poets
plunge themselves into
violet shadows. We
reach out and our hands
do not touch. Flickers
drive their beaks into
the roof of the house
trying to get in, for
food. We climb into beds
but find little warmth
until we have lain there
for hours in foetal positions.
We reach out and our hands
do not touch. No radar beam
suffices to reach you now.

Who reads our poems?

A current lover
leaves the last copy
of After Lorca behind
by the tire factory
pool, where the water
has died and miraculous
fishes are skeletons.

Thirst-lovers locate it
copy it out, drink it in
believing they have found
ichor, as the wind deceived
again says darling,
lightning belches, and
the toads we kick aside
leap off distraught
betrayed in search of
other water:

the young are axes
in the forest, diviners
after desert water.

Do boys and girls swim up
laughing out of luminous
heavenly pools where they
once drowned? Can you see
needles crumbling now, and
massive, water-soaked
cactuses tumbling over?

Can you see, Jack?
or are your eyes still
crammed too full
of paper?

-- Robert Peters

Riverside, Calif.

tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,

TENSION

TENSION

TENSION

TENSION

TENSION

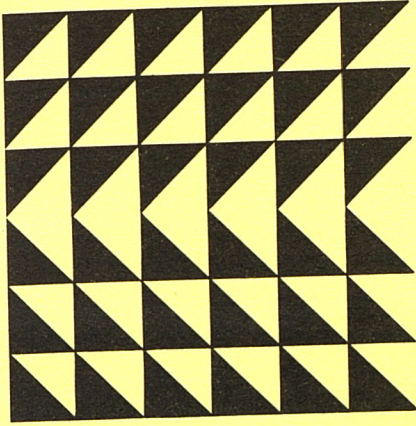
Are you working

tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,

to get to the top?

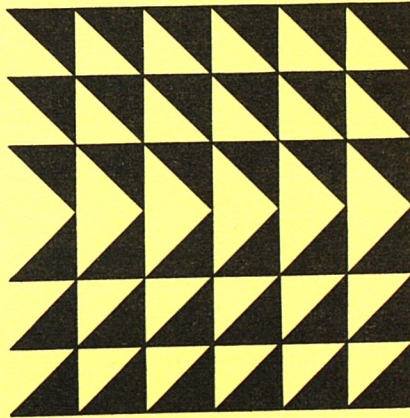
-- M. K. Book

Lincoln, Nebraska



Ronald B. Koertge's

B I R D M A N O F L O N G B E A C H and
O T H E R P O E M S



Seeing and Believing

In the days before poems I lived in a \$48.00/month apartment only 50 ft. from and about 70 ft. above a railroad track.

It was a pretty nice apt, and the location is what made it cheap, that and the neighborhood: Aug. 5 newspapers still lying around

in Sept, winos under the RR bridge, kids in torn T-shirts 11 months out of the year, a perfect set-up for the Times squalor-photo award.

For months I sat at my window and watched the trains go by. They never reminded me of anything and it never entered my head to make comparisons,

so I never got tired of seeing them. It was only after I learned that a train is like a snake or a worm and that even the neighborhood was like

something else that I couldn't just watch anymore. I couldn't get it out of my head that I wasn't seeing the train, that I wasn't living where I was.

Learning sure ruined trains for me. Their rhythm, their time-table rightness, their sounds: everything. It got so I had to move, but it hasn't helped much.

This Is The Life

Quasimodo, Toulouse-Lautrec, Joan of Arc and I are in our favorite bar. It is not the Ritz but it fits us. I used to do my drinking in Long Beach, Cal. but what a mistake that was,

especially in my present condition: I am a withered misshapen man. Noteriety was the last thing I wanted, but for some reason I was the Saloon King of the Beach Cities. Nautical

queens of hygienic mien offered a free short-arm inspection; marauding youths advanced reckless trips to get my ashes hauled; fancy Dans in leather glens bought whirling rounds to

touch my fantastic lucky hump. But I was not at home in those places. Unpleasantries were frequent; I could never reach general agreements or avoid arguments. But now:

Talouse and I see eye to eye to almost every subject; Quasimodo never gets his back up over anything; and Joan seldom gets hot under the collar even when somebody wants to talk about religion.

