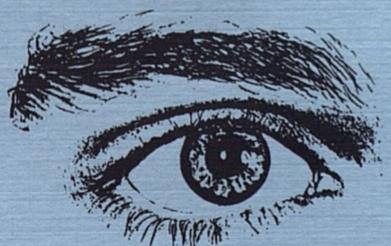




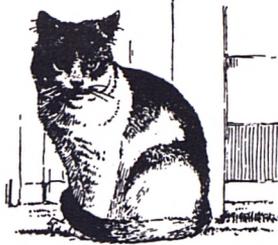
WORMWOOD SEES YOU



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HERCULE POIROT AND MAIGRET AND MISS NEW JERSEY CITY

"The problem is," she said. after I had plied her with as many Martinis as she could, I thought, take without passing out, "that I'm into something new." "Groups?" I asked, reminding her that I wanted to get in before the night was out. "No," she said, draining my glass, "not that sort of thing at all. I've been reading, you see." My ardor plummeted; I knew too well that such references to reading meant death to action. "Just so," I said, heading for the door. "What I've been reading," she went on, not noticing my hand on the doorknob, "I've been reading detective things, and my favorites are Agatha Christie and Simenon, but I'm damned, I'm absolutely damned, if I can pronounce the names of those frog detectives." "Frog detectives?" I said weakly. "Well," she said, "one's supposed to be Belgian, actually, but they're both really Frenchies." My inner "Aha!" light went on, and I said casually, "You mean Air-Kewl Pwa-roe and May-gray, my love." Of course, I supplied the touches that made the difference, sounding the first "r" far back and the second with a resonant flip. She looked at me as at someone new. "Do it again," she said. I did it again. She reached for the bottle of Teachers and drank directly from it, wiping her mouth with her hand and staring at me. "Again," she said, and again I did. "It was only last night," she said, "that I was telling myself I'd give my all, my absolute all, to a man who knew things like that." And she did, ah, she did. And later, much later, when the waiter in the corner cafe brought my steak, I told him, "There's always a use, my friend, for the little you know," but he only muttered to himself and picked his nose.

KING KONG REVISITED

-- from the Alternative History Series

King Kong climbed to the tower of the Empire State Building, pulling himself up with one hand and fondling Fay Wray with the other. When the planes came to shoot him down, he put Fay Wray on a ledge, grabbed a plane that came too close, broke it into pieces and hurled the metal chunks at the other planes, knocking them down one after the other. Another squadron was sent in from New Jersey, only to be smashed out of the sky by slabs torn from the tower. From a plane that had crashed on the observation platform, King Kong wrenched twin machine guns and sprayed bullets at the police and troops below. As the sky darkened and the searchlights came on, King Kong plucked furniture from office windows and heaved it at the lights, picking them off one by one. With the tower shrouded by the moonless night, reinforcements were called and army trucks from Pershing Field brought in new explosives and searchlights while the President ordered the National Guard mobilized and by radio tried to quell the growing panic. Now the heavy artillery was in place and again the searchlights cut through the night sky, but only the remains of the tower were seen. King Kong was gone.

* * *

On the long barge King Kong lay peacefully, paddling with one hand toward the Balearic Islands and with the other chug-a-lugging pails of Martinis mixed by Fay Wray who cuddled seductively on the furry chest and watched the gulls wheel through the mist. "I got to hand it to you, baby," she said woozily, clinking her glass against the pail. "You may not say much, but I can tell you're always thinking."

-- William Sayres

Kabul

COFFEE? WINE!?

A seeker declared himself instantly upon arriving at the gates of the temple.

"I am looking for the wisest man in this village. I am tired of this life of debauchery which I have been leading.

I yearn to be the disciple of a holy man, a true ascetic."

He was taken without a word to an old man who looked ascetic outwardly: he was tanned and weather-beaten by sun and wind, very thin and supple.

The seeker looked upon this man and thought to himself, Now here is a man who has conquered his carnal desires, a man who can teach me self-discipline and mastery over the cravings of the flesh.

He presented himself in supplication before the Adept, for such he was in truth. After hearing the youth's plea, the Adept replied, "Well, I am not very interested in teaching asceticism, but you can be my partner in my wanderings for a few days at least. I must ask one thing of you, however: for the love of Allah, let me go where I must go and do not get in my way!"

"Certainly," answered the young man. When they went to bed later that night, the youth dreamed amiably of wandering in the wilds of the desert with this holy one in search of truth.

The next few days were very confusing for the seeker. The Adept not only took him to every one of his own haunts from the recent past -- the gambling parlor, the coffee-house, the tavern, the theatre, the restaurants -- but he noticed this supposed ascetic drinking wine, mingling with gamblers and ruffians, eating all sorts of foods, and drinking the strongly stimulating coffee. How strange! the youth thought to himself.

While it was obvious that the Adept did not indulge heavily in any of these pleasures, still the youth was astounded that a man of the Path would frequent bad company and partake of alcohol and coffee. How were such pleasures consistent with the Way of renunciation of the world?

This occurred for some time until the youth finally broke down to exclaim, "How could you do this? You speak the words of an ascetic, you look like an ascetic, and yet you seem quite at ease in a gambling house, a restaurant or even a tavern! Are these places to be avoided, or not? What is the meaning of this?"

The Adept took him aside and answered softly, "Did you also take great care to notice that in my own house I eat simply and sparingly, and that I have no stimulants or alcohol in my cupboard? If I enter a tavern and have nothing to drink, I will be open to unreasoning suspicion. Many people will think that I am insulting their indulgences by abstaining before them. There is a chance that I may invite upon myself the wrath of the insecure."

He continued. "However, if I wish to discover the common bond between us, so that I may teach and learn, I must

use the materials consistent with my environment."

"Besides, of all the people with whom I interact in the city, how many of them do you think would follow me to the top of a mountain?"

KOAN

Kochu was a student of Zen.

One day Kochu climbed up the steep face of a mountain to visit a hermit monk. He found the monk sipping tea in his little hut.

The monk served tea to Kochu in silence. After a few moments, the monk bowed and said, "I am honored by your visit. May I help you in some way?"

Kochu replied, "I am confused by what the people say about you in the village. Some say that you are a great master of Zen and that much can be learned from you. Others say that you are no more than an eccentric old hermit, and that it would be a waste of time to sit at your feet with the hopes of learning anything. Forgive me for repeating these things others have said of you: I only want to know the truth."

The monk rose slowly from the floor. Silently, he beckoned Kochu to follow him. They walked together out of the hut, into the warmth of the sunshine. Kochu was led around the back of the hut, where the monk stopped before a beautiful cherry-blossom tree in full bloom, its leaves gently swaying in the mild summer breeze. The air was thick with the scent of the blossoms, and the stillness of the mountain-side was slightly broken by the faint droning of the bees as they gathered pollen from the tiny flowers.

The monk sat down before the tree, then beckoned to Kochu. "Sit with me for a while, please. Let us observe together the life of this tree."

The student and the monk sat in deep contemplation, still and alert. The monk then turned to Kochu after a few moments.

"Can you tell me how this tree obtains its nourishment?"

Kochu paused thoughtful before answering.

"Its roots travel deep into the earth, where they receive minerals and water from the soil. Also, its leaves receive the sun's light as well as nourishment from the air."

The monk nodded and bowed.

"You are very perceptive. Now, can you tell me what are the results of this nourishment?"

Kochu replied, "The leaves of the tree, the blossoms, the scent and the pollen," then added, "in truth, the trunk, bark and the very life of the whole tree is the result of all nourishment!"

The monk paused a moment to reflect upon Kochu's answer.

"Now," he continued, "point out to me where the giving ends and the receiving begins."

"But I cannot do so!"

"Very well then: please point out to me where the receiving ends and the giving begins."

"I cannot do that, either."

The monk then smiled, bowed deeply before Kochu, and said, "Thank you."

At that moment Kochu was enlightened.

-- Salvatore Salerno Jr.

Fresno CA

EMANCIPATION BY DEPRECIATION

There was a painting that was in pain: because it was hung in the wrong place. The wall of a philistine's apartment was an injustice assigned by fate. The painting felt framed. It was the victim of a bad frame-up job.

