

warm wood, ride you



poetess special

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Femora, Hooray

Could this be another way to look at the legs beneath their seasonal dresses as they scurry across the campus or pose by the cheese in the grocery store? Well, it could be another way to listen to the ones who have our babies and serve us coffee. From the hills of California to the back streets of London I can hear the voices of the NOW song. This is the song of poetry sung by the female voice. Too many times female poets are neglected merely because the editor does not personally know them. Is this Hollywood? Do her poems have to be presented on her actual lips as she strolls high-heeled in front of you? Come on now brothers and sisters and hear the she-voice which is free and swirling in the Big Sur and winding its way through the streets of Glasgow.

-- George Montgomery, 1968

Hackensack, New Jersey



the mind of Pound

the mind of Pound
stretched into a broad black asphalt road
thinned into black brushstrokes
and covered his aunt with flyspecks

as she sat astride a mule
his aunt believed
travel broadened the mind

his mind grew and travelled
turned inside out became lava
stretched so thin it became transparent
and broke

near his aunt the mule
astride dollar signs
near sheri de la snubnose near idol eyes

if wishes were lepers
mules would ride aunts
across the sky of merano
at the pace of the sun on very hot days

1962

CONTEXT

In a country where all the babies are born ugly
the albino achieves a state of grace.
Amid roofs resembling India,
faces peer out toward water
bearing their ideas as veils. It moves thus,
a current to him, amid their constant questions:
a waterfall of oily upturned faces.
He has a way of moving among them
that justifies him to them, amid their
constant questions, their gentle concern.
On his own roof, near corn, with his face
turned toward what he remembers as sad India,
the albino regards himself as
a man who completely understands.
This sky, in this form, sky full of bodies,
of falling negroes, he knows, he watches it.
Disclaiming it as newsworthy or
remarkable. It is only necessary for him to
note the color of his urine,
his skin, as he goes to the edge of his roof
and that sea of Cortes' ugly children
into which he leaves his own bright laden water.

1964

HANDSTITCHED IN ITALY

I could walk you
as I walked the streets of Rome
the broken rhythm near the
baths of Caraculla
sprinting along the Via Appia Nuova
midnight and backwards

A question of tapping of high heels
down the Piazza di Spagna
at night after the flowerstalls
are shrouded
The mystery of the Roman princes and
their ladies nibbling on osso bucco
in the communist backrooms of trattorias

Mention of black sneakers whis-
pering down the Via Margutta
near long-haired balconies
like the heartbeat

All the while back to you
walking you like the three-ring circus
walks its Russian tightrope people
near the Porto Portese
ah the celebration the fuss
the reporters mumbling 'one world'
at the suede Russians and one
face of one vast child
out there under a real tent
with the skin shoes tiptapping

All the while sprinting backwards to you
and your Italianate memories
or where were you last time round
when you were the counterman at
the latticeria and you were
a new Pope bestowing infant smirks
on my blackstocking legs
the sound of huzzahs and dicta

It is not hypocrisy if the soles
are from Florence and therefore cheaper
The better to walk you with
my dear Caesar
It is easier than Viareggio cliffs
victory has no pretended wings
Once moving one can run here as
air and leather grow thicker inland
You become more visible

1960

WITH WATER

each of them says, 'I have loved you well because you have never told me I am ugly.' (soap sets blood; cool water removes it.) there they go! down the oldest street in each of the cities, wearing the tall hat of self-abnegation, their worn fingernails adorned with commemorative postage-stamps bearing their youthful faces. last year's rumours made cabagges sources of nutrition while potatoes were valueless; this was reversed two weeks ago, and the housewives cooked them in every phase. ah but when the house became quiet, the night drowning in denigration, 'I have loved you well, mark this, mark what I have done, notice,' with water, with kettles full of hot water, to set the blood firm, and the next morning there they go! toward the village fountain, toward the white mistake of soap to darken.

1961

-- Carol Bergé

New York, New York

SOMEDAY

Someday you will find
your possessions are not what they seemed.
A penis will sprout
out of the bathtub drain,
the chairs growing roots
deep into carpets. Thin translucent men
will hide slyly in your furnace,
you won't be able to get them to leave
sing as many groundhog carols as you choose.
At almost the same time
worms will be sprouting from your piano
and a very large nose will come and
steal your cantalope at breakfast.
Isn't this awful you'll want to cry as
wool is melting to blood on your skin.
But even if you scream nobody will notice.
Could you, truthfully, expect anyone to believe?

THINGS THAT STAY

In his head
there is snow.
Snow, crippled birds and

torn plum leaves. Shadows of
what could be broken,
mirrors, certain shells.

These are the things that stay
though the eyes that he lived in
are dissolving.

Bones of a face. The
lip shape
falling. These disasters keep eating him.

But he sends word travelling
against this dark
water. Small boats from so far,

perfect and tough.
As if to ease some terrible pieces of grief,
as if the loss could grow roses.

-- Lyn Lifshin

Albany, New York

SEARCH FOR THE CAUSE OF EVIL; HELD FOR VARIOUS PURPOSES ECSTATIC JOURNEYS

Priests, Shamans, Priestesses, males, females, and
within each a variety of irrational forces.

PRIESTESS: A young birch tree is stripped of its lower
branches, the branches are laid down to make a
circle, a light-colored horse pleasing to the
divinity is chosen by a Priest who entrusts it
to one of the people, he is called HEAD HOLDER!
(A priest emerges from the people, he shakes a
birch branch over the animal's back to force its
soul out, and fly to the god. He repeats the
same gesture over the Head Holder for his soul
to accompany the horse's soul. Rhythm and breath
variations:)

FEMALE: It is not a sign of scientific distinction.

