

UNIVERSITY

OF TAMPA



POETRY REVIEW

(Dr. David
M. Delo
issue)

No 6 75¢
aldan
anderson 1965

ball
banker
birney
blazek
boyle
bowering
cardona hine
cassidy
chambers
coleman
day
dorman
eaton
eigner
enslin
fessenden
flanagan
folgare
friedman
gray
gregory
hammer
haines
hirshman
overmyer
jaworski
jodorowsky
katz
koller
keys
knott
kiviat
kelly
macksey
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montgomery
morris
orlovitz
pettinella
radin
riccio
sandberg
sanderlin
schmitz
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stoloff
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IN MEMORIAM

R. MORRIS NEWTON

(1939-1965)

Ray died suddenly on August 21, 1965.
His devotion to poetry and to this
publication will always be remembered.

John Haines THE HERMITAGE

In the forest below the stairs
I have a secret home,
My name is carved in the roots.

I have a crevice stuffed with moss
and a couch of lemming fur;
I sit and listen to the music
of water dripping on a distant stone,
or I sing to myself
of stealth and loneliness.

No one comes to see me,
but I hear outside
the scratching of claws,
the warm, inquisitive breath...

And once in a strange silence
I felt quite close
the beating of a human heart.

Saint Geraud (Bill Knott)

POEM: YOU

Alright if I have to be famous let it be for this great starfish-shield I made
And the sands of her face drift over her body
At dawn, far off, a boat with a wild black mane
Its sail heals the leper waves at a touch

POEM: DREAM

The beach holds and sifts us through her dreaming fingers
Summer fragrances green between your legs
At night, naked auras cool the waves
Vanished
O Naomi
I kiss every body of you, every face

POEM: WAR

A tiny forest sprouts
From each fresh wound.
No blood falls,
To disturb a lonely man

POEM:

Women who cross the boundaries of wounds to kneel in the snowfall at the center,
Your smiles brought the holes lucid to my lips,
Your palms on my brow became my fever's petals . . .

POEM:

Night, in whose death did your ennui take refuge?
The women all lay their kerchiefs on the water, and stepped back.

Saint Giraud (Bill Knott) has published in Choice and The Sixties. He was listed in Kenneth Rexroth's article in the June '65 Harpers as being one of the best poets under thirty five, and was called the "most impressive" of those published in Choice and the Sixties. A group of his poems will be in POETRY REVIEW no. 7. 1

JOAN WHITE
GETTING OVER EVIL

Responsibility for evil must be here
if it is anywhere, in this dim room
which the soul has lighted, but whose soul?
No one I see resembles that wide free
transciency I admire, nor waves his ears
hearing everything, especially his own
far-ranging Scandinavian tongue
like origin of speech in feeling's sense--
not Scandinavian but ocean born
windily concerned uncalcined gland
which never does deposit on some shore
a milky pellet, or a fine sand grain
for finger rings. Too Viking possibly or more
like mood itself, not an expression of.
No one is this room resembles that. It is
a delivery room and wild with sea
sounds anguishing outside. Unknown
to anyone, secretive waves, emergencies,
must tear the air, and the hard birth
of good is here, if it is anywhere.
Yet the room floats soullessly away.

SILENCE IN THE
ROARING EIGHTIES

She shook her shawl at me.
I was the bull, she was the matador?
Turn it back up! She couldn't hear.
News blared, and fifty ladies leered.
Sound clotted in the overstuffed
red chairs and puffy flesh.

No, she was the bull, who had the shawl.
She turned sound up herself. News blared.
I was the futile plan,
the disconnected dream
of a hero without bull. When bull
waves cape and paws his rage,
then chorus leers and doesn't leave
the hero to his grief alone.

There is a long, long song
between the news which turns
on and on again, and in between
the matador-and-bull's refrain:
Don't turn it down again!

.....

. SAINT GIRAUD (Bill Knott)

POEM

.... .

.
. I need a table strong enough for my heavy arms,
. my heavy voice. Wine lifts its deep sky over me,
my wounds rise and set.
Where you walk, my love, at night
the waves lay out solitaire,
in Arabia.
My hair strikes me a great blow,
it's morning, and I still hope.

.....
.....
.....

JOAN WHITE

A WITCH IN WIDOW'S FALL

A day it's loud when everything is done.
Behind the hedge a witch looks faintly on
a seething room, the festival of fall.

The witch is from the spring's euphorium
She doesn't go inside, her feet are cold,
but she is fascinated to be near.

There is a murder and a natural death,
a laugh that stirs the roots; a hair
as gold as fire is dragged along the floor.

