



W O R M W O O D W A N T S Y O U !

N U M B E R T H I R T Y - E I G H T !

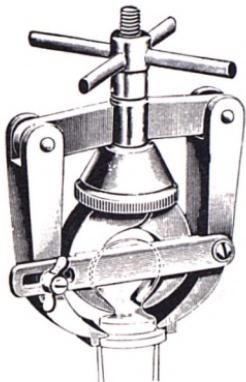
T H E W O R M W O O D R E V I E W

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down like stairways, up like smoke--

du crow ma
iris
jerimoco,
all these lives
all this flesh;
these boulevards
these names
these ways;
du crow ma
iris
jerimoco,
it's a long drive in
as the crow
smiles;
miles and miles to
home.
and it's all crossed by
threads and tender
lightning;

du crow ma
iris
jerimoco,
it hurts inside like a
diamond I can't reach.
the summer is a place for the
fly.
the walls bang like
drums.
this is why I sleep
late, this is why
when my daughter runs across the room
I wonder about
killers
spiders
freightcars
Lexington, Kentucky and
coat hangers.
du crow ma
iris
jerimoco,
the Spaniards had it
right -- they knew what to wait on and
watch for.
I burn my fingers lighting a
cigarette.

Another Academy

how they can go on, you see them
sitting in old doorways
with dirty stained caps and thick clothes and
no place to go;
heads bent down, arms on
knees they
wait.
or they stand in front of the Mission
700 of them
quiet as oxen
waiting to be let into the chapel
where they will sleep upright on the hard benches
leaning against each other
snoring and
dreaming;
men
without.

in New York City
where it often gets colder
and they are hunted by their own
kind, the men often get under the car radiators
drink the anti-freeze,
get warm and graceful for some minutes, then
die.

but that is an older
culture and a wiser
one;
here they scratch and
wait,
while on Sunset Boulevard the
hippies and yippies
hitchhike in
\$50
boots.

out in front of the Mission I heard one guy say to
another:
"John Wayne won it."
"Won what?" said the other guy
tossing the last of his rolled cigarette into the
street.

I thought that was
rather good.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, California

Tiger

Tiger does not nest
with birds

He moves his pelt alone
and spends it freely

Tiger loves the forest
so does not burn

He is never hurt
except by bone

Then he dies

Quarry

one who has watched
long the green rain
knows the noise
it takes to fell a leaf
inside a grey day

then the blasting begins
in the quarry
to get stone

Death of the Undertaker

when the undertaker
dies
who will replace
the undertaker --
someone who needs
the business
perhaps

-- William C. Dell

Upper Montclair, New Jersey

Dog Doc

Dog Doc was a mastiff of a man,
Big, gruff, rough, rough, tough
And scary and gentle as a mom.
He could get in a station wagon
With a wounded police dog or
Sick snarling doberman and
Calm it with the tone of his talk
And the extension of his hands
In the fashion of statued saints.
He never wore the thick leather
Armor of city veterinarians,
Not Dog Doc, he was a healer.
His hands were scarred with
Stigmata, though. He would
Stare at the scars and shake
His great mastiff head.
"It's them little sneaky ones
That fool you," he would say,
"Layin' all quiet and twitchin'
Away one minute and snappin'
And snarlin' the next." Dog Doc
Had many beagles of his own,
Was known to know the forests,
Had beautiful daughters.
Dog Doc put puppies to sleep.
"It has to be, Sonny," he would say,
And because he said it
You knew it was true.
"It has to be, Sonny,"
He would always say.
But he never said
Why.

Bootleg

"The Ballad of Bootleg Bennie," sometimes
Called "Bootleg Bennie's Packard," is
Sung still at Grange square dances and
Can be heard on some of the more
Esoteric albums of arcane folk Americana.
As an ex-con, Bootleg couldn't have a
Liquor license so he did without one,
And ran, without license, without Packard,
A tavern called "The Buck Fever" in his
Ramshackle farmhouse, hours daily 2:00 AM
To dawn, including Christmas and Good Friday
But excluding the anniversary of Repeal.
Because he was lacadaisical about the
Legal age, and because he used no lights
And was thus handy for extramarital, or
Intramarital, assignations, Bootleg
Developed a steady clientele. He was
Busted once a year, no more, no less,
And was always fined, never jailed.
His liver gave out finally, as livers
Will, as livers must, and in the hospital
He shared a room with a ten year-old boy
Burned badly over 90% of his body.
Bootleg, whose feats of derring-do with
The Packard made him a living legend
In his own time, used his last trick
To entertain the boy. Bootleg could
Fart out the tune "Dixie," and did,
To the boy's delight and nurses' dismay.
Bootleg's gone, but unforget, and
He who began by running rum to the
Thirsty and ended farting "Dixie"
To the sick, who made it his way
To comfort the afflicted even
If it afflicted the comfortable,
Will not be unsung while songs
Are songs and singers remain
To sing them.