Its owner was a shrewd speculator. He had bought it at a painters' sale; the value would soon appreciate at a most consuming rate.

The painting hated to be where it was. The very wallpaper behind it was a tribute to the worst taste. At its side, the window curtains were laden with ugly tassels, and underneath a table held a jar pretending in vain to be a vase of the classical strain. From the ceiling dangled a hideous chandelier. A rug on the floor was woven of revolting stuff; from its midst, a design assaulted any eye with the imprudence to address its gaze downward. The proprietor of these effects was incorrectly judged by the

most lenient aesthetic standard. Whenever he glanced, proudly possessive, at the disgruntled painting, the offense was unforgivable. The wound would never be redressed.

The painting remained in this intolerable state. It waited, with waning hope, to be sold into the collection of a more sympathetic connoisseur. With favorable company, as the stablemate of first-rate pictures, it would project its value to compel a truthful vision. It would be admired by the greatest of all visual critics.

Protesting its unnatural environment, the painting waited until it was shown by the owner to an important guest: then it dismayed the spectators by literally shrinking, leaving wallpaper between its margins and the clumsy frame. The owner tried to restretch it -- ripping it slightly. He phoned an art restorer, who rushed over immediately with a kit of restorative chemicals. But they were for a different period, and changed the painting's identity.

An art appraiser was called in. The owner trembled, dreading a terrible depreciation. This was confirmed. The painting, now not recognizable from what it was, had its value lowered to the "worthless" category. The owner gathered spittle in his mouth, enough for stamping many envelopes: he voided it on his former asset, and summoned the most disreputable auctioneer to dispense of an object so perverse in its disloyalty that a profit would never be made on it. In the auctioneer's van, the painting resumed its former size, as well as its original shapes and colors. And it was free of the frame, as a bulky woman from her unmanageable corset.

INCREASED UNEMPLOYMENT THAT FINALLY REACHES THE PHILOSOPHICAL STAGE

A man was arrested for unemployment. While in jail, he filled out an application form, and sent it to a prospective employer. The answer came back that because of his jail record, it was not the company's policy to hire him. This additional unemployment, to the regret of the warden, for whom the man had been on model behavior, increased the prison sentence, and automatically made him undesirable for civilian employment. This, coupled with the prisoner's record of poverty, classified him as a social outcast, which in turn imposed another severe penalty. Under heavy guard, the man was removed to an unescapable chamber. There, in the eyes of the law, his unemployment reached the incurable stage, and he was retried, and given a life

sentence, with an additional half a life tagged on to punish him for being so hardened. By now a confirmed public enemy, he has, in mere self defense, taken to philosophy. Philosophy, on examining his record, has approved wholeheartedly, recommending him especially for his virtue of reflective idleness, which, in time of habit, has thrown his mind into a frenzy of thought. Since he receives no wages, death expects to find him philosophizing in jail, and by removing him will in no way interfere with his hard-won poverty. Philosophy, his sponsor, expects no profit. Publicity is notoriously absent in this case.

A CAPSULE AFFAIR

A girl thought to herself, "Why are my legs being stared at by that man? Sitting across from me on this bus, he sags in his seat with poor posture, chin lowered into his coat, to study me down up my up; what have I up there, to appeal to him?"

She stopped crossing her legs, discreetly placed her knees together, and demurely lowered her dress tight down on them; this did not discourage her observer.

"Perhaps he loves me," she thought; "for a stranger, that's romantically quick."

She tried to envisage what their baby would look like; to estimate more accurately, she covertly (on the sly) noted the man held captive to her lower charms.

She tossed her head, in derisive triumph: "We've nothing in common," she finally decided to conclude. A pang of regret flared in pity for the rejected stranger. Had she a sister, or girl friend, she might introduce him to? -- for his loneliness was so stubbornly sensual.

Her bus stop approached. She displayed some flesh while getting up: the brute across from her squirmed: was he in pain?

The bus lurched, so she wriggled out with protruding haunches. She had once taken a psychology lesson in school: on this basis, she dismissed that optical intruder from her vainglorious head of hair with the notion, "Obviously oversexed."

The bus waited for a red light; walking on the sidewalk, she passed the window that depicted her fascinated admirer's eyes lost soulfully in the contemplation of her departing self. The bus moved off. "He's gone. But he understood me." It was her final tribute.

A GRADUALLY DWINDLING PLAY

(Asking for Air in a Resturant. Being Offered, but not Getting, Oxygen Instead. A Fatal Ending, to take the Reader's Panting Breath Away, in Stolen, Inaudible Bursts. Read, at Risk.)

(Scene: resturant table. Characters: Seated customer and standing waiter.)

A cup of air, please.

Sorry, sire. We only have oxygen left.

What happened. A planetary explosion?

Oh, nothing so drastic, sire. Merely a shortage of supply and an exhorbitant demand that served to be a further drain on an exhausted supply. Only a temporary crisis, sire. Sure to be rectified in time, sire.

How has your resturant dealt with it? Were your customers indignant to be caught on the short end of requesting and not being provided with? Have there been panics in this place?

Nothing serious, sire. There was a rush on the pure air. People were panting to get at it. Their very panting helped to decrease what they were eagerly panting about. Now air is so scarce, that we can only provide oxygen substitutes.

Is that like oleomargarine substituting for pure butter?

Quite like, sire. Apt analogy.

My lungs are bursting with a smothering suffocation of scarcity. Quick, pour me some oxygen, before I have a bout of asphyxiation.

Right away, sire.

Make that a double-helping, please.

Cost you more, of course.

We'll settle that later.

Our reckonings won't choke you, sire. Breathe easy, now. Oxygen served up, shortly.

Promptly, I request.

Why, sire -- you look pale!

Oxygen! I beg you!

Emergencies are unwelcome in this resturant, sire. Please leave.

I'm too faint to.

Sire! You're pale!

I weaken.

Sire! Don't create a scene!

(Customer faints, falls from chair, collapses onto floor. Sensation ensues. Other customers leave their tables and come crowding around. Waiter pleads with them:) Give him air, please. Give him air!

(Obediently, the other customers back up. The fainted customer is dead. Other customers also collapse and die. Waiter also collapses and dies. So do other waiters, chef, resturant owner.)

(Suddely Horatio appears. Horatio:) Fortinbras, what a crowded stage we have here! Go bid the soldiers shoot.

(Offstage dull ritual chorus of guns goes off. A merciful curtain falls, painted pulmonary blue.)

-- Marvin Cohen

New York NY

THE PIGEON

An OLD MAN is sitting in the park, feeding the pigeons. One of the pigeons comes near enough to eat out of his hand. The OLD MAN pickes it up and strangles it.

OLD MAN: This is for what life has done to me.

Suddenly an enormous PIGEON comes down out of the sky. Ponderously, it flies toward the OLD MAN.

OLD MAN: What the fuck?

The OLD MAN hobbles off. The PIGEON flies after him.

THE MYSTERIOUS WATERMELON

JACK and JILL go up a hill. They disappear over the top. After a while a WATERMELON rolls back down.

No one ever sees JACK and JILL again.

THE TAIL

A MAN is watching a football game on television. A WOMAN, obviously his wife, is standing at the window.

WOMAN: Honey, come and look.

MAN: Look at that pass.

WOMAN: There's a tail hanging down out of the sky.

MAN: Huh?

WOMAN: There's a tail hanging down out of the sky.

MAN: You're crazy. Can't you see I'm watching a game?

WOMAN: I think it's wagging.

MAN: (GROANS)

WOMAN: Come and look.

Suddenly, the TAIL comes crashing through the window, killing the WOMAN. The MAN looks briefly over his shoulder, then goes back to the game.

THE CRAZED FROG

A CRAZED FROG is hopping down the freeway. It stays exactly on the center line. Cars and trucks honk at it, but the FROG goes on hopping along as before. It thinks it's the world that's crazy.

-- Richard Morris

San Francisco CA

THE SANDS OF SORROW

-- performed by Carl Larsen and Joseph Nicholson
as a regular feature on Station WBPZ, Lock
Haven PA

EPISODE ONE: The Day of Days

(Theme music: "Tranquility." Establish and fade for:)

Announcer: The Sands of Sorrow ... twenty seconds in the life of a truly unhappy woman ... brought to you by Twiddlers Underarm Macrame Kits, for Overly-Hairy Women, who are seeking a new, inexpensive hobby.... As we join the Sorrow household today, we hear Helen Sorrow speaking to her illegitimate son, Onan.

