

LYN LIFSHIN'S



PAPER APPLES

WEDNESDAY

the eskimo words for
"to breathe" and to
make poetry are
the same

P A P E R A P P L E S * A S E Q U E N C E O F
P O E M S * B Y * L Y N L I F S H I N

MOONING MADONNA

i've got about 40
poems out in mags
since you been
here it's all
i have

DIRECTIONS TO GET HERE

it's the 25th exit
a round road goes
to 146 or troy
or rt 7 all the
same 146 is balltown
that runs into 7 go
rt pass one set of
lights then the
first set of lights
after that the first
place you can turn
turn (left) go just
a little 2 tenths of
a mile maybe then
there's a road to
the left ruffner and
a road to the right
(small) comes up fast
belridge take that
to the end of the about
6 houses st under the
willows past the
smallish great dane
it turns toward
the right where it's
apple my yellow
car the first house
as you're turning
two cats maybe red
wood that bleached
out pine trees
and birches so you
can only barely
see the black the
way the walls are
how it's all dissolving
you must before
it's all wood
hurry come

HIS RELATIVES

look at me like
there's something
wrong with what

no table in the
house yet just
rooms full of
huge leaves

cats and stones
instead of dust
mops the books

piled to the sky
light could be
roaches it's
6:00 and all i've

made is a
poem stoned on
the light how it
falls thru the

quince trees
in this dark
house without

a rug i seem strange
troublesome as
an atypical cell
you have to watch

IT'S THE KIND OF TOWN WHERE

postcards are still 10
for a nickel and the
pictures on them are
of the park the junior
high the elementary
and the high school

OFFERED BY OWNER

half house half woman
turned to wood it could
be restored condition
ideal for a handy man
with tools those who
chase wild things
into trees and
think their tools
are all need
not apply

CROTCHES IN THIS HOUSE

one loses itself
in a dream one can
only remember, one
dreams of children
one is dreaming of
children who are
books. one gets to
bed with a heating
pad across it one
dips a pen in its
own juice writes
about it for years
one is exhausted
one wishes it was
a piano one puts
itself wherever it
can and licks its
lips. one can't cry
anymore one calls
the hospital one
loves a finger
one can't keep its
mouth shut one is
dreaming of spain
one stays up all
night feeling the
house up one is
making soup. none
isn't lonely except
those that get
together

ANTIQUÉ STORE, NISKAYUNA

i see these in the
houses i clean but i
never know the value
till i see them in
a store like yours
she traces the lead
on a signed tiffany
oh isn't this her
arm the color of the
dark chest marble
beautiful these old
carved she slides
her fingers over
oh wouldn't this make
a room smoothes her
hair in a curve
of glass the small
bowl she buys glows
from her hand bag
later as she kneels
with sponges like
a figure in an old
painting before the
gold ring around
mary and the baby

OFFERED BY OWNER

house that was once a girl
ideal for handy man. wooden
lips that could be restored

original foundation. just
needs a little. perfect
for creative person

woods behind the house.
long grass hair
a house with history

If you're like some
photographer with so
much film none

of the takes matter
then don't call

SHAKER HOUSE

iii

huge boxes Shaker Seeds
in bold letters the
first packaged seeds

red beets lavender
2000 lbs of seeds

wove huge baskets to carry
in the grass
herbs and petals
dark purple gooseberry blood

fingers deep in the
moist dark pulling

did they talk to the leaves
as if they were children
to get the
largest cucumbers
the biggest strawberry

ix

this room for
the children
their parents

it feels like
water blue
flowers

braiding spinning
reading straight

wood rockers bent
wood rockers
rockers with
spindlebacks the
men and women
singing together

samples in their
blood stitched
don't touch

xxiv

in one case

needles gloves
worn slippers lined
with fleece they
raised flax in
cherry valley
wove raised
their silk worms

pink silk scarf
this blue one

bone and ivory
buttons no
rings

a wedding handkerchief

sampler stitched
i shall not want

if they'd just married

xxvi

lives like their
chairs simple
functional

a taste for
primary colors
for using

no luxury, waste

living like wheels in
a delicate machine
they loved

PLEASE SEND A SHORT NOTE A BIO

as you know the
houses i live
in dissolve are
like snow legs
in a blizzard
less real than
the houses i
sat around in
stoned on the
lives of other
women i'm most
comfortable with
ruins rings the
bones in back
of glass after
i write poems
i learn to do
what happens in
them and know
as soon as i
don't want some
thing i can
have it

THE OLD HOUSE, CLAVERACK

children rocking
wooden cradles
touched dolls in
the goosefeather
beds hand woven
covers blue and
white chintz at
the glass small
girls rocking
dutch dolls as
the willow rush
unravels too
slow to see

apples stored
in the hollow
tops of linen
boxes just out
of reach the
sheets smell
like apples

HOUSES

stoned on houses
with history wanting
a house to have and
wanting a house that
won't keep dissolving
wanting a house where
the walls don't slide
away not a house on
water or one that
rages all night has
blood on its floor
each alone torn day

1954

wearing vertical stripes
to seem more skinny
trying out for plays
i never got in

while regina and
vivian ate chocolate
and looked like keene
waifs at gym as the

boys looked thru the
curtains and the
fast girls went with
billy burke or got

in cars drove across
the state line for
things i'd only
heard forbidden

i wondered why no
body asked me
to dance and won
science contests

waiting for the me
way under what
they saw to
know what to do

FAMILY

throat bandaged my
 uncle in a dark room
 with photographs of
 relatives above his
 head appletree thru
 the window days with
 the door closed then
 on the porch on the
 glider green leaves
 spiraea wicker basket
 wicker chairs where
 he made up words to
 win word contests
 read about the blood
 the heart strange
 things in the body
 in medical books
 that grew damp
 in the august air
 the pages sticking
 together girls with
 damp thighs opening
 in the yellow roses
 maybe like those
 dirty gertie draw-
 ings he'd slap me
 down for reading on
 the same porch 35
 years later