Beer Doc

Beer Doc was like Peter-Peter-Pumpkin-Eater,
He had this succulent wife and couldn't keep her.
It was considered unethical for a Doc to drink
In public so he sat at his club and drank
In semi-private. He was one damn fine beer
Drinker, people said, and nobody ever saw
Him really drunk, but his practice wasn't
What it might have been and he was a
Rotten poker player who was always but
Always bluffing. "I'd shoot her,"

Men would say, but when she went
Shopping in her short shorts
They shook their heads and
Took deep breaths and thanked God
It wasn't their problem while
They wished for a week or so
It would be. Then one night he did
Shoot her, right behind the church.
"Served her right," some said.
"He shoulda stuck to his beer," said others.
It was a crying shame, all agreed.

Thunder Annie

Thunder Annie weighed three hundred pounds,
And was the skinny sister; Diamond Lil
Weighed four fifty and was one of the wonders
Of the northeastern part of the western world.
Thunder Annie was what might be called
Accessible if available, and she was or had been
Available enough to spoil the suspension
Of many a family car. Thunder Annie was
Happy and happy-go-lucky and good-natured,
And she was not bitter like her sister.
Her complexion was good.

-- Ken Lawless

New York, New York

Home is an Unlisted Number in the Universe

-- for the Apache girl

BACK IN THE CITY OF
THE GRATEFUL DEAD
WHERE MY WHO WAS BORN

back
in the city
of me looking at
you looking at
us looking at
thunder in wonderland

BACK IN THE CITY OF
GASPING HILLS HIGH &
LOOKSOVER SESSHU MTN TIPS

back
in the city
of your blackcat hair &
my long hair &
not enough magic
between us

BACK IN THE CITY OF
SKIPDOWN TANGERINE SIDEWALKS
& TROLLEY RIDES TO EXSTASY PARK

back
in the city
of cold telephone booths
in glaciers of space
& your hot
a fading sun

BACK IN THE CITY OF
PANHANDLE-SUNDAY ACID DANCES
& LOVING IN TENDER HOTEL ROOMS

back
in the city
of explosions
burning the torn
juice of earth
while you play
with toy thermometers

BACK IN THE CITY OF
PORK BUN CHINATOWN MORNINGS
& GINGER ICE CREAM WHISTLE RINGS

back
in the city
of dreaming america
where the coming
of your womanhood
is the final robbery
of my mind

-- willie

Vancouver, B.C., Canada

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED-----

Paul Goodman's Tragedy & Comedy (\$4), Kenneth Irby's Relation (\$4), Richard Grossinger's Solar Journal (\$4.50), and Kenneth Gangemi's Lydia (\$4) fm. Black Sparrow Press, P.O. Box 25603, Los Angeles, California 90025

RECEIVED-----

Thomas Tyler Bouldin's Collected Poems of an Anonymous Young Poet, \$1 fm. Hiram Poetry Review, Box 162, Hiram, Ohio 44234 & J. Wm. Myers' Anatomy of a Feeling, \$1.45 fm. New Merrymount Press, GPO Box 2121, N.Y., N.Y. 10001

DOGGEREL FOR DIPLOMATS

"VIOLENCE IS GOLDEN,
WHEN IT'S USED TO
PUT DOWN EVIL."

bearded, pot-smoking, draft-dodging

MAKE WAR, NOT LOVE

Eliminating the Color Bar

IS LIKE FLYING WITHOUT WINGS

ONLY
THE
COLORS
ARE
RIOTOUS

PERMANENTLY
REMOVED

"WHERE'S
THE
ENEMY?"

"YOU'RE
BREATHING
HIM."

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

NOBLES OF
MYSTIC SHRINE

SEX IS PEOPLE

Experience for yourself the body,

**OPTIONAL
NUDITY IN**

PURE LATEX RUBBER
"GAYTEX" RUBBER

resin works within your skin
to help you look younger
all over!

-- Albert Drake

East Lansing, Michigan

Found Fame

Started in 1920
by the late Colonel Gordon Dorrance
the 600 plus Dorrance Poets
now include

Wilfred Funk
Max de Schauneseen
James Stuart Montgomery
Edward Shenton
Ralph Bergen Allen
Jessie Lofgren Kraft
Marion Sherwood Kingston
and a host of others
preserved in book form --
today's contemporaries
tomorrow's masters

