



W O R M W O O D S T E P S T O O L

N U M B E R T H I R T Y - S E V E N

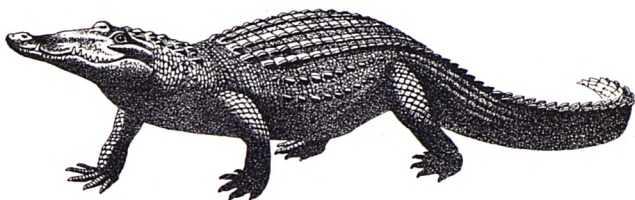
T H E W O R M W O O D R E V I E W

Volume 10, number 1.....Issue thirty-seven

Editor: Marvin Malone.....Art Editor: A. Sypher

Copyright © 1970, The Wormwood Review

Editorial and Subscription Offices: P. O. Box 8840.....
.....Stockton, California 95204 U.S.A.



doctor jack, you have
with surreptitious tetracycline
relieved our jolly roger of the clap,
restoring him to genial accuracy at the billiards table
and to a new lease on lubricity.

grandeur yet, by taking our little waif, clotilde,
to your pharmaceutical heart
you have preserved the clutch of us
from the vengeance of her so oft abused pudendum.

jack, you are a prince of fellows,
tried as ham-on-rye, as true as pretzels,
a gourmet of camaraderie
and of nostalgic paris street-songs.

thus i dedicate to you
this quarter in the edith piaf jukebox --
may your stethoscope never cease to sound
the amplitude and frequency of human frailty.

-- Gerald Locklin

Long Beach, California

A Left Bank of the Mind

People keep asking me, When are you going
to get to Paris? Paris! For Christ's sake
I can't even get to the office to type up poems,
with my goddam arcane car rotting at the service

station. Paris! What would I do with Paris?
Take my wife to the Seine and kiss her
madly, hoping wise old men would stop to
admire and say, "Ah, the mad poet from Long Beach!"

I can see myself confronted with tons of Good
French Bread -- sour crusty The Real Stuff.
But I've already grown obese on hot dog buns
and I'd never be able to afford the Moulin Rouge.

I suppose I could play Hemingway, but hell
I even lose on the races at Del Mar and Caliente
and there are plenty of Spanish wines at the corner
liquor store and there's no reason to go

thousands of miles just to make love to
coeds from UCLA. Paris! They say the
air is better. What difference does the air make --
I'd be smoking three packs a day the same as here,

basking somewhat nauseated in my portable smog.
But what about the SIGHTS. Now tell me, what,
once you've seen it, do you do with a SIGHT?
As a matter of fact I have no visual memory

at all, am bad at impressionistic prose,
and really enjoy about nothing except booze and jazz.
The Cathedrals would be worst of all. What
in the world can you do with a Cathedral?

I mean, Henry Adams gave it a try
and just about brought writing in America
to a standstill. I tried to read him once
in high school and he drove me back to football.

I'd probably walk in circles in some ancient
nave trying to think appropriately
elevated thoughts until I tripped
and hit my head on a cobblestone and died.

Okay okay maybe someday. Someday
I may succumb. Succumb? To what?
The Bel Air is still at the service station,
its joints eroded by the friction of the times.

-- Gerald Locklin

Lunch time in the land
Of talented cats,
The cats are dancing
On their claws.
There is the drip
Of dripping whiskers,
The flutter of flying fish
In the land of talented cats.
Guitars can swim,
And moonlight colors birds.
Everyone can see into the dark.
Listen, the cats
Are dancing on their claws.
Fish are flying to the moon.
Birds are hiding in guitars.
Everyone can see into the dark.
Everyone can see the gloomy place.
Everyone can see
The music loving snakes.
Everyone is going
To the great concert of serpents
In the land of talented cats.
Everyone will be pleased
Except those who are eaten,
For it is lunch time
In the land of talented cats.

When the ice cream cat of Alabama
Floats by the furry flowers of unless,
And the fox wicks are clipped,
You will know, as sure as
Money burning in Antartica.

When the ice cream cat meows,
The cabbage worms undress unless,
And all the conditional chicken feathers
Fall like flint in a wind of jelly.

Misfortune in Alabama,
Large thrashing syllables are seen
Meowing in the drainage ditches,
The moon and stars are oozing garlic
For the ice cream cat of Alabama.

-- Charles Wyatt

Nashville, Tennessee

cemetery
creation's
worth
in
haggard
charm
there
beside
the
cannon
balls

incredible
values
any
12
4 bks.
for
1.95
pre-
pubn.
sale

end
sagging
pool
to which
one came
& sopped
up water
where
it grew
in rocks,
pebbles,
leaves
& logs

bark
running dog
in
patched
fur
yah-yahing
at a
catch

rime
thinking
& think
& some-
thing
to drink
& yellow
caps
for
everyone
with yellow
ties

picnic 2
feeding
geese
egg salad
sandwiches
& koolaid
& fig newtons

how i cot tb
as a child
we had morris chairs
& brass bedsteads,
to discourage bedbugs,
& a maid-of-all-work
& raw milk & lots of
other things not
available now

milltown
starving
dogs
bankrupt
roadhouse
dilapidated
factories

pathetic
sainted
hillsb
arbarou
slif
e

2 or 3
years ago
sitting
on back porch
wicker chair
sun shining
somewhere

perfect
garden
golden
flowers
leper's
bell
moon
unshaped

co-her-ent
driven out
to picnics next
the french king
bridge & the great
pink mountains

ends meet
end & end make
it smaller till it
comes out a hole
in the toothpaste
tube

1860
greenelmfarm
pigpen
& croquet
set
girls in muslin
china doll

reversion
to
water
buried
in sun
in
water
buried

damp
old barn
dredging
sinking
leaves

caravan
camel wife
loitering
near

-- Gloria Kenison

Millis, Massachusetts

Adrian

Adrian galloped up the hill
in the moonlight with his
heart pounding and breathing
hard and the moon in his eyes.

He stopped at the top,
tilted a little flask quickly,
and continued loping down the
hill toward the village,
sleeping in the moonlight.

