



worm would rape you

THE WORMWOOD REVIEW

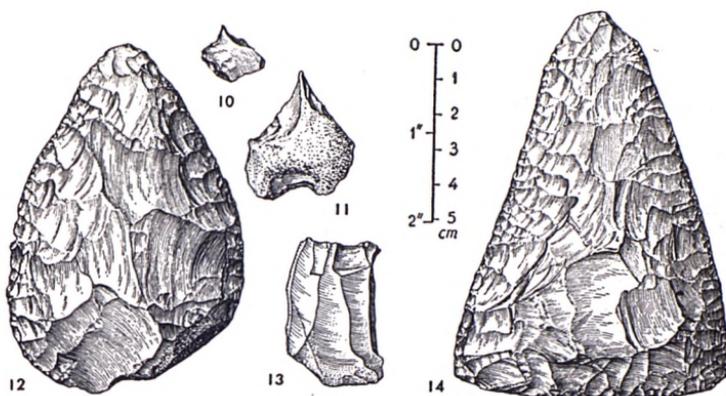
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The One-Eyed General: Exercise for the Military Mind

Phenomenon
and how to get it
down:
Ma Fen painting
marsh birds;
Li Po writing
songs;
and the one-eyed general
rests his armies
torn between the
two.

-- Ben Pleasants

Beverly Hills, California

Conversations under a Tung Tree

(painted by Ch'iu Ying)

Lord P'ao, prince,
collected bronzes
loved the paintings of Sung
read the Histories
and practiced the Rites.

In spring
he watched the plum trees ripen
on West Farm;
In fall
he checked the rice plants
of the eastern fen

and daily went with friends
to the silver Tung tree
speaking of far off cities
and high officialdom.

"Why not return
to your rightful place
at the Emperor's side?"
friends would ask.

"Each day I practice the Rites
and read the Histories.
I put my estate in order.
I tend to my people.
In the city are a thousand pleasures.
A hundred-thousand men
pursue them.
Their thoughts are like the scraps of quartz carvings.
Their pleasures are the miseries of others.
But here as a farmer
gentleman
scholar
with friends in attendance
and servants at peace
I am whole as the universe."

The Cowherd of Han Kan

Across the whole North Plain nothing moves but dust.
In my years as herder I have watched
the Naymans march to war,
the Turks turn South
dressed in bear's fur.
Now the swirling dust has left them

shadows of a lost day
in a dead land.

An old man without wife or son
all my friends have gone
and here with my dreams and horses
I drive the cattle through the peace of morning.

for Wallace Stevens

Crossing lofts
and quiet porticos
of thought

through formless archways
and distressed walls
of ruined cities

I hear them on the stair
Rimbaud and Baudelaire
their thoughts distributed
like the marble notes
from bowed
celli
down a dark vibrato
hall.

Thunder stalks them
through the piano
the sun a quiet suicide.

And all the time
dwarfs at the window
of the university quoting both
puncture
modicums for unborn sons.

Wm. Makepeace T. and the Kamikaze Express

1.

The mail man
kept whipping out
sections of his
novel covered in a rain
coat, hair flat and waxy.
He was looking for Galway
Kinnell
the novelist.

He had come from Alabama
with his father
on the rotted porch waving g'bye

holding off Sitting Bull
the local sheriff with brandy
Alexanders.
That was what he told the conductor.

"Galway lives in Vermont."
Something kept shoving him off the train
into the rain.
"I can write. I'm a writer."

2.

"Unlikely he's still there,"
he said to the porter
and parts of his novel fell
off at each station
from there to Burlingame
Vt.

-- Ben Pleasants

Beverly Hills, California

written in a copy of William Carlos Williams and replaced
on a bookstore shelf

not wanting to lose this poem
I have to borrow a pen
from a young girl
on a bench over there
and write it in a borrowed book.

Heritage

from my father I learned morality and innocence.
from my mother
feeling and innocence.
I shaped them into this.

something vivid this way comes

like a fox in a raincoat
making sly asides

to newborn pigeons
egging them on
yet never so sly

as in showing mercy
to newborn foxes

keeping them dry

Letter to M. M.

I begin to wonder.
Something speaks through the poet
That the machine would destroy.
No one's mechanized true art
And survived.
Even the architect
Knows there are no moving parts
In the blueprint.
Who creates with stone
Creates the very stone himself.
We take its life,
Remold it in our ways.
The soul cannot be mechanized.
Oh this age is a pitiful time for men.
They look away.

for -- . having decided to leave a "sick" society to
develop her art in Finland. being "better than the
trash asking a minimum annual income so they can sit
on their asses"

this art shall lack compassion.
therefore I suggest
you do not take it to a cold climate.
it will be welcomed here.

having made love

I have nothing to write

later
at the bus
two people ask directions.

"Sierra" "Sierra" "Sierra."

Then you said
the word itself
was "mountain."
Compare the sounds.
On which of these did Moses stand?
The child Oedipus lay exposed?
Heidi play?