Helen: What are you doing, Onan? You're always messing around, messing around.

Onan: I'm building one of those Model Kits I got for Christmas -- that's The Lord's Birthday, isn't it, Mom?

Helen: Yes, yes it is. And we should never forget -- say, what kind of a Model is that, anyway?

Onan: It's a real-live Model Electric Chair, Mom! When I get it finished, I'll be able to really electrocute my illegitimate brother, Howie -- whose father you never told me about.

Helen: That's not a good thing to do, Sonny. Especially on this Day of Days.

Onan: Why is that, Mom?

Helen: Just shut up and quit messing with that thing, quit messing! Your illegitimate father will be here in a minute, to fill our hearts with Christmas cheer.

Onan: You gonna get bombed again, right Mom?

Helen: You little devil! I'll teach you to talk back to me!

Onan: Mom! Mom! No!

(Theme music. Establish and fade under:)

Announcer: And so we leave the house of Helen Sorrow, wondering if Onan will recover, and succeed in his attempt to electrocute his illegitimate brother, Howie ... if Helen herself will, indeed, get bombed on this Day of Days ... and if Father Sorrow will fill their hearts with Christmas Cheer ... The Sands of Sorrow, twenty seconds in the life of a truly unhappy woman, will return tomorrow at this time, brought to you by Twiddler's Underarm Macrame Kits.

EPISODE TWO: Last Thursday Arrives

(Theme music: "Tranquility." Establish and fade for:)

Announcer: The Sands of Sorrow ... twenty seconds in the life of a truly unhappy woman ... brought to you by the Dead-Kitten-of-the-Month Club.

Announcer #2: Imagine the fun and excitement your family will share when your first Dead Kitten arrives, delivered in a sturdy, leak-proof plastic bag. You'll glow with Pride as your friends and neighbors see your collection of attractive, decorative Dead Kittens!

Announcer: Join now, and with your membership you'll receive a free subscription to "The Dead Kitten Digest" a monthly pocket-sized magazine dedicated to Dead Kitten Lovers everywhere.

Announcer #2: As we join the Sorrow household -- a bombed out bunker in Beech Creek -- we find Helen Sorrow and her illegitimate son, Onan, in the living room, cluttered with shredded wrapping paper, broken toys, and empty bottles of Iron City beer.

Announcer: It is the Day of Days -- known as "Christmas" to some, "Chanukah" to others, and, simply, "Last Thursday" to still others. Father Sorrow has come and gone, leaving the house full of Christmas cheer and shattered glassware. Let's listen, as we hear Onan say:

Onan: Gee, I wish my illegitimate father would drop around more often, Mom!

Helen: Why do you say that, Sonny? He comes by every time there's a full moon, doesn't he?

Onan: It's just that he's so nice -- I mean, when he's not juiced out of his skull. Look at all the swell stuff he brought me for The Lord's Birthday!

Helen: What did he bring, anyway? I was so busy thrashing your illegitimate brother, Howie, that I didn't even have time to watch you open your presents.

Onan: He gave me these real nice scars for my scar collection, and this whole box of ground glass!

Helen: You're not gonna sprinkle that stuff on Howie's Chicken Croquettes again, are you? You know he's a Hemophiliac!

Onan: Gosh, Mom, it's all in fun! Where is Howie, anyway?

Helen: He's over at Mr. D'Artagnan's house, taking his Fencing Lesson.

Onan: Gee, Howie has all the fun!

Helen: I just don't know what I'm gonna do with you, Onan.
Hand me that bottle of Johnnie Walker over there.

Onan: Sure, Mom!

(Sound: Bottle breaking.)

Helen: Now look what you've done!

Onan: It was an accident, Mom!

Helen: Well, it's almost time for your four o'clock thrashing, anyway. Run in and get that birch rod we've got soaking in the pickle brine.

Onan: Sure, Mom! ... And Mom ...

Helen: What is it, you little heathen?

Onan: Merry Christmas.

(Theme music. Establish and fade under:)

Announcer: And so we leave the house of Helen Sorrow, wondering if Onan will, once more, survive his four o'clock thrashing ... if Helen will find a way to replace the bottle of Johnnie Walker ... and if the Sorrows will, indeed, have Chicken Croquettes for dinner ... The Sands of Sorrow will return tomorrow at this time, brought to you by the Dead-Kitten-of-the-Month Club.

EPISODE THREE: A Plumber's Best Friend is His Helper

(Theme music: "Tranquility." Establish and fade for:)

Announcer: The Sands of Sorrow ... twenty seconds in the life of a truly unhappy woman ... brought to you each day at this time by "Goiter-Ade."

Announcer #2: If you walk around, looking like you've swallowed a beaver -- keep your chin up, Goiter-Sufferers!

Announcer: Why, the mere thought of a tall, cool glass of "Goiter-Ade" is enough to bring a lump to your throat!

Announcer #2: "Goiter-Ade" -- the official drink of the Miami Dolphins.... Available wherever soft drinks are sold.

Announcer: It is the Fourth of July in Beech Creek -- as it is in the rest of our Great Nation. And as we join the Sorrow household, we find Helen Sorrow and her illegitimate son, Onan, in the kitchen. They are busy repairing Onan's brother, Howie, who seems to have broken.

(Sound: Wood being sawed.)

Helen: Onan, if you ever stick firecrackers in your brother again, I'll send you back to the orphanage! Hand me the Vapo-rub!

Onan: Here, Mom. I sure am sorry, Mom. But golly-whiskers, did you see Howie's eyes bug out when I lit the fuse?

Helen: He's such a frail child.... Go get the Gravy Baster. I think he's got what they call "internal bleeding" and I wanted today to be so nice.

Onan: Why is that, Mom?

Helen: Well, unbeknownst to your father, your Uncle Edwin is coming over today. He's just back from the Slave Labor Camps in Wyoming.

Onan: Isn't he the same Uncle Edwin who fought his way to Fame and Fortune as a Plumber's Helper, then threw it all away for a woman's kiss?

Helen: How did you find that out, you little snoop! You've been reading my diary again!

Onan: I read it in the newspaper, Mom!

Helen: Read it? When did you learn how to read. You know we can't afford Education!

Onan: I taught myself, just like Tarzan did!

Helen: Why didn't you tell me?

Onan: I was saving it, as a surprise for your birthday.

Helen: I hate surprises! -- Almost as much as I hate you, you sneaking little ...

Onan: I think Howie's dead, Mom. He quit breathing.

Helen: All that wasted Vapo-rub! What's a mother to do?

Onan: Isn't that Uncle Edwin I see, approaching the bombed-out bunker we call home?

Helen: So it is, so it is. You drag Howie down to the cellar and bury him, while I pretty-up. Uncle Edwin and I want to be alone.

(Theme music. Establish and fade under:)

Announcer: And so we leave the house of Helen Sorrow, wondering if Howie is really dead ... if his decomposing body will eventually be noticed ... and if Uncle Edwin will succeed in his attempt to build castles in ... The Sands of Sorrow.

EPISODE FOUR: When the Lights Go On Again, All Over the World

(Theme music: "Tranquility." Establish and fade for:)

Announcer: The Sands of Sorrow ... twenty seconds in the life of a truly unhappy woman ... brought to you, each day at this time, by Max Factor's Combination Face-and-Trash Compactor.... As we join the Sorrow household today, we find kindly old Helen Sorrow sitting by the fireplace, oiling her blacksnake whip. Her illegitimate son, Onan -- fresh from his six o'clock beating -- is curled up by her feet, busy licking his wounds.

Helen: Onan, where's your illegitimate brother, Howie?

Onan: Don't you remember, Mom? He died in our last episode!

Helen: Dear little Howie ... I loved him so

Onan: We buried him in the cellar, Mom -- remember?

Helen: Go dig him up, Onan. Mommy wants to cuddle him.

Onan: You never cuddle me, Mom.

Helen: You're nothing but an orphan! Nobody cuddles orphans!