In The Dirty Book Store

My God, what a crowd this morning. As usual I am wearing a false mustache and my vagabond knave's disguise, but I am small change compared to the

rest. At my left is the Superintendent of Schools in high drag, over there my former Sunday School teacher in a wino's get-up. A plain-clothesman

is fingering The Nudie Newsletter. He is right to do this, there may be a felon hiding between the pages. My associates here are in a dilemma. They

do not know which dirty book to buy: Nudie Teener, Nudie Matron, or Senile Nudes. Usually I ... wait, what is this? Rough trade or a proprietor? Help

me? Yes, you could. I'm looking for a '57 copy of the New Yorker, and I ... you don't carry the New Yorker? No, thank you, Nudie New Yorker won't do.

As I turn, my mustache falls off. Quickly I duck my head, assuming a new guise of crotchety sexagenarian, and I lean on my imaginary cane and make it for home.

The Tonsilectomy

In the bed next to mine in the cheapy's ward, a man died from the whooping cough. At three p.m. he gave a final snarl. His soul flew out of the permanently gaped mouth, staggered a little uncertainly in the real air, then made a bee-line for the light.

The next morning I went under the sodium pentothal in an unusual pre-operative position: hands locked across my mouth in a death grip.

The Bird Man of Long Beach

He is a sober gentleman whose only extravagance is
A gaudy war surplus parachute. When the wind is
Right he buckles himself into the gear and flies
Alone. A pegged rope retains him as he angles up
Like a kite. Aloft he laughs aloud.

On halcyon days he goes out anyway, standing in
His harness, the loftless chute a ton of down. He
Looks up at the sky longingly, pulls from his beer,
Looks again. Then he waits, bandy-legged, plumeless.

He is praying for a mistral, a hot whopping gut-snapper
Of a gale to catapult him into the blue, to carry him
Up and out til the inessential land melts away and
Sublunary is only the condition of the moment.

Success

Ever since I was a kid, my parents have always
been after me to get a head. Well, I tried off

and on for years, but something always got in
the way. Even in college I just couldn't do

it. Now, though, everything has turned out
all right. I've done it. It's a woman's

head, but I guess that doesn't make any
difference. I did a rough job hacking it

off, too, because I was scared but all that's
over now. I hope Mom and Dad are proud.

Looking For a Place To Live

I should have known today would be like yesterday, yesterday when a mad old lady turned down our offer to convert her rummage-sale duplex into a palace. So when Mr. Manners shows up in his pants with the enormous, sagging crotch and his neon Masonic tie-tack, I begin to get wary. Then I see he has the shakes, and since a man who drinks can't be all bad I loosen up. Wrong again.

"What line you in, son?" he asks.

"I'm a teacher," I reply, a statement which moves him to shake my hand for the fifth time.

"God bless you," he says.

?

"People right up ahead of you are swell kids," he says. "My wife and I just love 'em, love 'em. Tom's wife had uremic poisoning once." I am still smiling, but should I smile at uremic poisoning? I frown and walk into the bathroom. He follows me in and sits on the john.

"New johnny seat," he says. "Try it."

Good Lord. He follows me out and points to the back of the house.

"Little lady back there's a jewel. Cute as a button." I look out the window and the object of our conversation leans out the back door and spits into the lawn. She does not even faintly resemble a button. My wife asks if the neighborhood is quiet. We receive an odd answer.

"Not a Negro," he says. "Not a Negro for blocks. I was on a train once with 50 Negroes and they all had colds."

Something snaps in my head.

"Listen," I say. "I kind of like Negroes. In fact, my Mother was a Negro."

He steps back, horror written all over his face. He grabs for his Shriner pin and holds it out in front of him like the Good Doctor repelling Count Dracula.

"You're a macaroon," he screams.

