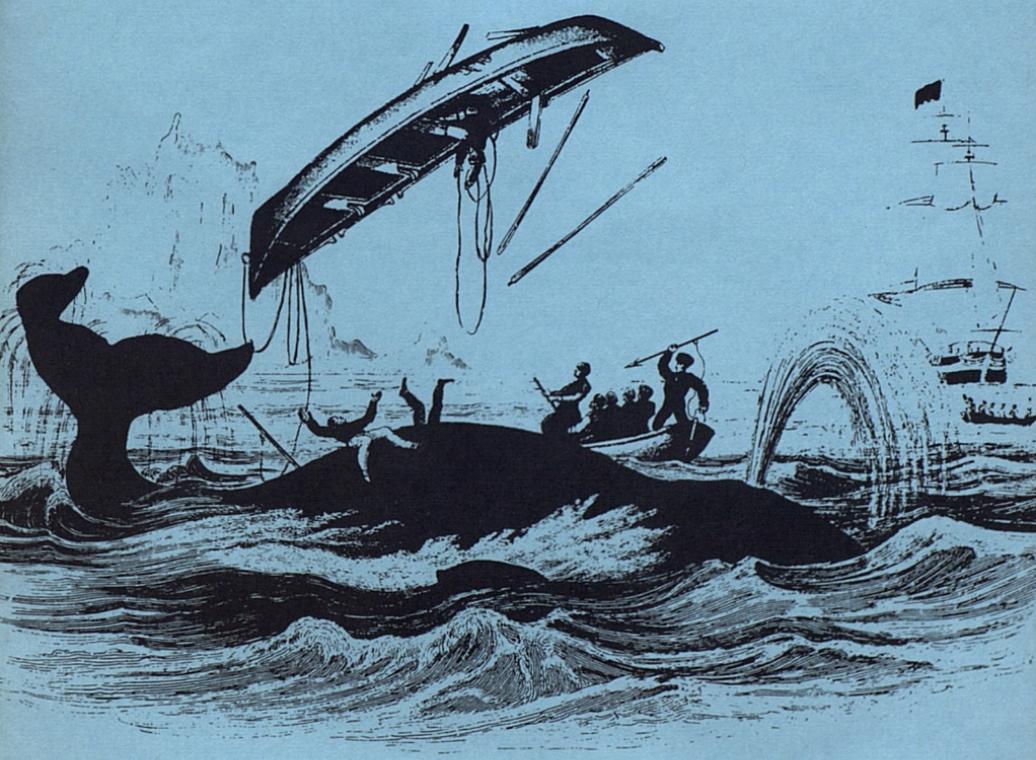


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T H E W O R M W O O D R E V I E W

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

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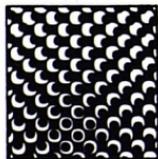


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.....W O R M W O O D R E S P E C T S.....

Citation # 1



... to single out men and women whose art is presently either inadvertently or intentionally ignored and whose work is important for direction NOW:



R O C K W E L L K E N T

author-painter-illustrator: the poet of the solitary man and the solitary place.

She

"In the zoo
It is the cats who suffer,"
She said, looking down,
Pushing gravy with a piece of roll.
One rose in the center of the table
In a cutglass bud vase on white linen,
Surrounded by china, green on white,
And waterglasses, stemmed.

-- Gordon Osing

Higginsville, Missouri

Hamm's Beer
Since 1865

if he's been standing
there that long,
he must be tired.

a silly looking lion
with a lizard tongue.

apparently
he comes from a
good family,
maybe even royalty.
he's wearing a
crown.

for some reason
he has 2 tails.
& a sword in his
raised right forepaw.

his left forepaw is
in front of him,
straight arm position;
ready to knock
Budweiser linebackers
on their ass.
you & me too
if we drink enough.

hillbilly

he has a chipped
front tooth,
leather skin &
combs his hair
early elvis.

he'll talk to you
if you use the
right words, but
look closely &
you'll see his eyes
are tigers
crouched & ready
for some
yankee trick.

whore

she had this
skull & crossbones
tattooed
on her left thigh
& wore bright red
lipstick
that smeared when
she breathed hard.

she said her name
was Becky &
she worked in a
carnival.

it cost \$10
lasted 10 seconds
& I was 10 times
as lonely when
I came out
as when I
went in.

-- Albert Masarik

San Francisco, Calif.

In The Hollywood Deli

a married man and his obvious wife sit by the window and eat and wipe their tarbaby's chin.

Hubby is bored to half-death.

Outside, a young queen drifts by: effete, tousled, leary, slim as a child bride.

Inside, the diner is seized with a spasm of desire so powerful that he identifies it as pain

and he gapes at his sandwich, thinking himself the victim of a Jewish conspiracy.

The Burglar

He was too good, that's why he never got anywhere. At his first job as a fry cook, he either baked everything into oblivion or spent so much time arranging it attractively that it got cold and hard. When an angry patron sailed a fried egg at him and it stuck in the wall, he quit.

A month later he found work in a veterinary's office. His first assignment was to wash a Great Dane. When he finished the dog was half-dead and mad with pain.

Frustrated, he decided to turn to crime and get revenge on a world he never made. Things haven't improved:

Every night he goes out, the aluminum ladder clanking against the saw, his metal safety hat forever dropping off as he bends to retrieve the jars and cans, bottles and tins that tumble from his pockets.

Behind him, the houses light up in sleepy succession: "What the hell was that?" ask the owners. "Christ, I never heard such a racket."

While outside he walks, a hundred dogs yapping at his heels, metal-soled climbing shoes grating on the pavement, eyes fixed on the dark quiet houses at the end of the block.

Lazarus

After Jesus raised him from the dead and everybody was impressed,
He went on His way while Lazarus stayed home with Mary and Martha. At first they were glad to have him back, but time took care of that.

"Don't shake hands with him," said one guest, "he's colder than a well-digger's ass."
"Lazarus is pale as hell," said an uncle.
A niece added. "Lazarus stinks."

Pretty soon they had him sitting nine yards away from the table,
wrapped in a blanket, discreetly downwind.

Finally he moved back to the tomb, going out only in the evening to follow the sun into the West,

God's name in vain on his cracked and loamy lips.

Lately

she wears my underwear when she goes out.
Can that be a healthy sign? I'll bet she is a dyke at night, running around with lady truckdrivers.

Still,
when the alarm goes off at midnight she is always there, and again at 3:00 and once more at 5:00. If she is queer, how does she work it, by phone?

("Hello. Spike. He's asleep and I've got his shorts on again. How about those Yankees!")

Perhaps it is just as she says and my cotton drawers are warmer than those teeny leopard-skin things I am so crazy about.

But you never know. I think that I will set my clock at 11:00, 2:00 and 4:00

just to be on the safe side.

