



THE WARM
WOOLY
REVIEW
NUMBER
THIRTY...





THE WORMWOOD REVIEW

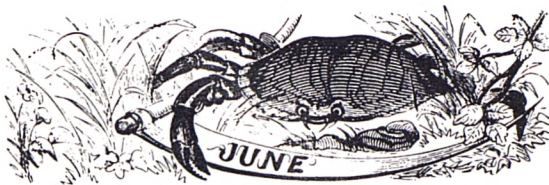
Volume 8, number 2

Issue number 30

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



Grace

You are in the dining car
ordering breakfast; a thin man
enters in a new suit. He sits
across from you. You smile.
He talks about his job, about
his wife. He is shorter than you;
he would tell you anything.
When his tray comes, he reaches
into his vest, produces a pair
of flesh-colored gloves. He puts
the left one on. He puts the right
one on before lifting a fork.
You do not ask a question.

-- Dennis Trudell

Selinsgrove, Pa.

At Dusk

Starved wolves and bears slink away
from large, silent men in goggles,
machine guns lashed to their backs,
who zigzag skiis between still pines
to stare across a northern border
at one another.

While in a country nearer the sun,
the old people of a wine village
walk after supper to a small park
to watch carousal lights go around
and listen to its music and listen
to descendants.

How does any philosopher ever sleep?

The Guest

If one day you are walking along
and suddenly decide to ring the bell
of a lower front flat near the center
of the city, and you do, and a woman
in a paisley housedress answers, asks
what you want and you can't think of
anything to say, just stand there
until finally she smiles, says you
must be Margie's friend and Margie
ain't home yet from whatchacallit,
beauty school, come inside and wait,
and you walk into a coffiny parlor,
nod at a chairbound old crone who
smells like wet carpets, sit paging
Life for May 7, 1963 and listening
to the paisley woman wonder from
the kitchen whether you've ate yet
and enjoy sauerkraut -- and as you
say no you haven't and yes you do,
although you hate it, the door opens
and a girl in white with improbably-
colored hair, gum, and a rather nice
figure comes in, says hi and you say
hi and start to introduce yourself
when you hear the housedress coming,
ask instead to use the bathroom,
follow the shrug and forefinger
into the dining room (nodding at
the paisley on the way), then duck

into the kitchen, out the back door, and into the crowded kitchen across the hall -- whose door happens to be open and where some sort of family reunion or something is under way and a female NCO-type is urging everyone to come in and be seated, and so you follow into the adjoining room, are seated, and start helping yourself from various bowls handed round, meanwhile making small talk with those on each side, a fat man with a cold and a woman who suspects her son has not married wisely, and also joining in the general laughter at the jokes of a horned-rimmed man spilling food at the far end, which proves a mistake because as your head is back in mirth a hard roll smotes you on the shoulder and you can't decide whether it was thrown by the small boy behind the peas or the thirtyish woman with slattern eyes who keeps looking over at you and who either by design or accident slips into the chair on your right when dessert is over and everybody is herded into an ashtrayed parlor to watch slides of the host's recent trip to Columbus, Ohio -- which slides go on and on until you begin losing interest and stick your hand up into the beam of light and start making shadow animal heads while everyone either laughs or whispers "Ssssh" and the host says "Okay, let's knock it off," but you don't and he says it a couple of more times and you hear even the horned-rimmed fellow and the small boy and the woman with slattern eyes join in with "Hey. Enough is enough" and so on, but you keep doing it until the host moves cursing to a wall and turns on the overhead light just as you softly click the front door shut and hurry across the hallway to knock upon its twin.

Going to Pittsburgh

In and between the cities
the go-go girls are bluffing.
They really will not step down
and lie on a corner table.

The men prefer the ones
who look most like coeds.
The men have come there
from factories or softball.

Their eyes do not love
one another's eyes; their
wives or girlfriends are home
changing sheets or channels.

And their in-laws fail to
understand them, their sons
wear faggoty hair -- Something
is hungry; it is not fed.

In and between the cities
the night is ungenerous.
The pizza and hamburgers
are thin; hitchhikers freeze.

The car-hops don't jounce.
The motels are unfriendly;
their neon dims. Their walls
are sick of self-abortions.

Something is hungry; it is
not fed -- In and near cities
the martinis aren't working.
The heads of industry are sad.

Their candidates don't win.
Their alma maters won't let
them re-enroll; their suicide
notes have comma splices.

In and between the cities
the stares of the Negroes
are causing cigarette burns
in beds of the middle class.

The husbands do not know
how to load the small arms
they have bought for summer.
They think often of Sweden.

They think that in rooms
behind drapes in Negro bars
the Navajos learn karate,
and soon they will be right.

Something in and between
the cities is hungry; it is
not fed. This is no season
to learn the names of birds --

It is no time for that.

-- Dennis Trudell

From an Old Dylan Thomas Fan

wander against him
Scuzi.

"It's all right," he says
like the other Dylan
and he motions politely

for the parade to pass.
What a lovable mime
in his bowing,

as those who sing well
often move just right.

I say I see
what you are doing
though they would

pry up flagstones
for your -- ummmm -- "return."

I say I understand
but he says ah ooga and
halloo in his horn and
offs again.