-- Albert Drake

Three Found Poems

SEX

	B O Y	G I R L
1		
2		
3		
4		
5		
6		
7		
8		
9		
10		

TIME

1. Which is later?
 - a. a quarter to four _____
 - b. half past three _____
2. Which is earlier?
 - a. a quarter to four _____
 - b. ten minutes to four _____
3. Which is later?
 - a. half past two _____
 - b. twenty minutes before three _____
4. Which is earlier?
 - a. ten minutes past two _____
 - b. a quarter after two _____
5. Which is later?
 - a. half past ten _____
 - b. twenty minutes after ten _____
6. Which is earlier?
 - a. half past six _____
 - b. twenty minutes to seven _____
7. Which is a different time?
 - a. a quarter after five _____
 - b. a quarter past five _____
 - c. fifteen minutes after five _____
 - d. a quarter to five _____
8. Which is a different time?
 - a. 7:45 _____
 - b. a quarter to eight _____
 - c. fifteen minutes before eight _____
 - d. a quarter after eight _____

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-- Bern Porter

Rockland, Maine

TAO IN THE WINTER MOUNTAINS

-- for Ezra Pound

Source

Thought stirs

the empty source pools
of Lao Tzu
empty but full
wordless
w/out rippling.

Siegeboats on a milkbowl

lake, each prow moves
effortless
through ruined cliffs
of mist, wordless clouds
illusions of language:
now "heart"
now tangled "tree"
now nothing.

Paddlers dip the dawn
remembering Ch'in
whose bronze
kings and courtesans
whose tattered banners
decompose in dust.

Paddlers dip the dawn pools of Lao Tzu
& water runs w/out sound
down cliff after cliff.

Five Tributaries of Tao

I. "Dumb"

Fish leap upstream to their
deaths. Tao takes them
in effortless nets:
takes the sun-stroked salmon,
the straw things and humanists.
Takes the dialectic.
Chu Ta saw it best;
lopped up Buddha
burned the robes and bowl
let his hair grow long
took the onyx pin
painting "dumb" on the door
way. Sd painter Chu Ta
that was my best effort.
The rest he gave away.
That's Tao (1626 - 1706).

II. "Seeking Tao in the Winter Mountains"

Snow fills up the farm of Tung Yuan.
Stroke upon stroke the mountains rise,
peak after peak. It is hard going
through Tao fields: willow
branches torn, huts decayed,
the path
gone
snow
a scrabble of shale and shards:
history puzzles:
Ssu-ma Ch'ien (balls
cut off) writing the history of Han;
Mo Ti weaving mats, side
stepping wars, Chinese Salvation
Army man; Mao & his blue
shirts waiting with guns.

And the women on Lake Tung T'ing
go reed gathering.
Backward the waters flow.
Up Mount Tsai.
Up from the Buddha-wheel
up from mud-earth
up from the poet riding pack-ass
 through the snow
up from the glacial roads (state parks)
 of Han Fei Tzu.
Up from the thousand things
up from dualities, ambivalence
 to the unnameable essence.

Tao drips from the highest peak
upward over mirrored boats
& gathering women
& the winds of Tung Yuan's
brush
up

and at the same time
down to trampling
ponies caught in vine traps
& the stone drums broken by war
to the courtesan
wrapped in the drunken hair
of stars
in the powdered urn and fields
of her father's
ashes

down to the common soldier stomped
for whoring
down to the thief
fled over the last wall
of law
safe in Tao.

Tao seeks the lowest place
takes the drunkard
asleep in golden
vomit
the hermit w/ bean curd
bowl, bad breath
filthy straw coat

tubercular bawds
w/ ruinous chest

hollow infant trunks
their scabby vertebrae
like husks of locusts:

all safe in Tao.

III. Passivity

(a)

On the river Han now
northern branch
ice-knotted stone
silent
white monochrome.

The Han, Wang Wei's
boats floating over mountains
the whole Fang-chang chain
painted with one swift stroke.
On the Han, effortless
turning tons of flow
longer than the Great Wall
to impenetrable
Tao.

Woodcutter tapping:
shack, shack, shack
thrashing powdery pine
shack, shack, shack
his breath a string of ghosts.
The iced wood breaks like an old man
's laugh. Woodcutter snaps it
into armslength staffs
(pitch & blisters on his hands

the only color on the landscape).

From ten thousand streams the river sips,
waters of the people rushing w/out sound
w/out motion
rocks worn down just the same.

The Han
named and unnameable
still but flowing;
carved frozen essence
returns to Tao.

(b)

Light horse approach the Han
side-cantering
cavalry
come from the Western Wall.
They ride in bells
jangling, fox
and sable robes
stiff as the seething Han.

Hawks claw in the eye
Woodcutter gathering fir, gathering
he takes wood the river cut
piling it up on the other
bank.

"We have much jade and gold.
We have ivory and imperial
jade," a recruiter yells
across the Han.

His words blur on the wind.
The woodcutter
continues
stacking.
He has only

a straw coat and the wind
chills all of him
practising Tao.

"We have gold and ivory and milk jade,
very hard. We seek men for battles
in the West

carriers for our plunder &
a few courtesans." The woodcutter finishes stacking.

