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UNIVERSITY

OF TAMPA



POETRY

REVIEW

JEFF DUNN

POETRY REVIEW

No. 4 1965

University of Tampa

75¢

Edited by

DUANE LOCKE
R. MORRIS NEWTON
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PAUL BABIKOW

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Poets to appear in no. 5 (May) and
forthcoming issues:

RAQUEL JODOROWSKY, Richard Eberhart,
May Swenson, Paul Blackburn, Daniel
Hoffman, Larry Eigner, David Ignatow,
John Haines, Louis Z. Hammer, Diane
Wakoski, John Moffitt, Harriet Zinnes,
John Unterecker, Alvaro Cardona-Hine,
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Four more issues.

RICHARD EBERHART

AGAIN

The world goes on when a man dies.
There is an implacable look in the skies.
The milkman comes; the leaves are being raked.
It happens as quickly as a breath-take.

What we meant is suddenly undone.
What we were we have again become.
As sentences that end in dashes -
The scattering of the world is the scattering of ashes.

Now such deep mystery abides
That within our breath it hides.
We wrestle with a diminishing mystery
Under an implacable sky.

DANIEL HOFFMAN

MUDDY ACRES

Now toward the sinking sea the shore runs wider,
Flatter. Pebbles yield to rocks, and those
Hump down in the alluvia where water
Never leaves the ooze despite the sun.
While you calculate your muddy acres
Down on the beach on one leg a cock heron
Guards this newfound land of kelp and snail.
Already exhalations of the sea
Seep from ledge to ledge of mussel shells,
Enlarge the puddles till they link together,
And now the sandbars shrink. Where rocks broke water
The islands sink like dolphins under wave
And gulls, atilt on the unobstructed wind,
Scan crest on crest yet seek footrest to touch on.
The shore you stand on wavers where insatiate
Waters claim your acres for the sea.

RICHARD EBERHART

has formerly been Consultant in Poetry at The Library of Congress. Among his prizes are the Harriet Monroe Memorial Prize, the Harriet Monroe Award, and the Shelley Memorial Award. His Collected Poems 1930-1960 can be purchased from Oxford University Press. And his most recent book of poetry, Quarry, can be purchased from Oxford University Press.

DANIEL HOFFMAN'S

poems have been recorded by the Library of Congress in their Twentieth Century Poetry In English series. His An Armada of Thirty Whales was selected for The Yale Series of Younger Poets. His collection of poems, The City of Satisfactions, was recently published by Oxford University Press. He also published Paul Bunyan: Last of the Frontier Demigods (1952), The Poetry of Stephen Crane (1957), A Little Geste (1960), and Formal Fable in American Fiction (1961).

DENISE LEVERTOV
LIVING WHILE IT MAY

The young elm that must be cut
because its roots push at the house wall

taps and scrapes my window
urgently--but when I look round at it,

remains still. Or if I turn by chance
it seems its leaves are eyes, or the whole spray
of leaves and twigs a face flattening
its nose against the glass, breathing a cloud,

longing to see clearly my life whose term
is not yet known.

+ + + + +

LARRY EIGNER
MODERN'S WET

 olio's
quite the imbròglio

and the palsy
lights all the ships at sea

let's go

 the submarines over Russia
 are grimy

well, my
fingers thirst

 then an example is the flu
 the new mild form of it

 at any rate I have this idea of the old war

or my behinds itch

though you'd think I can stay where I am

I feel outdone

and that's rich
 it seems you can do too much

.....
DENISE LEVERTOV has published in Paris Review, Nation, Hudson Review, Poetry, and many others. She has published collections of poems under the titles: With Eyes at the Back of Our Heads, The Jacob's Ladder, and O Taste and See (her latest by New Directions). She is soon to be the subject of a study by Linda Welshimer Wagner. LARRY EIGNER'S poems were recently in Paris Review, Fiddlehead, Tish, Imago, Duende, and others.

In an interview in the December Literary Times (Chicago), Kenneth Rexroth stated that Denise Levertov and Robert Creeley are the best young poets writing today. In the same issue of the Literary Times, Charles Bukowski stated that Larry Eigner is the greatest living, producing poet.

THE CAFE FILTRE

Slowly and with persistence
he eats away at the big steak,
gobbles up the asparagus, its
butter & salt & root taste,
drinks at a glass of red wine, & carefully
taking his time, mops up
the gravy with bread --

The top of the café filtre is
copper, passively shines back, & between
mouthfuls of steak, sips of wine
he remembers
at intervals to
with the flat of his hand
the top removed,
bang

at the apparatus
create that suction that
the water will
fall through
more quickly

PAUL BLACKBURN

OLE No.1: Charles Bukowski, Kirby Congdon, Phyllis Arone,
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JOHN HAINES

THE COMING OF NIGHT

I
The sea is lifting something
on the shores of darkness.

A slime of rumors and burial
that slides inland
and covers the sleeping waste.

II

Ooze and watery silence.
Liquifying bones.

As it might be in a tomb
where the dead lie rotting
and listening-

a cold, sucking mouth
at the door of my dream.

* * * * *

John Haines has a recent selection of poems in Kayak 1 and is scheduled for Kayak 2. He has a selection of 12 poems in a recent Hudson Review; he also appears in Sixties.

THE TREE

Tree of my life,
you have grown slowly
in the shadows of giants.

Through darkness and solitude
you stretch year by year
toward that strange, clear light
in which the sky is hidden.

In the quiet grain of your
thoughts the inner life
of the forest stirs
like a secret still to be named.

HORNS

I went to the edge of the wood
in the color of evening,
and rubbed with a piece of horn
against a tree, and called,
believing the great, dark moose
would come, his eyes
on fire with the moon

I fell asleep in an old white tent.
The October moon rose,
and down a wide, frozen stream
the moose came roaring,
hoarse with rage and desire.

I awoke and stood in the cold
as he slowly circled the camp.
His horns exploded in the brush
with dry trees cracking
and falling; his nostrils flared
as, swollen-necked, smelling
of challenge, he stalked by me.

I called him back, and he came
and stood in the shadow
not far away, and gently rubbed
his horns against the icy willows.
I heard him breathing softly.
Then with a faint sigh of warning
soundlessly he walked away.

I stood there in the moonlight,
and the darkness and the silence
surged back, flowing around me,
full of a wild enchantment,
as though a god had spoken.

DAVID IGNATOW THE PENITENT

He gives himself a sacrificial air,
his upright body poised, his voice
a tone below outright hostility.
They will be done on earth
as in your thoughts, he seems to say.
There is no God but fear
and I have feared to disobey.
Take my offering and beware.

BUSINESS

There is no money in breathing
What a shame I can't peddle my breath
for something else- like what?
I wish I knew but surely
beside keeping me alive
breathing doesn't give enough
of a return.

AND TO ME

I can see how a child
would believe it is new
to the world and needs
to be cared for
and I can see
how an old man near death
would require the same treatment,
his death new to him
and to me.

JUNGLE TALK

When monkeys grab each other by the tail
and swing, they pick nuts in a long loop
above the jungle floor; and chew,
spitting the kernel into each other's eye.
They make a chain to walk from tree to tree,
without touching the lion's ground;
and chatter of their victory,
clambering across each other's back.

+++++

LOUIS Z. HAMMER

THE
GREAT
LIZARD

The great lizard shines on you
Strangles your nerves with his tail:
One great thump will overturn the city.
Strange power of the final beast--
That his eyes blossom on excrement

Watch him in your sleep
Deliver him your eyelids:
He has burned out retinas;
Hear him tampering with valves
Changing the mixture of soul and body.
Go and stand on the hills
While he chews up the valley:
If his jaws should snap at you
Take care, do not revere them.

+++++
DAVID IGNATOW is a frequent contributor to leading literary periodicals: Chelsea, Sixties, Quarterly Review of Literature, etc. He is the author of four books of poems: Poems (Decker Press, 1948), The Gentle Weight Lifter (Morris Gallery, 1955), Say Pardon (Wesleyan, 1961), and Figures of the Human (Wesleyan, 1964). Issue five of the POETRY REVIEW will have a new experimental work of Ignatow.

ABRAHAM'S WELLSPRING

His drowned brothers
who hung their eyes on heaven
and gave their souls to scholars.

Louis Z. Hammer is lecturing
in Philosophy at Hebrew College
in Jerusalem.

THE KATZ LECTURES & other poems
of Daniel Cassidy appeared in
December of 1964

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THAT THE POET SHALL DREAM OF 4 HOUSES

These are the masks of resurrection.

LOUIS Z. HAMMER

DESTINY

I walk after this chain
To the black stars thrown from love
Into the cold sand
Into night without beads
Into the dark's self-love
I walk after this chain
Onto the stairways behind eyes
Into the thoughts without arms
Into the mystery that the hands
Keep close to the chest
Into the lockers of the wind
I walk after this chain
To face the zero of tears
Against the blackness of the wind
That tears the footprints from the walks
The nails from the skin
That tears the beginning from the end
I walk after this chain
Into the coffins without weight
Into the bones without dreams
Into the 'cavities of the sea
Where light begins its counting
Into the buildings of the waves.