- MALE: We are not impelled by any motive but solely by desire for intellectual insight. (There is a repetition of the words, intellectual insight, by the group, they feel it with their bodies; throats and hands are pulled, stretched.)
- FEMALE: For the sake of supernaturalism turn christianity into an inhuman religion of words!
- MALE: WHAT IS THE NAME OF THIS PLACE!
- FEMALE: (said in the back of the throat;) GOLGOTHA!
- MALE: (laughing from the soles of his feet to his hair roots:) THE HORSE IS OUR JESUS, OUR HOLY WAFER! (the word wafer is thoroughly experienced by the actors, they repeat it.)
- MALE: ALL HEALTH IS GONE -- THRUST SICKNESS AWAY! BLOOD, FIRE! bloodfire!
- GROUP: BLOOD RED RED BLOOD BLOODY RED BLOOD BLOODIEST (change to high chant;) first bit of batter bitter blood!
- FEMALE: (gestures to a male;) DOUSE THE FIRE OUT OF YOU!
- FEMALE: (putting her hand on a male's mouth;) My lady's hand is small it could not kill anything. Could you be it, a sacrifice, and be killed? (points to the horse)
- GROUP: (voices merging;) JOYFUL HYMNS! (scream) The half light is halving, the halt man comes. (a cripple emerges from the group.) THERE'S A SIGN ON HIM THERE'S A SIGN ON HIM!
- CRIPPLE: BETWEEN MY LEGS I OWN A WOUND! (He drags himself to the sacrificial horse, throws himself on it, beating the animal and screaming;) TREMBLE TREMBLE WHINNY TREMBLE TREMBLETREMBLE!
- (Incredible agitation happens in the people, the word TREMBLE goes through them like their blood and breath)
- FEMALE: COVER THE ANIMAL, COVER THE ANIMAL THE BEAST, HOLD DOWN THE BEAST'S HOOVES OPEN ITS JAWS LET LIGHT HEALING LET LIGHT HEALING RADIANCE COME OUT OF ITS JAWS, LET THE BLOOD BE POURED OUT LET ITS BLOOD MAKE US GUILTLESS, LET IT HOLD OUR PRAYERS IN ITS MOUTH, LET IT MAKE US

FULL OF KNOWLEDGE FOR THE GOOD!

CRIPPLE: SAVE ME FROM THE STINKING BURYING GROUND! MAKE ME DEATHLESS DEATHLESS! (with a kind of croaking sound;) I WILL NOT BE HUMBLED!

FEMALE: O SON OF GOD THE FLAME DO THOU OPEN FOR ME MY SODOMITE'S HEART RESOLVE ME INTO EARTH AND WATER, OBEDIENCE, PUT GRACE THROUGH THE SEVEN OPENINGS, THE MOUTH, TWO EYES, TWO NOSTRILS, AND TWO EARS!

CRIPPLE: (high pitched;) MOUTH AND ASS HOLE!
THE OPENING TO THE UNIVERSE!
MAN ALONE IS ENDOWED WITH LOVE!
HE SPRUNG OUT FROM THE WOMB, SACRED!

(A curious kind of revulsion and individual emotions of human pain happen to the people,)
(the animal starts to die.)

GROUP: Free from contamination with anything material, and with a single nature the soul pours forth to animate the universe! SAVE US FROM RAGING AND FURY!

-- Rochelle Owens

New York, New York

LOVE POEM THREE

GEMS DEEPEN IN THE LINEN

of CLOUDbeaked folds

LETS SUMMER OFF ON OUR EYELIDS
frail the pill tail

LIKE ALL OR NOTHING AT ALL bursting
through TUNNELS OF YELLOW SMOKE

WALTZES diamond STUNG METEORS OF BRILLIANT FLESH
ON to a BLACK CURTAIN

IGNITES YELLOWS square on the face of PEARLS
PLAYS LIGHT ON PENS FOR MORE BRILLIANT POEM WRITING
TO TURN TUESDAY OVER ON ITS SUNDAY SIDE

all work turned off for the TWO AND FOUR of ASHTRAYS

MOONSTONES MAKE CAGES OF TEARS HUFF AND PUFF OF

/LACE HANDKERCHIEFS CEREMONIAL SATIN HOLDING
FOR /MORE TEARS

TIRED OF BEING YOUNG IN THE WISE
MEN'S NEBULOUS COLUMNS
/ i turn the EYES OF EMERALDS TO GOLD TO HANG FROM
the ceiling

/ABOVE OUR BED

-- Gloria Tropp

New York, New York

Monkus

Whistle a song for me
I whistled for what you've got
all that sunshine
the nine bells are ringing.

LINES FROM RAY CHARLES

Love songs

H-h-ow-ow How! ... many people on
the street have money in
they pocket?

Have you ever felt hate turn to love-oh-uv-love?
Where Texas/Where Georgia
do you remember your sister
it's better to go hungry
than to leave those questions.

Do your eyes see what mine
do, no they don't, No-oh-o oh they
don't

-- bonnie bremsler

South America

AFTERNOON TRANSCRIPT

Emily,
darling sister
they come to whip you tomorrow
for the bells are ripe,
the farmer tells the weather
Warning us of storms
great things to come in the sky

and O Emily
sister of November
I hear you died
and it was not San Francisco
for your body lay limp
on the road to Boston.

-- Mary Sullivan

China, Maine

Didn't she know?

(a prophecy)

What was she doing in Brooklyn, anyway,
of a Saturday night, traipsing the streets
on the trail of a fortune-teller, with a friend
who thought she was caught, and needed advice?
She, who'd always hated and feared the occult?

Hadn't she just walked out on a crackpot husband
who told her he sat in a poker game with a gang
of spooks every Friday night in her clothes closet?
Who introduced her to a bird sitting on her windows
waiting, he said, to receive her spirit when she die
Who'd roll his eyes, and pointing under the bed, say
'There's nothing there...now don't be afraid...SEE?'

Then why did she go so willingly into that basement?
Why hadn't she run from that vestibule and its smells
of cabbage, stale corsets and gin before that shuffling
old hag hung her face out, and fixing her eye, said:
'Now don't you be asking me anything, dearie,--
Whatever I can do you can.'

-- Weak in the knees, going all over goosepimples
and hackles up the back of her neck, flying to hell
out of that brownstone fast as she could --

Didn't she know that some day she'd have to stop
running away? That sooner or later she'd see
the woman was right, -- and she'd have to listen
to the voices waiting to be heard? Not from a
disembodied spirit from an Other world, but
from herself to herself, because she was guilty?