"Where are your boats, bridges?

There is the ferry line."

Woodcutter takes his baskets
of wood, hangs 1 on the back
1 on the right
arm 1 on the left

puts them
down again.
Takes up the ax
twack, twang
goes the ferry
rope &
100 arrows
the wind (turns them back)
laughing.

(c)

Painter Hsu Wei
painter Tung Ch'i-ch'ing
if they had painted Han
how differently:

Tung moved by Ch'en (Zen)
choosing an autumn calm
few men in huts of ideo
grams
(Ch'an peers over language
last step before wen-jen)

Hsu w/ shock
of Hsieh Ho
's bone method
instant rocks
the Han hammering
(at one end) straw things
(the other) colorless
space unpainted
Han no men on the landscape.

Ch'en: no return
once the word's
spoken
Tung w/ a thousand servants
dragon robes
riding Tejaprahba
(subduer of five planets).

W/ Tao man's
peripheral
Hsu: murderer, thief

painting his name
among the straw things.

IV. Governing w/ Tao

There never was a man
like Ts'ao Ts'an (194 b.c. our time)
second Prime Minister of Han.
First came Hsiao Ho
preferred by scholars.
At death Hsiao begged the Emperor (Hui)
"take Ts'ao Ts'an and no other."
Hui complied.
Ts'ao called in the Ju;
asked them to outline The Way of Rule.
(Ts'ao who had confined all Ch'in
to the dust heaps of history
& defeated Wei)
listened while the scholars
swayed now left, now right
consulting "The Spring & Autumn Annals"
arguing over the Rites.
& Ts'ao dismissed them.
"What do they know of
people?" he sd
found Master Kai
teacher-tramp.
Kai took in the writings of Lao Tan.
Sd "rule by doing
nothing, that is the way."
&
the whole
ministry fell into
decay. In two years
peace was everywhere.
Hui's spies found Ts'ao Ts'an
drunk on wine
holding court in a Lotus pond.
They meant to argue the Rites
but Ts'ao sent them home
rolling-drunk in Tao
"In oldest times people did not know who ruled
& Tao prevailed. In the next rulers were loved &/or
praised. In the next feared. In the next, hated.

Ts'an
with 100 drunken clerks
abolished tax
avoided war
made "common
sense" the law. His was the rule of Tao.

V. Voyage into Spring (Chuang Tzu) Thinking Landscape

By the river edge
boys are waiting
holding in their hands
the looped ends of coiled rope.
We pass thinking of the sea
six hundred miles away.
Further on
small children
sail straw boats
sealed with beeswax and pine tar
in the murk
and churn of the river.
We pass
to watch the hills fold away
beneath a sky patched with clouds
& strung with sunset.
Still many miles
from the sea our boat slows
culling what it can
from the sails.
The river
ever
widening
is lined with old men moving South.
The banks are steep and muddy.
Before the purple night geese
alight flying high
over the pale moon.

SECTIONS FROM: 53 STATIONS OF THE TOKAIDO

Chant

Contain (s)
bone fragment
-ed dug up

free dead
end

loose wall
tight wind

ambivalent
law
less

containing
all

the same.

Maxim

Burning
all my bridges
behind me, I have gained
a great
respect for rivers.

Outside self are rims
of self and commerce looking in
through dawn lids, and the scent of fish
heaped in baskets.

Beginning, the poles go deep through memory
roads, fishmongers lopping scales
on blood-smeared posts
and sky.

Lords and ships go proudly
to the sunrise, both bearing arms,
laden down with goods. The Temple of Tokuan
is wood and woven grass for them.

For us, their servant's pots
are filled with emptiness
and kuans.

Tea Blend

The boiled tea
the whipped tea
the steeped tea

first Kung
tea cakes:
classic
crushed
steamed into blocks
boiled w/ ginger, oats,
orange
peels: sound as the Great Wall

Then Lu Wu
's "Holy Tea Book"
a Taoist river of
porcelain
w/ T'ang attainments
three volumes also
roasted cakes.

Third Sung the blending:
whipped powder
bamboo whisked
frothy and scholastic

Last jap (see Okakura) steeped
bitter and committed.

Tao the taste
Kung its preparation.

Night as Concentration on the Color of Tibet

or mountains looking back before the dark colors, not black or purple but before dusk a pre purple after blue; Miro performed it best on his bicycle of lights: the blue of concentration and the dark dark until, waiting, it permits the eye to enter. Intemperance is the color of short seasons: cocoon and early plum, young cherry. Not water color. Perhaps tempa and the swirl of white gallons mixed through Prussian blue to purple. While scooping with the stick you'll know it by its short life and ripeness.