Onan: He's probably pretty rotten by now, Mom. The Meter-Reader ran out of the cellar, just yesterday, gagging and making Throw-Uppies! Are you sure you want me to....

Helen: Wait! What -- what's happening? Everything is growing dim! Have the lights gone out?

Onan: What's wrong, Mom?

Helen: I can't seem to ... see anything!

Onan: You mean....

Helen: Blind! I've gone blind!

Onan: You're just teasing, aren't you, Mom?

Helen: No! I am blind! You must help me, Onan! Help me, or....

Onan: Or ... what ... Mom?

Helen: Or....

(Sound: Fist striking Elderly Woman)

Helen: Ouch! You struck me!

Onan: That's right, Mom! Here's another one!

(Sound: Fist striking Elderly Woman again)

Helen: Ouch! You did it again! What on earth's got into you, you little savage? Call a Doctor!

Onan: How does it feel, Mom? After all these years?

Helen: What on earth do you mean?

Onan: All the years you've beaten me, and kicked me, and given all your love to Howie -- my illegitimate brother who was a Hemophiliac before he died -- how does it feel!

Helen: I didn't mean it, Onan! I always loved you -- in my strange, Motherly fashion! Don't hit me again!

(Sound: Vase of freshly-cut daffodils breaking over Elderly Woman's head)

Onan: Don't lie!

Helen: Oh, my goodness. I can feel the blood running down my wrinkled, care-worn face.

Onan: Mommies who lie get whacked in the head with a chair!

(Sound: Chair breaking)

Helen: You hit me with a chair! I'm going to lose my consciousness! My whole life is passing in front of my eyes! ... there I am, on my Wedding Day ... what a lovely ceremony!

Onan: What? You can see your life, passing in front of your eyes?

Helen: And there I am, the day that thirteen-ton Flywheel crushed your father to shreds, down at the plant!

Onan: You can see?

Helen: Why ... why, my goodness, so I can! That sharp rap you gave me on the head must have restored my sight! It's a Miracle! The Lord has delivered me!

Onan: I ... I'm sorry I hit you, Mom.

Helen: Yes ... I can see you now. Come over here, Onan.

Onan: Let me explain, Mom.

Helen: Take off your tattered little shirt.

Onan: Mom! Why are you picking up that freshly oiled blacksnake whip?

Helen: Take advantage of your poor, blind Mother, will you!

Onan: I'm sorry, Mom! I'm sorry!

(Theme music. Establish and fade under:)

Announcer: And so we leave the house of Helen Sorrow, wondering if her temporary blindness was a forecast of even graver misfortune to come ... if Onan will survive the beating he so richly deserves ... and if a few grains of Happiness will be left in Beech Creek, when the tide goes out ... abandoning ... The Sands of Sorrow.

-- Carl Larsen

Lock Haven PA

HUNTING ETIQUETTE

-- found in Amy Vanderbilt's
new revised edition of Etiquette

For big game hunting
(deer & moose)
neutral toned heavy duty
breeches, boots, & hunting jackets
are necessary
with either a red hunting cap
or a red patch on the back of the jacket
or a red handkerchief
tied around the shooting arm.

Again, white must not be worn
as a flash of white
might be mistaken by another hunter
for the white of a deer's tail.

In matter of terminology,
one "shoots" other birds but "hunts" duck.
You "hunt" deer and other four-footed game.

VA BENEFIT

-- found in The Encyclopedia
of U.S. Govt. Benefits

World War II, Korean Conflict,
and Vietnam Era veterans
with service-connected loss
of one or both hands or feet
or permanent impairment
of vision of both eyes
to a prescribed degree
may be provided with an automobile
or other conveyance
by the Veterans Administration

Payment by VA is an amount
not to exceed \$2,800,
excluding adaptive equipment.

-- Al Fogel

Miami FL

PREPARED FOR JOURNEY

a body facing east
his face painted half red
half yellow
lowered sitting into
the earth
we mourn him
dirt covers just over
his head
a little house (like whiteman's
dog house) shelters his spirit
a little hole
medicine & coins dropped thru
he will need these things
on his journey
he will need the wild rice
jerkey & smoked fish
he will need water more
than he would need flowers.

BE CAREFUL

GO WEST

drag races in front
of our trailer house
we brave the montana cold
to witness
3 cars varoom
down the 2 lane hiway
only the red tail lights
visible in the freezing air
we go back inside
electric heater &
tequila waiting
john wayne on t.v.
on the inside
crazy drag-racin' indians
on the outside
our conestoga wagon trailer
alone
self exiled from
the rest of the wagon train
encircled by
firebirds & mustangs.

in ponema
there still are witches
people with power
people with strong medicine
they can make
you sick or
lame or kill you
you can't take pictures of
their medicine lodge
your camera will break
you cannot cross
in front of them
you will lose your step
hang a little mirror
on your clothing then
if they should try to
cast bad medicine on you
it will reflect back.

-- nila northSun

Missoula MT

lyn lifshin

PATAGONIA

PATAGONIA

1

guanacos sea
lions penguins
dolphins rats
that live in
the sand the
whales hug the
shore armadillos
that have been
here 45 million
years

2

wind dusty
sky yellow
soil full of
small round pebbles

at chubut the
yellow cliffs

where desert
eats the sea the
birds and animals
are brown grey

earth colored
like the desert

a little black
and white from
the seals whales
the sea birds

3

a wave of penguins
stretching out like
star flowers on
point lobos

4

indians ate the huge
ground sloths horses
an animal that crawled
along in a shell

the tehuelche boiled
penguins down for
oil when everything

got used up the
people went away
then the seals sea
lions and penguins
came again every

thing that magellan
saw in 1590 except
for the indians

5

mostly its the winds
keep the idly
curious away if

you want to see
patagonia just
sit still long

enough and it will
all blow past you

7

young indian women
painting their skin
red with berries
soaking the sun up
soaking their men
up in the dry leaves
like the opossum
storing fat in its
tail for leaner times

8

birds the same
color as the desert
nests and eggs
the color of sand

birds nests
of thorny twigs

tiny birds you
can't see

whirring trilling

disguised hard
to see as

water in the
fleshy base
of a patagonia
cactus under
the sand

10

punta norte

sea lion bull
with his
harem of females
and their dark pups

like smooth black
stones yelping

11

killer whales

sometimes sea
lions tease
them up on the
land try
to beach them

off punta tombi
tho the whales
can throw a
several hundred
pound lion in
to the air

like a cat
with a mouse

in a few minutes
just bloody scraps

for the kelp
gulls to scavenge

12

on one beach
10,000 cormorants

white throats in
the sun

only one day
in the wind

the birds came
back seaweed

dripping from their
mouths to line

a nest and there
was a huge thud

two birds hit
midair crashed

flopped over
twice dead

TUCO TUCO

not a mole but
a kind of mouse

it drinks the roots
of desert grasses

6 inches long
scratching hurrying

it gets its name
from the tuco tuco

noise it makes
under the desert

MONDAY

white berries on
the pachysandra
for the first time

sun thru yellow
willows the
trees I planted

in May lugged
in heavy plastic
imagining plums

and peaches
cherries out
into the sun

in a daze
from what I'd
burned and dug

huge holes for,
much taller
than I am now

PICKING BLACKCAPS

1

buckets clanging on
suede around your
waist like the quiet
when people make up
their minds not to
fight but really want
to the walk up the
gravel road in baggy
pants nothing seems
possible the bags
are so big and the
thorns the poison
ivy we get stoned
on the berries tho
kneeling in the sun
then in the shade
reaching over barb
wire as if that
purple was some
thing good inside us

2

dragon flies in the
sun deer flies
mosquito bites

the blackcaps
buried in thorns
in rose vines

in poison ivy you
can't tell the
blood from the

juice you have
to dream of
the berries in

a dish by some
november fire
as you lean deeper

into the branches
as if all things
that were hard

to get to
mattered more

POEM FOUND THOSE TUESDAYS

be careful theres
a kitten in the
house who must not
go out or be stepped
on please bring yr
coats downstairs and
keep the toilet
seat down