Ron Koertge
Pasadena, CA

apropos of nothing

i am no sooner at my desk than hartz is standing in the doorway. i look up from grading papers. hartz is the sort of guy who drives one towards a trust in racial stereotyping. "what is it, hartz?" i ask. he says, "come over to my cell."

we go across the corridor. "there!" he says, pointing to a large dead fish upon the floor. "it must have jumped out of my officemate's aquarium. his pride and joy. an oscar. he nursed it from a caviar."

"it stinks," i say. "i know," he says. "why don't you just call bill?" he shakes his head, "he doesn't have a telephone."

"why don't you call the janitor?" "i'm scared," he says, "i'm scared that bill will say i could have saved it." "are you prepared to administer mouth-to-mouth resuscitation?" "no," he says, "but sometimes if you put them back and kind of walk them around"

"call the janitor." "what if bill wants to keep it?" "look," i say, "you don't mount goldfish, even oscars. marlin, sailfish, swordfish, fine -- but goldfish, no. for christ's sake, hartz. when did you ever see a goldfish up on some dude's wall next to the family moose?" "i'm scared," he says.

"then take it down to the department office. have them freeze it for him." "what if someone eats it?" "no one eats a fucking oscar." "why me?" hartz says. "my whole life, why me?"

"the wind is changing." "yes," he says. "i just don't want to get involved," he says. "i learned in new york city not to get involved," he says.

he tells me then about the price of parking tickets in new york, and rockefeller is much worse than regan. he once knew someone taught at stony brook, they didn't get promoted. and why does no one ever ask, what about the rights of the victim?

i take the papers home with me.

-- Gerald Locklin

Long Beach, California

Los Peloncillos

Hands
shaped the dog
pulled out
leaves, roots
set him in the sun
to bake.
the final pat.
went away

he sat
listening to them circle
the forest roar.
the sun make marks on rock
and at night the stars
 rising in a smoke.
at his feet the arroyo
 flooded past, then dried.

hour after hour
the cheeks of the mountains
 pitted,
 revolved
through the colors of the rainbow:
 faced north.
 no more screams,
a smell of bone.
until leaning, he lay down
 softly on the bank,
 jaw cracked;
 from his mouth
 a tiny river flowed ...

Mouth

Something's happening
 in my mouth.
like fenceposts or stumps
 the teeth move with the seasons.

at times when alone I drop
 my jaw, and the wind
 blows a goat-like
 Dorian music through them

at odd hours a grit
 falls onto my tongue
 tasting of coal dust

afternoons a taint
of green coins
and smouldering villages
blowing across marshes ...

at night with my head thrown back
flashes,
bare feet running over scaffolds,
vague calls
lights moving,
and high in the galleries
a steady chipping, chipping ...

Friday

Tonight it is raining
there will be no danger of thieves;
the stuffed trash can is safe

from dogs that roam the streets
sniffing out alleys and every crack,
feed on my garbage

and the illusion of thieves
skipping over trellises
plastic over tin roofs,

only on paraffin wings
angels will drift upright
weighted through the streets

immune to lightning, shedding water
as they do evil, old pork chop bones
corn husks sticking in their teeth

and that black monk sneering
from the heavens, his arms
around the trees thunder

cords flicking, chasing lone
girls home from the town dance,
licks their heels just as they push through the door ...

Bananas

Languishing among pine
the banana girl
carries a moustache
beneath each nipple.

there is no film can hold her
no sun-slicked furniture;
like the wind she

encompasses all steeples
as she lies, orient moths
 flying from her mind
 making a mockery of the clock.

we know the stories,
 of nuts and oil,
 our hand-strain measured
 by the wrench;
building structures
 with our failing bones --
 still the sun shines through them,
and we
 cast no shadow ...

and look toward the sea
 where a figure,
 star sunk in its head,
 rises, waist-deep wading in ...
stand up, master us, oh man, beast,
 or woman ...

Galleons

Outside the flowering oleanders
 become insidious,
 grow eyes

girls pass;
 a snake climbs the wall
 and licks his lips at the clock

the desk slides across the room,
 cannons rolling in a ship

on a bald hill
 a mongrel
 pitted with mange
 wags his head at a white moon.

Arizona Highways

World famous it can be had
 almost anywhere, in supermarkets,
 in drug stores piled next to True Confessions
for sale in billiard rooms,
 and even (I must imagine this, having
 never been there) on the stalls
 beneath the greasy green lights of New York

a jocular prose telling our conditions,
 historical anecdotes, and articles teachers

can be safe reading to their high-school classes;
even poems.

 pictures of snow on cactus.

the Governor cited it: "the major
 impetus building our tourist trade;"
then lapsed back grunting
 into his smoke.
snowbirds ask for "The Bible of the State,"
 send yearly subscriptions
to crippled Aunts hacking
 and blizzard-bound back home

with a note,
 "picking oranges at Christmas,
 arthritis all but gone ..."
in their spongy air-conditioned cars
 ride toward the locale
 of a recent article,
flushed and knowledgeable,
ride through our forests ...

our eyes following them, the soul's
needles knowing
 of it all the pictures
 lie the least,
 the account of a virgin's
internal organs, about to
 be ravished ...

Soft Tacos

If someone could stop
 the locomotive that pulls every
day at two toward Paisano Pass,
 going backwards and
 white volutions of smoke

pouring from its rear,
 a solid tearing into
puffs that circle counterclockwise around us

from the rickety village we watch,
 poorly armed with rakes
 and straw swats; on the hillsides
springs stop. cows stand eaten
 by rust and wired to the stubble.
 it never reaches the top

midgrade Mescaleros
 attack it, whooping
from burrows, shoot rubber arrows
that grow on our roofs.
 sit astride its back
stuffing themselves with cake

and the sea captain
that greets us, telescope
screwed to his eye,
loaded with spangles and charts,
like a llama spits in our faces.

the green stuff eats our bibs.
and looking up
see it already gone
over the ridges toward Marfa,
one puff hanging out like a leg
disappearing into a cave or a mouth ...

Dogs

The dogs are in the cellar
and howling to get out;
they have eaten the noble corpses,
the silver plate, broken into tombs,
gnawed the hands off statues;
and now they climb up the flue,
through cracks in the ceiling.
they curl behind our chairs,
test the cruets, observe our pictures;
hang from the rafters, singing. and
we slumped in our chairs
tasting our thumbs, they push
us around, statuary on wheels,
speaking the words
that flash across our eyes ...