The drums reduce all other sounds to one,
the eyes reduce all other sights to one,
the light is blue the robes are smoke the moon

is through. The darkened windows lean like smiles
of dying furnaces. The leaves of plants
are dryly scraping and the windy shapes

of widows curl around the whole room's grave,
their curved eyes dark like water thickening;
their hair is curling hair and never tamed

nor through. The witch outside cannot look in.
She hears the churning smoke. She can't subside
into herself as witch of spring gone wrong

into the fall. She wants it all. She falls
beside the gloomy hedge and cries, she lies
and loses spring and fall, and wants it all.

* * *

DENNIS SCHMITZ

		the oak-leaves flake
		into cold ash
		I give you my face
* * * * *		warm fields of trees
		the wind
my nails are short	/	is flat against my cheek
who		the wind
can stand the lines		began in another field
of his finger-prints		the fire follows
the way	/	it
the nails curve		the farmer rests on the fence
to save		away from his fire
them. the hard flame		the trees are splashed
of the blood	/	with gasoline
under the nail		the wind lifts black smoke
		with the ash

. . .
Joan White recently appeared in CHELSEA.
. ATLANTIS EDITIONS are now distributed from HASTINGS BOOKS at 38 South
16th St. Philadelphia 19103.....New Magazine: GRAFFITI, write Steve Stern, 4228
45th St., NW, Washington 16, DC....Old Magazine: OLE, \$2 at 449 S. Center, Bensenville,
Ill....POETMEAT, 11 Clematis St., Blackburn, Lancs., England--\$1.20 a year. 3

THEODORE ENSLIN

THE SENSES

Almost
as if noise and abeyance
were the same things---
the flow and
counterflow of breathing---
a deep sleep
untroubled.
The eyes hear it---
the ears are unstopped.
On my breast
her dreaming presence
dark
secret
dark.
My heart hears
most of all
the words
between.

PORTRAIT: THEN AND WILL BE

Or not---
As I had known it,
once
the shadow moving
slatted across a lighted window,
the face,
held together
by
tensions
finely arched
the lines which ran between.
Or now---full light--- the features:
Wax which ran together under the sudden lowering---
a flame.

You tell me that you have lost something.
"It was right here while I was doing the dishes.
It dropped and disappeared,
but I didn't hear it fall.
See if you can find it."
Later you come and show me:
It dropped
into the pocket
of your apron.

DENNIS SCHMITZ

I came here wanting	
rest	a quelling of stones
for what we love we will	the brown face
not abide	of the street
ourselves & wives	how good
& the wish	to feel the bare ground
for the unequivocal	bursting
the snow withers	over the walks
on the walks	& at the city's edge
& the wet shadows	to open
of the park are soft	the buds of trees

DENNIS SCHMITZ

dead children come out to play
in the graveyard
where falling daylight
falls
& all the alert stones
flame

ALVARO CARDONA-HINE

ELEGY IN THE SHAPE OF FOUR COLUMNS
(in memory of Charles Humboldt)

when	tall	some	how
it	grass	twelve	angry
happens	swayed	years	it
now	by	later	is
as	the	I	necessary
always	wind	came	to
beyond	and	to	be
grief	again	remember	tender
that	the	this	
you	solemn	one	the
two	timber	girl	wild
become	twilight	in	bird
inseparable	and	the	in
as	clouds	dance	the
it	with	group	room
happened	moist		takes
often	lips	she	cognizance
beyond	for	was	of
grief	the	tall	the
that	smallest	and	small
you	brook	shy	constellation
two	until	of	in
recognized	death	her	its
each	is	exquisite	favor
other	ineffable	face	and
when			finds
once		with	the
then		infinite	dark
and		grace	without
as		she	Socrates
it		kept	
happened		to	
beyond		the	
grief		background	
you		and	
two		never	
were		spoke	
introduced			
		sometimes	
		I	
		wonder	
		if	
		she	
		actually	
		existed	

:::: Alvaro Cardona-Hine has had in the Swallow Paperbook series his second volume
published. THE FLESH OF UTOPIA-----\$3.00. First: THE GATHERING WAVE :::::::::::::::
::::::::::::Dennis Schmitz has appeared in CHOICE AND KAYAK

GEORGE HITCHCOCK

SONG OF WHAT REMAINS

The long loaves of motorcars crawling on hands and knees
 in drunken suburbs
The petals of newsprint which die beneath the tread
 of dark ferris-wheels
The reddened knuckles which appear on milk bottles
 in windy doorways
The tilesetters on the roof who sort out the rain
The plastic legs of old television consoles dozing
 in twilight at the edge of glaciers

Canoeists in silk berets lost in a morass
 of elderly hair
Professors of chiromancy who pursue small girls
 though overheated culverts
Their voyages and letters home from dismal swamps
 of nostalgia
The blue eyes which appear on the worn faces of sawmills
The placards of extravagant soft-drinks which splinter
 the faces of children

Freighters with burst hatches and hysterical cherry-trees
 growing from their sides
Plastic toys which wear patriotic stockings and emit
 the odor of almonds
The rivers of gin which issue from the purses
 of voluble dowagers
The diamonds which simmer in flesh the dead parrakeets
 and skies of fur
The estates of flaming nylon

The poisoned leaves which grow from the shoulders
 of admirals
The tangled veins in the feet of old cooks
The long tables of glazed wigs which dread the advent
 of snow
The sodden edema which silently gathers beneath
 the skin of politics
The lozenges of charity which adorn the toenails
 of the pious

My nausea proceeding from social laughter
My terror and the consequent omnipresent fear of shipwreck
The days the months the litmus paper which
 leaks from my wrist
And the corridors
Which grow ever more straitened between
 the falling houses of my ribs.