Walking Alone with Proust from Odeón

I

I go from Odeón
over Pont what's its name
behind the Louvre asleep
snoring through the clutter
of centuries. I go from Ile de la Cite
without logic quay by quay
@ 5:55 a.m.

Breakfast is sour
cheese, hard rind
slightly greasy I forget
the name, wrapped in l' Humanite
w/ 2 oranges.

I go from Odeón some days
w/ pastry wrapped in le Monde or pages
from a fat le Figaro. The wine is
never the same. I take it in a plaid
canvas & yellow oil
-skin.

It is my Paris
private and insane w/ Proust
asleep in the oilskin among my cheese and Vichy
candy. It is my Jardin des Tuilleries
garden of the Jacobin attacks
their dead plunked haphazard under nudes
of all the middle Louis.

II

I go from Odeón with Louis Blanqui
and the anarchist Vaillant, private
paintings of obscure ladies'
hair and rooms rented
high up in the mind of Robespierre;
silkscreen pantomimes and prints of whores across
the dark sun of Louys' Sanguines.

At seven or about
then I go up Rue de la Paix
up Rue la Fayette up
Blvd. de Magenta up the stairs at Montmartre
sipping port, pernod, port from bar to bar.
Preparations for the Byzantine
Sacre-Coeur, drunken monk of all the Medici
mistakes.

Down there are the cheating
wives and the cheating husbands and the
wives and husbands tired of cheating each other,
united to cheat the world. I wish them good morning.
I am making it with a late walker
under the walls of Sacre-Coeur. I throw my bag
of jism on the altar. 20 francs and 2 for candles
(for the girl). And I open my
Proust.

III

It is "Seascape with a Frieze of Girls."
Very recondite. Priests and the slash
of last night's moon hover like enemies
contesting for the day. Scott
Fitzgerald Day. No problem for me
but girls at confessionals and the sky
still dipping into day.

It is the moon that dips away.
"Monsieur." I am in a Montmartre bar.
"There is a call for you." "Here."
"Oui." It is Chan Tse-tuan from
the Yuan Dynasty. That is what she says.
"He has gone to Cannes. For a week."
"Lunch then the Guimet." "Accept?"
"Accept." There is no one listening but Swann.

"Out at the River during the Spring
Festival," she says. We have new
cheese and wine. "You are getting
fat," she says. "It comes and goes."

Guimet is closed. High class walkers
smile on Rue Bonaparte. The taxi driver
wears white spats. "Impossible."
"It is so." "Your concierge?"
"Out." She fills the bathtub up with milk.

It is a white day. Her father's place.
Gone to Corsica for Napoleon's birthday.
And all the paintings late Sung.
White sheets and walls. White tub and milk
and the white of eyes. Neck and breasts unspotted
by the sun. Her blond mound of trees dipping
into milk. Straw hair immersed
and me all milk, together tasting milkglass
breasts, miniatures, and the white
tongues and the day drowning in milk.
Plump fixtures and the pumping musk of her
and my own milk, paintings of a white nude and a white
nude with Guimet closed down and down
the milk and scented lips. The white day. The white
day and curtains billowing and highglass
opium drips through eyes that look along the ceiling
into me. Her husband at Cannes. It is the moon's day.
Also at George Cinq.

IV

She "can't be seen there." A white dress.
"Milk me. It will stain the white."
Plump from childbirth. It is a sweet milk.
A dress without disguises. "But you can't
go." "I will wear a wig." "Yes, it is only fair."
"Yes. And it's Fitzgerald Day." "By the way,
who says so?" "Everyone at George V."
"Oh." "No, really nobody."
And I am in white suit.

And the George V is in summer
white. "It wasn't even his place," she says
"It was his private place." "Really?"
"Who knows?" It cost us 4000 francs.

There is a girl with Pola Negri eyes
and her husband selling turpentine from Metz
and an English editor with boys
and a general in braces and an early afternoon
contingent from the Borse
and the late and early season leavings
from Longchamps and the summer Opera and
Comedie Francaise. Forty people.
It is a sad drink for Scott but

no one refuses. "It is never done. Never," says a threatening waiter. "Never." "Yes, but the girl. Do you know who she..." "Shhh!" And we drink two more. For Scott. For Scott.

V

Paris has its rules. Afternoon for lovers, evenings for the family. I take my suit off. (Her father's.) "Supper and a bateaux?" "You know I can't." "Yes." "But it has been perfect." "Yes." I say good-bye to Sung, to the white dress. "You will come tomorrow?" "Yes." "Guimet?" Yes. "Taxi." Yes. "Taxi." Simple And it will be a white week.

Color by Vlaminck

In Lille
and in the north of France
colors are eclectic
women intellectual.

Vlaminck was just a cyclist
Belge disguised as painter
paint disguised as thunder
in a vase of roses.

In Lille
and in the north of France
colors by Vlaminck
France is dark sea flowers, high tide
of lowlands, dark people
in light skins.