-- Peter Wild

Alpine, Texas

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED::

¶ Fielding Dawson's Open Road and Dave Meltzer's Luna, both \$4 per fm. Black Sparrow Press, P.O. Box 25603, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025 ¶ 3 Northwest Poets -- Albert Drake, Lawson Inadu & Douglas Lawder, \$1.50 fm the Stone Press, P.O. Box 227, Okemos, Mich. 48864 ¶ Bill Butler's Byrne's Atlas \$1.80 fm. Wallrich Books, 6 Coptic St., London W.C.1, England ¶ Douglas Blazek's Why Man Goes To The Moon only 50 cts. fm. Morgan Press, 1819 N. Oakland Ave., Milwaukee, Wisc. 53202 ¶ Larry Mollin's Which Way To The Egress \$1 and Alden Nowlan's Playing The Jesus Game \$3.50 fm. New/Books, R.D. 3, Trumansburgh, N.Y. 14886 ¶ Carl Cary's salish songs & rituals \$1.50 fm. Goliards Press, P.O. Box 1292, Bellingham, Wash. 98225 -- also releases My Favorite Poets (edit. by Roger Steffens) \$1.50.

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VORNOM, *Manager*

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Obituary Notes

Harold E. Briggs, 68, in NYC, on July 16. Owner of "Books 'n Things" (82 E 10 St, NYC), the business will be continued by his widow Gertrude. (Harold was one of our first friends and colleagues in the book world. We first met almost 50 years ago when we were both on scouting expeditions. He lived about two miles from us, in the Irish area "over the hill" which we had to pass on our way to the "old" Franklin K. Lane High School we attended. There were a couple of book-and-junk shops along the way and after some chance meetings we became quick friends despite difference in our ages. Harold was first and last a poet, avant-garde even for the '20s, and scouting was the way he earned a living, enough to keep him going even through the depression years. Whenever we met, which would be in the most out-of-the-way "bunks", Harold would shyly pull out of a coat pocket one of the little mags in which his latest poem had appeared. It was with equal pleasure that we shared in his modest triumphs. It was a natural for him to become a specialist in "little mags", avant-garde poetry, criticism, etc, in a shop at 73 Fourth Ave, then around the corner on 10th St, where he helped build up collections in these fields for many libraries. His catalogs were always a delight and in many ways more satisfying than Gotham's. His own sidelines were "paper Americana", old post-cards, scrap books, Victorian cutouts—somehow they seemed to be a necessary correlative to his abiding ardor for modern poetry. It is of Harold, poet and bookman, that we now mourn, consoled only by knowing that each in his own way was true to the last. To his widow Gertrude there can be no consolation for so great a loss, other than knowing that Harold would have wanted her to continue in the field he loved and served so well.
SMM]

Sincerely,

Harold Briggs

Harold Briggs

Hello -- Harold Briggs

by Harry Roskolenko

Harold Briggs, the bookseller, soon became Briggs the poet when I first met him at the age of twenty-one. Then he was a book-scout seeking vintage Americana. He talked to me about the First World War, poetry, radicalism, social problems -- circa 1928 -- and it all took place in front of the two stone lions at the main library in New York.

He died forty-one years later. A friend wrote to me in Australia ... and as I read the letter on Melbourne's Collins Street, I cried for the man, the good friend, the laughing poet; the man with the pipe and the small cigars; the Irishman who was an internationalist and who helped finish off some of the bottles at the parties in my high walk-up flat on Sixth Avenue; the whimsical poet who saw in poetry another illusive key to man's social and ambivalent salvation; the testy radical, who belonged and did not belong, later; who had helped to lead the Bonus March on Washington-- when marching and picketing and radicalism were something essential and meaningful; who saw the world often as I saw it -- and did not, the next day; with whom I differed, politically and we still had a drink, from coffee to grog, the next day; with whom many Irish-Jewish dialogs took place on the natural absurdity of man, some of his machines, most of his purposes -- and where he would, without too many doubts, end up the next year

We had known many causes together, with red flags, green flags, blue flags; but it was, essentially, literature-- and that currently bastard art, poetry. Then poetry had a known family and an inheritance. We knew its parents. We were, after our fashion, its offsprings -- writing for thick and small little magazines as poets, critics, kibitzers -- to add more than the tokens of rhetoric to the times of our youth.

Books N' Things, Briggs' mellow bookshop, was a smoky place to rendezvous for thousands of non-genteel conversations... and then I bought a book for a buck or a magazine for a quarter, from the carefully spread dusty shelving and skeletal racks. The books and magazines were catholic, in an atheistic way--Poetry of all the schools, before Barbarism, 1970 style, took over the WORDS of literature and alleged social protest. The bookshop gave me, almost daily, an extra hour of serious comedy. For whom did we not semi-slaughter then? Archibald MacLeish, fully; T.S. Eliot -- sparingly; Ezra Pound -- by the ounce; and almost all of the fashionable Fugitives in their Southern mansions of spiritual meandering. Whom did we accept? Not too many regional aesthetes gone agricultural; nor, for that matter, most of

the ragers amid the Radical Muse. We liked and we did not-- and our likes were as personal as they were, with some essential shouting, soon public. We had known the Revolution Of The Word in all of its dappled vests -- and too often it was just so much linguistic mayhem -- like today's fulminations and furies.

These poems by Briggs are of another time and another physical presence; before all the non-acceptable solutions and pollutions fogged our political and moral senses; when thought and emotion and style had the essence needed for more than Mencken's "barbaric yawp" -- to call itself poetry; when colleges were for studying and not for scholarly dynamiters blowing up their libraries as self-hating partisans of amateur anarchism. Harold and I hated every aspect of fascism, in and out of books. Today, using a more contemporary form of rhetoric-in-action, there are poets who salute it, unconsciously, in their mindlessness and malice.

But these poems say it all -- as Briggs' epitaph for all of us -- and for a time called TOMORROW. I quote one poem here that establishes some of our mutuality of another time:

I SAW

Joe Gould, the "pixy seagull"
bumming butts on Sheridan Sq;
creaking his "poems" from bar to bar,
all night prisoner in LIFE Cafeteria,
coffee-drunk, waiting for Jake Spencer
to spring him with a dime. (Minimum check
15 cents)

The Oral History, greatest hoax of our time.
"Who killed the Dial?
I, said Joe Gould,
with my inimitable style,
I killed the Dial."

Why carp about truth.

He gave us a legend:
the clue in Charlie Chan's moustache,
the feud with Bodenheim, Ben Hecht,
the Tomato Epic, bed bugs, sonnets,
notebooks full of street corner myths.
He passed like Ern Malley,
Hot Afternoons in Montana,
Isadora's beauty, General Booth.
He lives in the heart of the Village
where reality meets the twilight zone
and unicorns are common as poets.