JACK ANDERSON

THE REPOSE

of a room
and what in it
is familiar

fills
the empty spaces
before you return

it is living
inside
a flower
slowly turning to face
an unseen light
we take on trust

I do not fear this
empty chair this table
the tilt of records on their shelf
cups and saucers
in the sink

this
comforter
with blue
leaves growing
on a blue vine

is the color I see
this room
in the silence of this time

.
...
.
.
.
.
.
.
.
.

A DANCE OF DEFINITIONS AROUND THEIR WORDS

1
in opposition to
in reverse
in the wrong direction

a return
a parry
a boxer's parry

a person who enumerates
a token
a shelf where goods are placed for inspection

an imitation coin
a piece of ivory, metal, wood
a parry in a circular direction

2
a friends name
Scotch knowledge

the range of vision

nickname
or dialect

to recognize an heir

3
an extremity
an old-timer
an adept

the foot of a hawk
the pointer on a clock
a bundle of tobacco leaves

a worker
a cowboy
applause

all company assembled
to pass along
to furl a sail

power
custody
help

a pledge of marriage
a game of cards
the measure of the height of horses

Rutted to under-ice and grating stop
 Whose little boys have since
 Entered the shattering world of men,
 Or wars ground under the unseasonal crop--

Timid, of course; and some of them go
 Gathering armloads of old memories
 Like summer flowers, heaping the heart,
 Though their world flowered crystalline snow.

Now at the top of the morning slope
 The adventurers cluster, and the slippery hill
 Sheers past familiars like dream
 Whirling after some long-forgotten clutched-after hope.

And then hill-bottom. "My slide, " they cry, But sun
 Washes away little boys and their ice--
 Not even a blur in space where, crying "My slide, my slide,"
 They rushed that melting hill at a dead run.

LAKE

Three grey trees ache across an ice
 No skaters intersect in grey.
 (Slushsliding little boys cascade
 Their stumps of summer toward that day--
 Upended garden where thin play
 Would green to bubbling paradise

And water-going would require
 Wet tears. Their green and summer eyes
 Wound round with winter greenery
 Could not receive the sky-blue cries
 Fond shore-locked parents as no prize
 Might launch from islands of desire.)

But voyage down shall not be made;
 Though sentinal trees green to false springs
 And January puddles green
 The lake, the brittle evening brings
 White girders to the wave, where sings
 The brave of tall boys walking unafraid.

 John Unterecker has poems in NEW FRONTIERS, v. X, n 1. Contributors whose poems are
 on other pages: Doris Radin has had poems accepted by SOUTHWEST REVIEW AND FIDDLEHEAD
 (Fred Cogswell, Dept of Eng., University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N. B. Canada..
 subs. \$2 a yr.) .. D. L. Grey (Darrel L. Doub) soon in DUST.. ..George Chambers
 in DECEMBER, STATEMENTS, SEED, AND WORMWOOD (PO Boxes 101 and 111, Storrs, Conn, 06268
 \$3.50 a yr.).. ..Barbara Overmeyer in CHOICE, EPOCH, CHICAGO REVIEW, MINNESOTA REVIEW,
 SHENANDOAH, THE LITERARY REVIEW, POETRY NORTHWEST, SATURDAY REVIEW, HARPER'S, EPOS,
 COLD MOUNTAIN, THEO.. ..Gil Orlovitz recently in TRACE and in Chad Walsh's anthology
 TODAY'S POETS.. ..Outstanding new publication: BLACK SUN (Harvey Tucker, 150 Corbin
 Place, Brooklyn, New York.. .. STOLEN PAPER REVIEW 3 is \$1 from 4411 Seventeenth St.,
 San Francisco, Calif. (Contain L. Simpson, G. Hitchcock, D. Locke and others)
 SOME/THING 1 for \$1 from 600 W. 163 St., New York, NY 10032 (contains: Jerome Rothenberg,
 Paul Blackburn, David Antin, Diane Wakoski, David Ignatow, Armand Schwerner, etc. 9

JACK HIRSCHMAN

MOBILE #1

No center

but every timbre
color

gesture
(central) is

moving

.