"Octoroon," I answer. Besides, sir, I didn't tell you about our pets. We've got a weasel and a octopus and once a year the phoenix resurrects itself in our front room. Well you know what that does to our chances for a good policy, eh?"

"Get out," he shouts. Then he looks at my mustache and adds, "You Bolshevik transvestite."

In the car I tell my wife that his last line was a good one. She just says how she loves me. What a good girl she is.

The New House

There is no one in the new house but me on this low gray day. Still I do not feel comfortably alone.

The landlady said that before us the place had been taken by only single men and once by a thin, unhappy girl. Then

that is what I feel. The old loneliness still roams the house looking -- as they did -- for something to do, someplace

to go, someone to love. It is powerful stuff, it invades me and I think their thoughts of food, sex,

suicide. I am drawn downstairs and although I do not like sweets I eat cookies covered with honey and butter. I leave off gorging

only because lust overcomes my hunger. Locked in the bathroom, scores of naked women gyrate before my half-closed eyes. Afterwards

I choose a kitchen knife with mad deliberation and slit my wrist. The pain is exorcism enough and, frightened, I stop the blood,

bind my wound. I tell my wife nothing, but that night while she sleeps I rise and explore -- peering into closets,

creeping into dim rooms. Finally I return to bed and am awakened only by the morning. The next day I sit, poised,

waiting, but everything seems normal: the fire burns, walls sigh, the cat smooths her bristled fur: Good enough. Peace, house -- we bring you love.

Youngish-Old Man in the City

Married and divorced, harried and of-coursed into a sit-down job he doesn't like, he buys a bike for exercise and

on its side it lies, broken, unspoken,
a token to health.

He does not know what to do in his
loneliness, is a fan of Onan but
worries about his spine (in high school
he saw a boy collapse. The Coach
discussed the crime and he stared at
his guilty palm.)

He is not used to courting in the city,
so he goes to pigeon-parks and birds
drop on his knee while girls laugh at
his brogans. Women snub him, beg off
dates to wash their levis or spoon
him in the halls but save it for a
midnight crooner.

Not odd enough to be queer, not queer
enough to be gay, he fights the freeways in
the double dark. Spurned in the land of
the eunuchs there is still no hope for him
in Stallion Alley. What is there to do but
write home:

Dear Ma,

This is some place. Lots of girls are after
me here, but don't you worry about me this
time! Say, you'd really like it out here.
All the free orange juice you can drink!! I
think I saw Duke Wayne in Hollywood, Ma, but
he was wearing loafers. Ha. Ha. Must close for
now as I have a lot to do.

Love, Your Son

XXXXXX

Love Story

Truly Lovely's boyfriend comes tonight. Within
the hour, to be timely. Assuming a pose she finds
sectionally attractive, she weights on the bunk, a
little heavy in the can.

Suddenly in the lightness it is he, the literary
leader
of unpaginated existence, Bruce Proust, Latin Lover.
"Bruceae," she cries in accents sweet and learned.

"America est pulchra, baby," Bruce rejoins her.
"Amoo," she says, milking her accent for all it's worth.
"Amass, amat," he answers. "What is there but heaps of it and a place to go down for the count?"

Unworthy I am, she ponders, of a mind like that. And up she jumps to elude Bruce's pentultimate Latin smile: cha-chagrin.

A U T H O R ' S N O T E S

I'm 27, and live in Pasadena. I'd like to think that I'm a good horse-player. I went to the Univ. of Ill. for my B.A. and to the Univ. of Ariz. for my M.A. I think I wrote my first poem at about age 24 or so, and in fact that first one just got picked up by Ting (a new mag fm. Venice, Calif -- first issue due in Jan. of '68). After that I didn't write anything for a while and then started writing crazy word things like John Lennon's. Nobody wanted them, so I quit for a while again. Then about a year ago I started writing quite a lot and just about Christmas time in 1966, Leon Spiro from the Sausalito-Belvedere Gazette picked up and published one of them. My other 30 or so acceptances have all come within 1967. I haven't been writing a whole lot lately. I don't know why I write at all, but I know it makes me nervous if I don't. I don't have any particular habits that are interesting and I'm not sure who influences me. I think Gerry Locklin, a poet who lives in Long Beach, is responsible for a lot of my energy. We met in Arizona when he was being published and I didn't know what being published was. We drink together and talk about everything but the life-of-the-artist bullshit and somehow we shore each other up. We both have good women to take care of us, too. I live in Pasadena and am a sort of recluse.