Vichy after Rain: Summer, 1969

There are days you wake with ghosts
gathering in halls of crumbled villas
among the bars and bistros
of the morning. They know they are dead.

In Vichy on liberation day
there are a few shops open.
People talk to me.
I am not the accusing
American.

In Vichy are the poplar and plane
trees, the chestnut and sycamore
leaves dripping shame; but I am not
ashamed of the people of Vichy and I
am not ashamed of France
for its six week war.
Six weeks is a long time
with Germans measuring your casket Great
Britain sizing you up for new
battlefields and cemeteries.

And the girls say
"here you can drink the water."

A Rhetoric of Evil

Americans run down walls
of Nice and Cannes
Cannes and Nice at
12:00 a.m. Marshall's men, Fulbright's
boys.

Americans in St. Tropez
come w/ Mirbeau's winding sheet
stolen from a grave in Neuilly
and the tibia of two Roman tribunes
killed at Aix.

Americans all run down the walls of Nice
and Cannes, of St. Tropez,
through the France of
Paul Cezanne, a highly logical France.

I am one of them.
I am.

In Cannes and Nice there are
no more French except the owners of
hotels and they are
in Sweden.

In Nice they are building hotdog stands.
In Cannes they sell plastic replicas
of Carcasonne.

In Nice and Cannes there are peanut butter
dreams of Kansas City stapled to World War II
stockings for the girls, candy for the children.

One lasting European victory.

Eating Peaches in Toulon

among its blue chateaux
and heavy lidded
dawns, I sit at table w/ an old
le Figaro
a glass of claret (blue)
in shadow
& a book of Bonnard's
France.

Flowers drip from last night's
rain into days of Epicurus.
The morning girls are saddest.
They smile without
smiling. Their stockings are lumpy.
They murmur watery songs.

Outside the roads are ochre
as Villon:
"Je suis Francois, dont il me poise..."

II

Vines reach up noon
walls of hot gold and hammered
bronze,
tongues
slake blue wine & the wet mouths and shadows of
the women eating peaches in Toulon.

III

Tables in a blue hotel
are chess squares on the marble
of eyes and faces
through the windows of Bonnard.
A black-green cat
jumps from broken lawn chairs
into shadows of my beer.
And the shadows of a ladies'
hair. It is on my face,
a grey coiffure of arguement
and tangled rhetoric.

IV

The white rooms of blue chateaux
are best at night. A bowl of peaches
on a table by the moon;
shadows of rhetoric unfastened and undone,
the musk of women and Catholicism
derived from Albigensians.
Provence, the white roads
of summer balconies, the white
peach of womanhood.
Venus, first star
climbs from the window of Bonnard
out of a glass of wine
to the sea beyond.

The Gulls of Hart Crane

Turning, they wheel and dip suddenly to spumy crosses
on the bashed waves.

Wheeling, their wings eternal blades above the raw salt
air, they dive for the emerald song of
gambler's bone

Dipped wings through bloody sunset, where the waves
run crazy
and the sea divides, they dive thru whirlpools
of your song

Through all the bones and peonies we weave together
and sift
to claws and harrows

Through the last conspiracy of eight year olds
("Le Fauve")
to rise from windows with the walls
gone, on spray of severed cables

Up in gliding arcs, as recompense for roses and the
chisled
stoney mound, disappearing through the
rhetoric of moonlight.

Driving Around Through 1922

-- for King Vidor

Sundays the dead come struggling
up through old mud flows of 1922
cinematography: the eyes and bulk of Roscoe
Arbuckle resting in a can in Beverly Hills
his unreleased face stored in a dusty vault.

Houses shift to houses then to houses
(star's residence to brothel to rest home
on Adams Blvd.)

A boat and Buster Keaton go
in and out the window projected by a 1922
projector.

It is Mabel Normand's birthday.
I have the cake set out with candles
under Aspen branch with the best champagne.
I have her picture on a wall

owned by Ben Turpin
who has lost his name next to her
on the wall, crossed eye watching shadows
build beneath the piano.

It is Mabel Normand's birthday at William
Desmond Taylor's grave and on the lawn at Picfair,
in Chaplin's Switzerland, in the bedroom
of Sam Goldwyn. I cut the cake for Bessie Love,
for Mae Marsh, May Murray,
for Rod LaRoque and Vilma Banky,
for the guys who murdered Wallace Reid.
I eat for them. Miss Banky speaks the names
in a faded Swedish
lace. Up the hill is Picfair
walled in with Wallace Stevens trees;
it looks down on both sides
of the day.

Near Sunset is the place Fatty
holed up in after his victory
(one of those L.A. birthdaycake apartments --
white cream balconies
phony Moorish arches.)