Unattached

I continued loving you
last year more

than the last

There
is a straight line
I can draw
through this

but no conclusion

from

.

Once

I arrived, I never could go back
to an idea

Of despair, and how one has to climb
(as San Juan de la Cruz)
a Carmel

to get here, I turned right, I might,

I think, have gone another way

The fact is I am still

moving

.

The field is wide

open

Silence

everywhere
if we so desire

sleep

LOUIS Z. HAMMER

AFTER ZHIVAGO

In Moscow, in the final department,
I awoke in the Russian spring;
I wandered among the unnerved trees
Choking with sap--
Desire was a hopeless disease;
Far from Moscow
Were a million deaths
Aiming at love:
None was for me.
Lovers were without transportation
In the park of a thousand walks;
Step by step they moved
Till their shoes were paper-thin
But they did not weep;
I learned to walk quickly over stones
To keep my feet from showing blood:
In the end I would reach you, swaying,
With your green arms.

ALMOND

Almond dressed in the leaves of an open sky,
Children are bringing grain to the knees of the
mountain,
Your life is beginning on foot;
A ship is crossing the mountain,
A wind is waving the acacias back to your hands;
You bring a branch burning
To the mouth of the desert,
You bring a stone pressed against roses,
You bring a leaf with an abdomen of silver;
Almond of dignity and grace
A tribe of children surrounds you
They are weaving a rope
The hills are full of mist
You awaken the smallest hand.

* * * *

GIL ORLOVITZ

ART OF THE SONNET: 227

I broke out of the great Cross like a giraffe spitting
seeds, having received commandments that pulled
my ears into pig waxworks and my tongue into sirens
of slough---
the naked dummy listening at God's trough---
and turning my feet downward I wriggled into skintight
waters: I would be hooked and played by light
only.
But when Archimedes told me I was old,
the terrible age of the spectators unseen, I crawled
into the nearest infant and taught him the Sign of the Cross
language:
but he heeded me not in his land of milk and honey.
I had no recourse but to make reproductions.

MENKE KATZ

EVENING DRYAD

You leave each dusk all
your days on my windowpane
and a stone, no foe
can conquer, no sea can drown:
wonder-dumb -- a golem's fist.

O the vengeful stone
thrown from the ruins of my
hometown -- the ghost
of a massacre which foe
can surmount, which sea can drown?

BARBARA OVERMYER

A stone -- a skull, strong
as grief, the beheaded crown
of the tree of hell,
the dryad driven in the
Valley of Hinnom, in my

bride's ashen wedding
gown calls her lover -- the tree
with broken fingers
like anguished roots: (Her yearning
through me which death can vie it?)

-- O dream of me, dream!
The ax made of you no mast
of a boat, no oar,
not even a bier. Left of
you is my cry in the woods.

The doomed, at dusk, climb
Jacob's ladder like gallows.
The dryad -- the waif
of the forest flickers on
a stump, bereaved of her tree.

DRUM SONG: FOR A LEAVE-TAKING

Feather-head waters, love,
split on these rocks
and flay our hide canoes
to matchwork.

In the dog days
the buttered hills
beyond our deep ravines
drop nourishment as water.

White-water torrents say
far off, where berries rise
and apples walk on water,
the sky is falling.

ELLIOTT COLEMAN

The Phi Beta Kappa Poem

1965

ENCORE

All conditions are green
for Mariner, marvelous
through the black noons
to Mars.

All systems are go.

It is to be hoped from go
that like a small red salmon
looking for its source
Mariner will thread the right stream
to the red star
and spawn before dying;
not find itself at the wrong spring
and crush its head against a rock
until dead.

Flying to creation.
Swimming to our source.
All conditions are green

Return to the tree
by the waters of Fort McHenry for an encore
from the Mockingbird.

Listen to 33 songs
with the whirring and the buzzing
the splicing and throbbing
the climbing and swooping;
after tentative half-tones
the landing
on the gorgeous stones of the whole circle.

The thrills of flight
in any direction
to any zip-coded destination.

On the 12-tone scale of the white noon
none of this needs accompaniment.
No accompaniment necessary.
Nobody else necessary.
No other soul, brain, voice
necessary
but everybody welcome.

Interarboreal flight
from star to star
ends the Encore.

Ends the Lesson.

White smoke of Selma and Saigon.

Out of the dark conditions of my heart,
Lights.

All conditions are green ?
Some conditions are red.
All systems are go ?
Some conditions are stop.

(ENCORE was published in THE NEW BALTIMORE HERALD, May 14, 1965)

GEORGE CHAMBERS

SENTENCES

Fever sky clattering through the familiar gable.
The patience of sugar in a dish.
Presences crash on the corner of things.
The old world cops along.
Beer comes in cans.
Bristles sweep.
A clean line.