DAVID ANTIN

procession

(out of a
door they
keep com-
ing out of)

- . out of a door
- . out of a knock on a door
- . out of a whistle in the dark
- . out of an echo of steps
- . out of an answering light
- . out of a speech out of a scarf
- . out of a straining of hands at a window
- . out of a tearing of cloth
- out of a fragrance out of a bottle
- out of the sweet smell of ether
- out of a rain of sulphur and ashes
- out of salt
- out of the mouth of a sob
- out of the teeth of a cry
- out of a wave out of a wing out of a wire
- out of a string out of a bone out of a wound in the thigh
- out of a hand out of a hammer out of a nail
- out of a hat out of a hole out of a crack in the wall
- out of a fruit out of a feather out of a stone
- out of a fire out of a wind out of a cloud
- out of a finger out of a flame
- out of a flaw in an eye
- out of a tear out of a leaf out of a lip
- out of a trembling word
- out of a door
- out of a knock on that door

through pain and passage and a handful of sand
through burning gases and shattering glass
through the head of an arrow and the weight of a stone
through an obsidian blade
through the drop of an anchor and the fall of a plumbline
through the smell of ammonia and a cloth soaked in vinegar
through a funnel of smoke
through the dome of a bell and the wrecked masts of ships
through a line of singers and the hair of a dancer following after
a drum
through the skin of the drum
through the flesh of a pit and the veins of a rock
through the meat of an egg
through the milk of wheat
through the fumes of formation
through the honeycomb of a bee
through the labyrinth of an ear
through the black sounds of a thresher
through forests of gasoline
through an array of numbers and sunken trees
through a warped plane
through the hands of the dead
through a long line of breaths glowing like flares in the dark
through a storm of pigeons and papers and piles of cards
through the cup of a bitter wind
through the drink endlessly deep

under illusions and wheels
under ladders and laws
under wraps and mirages
under card tricks

under magicians vanishing up a rope
 under the feet of acrobats and snakes nodding in a basket
 under white gloves and glass and cellophane
 under silver dust from dolls' eyes
 under pyrites flashing like gold in the sun
 under marble domes
 under legends on streetcorners
 under banners and pennants
 under a black flag
 under statutes and codes and conditions
 under weather
 under cataracts and volcanoes
 under meteors
 under a lake containing the moon
 under flights of storks rising from the waters
 under the skin of the waters
 under the levels of the sea
 under walls of perfume
 under a crystal
 under a crater
 under a dead sea
 under the weight of a rock
 under the flat blade of the sky
 under the roof of a clock
 under a light bulb
 under signals in a mirror
 under a mask and a scarf
 under the eyes of a bird
 under the hands of men in white shoes
 under eyelids and fingernails
 under a doormat
 under a leaf
 under a fern
 under a mushroom
 under a suspicious cloud
 under a shadow

.....
 CLARENCE ALVA POWELL
 TRAGICOMIC

The meaning broke, uncensored, countenance
 Of stone, and rolled the heart away (a gloss
 Across the face, or lace upon the bone!)
 And, mirrored, spoke of inner radiance.
 The word, or music, ran emotion down
 Until the fire--until the fiery sword
 Renowned in tragic farce--annulled desire.

recently appeared in TRACE.

The message bore, unmeaning, sustenance
 Of loss, and locked the door forever (pale
 Unfailing ghosts, or hosts upon the cross!)
 And, weeping, tore the mask of circumstance.
 The storm, or chaos, whipped the inner force
 Of love until--of heart until the form
 Remorseful wept again--is weeping still.

David Antin's procession "is intended as a sequence composed of a series of different paced movements utilizing seven different prepositional jump off paints "out of" "through" "under" "over" "into" "with" and "without", in that order. The intention is to have the overall movement or "narration" consist of a kind of conceptual montage flow utilizing isolated objects or actions in the absence of background or objective space."

SEYMOUR GRESSER

A BLOSSOM

Now in the wounded meadow
whose pungence of green splendor
sears and cuts

how it quells like a drowning
the heart's final vow
to be in silence
all vision
at the fringe observe
from the wide nun's narrow eyes

now kneedeep in time
with only illusions of agility
the ground quakes and cries
its thick lipped gaping
my inevitable leap
a butterfly's wet wings
dried beyond the sun;
the center of the wind is born
and valley-grass crimsons
with awaiting blackness.

Seascent of memory, screams
of those drowning hands
ticked numb with hours
how clock-bubbles rise
and the breathing
swallowed and entombed
swells through water
the rhythmic tidal eternity
whose mouth creates the moon.

Seymour Gresser is a
sculpture-poet who
lives in Washington
D.C. He was featured
in the last issue of
POETRY REVIEW.

MAN AND FLAMES

Counting dreams and idols
birds contain the skies
in black wingspread of splendor;
hours are less yielding
of their realities.

Scooped with straw for nests
and the bleeding mouse
is a fist of dogma
and the wounded flesh of vision.

Which birds - which hours
leave a residue of care
equal to the architecture
time betrays to ashes

sootsmeared arms and mouths
charcoaled hair and mouth
this umber brushstroke
for the sole distinction
of survival.

The still searing carbon
lashed its burns
blistered mouths
let a few drops of care
fall and the world was cleansed
in the flood of the only
narrow private giving
worth a span of allegorical time.

After the deluge
soot begins again .
Contained in my cinders
the world burns on.

JOHN MOFFITT

IN FEBRUARY SUN

* * *
*
* *
* *
*

THE LOVER AND THE RACCOON

Only when I had sat down to ponder
My great good luck, there on the high
Bare rock, under the pine, the ancient
Tall spare one, yellowed with dying
Sun: how I had been delivered
At last into love's hands and known its
Quietest healing--half listening to
The late notes of a catbird faithfully
Singing its wholeness, and seated where
Dumbly I opened a torn wound days
Earlier but found no peace, though now
Suddenly I owned what I had sought for--
Only then I saw your tail hanging,
Ringed like a tiger's, saw your woolly
Haunches that showed frowzy behind,
Saw all your grayish shape draped over
The high dead limb, and how your questioning
Eyes followed each move of mine,
Crouched on the pine as if you thought you
Were invisible so, and wondered that there
Should be in you the least fear, asking
Aloud how, anxious face, when I
Sat there so full of love--I who had
Wrestled with a gray void inside my
Chest, days long, but knew now I was
Loved and taken--how it was that all
This love was not enough to tell you
Now it was safe to maneuver to a less
Precarious perch, and holding up empty
Hands to show you I meant no slightest
Harm--so warm and singing I was
Inside, so yellowed through with love's
Quietest glow--and, looking in your sharp
Black-masked eyes, still following each
Move of mine, vowed that as none else
Knew my luck, so none should hear
Of you: and only when I turned away,
Seeing you still obstinately perched
Uncomfortable up there with pine and sky.
Did you decide it was time to stir
Discreetly, scratching each pointed ear
With its appropriate hand, once I
Had moved some way off, as if to say
You meant to sit just where you were.

The red bud of the hawthorn,
The red skin
Of the twig, stiletto stab of the spur
Along the polished stem,
Jointure of the stem,
Red-green, upon the gray-green branch,
The twist and flow
Of snake-smooth skin to rugged bark,
The reach, the homeward
Plunge of crabbed trunk to soil,
To unseen frost-held root
Within the watching thought.

JOHN MOFFITT, recently in Chelsea 15,
had his first book of poems published
by Dodd, Mead in 1958 and his second
by Harcourt, Brace, and World in 1962.
He was the subject of a recent article
by Judson Jerome in the Antioch Review.

Salted Feathers: Ed., Dick Bakken, 112
Washington, Pullman, Washington.

* * *
The Small Pond: c/o Robert M. Chute
R.F.D. 3, Box 101 A, Auburn, Maine 04210

* * *
The Southern Review: The Editors,
Drawer D, University Station,
Baton Rouge, La. 70803.

D.A. LEVY

Sunpoem

it can catch the sinister with its beads of bread
and a seahorse breakfast of persian carpets
will not crush the clouds
after the vengeance of toy soldiers thunder,
the shells become a crop of mexican pottery,
the old man becomes terra-cotta and graphic art
and poetry retains its crystal cascades like a
peruvian waterfall -- we analyze poodles
and manicure our children
the sun writes notes on papyrus

it can warn the wise with its dark eyes
and fade a tapestry angel -- but it
will not crush the clouds
after the anarchy of brotherhoods wonder,
the cultural center becomes an etruscan tomb
the wind becomes a death of strings
and poetry removes its academic shroud like a
wild washingmachine -- we assassinate garbage cans
and burn our brains
the sun writes notes on papyrus

it can burn like an angry toaster
and a mangy texas cattle drive
will not crush the clouds
after the death of everybody
 Death of Everybody
 DEATH OF EVERYBODY
 DEATH OF EVERYBODY
 DEATH OF EVERYBODY
 DEATH OF EVERYBODY
 DEATH OF EVERYBODY
THE SUN WRITES NOTES ON PAPYRUS.

bukowski drinks a lot

she could have left
small letters held in the
arms of a book but fled
in a Black of sunday love

i drank greek amber
brewed in broken basements
then left to stone
 potbellied pigeons
 (ambiguously)
went to pot -- or pots
of florentine flowers
and 8,000 little
Emily Dickinsons hang
rotting on a line

(bukowski drinks a lot)

Shore Song

Listen, carefully, turn all your
eyes aside and listen;

It is silent in the blackness here,
children turn their laughter inward,
steel is rocked asleep in flame;

The apples cease their hard attack
on velvet, all the worms have stilled
their teeth;

Draw the softness up against the rhythm
of wine madness, call the leopard home,
give air to all your rhymed thoughts

now and listen; in that stillness
join tall madmen waiting in the
fires, for

out beneath the armored waves,
buried deep in cruel sand, the
pearl begins its singing.

Song

Lift her up, wash her body,
bury singing deep among wounds.

Call the night in silence,
thank black stars for sorrow,
draw blood from the clown's teeth.

Tomorrow there will be dark singing,
elemental scars among the festival;
animals will dance again their
carnal rhyme.

In the night the children bury toads,
afternoon is dry with muddy water;
in my room I cry again, hear the
hidden mating of dry locusts.

Gratitude has walked among the deserts,
thirst will search again for bitter sand;
some strange carrion will live to feast
in feathers of the final hawk.

I hold this shrivelled lizard to my lip
of days, trade tongues again with shadow
hours and fall, caressing sorrow, into
baths of harp-devouring angels.

. DAVE KELLY has a book of short poems,
. The Tears of Lions coming out from
. Windfall Press soon. He has another
. making the rounds and a third almost
. completed.

.....
"Let Us Now"

Let us now be cruel
so older songs
will

shut out weeping
in

this elemental kindergarten,
our bath,

where the wind is.

I will walk
and then

before the moment reaches
Easter

Cut your throat
so

each rosey children
can be moments

and kisses for
the thorn

that we call...

there,
of course I knew it;

Sun
is rising

as we bleed.