ROOM

huge desk six
cats could sun on
and never catch
each other's fleas

clay bowl with
pale apples on it
huge brass bed

half the room's
way out of reach
bust of shakes
peare one of a
sort of david

a mermaid lady
on a jug with
bird breasts

there's 12 lamps in
the room and still
everything's in
shadow it's so

big many people
could fart in here
and who'd know

WRITING MADONNA

ink on her fingers
a mixed up pair (one
brown one black) of
shoes on her toes

MAGNETIC MADONNA

rubs you the
wrong way
strong its the
danger you smell
when she puts her
hand down there
you thought you
came to write a
piece but you
know she plays
the field you
can't resist
she holds you
like those
12 magnets on
her old amana

SHRINKING MADONNA

her skin is so
delicate you can
almost see the
nerve endings
capillaries
break down dont
dream its just
no vitamin c or
that she's pull
ing into her
self like some
leaf growing

backward its the
incredible shrink
ing its some
thing growing turn
ing to stone the
dirt on that
leaf pressed in
to fossil pressed
hard and thin
leaves in a book
nobody opens
she's so thin
when she shaves
her arm pits the
hair's too deep
in to reach
like her anger

CANDLES

the snuffing out of a
miner's candle is
taken as something
bad if your
candle goes out
you go out too
candles don't burn
in bad air if
it goes out three
times something's
wrong at home
maybe a man's at
home fooling with
yr woman not a
few men have been
known to leave
their work to
check this out

HOLLY

from the holly
tree to heal
sick protect
a house from
lightning hang
it in the pantry

hang it outside
put it in the
stable and the
cattle will
get big

some branches are
men the others
those smooth
ones are
women

whatever kind is
brought in tells
who'll rule for
the year if the

holly is brought
in in fair
weather it will
be the wife in
a fierce storm
the husband

STOCKINGS

in an old town
a man was bank
rupt had to sell
his daughter to
keep out of debt
a kind old man
threw gold in
thru the chimney
it fell into a
stocking so now
children hang
up a stocking
find a tangerine
in the toe
the gold

MADONNA WITH HER FACE IN ROLLING STONE

gets 26 letters

and phone calls
that dont help

a rock star sends
her a ticket to
come calls to

ask if she has
a jewish nose or
stretch marks

from a baby
does she mind
if he does

on the phone
listening to her
would she read

to help him please
some dirty poem

MADONNA WITH A MOLE SHE'S GETTING
SLICED OUT

like a husband
she knows she
has to wants
to but it
scares her
shes sure it
will hurt feels
the pain lying
inside her
tho theyre
things she
cant use
and will be
better off
without she
throws up
thinking of
both losses

THE STUCCO HOUSE AND THE WALNUT SHELLS WITH CANDLES
IN THEM

shadows on branches
my sister and I in
flannel with feet
and a button seat
for peeing kittens
in a basket under
the stove when
mother leaves the
house gets cold
theresa forrest is
twisting the ring
between her nipples
upstairs under 2 big
quilts I try not
to think of fire or
bombs or tunnels
wonder if the wild
cat theresa says was
seen in the backfield
could climb the elm
near our sand pile

MADONNA WITH A HEART SCARRED AS
A FACE WITH BAD MAYBE SMALLPOX

its like a sponge
all the pain sticks
inside of like the
worst of a junkie's
arm not much that
hasnt been used on
it its a wonder its
still making rounds
some say theres no
more blood just a
little wormwood i
dont think new nice
clothes would help
its like a window
still with the thumb
tacks from curtains
for the past maybe
million years

MINCE PIE

3

in early england
a king and his men
were lost in the
forest someone came
to put everything
together -- mince pie

soft roads hills like
multiple breasts
narrow valleys

men moving inland
moving north

like a glacier

MIDDLEBURY POEMS

4

1

small dark
room of glass

pewter dark
cupboards full of

jars from england

a woman's eyes
painted on china

glancing down
looked in
to the tea leaves,

left her name there

2

walking from ticonderoga
leaves in their faces
carrying grain

stopped in the
one log cabin

there was just
one towel some
one had to go to

the river to wash it
in the morning to be
ready for night

all this hair from
one family hung
on the wall

wreaths of hair
blonde hair pulled

from a baby hair
like grave grass
twisted under glass,
all this cut from
the heads of

myricks russells

100 years ago

5

3 years in the house
it must have been july

my mother walking out
into the garden
touching the
vines leaves of

mint, lemon
hating to leave
then a

neighbor came
scared, crying the
men cut canoes

and waited hoped
the rumor was wrong

my mothers fingers smelling
of mint on the raft

people crying all the
way to pittsford

PHOTOGRAPH

this one's at a
tilt no people
in it really 2
white cats the
ones saved when
we moved from
the stucco house
to the apartment
on main street
gave the fluffy
one to nanny the
grass needs a
cutting some
one's shape be
hind the etched
front glass as
unclear lost
as the year this
was or what wld
happen finally
to these white
cats that had
come on my 6th
birthday after i
dreamed they did

HEAT WAVE

after the mist burns
off the whole
house starts dripping
smells you hadn't

smelled for years
the hall where
a rat died old
flies smells

like chunks of
ugly times you want
to forget july
your man sneaks

around on you
sneaks the steiglitz
prints out of
the closet

coming back in
dreams like the
smell of the
rat thats gone

KYOTO

someone sweeping
leaves with a
straw broom

incense sticks
in the reeds

huge leaves
on the water

ADIRONDACK

1

chickadees nut
hatches junco
at night a pair
of ducks beaver
pushing arrow
heads in the
black lake

2

blue herons
otters near
the dock
one climbs

the granite,
trout clamped
in its jaws
so quiet you
can hear the
bones crunch

NEBRASKA THEN

sod houses

no trees the
land hard

as the men the
women who

came here
had to be

COLORADO

one man went in
to the mountains
ate all his friends
now there's a
grill named
after him

NORTH DAKOTA

geese in the
black holes

prairie marsh
the stretch

from up there
like black swiss

cheese wetlands
sticks a cross

the water huge
nests in them

THE WOMAN WHO LOVED HER HOUSE

because it was wood
and admitted it
because it didn't yell
back except nights
with the black walnuts
banging on the window
it wasn't jealous
of her mother it wasn't
pissed off by the
new cat she could
go to sleep in flannel
and be sure it would
be there in the morning

THE LIFSHIN MUSEUM

this is where she
slept and smelled
rats under the
purple. the water
was loudest in
march. now the
room is smaller
the purple orchid
peels to grey.
these sags in the
bed the yellow
dress letters
coins from a
country that
never was

HOUSE

no door fits
holes in the floor

night comes thru a
hole in the window

the cat runs in and
out the moon the

only furniture a
huge bed covered

with blue dust
red juice tiger

hairs and a
little come

CHOPPED LIVER

bad feelings were heaped
as high as that hill
on my father's plate
when we went to
visit aunt sophia

she didn't like the way
we called him ben and
not father she didn't
like the christmas
trees in our head

the mole on her cheek
seemed to glow when
we said we hung up
our stockings my

mother grew the chopped
liver story for years
on main street how my
father's sister treated

him like a king while
we were starving
each year she told
it the liver on his
plate grew closer
to the ceiling

THE EAST IS UNDER A DARK CLOUD

the mad girl is pacing
in her room her head
full of the darkest
weather there's

a hurricane under
her skin that old
going in different
directions blues

she can't read her
own lines on the page
the wind is increasing
it's freakishly cold

for this time of year
someone in ohio
is uncertain the
new york lover

knows something's
threatening feels
the shutters rattling
down his backbone

-- Lyn Lifshin

Niskayuna NY

DADDY AND THE BIRDS

Daddy passed out in the car as he often did at celebrations and dances. Aunt Vesta was driving him home. I don't know why she drove him this time instead of Mama, but halfway home she swerved to pass a car at the same time that Daddy came to. He opened his eyes, thought she was running off the road, grabbed the wheel and gave it a flip. The car went over on its right side cutting off Daddy's three fingers that were outside the window leaving them hanging by one thin skin. When the ambulance arrived, Daddy stood before getting inside, raised his hand with those three dangling fingers and waved goodbye to all.

He never could pitch his fast curve ball again or play the trumpet, but he could still strip a cow with the two remaining fingers. When kids asked him, as they often did, what happened to his fingers, he pointed to the trees and told them the birds had eaten them.