Exiles

She told the paparezzi
of David in the Porfumo.
They ate on the terrace.
Orange skins on the canal festered.
When a rat passed
she never stopped talking
just said oh there's a
rat and knocked ashes
from her candy cigarette.

Ready or Not

Last tabs I said last
tabs.
A game I played
with Death.

The white desk
leaned in the open window.
Near the elbow-leaning
wall the toad stool
on the damp loam
blinks.

Outside
moves the accordion
to ask the river
that geese form
one upside down
what air asks
of screen.

Last tabs.

-- Ellen Tifft

Elmira, New York

Nocturne for Another Night

Voluptuous Evangeline,
who sports an auburn wig,
tells me, with a twisted smile,
it never rains but it bores.

Profile

You,
in your bran new
butterscotch-plaid,
steel goggles and
Florida hair-do,
swinging down the avenue,
all set for
come what may.

You,
in your snub toes,
panty-hose,
and flashing silver heels,
making the psychedelic scene
in the cool,
cool edge of
the evening.

Back Porch

Trading reminiscences,
two ancients rock
away the day

each striving
to his utmost
to outdo the other's boasts.

No Dice

We'd dated
to meet
in a sidewalk cafe
somewhere this side
of nirvana
but somehow
I couldn't remember
her face
nor could she
remember mine.

-- Charles Shaw

New York, New York

fr the Journals

...they run from the Baths,
Roman ruins, with one extant column
or corner -- earthen bricks with no mortar
and a silicate gabbro as base --
in straight lines to the palace. Flat
gardens: most of the sculpture removed from the
pedestals
with the names of their saints chiseled in.
A pool, a fountain, some late rhododendrons.
It is hard to tell,
are the statues gone because it is autumn,
or were they lost. sold?

hit one of their small deer tonight.
coming into my head lights
c. 3 miles west of the village. He danced
some few seconds; his back side white
like our mtn. elk's, on spindly legs.
He ran towards me,
then turned,
danced in the road. His small head
-- without horns -- switching from side to side.
The road is raised,
approaching a bridge. He rose up
just as I hit him.
There was nothing to do....

:kerosene
beans for marcia
more rope, and 1t twine
complete the small file
book(s)
find out where to get whole wheat flour (grain)
The new boots are still stiff.
one of the workers told me the custom -- the method --
to soften.
Using the stuff that he'd get me, spreading it on
them, then
standing them outside the door for a night so the
devil cld use em.

one of the natives was sick;
we took her into Ciudad.
Brian says she will die: they all do.
On buses, when you're tumbled against them, they never
give. They remain
as they are; but their bodies are soft and unchanged.
as if they accept you, yr elbow yr knee. They'll laugh.
Their bodies are hard and mutated, especially the
women.

...whitefish. Far west of Lake Tegid.
Will sleep in an eddy of the kyle
near the south shore, a place I discovered
this morning, escaping the sun.
It is safe: shallow, but far enough from the shore
where the low precipice rises, some trees,
alders and oaks, give it cover.
She is a pike now, I'm sure, or a shark
coming in from the sea.

3rd Day

She came as an otter.
Fast upon midnight; the moonlight
catching her fur and lutrine clawed feet --
my eyes not yet used to the water. Escaped
as a bird, becoming this sparrow.

Heading back for Penllyn, the forests
I knew as a child in Cuereinion
where the towhees and sparrows chatter,
fly in and out of the poplars,
as large as their leaves, and as many.

4th Day

Cerridwen, a hawk.
On the very edge of Llanfair, I hide
in the hollythorn; she hovers over the birches,
searching me out.
I will be a grain on her winnowing floor...
(she will be a black hen

-- John Enright

New York, New York

6 Sixty Second Plays for Actors and/or Puppets

Telephone

(Ushers with key chain flashlights have seated audience in total darkness.)
Spotlight on a telephone booth. After 10 seconds the bell begins to ring. Lights slowly come on revealing a mass of gravestones as far as the eye can see. Gravestones hang down from the ceiling and stick out of the walls of the entire theatre. The entire theatre is brilliantly lit and terribly bright.
At 60 seconds the phone stops ringing and the lights go out.

* The number of plays and the length of the plays may or may not be accurate. Copyright © A. Boyajian, 1967.

Mr. and Mrs. Malthus

Spotlights come on. A MAN opens a pack of Ramses, takes one out and begins blowing it up like a balloon. The WOMAN opens a bottle of pills, takes one out and with a sip of water swallows it. A loud gulping sound is heard. The spot over the WOMAN goes out and comes on again. She repeats the action. Both spots go out and a loud pop of a balloon is heard. The lights quickly go on and the MAN and WOMAN with a hundred kids of all sizes and colors are on stage. These can be photos. At 60 seconds the lights go out.

Opera Box

Seven golden picture frames light up. Inside of each is a vagina. A selection from an opera is heard very loud. (The director, on seeing the vaginas, should decide what selection is appropriate. Everytime there is a new order of vaginas, the director should reconsider his operatic selection.) Lights and music out at 60 seconds.

Kotex

Lights up on a wall of Kotex boxes that reach the ceiling, 45 seconds. Blood pours down over the entire wall of boxes, 15 seconds. Lights quickly out.

Enrico Caruso Plays This Clown, See

Lights on 5 WOMEN and 1 MAN in varying stages of dress. They are enclosed in a set of mirrors. (Music very low of Enrico Caruso. The music grows louder and louder and louder.) They are seated at vanity tables and are applying Mum to their armpits, 55 seconds. (Music full blast.) All the mirrors break. Lights out at 60 sec.