I have a champagne on the Strip
looking down at Fatty. I order one all around:
for the whole gang: for Pola Negri and Charles Ray,
for Clara Bow and Al St John.
Here's to you and you and you.
It's Mabel Normand's birthday.

A R A N G E O F P O E M S :

T A O t o T I B E T /

P R O U S T t o P R O V E N C E /

C R A N E t o K E A T O N /

b y B E N P L E A S A N T S /

B E V E R L Y H I L L S /

C A L I F O R N I A

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C H A N G E	lake swell
	lake swell
	r i v e r
	s w e l l
	s e a
	sea swell
	sea swell
	m i s t.
	s w e l l
	c l o u d

-- Joe Michaud

Chicago, Illinois

In Essence Himself

Apart from almost everything else,
he remained in essence
himself.

Regardless of the time
of day or prospect
of the weather.

Which wasn't at all
what the deans and professors
could fathom for a minute.

Or even the reason
for his living
in the top of a tree.

Which might have
possibly explained
just why he never married.

Incident

Weary of waiting
for Godot, I made it
hot-foot to O'Rourke's,
where after a brace
of Manhattans,
switched to Old Mother Goose
on the rocks.
And for the rest
of that light-hearted day
discussed un-
original sin.

How It Was

He swore
his everlasting love.

She curled
a mocking lip.

He rushed off
to the nearest bar.

She telephoned
her husband.

How It Added Up

She said it
really didn't matter
whether it rained
or not.

Rain or sunshine,
hot or cold,
she didn't give
a hoot.

She was all set
with a box of chocks
and the sexiest
novel ever.

The Reason Why

She said never
to call her
before 10 A.M.
and hang up
if a man
should answer.

Which might
well explain
the reason why
her beaux were
so woefully
sparse.

How It Was

I was told to ring
three times and wait
exactly sixty seconds.

Which course I
accordingly followed
with no semblance of result.

Save for a mocking
laugh that tumbled
from a third floor window.

Just as I came
to realize
I'd mistaken the address.

Small Poem

I rejoice that,
no things being the same,
a rose is a rose
is a rose
whose leaves are not,
as in the fig's case,
used as a species
of dress.

-- Charles Shaw

New York, New York

Dear Lydia

you dont know it
but i've just now spent my whole morning
stamping yr name
Lydia
in 18 pt Park Avenue typeface
on matchbook covers
(gold on black)
sure wish i knew yr last name
Lydia
what i wd do with these matches

Precision

menus have to be folded
handfolded sheridan-folded however folded
menus have to be folded

here they are handfolded
one at a time eye em up and fold em
eye em up and fold em
a hand folds a mind folds

menus have to be folded
somebody has to fold em

tuesday midnight
our contract runs out.
tuesday afternoon
these menus
go in the papercutter
cattycorners.

good morning
this is robert head here
speaking for NOLA Express
just wanted to let you know we're still alive
hope you are too.
i have to go in a few minits
another court case this afternoon
but first i want you to know
that
in spite of over 300 arrests
in spite of the secret police beating and macing unarmed
men and women
in spite of the U.S. Attorney
in spite of the City Attorney
we had 20 vendors on Bourbon St last night

-- Robert Head

New Orleans, Louisiana

EDITOR'S NOTE-----

Nola Express has truth and style and is readable. NE is the focus of considerable ill-advised, local & national legal harassment. The NE test case may be one of the most important in setting the tone of the 1970's. NE is currently the only outlet for Bukowski's tales & essays. Wd suggest that the least one can do is subscribe: \$3/yr. fm. Box 2342, New Orleans, La. 70116.

THAT TALL DARK WOMAN IN MY LIFE

The fortune teller lady
shuffle the whole deck
and she draw out one

And she say:
Let me see here--
I see ... a tall dark woman

And I say: Is that so?
You is a tall dark
woman yourself
-- you let me see that card

And I pick it up
and there it is --

The King of Hearts

And now it is rounded out
with the shape of my ass
carrying it around
in my empty billfold

Though he still do not
look like to me
a tall dark woman

BARLEY ALE

Ale sodden
she slept with me

And I deflowered her
consoling her
with visions of a son

And she grew round

The moon, the
moon grew round

She bore her twin
in triplet form

The ale grown bitter
in thrice bright white

-- Mason Jordan Mason

c/o Judson Crews/ Wharton, Texas

FOR MOTHER'S DAY

I am waiting for the sea
to cover Iowa,
and for the pigs
to dress in tartans
and march on Washington,
and for the sad corn,
so long neglected,
to bury Miami Beach
with their redeeming husks.

AMSTERDAM

The canals
flow by
eliminating time
and the need
for time.

Rembrandt,
Van Gogh,
Anne Frank
and Nazi boots

swirl
through
the green air
like dark
paintings
I had almost
forgotten.