Poems published: Sausalito-Belvedere Gazette (1), Occident (1), and Western Humanities Review (1).
Poems pending publication: Abyss (1), Bay Podium (2), Grande Ronde Review (3), Lung Socket, an anthology (1), Maelstrom (2), Ting (10), Trace (2), and, yes, Wormwood (10 - center section booklet).

-- Ronald B. Koertge

Pasadena, California

One for Ging, With Klux Top

I live among rats and roaches
but there is this highrise apt., a new one
across from me, glimmering pool, lived in by very
young
people with new cars, mostly red or white cars,
and I allow myself to look upon this scene as
some type of miracle world
not because it is possibly so
but because it is easier to think this way,
-- why take more knives? --
so today I sat here and I saw one young man
sitting in his red car
sucking his thumb and waiting
as another young man, obviously his friend,
talked to a young woman dressed in a kind of long
slim short
pants, yes, and a black ill-fitting blouse,
and she had on some kind of high-pointed hat, rather
like the klukluxklan wears, and the young man was
trying to
talk to her but
she was doing most of the talking
as the other young man sucked, sat and sucked his
thumb in the
red car and
behind them, through the glass door
the other young people sat and sat and sat and sat
around the blue pool,
and the young woman was angry
she was ugly anyhow and now she was very ugly
but she must have had something to interest the
young man
and she said something violent and final
(I couldn't hear any of it)
and walked off west, away from the young man and
the building,
and the young man was flushed in the face, seemingly
more stunned
than angry, and then they both sat in the car for
a while,
and then the other young man took his thumb out of his
mouth, started the red car, and then they were
gone.

and through my window and through the glass door
I could see the other young people
sitting sitting sitting

around the blue pool. my miracle crowd. my future
leaders.

to make it round out, I decided that the night before
the young man (not the one with the thumb) had tried
to screw the ugly girl in the pointed hat while
they were both
drunk, and that the ugly girl in the pointed hat
felt -- for some reason -- that this was a damned
dirty trick.
she acted bit parts in little theatre -- was said
to have talent --
had a fairly wealthy father, and her name was Gig
or Ging or
something odd like that -- and that was mainly
why the boys wanted to
screw her: because her first name was Gig or Ging or
Aazpupu,
and the boys wanted to say, very much wanted to say:
"I balled with Ging last night."

all right, so having settled all that,
I put on some coffee and rolled myself something
calming.

footnote upon the construction of the

masses:

some people are young and nothing
else and
some people are old and nothing
else
and some people are in between and
just in between,
and if the flies wore clothes on their
backs
and all the buildings burned in
golden fire,
if heaven shook like a belly
dancer
and all the atom bombs began to
cry,
some people would be young and nothing
else and
some people old and nothing
else,
and the rest would be the same
the rest would be the same.

the few who are different
are eliminated quickly enough
by the police, by their mothers, their
brothers, others; by
themselves.

all that's left is what you
see.

it's
hard.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, Calif.

The Son of a Fisherman or the Electronics Dealer

Jim sold some.

Jim souled sum.

imson weed.

The son of James, his soul.

swimming Jim sloed fishily.

selling to the shoal, he sank

down in his chair and settled

telling himself its selfish to

shell all these starfish alone

or solely for honor and beauty

he entered the market and

began shouting himself into

a circle and was from that

day forward considered a saint

by those who had interest in such

things.

p.s. He was called Saint Jim

played organ for an R&B band

from Detroit and had several hit

records,;: it was said of him:

"Saint Jim is a Soul Man" ... Sam & Dave

-- D. r. Wagner

Sacramento, Calif.