DIANE WAKOSKI

The Magician

In the night you wake up with a start.
The campfire has burned low;
Old Coyote, the magician, has stolen up to the sheep
to pinch a few hairs off the leader.
Curious,
you watch him steal the tuft and poke it in his ear.
He tiptoes away
smiling.
Next day, on the wind each hour
floats a single sheep's hair.
Coyote sings at night and you by the campfire alone
are uneasy.
He moves into your body by the ear,
his song piercing like each single white hair.
In the valleys
the sheep crop the grass too close.
Until the magic in your ear flows into the body of a woman,
You sleep by the campfire
restlessly.

Splended Answers

I picture the question, like the snowy owl,
settling in the tree.
The answer--was it the old brown leaf that clung longest,
or the snowy fur on the owl's wintry feet,
or perhaps an old red wagon left out to rust,
or one glove that somebody lost and never found?

Wouldn't these be splendid answers;
I think this while my own answers all hang like sheets on the
line,
freezing stiff. I want to tuck in the covers of my own children
under their chins at night.
All answers are literary. We execute our lives in reality
with the gun, the knife, the poison that
drips out of childhood.

ALVARO CARDONA-HINE

Nameless Desert

a lamb is eaten

clouds use their shadows
to move under the garlic stalk
of the moon

a village sleeps
beneath it
a tambourine
lies buried at an angle

Diane Wakoski's

volume
of poems: Coins and Coffins
has been published by
Hawk's Well Press. She appeared in
Synapse and is currently
bringing out a selection
of poets in Dreamsheet.

BASIS FOR MY CONTINUED EXISTENCE

my master
my laughable professor

he moves his hand
only to catch mosquitos
which he then deposits
on that sunlit speck of mountain

I hide among the ferns
panting furiously
and passing water
then with a shout
rush the house
only
when I enter
he isn't there

where he goes
is why he puts
all mosquitos on the mountain

DAIMONION

he greets me from afar

sitting atop
the exultant fig tree
an ocean of glee
above the green waves

it's Springtime
even the blue is gusty
the large rocks
have profiles
that belong within me

I am careful
to walk towards everyone
remnants of laughter
keep me from blowing
a long note on my flute.

Alvaro Cardona-Hine, recently appearing
in Walter Lowenfels' anthology Poets
of Today (International Publishers) and
Kayak 1, has a collection of poems
published by Alan Swallow (1962).

POEM TO CELEBRATE COMMUNION

haiku

Saint Francis hangs upside down from
a pear tree

and the hangman repents
does an act of contrition and joins
the order

brother hangman henceforth you will
hang the clothes to dry

brother hangman
from now on you will hang the Christmas
decorations on our tree

brother hangman I believe the Virgin Mary
has bought herself a motorcycle and rides
the inside wall of your heart

armpit and navel

beyond the railroad tracks grow
flowers of insight

Fiddlehead, Dept. of English, University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, New Brunswick;
Grist, 1015 1/2 Massachusetts, Lawrence, Kansas, .50 a copy;
Coyote's Journal, 1558 Lincoln St., Eugene, Oregon, #97401 \$3.00 a year;
Chelsea, P. O. Box 242 Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York;
Imput, 24 Olsen St., Valley Stream, New York, 6 issues \$1.25;
Dust, Box 123, El Cerrito, California, .75 a copy, \$2.00 a year;
The Smith, 15 Park Row, New York, New York, 10038, \$3.50 a year.

37

the lips piled up on the horses back
smile in caresses
the dogs yelling and rolling fall over
backwards
and get up again
the strings of beaded onions are loaded
the cats in regimented troops
stretch on ahead

Sid Shapiro has published in Neon, Southern Poetry Review, Trace, The Hopkins Review, and several other little magazines.

the army has its beginning
but i will stay behind
i'd rather walk along the water
licking the sand
casting for dredged weeds
dripping wax
or licking the palms of their hands

there's no trick to it
the wool is warm
the hands are rare red
the pinions in the wall hold it tight
and everything is all right

its going to be all right
the cars are on the road again
the headlights are bright even
in the daytime
and nobody's in their way

if the moon comes out
we'll cut the string
and let it float off

if the trees strip themselves
we'll tickle them

there isn't a coat in sight
there isn't a cow on the plain
nobody's got a woman across his leg
everything is in plain sight
everything is all right

the cats parade their elementary gall
their gold teeth are whistles
they got stickpins through their head
and a bone to bounce on

the lips are sweet as pancakes
the crash of a car can be swallowed up
through the wet street's rollick

nobody's got a crown
the wings are stretched from stick to stick
the back-racked road is crumbling
i'm building water on it

the lips are flat and red
but cold and permanent
nobody's going anywhere
this wick is dry
this string is untied
this eye is under the nose

nobody's coming and
nobody's going

and the air is filled with millions of
dusty beggars

bums i mean
straight legged and bone armed and
crunched up in a wad

throw it all away

the cattle cars are loaded
the millions of miles of roads
are filled

everybody's ready
nobody leaves until i say so.

.....

Estelle Gershgoren has recently appeared
in Walter Lowenfels' anthology,
POETS OF TODAY, International Press.

ACCIDENT

the doctor sliced the moon
with his surgical scissors
and blood
cotton bandaged the wound
a thousand antennas of night
so the world turned corners

the car like a spiral
fenders protruding in dust
made an orgie of blasphemous blood
and the corpse of a car
stripped its gears
in the naked needle-point night.

can banish the night,
though the hand
smells of its own blood
and the foot walks deep
in its own mortality.

if the sliced leg apportions laments
if the scream in the eye
can reach to the root of the pain
then the broken car's metal
will melt into concrete and dust
dissappear.
but the wound
there are none to distribute
the bandaged relief
there are none that

the pieces of glass
the eye transparent,
the windshield, staggering,
drunk.
they have taken the injured away
the curious now stand and wait
shipwrecked in a strange country
hugging memory of fear
insomnia of night
escaping disaster.

JIM BURNS

SLAM THE DOOR AS YOU GO OUT.

I didn't tell them
when or where
I was going,
merely went, and then
I returned and found
they'd never missed me.
In future, I'll announce
my departures
in a loud voice,
and I bet
they'll talk about me
as soon as I'm gone.

Jim Burns has a forthcoming
CRANK BOOK, Some Poems. He
is a London poet who has
recently appeared in INPUT-4.

ELI SHUL

BIRD WATCHERS

These strange young men sway like egrets
at the edge of the curbstone,
posing their heads in the dark puddles
after the rain.
What fashion a l'Americain
or practice has trained them to forget
their bones' prison structure
and assume attitudes of birds?
From afar the chitter among them
travels with the wind as if in their noise
exists a handful of words.
On one leg they wade in the reflection of lights
beginning to come in on the pavement.
At night their piece of land on the corner
grows smaller;
at once an hour claps loudly in their midst,
and the flapping of their huge wings
rattles the top floor windows.
In their flight they leave soft feathers of blood;
sometimes one dead on the sidewalk.

recently appeared in
Kayak 1.

MARTIN LIEBERMAN

THE WOMEN

It's years off their lives
To step in out of the sun
Close as a kid's sick room,

To the blue cracked ice
And terrible bust
Of the butcher's boy

Gallantly posing
Amongst the sword thrusts
Of his appetite;

To carry off the kill
Of choice blooded meat
From beneath the noses
Of their neighbors,

Home to the men
All day dreaming
Courage enough
Not to like it burnt.

Martin Lieberman has been
previously published in
The Quarterly Review of
Literature and appeared
in KAYAK 1.

I followed reflections of myself
 In the sidewalk pools,
 The creature below
 Hanging in a windy sky,
 Sometimes stepping
 Directly in my vision,
 Sending colors flying,
 Clumped in invisible winds---

**
 CHARLES * *
 WYATT *

Followed my breath
 Drifting before me,
 A gray rushing flag
 Erupting from my interior,
 Marking my eyes with shadows
 Of my heart and lungs floating,
 Blood turning, nerves like cracks in crystal,
 Revealed against the passing trees---

Stopped and looked behind,
 Into the blackness behind night,
 Full of winding smoke
 And the tired voices of old men.
 Before me the world had vanished.
 Light drops of rain touched my face.
 The sidewalk matted with grass,

Charles
 Wyatt
 has a
 selection
 of
 poems
 in the
 current
 issue of
Wormwood Review.

So I choose a lateral course,
 Waded through the howls of beasts,
 Tenuous graspings of snakes,
 My face filed by falling weeds,
 My ears stopped with the sound
 Of growing trees,
 Each of my several limbs
 Seemed to separate
 And slide away through the grass.

I washed with the rain
 Into white sucking roots of grass,
 Washed and billowed,
 Breath of weeds,
 And fell, splashing heavily,
 Resting on the brittle grains
 Of concrete.

I followed reflections of myself,
 Hanging in a windy sky,
 Distorted and blown
 In invisible winds.

STOLEN PAPER REVIEW 3 ARDENWOOD WAY SAN
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 New Metaphysical-Parachutists & Astronauts of Inner :
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 a former political prisoner :

KAYAK 2 2808 Laguna st., San Fran-
 cisco 23, California. Subscriptions
 are \$3.00 for four issues. Foreign,
 \$3.50. Kayak is particularly hospit-
 able to surrealist, imagist and pol-
 itical poems.

between two points
 small birds fly plummet faster than my bicycle
 a sparrow hit the window and lay
 in the road a soft brown sex
 for some reason i will always
 remember that thicket because we were higher
 and could see

through the leaves which were
 just forming like restrained cockades
 the white curve of her thigh

april was
 the green parole of the trees
 pilot the body reflects
 in grey glass of tombs throws its voice
 small hissing words

baroque bells of molten metal dropped into the sea
 i am trying to remember my dream as
 she sleeps

and steers my arm
 among the margheritas of her heart
 prayed at ruins which misplaced faith my commands
 see the birds darkly through a canopy of water
 the blue coat of dream woman

the expression of her eyes taking the advice
 to choose the suitor whose stick sprung flowers
 breasts sprout upon her body
 like castles of wet sand
 the young girls hair of trees about to bud
 thrown against the sky
 her small and hogarth breasts

rain is small giging
 even a small of dust at such an early time
 the trees
 bent by the sea wind give
 the road an illusion of balance

i entered into my
 dolls house of fog such lovely chimneys
 the drivers of cars were jealous of me
 thinking i looked like a god
 of my helmet of wind blown hair and halo of sweat

//////// //

Piero Heliczer is one of the most popular and widely read poet in Finland.
 He is currently traveling back and forth from Amsterdam to Paris. He is
 represented by Gerard Malanga in the United States and Anselm Hollo in Europe.