1945

mallets bay the
 sun swallowed by
 champlain my
 sister and i on
 the screen porch
 hearing a story
 that will scare
 us even after we
 can't remember
 it the cousins
 are laughing a
 smell of damp
 flannel smoke
 fireflies in the
 plum leaves my
 mother's cigarette
 on the porch next
 door a firefly we
 don't stop watching

1945

downstairs the cats
 were giving birth
 in the coal bin my
 sister's birthmark
 growing under her
 yellow hair in a
 month the water in
 the cellar would be
 rising my mother
 stayed sending brownies
 to fort devon while
 one cat carried four
 kittens between her
 teeth up the wet
 stairs to the kitchen
 as my mother's hands
 gnawed each other
 bulletin of the fdr
 dying wind the old
 big brown zenith
 my mother in heels
 just standing in a
 ring of spilled flour

FAMILY

no more lying on the
 green chinese rug
 rolling tin foil
 listening for water
 in the conch shell
 no more trains no
 more men made out
 of clay no chinese
 chair with dragons
 no one singing blue
 birds over as the
 sun falls behind
 the hen house i'm
 in stanny's room i
 know my uncles will
 tuck me in my father
 rub my back when he
 comes from where my
 sister is getting
 ready is almost born

1942

stones in the driveway
we're in the sun looking
for smooth white pebbles
apron stained with fudge
my grandmother the clay
man we made in the dark
green of the porch loses
his legs in the hot grass
later she sings there'll
be white cliffs over in a
small bed in a room where
wasps die in the corner i
can't sleep in this blood
sun thirty miles north
in burlington my sister
breaks thru mother's skin

SCOTLAND, ENGLAND, WHALES

ginny with the
smallest waist
in 8th grade
blushing each
time the boys
looked and they
did milky skin
her huge dark
ginny regina
on page three
voted the yes
likeliest the
giggliest her
dark eyes how
we laughed with
her really in
6th grade her
note book on
whales instead
of wales the
red spreading
up her high
cheekbones
12 years be
fore the car
slid into her
moved her smile
aside

PHOTOGRAPH

my sister mother and
father on main street
in front of the apart
ment before the a and
p became the bookstore
canned tomatoes 15
cents my mother is
holding my sister's
hand my father's fingers
on her shoulder but
she still looks scared
as if she knows no
thing she holds
can stay

TWO PHOTOS: 1942

ben and mother in some
park in loose clothes
old cars behind them
each with a cigarette
in the right hand the
left in some pocket
their coats unbuttoned
letting the sun in
waiting to know if an
other daughter wld
be born

here they are again
my mother and father
only laughing in
front of the peony
bush lighting up
another before the
paint on my grand
mother's house starts
to go and she doesn't
notice

PHOTOGRAPH

my sister on the beach
without a top on skinny
and pretty sure none
of her castles would
fall down behind her
very small my father
ben throwing me a ball
that i'll never catch

1945

MRS BERNHEIMER

lake champlain smell
of oilcloth candles
in the rain we slept
in flannel marshmallow
on our fingers louis
armstrong from a hall
across the lake where
my mother danced on
friday night while the
girl who stayed turned
inner sanctum down low
and my sister and i put
a glass against the thin
wall scared ourselves
close to throwing up
birch trees filling
with blood bones of
a murdered 6 yr old
under the ferns near
the water

FROM NOTES FOR THE BOOK

diseases worrying about germs
(germans?) from being called
a dirty my mother not using
toilets because of her father
not letting her go to eat at
other people's houses carry
ing toilet cover wrappers in
the car and not eating cocks
especially unskinned ones

HE LIKES OLD THINGS

quilts that fall
apart where you
touch glass boxes
trunks years of
fingers varnish
the cover he sees
the wood stripped
to what it buys
chests no one else
would keep in the
garage chairs way
past rocking likes
women who've been
around and used,
need restoring

leaving a family
in the smoke the
gas not crawling
thru barbwire but
taking the train
her husband was
older saw too
much who knows
why she picked
middlebury did
she live in a
small town there
years of silver
buried at home it
takes years for
vermont to become
her country her
husband goes a
little crazy dies
in a state asylum
all her friends
have german accents
she says they care
more for the arts
she picks students
to live with her
jews but artists
philosophy majors
first she tells
them you know i
was pretty loses
her license 15
times sits in on
writing courses
at bread loaf
she remembers the
boys her german
accent gets stronger

THE WITH A ROOM OF HER OWN ALONE MADONNA

ink on the
sheets in
stead of
pecker prints

A GIRL STUDIES THE OLD PHOTOGRAPHS AS IF SHE'D NEVER SEEN
ANYTHING LIKE THEM

the sick woman in
the blue living room

she could be an island
half imagining what is
happening some place
she can almost see

voices slap are water
that almost gets there
someone tries on clothes
for her every one

talks too fast laughing
part of her face has
nothing to do with the
other part of it

she slumps in a chair
like a child too big
wrong for her body
in a dress she would

never have picked to wear
her voice someone else's

people start talking louder
when her eyes were the
color of the grapes they
looked right at you

now one won't stop
oozing her legs fly
open the pills make an
ocean in her head

lifted from the chair
the line her feet make
trailing in the blue rug
are a line the foam

makes on land no one
gets to her hand on
the wall says what the
people are afraid to

SMALL TOWN MADONNA

sees the moon
eat otter creek
from a window
over the falls
it gets hot early
she puts on a
long see thru
dress walks down
main street slow
knows who knows
what they say a
bout jewish nooky
and who knows

MINDLESS MADONNA

listens to her
mother hears the
old when you're
jewish in a small
town blues she
feels like she's
stumbling on a
tight rope that
she can be entered
more easily than
she'd choose

IN HIS FATHER'S BLUE CHEVY

skin humming from the
snow wind the one
sound when the motor
clicked and we peeled
off under 4 itchy
army blankets wet
as a mouth down there
under the slanting
pines bread loaf
zippers like burst
pods oh lyn you make
me feel oh love it's good

