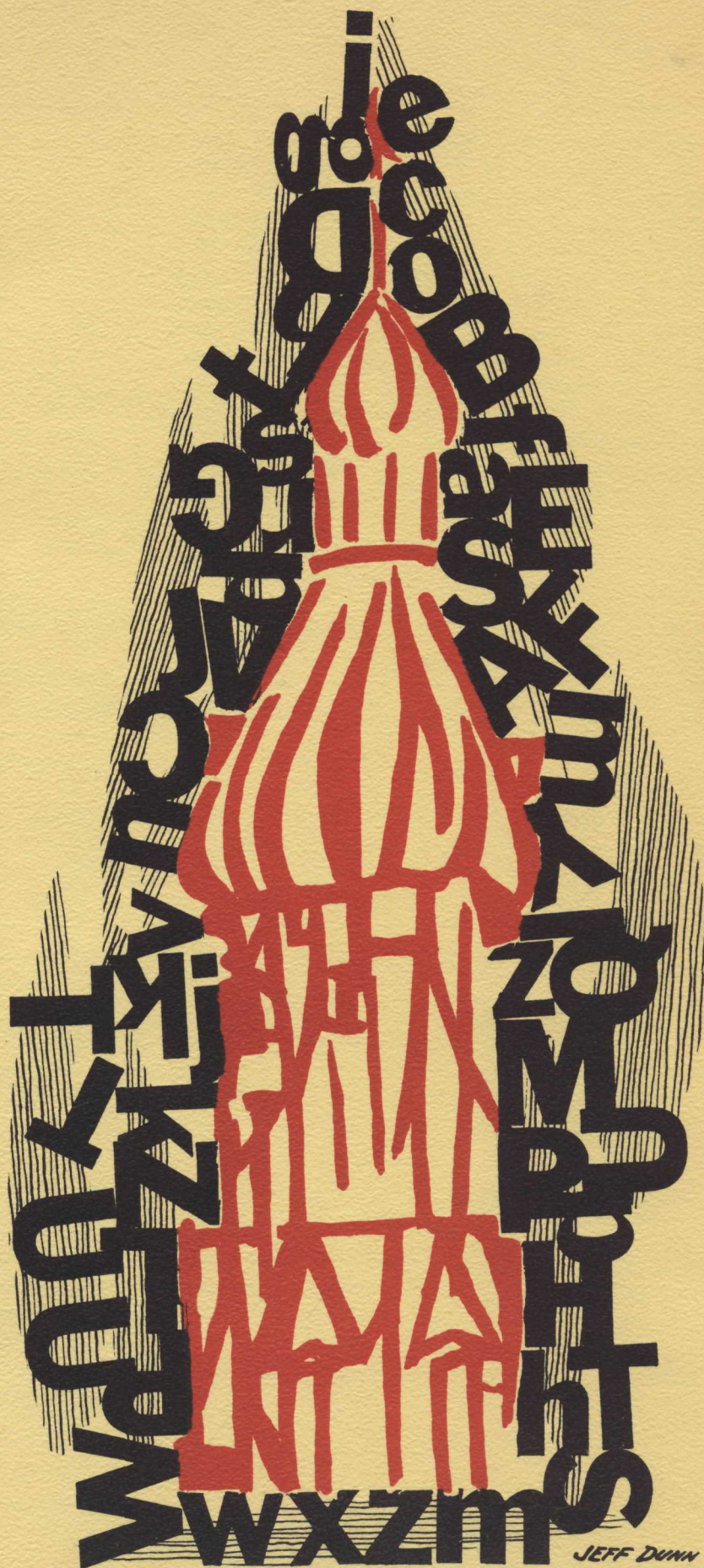


UNIVERSITY  
OF TAMPA

POETRY  
REVIEW





6-24-76 Dr. Charles West

60¢

POETRY REVIEW

University of Tampa

No. 1

Our first. As can be seen our format is mimeo, but we feel this inadequacy in presentation is overcompensated for by the quality of our poets. Until the generosity of patrons provide the University of Tampa, the sponsoring organization of this magazine, with funds for the improvement of our format, we will continue with mimeo. All patrons please make checks payable to the University of Tampa, but specify "for the improvement of The Poetry Review." Mail checks to Duane Locke, Poetry Review, University of Tampa, Tampa, Florida 33606. We thank you now, and we will thank you again.