LETTERS FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE FROM LI PO

letter 1:

one is not safe even here.
and yet a death without laughter and tears
would not be worth dying for.

letter 8:

when young I asked a wise man
to teach me the nature of wisdom --
foolishness, he said.

letter 9:

Li Po, I said,
men despise the age.
they grow heavy with despair --
even the poets bleed.
what is heavy sinks, he said.

letter 36:

on a very ancient road
from a very ancient land
I met three wise men begging alms.
alms for the wise, they said --
I,
begging wisdom,
gave them bread.

letter 37:

on mountain paths,
snow,
and my footprints --
who comes behind
shall discover,
still fresh,
this poem.

letter 38:

once
in the southern wilderness
I came upon an aged lion.
dear Li Po,
he exclaimed,
do you not remember me,
companion of your youth?

oh,
I said,
how old you have grown.
what has befallen you?
Life,
he said.

letter 39:

dear friend,
I said,
I have searched all my life for truth
yet I have learned nothing.
perhaps you have learned truth,
he said.

letter 40:

death is only in the mind.

letter 41:

nothing is certain,
I said.
not even the past,
said the lion.

letter 42:

dear friend,
I said,
men of these times are so concerned with appearance.
how may one avoid these fashions?
by wearing one's own skin,
he said.

letter 44:

where may I find guidance in religious matters?
I asked the lion.
in heaven,
he answered,
or in hell.

letter 45:

once
on a road to the south
I met my dear friend the lion.
I have come from the mountains,
he said,
and I have spoken with master Lao.

what message?
I asked eagerly.
that mountains too are dust,
he said.

letter 47:

I saw a man mistreat an animal.
I was infuriated.
one must be ugly inside,
I thought,
to enjoy another's pain.
then I realized
how deeply I had wanted to hurt the man.

letter 48:

how may one separate false from true?
I asked the lion,
by a moment,
he said.

letter 49:

where may one escape from time?
I asked.
into the past,
said the lion,
or into the future.

letter 50:

when young
feeling powerless in the face of events
I withdrew.
something I loved is dying,
I said.
then asked the lion:
would you leave it to vultures,
even as it lives?

letter 51:

dear lion,
I said,
one cannot live in this world without a sword.
dear Li Po,
he answered sadly,
there is nothing so sharp,
and nothing so dull.

trying not to write

the poems come anyway,
through a street
up a stair
cooking dinner now.

poem

well, why not?
does it matter where you wipe your nose
if no one can suspect?
one never knows.
I've seen some wipe it on their shirt.
old men adorn the curbs.
some have constructed elaborate
philosophies.

Chicken Bones

But I didn't ask for happiness,
perhaps that was
The condition,
Disturbance,
noise,
As you vacuumed the rug,
Wrapped bags of garbage,
It was not refuse emptied into cans
Behind the house,
Of vital remains,
Of shape,
In chicken bones,
Even for lean alley cats.

lifting my feet
gift-
until I understood
but a sharing
a commonness
an affirmation of love
providing nourishments

(going to the post office for some rejected poems with
postage due.)

walked twelve blocks home to save a quarter.
then I met an old woman without a voice.
she asked me for a quarter.

On Revolution

it's not love alone that turns the world
or doubtless it would stop.

The Tendency's to Say

"I STRUGGLE,
Going forth each day
Plated like an armadillo
Against the world.
The problem of evil's foremost in my mind,
And wasn't it Ramakrishna
Called the snake a fool
That neither hissed nor bit
When the occasion complained."
Yet armor tears the skin
That's thin beneath.

on Ted Kennedy's refusal to be used by the democratic party.

"... losing two brothers by the assassin's bullet;
suffering incredible pain ..."

-- Hubert Humphrey, July 28, 1968
NBC News

excuse me,
I hadn't heard about that.
what was the name of the family again?
no, I'm not mocking you.
I've been to Vietnam, the Middle East,
Biafra, and Harlem,
and it's gotten difficult to remember who's dying where,
and what were their names.

BRACINGS -- CONSOLATIONS FOR MARTA ON HAVING TO GET
BRACES FOR HER TEETH.

brace 1:

it's the world needs straightening
from teeth to toes;
it's the heart needs bracing
from the world's crooked teeth.

brace, 2:

where is the seat of the soul, Li Po?
not in the teeth.

brace 3:

all things contain God, Li Po?

even the teeth.

brace 4:

deep in the mountains

Li Po found the Lion in an ancient hermitage,
praying.

dear Lion, he said,
forgive my intrusion;
I was so surprised to find you here.

this is an ancient shrine of my race,
answered the Lion;
I come secretly to honor the most revered of our Gods.

what is His name?

DENTOPALAIACOCKEYE

what does it mean?