-- Linda King

Los Angeles CA

TOP OF THE TREE

He could trace his family tree
back to his father, a luxury
Philpot could do without.

He couldn't blame the old goat
for his own useless life
except for not marrying out of it:

could he really have loved that mountain-
woman who barred his way
to better things? Could he, Philpot,

blame Maureen for rendering him
heirless in spite of his children?
He had waited years for Maureen's breasts

to grow succulent, for her to erupt
under a short maternity skirt; but
in all their married life they'd never

experienced a first together: now
he resents not being called endearing
names by beautiful women who could

pass the secret on to children
able to convert him into store-
fronts or tricks to rival Concorde.

Rare chap, Philpot, belatedly doing his bit
to keep the population down, to
liberate his wife: free drinks all round.

PHILPOT EMBARRASSES THE HEADMASTER

Cautious as a novice, he will not
say whether it's a son or a daughter

he comes to claim an interest in. Philpot
might undervalue the good opinion

of neighbors and creditors, but he knows
something about Psychology: he will not

embarrass his off-spring, secure in their
mothers (using the plural throughout

for safety) name. His fastidiousness
keeps two adults in detention long after

the other parents have departed, the new
Commissioner conducting his one man

Royal Enquiry on the performance of all
the black kids in the school. The head-

master is reluctant to discourage a new
recruit, and finally sighs with something

sharper than relief when this one proclaims
himself -- neither satisfied nor its opposite,

careful not to give the game away -- but
a family man again recalled to duty.

THE DRESSING-GOWN

The stranger in the dressing-gown makes
her uneasy, like a child growing up

over the long summer holidays into
a new and nearly equal human being.

She must find ways of linking this man
who's discarded the bath-towel round

his waist, whose glasses are now a permanent
feature of his face (not just for reading

Official forms and hand-written letters,
nor a concession to the Cinema) with the

long-familiar furniture of her life.
Has he suddenly gone fat round the middle

despite the evidence of her eyes?
Has he grown out of her knowledge into

the sort of man who sends cards back from
a holiday abroad, a business trip abroad,

by courtesy of a friend, while adultering
round the corner? This is so much unlike

the man she knew, but the dressing-
gown has somehow changed their lives.

200 PERCENT BLACK

He's 100% white with two
parents and a pet.

At school and play he is black
only to those who see colour.

Marries the right girl
and digs for roots north

of his family tree.
Here the story ends.

20 years later, the fall-out
from Africa covers him

with thin ash; and he arms
himself to perform the Long March

and Middle Passage
on the same week-end.

Now he's on the newsreel
riding in Castro's jeep,

sweating through a bush-jacket,
200% Black.

-- Paul St Vincent

London England

THE ELEMENT OF NO GAMBLE

There is a powerful rain.
Under a tent
three Tibetan muleteers
are gambling with cowrie shells.

They hoist the leather dice box
and crash it down with much force.

Those shells have value.

It will please them
to give you, for nothing,
a handful of handsome copper coins
from an extinct culture.

THE FALL

Crows are peering in the window.
What have I forgotten this time?

The only crow I ever saw fall
Was one I shot.

He plummeted straight down
And was dead.

All the other crows put on
A ritual ceremony around him.

It was so solemn, I was afraid.

When they left, in a big, wheeling circle,
They gave me to believe that they
Had his spirit with them.

I know now that it was easy enough --
The spirit is aviform.

As an earthling, I pawed him into the ground.
He was, I believe, some sort of nobleman.

If only I had eaten him then and there,
I could have saved myself a lot of trouble.

-- John Berry

Los Angeles CA

TWO FROM WOODRAT'S TALES, PULLED OFF

WHAT TORNGIT'S HUSBAND WAS ASKED UPON ENTERING THE HOUSE

1. Who are you?
2. Who is your mother?
3. Who is your father?
4. Who is your younger brother?

WHAT TORNGIT'S HUSBAND REPLIED

1. A little point of land.
2. A little fjord.
3. A little drop.
4. An asshole.

ACOMA LOVE CHARM

find a spider web
spun over the mouth
of a hole in the ground
remove it carefully
leaving in trade
cotton red rock pollen &
rabbit or deer meat
then take the web

place it in the house
in some place where she'll
be sure to touch it
then go home
& sing butterfly songs
all night

COYOTE TRIES TO GET LAID

he was traveling along the sound
feeling horny
& seeing the women bathing
on the opposite shore
just made it worse

so he worked his mind
figuring what he might do
he decided to send his cock across
to see if it would reach
to fuck as many as he could
from where he stood

he got it up
& out into the water
but only half way across
it softened & the tide
carried it down

he moved to another place
& tried again
& again only halfway across
it softened & was carried
down by the current

he didn't accomplish anything
the girls who were bathing
finished
& he left
not having done what he intended
& still horny

SUCCESS

her name's up there
in mimeo-offset
in at least 5 little mags
her aunt
the head of the department

says she's quite good
and the next thing i know
she's in here
reading & grading my poems
mine are just slivers & shards
bits & pieces that don't fit
mole poems
written with my hands
turned bottom up
under the weight of the sky
she says they get a "B"
i think she's a vegetarian
and doesn't know that
they're Grade A like beef
to be ground round & consumed

KETCHUP IN KETCHAM

gene asked me
to lay a flower on his grave
which isn't much
just a rectangle of concrete
with the name
and a couple dates
close by a tree
with a blackbird
yelling & diving at my head
every time i tried
to get close enough to lay
the weeds i'd gathered
on the tombstone

i wondered whether
he was really laid away
down there
under that rectangle
or up in that tree.
i finally managed to get
the blossoms down
& left.

driving north out of town
i hit a dog
ran right under the wheels
nothing i could do
but hunt around until
i found his people
& deliver him
still alive at least,
then stop by the salmon river
to wipe the dried blood

off the car seat
looking kinda like spilt ketchup
that's dried on the drainboard
or on last week's dishes
still waiting there
to be washed clean
& laid in the cupboard.

AT LEAST A BLUE GUITAR WOULD BE COOLER

over a hundred
for over a week,
with no relief
& 3 house guests:

1. he's a fancy-dancer
& almost won the pow-wow.
2. she doesn't say much
but does do the dishes.
3. he likes wallace stevens
& wants to take "nude" photos
of me & my old lady.

it's hot.
i'm sweating & trying
to cool down.
after i tell #3 that
i can see only one way
to look at a blackbird
& that the only jar i ever saw
in tennessee was filled
with whisky,
not much is said.

he (#1) tries to fix the furnace
& offers suggestions for the refrigerator.
she (#2) is gone to the laundromat
with my old lady,
who wanted to pose "nude"
on the dryer for him (#3),
the would be poet-photographer.

that's the way it's been going.
the mercury rises,
but life goes on
like in a ball of snakes,
you try to follow one body
but you just can't do it.

-- Kirk Robertson

Fallon NV

THE WHISTLE

the whistle refuses to tell you its tune. you throw it into the river and watch until it can no longer swim. then you rescue it. this happens many times. but the whistle remains silent. you grow angry with it and blow into it with all your might hoping that it will shatter like a balloon. something quite different happens. you spend the rest of the afternoon trying to regather your silence.

THE TERMINAL

you are vomiting into your husband's hat. he has gone for a minute to confirm the reservations, not realizing the surprise you are creating for him. you think it was something you ate. you refuse to admit that you are pregnant again. they are announcing your flight. your husband has still not returned and for the first time you smell the fumes that are rising from the hat. it becomes hard to think of anything else.

PASSING THE BLAME

catch him on the street. someone not at all like you. make him touch these things. here. here. and here. make sure he leaves clear prints. tomorrow he will turn up a suicide. days later the car with the contraband will be found. they will question all his friends. this is called passing the blame.

THE DRAMA

-- for Harry G.

the man who invented tact wants to marry your sister-in-law. he has known her for a whole week. they have even been so adventurous as to touch hands. he comes to ask your permission. he has seen you polishing your rifle. he knows you are the one he must ask. you lean back in your chair and stare into his eyes. his words flow like butter.