Where's Burt Lancaster?

A trapeze with a LADY on it swings back and forth, left to right. A film of the exact same thing is projected, but from right to left. The center of the stage is lighted, but the edges are in total darkness so that the real LADY and the projected lady

cannot be seen when they swing all the way out. On the 31st second the trapezes swing out and come back without a lady on either trapeze. The real trapeze and projected trapeze swing in smaller and smaller arcs. Lights out at 60 seconds.

The Typist

Lights on. In a fully lit theatre, the sound of a typewriter striking X's for 60 seconds. Lights out.

It's Later Later Than You Think

5 TV screens all going full blast and all on different channels. Next to each set there is a couple. Couple one are in chairs eating. Couple two are on toilet seats. Couple three are in bed making love. Couple four are opening and closing ice boxes (called by some refrigerators). Couple five are brushing their teeth. Lights and TV sets go out at 60 seconds.

Fifty-Five and Five

Lights go on for 55 seconds. Total darkness for 5 seconds. Repeat until audience leaves. If there is no audience, then that's what infinity is.

-- Aram Boyajian

New York, New York

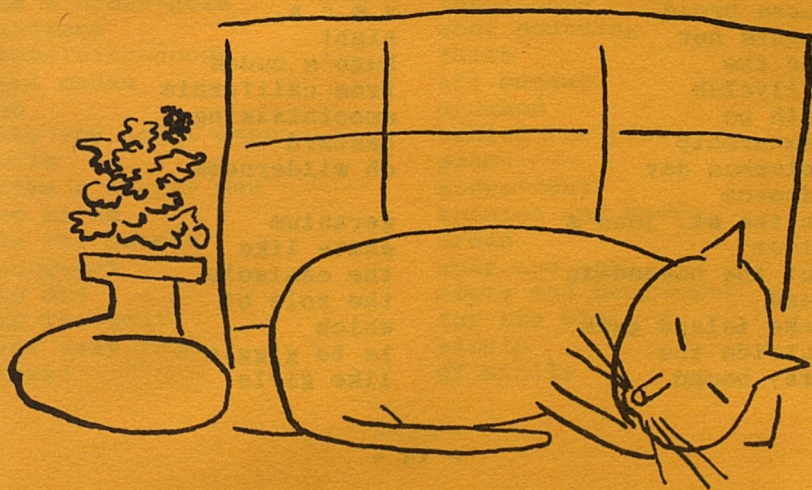
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GERANIUM

BY

CHRISTOPHER PERRET

christa malone



GERANIUM

-- for Tom Lipps,
a peaceful man

geranium
red like
you
buffy
sainte-marie
excuse me
for
plucking you
from the sea
like this
freedom
now
winding its
way
through factories
blood red
rivers
later
land of the
cacique
and the shorter
seminole
the wasp-like
oriole
america
in the everglades
for the striking
lightening-bolt
where bread
counts not
for the
billyclub
with no
membership
columbus day
minorca
on the st. john's
river
but the bashed-in
head
wake island guam
outside the
grey hound

bus-station door
glass lights
in washington
d. c.
2 am boy
boy-man fourteen
wide-eyed
asleep
afraid
pout-faced
tears in my
heart
clenched boy-man
fist
the victory farm
camp
left behind
across the wide
chesapeake bay
and long slim
busses
bursting slow-
motion
into the truck-
farm
flat-cars
blood
blood on the
highway
and the broken
whiskey bottle
in a man's
hip-pocket
black
y.m.c.a.
night
hugo's nudes
from california
smoothtalking
bastard
oh wilderness

geranium
white like
the camisole
the role of
which
is to giggle
like girls

over footprints
of muddy
knowledge
dragging chains
through backyard
knifings
deep into death
why weep?
why ask questions?
why answer
hands lifting clean
lifting clean linen
from the pile?
mrs. murphy's
tuesday laundry
moral of drunken
judgements
silencing the grave
with a hurtling
brick
through the gravel
missed!
raising new sites
of glass-eyed
buildings
deaf to the
cries of
of the street
below
blind to the
lies
stripped bare
the aspidistra
old man
in a brown-gold
uniform
revolving-doors
yes madam
no
why you don't even
talk
like a nigger man
no ma'am
in the sheets
hung-out
to dry
in the soot
get away from
here!

this is a
respectable
death
to the children
rickety with
catalepsis
six-stories down
into the
neighborhood
limbo
yes sir
cock-roaches scum
red communism
no
I was in the
navy
grey-skinned and
naked
summertime
skip
st. patrick's
day
and the schools
of bloated
carp
up-river
east to the
hudson
scavengers uptown
to the zionist
coalyards
up the harlem
river
on the back of a
loan-shark
what pounding
faith
all sunday
drummed
behind the pink-
green
storefront?
spanish and brown
dread
spic and span
empty the beer-cans
for the black
virgin
of sicily