Touch the wash of things.
Sweet to hold.
Curtains flutter by the sill.
I grind my pepper.
I live beneath the plug.

ELLIOTT COLEMAN

LETTER TO DAVID RAY

March 27, 1965

You know I hoped to cross New Mexico this February. You even suggested that I dictate an evening diary entitled Crossing New Mexico. And the trip was cancelled. I then began to write a poem for you anyway. It got this far:

CROSSING NEW MEXICO

for David Ray

- I Sangre de Cristo
- II White Sands
- III White Signal

I

black blood of Christ
black clouds of his breath
black red dance of the devils

On the next page of the notebook is pencilled the single line:

a circumcision of winter light.

This morning at a sunrise that breaks the winter, having read THE SUN on Vietnam and Alabama, I think of my intention and recall that actually I've crossed New Mexico, not once but twice, vertically and horizontally, and this, for you, in a few phrases, is a far intimation of what the trips were like

I The Vertical (More Recent)

Between six and seven of a July morning
I walked to the airlines office
through Santa Fe Plaza where
Indian women were setting up displays
of pale adobe vases and red black and white rugs.

Though I was on the west engine there was a final
glimpse of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains
not carmine in the sunset
but charcoal after sunrise.

At Albuquerque a merry little
round brown-faced, brown-eyed
woman
came down the aisle:
Good Morning, she said

and sat by me.

She was 80, she was going
to a wedding in Phoenix
by way of El Paso, yes
it was her second grandchild, no
she'd be flying back tomorrow, yes
she liked living in a university town.

As we veered east to the sun
the Rio Grande
came out from under
and winked wickedly.

Slamming down at Alamogordo
the airplane blew a tire.

To wait out another, the customers
were paraded through the windy heat
to the elegant freeze of the officer's mess
where Brown Face and White Face ate
a chicken sandwich and drank iced tea.

No more than into the air when
White Sands
blinded us from the west:
You Know, she laughed,
I'm called the Mother of White Sands.
When I was 18 my husband and I prospected
out there:
But how was it, wasn't it dangerous?
It was the happiest time of my life.
And we got 'em to make it into a National Park
before he died.

II The Horizontal (Less Recent)

Because of July rains the Gulf was poisoned
at Biloxi.
I read A Portrait Of The Artist As A Young Man
under a sun-awning on a hot dock but got to dive once
from a motorboat seven miles out
into cool brilliance.
But it was too hot and I took an all night air cooled train
to the altitude of El Paso.
In the crackling cool station that morning
a Mexican Band was playing SOUTH OF THE BORDER for tourists.
I almost cried.

The next train went to Deming and from there six people
in a three-rowed motorhack were driven the 60 miles of level
overcast to Silver City
without a word.

It was a rugged seven miles to the ghost town of Tyrone:
Douglas my friend was writing a book (and going to die soon):
Rita his wife was from the Isle of Pines, she was voluptuous.
She made us a very hot dinner
and we drove up the rest of the 10,000 feet to
White Signal
where the cowboys young and old
and their girls young and old
danced for joy.

While Rita drove me over the 40-mile roller-coaster
that would catch the western train
Lordsburg
was a creeping drift of white ashes
high up a smoking range and it shone
incessantly in the blue air:
it re-ignited and then collapsed
into the American Town.

The cold expressed serpentine
the flash rattle bam
of a storm
right into the fright
of the Arizona mountains.

I have just called the Baltimore Weather Bureau. A man tells me there will be
a new moon on the night of Thursday, April first. I send you this by air to
Portland, Oregon, so you may have it by then.

Elliott Coleman

ANNE FESSENDEN

1. Quiet smoke rises on an orange sky.
The Hudson is choked with ice blocks.
The future breaks up inside of me.
2. I wanted to heat up the whole house
but I couldn't be myself
with the blizzard
and the sun not out.
3. Snow across the lawn.
My sheet, flat and covered with cold feathers.
A barely-heard windy song.
4. Eyes pin me down.
Orange butterfly
caught
5. Your city backyard in winter:
three trees a clump of snow,
an empty hammock I brought from
Yucatan, last summer.
6. The elevated rides over my childhood.
Light travels around my dark bed.
7. Brooklyn Bridge changes from day to night.
A car stands on the South Street dock:
That's me
with the priest of poets
in it.

S. DORMAN

THE JANITOR'S WIFE

Two fists locked in her eyes
when she looked at me. The taste
of her rage filled my mouth
and envy killed the birds
I'd never owned to begin with.
She wanted to fly, and I
stood in her air.

I wanted
to dress her like a sister
but her flesh withered
at my touch. Her blood
might have been green it was so bitter
and there's a stain like bruised
grass on the palms of my hands.

Of all the women
she's the crooked one I dream of
when I try to flee and can't move.
When I think I've forgotten her
She spits at me
from the top of my holiday.