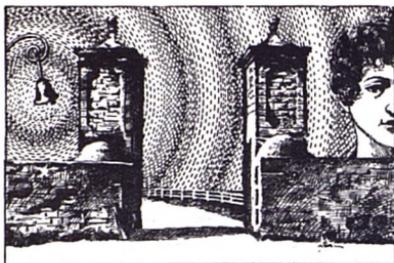
NEWS BRIEF

notice the president. he is the third from the left. he is smiling. he is surrounded by men who once played football. they are old and fat. one is black. he is laughing the hardest.

-- Bob Heman

Brooklyn NY

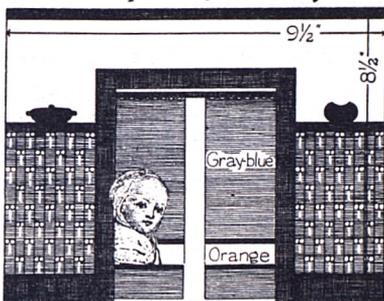
RADIATION FROM A HOT BODY



Relentlessly, but unbeknownst to herself, she tracked a flu and caught it. Grippe followed. There was catarrh. Drugs were indicated. It was almost everything she'd hoped for. The space reserved for flowers on the bedside table was filled with light. The light crossed the room slowly, in contrast to the rush in the next room. The door was just high and wide enough for one week. Then her head cleared. She sneezed once, a sneeze full of nostalgia, and sat up. 

STANDARD CLAUSES OR RIDERS

She lives in a kind of Asia. Work by day; by night: the baby, the shared house. Where in all this is the quiet corner? This is Asia, this is the future, no privacy. Mind you, it can be replaced,



that urge to be alone, by other needs and other kinds of satisfaction. Canetti suggests, in *Crowds and Power*, that all demands for justice and all theories of equality ultimately derive their

energy from the actual experience of equality familiar to anyone who's been in a crowd. We'll get hold of that. We'll make do. It could be worse. It could well be. Still, sometimes, at dinnertime, she rides the bus just to be by herself.

-- M. Kasper

Vancouver B.C. Canada

dove dove dove dove dove dove tail tail tail
dove dove dove dove dove dove tail tail tail
dove dove dove dove tail dove tail tail tail
dove dove dove dove tail tail tail tail tail
dove dove dove dove tail dove tail tail tail
dove dove dove dove dove dove tail tail tail
dove dove dove dove tail dove tail tail tail
dove dove dove dove tail tail tail tail tail
dove dove dove dove tail tail tail tail tail
dove dove dove dove tail dove tail tail tail
dove dove dove dove dove dove tail tail tail
dove dove dove dove dove dove tail tail tail
dove dove dove dove dove dove tail tail tail

-- Ronald Prost

Chicago IL

BLINKS A LITTLE SPOT OF SENSELESS YELLOW
IN THE MIDDLE OF IT ALL

You can't tell the time of poetry by ringing the kukoo;
you can't tell me Marciano couldn't have taken Louis;
you can't tell me that Hitler was a madman; you can't
tell me that the dog barks only at the night; you can't
tell me that the flame doesn't go to the moth;
you can't tell me that all those people crowded on the
corner of Hollywood and Western and blinking their eyes
are human; you can't tell me that love is more important
than life; and you can't stretch on the same mattress
with me and say, I love you, because

we're out of cigarettes and we're out of wine and my
battery is low and my bones have come back from New
Directions and Lorca is dead and Neruda is dead and
Christ with hazel eyes hollered out: "where's it at?"
while gaffed like a fish by little men with dirty
fingernails; we're out of wine and lick and love and luck;
you can't tell me anything. Why don't you get up and tap
that toilet handle a few times? It keeps running like
that.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles CA

VERY HIGHLY RECOMMENDED////////////////////////////////////

Writers in Revolt: The Anvil Anthology 1933-1940 (edited by Jack Conroy & Curt Johnson) published 1973 but never widely publicized, essential for those interested in the history of little mags, \$8.95 fm. Lawrence Hill Inc., 24 Burr Farms Rd., Westport CT 06880. † The Tents of the King of Arizona (David K. Gast) \$1.75 fm. Adobe Press, 557 Deodar Lane, Bradbury CA 91010. † Red Work, Black Widow (Steve Richmond) \$2, Men Under Fire (Ronald Koertge) \$2, The Man in the Black Chevrolet (Todd Moore) \$1.50, The Kid Comes Home (Leo Mailman) \$2, The Chase (Gerald Locklin) \$3, all fm. Duck Down Press, P.O. Box 761, Fallon NV 89406. † The Criminal Mentality (Gerald Locklin) and 12 Photographs of Yellowstone (Ron Koertge) each \$2.50 fm. Red Hill Press, c/o Serendipity Books, 1790 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley CA 94709. † Drinking Beer at 22° Below (Kirk Robertson) \$2, Plate Glass (John Kay) \$2 and Jesse Comes Back (Clifton Snider) \$1.50 fm. Russ Haas Press, P.O. Box 4261, Long Beach CA 90804. † Americans At Home (M. D. Elevitch) a novel by author of highly recommended Grips, \$3.50 fm. First Person, c/o Serendipity Books, 1790 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley CA 94709. † Red Mountain, Agatha Christie & Love (Al Masarik) \$3 and Lace and a Bobbitt (Curt Johnson) \$2.50 fm. Vagabond, P.O. Box 879, Ellensburg WA 98926. † First Things (prosepoems by J.K. Osborne) \$5 fm. Querencia Books, 1100 38th Ave., Seattle WA 98122; also released: Sentences (Vassilis Zambaras) \$3.50. † Last House in America (Jack Micheline) \$2.50 fm. Second Coming Press, P.O. Box 31249, San Francisco CA 94131; also released: To Keep the Blood From Drowning (Doug Flaherty) \$2.95.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED////////////////////////////////////

Lyn Lifshin's Naked Charm (a post-card chapbook) \$1 fm. Fireweed, P.O. Box 9888, Columbus OH 43206; also released: Galen Green's World Weary Polka \$1. † Richard Morris' The Board of Directors \$1 fm. Ghost Dance Press, University College, Dept. American Thought & Language, Michigan State Univ., East Lansing MI 48823. † Norbert Krapf's The Playfair Book of Hours \$2.50 and Robert Bly's versions of 10 Kabir poems try to live to see this! \$1.75 fm. Ally Press, 1764 Gilpin St., Denver CO 80218. † Colleen J. McElroy's Music From Home \$8.95 fm. Southern Illinois University Press, P.O. Box 3697, Carbondale IL 62901. † Great Granny Press launches a small broadside series with Ted Kooser's A Dry Winter Letter to Friends; inquire fm. 829 West Anapamu St., Santa Barbara CA 93101. † Steve Kowit's Climbing the Walls, \$1.50 fm. Proexistence Press, 1761 East 14th St., Brooklyn NY 11229. † Franz Douskey's Indecent Exposure \$1 fm. New Quarto Editions, 148 Orange St., New Haven CT 06510. † Raymond Roseliep's Flute Over Walden \$2.95 fm. Sparrow, 103 Waldron St., West Lafayette IN 47908. † Charles Philbrick's Nobody Laughs,

Nobody Cries \$6.50 and Bill Rane's Talfulano \$4 fm. The Smith, c/o Horizon Press, 156 Fifth Ave., New York NY 10010. ¶ James Broughton's Erogyeny \$1 fm. Man-Root, Box 982, South San Francisco CA 94080. ¶ Robert McRoberts' Lip Service, \$3.50 fm. Ithaca House, 108 N. Plain St., Ithaca NY 14850.

RECOMMENDED////////////////////////////////////

Judson Crews' Nations and Peoples \$1.25 fm. Cherry Valley Editions, Box 303, Cherry Valley NY 13320. ¶ Paul F. Fericano's Beneath the Smoke Rings \$2 fm. West Conscious Review, 1050 Magnolia Ave. (#2), Millbrae CA 94030. ¶ Peter Brett's Ghost Rhythms \$1 fm. Blue Cloud Abbey, Marvin SD 57251. ¶ 3 Red Stars featuring B.P. Flannigan, Dan Georgakas and Lenny Rubenstein, \$2 fm. Smyrna Press, Box 841 Stuyvesant Station, New York NY 10009. ¶ Edmund Skellings' Heart Attacks \$5 fm. University Presses of Florida, 15 NW 15th St., Gainesville FL 32603.