Old Crooked Tooth.

brace 5:

you have written a sequel to your book, Li Po?

yes, Tu Fu.
it is called, "The Molar on the Mountain."

what is it about?

it is the story of a tooth seeking roots.

and it has a moral?

oh yes:
home is where the tooth aches.

brace 6:

you have had a bad dream, Li Po?

yes, Tu Fu.
I was being pursued by a dragon,
when I stumbled and fell,
and he was upon me.

dear dragon, I pleaded,
please do not devour me;

I am an old man with barely a tooth and receding gums.
I would make a poor meal.

ah, it is true, he said sadly,
without teeth the tendons are tough.
I would much rather have a tender child,
with his teeth still in the gum.

then you will not eat me? I quavered.

oh but I must, said the dragon;
after all,
a tooth in the mouth is worth two in the gum.

then I awoke,
crossing the bridge to reality.

-- Victor Lazarow

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

SIX YEARS OF AGE

My father is the King
Of Silence. He floats on a throne
Of smoke, pale blue messages, like
Serpents, issue from
Between his closed lips.

The room is tall, with
A single huge table placed directly
At its center. From the
Floor to the ceiling, each wall is
Panelled with darkest oak.

In the room adjoining, my
Mother and sister, the Queen and
Princess, languidly perform their
Evening ablutions. There
Are no slaves in the house.

From a large box in one
Corner, bombastic and melodious by
Turns, music and voices alternately
Foam and chuckle. My father
Lifts his eye in amusement.

At the table in the center
Of the room, alone save for the small
Utensils of my art, I sit
In easy concentration, making designs
With colored sand on paper.

Soon the clock on the mantle
Will strike an indeterminate number
In an endless sequence of notes,
And I shall rise from my chair.
Many kisses shall precede me to bed.

How THE FOOTBALL Was BORN

An elephant in swimming trunks
Was flying through the dark
Carrying the Earth on his back.

When he got to the edge of the
Ocean, he stopped, leaned over
And yelled down to the Chinese
Gatekeeper who thrives inside
The boiling core of Everybody's
Mind. "Hey, give me a hand with
This tomato, will you?" And the
Chinaman, himself not unfamiliar
With childhood, and believing all
The while it was a balloon, blew
It up to its present size, the

Shape of which resembles his eyes.

-- Ken Dobel

Santa Rosa, California

the ladies still don't care

the whole thing is over,
bastards, I've been
banging the walls for 3 days and 4 nights
chained in the corner of the room
in my own
hardened jism.
I can't get out to pay the rent
or buy a paper.
somebody drunk upstairs
has been playing the

piano for hours --
all the songs I hate,
and the phone rings again,
and I wonder what the people are doing in
China in East
St. Louis.
then I don't wonder
don't care.

think of all the pigeons run over
today.
there's nothing as undramatically run over
as a pigeon,
and the ladies' dresses get shorter
but the ladies still don't care for
me, and
then the guy playing the piano upstairs sings,

"oh, the ladies' dresses get shorter
but the ladies still don't care for
me!"

I finally just unlace my shoes and
step out of them.
then I go over and put a bit of Brahms on the
record player.

I guess everybody goes crazy now and then
but he never really tells anybody
else.

I drink 2 glasses of water
pull all the shades down and
chase a roach across the
room.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angles, California

Announcing the WORMWOOD AWARD for
1967 for the "most overlooked,
book of worth:" The Good
Fox by Peter Wild...
\$1 fm. The Goodly Co
724 Minor Ave., Kala-
mazoo, Michigan 49001



BILLY SUNDAY

Still have bird
shot buried in wrist
by crazy Billy Sunday
during shotgun war
at Concow ...
Billy became a
Chetwood Daredevil.
He couldnt drive
so they put him
inside a box
with dynamite
& blew him up
4, 5 times
a week.

AD REINHARDT

Met a guy
at co-op knew
Ad in grade school
told me little stories
he'd memorized
then said Ad wasnt
much didnt see
much in his
paintings either.

Two by Eight Equals 6Teen, by Phil Weidman. Introduction by the Editor: I don't know Phil

personally, other than he is Phil (a mistake I made only once) rather than Philip(as in

PETER AS LAST MAN

In tub I make
like big Him
head in sky looking
down on flood
after the deluge
& lone survivor
slumped over bellie
island ...
the game is
suck in air
& watch little
him drown.

ABERDEEN PICKUP

3 of them
just kids but
they waved us over
& we loaded them
in hoping they'd
boff only one
did fell in love
with Villaroman's
James Dean eyes.

SPOTS

There're 2 spots
on ceiling
over the bed.
Mystery spots.
Black to gray
nickel size.
My old man
hung on to
a spot over
an emergency bed
once after breathing
too much carbon
monoxide trucking
Alturas to Redding.
Saved his life.

JULY 4th 1956

Heading back to Ft. Lewis
after parade in Bremerton
got shoved in medic jeep
so set up the 30 in back
flipped up canvas rolling
thru Olympia & scattered
traffic with belt
of flamethrowing blanks
just for kicks.

Prince Philip or Phillip). Phil is not one for Philistinism or Philippics or even Philhar-

monics, although he's a philogynist (definitely), a philosopher (of sorts), and possibly

ROYAL ARISTOCRAT

this royal is my brains
i furnish it fingers
it does my thinking
stands in for my voice
dictates these lines
magritte magritte
rene magritte lives
in the body of frank
owen 2326 h st sacramento

WITNESS

2 cowboy hats
Oregon licence plates
shouldnt have passed
busted up carload
of Gridley people
killed themselves ...
one bounced 100 ft
across highway caught
by hog fence now
his insurance man's
hounding me to
favor my story.