WHAT THE MAN IN THE BOOKSTORE SAID

living in the white
house across the
street from the
brick mansion 20
years jesse waited
his parents wouldn't
say yes 20 years
of the engagement
each moon he went
over asked for her
health you know
how it is with some
old families some
wires a little bit
loose we went thru
some books before
the auction the
best things sold
off things fall
ing thru the floor
yes he says they
finally did in the
late 40's marry
you know one book
i almost took back
had a chapter on
how maiden aunts
people resigned to
spending too much
time alone start
collecting bottles
jars butterflies
there was jesse's
handwriting in a
corner: as with
me it was shells

THINKING OF EYES THE COLOR
OF CRUSHED FENNEL

nights waiting for
car lights then
not waiting any

more mixing the
blue with sun
to get green

MRS BRION

with one wart
near a pimple
checking me in
to the dorm
checking sure
i shouldn't
be here checking
my too short skirt
checking for vodka
you must bring
yr laundry down
when you so
many of you
haven't are you
sure you can
teach are
you a hippy
she slaps me
with the line who's
paying for this
she scowls back
to a room no
one goes in
where she watches
the young girls
their legs pale
knives scissors
in bikinis
down the hall
with the men
looking each
time their
legs flash some
thing cuts her

THE IT'S ALMOST READY, OR, WHY IT'S TAKEN THE MUSEUM
BOOK SO LONG

first the poems were
living with someone
he said he wanted
to touch he
said delicious

years close to his
bed where he dreamed
or so he wrote in
15 letters of their
breath hand pressed on

japanese paper he
said he loved the
poems came dressed
in phallic corn
drawings from

florida wooden
deer's head the torn
dreams of indians
everybody wanted them
people called all

day i said they were
taken meanwhile
the paper began to
curl into itself
like a woman

waiting too long
some people frowned
everybody wondered
the announcement
ringing like a

lie but i didn't
think they'd come
home in the snow
a thursday morning
kicked out lonely

now we're all going
a little mad touching
around for the phone
the pages like a once
white night gown

snow that stayed
around some verbs
are desperate they
wait in a new

man's living room
getting used to his
cigar his finger
prints on their skin
the drawings curl

toward the last word
on the last page
wondering if they'll
ever get married

LIKE A TOMCAT

when it gets
too cold and
his lover's
bored or gone
he comes back
when you're
done watching
for him when
you've another
warming your
bed he spits
when you touch
him it's hard
to put him out
in the snow
but he won't
stay leaves
his smell in
corners the
dirt he's been
thru in yr bed
like a brand
and that's all

I ALWAYS WAIT TILL I'M ALONE WITH PAPER TO SAY

even when somebody asks me
what i think of some
poem i never told my

father love or the man
i live with or the
things i hate except in

a poem who'd feel turned
on when there's a smell
of shit and anger some

one talking baby talk
won't turn me i never
even told the man who

came to fix things that
his smoke stayed in
my hair and i couldn't

stand this is a poem to
the people who think
i've been direct with

them it's for the men
who thought my legs
opening said what i

wanted for one who
turned me from a comma
into a period coiled

tighter spending money
for revenge some poems
i wanted to hide even

before i knew they
were me the strange
love in them as

surprising strange as
his own leg to some
man watching his son

play football feeling
the smooth skin where
the hair was and it's

the first time he
thinks what this means

A WOMAN LIKE THAT

falls in love with
the names of things

gitanna vida
blue she

knows paper's
less than skin
and more than skin
but not what to
do about it

days like the paper
she carries around
inside her clothes
snow with no
marks on it

what she needs for
her life and work
are different
she believes

she rereads the
creeley postcard

poem but her
days don't fit

tho she writes
15 poems called

tuesday to hold
what's dissolving
like the dahlia

in a cube of glass
brown along the edges

THE BEGINNING OF AN ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY FOR LYN LIFSHIN

This bibliography was commissioned in late 1973 by Len Fulton and Ellen Ferber for the Small Press Review. Sequences of delays have temporarily postponed their project. Permission has been granted to publish the bibliography first in Wormwood with suitable updating. All numbered items have been in hand and described to the best of my ability.

THE BOOKS:

1. why is the house dissolving? (September 1968) Open Skull Press, 1379 Masonic Ave., San Francisco CA 94117; 17.5 x 21.5 cm., stapled in wrappers (white glossy stock with black offset lettering); unpagged (36 pp.) mimeographed text; edition of 500 copies. \$1. o.p.
¶ Photo of the poet in dark glasses on the back cover. Book printed and edited by Brown Miller under the imprint of Doug Blazek; contains 35 poems.
2. Leaves and Night Things (1970) Baby John Press, P.O. Box 2293, West Lafayette IN 47906; 13.3 x 21.0 cm., stapled in wrappers (ocher matte stock with black offset lettering and design); unpagged (24 pp.) offset text; edition of 500 numbered copies. \$1. o.p.
¶ Photo of the poet on last page of text. Book printed and edited by James Evans and John P. Miller; contains 21 poems. Inside and outside cover design by Iola J. Mills.
3. Black Apples (1971) The Crossing Press, New/Books, R.D. 3, Trumansburg NY 14886; 15.0 x 23.0 cm., stapled in wrappers (cream matte stock with black offset printing and design); unpagged (44 pp.) offset text; edition unspecified. \$2 (rubber stamped, back cover of advance copies). o.p.
¶ Photo of the poet on last page of text. Book edited by John Gill; contains 34 poems. Cover by Larry Paciello. Text drawing by Patrick Lane. ISBN 0-912278-00-5.
4. lady lyn (1971) Hey Lady supplement no. 15, Morgan Press, 1819 North Oakland Ave., Milwaukee WI 53202; 14.9 x 23.8 cm., stapled text resin-glue-attached to wrappers (80 lb. Avon white Kimberly cover stock with black letterpress printing on a circular white overlay, gold banding); unpagged (24 pp.) letterpress text with gold designs (Melior type, hand-fed Golding no. 7 press, Handschy and VanSon ink); edition of 300 numbered copies. Unpriced. o.p.
¶ Photo of the poet (reminiscent of item 2) inside top cover. Text contains 15 poems. Handsome production.
5. Tentacles, Leaves (1972) Pyramid pamphlet no. 1, Hellric Publications, 32 Waverly St., Belmont MA 02178; 13.7 x