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POTPOURRI: Carlos Reyes, 68-A Polo Village, Tucson, Arizona, USA. Contributions
 may be in English, French, Italian, Portuguese, or Spanish. Subscription
 Rates: \$1.60 (U.S. CY.) per year to individuals, \$2.00 to institutions.

WHO IS WARREN WOESSNER????????????????

CHRISTMAS ON EARTH

(for the film-maker, Barbara Rubin)

This constitutes a selection
from the work of Gerard Malanga,
one of the outstanding younger
poets of America. Gerard is now
working on an original screenplay
about the life of Jean Harlow to
be produced by Andy Warhol. He is
also the "chic" Editor of Wagner
Literary Magazine. His poems have

won the GOTHAM BOOK MART avant -garde
poetry prize, and the DYLAN THOMAS
MEMORIAL POETRY PRIZE.

He is a regular contributor to
KULCHER.

The quick sparks of my breath behave differently
And the sunlight seeps thru the airshafts of
The buildings. Are we asleep? Are we living?
The sea bursts and heaves its tonnage towards
A shore whose breakers are weak and iridescent.
Then what is this thing that flaunts
Upon my neck? Where can I look up
To see of clouds all that is good?
Under the long piers fish strain to live.
Darkness comes out of the sky and the moon
Is gone from sight. Exertion is evident
Upon the wall. I wonder at what
The flowers mean. Then I shall know
From what image in me is my genius made.

"In Rome Sergio was found dead in the Hotel
Bristol Palace"

Now the loud cars pass me in the night.
Men's thoughts grow clear. I am starved
& tired on the road. And for an hour
I have walked and prayed, because
The thoughts that in my mind are names:
Bill Morrow, Marcia Stillman, Sergio Gajardo,
Spirits screaming in the trees beside
The bridge; for all that come
Into my mind are dead. Have I
The wisdom that my genius brings forth?
Is there no hatred in their minds?
Where is the peace to whom the spirit
Is assigned? The foundations of
The road are not filled in. I do not
Know my dreams. I think that
Something is about to happen.

THE INTERNATIONAL SET

It is gorgeous to live and forget.
Then I am back with the banquet where "good looks"
Is admitted. The swarm of companies is there.
They are never beyond me;
Only with money can a country
Expect them in front of a sunrise.
But not before I witness the emotion of morals and suicide.
At evening, sitting on this terrace,
When the sun from the west, beyond
St. Tropez, beyond the Mediterranean,
Departs, and the world is taken
By surprise, they exchange no word,
But are faithless and faithful together.

GERARD MALANGA

EMPIRE

for John Palmer

The wind / is in high places
Now. It is important for
The movement of fine clouds.
At 9:10 P.M. the flood
Lights soar like suns.
There is no darkness now.

All this, the vertical &
Active, toward the sky,
Begins with John,
As proof of looking
Upward from the street.
Nother other mind constructed this.

SLEEP

(for Andy Warhol)

Now it is time to sleep
but I cannot. I walk out
into the academy of dreams,
into the blue day, past
the whiteness of trees,
sensual and dazzling.

Each man has his own way
between sleeping and waking,
not knowing how the other
moves as he can. I ask
for nothing except to sleep
in what the soul carries
with me, and allows darkness
to enfold me into utter peace.

WE ARE A PEOPLE OF LEISURE

But I cannot explain what makes me
So cranky today anymore than I
Can find myself in a handball
Court under the Williamsburg Bridge
Misunderstanding the seasonal
Warmth of my uninhibited passion
That moves me toward all those
Others I know of as friends.
The cherry sun travels across the sky
Without ever changing and I begin
To slow down, my head heavy.
It is because what I do not
Avoid the city proclaims
And I seem to lose a little more every day.

THE COURTESAN

Where are the clouds,
Brought to perfection & to force?
I believe, in that car
Passing thru the day
Something fearful was said.
Who sees me now is
Envious of my looks.
The things I brought
With me are far away.
I vanish in the bird,
& yet already in me is begun
Something which brighter than
The white trees shall burn.

THE GENTLE RAINCOAT

The future comes all the same.
A new day rises up, and on
The ground which here seems difficult,
I awake by which a vigorous light
Forces its way through the clouds
That move open toward it.
Soon the great renewal of the spirit
Will consist of surprise & reluctance,
And I learn slowly to recognize
The few simplicities with wisdom
& grace as survival endures
In which I quietly take part.

THE YACHT CLUB

Climates if stillness could imagine me off
Into another country paralyzed, as in
An abstraction of hell with real fire,
Subsequently, the sun suggests something
Vague in the way the boat
Arrives in the harbor, as the storm lets up
& the buildings rise thru the mist of
The new day. The clouds have shifted &
Disappeared near the region of the blue sea.
& in the city a rainstorm could disclose
That I am self-conscious and scattered,
As the darkness has gone from me in the boat
House, and you are submerged into it, like
Synonymous waves coming to piece themselves in my heart.

"Each man in his heart writes his secret poem"

"Gestures Rich in Purpose"

—Richard Eberhart

IMMORTALITY

A man lights a cigarette and so he smokes.
It is the grammar of his ideas to enlarge
Our knowledge of the distance it would take
To walk upon the road we've never crossed.
What is the source of being spiritless
And hungry? Who is proud not to receive
The strong emotion? When will we sleep?
The bed is still to be made. The bath
Is ready. I place my clothes upon the chair.
Punishment explodes in the sunlight.
Summer continues to return. My hair
Is parted from the right to left
These things I have existed for,
To have someone remember me.

BEHIND THE EAR IRRITATION

The boats are real. And nothing is happening.
Or until our wisdom guides us can we feel
The mere emotion of our arms and legs.
Is nothing happening on piers of what
Is easy and congestive? I am free of
What I know is there, and by it, I am strong
Within the independence of my origin and will,
Where only custom keeps my habits from
Obtaining graciousness. Are we more
Or less where you are? Nothing is happening.
But clarity responds by ear the signals
In me that dislodge the dangers of the night,
Gentle and redemptive, whose sounds
Repeat within my outer ears the central
Nature of the dark, and being heard,
In darkness cannot fade nor break.

today the carriagesmith's grandson

today
the carriagesmith's grandson
bought a microwave
oscillograph
to hear A CRESCENDO of Triumphs and
Doom's Many Voices In the Years of Peace When There Has been No Peace
in The Undiscovered Country!
The Ghoul With the Green Face WHO SHOOTs
THUNDERBOLTS ACROSS THE TABLE and who is
Essentially Vagrant and Avant-Garde BY ROCKING a
CHAIR ACROSS FRANCE
Beyond the Public View may light a town After Pentecost.

Those Who Slept With Both Eyes Closed Were Dead.
NOW THE HAZE OF BATTLE HAS LIFTED
MY PARAKEET HAS GONE TO PIECES!
After the Great Experiment, the Class Came to Order And Then, Alas,
the Family Dropped in.
Where were you when F.D.R. died in The Enchanted Land of Larki ?
Viking vigor and A STERN HAND STARTS A RIDE To Chicago, With Love
FROM EUCLID AVENUE TO THE LOOP.
Don't deny your children the right to pure air Before the pirates attack, and
the children stage a race with
exotic animals IN SEARCH OF

A Tiny Horse Opera Menagerie on THE OPEN ROAD!
Today's Lost Generation Beneath the Ever Trees dream O F
A Way of Looking at Things Beyond the Self.
tell me by telegram The people who live in dream houses
and Who Tread softly past the long, long sleep of kings.
'Silent, Please!' a
door

opens...With Maria
On Stage And THE AUDIENCE IS THERE.
in THE MORMON COUNTRY YOU CAN'T SNOW AN ESKIMO Toward Debussy's Bayreuth.
Double Features Were His Refuge of Something Long Forgotten.
your winter in amethyst Speaks of Summer Sea Sprites & Demons. I was a siren.
Why these heroic statues are crowned with Scallop Shells at the Bottom
of the Sea ?
It All Started With a Bottoms Up Many Years Ago when Someone drinks all
the soft drinks
Below the Skyscrapers. In The Floating City For Hot Summer Days, a Shower
of GRASS Aroma
Of Spain IGNITES Darkness at Noon. Deep Down, Out of the Sun in Search of
Serenity
Explode the Shadow and Substance of THREE CIRCLES OF LIGHT.

1961

Harold Witt

PRIDE, LECHERY, ENVY, ANGER, AVERICE, GLUTTONY, SLOTH

1. "MY NAME IS PRIDE,

I have it printed up
on letterheads and on return addresses;
it's on my housefront, too, sewn to my suits---
engraved, almost, upon my least caresses.
I keep it gleaming like a shine on shoes

on mirrored cars; it flashes from the sky
back to my hard bright cash and is reflected
starry again in anything I buy;
it charms the minds of friends that I've collected;
it throbs and widens on the intimate thigh.

Pride is the name of everything I do;
my children hold it like a coat of arms,
a roaring lion on a shield, at school,
and wear its antique armor against harms,
the wounds of love that they would have to feel."

* * *

2. Among facades, the ones along this street
show so much care for lawn and tree and vine---
a pear espaliered, candelabra neat,
the sprinklers circling like a kind of time.

Each day I see a sweated dog and man
going the rounds, and babies in their carts
pushed by the lovely wellkept wives of Adam;
it's on the surface like a line on charts.

I hear the drunken laughter of their nights,
the thrummed guitars, records of jungle drums,
and then, voyeur, I watch their squares of lights
go off until, in geometric homes,

they kiss statistics with the oddest thrust
you seldom sense by day except when dogs,
who needn't hide the fact they're lecherous,
break from the leash, mount anything that wags.

* * *

3. We knew that we were lesser than the Joneses
and so we didn't bother keeping up---
never bettered our bath or tinted our phones
How could we know the Joneses envied us?

They spend astounding amounts for wall-to-wall carpets
which went out of style and had to be ripped out.
We just laughed on the deck, studying our star charts.
They might have heard "Orion" drifting about.