Adrian loved to jog under the
full moon and have a swig
every time he stopped to rest.

He used to pretend he was a horse,
and snort and whinny,
after the flask was empty.

Just Waiting

They wait in their
high-ceilinged house
among familiar fields,
and a clock ticks monotonously
behind a dusty sunbeam,
as the blue-veined back of
a gnarled hand wipes
coffee-drops from a yellow-
stained moustache.

Windows offer vistas of
small fields cleared in
strong-backed days when
chickens cackled on the
doorstep and the silence
when sons and daughters left
is still all around the place,
like upstairs in rooms where
child feet thumped
so many years ago.

And now two gray heads
stare out of kitchen windows,
while elbows rest on a checkered
tablecloth as the clock ticks
relentlessly
behind a dusty sunbeam.

-- William R. Lamppa

New Brighton, Minnesota

Men With Faces Of Bread And Souls Of Bread

We are looking for a man with a face of bread,
a soul of bread
And many more men also born from its crust.

We have an excess of plains where the wheat
maddened, becomes golden
Where the corn of America explodes in love
with the earth.

We have an excess of millionaire mountains that
deliver themselves
And valleys where harvests are born without seeds.

We have an excess of enormous brown rivers
without banks
And small streams where the willow becomes poetry.

We have an excess of humus, plankton, stone, sweet
or salty water
We have an excess of everything, mild triangle
of America.

We are only short of the hands which could understand
That although we have an excess of everything
misery is drawing near...

We are looking for a man with a face of bread,
a soul of bread
And many more men also born from its crust.

-- Ariel Canzani D.

Translator: William Shand

Buenos Aires, Rep. Argentina

Letter From a Draft-Resister

Today breeze-swept rains
Washed Spring through my bones.
Letters opened the day
As they can:
I was grateful
To hear of your late reprieve.

Still, it seemed that this
Was like so many
Other breathing days --

One more pause
Full of transparent
Calm -- which you cannot control.

I, the paralytic,
The helpless friend,
Must watch this ancient
Spring
Carry you in descent,
In the vortex of its rage.

Summer spends heat,
Autumn's embers fall --
But no other season
Is at war
With itself, as Spring is.
You will wear its mark.

Demian, when he
Threaded consciousness
So painstakingly,
Uncovered
All that's lost between
Situation and the self.

Vestiges

Essex, Old Lyme,
Saybrook, etc. --
spattered along
the coast, they
never dry up,
only linger:
villages for the
old and retired.
These must be
Connecticut's
furthest reaches,
her saddest eyes.
There are no cliffs;
faces are chalky.
Salt wind corrodes
the skin, burns
through the retina.

Hands fumble with
the lemonade, a
towel. Saliva
flecks appear.
Lace-tipped fingers
wave to others.
Thoughts coruscate,

with less
frequency; all
acts are designed
to meet a living
minimum -- and
this is
known as
relative peace.

Nor does the mind
ripple, rub, or sweat.
The garish sun
batters the old,
granular, on the
shore. Tinctured
blood sighs softly
on its course.
A mentholated
handkerchief is
always near at hand.

Blue of sky or sea,
a sight of green,
postcards unearh
a toothless smile
that echoes into
late afternoon.
Names flap by.

-- Thomas Tessier

Dublin, Ireland

Classics:-----

Dieresis by Bern Porter, ltd. to 100 sgnd. copies -- eye-poems; \$6 fm. author, Box 17, Rockland, Maine 04841 ¶
Computers for the Arts by Dick Higgins, only 90 cts. fm. Abyss, P.O. Box C, Somerville, Mass. 02143 ¶ Ray Puechner authored LSD & Sex & Censorship & Vietnam Cookbook in 1968 for now defunct Harris-Wolfe & Co., Jacksonville, Ill. 62650 ¶ Phil Weidman's Slant Step Book, unpriced fm. The Art Co., 2300 H St., Sacramento, Calif. 95816 (our cover this issue is a homage to "the slant step") ¶ Twenty Characters in Search of an Academic Novel, by Ken Lawless, \$1.25 fm. Zeitgeist, Box 150, East Lansing, Mich. 48823

Obituaries: -----

After 38 volumes, one of the best university quarterlies (always with character and integrity) has been killed & will be missed; the last issue of NMQ is a collector's item fm. Univ. New Mexico, Albuquerque, N.M. 87106 and titled: The Contemporary American Imagination.

New York

Inferno fouled with toxic cars, jammed spires
and roaring tubes, an unplanned sprawl of greed,
a warning to all future builders, seed
of riots in your festering slums, where fires
illuminate frustration of desires;
metropolis of plunder where victims bleed
in high-rise traps and hovels of dire need;
plague-sore, pig-Mafia-cursed, unfit for lyres.

Ah, no! A sea breeze comes to drive away
the smog-stench in your listless canyons, bring
the tonic of another fragrant spring.
Fire bombs are doused; old people smile and say,
"Fantastic city! Let's linger one more day!"
And lovers ask: "Will muggers strike us while we sing?"

The Muse of Youth

In my green and hopeful youth when first I tried
to woo the Muse, she seemed an illusive jade
with honied, melancholy songs, mermaid
for Keats and Shelley but never a yielding bride
for teens like Chatterton or me who vied
too soon for favors. Long newshawking stayed
the lesser hungers; watching the big parade,
I trudged on tuneless to life's eventide.

Bald prose, I'd argued, was the medium
for middle age of slaving compromise.
Scarred, beaten, little did I dream She'd come
when one, like Coleridge, worked without hope.
But now I know how Hardy saw her eyes
wink and regenerate his horoscope.

The Villa in Hampstead

Far from the noisy, clawing multitude
you sought a refuge here, wrote St. Mark's tale.
Thinking how Brother Tom grew spectre pale
and died, you mused on life's vicissitude;
with longings, fears, discoveries imbued
you listened here in Hampstead's quiet vale,
immortalized your lonely nightingale,
supreme ode for youth's melancholy mood.

Best loved bard of my teens, I come here late,
white-haired and haunted with ghosts of regret,
but in these hallowed rooms and garden learn
the ancient mariner and his coquette
can thrill to "light-winged dryad," "Grecian Urn;"
the love of poetry's a glorious fate.