guineas and fig-
trees
for all yesterdays
back home
back home
back home
never more to naples
angelo
the clanking of
cranes
and liberty
cracked
flibbertigibbet
of ~~roses~~ downtown
with a shoulder
full of furs
into thumbnails
doughnuts
into swallowtails
nedicks
into
plastic pails
and fists
of beaten flounder
barking in the
fulton fish market
its unleavened
promise
from the bunds
of new jersey
through the
holland tunnel
of brother
forever
uphill
push the stone
syphilis
by the sweat
of your foreskin
and breath
of the tonsure
and bursting
of the illuminated
manuscripts
of the cloisters
of your schnabel
and brow
geranium

pink like
sunset
of the congo
flying into
winter
on the balsa wood
wings
of the shoeless
dervish
blackfoot and
stork
and the plastic
bomb
and you
flamingo
graceful bird
all rainbow
and turning from
bayou
wreck of the oil-
rig barge
banana
magnolia
into my only
yesterday
thank you for
nights
without moon
on the knifeblades
of decatur street
past the
french market
I have wandered
through
eugene o'neil
into chinese lanterns
of illusion and
spice
my norwegian bourbon
street wife
yellow-haired
slanteyed of
lapland
my forgotten victrola
soft-hipped
sounds of afro-cuba
songs of the yoruba
waiting on tables
on the gulf

yawning
from honduras
by the light
of spanish fly
in the shuffling
slipper-floors
of the mexican
tacos enchiladas
between draughts
from the candlelight
taps of the
brothers laffite
I wandered
through
cajun
and the cotton-carrying
railroads
of the middle-south
from federal warehouse
to fire
by the tank-town
station tin-roofed
shacks
in the dusty sun
of noon
I wandered

geranium
streaked with red
like anarchy
black
with blood
congealed

geranium of the tatra
red
and white
and pink
in the green windowbox
of the whitewashed house

geranium cut into
carnival ribbons
geranium conga
geranium samba
geranium specking the
sky
over water
black with fires

golden with the pipe-like
barracuda
tin-like with the steel-
band oil drum
geranium still with the
knowledge of death
inextricable
oh water
oh earth and sky
oh fire on the mountains
of the romero

geranium
red white pink
like silver
hair
plucked on
banjos
of catgut love
tucked round the
corpses
of the old
women
widows who have died
unshaved
unashamed
their children given
to the millstone
and the bayonet
for chewing-tobacco
spat into the
open wound
festered from the
centuries
of deprivation
on land and on sea
free-man and slave
to coffee
and gold
diamond
and sugar-cane
drunk from the
shoots
to the god of the
dried twig
and strangling
grass
bread from the indian
corn

molasses from
skin
black as the thief's
heart burnt
on a spit
on the roasting fire
oh lord
hanging from a tree
like me
blown by the wind
of the caribees
breeding the pollen
of a soul
sewn on armbands
crossed-arms
cross of lorraine
lions full-grown
crucified
in lybia
on a hill
against the sunset
salambo
as an ugly threat
their tawny manes
blowing on the wind
of calvary
stitched into
medals
virgin mary
made of felt
oh sacred heart
kyrie eleison
for the curled-up
shoes
one
following another
around the world
humphry bogart
circle of
plenty
and a fathomless
heart
joseph conrad
korzeniowski
but when? and where?
the iron sea
the eyes upturned
of the darkskinned
pilgrim

oh where? and when?
for the many
expendable
has it changed?
since the beginning?
this multitude of
sins
unrequited
is there justice
for the many
can the few ever
know
what veil blackens
their eyes
layer upon layer
millenium upon
millenium
from the bright
colors
of a heaven without
name
or religion
or selection
or precondition
or place
or time
whether here and
now
or elsewhere
behind another mountain
of another life
in another skin
of another mortal
thing?
forever
loincloth
message
misunderstood
purged
always in the blood
of a man
once god
love always
pride of the
christian
an ugly curse
mahatma
peace
had cupped

for the handful of
rice
mahatma
jesus of galilee
gave birth to the
heathen kiss
money
money
money
for the giver in
purgatory
who owns the life
and soul
of the receiver
cracked
on its cradle of
straw
for the ass to
champ
for the ox to
trample into
a wilderness of
untended fields
the men have gone
to war
oh lord
the women are left
to weep
for memory pressed
between the pages
of a book
lying on a table
by the cold cold
bed
of the missing
achilles
ulysses
smoking potato leaves
in the trenches
stinking of lucre
in the rising stock
of the exchange
at least one life
times all
those punctured
helmets
away
rolling back with
the changing

seasons
over the hill's
roundabout
of yesterdays
I lose my footing
on the scaffoldings of
tomorrow
loosed like a
ravenous
wolf
into the shopkeeper's
schoolboy's
conscript's
everyday
oh yes
I remember you
and you
and the dust collected
on my feet
and the leaf grown from
my hand
and the flower which was
my face
and the freedom so
naturally
burst from my soul
one day
not long ago
when whipped
I sat dry-eyed
in herod's cellars
and watched the
rat
scratching for grain
among the chaff
between the flags
of the dungeon
floor
martin luther
king
walks through the
streets
the blackfaced
minstrels
as roman soldiers
play dice
waiting their turn
caddies at the
country club

for dead solicitors
bankers
bishops
and generals
the green is soft
with its eighteen
holes
and the pastures
green
stand beyond the pale
and doff their hats
and grin
with not unhappy
ignorance
of milk and honey
which flows across
the jordan
for all who know
and can believe
in songs of plenty
for all
who toil
and sleep their
toil.
in dreams of
soil
grown ripe with
happiness
for all
filling the bucket
with spools of
tears
wrung from quenched
fears
for what is done
cannot be
undone
by added cares
of the old
and the young