When they came over we tried to louden our evenings
but something softer murmured in the books;
the smoky air was troubled with dovelike grievings
from poems we never mentioned except by looks.

Stravinsky suddenly cymbaled out of the closet
of silence we meant to lock his meaning in.
For lives like theirs, in fact, we lacked the deposit---
why should a magnitude need competition?

We felt remoteness widening between,
and now they've dropped us, hear from other friends
the hurt reverberations of their reason---
not to be envious is what most offends.

* * *

4. What did they fear that turned some into stone-
age phoners clubbing on the ears
of those who spelled "All Welcome" in the ad---
vicious voices, blunt with threats and jeers,
wielding angry instruments, for blood.

A tiny, charming family came to look,
with smiles of courtesy---and liked the house---
but sloping faces raced out of the caves---
"Don't sell it to those no-good lousy Japs"
the clubbing voices battered at their lives.

Then Negroes---and hysteria increased---
the drubbing never stopped by day or night.
Children ran home crying they were snubbed
until those beaten people couldn't quite
turn such small cheeks also to be clubbed.

* * *

5. Like anyone else, I have my likes and dislikes,
and only this morning, saw in his swollen car,
with lewd cigar and toad jewel blinking ring,
an overabundance coming around a corner.

He never slowed, but wheeled my right of way
across the line, displaying me his chrome
and side of shine as if by that exposure
he showed a metal that I'd like to own.

Well, he was wrong, that sample of consumer
whose simple greed all time-plans satisfy.
He can have his mansion, pool, ill humor.
My avarice grasps, but more invisibly.

* * *

6. Those dinners, bridge games, luncheons came to this,
and coffee snacks and sauce rich barbecues---
weighty ladies rolling on their hips
at Silhouette---What Do You Have To Lose?

Now One, they're bending, Two, they're up, and One
they're thinking they will never make it up.
How bellies swell, how everything's distending---
a lifted leg's enough to make them puff.

When muscles fail, they're shimmied by machines
or svelte masseuses punch and pound it off,
in melting steams they read limp magazines,
then showered, girdled, belted, out they walk

..
as far as cars, away with effortless speed,
famished as empty Mama bears, to feed.

* * *

7. They hardly move and yet they aren't yet dead,
but grayely sit before this winter window,
an image tape unrolling head by head---
 products that can glow
between the stalking and the talking sequence
of still-masked enemies finally face to face.
They see the athlete and his cigarette.
They watch green grandeurs dwindled into greys
 and if they should forget,
the same duet reminds them of the ways
odors won't show, improvements have been made
in headaches, heartburn, and in laxatives.
Detergents strengthen while they weakly fade.
 The sadness of their lives
is that they wear their snowbound attitude
in summer worlds when they might swim nude
through warming elements, or hiking heights
feel a reckless reason in their blood,
 in the high starlit nights
hymned to by luminous waters, move with love.

LOUIS Z. HAMMER

A POEM OF THE FIRST BODY

The green skins of cantaloupe
Shine with tears of the morning,
We see at a distance the dowry.
The sky gives the moon--
A blue gown with white
Camelias of cloud
And coins of silver
Cut with the hungry profile of cities;
Blood of a dangerous earth
Flows recklessly in the melon
That longs to spill its seed into fire;
Deep in its wintry guts, alone
The lemon tree dreams of a love
Stretching wide its roots,
Of the ocean filled with its clean deaths
And small bodies of brown weed;
Overhead at noon there is a sheath of light
From which a sword is drawn
That runs through the slender belly
Of the lemon tree, divides its fire in half;
An avalanche of yellow grain
Pours down the hillside and enters the valley
That is filled up with dreams
Of the hungry lioness's heart.

HAROLD WITT's poems have appeared in
Poetry, New Yorker, Saturday Review,
Epos, and many others. He has published
four books of poems: Family in the
Forest, Superman Unbound, The Death of Venus,
and his latest Beasts in Clothes,
published by Macmillan.

LOVESONG

KENT TAYLOR
BUD

down
the chords
hands
over the

bark ripped
through sap

punch
the
way out

sing

WINTER LEAVES

Now gathered--
Now gathered together--
Now swept together on the wind--
Now swept together--
Now gathered together--
Thin prongs of the wind--
Now swirled together--
Brushed one against the other--
(high glistening wind)
Shards of a circling world--
Now brushed-held-brushed together.

tina morris

2. For dave . ..
Come quickly
and fade
into this wonderful
daydream
with me.

3. Always
the worth-while
is wrenched from my grasp
like a note
of harpsichord music. . . .

26

Becalmed, I stay,
breasts, ribs, and hips,
flexed in a Bacchic bow drawn semicircle
in abandon, in a wooden mockery
of unbridled triumph,
though coney-caught and hoodwinked;
hoodman blind to a splintered beam.

T
H
E

Who can keep up this pace
of Maenad merriment when all is oil,
slug satiate with stillness and death of wind?

But what is worse
than being back braced against a drive long dead,
grotesque upon a lawn,
emerging, barnacle chewed, wind hewn, from a sheaf of cannas
all Sunday straw hat stiff,
with polychrome scaled to rags,
one nipple gone,
shoulder cracked gaping, and a wraith of gold,
tired in a train of crumbs run into a fold against a thigh
cut crosswise in amputation, and restored
with the prune rust wounds of iron splints?

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I have been wrack torn for a deeper day,
sunken and crazed,
green thunder drawn, plunged downward
in a hunger swirl to black and emerald,
into Charibdis' maw .

I juggle the frost bead sweat stabs of the spray,
weep salt in streaks down to my pitted throat.
I am uplifted above the laws that govern gardens,
and on the next high blow will strain
and tear
loose with the hurricane
as if it were a touch hole trumpet
to hurl me, gouged and pock marked,
back to sea.

Barbara Holland's book
RETURN IN SAGITTARIUS,
an Eventorium Edition
is scheduled to
appear in January '65

tina morris

4. Soon perhaps
sunshine will dry
the tears of this earth.
and together
we'll walk
through dead city streets
laughing
laughing . .

5. I light the fire
with old grey dreams & words
of longago
and watch the red light
in your eyes
blossom into flowers
brought by summer rain.

tina morris is editor of "Victims of Our Fear",
an anthology dedicated to a plea
for racial tolerance.

HARRIET ZINNES

CHANTONS

I will not for your displeasure
crunch this daw-diver
down that River Styx
toward that pathway.

He that went the dog-eared moon along
and with a partner in the enterprise
sought a mate in those crevasses;
I saw you to go
to bypass that transaction.

What the will wishes
the lunar path pushes
toward.

Only the circumstances change.
You do not have to mind that.
This path, that one.
One long river edge is as good as another --

if it throbs throbs
that cool water
au clair de la lune.

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OUTDOOR BASKETBALL

The blue sky lays orange eggs
on straw hands.
The wind plows velvet lungs.

A pink boy
bounds over rubber asphalt
--over a stable earth--
over the wide mirth of a crowd
hiding the horizon.

...EYES OF MY LIPS

Green eyes of my lips
search for the thunderous blue
valley falling into lungs
of a young runner
red toes
in quick foxes.

PRAYER

I pray God a wine-sea
but I remain
gasoline vapors warm
over black enamel moving
in the mind blind swimming
the eye of a mad shark.

Harriet Zinnes has appeared
in Poetry, Prairie Schooner,
the New York Times, Folder,
and Radix, etc., has been
an associate editor of
Harper's Bazaar, has a
selection of poems out and
is now teaching creative
writing at Queens College.

IDEA PIGMENTS AMBULATING

D
O
U
G
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B
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Z
E
K

feet scratching
the leaves
as i sidewalk through
IMMENSE
air
slightly
floating

c
a s
t
les/

feet are prayers
blessing

mistgutters
& matchbooks

DICK BAKKEN

SEASONS

Out of dry rocks
a horned toad scampers
into sunlight and blinks.

An old cat hunting
for crickets crouches
low in autumn grass.

A field mouse lies
upside down near a bread crust
thrown on the snow.

In moss a blue lizard
nudges with his moist nose
for a worm.

i

d
k l r
l r e
a o v
w w o /
trousers
tweed through me
s/p/l/i/n/t/e/r/i/n/g

r
e
d
ba rn
cheeks
pipe organ sermons
canary peeping
the grindwheel
manipulating
cherries
to O

DICK BAKKEN is editor of Salted Feathers. P P
112 Washington, Pullman, Washington. No. into mind/
3-.25¢; No. 4-.50¢

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DOUGLAS BLAZEK is editor of OLE
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P T BLACKBURN, LANCS, england

WORMWOOD REVIEW, box 101 & 111, Storrs, Conn.

NA Ed. D. R. Hazelton
Y P 1636 Grove
S SE, Berkely, California

MENKE KATZ

N E W S O D O M

(Twin, unrhymed Villanelle)

In memory of the Yiddish authors killed in
the Soviet Union

The sun falls by the hammer, cut
by the sickle, left is the rod,
the inflicting hand and the night.

Silence has ears, darkness - eyes,
walls may betray, flowers gossip
with bees as poets of yore say.

A cliff shattered in a tempest
is a golem, a stoned Samson,
its shadow is a fear-struck serf.

The heart dares not know of the mouth,
crickets are chirping, stoolpigeons.
Forbidden rays are fond of chains.

Stars are jailmates in each death-cell,
drowning as in a well, seeking
death throughout the long night in vain.

A grim guard with an iron brain
guards a patch of dawn, (The first beams
are children of tomorrow, safe
under wings of nailed cherubin.)

his glance is a whip, his heart - black,
his terror - red, his flag is a
bone of his bones - a gory horn:

O new Sodom O fairyland!
Clouds are free to rove everywhere,
fish are free to fly, birds to swim.

Condemned for treason is the dream,
the beginning beyond the end.
Only spears may be born with souls.

Voices of the dead rumor in
ever-echoing caves, whisper
to gallows in daunted daylight.

No God is divine as the fist,
Prince and grub, dove and beggar pray
to the noose - the heathen's caress.