- 21.0 cm., stapled in wrappers (olive-green matte stock with black offset lettering and design); unpagged (16 pp.) offset text; edition unspecified. \$1.25 o.p.
- ‡ Text edited by Ottone M. Riccio. One eleven-part poem sequence (26 stanzas). ISBN 0-912086-10-6.
6. Poems by Suramm and Lyn Lifshin (1972) Union Literary Committee, 800 Langdon St., Memorial Union, Room 507, Madison WI; 13.9 x 21.6 cm., stapled in wrappers (green-grey matte stock with black offset lettering and design) ii + 26 pp. mimeographed text with pp. 1-24 on golden-rod matte stock; edition unspecified. Unpriced (free?) o.p.
- ‡ Manuscripts submitted in January 1972. Suramm poems on pp. 1-12 followed by 17 Lifshin poems on pp. 13-24.
7. MOVING BY TOUCH (1972) Cotyledon Press, Rt. 4, Box 276, Traverse City MI 49684; 13.9 x 21.3 cm., stapled in wrappers (grey-green matte outside stock with black offset printing; matte white inside of wrappers); iv + 32 pp. offset text on textured cream stock; edition unspecified. \$1.50 o.p.
- ‡ Editor was Michael Mayer. Photo of poet on page iii (same as item 2). Text contains 31 poems. Design in-side back cover by "CAL."
8. THE MERCUROCHROME SUN POEMS (July 1972) Charas Press, 3026 1/2 South 38th St., Tacoma WA; 15.8 x 20.8 cm., stapled in wrappers (multicolor photo sun-design offset on matte textured stock, yellow lettering); ii + 46 pp. offset black text on brown stock (pp. i-ii, 45-46) and offset sienna text on tan textured stock; edition unspecified. Unpriced.
- ‡ Editor: Claire Levenhagen. Cover by Dana Shelton with two- or three-color text designs by Lillian Kasjan. Typesetting by Bonefire Press. Contains 25 poems plus the long poem-sequence, "Relics," on pp. 30-43. Photo (reminiscent of item 2) and short biog of the poet on page 44 indicating receipt of Hart Crane Memorial Award (1969) and designation as a Bread Loaf Scholar (1971). Publications list errs in including two books not published when volume issued: Collected Poems and Undressed.
9. MUSEUM (1973) The Conspiracy Press, P.O. Box 7191 State Capitol Station, Albany NY 12224; 13.7 x 21.0 cm., stapled in wrappers (white semi-gloss stock with black offset printing and designs); unpagged (24 pp.) offset text; edition unspecified. \$1.50
- ‡ Collage-illustrations by Eric Von Schmidt are opposite each left-hand page of text with the text executed in calligraphy by Michael Rutherford. Credits were

omitted from first releases and dry-mounted in the subsequent copies. Contains one eleven-part poem sequence. The collage-illustrations and poems compliment one another effectively. Four illustrations and poems were deleted from the book as originally designed.

10. BLACK APPLES/enlarged second edition (1973) The Crossing Press, R.D. 3, Trumansburg NY 14886; 13.3 x 20.2 cm., perfect bound in wrappers (black photo-portrait design offset on coated stock, white lettering); 64 pp. offset text; edition unspecified. \$2.50

¶ Introduction by John Gill with cover design by David Sykes (adapted from photo in item 3). Expanded text over item 3, adding 13 poems from why is the house dissolving and Leaves and Night Things. Back cover lists short review statement by Victor Contoski, Richard Eberhart, Warren Woessner, Alan Dugan, Carol Rainey, Jon Reilly, Carol Bergé and Dave Etter. ISBN 0-912278-30-7.

11. the old House on the Croton (February 1973) shameless hussy press, Box 424, San Lorenzo CA 94580; 14.0 x 21.6 cm., stapled in wrappers (light orange-red matte stock with black offset lettering over darker orange-grey photo of house); unpagged (28 pp.) offset text; edition unspecified. \$.60 (\$1 to institutions)

¶ Production by Alta. Text consists of one 26-poem sequence carrying title of the book. Dedicated "for mother."

12. 40 DAYS & NIGHTS (1974; although copyright page reads 1972) Hey Lady supplement no. 17, Morgan Press, 1819 North Oakland Ave., Milwaukee WI 53202; 19.8 x 21.7 cm. perfect bound in wrappers (green-grey textured matte stock with grey and black offset number and lettering/design); unpagged (42 pp.) letterpress (Americana) text on 50 lb. grey Kimberly Text paper (watermarked) with pp. 5-6 and 39-40 on green-grey stock; edition of 400 numbered (felt-tip pen) copies. Unpriced

¶ The "apple" of 40 Days, Apple Nights appears on the cover and title only as a drawing. Text contains 31 poems plus three linoleum-cut illustrations on pp. 7 (portrait of poet), 18, and 29. Illustrator is unspecified. A 26-copy leather-bound edition is claimed on the colophon page (p. 41). The originally announced title was I'd Be Jeanne Moreau.

13. OLD HOUSE POEMS (January 1975) Capra Chapbook Series no. 28, Capra Press, 631 State St., Santa Barbara CA 93101; 12.6 x 17.7 cm. (softbound) and 13.0 x 18.3 cm. (hardbound), perfect bound and hard bound in flexible and stiff paper wrappers/boards (cream matte stock with grey-blue lettering over purple photo of poet; back cover a green-grey "fox" design; light purple end

papers); 54 pp. letterpress black text with grey/purple/black title page; unspecified edition of softbound copies with 100 numbered and signed hardbound copies. \$2.50 and \$12

‡ Edited by Robert Durand and Noel Young with ltd. edition copies handbound by Emily Paine. Numbering in brown ink, signature in black ball-point on color-phon page (p. 53). Contains two poem sequences: "Harlow House" (15 parts) and "The Old House: Plymouth" (35 parts). Beautiful production. ISBN 0-88496-021-8 and 0-99496-022-6.