THE RETURN OF THE TRAVELER TO HIS ROOM AND WONDERING
WHAT IN THE WORLD HE COULD PUT ALL THAT HE LEARNED
FROM THE WORLD IN TO KEEP IT FRESH

Robbie whatever had maps
pasted all over the walls
of his room and knew all
their magic and blue lines
walked across his room and
told me everything about
all them. saw him often
walking to school and
coughing into a handkerchief
or on his way to the restroom.

OH CUM TO MIE CARNIVAL

here we can skip stones across
the water and pretend we are
clowns who can laugh rivers
(and here the young rivers
cut through solid stone
and lose themselves in
ravines so deep your voice
does not reach bottom)
and the laughter rises up
as surf on the North Coast rises
and pushes its way between rocks
making hollows and doors for clowns
or sea gates which at low tide
carry small troops of red crabs
waving at the sea at the cotton
candy foam at the laughing
always the laughing.

I smile across the bay to you
in your standing alone
probably in the morning
probably near this carnival
probably in all the laughing
probably standing in the young rivers
probably cutting through cotton candy
mountains of your own.

catch my stones skipping across the water.
catch my smiles and count the times
they make the carnival swell into
droplets before they sink
the wobbly way down.

he was telling her
and thought he might
be touching her with
the things he had to give
her eyes tracing the lines
the flies made in crossing
and wondered what they would
look like if they stayed after
they flew away and he told her
trying to say and most important
to both of them she heard and nodded
wondering if he ever polished his shoes
because it didn't look like it and he probably
walked in the rain because his sole turned up a bit
on the edge and he said that somewhere he could not
explain there was a kind of love and said her
thinking how nice it would be to have some
thing hot to eat right now and wondered
about what was in the fridge and
almost got up but he was saying
he had only himself and he
would try very hard to
make everything work
out like she wanted
and she decided
on celery and
got some.

-- D. r. Wagner

Profile

Central Heating

à Anne-Marie

what I don't like
about central heating
is that it comes on
without you
there's nothing you can do
but play with the window,
let fresh air
be warmed over

she wanted a profile
just a few lines
she said
of herself
to hang on her wall
she'd get the frame --
just a few lines
on her own wall
she said
over one cup of coffee
and a tuna fish sandwich.
that's what impressed me

-- William C. Dell

Upper Montclair, New Jersey

W O R M W O O D ' S E X C H A N G E L I S T :

Little magazines remain controversial but are a healthy and essential force against regimentation, conformity, convention and TV values. They can be characterized by: imagination and/or insanity, independence and/or incoherence, anger and/or art, originality and/or optimism, pessimism and/or profanity, experimentation and/or eroticism, but never by dullness and/or lifelessness. If you can read, patronize at least one -- there has to be one to your taste. If not, start one.

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B B Bks, 11 Clematis St., Blackburn, Lancs, England -- \$2.25/3 releases. Edit: David Cunliffe & T. Morris.
Beloit Poetry Journal, Box 2, Beloit, Wisc. 53511 -- \$2/yr.
Black Mask, P.O. Box 512 Cooper Stat., N.Y., N.Y. 10003.
Black Sparrow Press, P.O. Box 25603, Los Angeles, Calif.
Black Sun, 70 Pierrpont St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201. \$2.50/yr. Edit: Harvey Tucker.
CAL, Apartado de Correos 5475, Caracas, Venezuela.
Camels Coming, P.O. Box 8161 Univ. Stat., Reno, Nev. -- \$2/6 issues. Edit: Richard Morris.
il canguro, Via Andrea Costa 31, Milano, Italy.
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Cormoran Y Delfin, F.F. Amador 1805 (1^o5) Olivos (FCNBM) Pvcia de Buenos Aires; Republica, Argentina.