MM,

(for Marilyn
Monroe)

unloved
for yourself
alone

bewildered waif
who tried
who tried

Narcissus/victim
in milkwhite
satin

trembling in
limbo as
randy men

rouse up your
goddess
spun-gold hair and

pin-up frail
insulted
bones

to take you
again
in dream --

hold these your
children
remembering

-- Marguerite Harris

our tawdry age
their human
need

New York, New York

deprived...

sweet...

let me go down
inside you
through your thorny eyes
and scheme among your
trails and turns. your
flesh and hidden tunnels.
i will bring handfuls
of violets. flowers
of each spring to
sprinkle in the path
i crush
inside you with my
feet.

i know where we
meet
the glade that i
have never
named

knife blade
humming
knife blade
knife blade
you are humming
humming
knifeblade as you sit and
finger
slid along the edge

-- K. K.

New York, New York

THINGS I DIDN'T KNOW UNTIL NOW

There are five major languages spoken by the people of India.

Two countries are found in more than one continent:

1. Soviet Union -- Europe and Asia
2. Turkey -- Europe and Asia

Japan, with more than 90 million people, is smaller in area than California.

Reno, Nevada, is further west than Los Angeles, California.

The New York Metropolitan Area has a larger population than Australia.

The Atlantic entrance to the Panama Canal is west of the Pacific entrance to the Panama Canal.

Ninety-five percent of the people in the world live north of the equator.

Moscow is closer to New York than Buenos Aires is.

William Burroughs is in town.

SAFE ROADS

Gulls eat garbage, you notice
and the sun sets on the other side of the island
from where we sit comfortably reading our books
squeezing as much light out of the day we can
before you go inside under gaslight to squint till
I can't keep mine open any longer I'm going to bed!

But if I were in New York I'd be wishing for Maine
now that I've been
at least for a minute

while a cool breeze shows up

So far away from anything depressing
except you know what
this place is full of

No action but walking
barefoot you toughen your feet
and are a child again

Grabbing for flowers as if they could vanish
and turning into concrete,

you're back in the city again, watching me step
to look both ways down the paranoid streets.

-- Anne Waldman

New York, New York

I stubbed my toe
on the sidewalk today
I'll limp for life

You see it was like this
everything was sprouting marigolds
and like marigolds are my quiet thing
and so there i was sitting in all those marigolds and the
ground wasn't even damp with no sticks and clods to
ram unasked and uninvited up my tender parts. Add i was
just going to
just about to just beginning to know my need to look at
the skyblue
wind in the yellow of the day and so i lumpheaded-
bullfroggingly
hit me in the head stubbed my toe.

Now it isn't as if i never sat with marigolds before

It was the sky I didn't loot that bugs me. You
see i didn't know about the night yet because i hadn't
finished with the day and all that rot about the twilight
whichlightmoonlove is so much rotten. The jerk between the
scrub corners of the room day and the night
is and does not always occur and sometimes days go on to
days in incomprehensible complex patterns full of
serious intent. So there i was sprawled glamorous
on the sidewalk scuttled by a minute raise in a structure
i thought i
knew

When Susan's number is dialed
an operator comes
on the line and says
This service is temporarily disconnected

Two years ago Susan ripped
untimely from her body
a boy child, born to be
a mixed Othello,
beautiful in its
miscegenation.

And ever since
that night of
blood and
natures thrustings
of membrane, tissue
and one fetus, hand sized
with head and eyes
fingers and penis
Susan's number doesn't ring

Death is inconceivable until it slaps you in the face.
When A. J. Barr drove his motorcycle
beyond the speed of his hands
into distinction, it sounded like a gas.
-- to sail to -- air marring hair
in a cassock dance, fingernails
vibrating to a goosepimple tune
grit etching lines in smooth fleshed bones

Then SENSATION

Exquisite rending of part from part
MEETING
Heat/Rock Hand/Gravel Skin/Branches Face/Dirt

AA!!!!

Death one gigantic tickling of every nerve --
one sucking off in every orifice --
one gigantic come.

There were strawberries that grew in these fields
Lilies that bloomed in these woods Anton
Where are they now
The blood red juices ran from our mouths
as we joined with our bodies in the lilies.

There is a bridge of destruction
between those years and these
built with the stored venom of
a snake not allowed to strike.

And as we walk in the sunlight of these tamed woods
do not expect me to forget
the pain those years rained down on my head
do not expect me to forget
in this sunlight
of this time
the years of that pain
crowning my head

-- Barbara Franks

New York, New York

It was May

We gathered moss
and built our love a trysting place;
we banked the charred remains
of fallen oak into a warming glow,
a monument to first love,
in a holy place.

When spring storms came
our love-fires died
within the thundering pause.

Sometimes
your calling echoes back to me
from corners of a lonely place ...
I see the flinted sparks
which scorched the incense
of that dying love
and marvel that the ashes lie
on sacred ground.

-- Wilma Caudle

Broken Arrow, Oklahoma

riddance

be off with my charlie,
selfish bastard
be off with my girlfriend,
clumsy phlanges
be off with my dog,
neurotic
be off with my lover
psychotic
be off with my cat,
affectionate schizophrenic
be off with my dearest possessions,
greed
robbery
be off with my charming contemporaries
quite charming stench of the
wonderful lucrative body odor
of an ostracized
be off with me,
paranoid
be off with me,
paranoia
a good bargain in any basement
cheap,
save on electricity
contact my rug
lie.

-- Sydney Johnson

New York, New York

PROCESS

i

the flower knows
it will be

seed, and so

shines
from corolla
brightness

drooping drooping

into fruit, for
blooming is its own

becoming.

ii

the flower is
the bird who eats
the fruit

knows

being eating knowing
be eat know

Ben, Larry's uncle, died last month:
May the bird who eats the seeds upon his grave
grow fat and fly south
to give us one more season.