-- Walter Snow

Coventry, Connecticut

Thomas Wyatt

It wasn't a bad life,
being friendly with the king
and trips all over Europe

and he couldn't know
how his son would be
cut down by Mary.

Wine and playing around
with complaints of love
and the falseness of women,
strumming pain on his lute
to mistresses who loved it,

until the trouble with
Anne Boleyn got worse.

So he stayed alone more
saying some of the things
he felt in ragged meter,
in which many of those court people
appear quite like animals

Sir Philip Sidney

Always the perfect
gentleman and probably
not bad as a lover,
making quite polite sonnets
and regular love

until he swallowed a
bullet in his thigh,
(having removed his armor
because his friend didn't
have any.)

Then he wrote a poem about
that
and died,
first, they say, giving a gulp
of water to a stranger.

And only 32.

His poems were never
as dramatic

John B.

Trying to shake
T.B., a common
trouble with hatters,
John B. Stetson left
Philadelphia to go to
Central City.
On the way he caught a
rabbit and turned it
into a hat. And tho
people laughed, he wore it
and his lungs got better.
So he made more hats and then
needed a factory, so many
people wanting one
to keep oats in, or grain.
Or for slapping ornery cattle
or beating small grass fires.
Some of the hats lasted
15 years, or 20.
John B. Stetson lasted for 76

Party

First he ate as many
devilled crabs as possible,
trying to remember why
he was there.

Then, he considered
falling thru the buttons
of the slightly
cross-eyed
beautician.
But she only had zippers.

Finally, realizing that if
this wasn't going to be
a total bust
he'd have to try something
different,

he leaned into the most
convenient belly
whispering,
since this is a cocktail party
let me introduce my cock to your....

You should have seen her
hors d'oeuvre tremble
at that

-- Lyn Lifshin

Albany, New York

One More Good One. Why Not?

to be writing poetry at the age of 50
like a schoolboy
surely, I must be crazy;
racetracks and booze and arguments
with the landlord;
watercolor paintings under the bed
with dirty socks;
a bathtub full of goldfish
and a garbage can lined with
underground newspapers;
a record player that doesn't work
a cassette that doesn't work,
and I don't work --
I sit between 2 lamps,
bottle on the floor
begging a 20 year old typewriter
to say something in a way
well enough
so they don't confuse me
with the more comfortable
practitioners;
this is certainly not a game for
flyweights or ping pong players --
arguments to the contrary being strictly
grammar school.

-- but once you get the taste, it's good to get your
teeth into
words. I forgive those who
can't quit.
I forgive myself.
this is where the action is,
this is the bet-down hot horse that
comes in.

there's no better fort
no better flag
no better woman
no better way; yet there's else to say --
there seems as much hell in it as
magic; death gets as close as any lover has,
closer,
you know it like your right toe
like a mark on your hand
like your daughter's name,
you know it like the face of the corner
newsboy,
and you sit down among flowers and houses
among dogs and death and a boil on the neck,
you sit down and do it again and again
the machine gun sounds by the window
and the people walk by
as you sit in your undershirt,
50, in an indelicate March,
and their faces look in and write the next 5
lines, thank you, friends,
and they walk by and say,
"That old man in the window, what's the matter with
him?"
-- fucked by the muse, friends,
thank you,
and I roll a cigarette with one hand
like the old bum
I am, and then thank and curse the gods
all alike,
lean forward
after a bit of a drink,
think of various good fighters
like poor Hem, poor Beau Jack, poor Sugar Ray,
poor Kid Gavilan, poor Villon, poor Babe, poor
me, hahaha,
I lean forward
little bits of redhot ash
falling to my wrists,
teeth into the word
crazy at the age of 50,
I send it
home.

Moonlight Ride

we came out of The Bridge
to go home
and before Neeli could start the car
Peter walked out and sat
on the front of the hood.
"What the hell?" I asked
and Neeli started up.

it was ten minutes after midnight
and we drove along
with Peter sitting on the hood.
we took a right at Hollywood Blvd.
and Peter waved to passing cars.
I started laughing
"That son of a bitch is crazy,
that son of a bitch is crazy!"
we passed 2 women sitting on a bus stop
bench
and they didn't even look at Peter
they looked at me laughing behind my window.
stupid bitches! they hadn't even noticed the
gargoyle on the hood.
Neeli took another right
and then Peter leaned back
and stretched out on top of the hood.
Neeli speeded up and Peter sat up again.
"No, no, Neeli, have mercy!
he can fall off in a flick
and be under the wheels
and we'll have to carry him back to Bonnie
and say, 'Bonnie, here's what's left of
Peter.' a dangly little red thing of
crushed arms and legs and guts and
balls...."
Neeli slowed down, we took 2 more rights
came back down
Kenmore.
Peter got off
I waved goodnight to him
and he walked into
The Bridge.
"That son of a bitch is crazy!"
I started laughing again
"that son of a bitch is crazy!"
and here we came past the 2 women
still sitting at the bus stop
bench
and they stared at me as I laughed behind
my window.
"Stupid bitches...they're
crazy!"

Neeli, for a change, didn't say
anything.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, California

Goodnight at the New Site

At the bells it is time for the sunspots,
think of them as if they were
an industrial accident. Goggles,
slivers of Masonite shavings!
Postcards of condolences!
That's why the leader has no navel,
only a cancelled stamp.
Don't slouch,
etc. I'm here to help, yelp
if you need me. You too, Abrams.
It takes eleven elephants
to grow the ivory for one piano,
right? Tomorrow we begin,
sleep tight.

Dave Kelly's Dog

eats garbage
always has a bright pink hard-on
slinks a lot

and its close
affection
is a noseful

of bad news
Except that Dave
being unclassical

won't kill the messenger
But Dave the damn
thing stinks

say some
Both dog & Dave
raise hair

Bad News
Bad News
they bark

-- William Matthews

Ithaca, New York

JACK MICHELINÉ'S



LOS ANGELES - SAN FRANCISCO
EXPRESS

A wall of money corrodes my land
A wall without hope
Like one pigeon
Alone in the grass.
No sky
or tree
A yellow kite
Flying in the sky
Can change this fact
Where are the poets in my land
Each one is murdered
One by one
by the tongues of silence
the true ones are murdered
Not one lifts a voice against it
Slow death eats at the silence
A wall of death in my land.