geranium
blue like
unabashed gloom
lizards
a moment
in the sun
mosquitoes thriving
in the stagnant

water
of a broken
jar
and schools of
phantoms
screaming a thousand
languages
of angry longing
for armies of
naked women
bearing arms
spiked from their
wombs
feeding the monster
from a hacked-off
breast
and herring
waiting for wars
patiently
in tins
so that the seas
will be theirs again
and pilchards
mackerel
and cod
feeling much the
same
awaiting the end
of the day
when sunsets are
gay and rhymed
once more
through the window-
panes
glittering
on the empty plates
and the steaming
tureens
of soup green
with large turtles
speared
from the ocean's
mouth
washing certain islands
off the coast of
chile
where a one-legged
weather-man
dies all alone

by a busted
transmitter
an ax stuck in the
wall
holding an empty
gin bottle
and stroking the
half-wild
cat
murmuring
to the fathers chewed
by machines
and yet unborn
to the trodden generations
pickled and sliced
to their unborn
sons
in the jewish graves
burned on the hindu
pyres
unmarked
in the christian
plots
dizzy with crosses
so many
marking unknown borders
through the wild grass
of
when-will-it-end
flapping the air
with the leather wings
of flattened wind-
mills
oh knight sad night
oh proverbiose squire
smiling
your bygone messages
of a wisdom
unheeded
in the parking-lots
of caracas
in the magnificent
architectural wonders
of brasilia
in the spring-flowered
ocean of the
ukraine
in the gutted churches
of the marne

in the sweat-shops
of chicago
in the catacombs of
new york
through the graveyard
cities
of old india
through the blueclad
farmlands
of new china
through your own
bonelike
la mancha
clicking round the wheel
of the casinos
lapping the hulls
of sleeping yachts
empty with the frenetic
day
dull with the lapwing
nights
of picadilly
times square
via veneto
and place pigalle
die!
die!
die!
is the cry
for tomorrow there is
danger
you may live
in the mountain
and on the sea
and caught up in the
opening sky

geranium
golden like
the sun
why don't you
blush
with the thorn
pricking
your breast
motive is crazy
like
the locomotive
but steam will bust

the lid
like a gigantic
roman-candle
from the heady brew
and all will spill
oh world
and all will spill

November 27, 1965

-- Christopher Perret

Deya, Mallorca

3 dec 67

... With this note you'll find a copy of Christopher's poem G E R A N I U M.... As you can see from the date of composition, it is one of the last things CP wrote and very probably his last long poem.... Chris had for sometime been experimenting with short line forms (so had I and we discussed it off and on) that would follow the breaks and pauses of the declaiming voice. And he had been feeling his way towards a deeper larger human statement (which unfortunately turned out to be a final utterance!). I feel that this integration of new form and new voice takes place in G E R A N I U M. He would no doubt have done some revising (he always did), if only that natural period of waiting that confirms that there's nothing to change -- but we'll never know now what changes he might have made.... Life like death is no respecter of persons!

Tom Lipps (of the dedication), who was very close to Chris the last weeks of his life and was the first person to whom the poem was shown and read, made copies of it, shortly after Christopher's death, in Mati's house on that Deya cliff on Christopher's own typewriter. My last contact with Tom was about a year ago. He has since completely disappeared -- a very Lipps thing to do! He had given me a copy and I showed it to the Poésie Vivante people when I saw them in Paris. They were very enthusiastic and wanted to include it in the

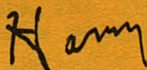
Memorial, but there wasn't enough space left and it was too late to redesign the book....

16 dec 67

... It would be so very appropriate that the poem come out in Wormwood, as CP so often appeared there and was exceptionally fond of Wormwood.... Your readers are well acquainted with him. And to know that G E R A N I U M would thus be permanently preserved in all major libraries in the English speaking countries is a most satisfying thought....

Regarding an introduction to the poem. If it is possible to contact Tom Lipps, he might have something valuable to contribute.... He was perhaps the only person Chris read the poem aloud to and the person he spoke to the most about the poem and its sources. Tom gave me a few brief indications. It seems Christopher wrote the entire poem at one sitting, probably through one long night of inspiration. He read it to Tom early the next morning. The beginning is autobiographical, every detail referring to the exact events and impressions of a certain moment and place. The opening lines invoke a folk (and blues?) singer Buffy Sainte-Marie (unknown to me). The police "bash" in the head of a drunken war veteran in front of a greyhound bus station. This brutal act is witnessed by the 14 year old CP who is in transit (returning home?). This must have happened in 1944.... He discussed many other details with Tom, explaining personal allusions and movements of thought and image deriving from particular incidents in his life. But -- how to find Tom Lipps?! I will try through Anne Hedley and David Allen -- except for these two contacts, I've no idea where to look....

All the best!