3/14/68

BEWARE THE BEATLES ON REVOLVER
THEY'LL BLOW YOUR MIND
IN CIRCLES IN CIRCLES IN CIRCLES

7/12/68

your mind throbs against mine

and we are silent together
on the edge of the world
as we listen to our borders
make meaning of flesh

and we breathe in breathe out
as we make unmake the universe
in the many turnings of our
bodies making poems into bodies into poems
in the many turnings of our
minds making flesh into feeling into flesh

the shudder

of our trans
formation is the shift
onto the impossible

balance

we achieve
at the summit of our world
where in that great valley

the air interlaced with the branched tree
reveals to our open throat
calling now calling
the round yellow sun
caught fat in our loom

and we are busy turning
the only universe

and the sun like a fat buck
grown shy in his trap
licks the salt we give him
and in his throat we set
the mind of our world on fire

and the sun will only set when we have swallowed it.

5/24/68

I woke with my mouth full of flowers

beside you.

we were moved
to the planting
rolling

in the coil
of our garden,
our field, green-growing, making
green

grow a burst
of color, petals in the
groin, in the hair.

I wake with my mouth full of flowers,

hurry the scent
scent
in our garden
of growing

(blood will link us)
between our bellies
hurry our growing
blood will
new color (green will link us)

I will wake with my mouth full of flowers
no empty skull in the loam.

4/2/68

-- Susan Fantl

Flushing, New York

New Classics:

Epigrams from Martial, trans. by Barriss Mills, \$6.75 fm. Purdue University Studies, South Campus Courts - D, Lafayette, Indiana 47907 -- also out: Letter to Felix by Mills, 50 cts. fm. scrip, 67 Hady Crescent, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, England. ¶ Rationale of the Dirty Joke by George Legman, \$15 fm. Grove Press Inc., 80 University Place, N.Y. N.Y. 10003.

DOCUMENTS:

The Anthology (poems read at COSMEP conference, May 23-6, 1968) \$1.50 fm. Noh Directions, 2209 California, Berkeley, Calif. 94703. ¶ Film-Makers Cooperative has issued a catalog supplement; write 175 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

Highly Recommended:

James Tate's The Torches (book) \$2 and The Torches (broad-side) \$1, Teo Savory's Snow Vole \$1.25, John Robert Colombo's The Great Wall of China (Delta) \$2.00 -- all fm. Unicorn Press, 317 East De la Guerra St., Santa Barbara, Calif. 93101. ¶ Mark McClosky's Goodby, but Listen \$4 fm. Vanderbilt University Press, Nashville, Tenn. 37203. ¶ Howard McCord's Longjaunes His Periplus (prints by Geo. Nama) and Fernando Alegria's Instructions for Undressing the Human Race (drawings by Matta) each \$1.50 fm. Kayak, c/o City Lights Books, 1562 Grant Ave., San Francisco, Calif. 94133.

RECOMMENDED:

Poetry Towards a Creative $\mu\epsilon\tau\omicron\iota\lambda\upsilon\omicron\upsilon\omicron$ Anarchy (Steven Richmond) 20 cts. fm. author, 137 Hollister, Santa Monica, Calif. ¶ The Sow's Head & Other Poems (Robert Peters) \$4.95 fm. Wayne State Univ. Press, Detroit, Mich. 48202. ¶ It Isn't Everything (Ann Menebroker) 50 cts. fm. author, Route 1, Box 821, Wilton, Calif. 95693. ¶ Pattern and Voice (Raymond Stineford) \$3 fm. American Weave, 220 Portland St., South Berwick, Maine 03908. ¶ Inside Out (Don Cauble) \$1.25 fm. author, 517 N.W. 14th., Portland, Oregon 97209. ¶ The Dreamtelephone (Dick Lourie) \$1.50 fm. New/Books, R.D. 3, Trumansburg, New York. ¶ Looking for Shiloh (Edsel Ford) \$1.50 fm. Univ. of Missouri Press, Columbia, Missouri 65201.

Little Presses:

Slocum (Tim Reynolds) \$1.75, Viet Nam Poems (Thich Nhat Hanh) \$1.00, The Rallying Idea (Erich Kahler) \$1.00, The Cry of Viet Nam (Thich Nhat Hanh with drawings by Vo-Dinh) \$1.00, A Poetry Reading for Peace in Vietnam, Gary Snyder Postal Poem 10 cts. -- all fm. Unicorn Press, 317 East De la Guerra St., Santa Barbara, Calif. 93101 -- Alan Brilliant, Director. ¶ Daphne Buckle Marlatt's leaf leaf/s \$3 wpps. fm. Black Sparrow Press, P.O. Box 25603, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025.

George Dowden's He or Genesis (Paradox Press) 75 cts.,
d. a. levy's masterwork Prose: on Poetry in the Wholesale
Education and Culture System (Gunrunner Press), d. a. levy
Poem for Beverly (Cold Mt. Pub. Co.), t. l. kryss' Don
Giovanni Meets the Lone Ranger (posit ion press), Christ-
mas 1968: 14 Poets (Black Rabbit Press), plus latest copies
of Buddhist Oracle fm. Asphodel Book Shop, Box 05006,
Cleveland, Ohio 44105. ¶ Danny Mondschein's Children of
the Moon \$2.45 fm. Hors Commerce Press, 22526 Shadycroft
Ave., Torrance, Calif. 90505.