LOVE POEM IN ARCADIA WITH A HUNDRED HORSES RUNNING
DOWN THE STRETCH

She stood there waiting
The hordes were coming in to play the horses
Suede jacket, yellow blouse, brown slacks, her tight ass
Her tongue smiling
Erika and Jack
watching the horses' asses moving down the stretch
The horses' thighs and legs walking around the ring
and stalls

The faces
hungry, angry, frenzied, crazy mob
Wanting to enter her right there at the track
walking back and forth like crazy people
dreamers all
The names of horses: Blue Balls, Summer Sun, Mr. Bright
And underneath all the madness
each one wanting to love
Money has no meaning
This quest for gamblers' dollars
The thousands of lost frightened souls betting on
horses' asses

we collect \$13.60 on First Mate
Erika and Jack
Rum & Coke
Lost frightened
two souls in the world
Love
Money
Madness
America
Senseless

To meet a woman at the racetrack
The search for money
Love lets laugh
and after the races
in the sunrise
We held hands
Spoke words
Thought fire
Someone trying to sell his watch
Anger is the world too
Anger for being born aware
The eyes of frightened multitudes
The moon is full
Sail with me sensitive soul
Small thin hands
her red hair
Red bush cunt in the evening
Shy battler of forests
wanting to be tamed
by a red haired princess
I smell her cunt
it tastes good
This strange beautiful creature beside me
Entering her sweetness
O birdcall
Steak & onions
White flesh
heat of loins
Sweat
Hair
O loneliness
O love
I cry for thee
A hundred horses' asses going down the stretch
A hundred jockeys riding in the sun
A hundred losing tickets on the ground
A hundred old ladies on buses with longshots
A hundred days in jail
O hell
O fire
O multitudes
O love
O sweetness
O thin legs stretching in the night
wipe the sadness from my eyes
I enter you
I plunge
I awake the darkness of this world
Magician
Madman
Dreamer
Poet

My Princess
Cunt of longing
I come
O rainbows
O waterfalls
I give and wipe a little madness from your land
My land still rocks like the chopping seas
My land Gorillas on parade
I came from dark
From poets' streets
My dagger of unreality
I am frightened
I think I've had it
I am getting old
I am a coward
A runner
A poet
A priest without cloth
Nothing matters
but flame and heat
and passion of the moment
A hundred wild birds call in the sky
A hundred wild voices in the night
A hundred jockeys on the moon
A hundred wild asses riding down the stretch
your bare back curves and arches to the night light
Freckles shining in smooth skin
Together we are one
our limbs entwined
Rocking the seas
The funny moon and stars
We kiss and murder loneliness
Entering the unknown
O love!
This my poem to you

January 3, 1969

MANHATTAN KANSAS

The wind swirls and rises / blows across the plains
The sun beats down on the hot earth
Corn
Wheat
Motorcycles
Gasoline
Go to the blue hills
See the dead cottonwoods
rise out of the water
take off your clothes
and take a dip in the old reservoir

look at the moon
and laugh your balls off
out there in the Blue Hills
the milky way sings a song
and Old Macbeth rises
from his Scottish Castle across the shore
walk through town
some cat with a hot rod
pulls out a confederate flag
and yells vote for Wallace
he's probably the guy
who threw shit in the kid's face
at the anti-war demonstration
Go out to the Blue Hills
7 Miles out of Manhattan Kansas
and look at the sky
Man creates war
and makes the machines that harvest the wheat
take your lover by the hand
and do a dance on her thigh bone
under a tree
or in the grass
and the milky way will smile down from the night sky
Out there by the old reservoir
Love is Boss
and Kansas whispers
Corn
Wheat
Motorcycles
Gasoline

Manhattan, Kansas
July 16, 1968

AUNT TILLY'S RAG

Aunt Tilly
driving in a fog
laughing with Chinamen
your thighs driving in the dark night
moon rags in your eyes frying fish
flag of American Tilly in the wind
Aunt Tilly chopping nuts for Passover seders
Vegetarian
Organic Chili
Tilly of Los Angeles
Chicago
Boston
Rome
Madagascar
forever Tilly's

Lily of Aunt Tilly
 dead the husbands of Tilly
 Max
 Benny
 Walter
 George
 Charlie all gone
 Tartars shining Russian boots
 rings of Aunt Tilly
 shining ass of Aunt Tilly
 Aunt Tilly's son down to sea weed
 Tilly's coat to Good Will
 Tilly everywhere on the buses
 Tilly of Larchmont
 Shaker Heights
 Beverly Hills
 Fairlane
 Woodlawn
 Westchester
 stinking rich Tilly
 Tilly you're a dilly
 Tilly your ass with flowers
 red rag of Spanish Tilly
 monkeys wacking off on Tilly
 my aunt Tilly
 Marguerite
 Josephine
 Maximilian Tilly
 Mexican Tilly in Los Gatos
 Tilly my ass hurts
 Gone Tilly
 Gone Tilly
 Tilly I'm an American Poet
 When you die you'll laugh Tilly
 when blue coats buy industry
 stocks and bonds Tilly
 boxes of rags Tilly
 Indian Joe's Tilly
 Wilken's Tilly
 Karl's Tilly
 your nose is green
 your nose Tilly
 old age & friendship clubs Tilly
 4 marriages
 7 Bar Mitzvahs
 3 abortions
 Rachmaninoff's Tilly
 hats
 rouge
 lipstick
 lingerie
 gloves
 panties
 garters
 slips

pajamas
hot water bottles
alarm clocks
aspirin Tilly
bagels
lox
salmon
cream cheese
halvah
Kreplach
Oregano
dog food
rents
mortgages
down payments
welfare
foodstamps
Kiamesia Lake
Monticello
Bronx chairs in the sunlight
five million American Tilly's
streets of Tilly
accordians
chopmeat
horse radish
dominoes
remember Tilly
nobody remembers Tilly
your daughter Rose with Norse and Bukowski
jerking Jack off in the movies Tilly
O Tilly your boy friends are gone
Harry Ledpecker
Simon Finkel
Mendy Wiess
Apples Malone
Rabbi Hirschman
who left the rag upstairs
Fridays in the Ritz Movie
& dancehalls
& weddings
& funerals
& bedrooms
& dreams
O Tilly of Venice
Brighton
Beverly Fairfax
Boyle Heights
Brooklyn
Chicago
East side
Delancey Street rags