PRAISING THE EAGLE

"Fly!" she said, praising the talons
on the eagle's feet. "But my head must not
be shaven to make the hat fit. My skirts
must apply to my knees.

I may dance in secret, but I wear
my face open to each man's hunger.
No," she said, "my schools are open to all,
I must sleep on a child's pillow, or my tongue
will grow too big for my mouth, and tell lies.

Truth, truth, the word's a sound
made by your tongue between teeth; vision,
variation, a coat cut new
for each customer. Wind sleeps on my doorstep.
with dust in its nostrils; I will not be taken in
by your histories
when so many pages are missing." She said:
"I'll ride off on a good mare, my stirrups
the color of sunrise, to see the whole country."

ELLIOTT COLEMAN

LAST SWIM
AT INDIAN ROCKS

November 1964

for Francis and
Marjorie Thompson

Perforating the cold jade
like going through green walls
One opens the deep cage
Of a green bird.

Floating, north,
eyes up to the sapphire
zenith
one hears sunspray to the south
and two voices from the beach.

travel poem

beneath the Walt Whitman bridge

a big wet tongue
shaking
with saliva

& big broken
teeth
crunching food

S. DORMAN

POEM FOR KENNETH PATCHEN

"Because everybody's clock keeps
a different time" I live in a tesseract
with five exposures. Guests go upstairs
to find the garage; driving away they crash
through the cellar wall. Once my father
came for a weekend to **plant roses**.
After the hybrid teas he came in the kitchen
for a beer and that's why we have
a yellow rambler twined around tomorrow.
When we light a fire we can't follow
where the smoke goes but it leaves
before New Years' Eve. A cube is easier
to live in but too confining. Anyway,
that's a view from a different clock, not mine.

IT'S A LONG ROAD

Oh it's a long road, he said;
she's high on beer and supper half frozen,
did I marry her for iced carrots
and a cold chop?

A long road,
the lamb said, down to the slaughter,
and no greens promised.

On the road,
the butcher man said, it travels
two days to reach my market
and no sales promised.

Promises, she said,
what can you keep? If I married
for a gold ring it's worn thin
in the washtub.

Gold, said the hornet,
I wear it all summer, I promise a weapon;
fear me.

It's a long road,
he said, sitting to the table.
Tomorrow is cold as a winter morning.

Love me, she said,
no matter how the gold is thin, worn
from the tub and the thimble.

The road is where we're going,
said the lamb, the hornet, the husband

Marry me,
the sun said, rising tomorrow.

. Jim Boyle's poetry has appeared
in many magazines including:
. Mother 11, Ole, Tish, K.K.K.
N.A.A.C.P., etc.

. S. Dorman also writes Science
Fiction & short stories. Her
. poetry has appeared in many of
the established reviews.

The next three pages are selections from Raquel Jodorowsky's poems. She is a famed South American Poet. Her work is, in our opinion, considered among the cream of poetry. This is her second publication in our magazine. Some of her poems appeared in the last issue of Poetry Review.

One of our editors, Monique Groulx, has done a literal translation of the poet's work to help you better understand and appreciate the quality of her poetry.

EL ANGEL EXTERMINADOR

Y porque así termina todo entre los hombres.
Sepultados en el no-amor
Monstruosos bajo la luz de la verdad
Con un terrible miedo de caer dentro del sueño
mientras cada ojo se va por diferentes direcciones
para apastar contra una puerta la memoria
hasta que sangre.
Viajaron hacia el interior de un beso
buscando el cosmos y no encontraron nada
sino la era miserable de un cuerpo
cuyos huesos se le hicieron aire.
Trataron de respirar en habitaciones prestadas
como quien quisiera cambiar de país or ser salvado del fuego
y siempre despertaron a una magia de planetas quebrados.
Quisieron sostener el misterio sobre la tierra
pero el Angel Poderoso con calor de gusano
se acostó con ellos en la oscuridad de la risa
y puso oro en sus dedos
reduciendo a polvo de alas de mariposas
sus corazones que amaban.
Oh, Angel abriendo siempre el sexo de la muerte
con tus cabellos iridiscentes que crecen
transformándose en lobos.
Extiende tus alas y clávate con alfileres contra el suelo
atraviézate con cuchillos, traga palos, devora carbones encendidos
arrastrate sobre tus espaldas de plumas tristes
y borra el mapa de este mundo cruel.
Olvidate. Deja que los hombres trabajen en la secreta batalla
del interior de sus rostros.
Ellos, pobrecitos, que necesitan sus trajes
con ciudades de abejas en los bolsillos.
Angel del Destino de Luto
en guerra despiadada contra el amor
mátame a mí que ya estoy muerta
Entonces durante miles de siglos que durará tu festín
alguien tendrá la libertad sin cuidado
de volver a escribir y de amar y de ponerse en las fotografías bellas.
Oh, Angel, duerme a la orilla de mis pedazos
Quizás llegues a tocar el sol.