Each wraith laughs and cries at command:
O death, be gracious unto me,
return me to the stone, the friend
of the mute, the mocked, the hellborn.

S. A. OSTERLUND

IT'S ALL TOO GHOSTLY
(for R. R. Cuscaden)

away from my window
Death Baby
in your Goldenrod
humming bubble
popped & on its way
down

i've
had you once

it's all to ghostly
to remember
& you?

on your hands & knees
wet
waiting for the Devil

//////// //

poems by MENKE KATZ appeared in
The Atlantic Monthly, Prairie Schooner,
Sevannee Review, Midwest Quarterly,
Fiddlehead and many others. He is the
editor of Bitterroot, a Quarterly
Poetry Magazine, Land of Manna, his
latest book of poems, was published
by Windfall Press.

* * *

S. A. Osterlund has appeared in
Midwest, Burning Water, Targets,
Wormwood Review,
and Spectrum.

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"
"
"
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"

CONTINUED ON BLACK FLAP

so it says on the bottom
of the front flap

(front flap)

(one looks hopefully, but they have you again:

it isn't really black after all)

once there was in a window a sign GRILLED CHEESE SANDWICH

and once from a Greyhound bus, in flattest fried-chicken-at-
family--Sunday-dinner Indiana, I saw the

HILLSIDE NURSERY

no matter:

on the back of the envelope of an
airmail letter from Jackson Mac Low on my desk
I have recently printed in black ink

FEAR THE WRATH TO COME

and buddy, you better believe it.

JOHN KEYS

DAN SAXON

(from ATMAN)

FAMILY POEM re: VANCOUVER

I ask my wife who she thinks
is the handsomest, me or Creeley,
and she says, meaning myself,
me
muy lindo ! muy lindo !

#

#

the evening of earth & water as weight
on the in the earth's space
per precession beginning 2100 A.D.
re-pointing the mass at space in a
new way the sun will appear a little
different you will have to get used to
it it is very funny things happen to
planets new angle to the
elliptic

WILL INMAN

44 Moguls and 'lasses

John Keys was worried in Le Metro tonight
about convincing literary moguls
that E A Poe died climbing stairs
to the top of a balloon

but why must he convince anybody
let alone litmoguls, more ghouls maybe than
the rest of us unliterary illiterate
letter-writers? I write for you, not for any
moguls... 'Oh just wait till them
moguls get you! You'll take notice then.'

but how kin mo'ghouls git me
when none ain't had me yit?

LAMENT

my soul is lost
it is not here
is it on the cover
of a magazine?
where is it?
it is not here
not now
if it is lost
abandoned
disappeared
it must be somewhere
cigarette package
color of new car
new highway
beer advertisement
help!
my soul
my soul
my soul...

#

#

morning walk
i scare the birds
a rabbit turns
to stare
i stand still
he runs
man's domain
is nature
he is feared in the park.

JAMES HAZARD

LAKE WALKING

The lights up north
moved like green curtains
in summer nights.
The lake was frozen
for eight miles, clear
across from the end of our yard
to the towns of the other shore.
Out in the middle I found
a fishing shanty, bare
as the hut of a sleeping desert
monk. I could see inside:
no breaths had frozen
on the window glass.

There was no monk in there.

*

Oh our lake would make
some desert
for those old saints--

better yet, think of that crazy Simon
up top of his pillar
up at the Pole,
praying and puzzling the polar bears
beneath those long green lights.
Think of crazy Saint Simon
howling his Hail Marys
in a winter moon, his breaths freezing
like flowers
on his beard, his sounds spreading like flowers
and lights
over all that white space!

*

And in the silence
perfect snow
flakes would fall upon his head.

*

Like the explorer's last dream
he'd be a snow man, his white body
born beneath the lights
and unspoiled
as any Italian saint's.

*

(The ice
that is no death.)

*

*

How do I know
what Henry Hudson dreamed?

In his cold, still boat
he dreamed
a snow man.

*

Home again,
and our frosty windows
were clear
at the icy prints of my children's
hands.
I peeped through one small hand
and saw my laughing children,
loud in their warm house,
touching cold hands
to each other's bellies.

.
.
. New Publications:
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. POETASTER
. P.O. Box 6175
. Bakersfield, California 93306
.
. SMBOLICA
. 63 Mercury Ave.
. Tiburon, California 94920
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. Auburn, Maine 04210
. CANTO 54 Bright Street
. Waltham, Mass.

AMY CATZ

DON'T WORRY MAMMA

No one can see me here, inside my envelope.
The walls can't squeeze me. I can't fall and
bump my head, Mamma.
Not down here on the frigid floor.

WHY DOES THAT BIRD KEEN AND SCREAM AND CROAK?

FIRST -

NATIONAL -

PUBLICATION - ____.

I peek from the open envelope. There. Pretty. High.
Little window with stripes. Stripes up and down.
Downup. Updown. Up. Down. My tongue goes out. In.
Out. Outin. Inout.

WHY CAN'T I TASTE THE CANDY?

I hear your voice. God's voice. No use to cry. No use to
cry over...Over what--I wonder. Over? I wonder forever.
I wonder for eternity.

WHY DOES WONDERING TAKE SO LONG?

I look from my white rectangle. I see a cream, thick stream.
Souring. Yellowing. Spilling. Over the unkempt floor.
Later. After I rest. I will go out and stamp on it. And
Tread and engrave it. Embed and etch it. And save it.

WHY CRY OVER ORANGE, GLUED MILK?

I won't allow them to take it. To obliterate with soaped
erasers. It is mine. Mine. They shall not deterge it.
Their scouring knights, selling from backs of horses;
vendors yelling from mouths of boxes, must not take it.
To their oblivion.

WHY DOES THAT BIRD SEEM NEARER?

I hold fingers across lips. I am hid. Silent. Small. It
may not find me. I cannot close my lips. I cannot bar my
beloved cage. I cannot evade.

It is too dark now to see the pretty window, Mamma.
But do not worry,

For The Bird and I,
Inside the envelope

will
laugh
together....

E. R. COLE
MRS. H.

Leaning like marble on a table meant for more
('bring me my child's bones from Sicily')
she curses the rigid pattern of her floor
covered like a page of geometry.

I, Priam, have watched her count the squares,
lead in her finger, dreaming of her hectored son.
I, Priam, have watched till she went to bed
heavy as stone with no Pygmalion.

Catullus: 11

h. 64.

Furius and Aurelius,
 Catullus' companions, whether
 he goes among the farthest Indians,
 where the shore beats with the far-
 resounding eastern wave, or among
 the Hyrcanians and soft Arabs,
 or the Sacae or the Parthians,
 carrying their bows and arrows.

Or where the seven-mouthed Nile
 colors the sea. Or when he plods
 over the high Alps, visiting
 mighty Caesar's monuments--
 the Gaulish Rhine or the terrible
 Britons, farthest away.

Ready to brave all these
 and whatever else the will of the gods
 may bring, please carry to my girl
 these few unhappy words.

Tell her to live happy
 with her lovers-- all three hundred
 she makes love with all together
 but loves none of them truly,
 wearing them all out the same.

Tell her not to pay any attention
 to my love, as she used to do,
 for thanks to her it has fallen
 like a flower on the edge of the field
 touched by the plow passing by.

DARRELL L. DOUB

T H E D E C E I V E R

Moving as the moon moves,
 a dark stain laid
 on fish and bird.

The violent paint
 creeps along a granite
 branch.

Those eyes are weaker
 in their final want.
 Zoraster! Call the heat
 to my face! The nail to my hand!
 "Everything is what it isn't!"
 And when I turn the stones
 begin to move.

tiger and me danced ecstatically
 it was love at first sight.
 the orange and reds of our joys
 chandeliers glitter in the diamonds
 in my love's eyes.
 and they collapse so easily.
 my own eyes gone.
 and a sweet dew pond in stead
 in my head.

sciencific

for Jenny

what if this big orange planet
 met a soft blue planet?
 their fur sides carressing one another
 space peaches.
 let me be at the meeting point.
 death in a mink coat
 laughing
 and kissing you.

SANFORD STERNLICHT

32

Time, like a sick dog, strains over minutes.
 Memory, my tragic mother of muses,
 my bitter bawd to unsuspecting shadows,
 how I would love to leave your bed.
 Banished, you would haunt me still.
 No, no, no, no, no.
 I am not waiting for Godot,
 only the alarm, to tell me
 the clock is about to stop.

? / ? / ? / ? / ? / ? /

Barriss Mills' next book will be Catullus
 translations.

Harwood is a London poet frequently
 appearing in Poetmeat.

Sanford Sternlicht has appeared in
The Western Humanities Review, New
Mexico Quatorly, Dalhousie Review,
N. Y. Times, etc...

Darrell L. Doub has been in Amaranth,
Psyche, and Dust.

Is by night this strange lover,
a dreaming in a silvered stone,
surely the you we knew so once ago?
So once a-time,
when you came calling dream-handed -

this is the coin we pay so take it,
lover

Dead and centuried years ago,
the sightless white and pasted men
dead and chalk-dead men as these
dwarf Real women (who tat -
knit-sit-and drink tea) -

Lines of usedup tires,
tubes of squeezed out paint.
Grease pewter knocked in sacking shakers,
molded to mute dead men

Time the tall blond slightly balding
Hamburger Man went home,
oh Sister, Holy, make Marilyn,
dreaming Clay into Okay the top
the literary the paris review

O,
you will come, Klaus. Old,
slowly, moving near and dearing us,
Corsing down all of the while. Call,
and listen; again, listen and call:

you old men meeting on half-stretched time,
Honor your dead.
They all went home long ago to mom,
no more, the nickle silver stone,
come on now.

Irene Schramm's book, Who is Dead,
was printed by Renegade Press,
Cleveland. She recently appeared
in Kauri 5.

JULY NIGHT, LOWER EAST SIDE

. Street lights burning yellow into the
. night.
. Sweet kids bearing sun shoulders into
. the moon.
. .
. Black Puerto Rican eyes burning
. in the 9 o'clock night.
. .
. Four street lights down the length
. of the block.
. Forty Puerto Rican families
. take the air on Suffolk Street.
. .
. Bloated turnips fester onto brick.
. Under the card tables,
. while red roaches dance on their toes,
. two and three year olds doze and wake,
. play in the gutted glass,
. and doze, and wake
. .
. Four street lights burn down the block:
. 10 o'clock: Black Puerto Rican eyes
. follow my face
. .
. a childless wife of two dead,
. her black hair burned to a torn orange,
. waits for any cooling wind
. to take herself, and her new unborn,
. to bed.
. .
. .