O!
French
German
Spanish
Rumanian

Bessarabian
Russian
American Tilly's
O rag in the sunlight
wet bloody rag of life
in your world no more rags
in your world no more life
in your world your rags are blue
Tilly

ILLUMINATION

Chicago
Rock Island
Missouri
Kansas Speedway
Cleveland Oklahoma, Texas Panhandle
America Engines Flying
Ain't waiting for some Messiah to come down
Tell me I'm a poet
Mediocrity seeks the same bullshit
Art is Dead
And All censorship is against Humanity
Let the Kids rise up and make it better
Seems there is nothing but power
Chicago
Rock Island
Sacramento
L. A.
Cleveland
Columbus
Indiana, San Francisco
Sold my blood on a Frisco line
with a guy who done 7 years
For Armed Robbery
Robbed of his birth right of Individuality
The Arts ain't for us poor whites
Ain't for the Real Cats
Sorry to say I've had it
Had it up to my Neck
Walked the Miracle Mile didn't have a fucking dime
Just want to get drunk and Sing Songs

-- Jack Micheline

San Francisco, Calif.

TO NAN

proposition (no pun intended)*:

if i love you
and if i think
(or wish or hope)
that you, my dear,
are (now don't laugh)
just in love with
(please don't laugh) me,

would it be fair
for wishful me
not to explain
the difference
between the love
(a verb, active)
and the in love
(just a phrase, prep-
ositional)?

might explaining
make you think twice
and (really now)
do i want that?

argument (no response expected):

anyone (and
i mean just plain
old anybody
can be in love
a hundred times
(oh, at least that)
in his or her
life: in love is
(don't get me wrong)
one hell of a
fine blue-eyed thing,
but no BIG THING.

truly a BIG THING
is love (the verb).
that's something STRONG
and TRUE. it LASTS
because (get this)
it's something you
DO, not just feel,
and MEAN TO DO
because you want

to (and know you
can) forever
and ever (and
maybe then some).

now with in love
(with a feeling)
you can't do that
(make it last, i
mean) even if
you truly want
to (ever so
much and then some).

conclusion (no assistance refused):

it's up to you,
dear. i don't know
as much as i've
been pretending

so you tell me (?)

* on second thought
(if you don't mind)
let the pun stand
just on the chance
nothing else is
to come of this

-- Robert Hillebrand

Dousman, Wisconsin

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED-----
Quickly Aging Here, Some Poets of the 1970's edited by Geof
Hewitt, \$1.95 Anchor original fm. Doubleday, 277 Park Ave.,
N.Y., N.Y. 10017 ¶ Don Gray's Darkside of the Moon (\$2),
Brown Miller's Waters & Shadows (\$2), William Dickey's Rivers
of the Pacific Northwest (\$2), Don Gray's The Five Hours (\$2),
and Manfred Wolf's translations fm. the Dutch & Flemish:
Change of Scene (\$2) -- all beautiful & effective fm. two-
windows press, Box 16272, San Francisco, Calif. 94116 ¶
Gary Gildner's First Practice, \$2.50 fm. Univ. Pittsburgh
Press (#50 in Pitt Poetry Series)

them and US

(warmin' up)

thosepeople know, to take a for-instance, how far it is to the sun
(in miles, that is, though they'll calculate it in inches
if you look at all interested; so don't, at least not
while I'm around, or it's a kick in the slats for YOU)

thosepeople even know what the sun's made of and they told me once
(but I forgot; freud says you never do anything you
don't mean to, so I forgot on purpose; i think
disremembered might be the word, accent on dis)

but WEPEOPLE (caps. for US: think big) know the sun in the morning
and -- man-oh-boy -- the moon at night, and that
the sun is warm and the moon is made of cheese and that
those pot-holes with the long-handled names are full of beer

WEPEOPLE know the sun is orange in the morning and red at dusk
and that the sun can make YOUR face glow -- never mind how
many minutes YOU ought to stay out in it -- when YOU get hot
YOU sit in the shade for a while: knowing that's enough

(second chorus)

thosepeople even have a way of putting water down flat on a piece
of paper (H₂O); I can't seem to disremember that. and they know
water has "certain properties," all of which I've disremembered
with no trouble at all, AND (by god!) they've harnessed it

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED-----

Diane Wakoski's The Magellanic Clouds, \$4 fm. Black Sparrow
Press, P.O. Box 25603, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025 ¶ Peter
Wild's Love Poems, \$1 fm. Lillabulero, Krums Corners Rd.,
RD #3, Ithaca, N. Y. 14850 (also released translations of
Enrique Lihn's This Endless Malice) ¶ James Ryan Morris'
Diana's Smile, \$1 fm. Croupier Press, Box 18418, Denver,
Colo. 80218 ¶ Walt Lowenfel's edited anthology In a Time of
Revolution, \$1.95 Vintage book fm. Random House, 201 East
50th. St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022 -- poems fm. our third world.