SOLDIER PEETZ

Army Lt. Peetz
lost his spleen
in Viet Nam.
Took an automatic
weapon slug
in the bellie.
Doctors had to
cut & restring him.
First time he
farted thanked
god knew he
was all right.

60 SECOND SPOT

Wakes you up to see
a gal you used to
screw in highschool
with 2 half-grown kids
& new set of teeth
backed up against a wall
of canned fruit agreeing
with the man ... yes it
does taste better
is more orange-juicy
than orange juice.

a philologist (native American variety). I like his poems very much. They are real and

constructed with considerable economy and with considerable craftsmanship. Economy and

PALACE REDHEAD

18 & scared
took couple of whiskeys
& promised myself
something special.
There's a room upstairs
where you choose
but she chose me
led me to a bed
took my money got me
to undress & set the clock.
Couldnt unwind &
the alarm beat me
but she switched around
grabbed me whispering
& banged just right
then smiling she got up
shook her bush at me
flung on her robe
& rushed out ...

MEDITATION ROOM

ask information
desk to
unlock.

FURLOUGH

Arrived midmorning Greyhound
fooled around Height's
pool tables til
her noon break
drove to her apt
for quick sandwiches
couldnt wait took
shortcut thru fly
under panty leg
forgot lunch.

THEFT OF RICHARD C'S LAST NAME

Ache is back.
Booze is back.
Try to cancel out
theft of Richard
C's last name
London Bridge is
being sold Bob
Brown died 1959
fucked Lilly but
couldn't come.

craftsmanship make for art when coupled with the ability to communicate (of which Phil is

also full of). This is a fillip on behalf of Phil Weidman's Two by Eight Equals 6Teen.

STRAIGHT MAN

Naturally he tries
to look his best
employs a role
straps on mask
to suit the
situation as
he sees it.

DRAFTEE

They got Harry
24 yr old college
grad never touched
pussy or smelled
it (wasnt sure
he wanted to)
wont talk about
it or war thinks
death's waiting
for him overthere
& he's afraid
to say no
or yes.

One time we made a
chain of clover flowers --
ran it clear up the stairs and out my
brother's window.
It almost reached the ground.
We spent one whole afternoon
on that.
The next day, there were
other things to do.

There was a long way
to run before the houses
came.
When they started to build,
we played there too, letting
it be part to our play --
lumber piles, pine sap
sticking to our dusty fingers --
frames with pipes all
naked in the sun --
we left our old laughter
in all those houses.
Now, the houses are old,
the neighborhood
is not loved
and we do not go there
any more.

-- Barbara O'Connelly

Sacramento, California

Love Conjugates Wherever It Can

-- for Adrian Henri

Love is slumber after a whale of a piss
Love is putty for leaking windows
Love is an orgasm on the first kiss
Love is

Love is ringing the general's bell
Love is throwing up in a spotless toilet
Love is winning at poker
Love is doing

Love was her tits tickling your back
Love was the storm that broke far away
Love was gook in the sump
Love was

Love was picking scabs off its knees
Love was singing to robins
Love was thinking about responsibility
Love was doing

Love will never get to the moon
Love will dine on hemlock and nettles
Love will open a puppet show
Love will

Love is going to open flowers with wrenches
Love is going to be on every poster in the world
Love is going to move to another town
Love is going to

Love will be walking in Cretan boots
Love will be talking to crones and old coots
Love will be pulling out weeds by the roots
Love will be doing

Love will have gone to Mars by the time Christ returns
Love will have turned into smog by the time the doctors
come
Love will have married the sun by the time its a red
giant
Love will have done

Love will have been hiccupping forty years by then
Love will have been teaching geometry for one second
by then
Love will have been breaking clocks for some time
by then
Love will have been doing

Love has hidden in a crack in the wall
Love has taken us all for a ride
Love has buttered the popcorn with acid
Love has been

Love has been phoning the stock exchange all morning
Love has been complaining about the service for a long
time
Love has been threatening the mailman with cherries
Love has been doing

Love had been dead forever when I killed it
Love had been a bog before they developed it
Love had lit the heavens before the stars ate it
Love had been

Love had been peeping when they handcuffed it
Love had been bathing when the earthquake hit

Love had been joking just before it had a fit
Love had been doing

Love be praised for the electric toothbrush
Love be loved for lack of anything better
Love be blamed for grammar
Love be

If Love were king there would be no kingdom
If Love existed there would be still more unemployed poets
If Love were a factory it would make no products
If Love were

Love would be happy if we'd only turn off the gas and light
Love would be cute if it weren't so fat
Love would be welcome if it weren't for all this
Love would be

Let Love shine like an interrogator's lamp
Let Love sweeten a cramp
Let Love work over Ramp
Let Love

It's This Way

As a woman
with her legs spread
is like the sea
so is the way
I sniff and paw
this cat-trapped soil
like God.