LITTLE MAG NOTES:

The Newsletter on the State of the Culture (edit. by The
Smith) \$4 fm. 5 Beekman St., N.Y., N.Y. 10038. ¶ Very
Stone House, P.O. Box 3007, Vancouver 3, B.C., Canada has
released Collected Poems of Red Lane (\$2.50) and is plann-
ing West Coast Poets I (to be in print and on record). ¶
Illuminations has a new address, 20 East King Rd., Tucson,
Arizona 85705. ¶ Et Caetera Revista de Cultura (Director:
Adalberto Navarro Sanchez) \$5 fm. Municipio 1048 (Colonia
Ayuntamiento) Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico. ¶ Grande Ronde
Review now fm. Ben L. Hiatt, 512 1/2 19th. St., Sacramento,
Calif. 95814 -- has just published Don Gray's The Outside
Silence of Things and Joseph Somoza's Greyhound. ¶ Nola
Express (edit. by rbt. head and Darlene Fife) \$1.50/ 12 nos.
fm. Box 2342, New Orleans, La. 70116. ¶ Oriental Blue
Streak (edit. Larry Goodell & Joe Bottone) now fm. Placitas,
New Mexico 87043. ¶ Esparavel Revista de Poesia (edit.
H. M. Gongora) Carrera 70A, No. 63-52, Bogota, Columbia. ¶
Pyramid (edit. Ottone M. Riccio) \$4/yr. fm. 32 Waverley St.,
Belmont, Mass. 02178 -- also to issue Walter Lowenfels' Thou
Shalt Not Overkill (\$2.50). ¶ Participacion-Poesia (edit.
Roberto Fernandez Iglesias) APDO Postal 9901, Panama 4,
Panama. ¶ San Francisco Earthquake (edit Jan Jacob Herman)
\$1.50/copy fm. 1562 Grant Ave., San Francisco, Calif. 94133.
¶ Workshop (edit. Hidden & Johnson) \$1.50/3 issues fm. Glas-
gow Stud Farmhouse, Crews Hill, Enfield, Middlesex, England.
¶ Monument (edit. by H. Cross & J. Dethrow) \$2/3 issues fm.
7 McBaine, Columbia, Missouri 65201. ¶ Black Journal (edit.
Derek Pell) Box 457, Westport, Conn. 06880 (50 cts./copy) --
also releases Pell's Frozen Sunlight (35 cts.). ¶ The
South Florida Poetry Journal (edit Jerry Parrott) \$2.50/yr.
fm. FAH 265, University of South Florida, Tampa, Fla. 33620.
¶ Peace Among the Ants projects 3 volumes for \$3 total fm.
Nevada/Tattoo Press, Box 27263 West Portal Station, San
Francisco, Calif. 94127. ¶ Avalanche # 5 is Molotov Ethyl
Federal Road and Prison Map for Alameda County, 50 cts. fm.
Undermine Press, 2315a Russell St., Berkeley 5, Calif. ¶
Hanging Loose: new address, 301 Hicks St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
11201 (\$1/issue). ¶ Road Apple Review (edit. Douglas
Flaherty) \$1/copy fm. 1225 Tijeras N.E., Albuquerque, N.M.
87106. ¶ Aesop's Feast (edit. Michael Walton) 25 cts.
per copy fm. 207 West Fowler Ave. (apt. 1-A), West Lafayette

Indiana 47906. ¶ The Salt Creek Reader (edit. Ted Kooser) \$1/10 issues fm. 1030 Garfield, Lincoln, Nebr. 68502. ¶ Genesis Grasp (edit. by R. Meyers & D. Giannini) \$1.25/issue fm. G.P.O. 2087, New York, N.Y. 10001. ¶ Unicorn Journal (edit. Teo Savory) \$4/yr. fm. Unicorn Press, 317 East De la Guerra, Santa Barbara, Calif. 93101 -- also issues plush, finely designed Unicorn Folio, \$5/folio.

Items Received:

Where Love Is (John Harris) fm. author, 650 Beach Dr., Hermosa Beach, Calif. ¶ Kafka: the Torment of Man (R. M. Alberes & P. DeBoisdeffre; trans. by Wade Baskin) \$4.75 fm. Philosophical Library, 15 East 40th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016. ¶ Cycle (David E. Middleton) fm. author, P.O. Box 7041 Tech. Station, Ruston, La. 71270. ¶ Permeable Man (Hugh Fox) and The Dwarf's Hump (Harvey Tucker) \$1 each fm. Black Sun Press, 70 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, New York 11201. ¶ Observations (Lennart Bruce) \$1.50 fm. Kayak, dist. by City Lights Books, 1562 Grant Ave., San Francisco, Calif. 94133. ¶ Return to Earth (Sharon Asselin) fm. ghost-dance press, ATL (Bessey), MSU, East Lansing, Mich. 48823. ¶ An Ode (Alan Sondheim) fm. author, 30 Jenches St., Providence, Rhode Island 02906. ¶ Glyphs (Hugh Fox) fm. Fat Frog Press, P.O. Box 313, San Bruno, Calif. 94066.

INFORMATION:

The new address of the Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines is: ANTA, 245 West 52nd St., New York, N.Y. 10019. ¶ El Corno Emplumado, Apartado Postal 13-546, Mexico 13, D.F. is discontinuing its exchange program with other little mags

The following poets are scheduled for either Wormwood: 35 or 36:

Barry G. Brissman	Steve Osterlund
Charles Bukowski	rolla rieder
neeli cherry	Ottone M. Riccio
Dan Georgakas	Norman H. Russell
Gary Gildner	Knute Skinner
Jeff Heglin	Stephen Stepanchev
Gloria Kenison	Craig Sterry
Ron Koertge (Special Section)	Joan Stone
Toby Lurie	Alexander Taylor
David McFadden	Adeline Theis
Anne Menebroker	David Tipton
George Montgomery	



A GOODBYE TO THE 50's

We're the most hunted:

neon on wet streets never
again the same

the last 10 dollar pads
cots
lentil winters

60's show central heating
fortunes
fewer loves

child growing tall

roast chicken looms
prosperity threatens

we'll travel sedately in buses

what of the summer dawns we
~~and~~ woke in the sun
~~and~~ not thru whim?

what of the shared meals

→ love in a furnished room
~~troamed the streets, diaphragm in the~~
~~↳ pocket of my blue jeans~~
don't miss the ~~fun~~ ^{flow}
but a heart like a glass of cold water
nothing to lose

Feb 1959
Diane di Prima

A GOODBYE TO THE 50'S

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 woke in the sun
and not thru whim?
what of the shared meals
love in a furnished room
I roamed the streets
diaphragm in the pocket of my blue jeans

don't miss the fun
 but a heart now like a glass of cold water
nothing to lose

-- Diane di Prima

San Francisco, Calif.