14. UPSTATE MADONNA POEMS -- 1970-1974 (1975) The Crossing Press, R.D. 3, Trumansburg NY 14886; 14.0 x 21.6 cm., perfect bound in wrappers (white glossy stock completely overprinted in brown-grey with Art Deco title/design incorporating photo of the poet); 128 pp. offset text on watermarked paper; edition unspecified. \$4.95

‡ Edited by John Gill. Cover and title page design by David Sykes. Text divided into four sections: BIOGRAPHY (18 poems), MIDDLEBURY POEMS (7 poems), PEOPLE & PLACES (22 poems) and DRIVING HOME (19 poems). Each section is headed by a stylized illustration by Raymond Larrett. Page 127 carries a short bibliography. This book was advance-listed as Collected Poems and subsequently as Wildflowers, Smoke. Back cover carries quotes from: Bill Knott, Bill Katz and James Naiden. ISBN 0-912278-59-5. Hardbound and limited edition subsequently released.

15. PAPER APPLES (August 29, 1975) The Wormwood Review Press -- the item you now have in hand.

BOOKS ANNOUNCED BUT NOT RECEIVED:

- A. Poems fm. konglomerati press, Richard Mathews, 5719 29th Ave., South Gulfport FL 33707. Edition of 300 copies with illuminations by Silvia Schwintzer. \$.75
- B. Audley End Poems fm. MAG Press, John Kay, 3802 La Jara, Long Beach CA 90805.
- C. Blue Fingers fm. Shelters Press, 1525 W. Mitchell St., Milwaukee WI 53204.
- D. Plymouth Women fm. Morgan Press, Edwin Burton II, 1819 N. Oakland Ave., Milwaukee WI 53202.
- E. Thru Blue Dust, New Mexico, Basilisk Press, David E. Lunde, P.O. Box 71, Fredonia NY 14063.
- F. Shaker House Poems, Omphalos Press, Martin Booth & Hugh Lauder, Knotting, Beds MK44 1AF ENGLAND

SPECIAL ITEMS:

1. First published poem: The Syracuse Review, v. III no. 2 (Winter 1958), Syracuse University, Syracuse NY 13210; 21.5 x 27.9 cm., stapled in wrappers (blue and white matte stock with black letterpress printing and design; Winston "tastes good!" cigarette ad in multi-color on back cover); 32 pp. letterpress text; edition unspecified. \$.35 o.p.
¶ Editor-in-chief: Richard Curtis. Joyce Oates is listed as a member of the "literary staff." One seven-line poem, "Disillusions," by Lyn Lipman appears on page 21.
2. First poem accepted for publication under the name of Lyn Lifshin: Folio, v. II no. 2 (Fall 1966), P.O. Box 31111, Birmingham AL 35222; 17.2 x 21.1 cm., stapled in wrappers (sienna matte stock with purple offset lettering); 48 pp. offset text; edition unspecified. \$1. o.p.
¶ Edited by Adele Sophie de la Barre and Charlotte Kelly Gafford. Two poems, "having gone to the right / boarding school" and "Notes About The Author," appear on page 37. A note on page 47 states: "Lyn Lifshin's biography seems implicit in her poems."
3. First poem in print under the name of Lyn Lifshin: KAURI, no. 16 (September-October 1966), Apt. 4W, 362 East 10th St., New York NY 10009; 21.5 x 27.9 cm., edge-stapled sheets (multicolor pulp stock with black mimeo photo design and printing plus red block-print title); 28 pp. mimeographed text; edition unspecified. \$.75 o.p.
¶ Edited by Will Inman. One poem, "Jonathan," on page 20.
4. First mini-review: The Small Press Review, v. I no. 4 (December 1968), DUSTbooks, P.O. Box 123, El Cerrito CA 94530; 13.7 x 21.6 cm., stapled in wrappers (white glossy stock with black offset printing); 72 pp. offset text; edition unspecified. \$1. o.p.
¶ Review of why is the house dissolving included in an article titled, "Pans, Boffs & a WHAT," by John Oliver Simon on page 23. His recommendation: "buy & read."
5. First maxi-review: Works/ A Quarterly of Writing, v. II no. 1 (Spring 1969) AMS Press Inc., 56 East 13th St., New York NY 10003; 17.6 x 25.4 cm., perfect bound in wrappers (white glossy cover stock with black offset printing and collage design; pink used as a second color); 112 pp. offset text; edition unspecified. \$1.25 o.p.
¶ Review of why is the house dissolving titled, "from Open Skull Press," by John Hopper on pp. 97-101. A quote: "There is an unmistakable -- and un-

disguised--femininity at work here that reminds (one) of Sylvia Plath and yet stands very much on its own gorgeous legs I know nothing of Miss Lifshin's attitude toward making it in the Big Time, but somebody with international distribution has a real obligation to give her a lot of bread and a wider audience. She well deserves it."

6. Workshop edition: Workshop Writing (Summer 1969) 36th University of Colorado Writers' Conference, University of Colorado, Boulder CO 80302; 21.5 x 27.9 cm., plastic ring edge-binding (textured tan cover stock with black offset printing and design; white matte smooth inner cover); ii + 24 pp. offset text; edition unspecified. Unpriced. o.p.

¶ Presents the work of the three winners (L.Lifshin, Kathryn Quick, and J. C. Lieberman) of University of Colorado Writers' Conference Manuscript Awards for 1969. Judges: James Folsom and Reginald Saner. Editor: John H. Wrenn. Pages 9-16 contain 8 poems. Poem on page 16, "For A Mad Octopus," contains a misprint in line 16 -- this line should read: "having you around all the." Poetry workshop leaders that year were: Alan Dugan and Richard Eberhart.

7. First magazine special section: Abraxas no. 3 (June 1970), Abraxas Press, 1811 Oshkosh Ave., Oshkosh WI 54901; 17.2 x 21.4 cm., stapled in wrappers (yellow matte stock with black offset printing and design); unpagged (24 pp.) offset text on tan pulp mimeo stock; edition unspecified. \$1. o.p.

¶ Edited by James Bertolino. Designated as the "two women poets" issue and containing the work of Besmilt Brigham and L. Lifshin (10 poems on pp. 13-22).