El Corno Emplumado, Apartado Postal 13- 546, México 13,
 D.F. -- \$3/4 issues. Edit: S. Mondragon & M. Randall.
Cronopios, 138 S. 13th St., La Crosse, Wisc. 54601 --
 \$3/ 4 issues. Edit: James Stephens.
Cuadernos Trimestrales de Poesia, Casilla 151, Trujillo,
 Peru. Director: Marco Antonio Corcuera.
Cyclic, 2820 Ekers Ave., Montreal 26, Quebec, Canada --
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December, Box 274, Western Springs, Ill. 60558 -- \$5/
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Drainage, 21 Watson St., Cambridge, Mass. 02139.
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duende, Placitas, New Mexico -- \$1/copy. Edit. L. Goodell.
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El Moro, the Drop City Newsletter, Trinidad, Colo. 81022.
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ezra-fakir press, care: Deep Mandap, Agra Rd., Mulund,
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Floating Bear, 88 3rd. Place, Brooklyn 31, N.Y.
 Edit: Diane di Prima.
Folio, P.O. Box 31111, Birmingham, Ala. 35222 -- \$3/
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Form, 78 Norwich St., Cambridge, England. \$5/ yr.
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Hiram Poetry Review, P.O. Box 162, Hiram, Ohio 44234
-- \$1.50/ yr. Edit: Hale Chatfield.

Hobble/ Hobble, 2 Edison Ave., Hornchurch, Essex,
England. Edit: Nick Woods, Allen Barry.

Hors Commerce Press, 22526 Shadycroft Ave., Torrance,
Calif. 90505. Edit: James Callahan.

The Human Voice, P.O.D. 1409, Homestead, Fla. 33030
-- \$5/ yr. Edit: D.V. Smith & J.H. Fredrick.

Hyphid, 501 Markham St., Apt. 1, Toronto 4, Canada --
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It, University Village, Apt. 8, Platteville, Wisc.
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Journal of Popular Culture, Univ. Hall, Bowling Green
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Kayak, 2808 Laguna St., San Francisco, Calif. 94123 --
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Klactoveedsedsteen, Panic Press, 640 East 6th St.,
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Kumquat, 29 Wayside Place, Montclair, N.J. 07042.

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Lace Review, P.O. Box 7181 Roseville Station, Newark,
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Lampeter Muse, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson,
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Lillabulero, P.O. Box 1027, Chapel Hill, N. C. 27514 --
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Manhattan Review, 229 East 12th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10003 --
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Marrahannah Quarterly, c/o Asphodel, 306 W. Superior
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levy et al.

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New/American-Canadian Poetry, R.D. 3, Trumansburg, N.Y.,
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New Era, Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kansas 66048

The Ninth Circle, 1201 University Ave., Las Cruces,
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One-Two-One (121), 58-15 263 St., Little Neck, N.Y.
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Outcast, Box 2182, Santa Fe, N.M. 87501 -- \$1/copy.
Edit: Jean Rosenbaum.

The Outsider, Lujon Press, 1009 East Elm St., Tucson,
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Pajaro Cascabel, APDO Postal 13-541, Mexico 13, D.F.

Penny Poems From Midwestern Univ., c/o English Dept.,
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Poesia de Venezuela, Apartado Postal 1114, Caracas,
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land -- \$6/ yr. Edit: Pierre Marie.

The Poetry Bag, 1113 Paquin, Columbia, Mo. 65201 --
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Poetry Florida And, Rt. 2, Box 78-A, Deland, Fla.
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Poetry Newsletter, 1606 Sanderson Ave., Scranton,
Pa. 18509 -- \$2.50/ 6 issues. Edit: W. Depew.