THE ANGEL EXTERMINATOR

And for that reason thus ended everything between men.

Buried in the no-love

Monstrous below the light of truth

With a terrible fear to fall within the dream

while each eye goes towards different directions

to smash memory against a door

until blood.

They traveled towards the interior of a kiss

seeking the cosmos and found nothing

but the miserable age of a body

whose bones tormented it.

They tried to breathe in lent habitations

like one who wishes to change country or be saved from the fire

and always they awoke to a magic of broken planets.

They wished to sustain the mystery over the earth

but the Powerful Angel with the warmth of a worm

laid down with them in the obscurity of laughter

and put gold on their fingers

reducing to dust from wings of butterflies

their hearts who loved.

Oh, Angel always opening the book of death

with your iridescent hair which grow

transforming themselves into wolves.

Extend your wings and nail yourself against the ground with pin-money

pass knives through yourself, swallow sticks, devour inflamed charcoal

crawl over your shoulders of sad feathers

and strike out the map of this cruel world.

Forget yourself. Leave so that men work in the secret fight

of the interior of their rostrums.

They, poor little ones, who need your clothes

with cities of bees in the pockets.

Angel of Mourning Destiny

in impious war against love

kill me who is already dead

Then during thousands of centuries in which your feast shall last

someone shall hold liberty without fear

of returning to write and of loving and of putting himself in

beautiful photographs

Oh, Angel, sleep at the edge of my steps.

Perhaps you reach to touch the sun.

GUIARRAS ELECTRONICAS

Ahi estaban con sus rojos y brillantes instrumentos
igual a corazones carcomidos
envueltos en alambres de colores
como cordones umbilicales
naciendo a nuestra era.

Venian del misterio y estaban vestidos de negro.

Tocaron raspando sus vientres

Se cayeron a pedazos sus gargantas

mientras aullaban la única poesia

que les dejaron en este tierra

Muerte.

Dedos de falsas joyas

entraban a rebuscar en las entrañas

un sonido semejante a la explosión de una estrella

o a un estertor de seis millones de bocas

ahogadas en cámaras de gas.

Oh, jóvenes abriéndose a los pelos

de la desesperación

naúfragos aferrados a una forma de madera decapitada

en un costado

Estoy triste bebiendo esta alegría

que se cae del centro abierto de la juventud herida

cantando electocutada, de pie

en la noche del mundo.

ELECTRONIC GUITARS

There they were with their red and shiny instruments
similar to worm-eaten hearts
wrapped in wires of colors
like umbilical cords
being born in our era.

They came from mystery and were dressed of black.

They played scraping their bellies

Their throats were very fatigued

while they howled the only poetry

which they left to them on this earth

Death.

Fingers of false jewels

entered to search in the entrails

a sound similar to the explosion of a star

or to a stertor from six millions mouths

suffocated in halls of gas.

Oh, youths pulling their hair

from desperation

wrecked headstrongs to a form of decapitated wood

on one side

I am sad drinking this joy

which falls from the opened middle of the wounded youth

singing electrocuted , from foot

in the evening of the world

DAISY ALDAN

Sometimes she screams in her sleep...

She returns from escape to small Italian cities
littered with tattered damask-draped cathedrals
in whose dank crypts heavy as rancour, she tarried
to study embalmed corpses; from processions
of the faithful fixed, their skin the color of chestnuts;
of silver crucifixes, and glass coffins
bearing bleeding Christs, and venerated mummies
of county saints in satin; and hers were among
the dirges which swept the throng. In churches of Acqui,
Allesandrè, Alassio, veiled in black
she sat in straight-backed chairs, intoning litanies
during long rituals, groping for light
among the weeping candles and lilies. In incense-
scented tombs of buried kings where electrified
ancient oil-lamps glowed on stone sarcophagi,
she meandered, and in halls of steles of Coptic
women, whose large dark almond eyes resembled yours, and probed
Anubi bearing their souls to the Land of the Dead.

Eyes oblique, and mouth a Eumenides curve of grief,
She told everyone she met that you had died.

She placed small sacrifices at the Shrine of Death:
lipstick and dances, and wore half-mourning grey.

In Occult books she reamed seeking solace, but sorrow
grew, in trials recorded, more poignant over
that threshold. She cried: - A volcano may erupt
at any moment, and we, pas etre prets
pour l'autre monde! - She became accident-prone: Spiders
fell from the ceiling onto her hair. She smashed
into a glass door; was clawed by a cat she petted,
She swore that on Tuesdays and Fridays, she felt
a chill cross her arm, and your cold lips her forehead.

I preceded her to the house. I swept away
dead carrion flies cluttering the doorway;
unshrouded and dusted a month's grey dust from the tables
and chairs; discarded the funeral bouquets,
the dried leaves of the plants on the terrace; flung open
the windows; brought back the singing canary.