8. First major anthology inclusion: New American and Canadian Poetry (October 28, 1971) BP:403, Beacon Press, 25 Beacon St., Boston MA 02108; 13.6 x 20.2 cm., perfect bound in wrappers (coated stock with design and title in green, red and white); xl + 280 pp. offset text on eggshell-white stock; edition unspecified. \$3.95

¶ Edited by John Gill. Photo of poet on page xxvii, 10 poems on pp. 148-157 and a short biography on p. 270. Glue discoloration of spine routinely seen in advance review copies released September 2, 1971. ISBN 0-8070-6409-2. Hardback edition issued later: ISBN 0-8070-6408-4.

9. Magazine special section: Charas, v. II no. 1 (January 1972), 3026 1/2 South 38th St., Tacoma WA; 16.5 x 20.8 cm., stapled in wrappers (matte tan textured stock with

black offset lettering and design; yellow tissue inner wrappers); 64 pp. offset text on tan stock; edition of 250 copies. Unpriced. o.p.

¶ Collection of the work of Colette Inez, Anita Helle, Dorothy Dalton, Lyn Lifshin, and Ellen Tiftt as edited by Claire Levenhagen. Cover design and art work (including magic-marker portraits) by Gretchen Acree. Lifshin section contains a short biography and 10 poems (pp. 34-46).

10. Magazine special section: Pyramid no. 12 (1972), Hellric Publications, 32 Waverly St., Belmont MA 02178; 13.7 x 21.5 cm., stapled in wrappers (grey matte stock with black offset printing and design); 80 pp. (including covers) with offset text; edition unspecified. \$1.50 o.p.

¶ Edited by Ottone M. Riccio. Special section on pp. 24-34 contains 11 poems. Page 78 advertises the release of Tentacles, Leaves.

11. Magazine center-section detachable booklet: The Wormwood Review, v. 12 no. 3 issue 47 (August 26, 1972), Wormwood Review Press, P.O. Box 8840, Stockton CA 95204; 13.7 x 21.3 cm., stapled in wrappers (bright green matte cover stock with black offset lettering and cover art by Virgil Finlay; title on back cover as the worm would view you: 47); 40 pp. (69-108) offset text with booklet on goldenrod stock (pp. 83-94); edition of 700 numbered copies including 32 signed copies (back cover) by L. Lifshin. \$1.50

¶ Booklet titled: FINGER PRINT and contains 20 poems. Edited by and with cover design by Marvin Malone. Page 94 contains first bibliographic checklist for Lyn Lifshin (5 items).

12. Special magazine issue: Zahir xtra no. 6 (1972), Zahir Press, English Department, Hamilton-Smith Hall, Durham NH 03824; 21.6 x 27.9 cm., edge-stapled sheets (white ditto stock with purple ditto printing and design), 22 pp. (including cover) ditto printed text on only right side of page; edition unspecified. Unpriced.

¶ Editing and typography by Diane Kruchkow with the cover and text drawings by Richard Latta. Contains 18 poems.

13. Special mass-handout issues: Out of Sight nos. 4, 17, 19, 26 (n.d.), Out of Sight Library, Box 8006, Wichita KS 67208; 21.6 x 27.8 cm., nonstapled folded sheets; no. 4 (1 yellow sheet with green ditto text and 1 green sheet with purple ditto text -- 7 poems); no. 17, Lyn Lifshin Apple Issue (2 white sheets with dark grey ditto text -- 8-poem sequence, "Moving by Touch"); no. 19 (3 white sheets with green ditto text -- 12 poems with 9 reprinted from other mags); no. 26 (2 white sheets with

green ditto text -- 8 poems with 7 reprinted from other mags); editions unspecified (limited by ditto process to less than 120 clear copies). Free circulation. o.p.

¶ Fugitive publication edited by James Mechem.

Copies are quite rare.

14. First broadside: Yellow Butterfly Poetry Broadside no. 1 (November 1973) The Yellow Butterfly Press, Laurence and Guadalupe Fallis, Las Cruces NM 88001; 21.5 x 28.0 cm., one sheet golden yellow matte heavy paper; black offset text on both sides; edition unspecified. Un-priced.

¶ Contains 3 poems -- nos. 42, 72 and 88 of the sequence titled "Thru Blue Dust, New Mexico."

Note: Two anthology inclusions predate item 8, but have not been seen here. Nevertheless they should be noted down: Remember Our Fire (Noh Directions, 1969) and Mad Windows (The Lit Press, 1969). A recording titled "after it all happens again" is long overdue from Folkways. By 1973, she had published in (at least) 162 different mags, although Poetry (Chicago) was not on that list.

-- Marvin Malone

First appearance in Wormwood (August 24, 1973), one of three poems in issue no. 25.

THE BARGAIN

She all the time rationalizing,
nagging about how if
they couldn't afford to
it was one thing
but not being tied
down, no children yet
nor family to think of
and rent being free
and their food too,
others had,
it really couldn't be
much to pay for
bliss and all
that went along with it.
He, knowing her
womanly calculations
plainly wrong, but
her eyes pleading so
and the day very hot,
went along with her and
ate the bitter apple.

THE WAY HE IS WITH WOMEN, OR, IT'S ALWAYS SHOW AND TELL
WITH HIM

if he does some
thing he wants every
one to see it

the way he leaves
shit in his pants
he'll bring the

girl with 4 black
lovers home
he only wants

someone already
taken slobbers
on my best

friend sniffing
her pants but he
hates his penis

wants a woman who
can make it like
it isn't make

him into some
body else some
pretty slut to

give up all cocks
for him what he'd
really like is a

woman with long
black hair her wet
slit open on his

fender like a
dead deer

LYING MADONNA BLUES

the woman who pretends
to come

isn't getting
anywhere

THE KIND OF MAN

who never under
stands what's happened
digs believing
he's insane

he'll buy a house
and then throw rocks
at it he does
this with women

if he gets one he
imagines she must be
a loser to
want him pulls

out of things
fast ask me i used
to make up reasons
tell him listen

it's alright
i know you can when
he was trying to
fuck my best

friend now
those left girls
call me say we really
had more in

common you know
and they don't just
mean putting up
with his shit

HE SAYS HE WANTS A SILVER CADILLAC WITH RED CORDUROY
UPHOLSTERY

bread and no
place to go he
hates hippies
wanting to be
as free i

won't pay not
even to shove
a woman don't
give nothing
to no i'm

saving now my
friends come
but i'm going
i've got 25
grand a year

in the best
hotels no
destination i
be traveling
alone suites

a huge car
cocaine a knife
studded with
diamonds

HARDENING IN THEIR STONE BEDS

wherever you went
women let you,
i ought to know
but anthropologists
may wonder your
prints on
so many bones
will they imagine
is there anything
left in those
beds to show them
how the only root
you ever knew
was that one
in your legs