A Selection from Notes by Harold Briggs

There are just two kinds of real poetry -- the Bukowski variety and the Wallace Stevens. They are the ends of the spectrum. Between them are the gradations -- the blend and blur of lights that fail to illuminate. True, they burn with the same fire -- but not the same intensity. They may be a light in the window, but never a beacon

This has been so since the first drum beat, the first hymn to an unknown god, the first agonized cry against fate. Solomon's song knows no season, and the epic of Gilgamesh is its brother -- on these all poetry builds. They are the foundations of all song and belong to the heritage of all men. They are the corner stones of lyric and dramatic literature

They stand parallel as battle lines, or to put it in a modern frame, they are like ping pong players. Each serves the other and is responsible for keeping the game & the ball in action. In fact, they learn the game from each other. Without them, there would be no game or the writing of poetry. The lone voice in the wilderness is just that, and its influence is a myth kept alive by the failures. Everyone hears thunder, but a deaf man. Any whisper of importance is repeated by many people

There are examples in every age, starting with Homer whose opposite was Aristophanes. Who remembers, except the professors, the many voices of the Greek Anthology? This does not mean that many first rate, but second rank, poets should not be read. On the contrary, as Eliot said, there can be no great poetry without second rank poetry. No genius ever lived in a vacuum. Let us not ridicule the voice of the people! It is from the background of the street that Dante broke through the pettiness of the Middle Ages. Shakespeare was a great borrower from the common tongue

By trying for the ends of the spectrum, the young poet may avoid much that is sales-talk, propaganda, tinsel tears and dry corn

A Comment by Marvin Malone

This yellow-page section has been personally selected to reflect the dimensions of Harold Briggs. The poems appearing here were unpublished and found among his papers. Harold B. published one book: Though Man Flies Angel High (Hors Commerce Press, Torrance, Calif., 1959), and other poems can be found in the following magazines: Aphrodite, Between Worlds, Chrysalis, Compositional Culture, Black Sun, Crocodile Review, Delta, Fat Frog, Halcyon, Intro, Measure, Mutiny, New Masses, Orlando Anthology, Pan, Pedagogue, Pegasus, Plumed

Horn (El Corno Emplumado), Poetmeat, Poetry Review -- Uni-
versity of Tampa, Prolet Folio, The Realist, Rebel Poet,
The Smith, Sparrow, Whetstone, White Dove Review, Wiscon-
sin Poetry Journal and The Wormwood Review, among others.

To know where one is physically (starting from scratch), one must read the night sky or a compass. On locating the North Pole, the South Pole can be deduced. Speaking as an editor who reads over 2,000 submissions per issue, I can say that most poets today know their physical location (witness: the self-address envelope), but very few know their poetic location or care. Briggs' bookstore was a major influence for those poets and editors who cared enough about poetry to actually read poetry. During the past 3 decades, there have been perhaps six bookstores in the United States that could be regarded as lodestones for poets seeking location. Briggs' Books N' Things was one. Two others are in New York City. This says something about the quality of Briggs and the real quality of current U.S.A. literature.

There are early and late poems here -- the goal, as I said before, is to suggest Briggs' dimensions:

I Call on Witness, William Blake

"I see so little of Mr. Blake," said Mrs Blake.
"He is always in Paradise now."

If I am guilty, so is he.
More powerful than radar,
His vision pierced infinity.
If love of man is treason,
let it be.

He saw "all heaven in a rage,"
The Angel at the window pane,
The lesson and the lover's gain.
If love of love is treason,
let it be.

I call on witness, William Blake.
In him I see the fool in me,
Hanging from the witness tree.
If love of truth is treason,
let it be.

Simple Simon

Down the timeless road he treads
goaded by ambition's knout;
both pockets bulging with a fist --
in one hand truth, the other doubt.

Poor Simon, bread is not his staff;
he craves the perfume of the rose.
He feeds upon the breast of love,
yet claims the world corrupts his nose.

Quite young, he found the why of myth
hidden in the looking glass --
related to the ritual
performed by him at Sunday mass.

Like Cain, he put his faith in might --
made it a manner of belief
to hide the dark hole in his soul
devoured by the moths of grief.

His star has set behind the moon;
he walks with ghosts. Like Adam, he
found his Eden a land of pain --
both took the tree too literally.

Too late he learned that politics
killed the good samaritan --
the peak of ignorance is steep.
Time's diameter is man.

The Voyage Out

"What are the stars -- what are the stars?"

-- S. O'Casey

Plunge on, sailors of the solar sea,
go and catch a flying saucer,
test Gabriel's horn in your radar,
tell Mercury his wings are dated,
waltz the Spiral Nebula
round and round the firmament.
Feast your eyes on Crab and Pisces,
drown your thirst in the Big Dipper,
snatch a ring from Saturn's orbit,
usurp the crown of Jupiter,
catch comets in the Milky Way,
climb the Polestar, take a peek
at Uranus, the freak --
the red giants and the white dwarfs.

Lift the methane veil from Venus,
follow Orion and his bright dogs,
track Leo to his ancient lair,
bury the monstrous myth of Mars,
ride the Goat and bait the Bear.
Brand Taurus with steel satellites,
plumb the depths of Pluto's realm,
the asteroid islands in Neptune's bay.
When Pegasus begins to buck,
throw your horoscope away
and trust the Sun, your warm friend --
an orange clown with a hot foot.
Before you kiss the Pleiades goodnight,
weigh your wits in Libra's scales,
nail envy on the Southern Cross,
and wash your sins in the blood of the Ram.
Dismiss time from your mind, but see
that wonder called Eternity --
all planets are his children.
His wife is the four headed wind,
and dancing is their destiny.
Enjoy the cosmic carnival,
but don't ask the vacuum for a clue
to all the answers promised you.

Listen Joe

"Death is unAmerican!" -- Joe Doakes

This is America
where everybody wears a jukebox-smile,
and believes in instant heaven.
Ask any business man --
things wouldn't be the same
without death.
War would be a senseless game.
The Heart Fund needs him;
he helps slum clearance with a match.
He's chairman of the A.M.A.,
the V.I.P. of every cancer drive --
supporting the Red Cross
with famine and flood.
Impartial as a sleeping pill,
he sends jet pilots like cool jazz
and draws no color line
when the chips are down.
Each year the Auto Club
pays tribute to his industry
and holiday spirit.
Where I come from,
we take off our hat
to death and the flag --
people honor them with flowers, folksongs,
and monuments.
If you think this is unAmerican,
so is Life Insurance.

For Christopher Marlowe: 1564 -- 1964

I miss the Thames, roast beef and ale,
the smell of ink, grease paint, the rose
on the lips of lovers forever pale --
ghosts now like me. Where? God only knows.

Tell me again, rare Ben, what news?
Does anybody drink to my sightless eyes,
the critics applaud, the public excuse
my views on God, the boys and spies?

Do they still hold forth at the Mermaid, Ben,
comparing their plays, toasting crafty Bess?
Hear you my name between port and roast hen?
How fares my Jew at the Globe, more or less?

I hold no grudge for this fellow Shakespeare
or care if his Hamlet my Edward eclipse;
granted my Tamburlaine broke ground for Lear --
my Helen launched more poets than ships.

I chose the tavern while Will reaped hay;
no tears in his ale when Faustus called to me.
My pact with Raleigh was reckless you say,
but who can thwart cast destiny?

I forgive Tom Kyd; Greene's wit stings no more.
Mayhap with a bedded wife or a faithful whore,
I'd have seen more stars decline,
but fate called my curtain at twenty-nine!