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Edited by Duane Locke, R. Morris Newton, and W. T. Cuddihy

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Secretarial assistance by Sara Johnson

Containing poems by

LARRY EIGNER

KIRBY CONGDON

DAVID WADE

RICHARD JARWORSKI

GUY OWEN

MARION SCHOEBERLEIN

MENKE KATZ

GERARD MALANGA

JOHN BRODERICK

LAURENCE PRATT

MAX HALPREN

LESLIE WOOLF HEDLEY

Book Reviews by

Francis J. Thompson and others

---

Poets to appear in forthcoming issues: George Bowering, Allen DeLoach, Judson Crews, Emilie Glenn, Irene Dayton

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Published quarterly by the University of Tampa. Subscriptions and manuscripts should be sent to Duane Locke, Poetry Review, University of Tampa, Tampa, Florida 33606. All manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Payment in contributors copies only. Subscriptions, \$2.00 a year (4 issues); Single copy, 60¢. Make all checks payable to the University of Tampa.

LARRY EIGNER:

the staggered walls, pictures  
a distance held up  
involvements of space,  
mountains on the sky heaps

the man with wings, the tall  
corner of the hill, niche  
of the sea, implied mouth  
furrows of wood, up here, down past  
the ships bear a gong

muffled in sails  
a damp rises from the water which  
will renew beauties the refraction, geometries  
of the far off

brown, reds  
a tower in the street, moon's  
stone, the light

and a fiction flying from history  
gray  
like a motorcycle, dead winking  
over romantic tides, the blue

cubed full on a homely beach

the traffic a kind of parade

from here you could see the sea the  
waves beyond it the point not now the  
street bulges to one side with  
stores below offices, glasses, what  
more can you have? a jeweler's.  
bicycles pedal through.

a woman craning behind

between the boards ignitions  
cartwheels  
strips of  
boxes in boxes

the replete uses, the snow  
again, the few trees  
by the joined stone, the rising  
steeple, the diffuse patterns  
of glass, the dingy, bowed  
branches in the air

of a vague night

---

notes actually stomach

                                  gods  
and heroes in speechlessness  
                          stealth of voice  
quietness by this gate  
          as at dead night the  
phantom of games effigy the  
          gothic trumpet soars

and forget again, cloud fades  
the silk within  
                                  sky rowing the lake  
                          no volcano above  
monte nuovo desert among clothes-hangers

                          sleep of a grand mime

pour out  
          bathwater

          citizens  
(of the depths)

                          three times  
                          to Ravenna  
                                  Rome  
                                  echoes

                          hut bent away  
to the sand  
                          hills wheat

                          imagination crowds  
                          heat

---

beautiful dead-end  
the retiring sound  
          bay through the angled tree  
corrosion the low sprinkler  
          paths remain  
departures from silence keeping to  
the small towards size, or  
the earth and the floor enough  
                          at the sky

## SHADOW

the twin-windowed gable  
sits  
on the hill

sidewise

above the store

The flagpole was made  
for certain days

no axiom exists  
in the air

part levering trees

burnt autumn roar

and last night's wind, greater  
than the hurricane I can remember

the pavements climb

## ENCLAVES

smoke  
all day the institute  
powerhouse now  
planes again hove by  
the corridors light above  
sirens, after the crash  
this wall off toward the bay

inhalation man  
who gulped some gas

pneumonia

lye

nurses married each other  
a couple of years  
and that one, job left  
for a small town

---

Larry Eigner's

poem can readily be found in the January issue  
of Poetry; The anthology, The New American Poetry, 1945-60; IMAGO (Sta. 2,  
127 13th Avenue, N. E., Calgary, Alberta); and Magazine.



## IN THE AUTUMN PARK

MENKE KATZ

A hero in bronze, rain-blinded in the autumn park.  
Birds stain his gallant ire, he is all pitiful love.  
On the kind bronze rest stray sisters of the flood-drenched dove,  
in search of a green olive-leaf out of Noah's ark.

Battle-spent -- a crowned bore, he prays for downfall or hell.  
Gloom frightens each trembling glimmer of his faded wreath.  
Good to see the leaves around him fall as yellow myths.  
Only the saddest leaves which never grew never fell.

Dusk. Cherubs are wing-maimed, unborn children craving light.  
The hero, sorrow-wreathen, tomb-eyed, a stoned captive,  
does not know he was ever born, hence he never lived.  
He may scare as a ghost, if left with a child at night.

The sea-gray trees face the oldest pirate -- solitude.  
I heard dead leaves say: No darkness is blind, no stone mute.

## A CHASED MOUSE

The woe and panic of a chased mouse is murder.  
Her shadow in the moonlit fissure resembles my grief:  
dainty-limbed, a graceful dream, dressed in sensitive fur,  
and I am shabby to the core and I am clumsy as a rock.