OH YES

a man who wants an
e jag and then lets
it get rusty mold
on his nikon he
buys a suede coat
after looking 80 hrs
lets mud cake on it
a man who wants
what he wants until
he has it sneaks
moon dust platinum
soft chunks of gold
past the guards and
then forgets he
wipes his ass with
a pierre cardin tie
imagine how he is
with women to his
mother but worse
if he marries he'll
lock that woman in
a huge house walled
in with trees his
name so tight around
her dead leaves she
becomes a fossil
fast he's already
got something new
like hesse or chess

EVERYBODY'S NERVES ARE
BAD TONIGHT

the way oak leaves
stay around all
winter tho some
thing's changed in them

it's gone and it's
not gone

a wound healing
around the knife

WHEN I THREW FLOWERS AT HIS FACE

he said you're like someone
who has taken all the hurt
pain the feeling packed
it rolled it tight in
wads of paper small hard
paper apples you're carrying
them in both hands they're
always on the verge of
you could spill them walking
across the tight rope
juggling them when you
have to twisting keeping
it all where you can handle
it and not lose yr balance

ANGER

pits i couldn't swallow or spit out
the past 3 days listening to you
stamp around in your death shoes
screaming fire how you hated
the poems i couldn't talk was
afraid to go get the mail

last night in the house down
state the black was still in my
throat i curled like a comma
saying wait got up while the
frost still hid the sun wrote
down the blackest apples

flowers from the dark until
the mean grew out of my fingers
on to this page away from the
bed where i'm lying with another
man writing you out of me

MAD GUN MADONNA

she goes back to
her old man for
the 12th time but
keeps a revolver
under the bed no
more mad weeping
in the snow for
this baby

THE MAN WHO
THINKS HE

can ditch you put
you aside for a
little gum under
the counter water
under the he'll
pay the bills may
be take you out
for chinese food
ten months pass
he goes to chile
never understands
when he wants to
move back into
yr flannel there
could be a new
man in yr sheets
in the poems he
made you write

TUESDAY

sun thru branches
gold water on the

copper samovar
butterfly wings

on the silk turbans
striped caftans

men watching the
myna chatter in

a language no
one still speaks

in this country

PLEASE SEND A SHORT IN A HURRY NOTE BIO

i moved to a st
with apples in
it but couldn't
get away from
the name of
the book black
apples on the
stairway in
bed i made up
the lovers in
all the poems
called wednesday
know what does
not happen is
what makes the
poem and don't
want this to
be enough

WITH YOUR HEAD ON MY LAP

frost turns tangerine
sun thru the barberry
feeling yr bones thru
velour tiger cat
on the sleeping bag
next to the fire our
hair smells like the
applewood flowers
for the first time on
the crown of thorns

READING THE POEMS IN THAT MAGAZINE

the people in them
have gone some
place else, sick
of the subject

THE FACE IN A CLOSET

the poems are
smooth are like
stones in a dark
pocket they

10 years ago a
woman let her hair
hang he was
waiting in the
grey rain, oshkosh
a poem in his legs

have no faces
in this dark
you can only

tell them apart
by their size

now reaches for their
daughter drawing her
17 states away
back on the blank
end pages of library
books all stamped
unrenewable

SHOPPING BAG ANNA

one night a worker
found something wrapped
in newspaper near the
dock it was a

leg during the
next days a furniture
store owner went
to his back door and

found a thigh a
dock worker on goose
island found a
hip this is the

work of a fiend
police said so no
one would think
the boy scouts

had done it then
they noticed a
pattern all the
legs were wrapped

in polish newsprint
all from the same
newspaper then
they found a

hand chicago daily
zgoda it was a factory
worker named tony
his wife was

called asked if she
knew who could do
and she did anna
said she was

glad of it she was
wearing a flowered
hat black dress
she looked like

a grandmother after
a few sobs she told
how he'd been
boozing punching

her around i went
and got a hammer
anthony's last earthly
words were "oh my

head" but he was
too big to get
rid of i couldn't
drag him by his

heels thru town i
sawed him up it took
all night eight
trips on foot to

get him scattered
thru chicago after
90 minutes the jury
found her not guilty

IT CAME SCREAMING
THRU THE BRANCHES

leaving the plane
a swayback bird
sunk in the torn
house all
night cutting
the dead and
moaning out
snow falling
now these
oranges in the
bloody snow
gasoline strips
of polaroid
people park
cars walk
up the roped
streets with
cameras stand
in front of the
twisted tail
holding their
children tight

THE THINGS PEOPLE SAY WAITING FOR HIM TO SLIP TO COME
OUT OF THE TREES

he was full of
fun full of
hell but he'd
get moody
for days i

don't think my
mother ever
kissed him at
25 he pulled a
pellet gun on a
football player
and his girl fled
then in the trees
raped the girl

he had a stutter
he was not self
possessed he
was always willing
to help but no
one cared except
for what they
could get out
of him he could

lift a car he
went after young
girls he didn't
know what to
do with women
so he forced
them his

sister says
it's too bad
fate he was

afraid of guns
liked the earth
liked flowers but
he never had
time they

won't take him
alive he said the
years the loneliness
are too much

THE THIRD DAY
THE TESTIMONY

he said he did
not recall the

rapes the
killings 7 in a

few not till he
pieced things to

gether i'm very
good at that i

never knew their
names i'm

telling you be
cause i'm living

on borrowed i
don't know

what's true
what isn't

if i had i'd
have told before

they kicked me
between my legs

THE FATHER IN PAJAMAS TALKING ABOUT IT, ONE SIDE FROZEN

he was normal
as usual he
was always in
good spirits he
i don't understand
no one knew life
like he did
all he wanted was
sure i drank a
little how could
he after what
yes he had some
wild friends a
chance to do the
best a good i
never missed a
day you know in
prison he was
begging for a
way to get he
was trying he
really was i
can't bring these
things together