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From Ruins Are Incentives

"Revolution is the reaction against reaction."

-- Joe Doakes

I SAW

Spain, the fat and lean
build barricades of blood between
the father, son and Holy Ghost:
the S.S. click its heels to Hitler's lies;
Chamberlain poke his Munich-umbrella
in the eye of democracy;
Roosevelt embargo operation rescue
when Madrid cried RAPE
and fascist bombers made a HELL
of Holy Guernica.

I SAW

The International Brigade
breakthrough the Pyrennes:
poets, teachers, artists and plain Joes
welded in a new brotherhood.
They stood with the people
staunch against the terror at Jarama --
the mercenary Legionaires,
the treacherous Moors,
who found their face value
in the short change of death
at Aragon, Bechite, Teruel.
When the blood of two republics
stained the Ebro
and fell on the arid plain
of bourgeois conscience too late
to change the course of history,
the glory of Guadalajara,
the purgatory-peace of Franco,
the agony and tears of betrayal,
mingled with the olive dust
that stings the eyes of Spain today.

I SAW

Papa in the Florida hotel,
cursing Stukas, Mussolini's Condors.
In Barcelona, gloomy Orwell
marching with the People's Militia
counting the dying and the days
under Big Brother's censorious
eye and ways.

For Weldon Kees

"And when all your beauty, washed away in
impure streams"

-- W. Kees

Average size slight of build
the eyes heavy lidded alert
at odds with the Prussian moustache
commanding attention like the hands
exploring objects
before the mind's decision
or the wry, warm smile
matching wit and the word
underscoring incongruities.
The film facade the media lies
never broke his spirit, but
pushed him to the wall, over the brink.
He alone chose the way to go.
He could have died like Keats --
instead he took the bridge like Crane
bottoms up sardonic gesture.
Sick of looking at Hoover buttons
on dead executives' lapels,
the widening crack in the wall,
the spreading stain on the carpet,
he rejected the rhetoric of knives, booze, guns.
He knew all the tricks were a prelude
to the fall of the magicians -- an omen
I overlooked in my presentation copy
of The Last Man. He knew then
the game was up the rest
mere repetition. Even death.

For My Daughters: Susan and Aprille

When I am gone
grow as gardens grow
come summer or come snow
time is on your side
from where I sit:
forgive me later
what I now omit.

POUND
 E ' Y
 L ' E
 The Needle I was A Apollinaire
 O ' T
 T ' S
 WILLIAMS

These were/are the points in our compass. They changed the
 textbooks of the world: enlarged the circumference of art,
 diameter of awareness, became a center everywhere,
 NEW directions, foundations for: gave us

BLACKBURN Majorca, Provence, I.R.T. Dipped his pen
 in Lorca's blood: transfusion of attitudes.
 Metro troubador, ferryboat commando;
 goosed the Statue of Liberty with a
 Manhattan Transfer. AUTHENTIC

CREELEY Arizona, Vancouver, New Mexico. Pioneer stock.
 rambler, gambler; against fat hacks with
 cotton candy adjectives -- academic con
 men. High Noon insight, quick on the draw;
 between the eyes (100 yds) cerebral approach
 with caution; carries a cold deck. COOL

GINSBERG Morningside Heights, Frisco, Europe, India.
 HEADmaster of POT, via Blake and Bleeker St.
 City Lights BEATrician: the HOWL heard
 round the world. (Concord take note.) Can do
 a KADDISH or a SUTRA -- tears or love depending.
 Village guru / showman / Shaman / with bells yet.
 Detergent for dirty minds, politicians who never
 come on sunday. The BEARD by any other name.
 HAPPENING

JONES Jersey, Cuba, Harlem. Tom Toms and Karate in
 the subway;

stage stallion minus "poetic"
 costume;
 jazz lover, hung up on WHITEY
 complex, scalp hunter,
 underground Panther.
 Found drama in the TOILET.
 Wears YUGEN in
 his buttonhole. HIP

KELLY B'klyn, Blue Yak, Bard-on-the Hudson.
 Man
 mountain PAN, dove in the Hawk's Well.
 Explorer:
 secret world of mole, blue jay, white violets,
 HER BODY AGAINST TIME/ the DEEP IMAGE
 Irish
 tenor, affirmation / protest.
 Keeps
 elves in his pocket. MAGICIAN

OLSON Black Mt., Yucatan, Gloucester.
 Spiritual
 cousin of Melville, stepson of Pound, literary
 nephew of Williams.
 Digs roots: Mayan,
 foundations, not mummies. FLAIR for DISTANCES.
 Loves JARGON of the sea;
 peninsular,
 MAXIMUS strength. Took Buffalo by the
 horns. CATALYST

SNYDER West Coast, High Sierras, Kyoto, La.
 RIP RAP / NO KRAP / Maveric:
 puma-stride/
 salmon-leap / TIMBER / loggers, drunk
 Sioux, bordellos;
 hitch-hike with Buddha,
 Venus with sand in her crotch.
 Live / no
 tape / weather of the soul. ZENZEST

ZUKOFSKY N.Y. (where else?).
 Prometheus of the Heights.
 Friend of Catullus, cosmopolitan.
 Survivor of
 the TEST, lifetime in the flood;
 philosopher
 of EYES.
 Poetry of Altitude. Bach with a
 typewriter. Matterhorn in the
 swamp of
 Brooklyn. PROPHET

The Camera As An Eye

"To construct a poem that is only poetry is impossible
If a piece contains only poetry, it is not constructed,
it is not a poem."

-- P. Valery

I SAW ¶ America emerge from the Wasteland, dripping affluent despair; old Possum in his (Faber) lair scrounging for God, his whimper grown weaker, also his rod; Auden age with Anxiety; Anthiel bow to John Cage, the Jazz Age to Rock rage, the Jet Age to dotage; three generations come and go, talking of Paris and Picasso --the LOST with their PAPA and Stein, the BEAT with their POT and whine, the PEPSI con line; e. e. cumming thru the wry, stalking moons with his old school tie; hue and cry of Partisan REVIEW fade in the smog of Trotsky's bog; deluge of MAD Little mags; Dwight's POLITICS fall between Miller's TROPICS and Eisenhower's inertia. Oh, who'll give a shilling for Hook, Howe and Trilling; who'll beat the cymbal for Brooks Burke and Tindall, Holy (GROUP) Mary, wide as a prairie. Ransom, Crow and mini-Taters, the academic alligators who drank the spring of Empson, SHOGun of the 40s, saint of 7 Types, devoured by the old-NEW critics, polluting the stream of Lit with their gripes and ambiguities? So passed the WINTERS of our youth, the Day of the Locust, the great Sahara of the 50s, the Beat tornadoes of the 60s. But styles like seasons change, explicators expire; names and causes of the moment become the ephemera of tomorrow. Who now gives a hoot for the hot pursuit of Amy and DADA, the scratchin' of Patchen, BEFORE the BRAVE, with his retinue of drummers, clowns, ecstatic girls who stormed the bookstall barricades of 4th Avenue for a word from his prolific pen, explaining life and love as it was then? And so the wheel turns, the show goes on; the parts, the characters we play are judged by where it stops and starts. Oh MARILYN, MARILYN, what does it take to win? Shall I kiss the Statue of Liberty, carry a torch for democracy, go underground and marry Miss Subway, admit I'm Sir HAS-been, deny the dream of Sunday in bed with Sophia Loren?