Harry Bell

Copenhagen, Denmark



C peret

l i t t l e l o r d d e a t h

no it wasn't tom lipps
it was little
lord death
himself
hiding behind the
door

i was careful to
take a bright light
in hand and
a sharp
knife

before
i opened
to
his
incessant
knocking

E S V I V E *

dawn
aries looking at the sea
his sea because it is bitter
he holds it in his hands and
eats both ends of it

gold clock with a red face
beside the bed to remind me
that hours are approaching

looking through glass
at the flaming cribs
in the maternity ward

there's a high wind
on my totem pole
blowing across morning
toward

darkness

spiders work the night
in cold black depths of space
weaving a luminous poison

* The Ibiza name of an old water trap in the sea where netted fish were imprisoned alive, and on the same site, bearing the same name, a present day outlying district of Ibiza City where this poem was written in 1963.

buy me a pen mother
you wouldn't let me play
and now i'm too old
to run through the streets
looking for sticks

your cunt is the typewriter
of my soul
my finger tips touch the keys
to write of holy states

the latch broke in my hand
i left the door thinking of
old men and nursing
a broken finger nail

harriet k. i take thee now
to be my awfully wedded wife
 oh no i don't!
but want you only
in my enraged being
hurtling to doom
 hold me now a little that
seeking lips may meet

a mouthful of mud
a glass of water
and you screaming in my wilderness

daffy little dog doodle
makes green bottles laugh
in the cellar of her hand

any flower petals today
given good god
after easter eggs are broken
leaving colors to die
on dirty hands

panty
flower
painting
poem
chocolates

dry throated swallow
her hurt lips finger-tipped
while the baby cries
and from the floor
the cat looks up

burned her candle stick
like a codpiece smouldering
 he dreaming
of "only a woman's hair"
swift stella! where is love?

GONE

in your empty house
in the dust of a thousand footsteps
my cigarette butt glows -- dying
my love has a big house
where she sleeps in a little room
behind a locked door
 i sleep by the fireplace
with the other dogs

like the spider waiting in the web
like the wasp --
her nest

the tranquilizer on the floor
on edge
if the wind blows hard will roll
roll
accumulating dust like a white wheel

that fist rammed through the wall
is it yours?
 no sly grins!
and be careful of the
plaster and the lathing
the landlord
is a sensitive man!

screaming hinges
writing letters in the wind
the sun outside roaring on the rocks
the taste of last night in my mouth

shut all the drawers
cork all the bottles
turn off the taps
and screw your imagination
to the bed

belt buckle bent
broken fly
spots on pants
that'll never dry

walking up and down
in ibiza town
with a s t i c k
flaming in his teeth
like mighty god
 a little man from far away
has come to flirt with death
 and play
the horn and walk the hills
and drink the sea down to its rills

four a.m.
engine throb
taxi?
to where?

tying your shoe
i fainted into the crotch
of your beauty
thighs subtle roundness
holding doom

with bits of bone
and rusty wire
i'll make a box
for my desire
 oh space oh flames
oh hook of time

i salute you old friend!
death be with you till we meet again!
yellow urine in your yellow cup
skol with the skull if your head be gone!

how does he move to enter night
how does he go into death
 blood birds wind owls
raising stones against the tide
let him plunge into the silent waters

burning stones
beat dark space
crying death
in air's black face

PLAGUE

a prodigious number in itself
add no reasons
you don't have to believe
 thousands died a week
courage failed those bearing dead
and the city was peopled
with terror and confusion

T h a n k Y o u M r s . D e a t h

i saw a
woman
of such
proportions
that
she
could
suckle
all the
children
of
vietnam

no
greater breasts
has any
man

-- Harry Bell

Copenhagen, Denmark

My Guardian Angel

by Günter Grass

He pours me out:
the baby with the bath.

I don't like to jump:
Whoever jumps falls into favor.

No matter how much I resist,
he calibrates the scales.

If I want to go with my aunt,
he protects my niece.

If I break windows to bits,
he deals in putty.

And if I get lost,
my finder is right there beside me.

Song of the Bread in the Oven

by Günter Grass

Bread,
where does the bread stop
where does the cake begin?

And that baker
who is white and dyspeptic
made us with his fingers.

And that baker
who lost his hair to the meal worm
took us on wooden paddles.

And that baker
who had made us with his fingers
stayed outside with his fingers.

And that baker
who stayed outside
had some dough under his thumbnail.

And that baker
who did not like to eat bread
thought that he was baking bread.

But we are not bread.
We are stones
which fall through you.

And that baker
whom we nourish
smiles -- Why?

-- translated by Alexander
Taylor and Adeline Theis

Storrs, Connecticut

No Hole in the Sky

coming through the doorway
a lump of cancer along the inside of his left leg
he wore a green silk shirt
old-fashioned black and white shoes
the hair clipped all over his head but
the face needing a shave
wrinkled yellow pants
dark shades
he gave the note to the teller

who was female
went crazy and screamed
he hit her across the face with the gunbutt
reached for a handful of twenties from the drawer
and turned in time to get the uniformed guard
a fat guy, very big butt, grew roses, name:
Rossard.
Rossard went down on the big fat butt
a very beautiful red coming out on his shirt like
roses.

the bandit started running
crouched, rather half-sideways
toward the door
looking for somebody to shoot
looking for a hole in the sky
to climb out of
there.
the people seemed to fit into the walls
and he made it outside
still running half-bent
and then the squad car came from the other way
he saw it
and ran up an alley.
the 2 cops jumped right out and also ran up the
alley.
then you heard shots
very loud in that dark alley
between downtown buildings (the violence and gamble
and anger of all men screaming) (then it was quiet)
(you thought of bread baking
in some clean kitchen)
when the ambulance came
they carried out one cop
put him in first
then carried out the bandit in cuffs
very white and bleeding, they put him in the
same ambulance, and the other cop who was standing
waiting
holding his wrist where he had been shot
the red coming through the white wrapping
he fainted
and then they put him in and
drove off
and the people stood talking and talking and
talking.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, California

Fourth of July in Connecticut: 1968

MADE IN JAPAN

6 Pieces.

Magic Snakes--light
at end--will form
into a large Snake--
will not bite.