PHOTOGRAPH

17 men walking away from water

their outlines against the
blue the grass like

grave grass

2 huge buildings in
blue shadow

there is nothing else about
this picture that any

one except the men in
it could know

THE WANTED MAN HIS
OTHER YEARS PHOTOS

eyes in his
lap not
looking at

in another he
raises his
hand he

never knew
where he was
going some
one says

he looks away
1960 he
didn't know
how to look
at a woman

where he could
now the

thinning hair
the eyes still
lowered as if the
gone hair was
in them eyes

down like shelter
roofs shutters
in a country

never not
expecting war

AT DEATH THE CORPSE

was put down about
5 feet or if the
ground was frozen
laid in a log hut
with branches piled
over it or wrapped
and hung in the
fork of a tree a

dying man could
ask to be placed
against a willow
backrest in a tipi
on a hill a low
stone wall built
inside it the

corpse painted and
dressed in the dead
man's best clothes
legs bound together
hands crossed over
the chest a filled
pipe left in the
grave some grease

the body pulled out
of the side not the
door of the tipi by
a famous brave a
braid cut from the
dead man relatives
slashing their arms
and legs combing

their hair loose
on the first night
people come to
eat and smoke the
braid's put in a
sacred bundle with
braids of other
dead family friends

his clothes and
clay jars given
away so his ghost
won't stay with
them his horses
ridden by his sons
into the tall grass

HUDSON

8/16/87

a short time since
about 8 miles from
pittsburgh up the
allegheeny river at
an indian camp the
following strange
thing happened a
young warrior a
seneca who had run
taking the small
pox which rages
among them being
much incensed at
seeing so many of
his brothers with
it screamed that
if the great man
above dared give
him the smallpox
he would tomahawk
him as he would
a stump which he
pointed at and to
show how he would
act began cutting
the stump in a
furious manner in
a few minutes he
was struck blind
his head swelled
to so great a size
that his eyeballs
burst from their
sockets he died
in a few hours

PLAINS CREE

during childbirth
a cree woman knelt
in a circle of mid
wives one cut the
navel cord the
afterbirth wrapped
in hide hung in
the branches the
cord laced on a
skin bag worn a
round the baby's
skin he was
not washed but
dried with moss
and dry wood
and placed in a
hide bag stuffed
with moss given
a name if the
child got sick
someone came gave
him a new name

CREE RITES

at puberty the
girls stayed a
lone in a tipi
4 days with an
old woman all
menstruating
women went out
into the trees
the young girls
chopped wood
sewed beads on
a piece of hide
they ate little
cried a lot
scratched her
head with some
pointed stick
many had visions
on the 4th nite
the women went
to the shelter
prayed piled

up the wood
pushed it over
each woman
carried some
of the wood
home then they
ate and opened
surprise gifts

THRU BLUE DUST, NEW MEXICO

i

all day sorting
flowers mesquite
for its black
dye wild rhubarb
desert broom for
toothache datura
for dreams does
she hear the other
women laughing
remember that thin
man's tongue
sorting a pile of
snake weed brittle
bush creosote for
cementing clay
lily bulbs pears
lizards run across
her feet but she
doesn't look down
or at any silver
or water to not
see the tip of
her nose cut off
for being unfaithful

xx

tularosa basin
the wind never stops

the lake dries to
crystal marsh
white sand waves

southwest wind
of gypsum
drifts white dust
into the dunes

they eat plants
insects only

those things
that grow fast

plants with stems
40 ft long only
light animals
the white mice
make it

xxi

looking for water
they left the pueblo

 moved to frijoles canyon

 found a creek that
 flowed all year

 green beans
 on the canyon floor they

 honey combed the
 cliff
 the walls so soft

even a child could
dig with his fingers

 wove cotton the
 sun on their faces

 glazed this clay

until something with a
huge mouth

 moved into
 their houses

black mesa

pueblo indians fought
spanish guns
till they starved

caves with pools
of cool water

damp mossy slow

women waiting for their
baby's head
slick hair
the black

squatted or sat up
stones between their teeth

later damp blood
leaves the placenta
buried under
the floor

umbilical cord in
a safe place in
the house
to bring sun
to both of them

BRISTLE CONE PINES

"It has turned out that
longevity is a function
not of size and majesty
but of poverty and
struggle."

New York Times, 6/16/74

the oldest living
stunted and twisted
clinging to wind
blasted edges the
trees like drift
wood against the
blue bristle cone
forest too wild
even for hawks or
coyote the pines
claw timberline
soil so poor no
thing else grows
not even sagebrush
stones tilt like
thrown down graves
wood smooth as skin
the branches glow
whipped by 4000
years of ice 3
quarters dead
hanging on to life
by a narrow strip
of living bark
you can count back
to the year of
jesus adjusting
to dry spells to
cold growing a
ring of itself to
protect itself
like most survivors

THE OLD BLACK SISTER'S NEEDLE WORK DRAWINGS

a wheel in the middle of the wheel
jesus as a reddish wheel

drawings of children in a park
children spreading like branches
out of flowers

thread children banging shoes
boards for tambourines

one of a blind woman
touching a vase
feeling sun on her shoulders

smiling people at
an aunt's dogs and flowers the
mule drawn wagon going to the grave

stitched in red thread the
blues and yellow

all earth colors the blood
a blood sun out

of a hole in the
middle of the air

FEEDERS

within a week
you'll have regulars

TUESDAY

no cat in the windy

no moon

isn't it about time
for the days to not
keep getting dark so

the word gets

birds that might
go away

decide not to

so don't get them
used to having

something then
pull out leave

town like
you know who

-- Lyn Lifshin

Niskayuna NY

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(AFTER POEM: PAGE 107)