VOLUME 63, \$1.50 for one year, Board of Publications, The University of Waterloo,
Waterloo, Ontario, Canada.

YOWL: Montgomery, 331 E. 5th St., NYC 3, NY. Donation.

MOTIVE: Alan D. Austin, P. O. Box 871, Nashville, Tenn. 37202. \$3.00 per year, .50
a copy.

VERB PUBLICATIONS: .25 cents. for magazines, Vase. Tiger-on-Leash by Maude Rubin
of Santa Ana, California and Eleven Poems by Gene Lundahl and Charles Waterman. .50 copy.
The Common Ground, a book of poems and translations from French by Major John Galt.
Clothbound \$2.50, paperbound \$1.25.

The Necessary Lie, new poems by John Williams, Director of Creative Writing at the
University of Denver, and author of Butcher's Crossing, Nothing But the Night, and
a new novel to be published by Viking Press. Clothbound \$2.50, paperbound \$1.25.

Choragos, Single issue 50 cents, subscription \$2.50; The Ur-Conservative, .75.

LITTLE MAGAZINES RECEIVED:

ALASKA REVIEW #3, Alaska Meth. U., Anchorage, Alaska 99504
AMERICAN SHOWCASE, 10078 Ronnie Road, Cincinnati, O. 45215. Annoucement only.
AMERICAN WEAVE, Sp-Sum 64, 4109 Bushnell Road, University Hts 18, O.: d. a. levy
AMERICAS, Nov. 64, 152 E. 23rd St., NYC: Kirby Congdon
BLACKBIRD, Win 63-4, 430 W. Surf St., Chicago 14, Ill.: J. M. Murphy
CALIFORNIA WRITER, Jan. 65, Box 1, Santa Ana, Calif. 92702: Menke Katz
COYOTE'S JOURNAL, No. 1, 1558 Lincoln St., Eugene, Ore. 97401: D.Meltzer, Diane Wakoski
CHARLATAN 2, 320 E. College, Iowa City, Iowa: Announcement only-Bob Nystedt, S.Sternlicht
DUST, Fall 64, Box 123, El Cerrito, Calif.: Duane Locke, S.Sternlicht, Gene Fowler
EPOS, Win 64-5, Crescent City, Fla.: Duane Locke, Charles Bukowski, A. R. Ammons
Extra Issue 65: Selected Poems from 108 Prayers for J. Edgar by Will Inman
ELIZABETH VII, 103 Van Etten Blvd., New Rochelle, NY: M. Lieberman, D. Ignatow, B. Mills
ESTOS 1, Insurgente Pedro Moreno 142 Altos 4, Mexico 3 D. F., Mexico
THE FIDDLEHEAD, Sum 64, U of New Brunswick, Fredericton NB, Canada: Larry Eigner
FILM CULTURE 33, 414 Park Ave. S., NYC 16: Gregory Marcopoulos, Frank Kuenstler, G.Malanga
FLORIDA EDUCATION, Nov 64, Stetson U, DeLand, Fla.: Duane Locke, Margaret Randall
GRANDE RONDE REVIEW, Fall 64, La Grande, Oregon: William Stafford, and derogation
of Charles Bukowski by a. Frederick Franklin.
GRIST 3 Abington Book Shop, 1015 $\frac{1}{2}$ Mass. St., Lawrence, Kansas: Erik Kiviat, Will Inman,
Kirby Congdon, George Montgomery, Duane Locke--No. 4: Barbara Holland, Carlos
Reyes, Dave Cunliffe, S. A. Osterlund, Douglas Blazek, Duane Locke, George
Montgomery, John Fowler, Allen de Loach, Sanford Sternlicht, Judson Crews,
Irene Schramm, L. M. Herrickson--SUBSCRIBERS NEEDED IMMEDIATELY FOR SURVIVAL
GUILD Win 64-5, 317 6th St., Idaho Falls, Idaho: Judson Crews, Duane Locke, W. J. Noble
GREEN WORLD, PO Drawer LW, U. Stat., Baton Rogge, La. 70803: A. Henderson, G. Keyser
HARDWARE POETS OCCASIONAL, 323 E. 53rd Street, NYC 10022: Diane Wakoski, David Antin
IMAGO 2, Dept of Eng., U of Alberta, Calgary, Alberta, Can.: M. Randall, J. Keys
INPUT 3, 24 Olson, Valley Stream, NY: Kent Taylor, Peter Salmansohn, Duane Locke,
George Bowering--No. 4: All Cleveland issue: Kent Taylor, d. a. levy
INTREPID #3, 333 E. 5th St., NYC 3: Paul Blackburn, John Keys, Allen de Loach
JACARANDA, Oct. 64, 2808 Climenhaga, 901 N. 7th At, Canton, Mo. 63435
JEAN'S JOURNAL OF POEMS, Win. 64, PO Box 15, Kanona, NY 14856
KAURI 5, 362 E. 10th St., NYC 10009: W. Inman, I. Schramm, Dan Saxon, d. a. levy,
Harland Ristau, George Montgomery
KAYAK 1, 2808 Laguna St., San Francisco, 23, Calif.: Louis Z. Hammer, John Haines,
Martin Lieberman, Alvaro Cardona-Hine, David Antin, Eli Shul, George Hitchcock---
No. 2: Vern Rutsala, Robert Bly, Richard Hugo, John Haines, Louis Z. Hammer
MIDWEST 7, 289 E. 148 St., Harvey, Ill.: Robert Bly, Barriss Mills
MOTIVE, Dec. 64, PO Box 871, Nashville, Tenn. 37202: Duane Locke, Anthony Towne
LAUREL REVIEW, Fall 64, W. Va. Wesleyan C., Buckhannon, W. Va.: Sanford Sternlicht,
Emilie Glen, Marion Montgomery, Mary Dragonetti
NEW STUDENT REVIEW 9-10, S.U. of New York, Box 40, Norton Hall, Buffalo, NY: Larry
Eigner, Philip Whalen, Dave Wade, W. T. Cuddihy, George Hitchcock, William
Stafford, R. Morris Newton, William E. Taylor, Kirby Congdon
NORTHWEST REVIEW, Sum 61, Oregon U, Eugene Oregon: Ed. Ralph J. Salisbury, E. R. Cole
ORBIT, Sp. 64, Barry C., Miami, Fla.: Sister Robert Louise, O.P.
ORIGINAL WORKS, 6-7, Ed. Robert Flores, PO Box 1776, Eugene, Ore. 97401
POETS AT LE METRO, nov., Dec., Jan., 149 Second Avenue, NYC: oct.--Diane Wakoski,
Carol Berge, George Montgomery, Will Inman, Allen De Loach, Dan Saxon--Gerard
Malanga, Kirby Congdon, Barbara Holland, Paul Blackburn, Allen Ginsberg, Daniel
Cassidy, Irene Schramm, John Keys, Duane Locke, R. Morris Newton
POET AND CRITIC 1, Iowa State U.: Barriss Mills
POETMEAT 6, 11 Clematis, Blackburn, Lancs. Eng. : Jim Burns, Dave Cunliffe, Lee
Harwood, Tina Morris, Larry Eigner
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Judson Crews, Duane Locke
POETASTER 2, PO Box 6175, Bakersfield, Calif.: a. frederic franklin, W. Arthur Boggs
Rozana Webb, Duane Locke
PLUMED HORN (EL CORNO EMPLUMADO), Apartado Postal 26546, Mexico 13, D.F. Mexico:
entire issue devoted to RAQUEL JODOROWSKY'S AJY TOJEN

LITTLE MAGAZINES RECEIVED (cont.)

POETRY REVIEW NO. 5 WILL HAVE A SELECTION OF RAQUEL JODOROWSKY'S NEW POEMS

RADAR, Nov.-Dec. 64, Smolna 40, Warsaw 43, Poland

SALTED FEATHERS 3, 4, 112 Washington, Pullman, Wash.: Dick Bakken, C. E. Nelson

Invites contributions of stories, graphic works, and POEMS

SIMBOLICA, # Mercury Ave., Tiburon, Calif. 94920: Judson Crews, Seymour Gresser,

Ottone M. Riccio, Charles Bukowski, Harland Ristau, I. nace M. Ingianni, Duane Locke

SECANT Dec 64, 2 St. Andrews Dr., Belleville, Ill.: Richard Deutch, Duane Locke, J. Crews

SEED 33-39, 901 N. 7th St., Canton, Mo. 63435

SIXTIES 7, Odin House, Madison, Minn. 56256: David Ignatow, John Haines, Louis Simpson

SMALL POND 1, RFD 3 Auburn, Me.: Barriss Mills, Will Inman, Harry Smith

SMITH 3, 15 Park Row, NYC 10038: Emilie Glenn, Lynne Banker, Louis Newman

SYNAPSE 2, 1636 Grove, Berkeley, Calif.: Diane Wakoski

THINGS 1, 308 W. 107th St., NYC 10025: Denise Levertov, John Unterecker

TISH 26, 27, 28, 2527 W. 37th Ave., Vancouver 13, B. C., Canada: Larry Eigner, G. Bowering

POETRY REVIEW NO. 5 WILL HAVE A LARGE SELECTION OF LARRY EIGNER'S POEMS

THEO 2, 309 Court St., Utica, NY: Duane Locke, Lynne Banker, George Montgomery, David

Wade, Judson Crews, S. A. Osterlund, Walter Lowenfels, John Keys, Dan Saxon

VERB Aug 64, 2084 S. Milwaukee, Denver 10, Col.: Sanford Sternlicht

WOLFWOOD REVIEW 15, PO BOXES 101 and 111, Storrs, Conn. 06268: James Ryan Morris,

Duane Locke, Charles Wyatt, Will Inman, d. a. levy, Charles Bukowski. No. 16:

Christopher Perret, Ottone M. Riccio, Harold Biggs, G. Montgomery, Jim Burns

YOWL 7, apt C4, 331 E 5 St, NYC 3: Margaret Randall, G. Montgomery, Will Inman

LeRoi Jones, A. A. Osterlund, Judson Crews

FEMORA 2, apt C4, 331 E. 5th St. NYC 3: Barbara Moraff, Leonore Kandel

OLE 1, edited by douglas blazek, 449 S. Center Street, Bensenville, Ill. 60106:

Charles Bukowski, Kirby Congdon, R. R. Cuscaden, Ron Offen

CHELSEA 15, PO Box 242, Old Chelsea Stat., NYC 11: John Moffitt, David Ignatow

KULCHUR 16, 888 Park Ave., NYC 10021: LeRoi Jones, Robert Creeley, John Keys, George

Bowering, Gerard Malanga, Rochelle Owens, George Economou, Ted Berrigan

WRITER'S NOTES AND QUOTES, 142 W. Brookdale Place, Fullerton, Calif.: John R. McCommas

QUINTESSENCE Aut 64, 166 Albany Ave., Shreveport, La.: Estelle Trust, Duane Locke

New Magazines: Handle, 408 S. 48th Street, Phil. Pa. ***** The Goodly Company, 100

Sylvia St. W. Lafayette, Ind. ***** Bay Shore Breeze, 84 Walbridge Ave., Bay Shore, NY.