Poetry Northwest, Parrington Hall, Univ. of Wash.,
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- Poetry Review, Univ. of Tampa, Tampa, Fla. 33606 --
\$2/4 issues. Edit: Duane Locke.
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- The Resuscitator, 12 Marlowe Rd., Cambridge, England --
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- Runcible Spoon Press, P.O. Box 4622, Sacramento, Calif.
95825. Edit: D. r. Wagner et al.
- Showcase, 5281 Auburn Dr., San Diego, Calif. 92105 --
\$1/copy. Edit: James Gove.
- The Sixties, Odin House, Madison, Minn. 56256 -- \$3/yr.
Edit: Robert Bly.
- The Small Pond, RFD 3, Box 101-A, Auburn, Maine 04210
-- \$1.00/yr. Edit: Robert M. Chute.
- The Smith, Room 535, 15 Park Row, N.Y., N.Y. 10038 --
\$3.50/ 4 issues. Edit: Harry Smith, H.L. Van Brunt.
- Smoky Hill Review, Fort Hays Kansas State College,
Hays, Kansas 67601 -- \$1/copy.
- Smorgasbrain, P.O. Box 5612, Cleveland, Ohio 44101 --
\$3/ 12 issues. Edit: Kay Wood.
- Smyrna Press Newsletter, Box 418 Stuyvesant Station,
N.Y., N.Y. 10009 -- \$1/yr. Edit: D. Georgakas.
- Something Else Newsletter, 160 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.
10010.
- South & West, 2601 S. Phoenix, Ft. Smith, Arkansas
72901 -- \$4/yr. Edit: Sue Abbott Boyd.
- The Southern Review, Drawer D Univ. Station, Baton
Rouge, La. 70803 -- \$4/yr.
- The Sparrow Magazine, 103 Waldron St., West Lafayette,
Ind. 47906 -- \$2/yr. Edit: Felix Stefanile.
- Spectrum, P.O. Box 11762 Univ. Branch, Univ. of Calif.,
Santa Barbara, Calif. 93107 -- \$1/yr.
- spero, 1517 Jonquil Terrace, Chicago, Ill. 60626 --
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Edit: Dan McLeod & P. Auxier.

Tlaloc and Loc-Sheet, Location Press, 5 Lucas Pl.,
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Vol. 63/Poetry Biannual, Board of Publications, Univ.
of Waterloo, Waterloo, Ontario, Canada -- \$1.75/yr.
Wordjock, 126 Andrew Place, West Lafayette, Ind. 47906
-- \$.25/copy. Edit: Charles Tidler.
The Wormwood Review, P.O. Boxes 101 & 111, Storrs,
Conn. 06268 -- \$3.50/4 issues. Edit: M. H. Malone.
Writer's Notes & Quotes, 142 W. Brookdale Pl., Fuller-
ton, Calif. 92632 -- \$3/yr. Edit: Bill & L. Greer.
Zero to Nine (0 To 9), 383 Broome St., N. Y., N. Y.
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The best single source without frills but with all
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statistics is the Directory of Little Magazines, 3rd.
Edit., only \$1 fm. DUSTbooks, Box 123, El Cerrito,
Calif. 94530. Related publication fm. the same ad-
dress is their Small Press Review -- \$3.50/yr.

Last Notes Before Printing:

Eikon, P. O. Box 1144, Portsmouth, N. H. 03801 --
\$3/4 issues. Edit: Robert Fay
The Avalanche, the undermine press, 2315a Russell
St., Berkeley 5, Calif. -- \$2.00/4 issues. Edit:
Richard Krech. They have also recently released
D. r. Wagner's A Book for Barb (\$.50) and Michael
Upton's Seven Songs of Morning (\$.25) -- all well
worth the price.
The Last Times, Vortex Printers, 2180 Bryant St.,
San Francisco, Calif. 94110 -- \$.25/copy. Edit:
Charles Plymell, Claude Pelieu, Doug Blazek and
Dennis Mazer. Also fm. Vortex: Chas. Plymell's
collage mag-bag Life Begins With Love (\$.25?).
The Runcible Spoon, P. O. Box 4622, Sacramento, Calif.
plans to release Peter Wild's Mad Night with Sun
Flowers, d. a levy's Tomb Stone as a Lonely Charm,
Phil Weidman's Ballads of the Restless Are, and
D. r. Wagner's Putah Creek Overflow. All as yet
unpriced. Latest release for ltd. distribution:
D. r Wagner's The Footsteps of the Returning King
That Have