ORIENT MOON

There is a rabbit
in the moon, a foetal rabbit
closely cramped against its curving rim,
his shoulders hunched about his head
from which the long ears flow
down rounded back, a neatly packed
white rabbit with a mixing bowl
in foreleg hug that holds a month of salad.

Smudged eyes
no longer brood above us.
The rabbit profile looks
beyond the earth, his eyes
half closed in contemplation. Now
the honey drains no longer into dreams
and sickens them, but the inverted salad bowl,
plastered with lettuce leaves,
hangs over us. Our madness
sucks no sweetness from the night. Our ease
wizens with vinegar.

This is a rabbit ridden Orient moon
that has no need of us.

DHARMA IN MILKY QUARTZ

Infusible,
insoluble within the haze
thickened about the question of Nirvana,
in trigonal,
trapezohedral chambers
cracked to snarls of veins
within the steam skeined cloud of skin
the ever soul, live
mudra of silence and solidity
in quartz crazed stupa.

Carbon dioxide and samsara
crowd the highway to the inner eye
that ends all roads.

Of Tunes That Went Awry

Tunes shrugged away his voice
and left it hanging, free from their contours,
sagging with no song inside.
Tunes spat like wet soap from his grasp
and slid into that one spot where his aim

would plant his heft of hope upon them
for a slap down sprawl on grease lick
over sop of tile and every time
he rose up on all fours and traced
the cracks for sound with cautious finger nails.

As if beneath
the topmost skim of hardness
veins worked by age were spread of veins
through gloss of white,
each strand a wither trail unending
that must be headed somewhere
from a start that failed somehow
in depths of milk beneath a glass that blinds
the seeker plunged in nightgrobe after basic plans.

He stands
and clasps the tail flash
of another tune,
slime scaled, in both hands grimly
with an Ought inside.

-- Barbara Holland

New York, New York

Small Green Lights / Blink Cat Eyes

Look, my child
How we've structured the days
And made for your habitance
Cubes, cones and pyramids
Of strong/ stern materials;
And made for your enlightenment
Rolls, tubes of plastic / pricked
With apprizements. And made
For your embellishments / bangles
Boulderized appearances.

But the nights?
Night has been difficult
The nights we cannot tame:
Even now, their long tunnels
Burrow our noon easements / and it is
Always the same : it is very black
There is the smell of mold and semen.
And at the end of funnels of dark
Small green lights / blink cat-eyes
And you must catch!

Where Have All the Children Gone? They Have
Grown Into Non-Children

Non-child hauls his succubus
To an attic/ drools her down
An airshaft.
Fingers / pokes holes into webs;
Tosses his favorite dead fish
From a cliff.
Combs his mother's womb
For a comb.
Breaks off sprockets.
Tries to put back the stuffing
Of the world.
Pouts for a new one / shouts
For his father: God, God
Why have you forsook?

Square Day

The day sits square on our backs:
It should be the sharp bite
Of a tangerine, the juice
Welling over and spilling in our
Laps. But we have climbed
The spiral staircase and feel
The terrible pressures.
We have gone beyond the simple
Pleasures of pit and orange
And squeezed our juices dry.
Some think, this is good / we mount on
Steps of pearl.
However, millions hanker for
The tang.

-- Lois Van Houten

Fair Lawn, New Jersey

the black skies are there
and my eye is too
outside it is black like the sky
that is to say,
the sky is also black (see 1st
line) & i am here too, like
my eye is, skip space here

oh yes,
anyone can follow directions, it takes
a special simpleton to do less than
his mother would ask from him, only
i for one am clearly uninvolved.

you know, and only you know,
why the light has black in it and

why the black has the same associations
as night
only more so, as it were, by very special
coincidence ordered up by me
just as if i ordered the blackbirds
in the queen's pie done to a turn
the birds not chirping as the crust was cut
as the story has it

six burned birds,
or was it five, or was it more than that,
or if they're burned does the count matter

ashes to ashes
dust to dust
i kin tell you more lies than the crossties
on

the railroad, or the mud in yr eye.

oh yes,

black was the hole, & andy's head so white
between those two. and it was also a black
floor the crabs came out of (a banal remark
no doubt but they were real crabs nevertheless,
of the nightmare variety, you know, long hooky
claws, beady eyes, the works --)

and nonetheless, there was purple in the night
too, and let me tell you, those burned birds
saw it too --

-- Lynne Banker

New York, New York

having been moving in
their coma all his life
they send him
to a psychiatrist at
the very moment he
begins to make a breakthrough
back! back! back in the box!
and everyone knows the marks are
for deportment

In America if you sing in the streets
they lock you up
until you agree to comply with their version
The mortality rate happens when you are born --
Even for the Star Spangled Banner
they lock you up.
Even if you were standing
up.

one night at 4 AM
a drunken graduate student
strode down my street
shouting the Gettysburgh address
at the top of his voice
He got away with it even if
somebody did cock a head out
a window and say
(trying to shame him)
you son of a bitch
there's decent people
live around here
He was shouting to
wake the dead --

DON'T TOUCH

I mean like it's inside the plastic
bubble man
with the orange juice
and the butterfly can opener
and the tail gunner
and the pull-chain socket
and the weekly situation comedy.
(he whispers in my ear,)
and baby if I loved you I would
but you're from the bubble culture
and baby for you, I'm inside one too
We aint even the same species
Whutta some kinda pre-vert
Don't your kind put out, bubble man?

It's funny baby bubble man
my situation comedy is feelies --
but you bubble man
who lost your feelings long ago
want to cop a feel --
is it because they won't let you
feel anything else
inside all them plastic bubbles?

Writers' Block is an extension

of Parkinson's Law

He who stands at the hour
of his impending death does not procrastinate
He asks himself whose eyes he is avoiding
He has counted the roses on the wallpaper
several times over

Not until he hears the brakes in the door-yard
Does he break the sound barrier
The posse arrives behind him on the springboard
All his selves converge as
Rocket-like he arches into the air
All the muscle-flexing has been of some use after all
The fox only pulls out a few feathers
as the turkey at last takes flight.
With one oar we rowed in a circle:
Father said never to touch the motor.
He's dead. Just in time. The motor takes us
in a circle, too, but big enough
to cross the horizon.