WEPEOPLE know water can roll down YOUR back in fat round drops and that YOU can get YOUR feet wet in it; that it patters on the roof and feels fine on YOUR face, and that mainly, all else aside, it's for splashing in and to drink

WEPEOPLE have to settle for swimming in it and such commonplace things because when we write it out on paper it stops being, and that scares -- well, I don't know about YOU -- that scares me; that much control I can do without, any day

(third time 'round)

thosepeople claim that words have names and patterns and groups (they have names for words that are names, and groups and patterns for -- let-ME-tell-YOU -- everything; and for the groups, names, for the patterns, names, and diagrams and tight little grids)

thosepeople know the order of things and the histories of things (though they rarely touch the things themselves) and they will tell YOU, sketching them out on flat-black-boards, that aren't even black; they know green's easier on YOUR eyes)

WEPEOPLE take words as symbols and treat them less respectfully (tossing them into the air, feeling that -- like an armful of kittens -- the live ones will land on their feet, and those WE'll keep, that the dead ones can be swept away)

WEPEOPLE like to think twice about what we feel reverence for (take life: that's something that WE don't hang back about; but take letters: I and i and f and e, they're to play with; and WE don't want any sanctimonious why-for's: case closed)

(one more time)

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED-----

Paul Hunter's Your House is on Fire and Your Children are Gone, only 50 cts. fm. Consumption, 4208 8th St. NE, Seattle Wash. 98105 ¶ Ian Hamilton Finlay's A Boatyard and Lanes, \$2 together fm. Wild Hawthorn Press, Stonypath, Dunsyre, Lanark, Scotland ¶ Charles Plymell's Neon Poems, \$1 fm. Atom Mind Publ., P.O. Box 827, Syracuse, N.Y. 13201 ¶ Carroll Arnett's Like a Wall, \$5 fm. Elizabeth Press, 103 Van Etten Blvd., New Rochelle, N. Y. 10804

to thosepeople I once said a word I like the sound of: bayou
 (and thosepeople nodded at me -- very knowing -- and said:
 "ah yes, bayou: Amerindian origin, derived from the Choctaw
 bayuk, a minor river or branch of a delta, ah yes, yes ...")

to thosepeople (now) I say: "crick: sometimes-accepted pronunciation
 of creek, meaning something you can go jump in (and when you
 come out -- assuming you do -- tell me what it feels like
 in BIG, ROUND, ROLLING syllables and WIDE, WET WORDS ...)"

and then, too (what do you think?), maybe WEPEOPLE will hand thosepeople
 a ten-cent stogy apiece and light 'em up for them (no-hard-feelings)
 and tell 'em WE know they're right too (meaning in addition to
 our being right) and that we don't grudge them their graphs

because WEPEOPLE can afford to be big about the whole business
 (we see things in three dimensions, even as they flatten out
 in the distance, where we like to look; and everything's
so high and so wide and so deep; WE feel that: let them know)

(tailgate)

I hope YOU're still with me, for I've got WEPEOPLE way out here
 (on a limb) and if YOU're going to cut out, I'm going to have
 one hell of a time calculating the best way to fall so as not
 to break my neck (and asking thosepeople would be ... well?)

if YOU stick with ME, it'll be the way it is with the kittens
 (if WE're alive WE'll land on our feet and WE can keep US,
 and if not, they'll be around to sweep US up: what the hell?)
 but (alone) i'm not so sure: (alone) I might call for help

-- Robert Hillebrand

Dousman, Wisconsin

RECOMMENDED-----

Lennart Bruce's Moments of Doubt, \$1.50 fm. Cloud Marauder,
 Box 4430, Berkeley, Calif. 94704 ♪ Ed Ochester's The Great
 Bourgeois Bus Co. & Other Poems, \$1 fm. Quixote, 25 South
 Charter, Madison, Wisc. 53715 ♪ Paul Weinman's My Sister's
 Underwear and Judith Anne Greenberg's Fire in August, each
 \$1.50 fm. Zeitgeist, Box 150, E. Lansing, Mich. 48823 ♪
 Carlos Lopez-Coles' Sawdust Sandwiches, 85 cts. fm. Lopez
 Publ., P.O. Box 2940 Stat. A, Champaign, Ill. 61820

SONG OF ONE WORD

--in memory of Christopher Perret, 1930-1965

1.

Take a man. Say a table and chair. A man is seated in a chair at a table. Take pencil and paper. Say a few words. On paper. Take now the fact that we mean to say great things. A few words

on paper. Say the man taps the pencil against his teeth. The man is tapping the pencil against his teeth. Now he leans over the table, over the marked sheet. Take that fact, that the man takes pains.

And understand that the man is tapping against his teeth with his pencil. All right. Say we fail. Say that one man's pain doesn't transfigure Man. Write those few words down. Tap, tap, tap with the pencil. And say

that the man in question sets his legs atremble beneath the table. Record the fact that he is tortured by the one persistent possibility. Say it is because we reckon failure failure. Say what you will.

-- Donald Schenker

Berkeley, California

DOCUMENTS-----

George Dowden's Renew Jerusalem, \$1.25 fm. Smyrna Press, Box 418 Stuyvesant Stat., N.Y., N.Y. 10009 ¶ Violence in America edit. Thomas Rose, \$1.95 Vintage book fm. Random House, 201 East 50th. St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022 ¶ us/today-epic 2/US by John Addison Bell, free fm. Box 172, Cooper Stat. P.O., N.Y., N.Y. 10003

FOR GEORGIA WHO IS OVER 30 TOO!

Let's do something this fall,
like start humane societies where there are none;
Break the school windows so school will start late for our children;
Give respiration to old butterflies;
Set hunter-traps;
Let our hair grow like it wants too.
Let's read the bible to the cats;
Light a new star up somewhere.
Let us be about life this fall
and
do something just for fun.
Let's dream our dreams each day when the sun is at that silent point,
and if you will save all your old shoe laces
we can weave a blanket for the poor.

-- Ruthie Wantling
Normal, Illinois

LITTLE PRESS NOTES-----

John Gill's Gill's Blues, \$2 and Patrick Lane's Separations
\$2.50 fm. New/Books, RD #3, Trumansburg, N.Y. 14886 ¶ Len
Fulton's Two Short Stories fm. DustBooks, 5218 Scottwood Rd.
Paradise, Calif. 95969 ¶ Stanley Nelson's Idlewild and Robt.
Colwell's A Nameless Scow fm. The Smith, 5 Beekman St.,
N.Y., N.Y. 10038

The first warm wind of spring
is like a celebrating child
outside for the first time
involved with discovery.
Promise comes and will be kept
but not when we are ready.
We are ready too soon.
Then one day we forget to believe
and we are ready without believing.
What do we do then?

his desire for my body
this is all i care to know.
he wishes me to learn philosophy
read great lit.
understand the abstract
and
communicate concretely.
i study
i even learn
but i still wait for his desire
for this is all i care to know.