---

Menke Katz'

poems have appeared in the Atlantic Monthly,  
Sewanee Review, Prairie Schooner, Midwest Quarterly, Fiddlehead, and  
many others. His collection of poems entitled Land of Manna will  
appear soon. The book can be acquired from Jacob Blank, 377 Mont-  
gomery Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. by sending \$4.00 (\$3.00 advance order).  
Menke Katz is also editor of the quarterly poetry magazine Bitterroot  
(5229 New Utrecht Avenue, Brooklyn, 19, N. Y. - \$2.50 a year, 75¢ a copy).

KIRBY CONGDON

MUSCLE MAN

When I was invalid,  
my skeleton's length of arms and legs  
warped along each trembling limb  
and, my mind torn  
between the body and the brain,  
this gnarled world,  
where I fumbled with two blind hands,  
was a world in whose plan  
fingers were ten malformed thumbs.

Place my statues in a painted niche.  
Sing my sainted name with praise..  
Yet, let each disciple discover this:  
strength and health  
are the frantic twist  
of the invalid.  
And we breathe,  
in the bellows of our exercise,  
the permanence of the body's perfect death.

A GIANT'S HOUSE

Nora takes a world for stage,  
lets down her Samson-hair  
for Jason's sword  
turned Delilah--shears instead.  
Temples fallen,  
Medusa's head is crowned  
with the old poisons,,  
in a classic theatre's mirror,  
of her frozen-rooted rage,  
which only Stanleys blanch.

---

KIRBY CONGDON

is author of IRON ARK (\$1.00), A CENTURY OF PROGRESS (50¢),  
and LANDSCAPE (\$1.00), all of which can be ordered from INTERIM BOOKS, Box 35,  
Village Station, New York, 14, New York. He is also Editor of MAGAZINE,  
unfortunately now out of print.



GERALD MALANGA

SOME THOUGHTS OF THE WATER PRINCESS

I want very much to be able to send you this letter,  
Coming as I do at the end of a century's joy with fatigue,  
And although I, too, understand what it is to hold each other  
So blissfully in a permanent caress, that that gives me  
A little sensation whose improbably beauty asserts itself  
In the photos and letters I've hoarded. My dearest, please  
Do not decide otherwise to disappear in the unceasingly  
Appearance of the "Black Knight" who mounts his horse,  
Ready to seize everything that is not his and go away  
The nights are getting longer without ever hearing from you.  
There is still that chance you may escape and will your way  
Home to show you are not the mother of his child. Graced with  
The shadows of living where night expires on the glass  
The beautiful Princess takes off her clothes, looks at  
Her body in the lake, strays quietly to the stone tower  
To fall in love the flowers in her hair become flames again  
As I recall how sad their shadows were which passed.

SOME SUICIDES

The new day begins with a sneeze. I assuage myself  
In the enormous wings of an extraordinary actuality.  
Everything moves toward the glass and aluminum  
Constructions, as if being new made any difference,  
And it does! Though Sergie doesn't write from Rome,  
Of that city at which what is real and what is  
Imagined are one. At L'Interdit we begin  
In the temper of it. This makes the eye see less  
Everyday as its nature comes into view in "The Poems".  
I wonder if Kenneth Lane bought a new wristwatch today  
Or whether Charles Henri Ford is back at the Dakota House,  
And if everyone is beginning to talk about me, seriously,  
For a change? We make too much of life that sometimes  
The search for happiness is itself a search for happiness  
Of which this is one and you don't know it and it never ends!

---

GERALD MALANGA'S

poems have appeared in The New Yorker, The Minnesota Review, Locus Solus, and others. He currently is writing book reviews regularly for Kulchur and an Associate Editor of the New View Editions published by Charles Henri Ford (Paris-Rome-Athens-New York).

MAX HALPEREN

HANNIBAL

The rain trumpets;  
It swallows lawn,  
House, and yard;

Beyond mere fertility,  
Those enormous  
Tulips you grew

One year; beyond  
The grey flakes  
Of one sky

And one felicity,  
The gentle hurry  
Of bringing the chairs in;

In the entrails of this elephant,  
Breaking shutters,  
Flexing floors and walls,

We are taken over narrow Alps,  
North of the sun,  
South of god,

To fight entire  
Marble legions, with only our  
Trumpeting love

And one great beast;  
That foreign place  
Defeats us,

After some delay;'

Return to lawn,  
House, violated street,

And a rainy tiger.

GUY OWEN

A LITTLE LOVE POEM

Yes,  
how when you rise from your chair  
arranging your dress  
I breathe  
and  
the room  
(bookshelves blue walls oh shining air)  
arranges itself  
around  
you.