I SAW ¶ Lawyer Welch put the squelch on loudmouth McCarthy, the pumpkin papers, HUAC capers erupt in a national HISS, the horsepiss of Communist plots, knockwell patriots, Birch BARKS of minute men; the bitch in the NIGHT-WOOD; the teenage switch from Aragon's RED FRONT to campus snipers and PEACE demonstrations; the pendulum of W. C. Williams' THINGS, and all that swings from Paterson: Miss Marianne Moore, the Brooklyn mirage, still mistaken for Calliope's barge; a toast to E. Bishop, North and South, and to the technique of Bogan and Garrigue. For the Sitwells riding LIFE sidesaddle, green pastures on Olympus. For the bogus queens of yesterday's intrigues, who flirted with immortality and died of Drought -- a geyser for their memory. For the boy scouts of beauty, exile in the

the Farmer's Almanac. For E. Wilson, who opened Pandora's box in Axel's Castle and braved the climate of the Finland Station and dared to walk steel trails with the Iroquois, heap praise upon. For C. Aiken's PUNCH the IMMORTAL LIAR, a clambake brunch with the EMPEROR of ICE CREAM and echoes of Shangri La from Stevens' BLUE GUITAR. Everywhere I looked I found the influence of E. Pound, in Little Mags and universities, midst brokers, shoe clerks and Ph.D.s; his stock soars past 30 CANTOS but not as high as the Alps of Joyce: hated master of the BOTTOM DOGS condemned like Sisyphus to tote their gall stones over the Mountain of Hope and gnaw (with false teeth) the bitter bone of frustration and howl DO THESE BONES LIVE.

I SAW ¶¶ The proles in the Automat who never got to bat; the Yippies throwing darts at Miss LONELY HEARTS; the farce of Peyton Place, no loss in Grace, but oh the loss of face; the Grand Canyon vacuums of J.F.K. and Robert murdered in their prime; the pillage and crime as the muck and mystery went deeper than Dallas as the F. Bee Eye let Ruby blast Oswald gangster-fashion LIVE on TV. Cheers for those who refused to climb the ladder of lies for the Cracker Jack prize: Lowell, his Union Dead protesting the HELL of every war; Jarrell, exposing the swindle of the SAD HEART in the SUPERMARKET by the LARK set; Wilbur, ringing those BEAUTIFUL CHANGES on our drab existence; Snodgrass, toying with the HEART'S NEEDLE; Berryman, pursuing Mistress Anne with 77 DREAMSONGS; O'Hara, who would not dance for McNamara and his BRASS band under the spreading NAPALMS; Sy Krim, the NEARSIGHTED CANNONEER who pinpoints the ACTION in pad and gym and the phonies on the rim of the charmed circle. SEE more soon, SEYMORE KRIM!

I SAW ¶¶ The change from SPADE to MAN; the movement to DUMP the HUMP; the John Two Dollar liberals and traders; the dreck of Viereck; the hollow echoes of Hollywood; those who swapped the GRAPES of WRATH for the plums of prestige; those who played FAST and LUCE with their rebel past for a cover on LIFE. Hold dear the Roethkes, conversing with bees, avoiding labels, OLD as NEW; give mandate to Mailer, the nailer of media phonies with their TIMEd deadlines and pants-down-prose. Confucius say, roll out the BAN for M. McLuhan, and take it from me, you can't ride a Mechanical BRIDE. Treasure the vision, the skill & precision on both sides of the coin: sensitive D. Schwartz, who found responsibilities in dreams; Bukowski, hard as quartz, haunted by the drunken boat, the worm at beauty's throat, that never sleeps.

I SAW ¶¶ A good year for poets and friends of the friends of friends who rode the White Horse with DYLAN, drunk as a dragon; Brinnin, high on a wagon of anecdotes, a book in his pocket with none THEN to knock it and Todd, who rode the coattails of God, one eye on Oscar, the sparrow, gath-

ering crumbs from Hudson to Barrow, in anthologies began his royalties.

I SAW ¶¶ The herd, all OUT together looking IN: sandal makers, pottery bakers, jewelry fakers, HIP joints, strip joints; WHAMburgers "with a college education;" pizza infiltration; foreign films; Black Muslims; Swedish modern; BOREwhole OPon, Brillo PUTon; the psychedillic nudeON bugging the prudeON with electrical bananas; American antiques; Beatle cliques; Watusi dancers stomping on Stuyvesant's grave; St. Marks-in-the-Bowerie, Judson Players; revivals, denials; Cedar Bar, the springboard of hope and despair for the 10th St. painters; the hard line of Kline the drippins of Pollock, deKooning's WOMEN et al. before they made the uptown parade to La M.O.M.A. or Rosenberg coined ACTION the FASHION in the maze of quaint streets like Charles, Grove and Perry; the Christopher Ferry, cruise line to Hoboken's Clam House OASIS for Tenement Poets and poor men, the midsummer night's dream of affluence riding over the slip-slop miniature waves -- gone like ten-cent beer and FREE lunch, the critical raves for the clip-clop verse of another day when June and Moon turned on Millay and love had no help from LSD. Where have all the flowers gone: Wordsworth's daffodils, Whitman's lilacs, the shy rose of Amherst, the broken drums of the Dharma bums, Fitzgerald's Flappers, the Lindy, the double decked bus -- things that made New York FUN CITY plus?

I SAW ¶¶ The Flower Children taking to the hills and assorted pills to escape the ills of society; the apes, the Burroughs and the pack; the PEACE EYE PENTAGON, Head quarters for the FUCK YOU attack on the cadillac establishment; DAWN Ginsberg's revenge for the FROST on the corn; BLOW the MAN down Orlovsky, making like a yogi; the FUGS and their plugs -- more COCK in the FOLKROCK; the MAMAS and the PAPAS; the mods and the Rockers, teenyboppers, HEADshoppers; the MOTown, the GODOwn, the BUGdown, the MUGdown, the dykes and the damDOWN; the FREAKouts, the CREEPouts; the gluttons for BUTTONS, mocking every sacred cow; the SOCK IT TO ME NOW crowd; illiterate profundity of POW; fly with LSD -- syndrome of dreary, weary and LEARY, Lord of Cube Castle, HIGH priest of ACID corroding the COPouts. C.O.D. for the round trip: INNERSPACE to HANGOVER SQUARE. No cubes for INNESFREE. No refunds for insanity!