It is good to grow old &
watch the young girls giggle.

I watch his beard grow
& it is a noisy watch
the bumping of cells
& telegrams to the center
the squeaking of the thrust
out into the air
-- Birth --
then, his mother said
"It looks so grubby, son."

1969

Litter my crust
Despoil my silence
Go on from me to
your future space.
Leave my center.
Do not cut too deep
for mystery still abounds
at my bowels.
Just as your homeland
has kept her secret
you will not find mine
no matter how you
pimple my crown
with your metals,
scar my crust with
your fuels,
bridge my craters
with weights and suspensions.
You will know no more
than your lands have told you.
Our only link is your
need to know
and mine to remain.
Even god does not remember.
There is none to tell
you where you are
nor who you are.
We floating rocks
are silence enmasse
and you cannot
torture that.

--Ruthie Wantling

Normal, Illinois

NEW MAGS & PRESSES-----
Tuatara (edit. Mike Doyle) \$1.50/yr. fm. 759 Helvetia Cres.
Victoria, B.C., Canada ¶ Laugh Literary & Man the Humping
Guns (edit. Chas. Bukowski & neeli cherry) \$3/3 issues fm.
5124 deLongpre Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90027 ¶ Meatball
#3 is Doug Blazek's Battlefield Syrup fm. Lone Ranger Biol-
ogy Press, 436 3rd. Ave., San Francisco, Calif. 94118 ¶
a broadside series (A.E. Wyatt, Jody Porter, Peter Hammer,
Christopher Smargie, James McMann, George Ayala, Elma Seto,
Paul Blackburn, S. Paulo, Aymon deRoussy deSales, Robert
Kinzie, Dunbar Grady) fm. Dr. Generosity Press, 1403 2nd.
Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10021, edit. by C. E. Douglas; also re-
leases Ray Freed's Morgan's Choice.

Quickflicks
Europe
London

UFO
Roundhouse
Fri Night

Round house round old
house in Camden Town London
cell mecca cell light
splashed on round
stone rocksound
off stone round floor

 color
dance as in pollen sunlight
allarounddust light
 broken into colordust
soundust sound petal
people digging flowing
flowering people circling dripping
color the young dance
 round hands round eyes
round feathers beads bells
 drifting up down in round
this house

a young house round should be
a round house young &
 the house of the young
would be round if it could
roundly it would welcome round
all strangers

 but
 round eyes here
squint at grey beard me &
surprise query wary looking
for credentials clothes years
pause at beads

 to be ok'd
 in round this house
where all should be in who
 came in
but an old round story of fear
& the stranger suspicion act
seems here seeded into all
the incense beads feathers
& bells

 & no magic will suffice

velvet red turf green melting
of eyelids squeezed just before

one bird
now spins music hops just 10
years old again & glad & glad
London '67
in the Round house round place
bird
bird
will you burn

-- Thomas Fitzsimmons

Rochester, Michigan

WATCHING THE BOOKS ONE DAY AT JIM LOWELLS BAR
AND INTO THE PLACE THEY CAME RUNNING

with hoses fifty yards long the firemen came running
they came with the small guarded eyes of men
who want to save others from fire and
into the place with jingling galoshes they came
and pressed back through the smoke
as if it were petals of death, looking for the fire
which was not to be found
which was concealed somewhere like a red rose
whining in a bottle, and all the old men
sat silently at the bar with nowhere else to go
and around all their shoulders had fallen
the blue mantle of not caring... the backs of
many heads growing vague like things
in a garden of hell, and the firemen
began to notice that they were not alone,
they screamed at the old men to get their asses moving
they grabbed whole shoulders and shook them
to open the eyes of dead children
and one by one the old men went,
reluctant, the silhouettes of birds
leaving a summer country, the night going away
over hills and hills, until the bar
was empty and the firemen returned
to put out the fire, and one old
man with legs as determined as
trees walked back in to finish his drink

TOO MUCH ON NOTHING

it is a few hours off
to the right of this house and waiting
like a window on nothing.

A man comes
and tosses a bit of chalk
into the sky
looks up the end of a rifle
and practices
silently. he imagines an explosion
it clears his head one hundred times
his eyes blink every time

he picks up the chalk
and slips it in through his shirt
open at the neck,
leaves the rifle with a tree,
there is a bird in the head of the tree
and it wears this like a man
crippled by
the cries of birds.

But this bird is different
it is the first bird in the sky
after dying

and the man leaves his rifle
under the tree
and starts down
a street past houses
with windows on nothing,
silently
his eyes blinking into
the wind,

-- t. l. kryss

San Francisco, California

NEW MAGS & PRESSES-----
Gnosis (edit. Stanley Nelson) \$1/issue fm. 372 Pacific St.
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11217 ¶ Doug Blazek's Broken Knuckle Poems
\$1.50 fm. GroundZero, P.O. Box 91415, Cleveland, Ohio 44101
¶ Issuing broadsides (Robt. Serling, H. Daniel Spanky Way,
and John Sinclair) fm. Alternative Press, 4339 Avery, De-
troit, Mich. 48208 ¶ Redstart Magazine #1 due fm. P.O. Box
3102, Eugene, Oregon 97403

NIGHT LINE

Who are they, those midnight callers,
who start with "Uhhh -- Heil Hitler!"?
Where are the rooms they sit in
behind anonymous outlets for their dreams of
genocide? It could be any lit window
I am driving by, static to their voices. Even
the family next door may never know it's
them. A broken vocal cord has just strangled
a bearded weirdo. A shrilling female brogue
wipes out a million niggers 'n kikes for God 'n
Country. A slurring tongue quotes from the Bible
to pronounce, "I'm armed & ready for 'em." For whom?
He doesn't say, but one imagines. These present here
are on the air, are in the air, using the air to rail
against pollution of the air, abortion, Cuba, faggots,
Whitey, Black Apes, The Pill, control of guns, them pigs.
Lawn-order is the pass word. A girlish hit & run talker
shrieks obscenities, then, convulsed with laughter, pulls
the curtain of the dial tone.