The rocks
undulate the mind
like water
and are
as obvious to eyes.

Desire mocks
the serpentine.
There:
feel its long cold belly.

Leaves are
but the modesty
of the tree.
Lift one
and see

what else.

-- Philip Ramp

Plaka, Athens, Greece

She was waiting

For Lefty
 who done
left

Curled
 her hair
careful

In curlers
 well I could
tell her

I sort of
 like her
but I can

Tell she
 only likes
Lefty

So I
 stand
around

And wait
 until she
finally goes

Senile

The old
 son-of-a-bitch
still tugs

My heart
 strings. How
to ditch

Him forever?
 Put my head
in a ditch

Under water
 ten or fifteen
minutes

Maybe that
 would do it
nothing else

-- Judson Crews

Wharton, Texas

New Ulm, Minnesota

In New Ulm, Minnesota, we stopped for supper.
Lying flat back, arms between our heads
and the cool grass. Watching a granite monument;
an angular obelisk, seem to fall forever
against cumulus clouds moving eastward.
We decipher the hieroglyphics and drive on.

We drive on, remarking -- finding it remarkable -- that New Ulm, Minnesota, the Grant Woods edge of the wild-west, celebrates what they call a Sioux Indian Massacre occurring less than my father's "hundred-years-ago." Sleeping that night in New Ulm community park, we found it unremarkable that the first Sputnik, seen through elm branches of New Ulm was no brighter than a star.

The Ground Knows Its Place

Now celery. Now carrots. First root crops then vines. Perennials planted in blocks and at edges. Berries in rows. Berries in patches. Military order in corn. Sprawling map shaped blotches of pumpkin and squash. Order makes gardens. Weeds are only flowers growing where they're not wanted. Order makes cities. Order makes towns. Weeds are growing where they're not wanted. The ground, the black silent ground, usually knows its place. To maintain order the farmer must plow. Cultivation means ripping the weeds up. Weed. Harvest. Keep everything in its place.

-- Robert M. Chute

Naples, Maine

CHILDREN'S PLAY

The great grandfather of the bridegroom Prince had been a deacon in my father's church. They had the same huge nose. This coincidence rendered his heroics comically absurd.

My daughter was the Purple Fairy -- tall for her years, graceful as liquid, a gossamer girl. Thank heaven, for the sake of Freud et al., she was a being from the other world.

The King once let the air out of my tires, soaped our windows every Halloween: quailing before his subjects' ironic "Sire ..."s, his own court jester, derided by the Queen.

The Princess, frankly, was a disappointment.
Flatulant and gauche, she seemed most passionate to
uncoil her fall of golden hair, smear ointment
on her pimples, don dungarees, and rendezvous

before the TV with potato chips.
But her wicked stepmother -- a dark exotic thing:
sloe eyes of Sheba, Cleopatra's lips,
hair black and glossy as a raven's wing.

I was not forty; she was not thirteen;
all place this palace. Who would not kill a clown --
that sniggering King -- to win such a witching Queen?
like Antony, choose to lose a real world's crown?

-- John Wheatcroft

Lewisburg, Pennsylvania

Amerika -- or Franz Doe

It's like when you're saying something
And someone interrupts you to point
Out the butterflies in a passage of Bovary,
Or when your best friend won't tell you
Who knows something's rotten in Denmark.
Or when your nephew who's ever so young
Vomits on your new bought business suit
Spotting it chalky white against the gray.
When some professor who really knows it all
Expects you to get excited over a word
Written in German seventeen letters long
Resembling nothing like the liverwurst you
Ate for lunch enjoying its taste
And forgetting the sound of its word.
Or like the last time you were swimming
In the ocean and a glob of something
You'd rather forget floated languidly along side
As if to say I'm here and as much a part of this
As you'll ever be.

And you wonder about the globby butterflies
That fly out of infant mouths which
Reject the best years you've given to
Feed those gaping gulfs and you laughingly scream
A seventeen letter English word that
Is no more than a taste you remember
And a meaning you have forgotten.

-- Chris Hargrove

Long Beach, California

IN HOLLYWOOD

In Hollywood the wilderness
withdrew its animals in fright
when tarnish stalked
the dust of fabulous dreams.

Orange neon blood
from ancient sorority
queens, now dried,
with impossible tears between
splendor and horror
of the black light sun.

Greed hangs in chemical smog.
Reptiles human bemoan
transistor shops.
No need for Hieronymus Bosch.

In Barney's Beanery
they've added another room to hell.
The jukebox keeps repeating
Second Hand Rose.
And in unison
a thousand long fingers
of high school sweethearts
employ their cigarettes
and whisps of smoke.

There is a chance
Second Hand Rose
a star may fall at your feet.
But you know that chance
becomes slimmer with age
the glitter of non-stop snow.

A puff of light,
life rare like neon
your face is hard
while your blood
pumps heavenly showers
of honeycombed jewels
spaghetti streets
self splashing
in the night
now carving bloodstream
from demonic space.

Could be Sunset Strip
arrayed in the valley
of the city of angels

When star falls in
tremor at the tables
awake gambler's chance
it is just a glance.