LAURENCE PRATT

INTO

late winters, rocks cold,  
river steel flowing,  
trees silent. From one  
a rush of brown corpuscles,  
the tree's life bodied  
in personality:  
the squirrel hunches on the ground  
gnawing into a hard hull  
like William Carlos Williams  
brooding into a problem.

---

Guy Owen and Max Halperen

are editor and associate editor of Southern  
Poetry Review published at the State University of North Carolina at Raleigh.  
Subscriptions: \$1.00 a year.

Laurence Pratt

has a book New American Legends, published  
by The Wings Press, P. O. Box 332, Mill Valley, California

DAVID WADE

EASY DOES IT

What scares me  
Sometimes  
Is I'm afraid  
I'm going blind  
Said the blindman  
Sitting up  
In bed but so what  
Said the completely Deaf guy  
Who couldn't hear  
A word  
So what if you'd  
Like to whisper  
Sweet somethings  
Into your sweet gal's ear it  
Could be very  
Much a nuisance said  
The man  
Whose tongue had been torn out  
In the latest  
Car wreck  
I get it  
Said a moron behind a tattered  
Arras  
To master the harpsichord  
You only need  
Fingers.

JOHN BRODERICK

Flutes in the desert  
The sound of sand  
Noise beneath my window  
The air

RICHARD JARWORSKI

WARM ONE

White moon arctic wolves leap wildly  
in the red balloon of cheek;  
blue wolverines swim  
in the woods of rain on  
black ice lakes of eyes;  
and canaries fly  
yellow  
the hair of the boy who swings  
in the branches of the sun.

...on a starless boundry,  
a naked negro  
sharpened  
stone teeth  
poured in moving knife  
stalks...  
Accompanied by a ruby dog.  
the blind boy limps  
furry plains of palm  
never to know finger-edge.

---

DAVID WADE

has been widely published in little magazines: Lynx, Folio, South and West, Goliards, Green Worlds, Poetry Unlimited, and his latest appears in Trace 51

RICHARD JARWORSKI

is a Standard Oil trainee in Tampa. This is his first nationally published poem

JOHN BRODERICK

is a student at Boston University



LESLIE WOOLF HEDLEY      EXCERPT FROM MY DAILY LIFE

My clock burns sleep down to dawn  
and nearby sea breathes like an asthmatic beast.  
Monday advances on every wave.

Again I begin that tourment of words,  
the action of arms, legs, ideas.  
Letters arrive from typewriter continents  
and new hands signature mine.  
They enter with storm or sun blaze  
of strangers adventuring my life.  
My energy is spent in hellos and goodbyes.

I become heated by their fevers  
but my fists are tied. They want advice  
but deserve justice. There are no rimes  
left for me to lie. Truth leaks out  
in blank verse of facts.  
Their education was a fraud.  
The jobs they need are no longer there.  
Today is stolen from them.  
The lives they have are now for rent.

And I listen to griefs and groans of man  
as dusk grays my window  
with aging laceration and long lament.

MARION SCHOEBERLEIN      DOG AND ANGEL WEATHER

A storm is a shoe  
Without a foot,  
A suit without a man,  
A man without a name.

A storm is the cry  
Of old dead bones  
In the cemetery.

An angel and a dog  
Understand it.  
A storm is their  
Kind of weather.

---

Emilie Glen

has published a new book of poems, Laughing Lute & Other Poems, Quality Press, Limited, Montreal. Price 1.00.

## LITTLE MAGAZINE NEWSLETTER

### Some mimeo or duplicating process magazines now being published:

The Creative Review (Glen Coffield, P. O. Box 564, Eugene, Oregon, 97401)  
The Goliard (605 Azeele, Tampa, Florida 33606)  
Hoosier Challenger (8365 Wicklow Avenue, Cincinnati, 36, Ohio)  
Input (24 Olsen Street, Valley Stream, N. Y.)  
Intrepid (333 E. 5th Street, Apt. A-4, New York 3, N. Y.)  
Magazine (c/o Kirby Congdon, 102 W. 14th Street, New York 11, N. Y.)  
Poet's Bulletin (8880 Turner Lane, Denver 22, Colorado)  
A Poetry News Letter: The Desert Review Press (917 Idlewilde Lane, S. E., Albuquerque, New Mexico)  
Poetry Unlimited (1 Gallatin, Missoula, Montana)  
Poets at LeMetro (149 Second Avenue, New York)  
Secant (6515 Wydown Blvd., St. Louis 5, Mo.)  
Sum (Fred Wah, c/o English Dept., University of New Mexico, Albuquerque)  
Twigs (Box 27, Franklin Square, L. I., N. Y.)  
Yowl (331 E. 5th Street, NYC 3, N. Y.)  
Jean's Journal of Poems (P. O. Box 15, Kanona, N. Y. 14856)  
Mother (Ronald Caplan, 230 North Craig Street, Pittsburgh 13, Penn.)  
Orange County Writer (P. O. Box 1, Santa Ana, California)