I SAW ¶¶ The substance and the sum of CORE; the buzz saw of Black Power cutting down Malcome X; the FUZZ in a shower of bricks; sniper debates with Panther soul mates; Joan Baez trying to OVERCOME Wallace-minded racists with LOVE and Martin L. King; the ring of revolt in Northern ghettos and Southern palmettos; the hired, hate-cocked gun that killed the MAN but not the spirit; the happening of Stokely; back lash and pickets in the pokey; Baldwin's warning of the FIRE; the holocaust of WATTS, Newark, and

WASHINGTON; hate and fear waiting their turn to BURN BABY BURN.

I SAW ¶¶ Life put the squeeze on Weldon Kees; Gorky, sad as Gay St. on a rainy night; iron jaw Beckett, waiting for GODOT; the one and only Fiedler not on the roof; D. Gregory's spoof of Mississippi justice; L. Abel, chaffing at his bit in the academic stable, constant runner up for the COMMENTARY cup but never a winner in the National SweepSTEAKS. Each to his track said the hag to the fag, this is the age of the HOWL and the FISH; half the girls are fowl, half the boys are swish. How sad to be GAY in the world of Genet. Kerouac went Zen, Rexroth went West, Ginsberg came East, Todd to Cape Cod, Creeley to Spain, Blackburn to Provence, Olson to Buffalo, Corso to Rome, and Duncan to Elfland, winds of doctrine, waves of influence. Some erect antennas of KULCHUR, build a BLACK MT. complex, claim ORIGIN axis, use a TROBAR to lift the DEEP IMAGE; some play it LOCUS Solus, swear by YUGEN or blow a PLUMED HORN or set up a BIG TABLE feast for a new generation served with WORMWOOD and gall. Shades of Marinetti and Apollinaire, the FUTURISTS, the fruits of TRANSITION with SURREALIST hangovers. HAIR all over the place and on the face; barefoot boys in Mardi Gras costumes; mini-girls making like Macy toys, enjoying the noise of turned on cafes on MacDougal; the man from VENUS without a penis looking for BREAD and the Electric Circus; all sights for suburban invaders elbowing bookie persuaders digging the gold in the Welfare Checks on Shedidan Square where the VOICE calls the faithful to swing with the SCENE; ess-pressos and lessos like Nedicks; OUT chicks in Whalen's; jailins at Greenwich Bastille where narcotics, lesbos and Women for Peace get the feel of the LAW; the natives dig bagels and navels on Sullivan St. Pushers with knishes on 4th, pickups and gin at the Figaro, breakfast and bromo at Bigelows, the Princess of blintzes on Carmine, Danish at Sutters, winos in gutters on 3rd, Mrs. Plushbottom curbing the turd on 5th next door to the wierdos and beardos in Washington Square where reality meets the twilight zone and only the poets change making it all NEW again; the Rolling Stone from Denver meets Howard Johnson on 6th, but not L.B.J. on his way to La Dolce Vita.

I SAW ¶¶ The AD -- Ten Easy Lessons, write out your repressions; before the Beat there was BOHEMIA, and before the Scene there was the VILLAGE. How many DOORS lead to fame; how many lead to failure? Simpson praises Mr. Bly-- Sorrentino swats him like a fly; even Rimbaud found gun running was easier. Rage, rage AGAINST the buying of the LIGHT. The phonies, the trivia, the CAMP, the cocktail party mask, the politics of POETRY, the petty and the pity all dissolve in the REALITY of St. Vincent's EMERGENCY.

Little House On The Great Plains

The first night rats trundled
through the walls, Hilda
cried and kept the baby in bed.
He laid out poison and they died.
One thrashing and screaming
in the basement, the rest
between partitions. Hilda
couldn't stand the smell.
He knocked the walls out
and found a chest full of money.
They paid off the car and bought
the sailboat he'd always wanted.
The boy's dog keeps the rats out
now, the neighbors are very nice
for the most part and Hilda
is real busy making the house
into a home for all of them.

About Song My, Since You Ask

When those yahoos shot those boys
in Mississippi I imagine
at least one yahoo was smiling.
I tend to think it was
an "embarrassed smile"
though it was probably dark
and no one was looking at anyone else.

Just see yourself out in the woods,
all that stupid moss in the trees,
knowing you're going to die.
Shit! I really did it this time!
All those dimestore loafers so excited
they're forgetting and slapping
their boils, drinking too fast.

Brush your teeth but your breath
stinks. So you chew gum.
You sweat, your hair cream
won't work, your wife sleeps
around. Your girl does too.
Best goddam country in the world
and all you've got is pimples and a hurt.

Those boys over in the Nam
didn't want to die either.
It was hot, they were scared.
All those ugly slime screaming
and pleading in gobble-de-gook

for their lives. If you shoot mamma-
san, you have to shoot the kids too.

It's the secret fear, unspoken truth
that twists the heart to any frenzy.

Rejecting Advice

Oh, you poets
with hidden rooms
called the study.
Or better yet
reconverted henhouses.
Let me tell you
right now
I won't improve with age,
or do what I want.
So shut up.

-- William Hathaway

Ithaca, New York

16 Jap Machinegun Bullets

Norman
Jimmy
Max killed in World War II
while I hid in old roominghouses
in Philadelphia and San
Francisco
listening to
Mozart and Bach.

with George it was a bad
liver. Dale died of mislead
ambition. Nick went the common hard way of
cancer.
Harry of a
wife and 5 beautiful children.

Jimmy had it right --
trying to bring that bomber back to
England with half the motors shot
out. Norman had it
right --
taking 3 weeks to die from
16 Jap machinegun bullets.

we've all got it quite right --
sitting around reading the
comic strips

drinking warm wine and
rolling smokes.
at 6 in the evening we charm our blood and
our manner
as we walk our faces through the
spiderwebs.

we've got it right
we've got it right --
the raven and the waves
the tired sunsets across the tired
people --
it takes a lifetime to die and
no time at
all.

When All The Animals Lie Down

got it right, Gus?

Gus had this rag around his
head and was digging at the
dirt. he'd been digging 15
minutes.

I'm getting it, said
Gus.

we were sitting on the side of
a hill watching the 5:30 p.m.
traffic
on the Pasadena freeway.

Gus was trying to get that
round spot in the ground
for hip and
shoulder.

what do you guys do when
it rains? I
asked.

we've got a sheet of plywood
or 2 in the brush, said
Larry, either that or we
go to the mission.

Gus tried the hole. it was
all right. then he came over and
sat with us.

we watched the cars on the
freeway. they barely
moved.