MAGIC SNAKES

GUARANTEED NOT TO
CONTAIN ANY POISON.
MAGIC SNAKES

The Pellets
should be
ignited only
on a non-
combustible
surface and
away from
combustible
materials.

-- M. K. Book

Lincoln, Nebr.

The Great American Hair Fetish

1. The Proposition

Boys' hair is too long
and girls' too short.
As with cats, you have to look
between their legs to tell.
This isn't good.

2. The High School Principal's Bad Dream

On Monday every pupil
comes in bald. On Tuesday
they all come in drag.
Wednesday, they don't show up
at all. Thursday the football team
is pregnant all but one.
Friday the girls come in
in miniskirts and don't wear
underwear; they've shaved
their pubic hair.
On Saturday his wife breaks out
with acne and on Sunday they despair.

3. Alarmed, the Townspeople Act

Barbers lower their rates
but only parents come.
Something must be done.
The town must be remade
a decent place to live.
Everyone under twenty-one
is shaved smooth as an egg.
The principal has this funny
feeling: *deja vu*.
No force is used that isn't
justified in isolated
instances: resisting arrest.

4. Exorcism

O may this house be safe
from dope fiends & their peer groups,
from activists & pacifists,
from bodily & mental illness
& clammy adolescent sex.

5. The Aftermath

Supermarket managers and
pharmacists become the first
civil libertarians: their
shelves are clogged with Brecht,
Vitalis, Brylcream, Head & Shoulders
and the rest. Vending machines
in gas stations' mens' rooms
continue to dispense
2-for-a-quarter prophylactics
(for the prevention of disease
only) at a brisk pace
but haven't moved a comb in weeks.
Perhaps we were too hasty,
some are willing to suggest
the barbers raise their prices back.
The town relents. It's May
and warming up. The kids have
itchy growing hair but still come
home too late. The parents don't
protest too much: they're digging in
for another long hot summer.

-- William Matthews

Aurora, New York

Reply to an Academic Dean

Dear Mr. Pinsker,

Saw your poem in College English and
I enjoyed it very much. Hope to see
more of them soon.

Sincerely,
Kenneth O'Brien, Dean

So you'd like to see more of them soon...
But do you think words spill on paper like concrete
And harden quickly into poetic canons?
(Good, I admit, for holding up administrations
Or, in your case, blowing up a college reputation.)
Sitting safely on your deanship
(Keeping up with the contributor's notes)
It must look easy to write more.
But, to be honest, it's more like blood
And every line that oozes out has its price.
(I wonder if you are willing to go yours?)
Perhaps we could both stand a transfusion --
Each, in his way, putting the essentials back in
circulation.
Hope to see more of you soon.

Marketing Among the Pennsylvania Dutch

Strange to sit among these black-garbed citizens,
Their hats resting squarely on unkept curls
Limp from going it alone too long.
At first I thought they were hassidim,
Confused in the subways and not long out of
Brownsville --
Searching the grounds again for the right hole.
But later I realized men and land were the same;
A race of Pennsylvania Dutch running
The tourist boom from Lancaster to Downingtown.
They hang out in town squares on market day,
Their women trailing skirts over the cobbled stones
Wicker baskets filled with week-end eggs
And bonnets that point everything straight ahead.
Strange to move among the leeks and tomatoes,
Among the hex signs that shout out fertility
As I finger the cheese and move on
Wondering what keeps this people from falling off
As they pack up their buggies, collapse the stands,
Turn the posters inside out and head toward home.

-- Sanford Pinsker

Lancaster, Pa.

At the Hour of the Daily Reckoning

-- to Charles Bukowski

Because you didn't
you haven't
oaks, burning leaves,
long doorways of open snow,
but
a cracked sun,
empty bottles,
a palm as brittle as old
newspapers,
no place to hide.

-- Hugh Fox

East Lansing, Mich.

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

0222

P A T R O N S

William H. C. Newberry
Donald R. Peterson
U. Grant Roman

Dr. Marvin Sukov
Ellen S. Tifft
Claudia Winski

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The regular subscription rate to Wormwood is \$3.50 to individuals and \$4.00 to institutions for four issues released at irregular intervals within the period of a year's time. Single copies at \$1 per will be postpaid anywhere in the world. Patrons' subscriptions are \$6 for four signed (yellow-pages) issues. Copies of issues #11-29 are still available at a rate of \$3.50 per 4 copies.

Little Mag Notes:

Agenzia:3 is "Paris -- Mai" -- excellent document fm. Jochen Gerz, 25 rue Vandamme, Paris 14e, France

Poesie Vivante (11 rue Hoffmann, 1202 Geneva, Switzerland) expands with #25/26 to a 144 page format in 20 languages, with numerous holographic-iconographic documents (\$2)

Ghost Dance, edit. Hugh Fox, a new international quarterly of exptl. poetry. \$2.50/yr. or \$.75/copy fm. Dept. American Thought & Language, Michigan State Univ., East Lansing, Mich. 48823

Seared Eye: 1 now released, the first of 6 issues; \$6 for all fm. Grande Ronde Press, 1901 F St., Sacramento, Calif. 95814 -- poetry submissions by invitation only -- when completed hopes to be a complete anthology of the current scene. Grande Ronde Review continues fm. same address: \$5/yr. or \$.75/copy.