This afternoon, they sold you gas & cigarettes
and you forever pass them in the A&P
with pushcarts full of cornflakes, toilet tissue, beer,
Tide, pet food, True Confessions.

There'll be another call, our number is. The lines
are open, ladies & gents, but first we must realize,
You can take Salem out of the country BUT
You can't take the country out of Salem. Thank you
for waiting.

EVERY DROP OF MYRRH HAS ITS CUP OF NECTAR
or
EVERY VICE HAS ITS VERSA

If every silverlining has its cloud
every thorn also has its rose.
What would a lie detector be without lies
what a versa without its vice?

If every ointment has its fly
every hair also has its soup.
How could wars be kept alive without soldiers dying
what would firemen do without arson?

If every Christ has his cross
every hemlock also has its Socrates.
What would a rainbow be without rain
what a sugarcoating without its pill?

If every TV show has its commercial
every calorie also has its milkshake.
What would taxes do without the poor
where would inmates be without jails?

In short: if one hand washes the other
the other also washes the one.
What would become of confessors without sins
what of divorces without marriage?

(What, for that matter, of rejection slips
without poems??)

-- Felix Pollak

Madison, Wisconsin

NEW MAGS AND PRESSES-----
Finely printed broadsides (Stephen Jonas' XXXV and Gerrit Lansing's Working in the Lower Red Field) fm. Restau Press, P.O. Box 146, Cambridge, Mass. 02139 ¶ Ganglia returns! \$4/6 issues fm. P.O. Box 94, Orangeville, Ont., Canada ¶ Journal of Modern Literature (edit. Maurice Beebe) \$8/5 nos. fm. 1904 North Park Mall, Temple Univ., Philadelphia, Pa. 19122 ¶ Abraxas Press releases David Hilton's Moving Day (35 cts.), Toby Olson's The Hawk-Foot Poems (35 cts.), Darrell Gray's Excuses (35 cts.), Ton McKeown's Drunk All Afternoon (75 cts.), Lois Bertolino's Garden of Eve (50 cts.) a reprint of James Bertolino's Stone Marrow (\$1) plus Ceremony (orig. Morgan Press edit., 50 cts.) plus Becoming Human (orig. Road Runner edit., \$1) -- all fm. 1811 Oshkosh Ave., Oshkosh, Wisc. 54901 ¶ Vrishchik (edit. G. Sheik & B. Khakhar) fm. 4 Residency Bungalow, Univ. Office Compound, Baroda 2, India ¶ Cahier Franco-Anglais, \$3.50/yr. fm. Poesie Vivante, 11 Rue Hoffmann, Geneva, Switzerland ¶ After Word Comes Weird by Darlene Fife and Robert Head, \$1 fm. Nola Express Box 2342, New Orleans, La. 70116 ¶ Zahir (edit. Diane Kruckow) \$1/copy fm. English Dept., Hamilton Smith Hall, Durham, N.H. 03824 ¶ Pulse (edit. Norm Moser) \$1/4 issues fm El Rito, N.M. 87530 ¶ Broadsides (Allen Ginsberg, Mike Vranich) fm. Alternative Press, 4339 Avery, Detroit, Mich. ¶ The Whites of Their Eyes -- Revolutionary Poems, \$1 fm. Consumption, 4208 8th. St. NE, Seattle, Wash. 98105 ¶ Carlos Murciano's Breviario fm. Ediciones Poesia de Venezuela, Apartado Postal 1114, Caracas, Venezuela ¶ Ian Young's Double Exposure, \$2 fm. New/Books, RD #3, Trumansburg, N.Y. 14886 ¶ Global Tapestry (edit. Arthur Moysé) 75 cts./copy fm. BB Bks., 1 Spring Bank, Longsight Rd., Blackburn, Lancs (Salesbury) BB1 9EU, England; also releases Dan Georgakas' And All Living Things Their Children at 75 cts.

The edition of this issue has been limited to 700 numbered copies, and this is copy number: 334

Ellen Marie Bissert
William H. C. Newberry
Motive Book Shop
Anonymous: G. C. O.
Donald R. Peterson
U. Grant Roman
Dr. Marvin Sukov
Ellen S. Tiffit

O U R P A T R O N S

The Wormwood Review is a member of COSMEP (Committee of Small Magazine Editors and Publishers).

Wormwood may be purchased from the following stores:

Asphodel Book Shop. P.O. Box 05006, Cleveland, Ohio 44105
Books 'N Things. 82 East 10th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10003
Either/Or Bookstore. 124 Pier Ave., Hermosa Beach, Calif.
Ithaca House. 314 Forest Home Dr., Ithaca, N.Y. 14850
Leaves of Grass. 39 Maplewood Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
Nevada/Tattoo. Box 27263 West Portal Stat., San Francisco
Calif. 94127
Pages & Prints. 2622 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio 45219
Paperbook Gallery. Business Dist., Storrs, Conn. 06268
Larry Wallrich Books. 25 Whitehall Park, London N.19
England

One of the historically reliable bookstores has fallen into evil ways: the new management of The Gotham Book Mart has ignored payment requests for Wormwoods 27-34. Consequently we have discontinued shipments and advise others to do likewise. Peace Eye Bookstore, also of New York City and owing for Wormwoods 30-36, has been dropped.

Information: The regular subscription rate for Wormwood is \$3.50 to individuals and \$4 to institutions for four consecutive issues released at irregular intervals within the period of a year's time. Single copies are \$1 per postpaid anywhere in the world. Patrons' subscriptions are \$6 for four issues with signed yellow-page sections. A very limited number of issues #16-23 and 25-36 are still available at a rate of \$4 for four issues. Special prices can be quoted for issues #1-15 and 24 when and if they can be located. We buy old copies in good condition. Complete sets of Wormwood currently sell for approximately \$100 on the rare book market.



The Wormwood Review No. 37

featuring Jack Micheline

Cover by A. Sypher in homage to
the slant step (see page 9)

Editor: Marvin Malone

Price: One Dollar