PHONO RECORDS OF INTEREST////////////////////////////////////

Charles Bukowski's 90 Minutes In Hell, 2 records recorded in 1966 and released in 1977, four photos, \$10 fm. Earth Books, 137 Hollister Ave., Santa Monica CA 90405. ¶ Toby Lurie's Mirror Images (#ACS 5079) fm. Accent Records, 6533 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood CA 90028.

NEW MAG EXCHANGES////////////////////////////////////

The Orchard (edit. David Mayers) \$1.50 fm. 2855 Old Gravenstein Hwy. South, Sebastopol CA 95472. ¶ Little Caesar (edit. Dennis Cooper & Jim Glaeser) \$1.50 fm. 231 West Olive St., Monrovia CA 91016 (first issue has interview with Ron Koertge). ¶ Bombay Duck (edit. Ev Thomas) \$8/5 nos., a superior photography mag and #3 contains a good chapbook Spring Training by Al Masarik, fm. 3035 Fillmore, San Francisco CA 94123. ¶ High/Coo: A Quarterly of Short Poetry (edit. Randy & Shirley Brooks) fm. IT IS IT Press, 5715 North 225 W, West Lafayette IN 47906. ¶ The Atlantic Review (edit. Orlan Cannon, J.M. McDonald, Nora Handwerker, D.L. Hiers & Louisa Heyward) fm. 40 Danbury St., London N1 England. ¶ Laughing Bear (edit. Tom Person) \$1.50 fm. Box 14, Woodinville WA 98072.

LIT INFORMATION////////////////////////////////////

Catalogue of Members: The League of Canadian Poets, contains short biographies, photos, and bibliographic lists, fm. 165 Spadina Ave. (Suite 8), Toronto M5T 2C4, Ontario, Canada. ¶ National Endowment for the Arts: Guide to Programs fm. Literature Program (Mail Stop 607), National Endowment for the Arts, Washington DC 20506. ¶ Directory of Small Magazine/Press Editors & Publishers: 1976-1977 \$4.95 fm. DUSTbooks, P.O. Box 1056, Paradise CA 95969.

SMALL PRESS NOTES////////////////////////////////////

An excellent series of small broadsides, signed, now fm. Malpelo, 1916 Court Ave., Newport Beach CA 92663 (first releases: Mike Finley, Thomas Kerrigan, Lyn Lifshin, and Gordon Preston). ¶ Vol. 18 No. 1 of December is entirely devoted to John Bennett's The Night of The Great Butcher \$4 fm. 4 East Huron, Chicago IL 60611, and No. 10 The Fault carries Bennett's The Party to End All Parties & Other Stories, now fm. 33513 Sixth St., Union City CA 94587. ¶ Black Sparrow Press continues to issue major books nicely produced: Cid Corman's Word for Word: Essays on the Arts of Language (Vol. 1, \$5); Douglas Woolf's On Us (\$4); Jane Bowles' Feminine Wiles (\$3.50); Mohamed Mrabet's Harmless Poisons, Blameless Sins (trans. by Paul Bowles, \$3.50); D.H. Lawrence's Letters to Thomas & Adele Seltzer (edit. G.M. Lacy, \$5); Robert Creeley's Away (\$3.50) all fm. P.O. Box 3993, Santa Barbara CA 93105 -- other releases: Diane Wakoski's Waiting for the King of Spain, Ron Loewinsohn's Goat Dances, James Koller's Poems for the Blue Sky, Joyce Carol Oates' Triumph of the Spider Monkey, Nathaniel Tarn's The House of Leaves, David Meltzer's Six, Charles Reznikoff's Poems: 1937-1975 (each \$4). ¶ Open Places begins a poet series and releases Peyton Houston's The Changes \$2 fm. Box 2085, Stephens College, Columbia MO 65201. ¶ The Vancouver lit scene is vigorous and well worth attention: (i) Charles Tidler's Flight: The Last American Poem \$2.50 and Tom Wolmsley's Lexington Hero \$2.50 fm. PULP Press, Box 48806 Station Bental, Vancouver B.C. V7X 1A6 Canada and (ii) Avron Hoffman's Somebody Left the Light On in the Basement \$4.95, Opal Nations' Sitting on the Lawn With a Lady Twice My Size \$3.95, bill bissett's plutonium missing \$4.95, and Canadian Short Story Anthology (edit. Cathy Ford) \$5.95 fm. Intermedia Press, Box 3294, Vancouver B.C. V6B 3X9 Canada. ¶ Latest Vagrom Chapbook fm. The Sparrow Magazine is Indiana Indiana \$2.95 fm. 103 Waldron St., West Lafayette IN 47906. ¶ Vagabond releases a chapbook series: Kent Taylor's Driving Like the Sun, t.l. kryss' Music in the Winepress/Parrots in the Flames, a.m. ingram's Blue Horses, each \$1 fm. P.O. Box 879, Ellensburg WA 98926. ¶ Peter Klappert's Non Sequitur O'Connor, a chapbook fm. Bits Press, Gutenberg Annex, Dept. English, Case Western Reserve Univ., Cleveland OH 44106. ¶ The Smith has an experimental fiction project; the first two releases are X-1 and a novella box (Hugh Fox's The Invisibles; Robert Reinhold's teak and Leonard Chabrowe's The Same Thing Happening Over and Over) \$5 each fm. 5 Beekman Place, New York NY 10038. ¶ Litmus is publishing up a storm, check out: Charles Potts' Charlie Kiot (\$2), Karen Waring's Exposed to the Elements (\$2), The Incomplete Works of Richard Krech: Poems, 1966-1974 (\$3), Jo Merrill's Waterweed (\$2) now

fm. 574 Third Ave., Salt Lake City UT 84103. ¶ 1976
prize poetry fm. Casa de las Americas, 3Ra Y G, El Vedado,
La Habana, Cuba: Herman Miranda's La moneda y otros poemas,
Jorge Alejandro Boccanera's Contrasena, and Edward Kamau
Brathwaite's Black + Blues; also prize prose: James Car-
negie's Wages Paid, N.D. Williams' Ikael Torass, and Rolan-
do Hinojosa's Klail city y sus alrededores. ¶ Latest fm.
Kirk Robertson: Indian Poems (a broadside) fm. Luna Bisonte
Prods, 137 Leland Ave., Columbus OH 43214 and Walked On By
40 Camels (a chapbook) \$2 fm. Rocky Mountail Creative Arts
Journal, P.O. Box 3185, Casper WY 82601.

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Apologies are offered to those who patiently awaited this
issue and the preceding two issues. The delay had nothing
to do with Wormwood other than the fact that it remains a
one-man operation. A robbery precipitated a sequence of
events which necessitated reworking issues 63 and 64 and
consumed much time. To those who were not patient, a re-
minder that Wormwood does not claim to be a regular quart-
erly. Our mailing schedule is irregular. Usually two
issues are mailed out together to reduce our excessive
postal/mailling costs. All paid subscriptions are guaran-
teed through and including issue 72 (the next index issue).
We also guarantee 4 issues with the span of a year's time
i.e. Wormwood is an irregular quarterly! The price of a
single issue is \$1.50 postpaid anywhere in the world. A
double issue (such as this one) is priced at \$2.00. Free
inspection copies are not available because of our limited
press run. Copies of issues 16-23, 25-64 are still a-
vailable at prices of \$1.50/\$2.00 (depending on whether
single or double issues). Issues 1-15 and 24 are out of
print, but reasonable prices will be quoted on an indi-
vidual basis when and if clean copies can be found, but
issues 1-3 are virtually impossible to find. Microfilm
volumes of Wormwood are available from University Micro-
films, 3101 North Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor MI 48106, but they
are not licensed to release any other reproductions.
Patrons' subscriptions are a \$12 bargain for four con-
secutive issues with poet-signed, center-sections. The
contents of Wormwood are indexed in Index of American
Periodical Verse, Scarecrow Press Inc., P.O. Box 656,
Metuchen NJ 08840.

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The edition of this double issue has been limited to 700
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Lyn Lifshin. The copy in your hand is numbered:

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