-- Robert Oh Faber

New York, New York

city heat

I would ask
why is it so hot,
and all the children,
answering,
rushed downstairs to the fire hydrant
and under the water
spilling into the gutter:
the streets sighing in relief,
we cooled our feet ...

it was fun running in
and thru the steaming spray --
we didn't need sand --
we wore our bathing suits
to hide nothing.

Once I dreamed America ...

Once I dreamed America,
matching it to mountains
and cities,
trembling with excitement:
the streets met my feet firmly,
silently,
whispering promises
in the rain.

War came,
we took to the streets again,
the same streets,
echoing hollowly
to the demands of angry voices
asking for an end
to the downpouring of garbage
dumped over the world --

In sweet disguise
we hawk our candied promises
from a white wheelbarrow:
The Great Crusade --
an old man with a death's mask,
selling apples.

-- Jill Hoffman

Toronto, Canada

perhaps when the music is perfect
for the moment
and in the same suspension
we will suddenly
find ourselves
together

-- Vicki Kover

New York, New York

bioluminescence

avodesians head hanging

un-framed

mobile in one of my hanging rooms

belowstairs where the sea spangles on

the lizard stones Misanthropy!

not victorian nightshade

how much a man

puts his muscles to use, owns, owns,

duty

what can he do but extend his own pro-

portions, his paint of bion water, his

Head,unearth! Head,unflesh!

-- Barbara Moraff

Vermont

Seasonal Habit

Brought on by a sudden urge
my breath/I can feel
sudden leaves upon my pillow. Dreams
of daytime release me
only to find myself
moving in the streets
of a Christmas which brought
death of my father

and the scarf around my neck
becomes tighter
a gift from my brain
telling me walk on, walk on,
the dead-end is not quite here.

-- Barbara Garcia

Provincetown, Massachusetts

THE FEAR

The blood goes to your head you say.
To think.
Your face is white.

Now it is a white will go into grey not a white will go
into light.

Everything I do
I do from the skin out.
The waist down.
Or up.

Separation where the outer edge is only a knife blade wide.

Sharp.
A blade of grass. But dry.

We try to make love
but you are soft with fear
and I am hard with fear
and
as you say we can't open into each other anyway We can't
forget it.

We hold each other and hold each other. Ourselves.

At intervals
I think of 1940
The Jews in Germany
Then being certainty almost
Almost a comparison
We coming out
winning
Removing location and substance To replace

The Issue.

Pieces of dream	Automobile horns	Explanation
		But you forgot
it's really facism now		
All night long		
Understand that	Facism	
Soft blue bodies	melting all night	
long		
Men getting out of an early morning car		

to serenade a girl down the street

Your breathing The pain in my head

In the morning your cock is hard
It bursts in me
Beautiful

 Marked on the map
 the place
 Again

In the morning we come
Into each other releasing each other
beginning

10.8.68

THE PREPARATION

i.

Now.

When it isn't light.
It isn't heavy either, presupposing
that light was weight not brilliance, the heat
that opens eyes

 there

In that space without definition
the thing begins to happen

I begin to know that you know me
I have allowed it, to be known
by someone
Not someone By you
who have also permitted
Put in place, said

the parts of me
the vulnerable parts, as you have, as

cannot be fought against, cannot
be obscured.

ii.

The times before us
which will be hard times, difficult,
words not measuring up
:famine war destruction what
will we call it

Those times will be good for us, will
bring us
even further into each-

other. At What Expense.

iii.

To begin to count.
To begin to count them.
To count them from the beginning
to where
the beginning ends.

That is
the extent of it,
up to now it begins
to be

something else.

10.11.68

-- Margaret Randall

Mexico 13, D.F.

Kafaric Koan

Into out of the landscape --
The rolling rolling hills of Penn's Sylvania

-- Tiki Heil

Trenton, New Jersey

MONTAGE

1)

The falling away of childhood,
like dustmotes falling to the floor
The sound it makes in passing,
Sunbeams tumbling
with
a
roar

I was alone in my childhood,
Laughing down the warm dirt trails.
Adolescence came
 a long-maned horse
too eager for running
 to stand quietly
 while I learned to ride.

Images came like strands of hair
 so fine they knotted and snarled
Combing is a solitary thing

2)

 On a winter-quiet raining day
 watching blowing mist in the grey-pale air;
 Simon and Garfunkel singing Scarborough Fair
 voices like the beads of rain
 liquid-wreathing along
 the skylight glass

I once played in the rain
 enjoyed it so
 so long ago
 things were different then.
Rain was cool and tasted good
 mothers didn't mind your dripping clothes --
Now I run and hunch my back
 rain seems hard and much too cold
 you'll regret your ruined clothes --
Stop the rain
 I feel too wet and old.

3)

The wonder! You, in my arms, breathing!
His laughter became the song of rivers
 and the worship of rain
 to the roots suspended like rainbows' flight
 beneath the fields we ran
Stars and dreams and silken things
embroidered birds with golden wings
 -- sometimes it frightened me
 there was so much in his eyes --
We set an evolution on falcons
 that will never reach an end

4)

I love you, I said one night.
No, he said, not me. You love

such a far reaching, for those farther stars
beyond each world another world to find
for each ship, an ocean of a special kind

Who says our wings can't hold our dreams
And still swing a sure flight before the wind --
Mine held me, and what am I?
A dream, or two --
Somehow much more than three, it seems ...

6)

And at my funeral
I laughed long and loud
At those who said they knew me well.
With one great cry gotten off,
the length of life --
I speared the stars
with something of me.

-- Kathleen Coy

Copiague, New York

Sometimes in an awakening
the hearts bright dreams
find themselves
clutched by a frozen hand:
suddenly knowing that all Eternity
is contained in this one
glistening moment:
that all the agonies
of thousands of past lives
are but the darkneses
of endless futures.