A trance spinning in the
wake of star pieces
life torn off a song.

There are no self help programs
hard starlet in mad beads.
Play All. Sweet kid
don't run down that
super box protruding
sailing over, suspended,
eternal gash you are
on now, no need to take
your place with the
same people of eternity.

Cast this spell on
neon dye tonight, dark moon,
for tomorrow that ounce
of stardust will be
wiped from Cadillac chrome.
Unnoticed by skyway hawks.

-- Charles Plymell

New York, New York

EVERYONE HAS PUBIC HAIR

I saw this man -- he was all head -- I mean,
he had a head & the rest of his body narrowed
into a spoon. He was scooping up portions of
a huge cake & trying to fling it into his
mouth but not being a flexible spoon all he
could do was dance, bouncing his spoon into the
cake & falling onto the back of his head.

As a result of his inability to be flexible
he started eschewing, degradating & hating
the cake. He even went so far as to put paste-
on pubic hair on his spoon trying to give the
appearance of a "natural human being."

It fooled everybody but the cake, which knew
it wasn't being eaten.

EIGNER'S BIRDS

Without keeping your
 eye on it
 all the time
freedom is jumping
 from branch to branch

Our only birds
 are the thoughts
 caged in our minds
While Larry Eigner
 has tamed every jump
 so he knows just where
 on rooftops
 his freedom will bounce.

THE ONE-SIDED CAGE

"Sometimes people escape from their hang-ups
 by falling deeper into them. The security
 of defeat is great enuf to assuage the
 longing for success."

-- from notebooks

there is a man
 in a cage

only one side
 has bars

the other 3 are
 open to infinity

the man stands
 behind the bars

talking with the
 voice of water
 behind the shore
 of skin

the same voice
 that you've never
 learned to reason
 with the same
 voice that tells
 you to turn around

& walk
 free

STANDING

I have stood alone
at enuf windows
I know all the lies
I know how to stand
& look at the street
I know how to look
people in the eye

I know this now
I know at this moment
how to stand alone

tomorrow I must learn
to stand again.

-- Douglas Blazek

San Francisco, California

PICTURE # 62

Dapper
Mr. Duffy
who used to dance
at balls, the waltz
in black patents

drinks Manhattans
because
of the cherries
(cherry tinged
textures of
his Irish face)

pension day to
pension day, impishly
measuring out
who's who, and
what's what
and
stems.

TERRIFIED BY WORDS

I'd
rather be
a collector of string...

Candles
begin with wick
after all.

-- Ruth Moon Kempher

St. Augustine, Florida

the snakeman of alcatraz

as long as he could remember they'd been on his ass for playing with himself. his mother used to tell him, "herbert, for the last time keep your hands off that ugly thing

or i'll have your father slam it in the screen door!" on the sly his father would try another approach: "herbie, old kid old sock, let's mosey down to rosey's an' ah'll pick ya out the best piece of meat in the place."

"awww, dad," he'd say, "awwww, dad," and blush as bloody as fresh calves liver. what really bugged them was when he started to do it in public. neighbors gasped and daddy

kicked his adolescent ass, but it was a small town so no one called the cops. fortunately his playmates found a place for him in their pantheon of oddities:

"thumper," they called him, "hey, thump-a-thump thumperrrr!" and sometimes he'd take it out and do it for them. in fact, he became very good at it, switching hands, for instance, and never missing

a stroke. but it was not a negotiable talent, not even with ringling brothers or the nu-pike. of course the time came when he ran off to the big city, took it out on times square,

and created quite a happy stir until the men in blue, those guardians of our christian complex, busted him. the aclu, claiming constitutional

abuse took precedent over that of self, carried the case to the supreme court, but, in the midst of the attorney blitz's peroration, the whole goddamed capital could hear it -- thump-

a-thump-thump! they tossed his ass in jail for life, but here is the reconciliation of our conflicts -- he loved to fondle snakes and milk them, and he discovered an anti-cancer serum,

which proves that god humps those who hump themselves.

I know a guy
who won a varsity letter in Rodeo
at San Luis Obispo State College
(his special event, if I remember correctly,
consisted in severing prairie oysters with a chicken-wire
lassoo.)

He likes to talk, about the school,
about, for instance, the good fellowship in the dorm
where once a week the guys got out the telltale tape
and measured each other's cocks.