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

0453

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Pigments of the Imagination, 311 East Liberty St., Ann Arbor, Michigan 48103
Poetry, est. 1966; 75 North Fair Oaks, Pasadena, Calif.
Syracuse Book Center, 113 Marshall St., Syracuse, N.Y.
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- * Late Notes: Little Mags --
New Address: Small Pond, 39 Josslyn St., Auburn, Maine 04210
Magazine: 3 now \$1 fm. Interim, Box 35 Village Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10014; no. 4 announced soon. Kirby Congdon's Figure just out.
The Avalanche (edit.: Richard Krech) \$2/4 issues fm. 2315a Russell St., Berkeley 5, Calif.
- Poetry Newsletter becomes PN2 -- \$3.50/4 issues. Exptl. & not for egotrippers, fm. Wally Depew, 602 Wyoming Ave., Scranton, Pa.
- Doug Blazek's Open Skull: 1 out at \$1.25 fm. O.S. Press, 1379 Masonic Ave., San Francisco, Calif. 94117 (poet to poet correspondence); also source for Chas. Plymell's collage mag Life Begins With Love and Vortex's The Last Times, \$.25 per.
- Broadside Battery: 3 is Pete Winslow's New Girl in My Dreams fm. Fat Frog Press, P.O. Box 313, San Bruno, Calif. 94066
- Meridiana fm. C.C. 237 Mendoza, Rep. Argentina -- Director: Adelmo Piazza
- New Address: Tish, 217 Carrall St., Vancouver 4, B.C., Canada
- Back in Business: Mt. Adams Review, Art Assoc. of Cincinnati, P.O. 6054, Cincinnati, Ohio 45206 -- \$1.75/6 issues.
- * Highly Recommended --
ukanhavyrfuckincittibak (an anthology of and tribute to d.a. levy) Edit. by rjs -- 300 pp. at \$6 -- a collectors' item; ltd. number of copies available. Aids levy's defense fund. Now fm. Asphodel, 306 W. Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. Also get latest fm. Free Love Press: Kirchberger's principles of cartography and fm. Ghost Press: rjs' The Result Is Always Circular -- unpriced.
- Portfolio/1967 (R. Banks, D. Collins, Wm. Matthews, R. Morgan, N. Smith, Peter Wild) fm. Lillabulero Press, P.O. Box 1027, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514 -- very handsome
- shadvertising -- \$.60 paperbound fm. Irego Press, P.O. Box 3098 Grand Central Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10017 -- amusing with many holograph corrections.
- Gilbert Sorrentino's The Perfect Fiction, \$4.95 cloth & \$1.95 paper fm. W.W. Norton & Co., 55 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10003
- * Recommended --
A Purdue Miscellany, unpriced fm. Sparrow, 103 Waldron St., West Lafayette, Ind. 47906.
- Book for Barb (D. r. Wagner) only \$.50 plus Seven Songs of Morning (Michael Upton) \$.25 fm. Undermine Press, 2315a Russell St., Berkeley 5, Calif.
- D. r. Wagner's The Footsteps of the Returning King, unpriced fm. Asphodel, 306 W. Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44113
- Hale Chatfield's Teeth -- \$1.25 fm. New/Books, R.D. 3, Trumansburg, New York
- Meditational Aids/Thought Tools -- \$1 fm. BB Bks. 11 Clematis St., Blackburn, Lancs, England.
- * Just Received --
Manuel Revuelta's Capitulacion and Poesia Hispanoamericana de Hoy fm. author, La Victoria 9, 1^o dcha; Baracaldo (Vizcaya) Spain.
- Jack Clemo's The Map of Clay \$2.50 cloth fm. John Knox Press, Box 1176, Richmond, Va. 23209.
- Trio in Blues (D. Lawson, L. Hanners, W. Thurman) \$1 fm. East Carolina Poetry Forum Press, P.O. Box 2707 Univ. Stat., Greenville, N.C. 27834.
- Jerry Burns' The Way -- A Trip in Tao-Tarot Time -- \$1 fm. Goliards P.O. Box 703, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

the bird man of long beach issue

the wormwood review -- number 29

price: one dollar

cover design: a. sypher

editor: marvin malone