Standing in our pale nakedness
with ears, eyes, fingers
we alone can operate
the moving parts of our bodies
and know the workings of our own minds.

And yet
how the distant cries of the stars
send us shivering to each other's arms
clinging together
as the dyings go on
and on

and the crazed howl of pain
comes from our throats
though we have uttered no cry

and the tears gently stirring the grass
come not from either of our eyes

And in the hour of the awakening ...

Coming home from heaven
they found somebody
had been messing the place around
with cleaning fluid and chemicals
and neat piles of everything
here and there and paint daubed
on all the beautiful signposts
to the way back: trees painted
green because something from the
factories had withered all their
leaves and the grass which had come to
resemble the bald stomach of a much handled
old teddy bear was now covered with
peagreen felt for a little added colour.
And the animals in the factories
all tidied up -- clipped, pruned,
wings and sex castrated. and the
slaughterers happily feeding them
only an injection every few hours.

So being a little annoyed
that all the bright flowers
of childhood had been plucked
by an eyeless idiot and thrown
to the torpid rubber ducks
on the polluted lake

they pulled up the curtain
which had long elegantly draped
the whole colourful pantomime
and when the awful wailing began
and the realization stirred
so many longdead minds
that the hell was really hell
and the reality was really reality

they didn't even attempt
to hide the laughter
which their footsteps
left across the watery earth

The Eye of the World
watches.
gropes
with terrible arms
into the centre of our lives
-- all the daily dyings
-- its fingers probing
into the soft and
vulnerable parts.

and at all the wrong moments
snuffs out those pretty
pink candles
in the sky

leaving us blundering
around in the darkness
struggling to find
our
selves

See as angels
with red mouths and paper wings
so tall and white
all the Good Moments
of your life
-- not the pleasure or entertainment
but the Meaningful, the Creative.

Stand those moments
side by side like trees
so tall and serene

discard the sickly ones
which were motivated by Nasty
or just happened to happen
despite your self

start
from now
to create
a forest

-- Tina Morris

Blackburn, Lancs, England

Only 600 copies of this issue have been printed by Bill Dalzell in New York City and collated by the editor; this is copy number:

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O U R P A T R O N S A R E : William H. C. Newberry
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A Note: Having (as a scientist) worked in and opposed for nine years an academic environment that insists on genial, mediocre conformity, that exists to teach but views with alarm a teacher, that seeks to solve all problems with ineffective gloss and compromise, that possesses deep cynicism while performing lip service to all morality, that believes collectively that team work is of greater good than individual excellence -- I yield! The tired editor from Nebraska and New Mexico leaves New England to return to the West. Wormwood will continue, but from Stockton, California. Our mailing address after August 15, 1969 will be announced in the next issue. -- M. Malone

2/12/69

Modern Classic:

Notes of a Dirty Old Man (Charles Bukowski) \$1.95 fm. Essex House, 7311 Fulton Ave., North Hollywood, Calif. 91605.

Highly Recommended:

Ken Lawless' Tailing Off, \$1.25 fm. Zeitgeist, Box 150, East Lansing, Mich. 48823.

J. D. Whitney's Tracks -- Poems 1966-68, \$4 fm. Elizabeth, 103 Van Etten Blvd., New Rochelle, New York, 10804.

Losers Weepers, an anthology of found poems edited by Geo. Hitchcock (\$2) and James Tate's Row With Your Hair (\$1.50) with fine drawings by Mel Fowler fm. Kayak, 2808 Laguna St., San Francisco, Calif. 94123 plus Morton Marcus' Origins with prints by Gary E. Brown.

Greg Kuzma's Sitting Around fm. Lillabulero, Krums Corners Road, R.D. 3, Ithaca, New York, 14850 -- also Russell Banks' Waiting to Freeze.

Gerard Malanga's The Last Benedetta Poems, \$3 fm. Black Sparrow Press, P.O. Box 25603, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025.

Harold Bond's The Northern Wall, \$1.65 fm. Hassell B. Sledd, Dept. of English, Northeastern Univ., 360 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass. 02115.

Recommended:

Brown Miller's Whiskeytown/Iron Mountain/Triptych fm. author, 255 Lakeshire Dr., Daly City, Calif. 94015.

Theodore Enslin's Agreement and Back, \$5 fm. Elizabeth, 103 Van Etten Blvd., New Rochelle, New York 10804.

Broadside poems at 25 cts. per fm. the Bowery, 1640 East 13th. Ave., Denver, Colorado 80218 -- Stuart Z. Perkoff's Poems From Prison and Frank T. Rios' Poems.

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Aphorisms (David Kipp) 30 cts. fm. Poesie Vivante, 11 rue Hoffmann, 1202 Geneva, Switzerland -- an earlier book, The Colourless Eye,

30 cts. fm. Magpie Press, 36 Sherard Rd., London SE 9, England.

New Little Mags:

Toucan (edit. Alex Gildzen) 75 cts./copy fm. 1520 South Blvd., Kent, Ohio 44240.

Poetry Postals featuring Stuart Z. Perkoff, Diane diPrima, James Ryan Morris, 25 cts./per or \$1.50/doz. fm. Croupier Press, Box 18418, Denver, Colorado 80218.

Abyss (edit. G. Dombrowski and L. A. Cabral) \$1.25/copy fm. 6 Franklin Place, Somerville, Mass. 02145 -- also has released Dick Higgins'

Towards the 1970's, 75 cts./copy.

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Sou'Wester (edit. James Taylor) \$2.50/ 4 copies fm. English Dept., Humanities Div. Southern Ill. Univ., Edwardsville, Ill. 62025.

Atom Mind, \$3/yr. fm. Box 827, Syracuse, N.Y. 13201

As Yet Unnamed Magazine seeking mms. (edit. Charles Bukowski) fm. 5124 DeLongpre Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90027 -- asst. edit. is neeli cherry.

If Grandma Had the Balls, She'd be Grandpa (edit. Bob Brown & Larry Walsh) 60 cts./copy fm. Muntjac Press, 2072 Ocean Ave., San Francisco Calif. 94127.

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