He admits it was no Harvard,
but what the hell, he urges,
slamming his beer mug for emphasis,
it was no Dominguez Hills either,
where the elevation is a fathom below sea level
and the poet-in-residence reportedly doubles
as night watchman in the oil fields,
and, in spite of the lumescnt sign at the Avalon Blvd.
offramp,
no one has ever discovered the campus,
or, at any rate, returned to tell of it.

dogshit, and other sorrows

(for rod mckuen)

outside my door the sun bakes dogshit cakes.
i write a letter to my lawyer.
the baby is pulling the poor cat's tail.
the boob tube is busted.

i hear a new dog scratching at the sidewalk.
early this morning, shitfaced,
i tiptoed home through dogshit.
this afternoon the neighbor's kid sat down in it.

i write a letter to my lawyer, sign it robert lowell.
to my mistress, sign it rod mckuen.
to my credit union, sign it ezra pound.
i reach outside the door, dip my pen, and write myself a
letter.
the baby picks the cat up by the tail.
my wife says shit.
the baby imitates her.
i think i hear the cat gasp something vaguely fecal.

i open a letter from my mistress.
you'll never guess what she has sent me.
i open a letter from my mother.
also, some manuscripts have been returned, a little brown
along the edges.

i wake at night from dreams of st. bernards,
prelapsarian great danes,

tunged and vastly coloned.
barefoot, suffocating, i step outside the door.

the toilet is busted.
the diaper pail is brimming.
the cat is suffering from sour milk.
opening my typewriter, i find the muse has left me something vile.

i close the typewriter,
tuck my wife and child and cat in bed,
and take a walk down to the local stonehenge
where i execute a desperate aztec two-step.

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(words for whatserass)

when i left you monday
i had no idea it was over.
you were good for me in bed;
i hadn't stayed so long in months.

but tuesday my car broke down.
wednesday i ran the quarter mile in eighty seconds.
thursday my wife got pregnant.
friday i wrote my memoirs.

saturday the paraplegic in the bar
told me you were expecting a call.
i preferred to play a game of chess with him,
which i lost.

sunday was my day of rest.
i never got out of bed.
my kind wife gave me a bourbon transfusion every hour.
on the tube, charley chan was disguised as a panama hatter.

today jim asked me, "where is mary these days?"
"mary who?" i asked.
he punched me in the mouth,
just as i was masticating some pretzles and a pickled egg.

(envoi)

love, i started out to write a love poem,
but i couldn't remember your name.
that is a reflection on me, not you.
you were not merely a nice girl, but a better-than-average
lay as well.

-- Gerald Locklin

Long Beach, California

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

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Donald R. Peterson
U. Grant Roman
Dr. Marvin Sukov
Ellen S. Tift

P A T R O N S

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Function of a little mag. -- The function is to publish the now people who can communicate, especially those without "big names" ... function is to promote these writers and give them some recognition so that they continue and develop and remain sane (words cannot fall into a vacuum) ... function is to persist in publishing so that the mag will develop its personality (not that of a one-shot vanity mag or a sewing circle or a "me-great-white/black-writer" mag) ... function is to continue and extend the American tradition of ironic, realistic, intelligent humor ... function is to oppose all those who would use art and literature as a new method of thought-control (politics) ... function to be alive and in love and with a sense of dada in the world of 1984. Yes. Yes. Yes. And Yes!

Little Press Notes:

Blazek's Open Skull Press, 3063 Donner Way, Sacramento, Calif. 95817 releases Joel Deutsch's Space Heaters (70 cts.), d. a. levy's The Beginning of Sunny Dawn (50 cts.), T. L. Kryss' Nuclear Roses & Quiet Rooms (70 cts.) also a new mag, Amper&and edited by T. L. Kryss and R. Wolter (\$1).

Toad Press, Box 1586, Eugene, Oregon, issues Doug Blazek's Sting and Die (75 cts.)

Callahan's Hors Commerce Press, 22526 Shadycroft Ave., Torrance, Ca. 90505, publishes Carl A. Robins' The Wind is Rising (\$1.45) and Emily Katharine Harris' Saintly Milk to Better Wine (\$2.45).

Vagabond Press issues French Quarter Interviews, \$1.75 fm. P.O. Box 2362, New Orleans, La. 70116.

New Merrymount Press, G.P.O. Box 2121, N.Y., N.Y. 10001, releases J. Wm. Myers' Variations on a Nightengale (\$1.45).

Don Cauble's early morning death fragments and Kent Taylor's Torn Birds fm. T. L. Kryss, Ground Zero, 41-A Sanchez, San Francisco, Calif. 94114.

Noh Directions Press, 2209 California, Berkeley, Calif. 94703 releases Chas. Potts' Little Lord Shiva -- also Aldebaran Review #4 (25 cts.) and free pirated edition of Jack Spicer's The Holy Grail.

Little Mag Notes:

Madison Kaleidoscope has released successful live first issue fm. P.O. Box 881, Madison, Wisc. 53701 -- \$3/6 months/13 issues.

Wm. Wantling edits The Triangle vol. 7 (Sept. 1968) issue fm. English Dept., Illinois State University, Normal, Ill.

Morris Edelson still moves Quixote -- \$7/yr./6 varied issues fm. 25 South Charter, Madison, Wisc. 53715 -- recent recommended

goodies are: A Bukowski Sampler (edit. Doug Blazek) \$1.50, Norbert Blei's The Watercolored Word \$1.50, Penguin Dust (Bob Hillebrand)

\$2, Milkman Max (David Kupperman) 50 cts., Watt's Happening (Bob Watt) 50 cts. bargain, The Kontakion (John Joerg) 25 cts., Yannis

Ritsos' translated Romiossini (\$1), Hugh Fox's Son of Camelot Meets the Wolf Man (50 cts.), and Doug Blazek's Life in a Common Gun (\$1)

Isinglass Review now fm. 26 Johnson St., Burlington, Vt. 05401.