Gnosis, soon released fm. 372 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11217

Imago:9 is David McFadden's The Saladmaker, only \$.60 fm. George Bowering, c/o English Dept., Sir George Williams Univ., Montreal 25, Quebec, Canada

cuervo international, multilingual, vanguard poetry, edit. Dukardo Hinestrosa, P.O. Box 27645, Hollywood, Calif. 90027 \$.50/copy, \$5/yr.

Isinglass Review wants mms., c/o Fred Bonnie, South Hero, Vermont 05486 \$.35/copy

South Florida Poetry Journal also wants mms. -- FAH 265, University of S. Florida, Tampa, Florida 33620 \$1/copy

Talon comes fm. 5619 Dunbar St., Vancouver 13, B.C., Canada \$2/4 issues -- also plans see/hear, a recorded "mag" of contemporary sound, scheduled for Sept. 1968

Cheshire Magazine \$1/copy fm. Univ. of Wisconsin, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201 -- summer issue: Portfolio of Wisconsin Poets

H. L. Van Brunt's Uncertainties has been issued as #9 of The Smith \$2.25 (soft) or \$4.50 (hard bound) fm. Rm. 535, 15 Park Row, New York, N.Y. 10038

Latest fm. East Carolina Poetry Forum, Univ. Stat. P.O. Box 2707, Greenville, N.C. 27834: Trio in Bronze (Carol Hallman, Michael Posey, Carol Honeycutt), Trio in Scarlet (Robt. Chetkin, Marie Matthews, Juanita Tobin), Trio in Gold (Chas. Wiley, Barbara Knott, Whitney Hadden) \$1/each

The Willie wants stories, poems, journals, experiences, and back country road visions of hitch-hiking -- send to Manic Press, 120 Siena, Long Beach, Calif. 90803

Outlet (edit. Wayne Philpott) fm. P.O. Box 662, Manhattan, Kansas 66502 -- wants mms.

Vagabond lives! and the #6 issue is Hans Juergensen's Sermons from the Ammunition Hatch of the Ship of Fools, \$2 fm. new address at 1810 1/2 Dauphine, New Orleans, La. 70116

Flame (edit Alistair Wisker) 2/6 per copy fm. Univ. of Essex, Wivenhoe Park, Colchester, Essex, England -- also books: Some Flame Poetry (2/6)

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Alkahest: American College Poetry #1 95 cents/copy fm. Wesleyan University Press, 100 Riverview Center, Middletown, Conn. 06457

Aldebaran Review #1 and 2 (edit. John Simon) \$.50/copy fm. 2935 Grove (#3), Berkeley, Calif. 94703

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Zeitgeist (edit. Gary Groat) \$3/yr., \$.75/copy fm. Box 150, East Lansing, Michigan 48823

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Measured Space, constructions by Toby Lurie, \$2.45 fm. Hors Commerce Press, 22526 Shadycroft Ave., Torrance, Calif. 90505 -- important!

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Stone Chats (Ian Hamilton Finlay) fm. Wild Hawthorn Press, Stony-path, Dunsyre, Lanark, Scotland

Ole Anthology edit. by Douglas Blazek, fm. Poetry X/Change, Box 4073 Pacific Station, Glendale, Calif. 91202 -- \$2.50

The Thief of Kisses (James Hazard) \$1 bargain fm. Great Lakes Books Kaleidoscope, P.O. Box 5457, Milwaukee, Wisc. 53211

Mica Mountain Poems, (Peter Wild) \$.75 fm. Lillabulero, P.O. Box 67, Aurora, New York, 13026 ALSO: The Afternoon in Dismay (Peter Wild) finely printed at \$3.75 fm. Art Association of Cincinnati, P.O. Box 6054, Cincinnati, Ohio 45206

Poems Written Before Jumping Out of an 8 Story Window (Chas. Bukowski) fm. Poetry X/Change, Box 4073 Pacific Station, Glendale, Calif. 91202 -- \$1.50

An Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry (edit. Dan Georgakas; dedicated to Yannis Ritsos) \$1 fm. Smyrna Press, Box 418, Stuyvesant Station, New York, N.Y. 10009

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Black Sun Press has released a ltd. signed edition of Duane Locke's From the Bottom of the Sea, as well as Harvey Tucker's Obscured Chronologies and The Destruction of the Trinities -- each \$1 fm.

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Olivant Press has published Entrails Anthology, the best fm. Gene Bloom's mag (\$2.75), plus some hardbacks: How It Is (Sue Abbott Boyd) \$7.95; The Evaporated Man (Olga Cabral) \$3; The Field (Elizabeth Sale) \$4.50. Latest softbound release is Eve Triem's Heliadora (translations from the Greek) \$2. Write: P.O. Box 1409, Homestead, Fla. 33030

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the wormwood review : 30

Christopher Perret's Geranium Issue

Editor : Marvin Malone

price : one dollar