I'm sure sorry for those bastards, said Gus.

all around us was grass and trees and brush. a white cat ran by. we sat there smoking our rolled cigarettes. by the time those bastards got home we'd be asleep.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, California

The Beautiful People

They gather together like gnats swinging in circles, massed in columns of air, holding uneasy motion. I watch them from my window. They saunter around the oval pool in swim suits that allow large breathing spaces. They fondle their cigarettes and drinks. Even above the buzz of their voices. I hear the ice in their glasses clink. I watch the water churn occasionally as they dive under the shadow of the sun. Then surface, gulping air. They hold their smiles in place along with their skimpy clothes. They accept their place. They consider themselves the beautiful people. And they are.

A Story

When they married everyone said how she was beneath him. No one, family or friends, would have anything to do with him after that. And so he just stayed at home with his new wife while the years went on and for the entire length of their marriage (successful) she was always beneath him even though they never had any children.

What She Told Me And I Wonder Why

What she told me was more
about Mexico than I could bear
to hear, having her sitting
on the arm of my chair

in a strange house. Yet
she sat and talked, and touched
me on the arm and shoulder
twice. If I had been bolder

I could have casually brushed
her legs which she had crossed
directly in front of me. I
laugh to think about the position

I was in -- leaning back,
looking up, arms crossed on
my chest, legs cramped and gone
to sleep, and nervous as hell --

because I was new at this
game and she was twice my
age, and I'd never been to
Mexico, and wasn't married. Why?

That's the question I keep
asking myself. Anyhow Mexico
is what she told me about
and I wondered why.

Negative

Holding my picture
in my hand, I
smile to see myself
as I once was,
or tried to be, or am.

The picture looks
at me, as I at it,
mirroring myself. I
detect a flaw in
the shiny surface.

Check the negative.
From its dark recesses
shot with shades of light
a figure looks out
upside down and backwards.

Body Work

Before she undressed me
she removed my watch
and ring. Then, with devotion
such as I had never seen,
she began at the top
and worked her way
down: shirt, tee shirt,
pants, shorts, shoes, socks.

When I was naked and
complete, she stepped
back to look at me for a long
time. Then she began
again at the top,
working her way
down with devotion
such as I had never seen.

-- William Virgil Davis

Wethersfield, Connecticut

For Those Advanced Enuf To Love

"what have I made of living
but to reach for life"

-- Edouard Maunick

all that I have
to celebrate
is in the kitchen
where I have learned
the plot of my life --

knives of airplane wings
forks of mathematics
spoons of conversation.

shipwrecks of cereal boxes
swamps of mason jar jelly
rainstorms of kool aid.

it is magic,
my life reached for
& placed before me --
the details of Christmas
are everywhere.

kitchen poetry, daily love
for those most advanced
in perception & celebration.

An Ancient Hovering Presence

cars spin past the house
pinwheel chariots winding up for
the leap to the top of the circus tent

wind snaps thru the cracks
with the sudden sureness of knife throwers

night fur is deftly being
molded into a mask

barely distinguishable, an
enormous face looks me in the eye

my skeleton jolts from my body
grabbing for a trapeze that isn't there.

Self-Support

an ordinary airplane
slides over the rug of clouds,
no golden wires suspending
it from the ceiling of
the Smithsonian Institute.

it is ordinary
but I can still say
"I love you" to it, traveling
as effortless as a moth, as
smooth as the shore's
last sandprints before night.

I pretend this airplane
contains all my cargo
& in so pretending my overhead
becomes vapor & my life
becomes suspended by golden
wires from within my heart.

A Cellular Song

-- for baby Molly

One keeps saying
the same thing
over and over
a little different each time
until
it is the complete opposite.

There is the solar system
in my neighborhood:

Jupiter Street, Saturn Street,
Mars ...

We take a bath
on Saturday
stepping out of the tub
with smooth moonflesh.

It all happens this way, Molly,
something is seen
something is done
and after awhile we
know it so well
it becomes something different
each time.

The world
is as young as you are --
your body will grow
but your cells will
remain the same size.

The water in the tub
drains under the solar system
in unopened veins, but
we saw it once
coming out of the faucet
splashed in it
and we will see it again
as the ocean
or when it rains.

The neighborhood will grow
our smooth flesh will crinkle
things will gurgle
down the drain
and reappear as something else
but
cells remain the same size.

-- Douglas Blazek

Sacramento, California

NEW MAGS:::

¶ Corduroy (edit. Richard Immers) \$1/copy fm. 406 Highland Ave., Newark, N.J. 07104 ¶ AUGTWOFIVE (edit. Craig Ellis & rolla rieder) scheduled to be released fm. 212 Mt. Auburn St.. Watertown, Maine 02172 (has issued a free re-re-print of Jack Spicer's The Holy Grail) ¶ My Landlord Must Be Really Upset (edit. D. r. Wagner & Ingrid Swanberg) 35 cts. a copy fm. Box 4622, Sacramento, Calif. 95825 ¶ Afterbirth (edit. students of Fairhaven College) \$2/copy fm. Box 1292 Bellingham, Wash. 98225

fragments 1 thru 5

- 1 Buddha is a diesel
train
always passing passing
left to right
 - 2 & i don't like
other people who
have to lie to
other people about
me to keep them from them
 - 3 & of course you realize
no matter wat we're sayin
there's two drunks in a bar
havin the same conversation
 - 4 & the simplest way
to equalize wealth in
a capitalist system is levyin
10 x's more tax on properties
not lived upon by the owner
 - 5 & some say laffing water
committed suicide &
some say settin buzzard
never says nuthin no more
- everybody's wrong sometimes

letter to the poet
for g. m.

the grown up
dragons all lie slain.
there is nothing left
but to wipe off
yolk & white &
let the thing grow
a little bit. but
mead drunks &
blugeons are all
that's needed to
slay the monsters
anymore. what
romance is reduced
by this? dirty
rivers wash us all.
& all the old dragons
remain lying, slain.

lobotomy/left side

don't shoot speed
it makes you like
your parents?
then don't smoke
pot. it makes you
like your aunts &
uncles. ok ok
i can't help it
your brain has the hives
& is allergic to
my kind of where it's
at. i'll just sit here
& let you space away.
later i'm gonna go off
& make war on mars
with three scalps
two jewish foreskins
& lynch that god damn
while i'm at it.

-- Don Gray

San Francisco, Calif.

Believe It Or Not

Last year
he vowed he
was finished with women.

Last week
he repeated
the vow.

Yesterday
he became
engaged.

Today
he's consulting
his lawyer.

Thinking It Over

The world,
he reflected,
over the years
had grown, it seemed,
very much smaller

while prices
were higher,
his bank account less
and his belly laughs
fewer and fewer.

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562

Ellen Marie Bissert
William H. C. Newberry
Anonymous: G. C. O.
Donald R. Peterson
Dr. Marvin Sukov

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"...seeking an art based on fundamentals to cure the madness of the age, and a new order of things that would restore the balance between heaven and hell. We had a dim premonition that power-mad gangsters would one day use art itself as a way of deadening men's minds"

-- Hans Arp fm. Dadaland



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