Everything
is blowing
into the space
of my flickering
eyes.

If I hold
my breath
for one more
second,
I will become
a window
in this building
dated 1669.

-- Tom McKeown

Pentwater, Michigan

NEW MAGS-----

Greenfield Review (edit. Joseph Bruchac III) \$3/yr. fm.
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chel) \$4/yr. fm. P.O. Box 383 Cathedral Stat., N.Y., N.Y.
10025

from PART 4 of MESSAGE TO CUNDA

The old lady
called me a murderer
when i said i didn't believe in a physical God!
She couldn't understand how my God
could be nestled in a leaf
"How could, How could you crazy man?"
Out of the wall walked a Jazz musician who was asleep
since 1947 and he walked by us and i kind of
waved and left my hands
in my pockets and
my beard long
and the old lady
poked me with her
umbrella and said:
"Who's a that man?"
"Just a leaf!" i said.

RAQUEL JODOROWSKY

i must ask you to help me
re-assemble these bones
Yes this and that one too
also by the remains of the trout river
you may find a part of a neck.

As they marched they were so sure
of victory so sure of fight
so wrong so wrong!

APAGADO

i ask you for you also know the mountains
and the way of rivers
when can i ever see you eye to eye?
Meanwhile help me
move this Hermit to the other side
of the stream
and help me move this ice
from the cacti.

Nov/1966

-- George Montgomery

Kingston, New York

NEW ADDRESS-----

Something Else Press moves to P.O. Box 688, Newhall, Calif.
91321 with a summer address of P.O. Box 26, West Glover,
Vermont 05875 I Wormwood wd. like to remind all of our
exchange mags to correct their mailing lists for Wormwood
since forwarding of issues gets quite expensive.

Exercise in Anti-Pavlovian Preparation for Ingestion

First there is holding limbs to the body firmly
while removing the head with one blow.
Clamping limbs to the body tightly.
Do not allow struggle to spatter the blood-flow.

Next you must pluck the covering quickly.
While head's removed you can't be cruel.
Ripping and jerking the insulation away,
allowing the stiffening body to cool.

Now slit the pimpled skin, the congealing fat,
to bring out handfuls of liver, sacks of dung.
Now scrape out the stubborn kidney with your thumb.
Reach deeper and deeper for pink sponge lung.

And now you can bend, wrench joints. Snap out
limbs from sockets. Cut cold cartilage back.
Greasy, dismembered. Quartered and drawn.
Parts arranged to grill in their juice on the rack.

They call this "preparing a meal."

To a Chicken House Destroyed By a Poet Seeking Lumber for His House

Old house, you die hard. I could build
two of you with the muscle, time, split fingers,
spent to tear you down. No one
lived here but some chickens --
no drama played out here. None but the common
cycle of egg to hen and down to death again.
Maybe a fox to prowl. To set you squawking
like a juke-box in the night. Weasles letting
blood to stain the floor. Rats to walk
your timbers, stealing meal. No drama comes
to chicken houses. No telegrams at night
of boys at war. No babies claw for breath.
Just eggs collected. The hatchet handy,
and the chopping block behind the door.

Yes, old shed, you die hard for just
an aging chicken house. Broken open already
to the weather. Porcupines have come to gnaw
blood-salt from your floor. Every wrinkled nail
drawn out and saved. You were built well.
I pay respect to clever hands and hammers
of 30 years ago. Out of respect nails are saved

to straighten through some winter nights.
Saving boards. Studs. Lay them all straight.
Building a pile of seasoned lumber from
your awkward shape. I think I have not razed
a building only, but have built again
that which you were when both you and I
were young. When we both still "might have been."

In your destruction we employ those same tools
used in your construction. The hammer that found
these nails home now backs them out. We see now
how the blunt head, reversed, becomes a claw.
Dumb nails, driven without complaint, squall
at their withdrawal. The long union of steel
and wood has changed them both. You were built well,
but in your destruction we reveal some weakness.
Doorsill, retracted, brings to light the rot
where water, trapped, corrupted board and metal both.
Here where a floor joist touched the earth
began slow death our surgery arrested. What's born
again from these boards will, in turn, be tested.

-- Robert M. Chute

Naples, Maine

Remarkable How

these old men play checkers in the square all day
even when it rains
they move the game into the bandshell
even when everything else has stopped for lunch
they send to the drugstore for sandwiches, and say

It's your move, Goddamnit.

even when one of them has arthritis
and can't

they send across to the bar, for whisky.
That'll cure you, damnit. Play.

even when the negroes march around them
shaking posters.

What do those damn posters say?

Same old horseshit.

Some folks never satisfied. Anyway.
Got you cornered, ain't I? Play.

even after assassinations
those old men play checkers in the square all day.

-- Ruth Moon Kempher

St. Augustine, Florida

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featuring Ben Pleasants

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