Mr. Clean Magazine, P.O. Box 2362, New Orleans, La. 70116, \$4/ 12 issues.

South (edit. Rod Taylor) now fm. Stetson Univ., De Land, Fla. 32720

E. V. Griffith is reviving his classic Hearse \$2/yr. fm. 3118 K St., Eureka, Calif. 95501 -- pick up on this one.

Small Pond now fm. 10 Overland Dr., Stratford, Conn. 06497 -- new editor is Napoleon St. Cyr.

August 1 scheduled for first no. of Fur-Bearing Trout fm. 425 Westcott St., Syracuse, New York 13210 -- Dugan Gilman, editor.

grOnk now concretely grooves again fm. Ganglia Press, c/o Village Bookstore, 29 Gerrard West, Toronto, Canada -- also releases recommended Captain George's Comic World -- reprints of classic comic strips.

Swallow Press now fm. 1139 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60605

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Only hard bound copies of Outsider 4/5 are left -- a \$6 bargain fm.

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"An outstanding mag whose aim is to 'reflect the temper and depth of the human scene.' The poems it prints are, almost without exception, good. In fact, there is little about the whole mag that isn't good. A useful addendum is the continuing bibliography of little mags and other items of interest to modern poets and their readers. This bibliography gives short but solid annotations and allots ratings that range from "highly recommended" to "totally panned and damned."

-- Library Journal, 92: 2745 (1967)

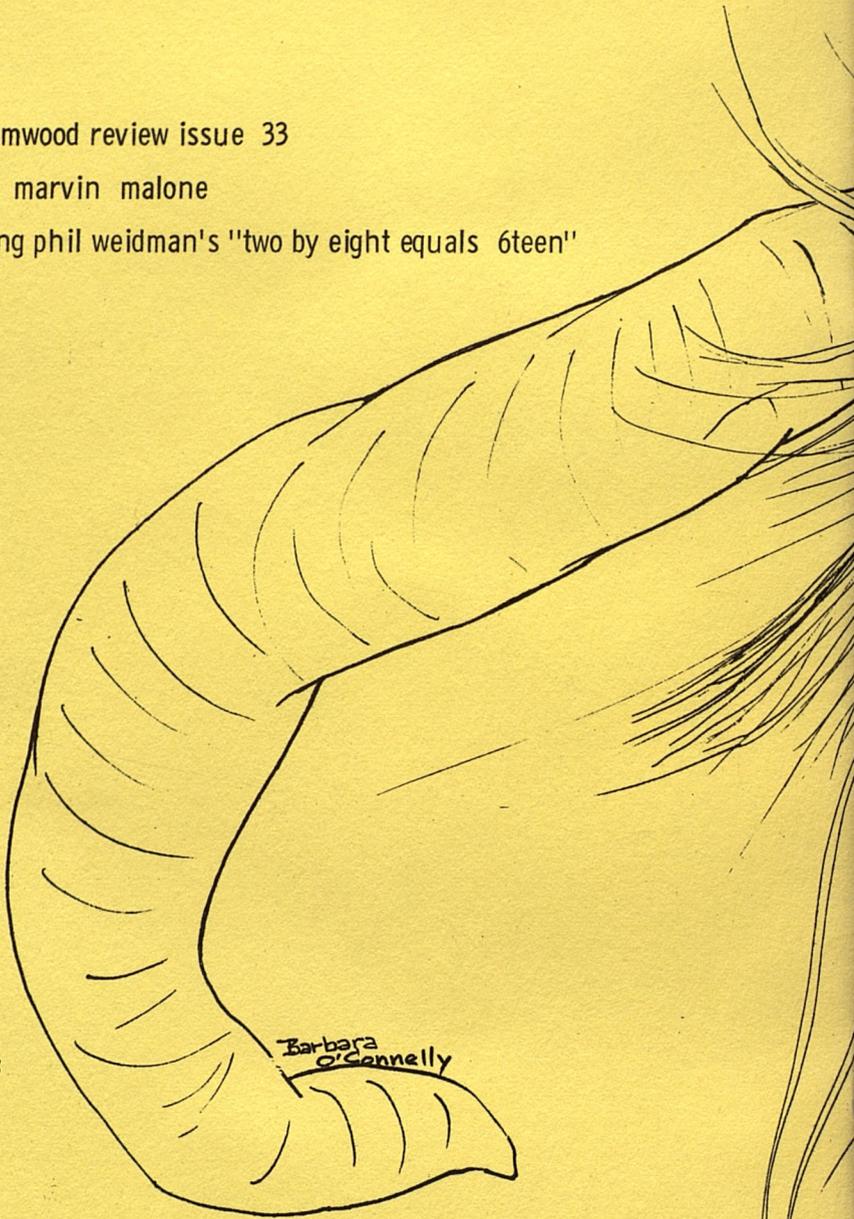
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