The superlative example of design and content in a mimeo publication is Kirby Congdon's Magazine, now out of print; but another is promised in Spring '65. Some of the poets in the last issue were Alden Nowlan, Daniel Moore, Barbara A. Holland, James D. Callahan, George Bowering, Larry Eigner, Ree Dragonette, Peter Salmansohn, and Miguel Grinberg. Other magazines presenting the vital new poetry are Yowl, Intrepid, Mother, and Input. Yowl #5 has Carol Berge, Jack Micheline, Barbara Moraff, and Lenore Kandel. Intrepid (March) has Will Inman, Allen DeLoach, Erik Kiviat, Allen Katzman and two members of the older generation, Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky. Mother 11 has George Montgomery. Input is truly an experimental magazine, and the result is exciting reading. Issue 1 has an interesting poem entitled "Space" by Jay Socin, and No. 2 was devoted entirely to the poems of William Wantling.

Poets at LeMetro presents poems in the poet's own handwriting. The April issue has an excellent poem, "Triptych" by Kirby Congdon. Poets of LeMetro also publishes collections, one being Absence by Dan Saxon (Series No. 2; October, 1963). The poems are in a direct style, often urbanly elegiac. An excerpt: "kids on the corner/ in Queens/ drink coke/ and smoke Marlboro/ they talk of/ how they escape/ from cops/ and how much/ they get from/ their girls;/ they look tired and sick."

Sum (with Ron Lowinsohn and Richard Duerdan) and the Desert Review Newsletter represent the Western branch of the new poetry, although New Yorkers (Paul Blackburn, Robert Kelly, and Kenneth Irby) are present. Although actually too varied to classify, the new poetry is largely an experiment in the American idiom and the music of the phrasal and breath break. Much use is made of the contributions of William Carlos Williams.

(Due to a financial limitation which will not allow another page, the comments on the other magazines listed will appear in the next issue)

## BOOK REVIEWS

SONGS OF THE REVOLUTION by Julian Beck, Interim Books

EXCUSOLOGY OF THE OCEAN by Robert Blossom, Interim Books

SEARCH by William Wantling, Interim Books

"HART CRANE" a Conversation with Samuel Loveman by Robert Blossom, Interim Books

The very title of Julian Beck's "first 35", as he describes his collection, is like a knell reminding us of the "Pink Decade", or the "Age of Anxiety". His poems, however, are beat rather than propaganda for the class struggle. "EXCUSOLOGY OF THE OCEAN" is remarkable for the words Robert Blossom has made up: e.g., "pseudoanglosaxonoids", "unexpressedness", "recognizingly", "sinside", "ohman". Usually in context they are self-explanatory but what, pray tell, is "excusology"? William Wantling's "SEARCH" seems to be for alliteration, images, unexpected rimes, and so on. And he looks for them mostly in the poetry of Ezra Pound, and T. S. Elliot.

"HART CRANE" is more than "a conversation with Samuel Loveman". It opens with "The Alert Pillow", "printed from the original manuscript...at Columbia University", and continues with Kirby Congdon's explication of the poem. Then there is an essay on the poet by Professor Ray C. Longtin of Long Island University, and, finally, what appears to be a transcription of the conversation. The little booklet would make a nice present for what Mr. Blossom shouldn't object to me calling a craneologist.

Francis J. Thompson

THE COMING OF CHRONOS TO THE HOUSE OF NIGHTSONG by Calvin C. Thornton  
Interim Books \$1.25

Here we have a vivid narration of the snatch and shout chaotic emergence of an American people in a calico nation. "The Legacy of the House", "The Metaphysics", and "Time for a Change", the three parts of this work, are a meticulously woven innovation of geography, cultural hypothesis and change. Mr. Fulton's curious melange of identity symbols which must convert themselves to a mother-destiny is striking enough to counterbalance his strong emphasis on the necessity of Chronos either going through a color wash or remaining in his turbulent state of megilp. "We the colored and white races of the South/will work together like hands/separated like fingers."

Author Fulton in his epic narrative comes to us with a bit of Whitman between his teeth, but something different is said, and many could listen, easily.

RMN