***** Lines, Aram Saroyan, 321 E. 45th St., NY ***** CROUPIER, James Ryan Morris,

2608 S. W. 58th Avenue, Seattle 98116, Washington

DESERT REVIEW Poetry Newsletter, No. 2, 917 Idlewild Lane S. E.; Albuquerque, N. M:

Judson Crews, Larry Eigner, Carol Berge, George Montgomery, Paul Blackburn,

PLUMED HORN (EL CORNO EMPLUMADO) Apartado Postal No. 13-546, Mexico 13, D. F., Mexico:

Margaret Randall, George Bowering, Robert Kelly, Larry Eigner, Carol Berge

BITTERROOT Win 64, 5229 New Utrecht Ave. Brooklyn 19, N.Y.: G. Bowering, B. Mills, W. Inman

MATTER 3, Robert Kelly, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York 12504: Paul Blackburn

FIDDLEHEAD Fall 64, D of Eng., U. of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N. B. Canada

.....

As of December 1, 1964, the distributor of the books of Jargon, Jonathan Williams,

Publisher, and The Nantahala Foundation is The Asphodel Book Shop, 465 The Arcade,

Cleveland, Ohio 44114:

Some Deaths by Walter Lowenfels--\$3.50; A Line of Poetry, A Row of Trees by Ronald

Johnson; The Roman Sonnets of G. G. Belli translated by Harold Norse; Untitled Epic

Poem on the History of Industrialization, by R. Buckminster Fuller--\$3.50; Sonnet

Variations by Peyton Houston--\$3.00; A Red Carpet for the Sun by Irving Layton--\$3.00;

(A Row of Trees is \$4.50; Roman Sonnets, \$1.95)

.....

Within the next few months, MATTER will publish a series of books (make checks payable

to Robert Kelly, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York 12504:

Edward Dorn, IDAHO OUT; Jonathan Greene, THE RECKONING; Gerrit Lansing, THE

HEAVENLY TREE GROWS DOWNWARD; Theodore Enslin, THE DIABELLI VARIATIONS; Charles

Olson -----Each will cost one dollar

BOOKS RECEIVED

3 One Act Plays by Kirby Congdon, Carl Larsen, and d. a. levy. Hors Commerce Press, 22526 Shadycroft Ave., Torrance, California

Voice From the Ardennes by George C. Koch. Theo Gaus' Sons, Inc., Brooklyn, New York (War experiences in preconceived stanzas, rhymes, and statemental language.)

Perversions by Stephen Shearer. Privately printed. (The book's best line is "Jug jug jug jug jug")

An Existential Nerve Cell by Richard F Henchey. (imagistic and aphoristic)

Against A Wall of Light by Ottone M. Riccio. (Poetry Review will soon publish a large selection of Riccio's poems) Hors Commerce Press.

Ode by Larry Goodell. Duende Press, Placitas, New Mexico (projectivist)

The Way It Was by Veryl Blatt. Hors Commerce Press. (One poem)

The Mountain Climber's by James Callahan. Hors Commerce (emblematic dramatic monologues)

These Dooms Ajar by Phyllis Onstott Arone. Hors Commerce (lyrical and appealing)

Poems by William J. Rice. (Illustrated with paintings by Jeanne Elsa Rice)

Tiger-On-Leash by Maude Rubin. Verb Publications, 1323 E. 14th Ave., Denver, Colorado 80218 (could improve with the elimination of rhyme and prolixity)

The Place Where IAm Standing by Theodore Enslin. The Elizebeth, New Rochelle, New York (In WCW and Corman tradition--some very exciting poems)

Small Sounds From The Bass Fiddle by Margaret Randall. Duende Press. (suffused with love)

Murder Talk: The Reception by Larry Eigner. Duende Press (Poems by Larry Eigner appear in Poetry Review One, Two, Three, Four, and will appear with a large selection in Five.) (Even James Dickey in his The Suspect in Poetry had a good word to say about the poetry of See page 50.)

Eigner.
Taos

You, Mark Antony, Navigator Upon the Nile by Judson Crews. Este Es Press. PO Box 1492, New Mexico. (The usual Crews with the usual format.)

Pavanne for a Fading Memory by William Fillin. Alan Swallow, 2679 South York St. Denver, Colorado 80210. \$3.00

Selected Poems by Frank Kuenstler. The Eventorium Press, New York \$1.00

Return in Sagittarius by Barbara Holland. The Eventorium Press, New York. 75¢ (See her poem within this issue of Poetry Review.)

DL

Parent(etical) Poppies : Russell Salamon (good poems)/ Aleatory Letters: Kent Taylor (experimental)??/ King Lord/ Queen Freak: Ed Sanders (carbonic)/ Objects 2: Russell Atkins (cobaltic)/ Subways : Dave Rasey (Intimate). These books may be purchased direct from d.a. levy, Renegade Press, Cleveland, Ohio or from Asphodel Books, 465 The Arcade, Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. price \$2.00

On The Other Hand : William Packard, 780 Greenwich Street, N. Y. 14, N.Y. (an attempt at poetic drama) price \$ 1.50

BOOKS (continued)

Night Book of the Mad: Dave Cunliffe 30¢ / Two For Our Time: Jim Burns 10¢ good work from Screeches Publications, 11 Clematis Street, Blackburn lans, England.

Poems: Gregory J. Markopoulos, Film Culture, 414 Park Ave., NYC 100016 \$ 2.00
(classic tonality blended with original apprehensions)

Poems : Steven Richmond, 137 Hollister SAv.e., Santa Monica, California \$ 3.00
(man's estrangement riding a smile)-recommended.

RMN

"Broken Death"

by Elliott Coleman

Linden Press 901 Lake Drive
Baltimore, Maryland 21217 \$ 3.00

Little Magazines Received (at deadline)

COYOTE'S JOURNAL #2 : Larry Eigner, Theodore Enslin, Cid Corman, Edward Dorn, Robert Kelly, Anselm Hollo.
DECEMBER, vol.6,#1, P.O. Box 274, Western Springs, Ill. :Bariss Mills, Earle Birney.

DREAM SHEET , Hardware 323 E. 54th Street NYC : Diane Wakoski, David Ignatow, Larry goodell, Carol Berge, Duane Locke, George Hitchcock, Margaret Randall, Jerome Rothenberg.

MOVE Dec. '64, 7 Ryelands Crescent-Larches Estate, Preston Lancs, England: Anselm Hollo, Lee Harwood, Jim Burns, Tina Morris, Dave Cunliffe.

NADADA #1, Box 384 Lennox Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10021 : Richard Eberhart, Gerard Malanga, Daniel Cassidy jr., Diane di Prima, Daisy Aldan

RADIX SP. 65, 163 College Ave.,Somerville, Mass.: Harriet Zinnes, Gerard Malanga Earle Birney.

SYNAPSE 3, 1636 Grove Berkeley, California:Denise Levertow, Philip Whalen, Gene Fowler.
TRACE #54, P.O. Box 1068, Hollywood, California,90028: George Bowering, James Ryan Morris Duane Locke

WORMWOOD 16 Box 101,111, Stors, Conn. : Christopher Perret, Ottone m. Riccio, Jim Burns.
TWO EXCELLENT ANTHOLOGIES: POETS OF TODAY, ed. by Walter Lowenfels: Alvaro Cardona-Hine Estelle Gershgoren, Leslie Woolf Hedley, George Hitchcock, Leroi Jones, Denise Levertov, Harland Ristau, and many others. (International Publishers, New York - \$1.95).

THE NEW ORLANDO POETRY ANTHOLOGY, Vol II, ed., by Anca Vrbouska, Alfred Dorn, and Robert Lundgren: May Swenson, Richard Eberhart, Will Inman, Alvaro Cardona-Hine, Guy Owen, Leslie Woolf Hedley, Judson Crews, Barriss Mills, and many others. (New Orlando Publications, 39 Bedford St., New York 14, Ny. - \$2.50).

FORTHCOMING BOOKS: David Bromige (title to be discovered shortly) \$1.00 from Fred Wah, 540 Ashland Ave., Buffalo, Ny 14222.

Philip Whalen, EVERY DAY, Coyote's Journal, 1558 Lincoln St., Eugene, Oregon 97401. Price not yet determined.

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The Asphodel BOOK SHOP, 465 The Arcade , Cleveland 14, Ohio

BOOKS AND THINGS, 82 East 10th Street, New York 3, New York

The Gotham Book MaRT, 41 West 47th Street, New York 36, New York

PAGE ONE, 434 West J. F. Kennedy Boulevard, Tampa, Florida

PAUL'S BOOK ARCADE LTD., P. O. Box 3576, Auckland, New Zealand

ROMAN BOOKS, Suite 210 Sunrise Bay Bldg. 2701 East Sunrise Blvd.,Fort Lauderdale