When she returned to the house, I held out my sunlit hands:
She covered her eyes. I offered her my land
and my love. She answered: - I am at home with these doilies,
wooden landscapes in frames; these family albums. -

She veiled the doors and windows with your heavy embroidered drapes.
Each day she waters Death and keeps it growing.

At evening, she draws aside a corner of the curtain,
and notes the pthisic glow of the moon on the floor.

A star may fall, or a pale blue radiance stream to the sea.
She waits for Tuesdays and Fridays when a chill
crosses her arm: And she has begun to write
in a handwriting not her own, words which you guide.

Sometimes she screams in her sleep in the bed where you died.

DAISY ALDAN is the author of 3 books of poems. She is the editor of Folder Magazine &
& A New Folder: AMERICANS: Poems and Drawings, an anthology of contemporary works with a
forward by Wallace Fowlie. A recording of her works is in the Collection of American
Poets at the Library of Congress.

TO MAKE F street the substitute O motion picture industry

the ante(almost bellum balcony(ies F st.
where they mince around the blue tinged window Fair

squeals O they did for Al Martino
oooOH HERE IN MY HEART I'M ALONE & SOO LONNNE...LY

second chorus

second re...frain

he laughed
a little bit

the boys did not
clap they felt/ how the brand new threads the roll
collar was in bloom

lapel... less cardigan(O what the music did for mr. pound
across the river / Stonewall, wounded, said : & into the
trees / O what the music did for Ezra in the bosom of
the Saint.....

the accounts : the man sitting under
what had to be the American Holly

(a rumor of pines

O wat the music did THE A M E R I C A N L I F E
W H A T D O E S T H I S B E I N G DO the incongruous
flag I no longer James Monroe Elem. Sch. pledge that infant
soul out of my head I do not sit around hoping for
diamonds and dreaming of silk

but OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT !

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In the narrow

closet under the stairs, its curved
claws retracted in ferocious fur, the bear
slept long after they found her curled
on the tiled floor, as in the parlor

grave

and correct relatives revolved
among the stuffed chairs murmuring:
Dreadful accident. Shocking thing
to happen. Poor child; but you,

the child

who had laughed in the circus of her skirts,
caught the smell of the broom closet
in the empty glass she left,
though they rinsed it well, and

sat

choked but defiant. Cat
got your tongue? You were sure. Say PLEASE
and it's yours. You knew, but you couldn't
say it so you screwed up your face,

tasting

the clean bite of silence. Watch out!
warned the aunts and cousins, it will freeze
that way. They wondered if the tight cords
would bend, as they stood between you and

the ritual of

naming.
At bedtime, sweat formed
on your child's palm, still creased
with wisdom from the wet, as you crept
up the steps, cautious.

One night,

deep in your dilations, the winter tongue awake.
Bear! you called. Bear, BARE, at the door.
Lye. Lye, LIARS, you screamed
as the glass broke.

Older

you stamped as you climbed to the man
who came to board up the closet, to strum
as you clapped in your tall
mother's shadow, rapped

in the skin

of her heat and color, as you
tapped with your heels: Look! there is no
hell or punishment, no hollow
place under this land.

You spoke,

bare in the night room, with intense
gestures: No furs for me,
or ribbons either. Instead, retrievers,
named, responsive, and through the dark

a girl

feels her way freely to find her
doors to open. In the kennel
dogs bark. Between their paws rest
the bones of cold dancers.

.Carolyn Stolloff's poems have
appeared in magazines &
.newspapers throughout the
country.
.

KENT TAYLOR

march 25, 1965

in raging stillness

catapulting steaming
charred water

have screams
shrieked your senses

have you heard a tree
choke
on sap did you ever try
quiet just once

did you ever feel your
feet as they walk

one after
the
other probably
not a river
not one drop

did your throat
constrict
the last moon you roofed

i found
a hole in the ground

the other hour fell

broken

my lands twisted

my watch
running
backward

march 15, 1965

the land cuts
deep
i tend my personal fires

winding roads
i burn a crooked sun

some things follow
water carries what floats
over
sunken

running
you hit more
than yesterday

words paper
my guts

bleeding
all over
new wrecks
clog the land
hoping for a thought in
an old alphabet

until the
keys change or vanish

before words stay
before
you die

DANIEL CASSIDY

"NOW IS THE TIME FOR PROPHECY WITHOUT DEATH AS A CONSEQUENCE"

Morning, the river:
wings darken and grow heavy,
nothing burns or flies, there is no one
to dance upon these waters

There is only the rain
closer than the hair of dead children.

We Are Cuckold To Disaster With Its Blue Mouth

This river wounds my voice with its solutions

(title from Allen Ginsber's poem Death to Van Gogh's Ear)

From the fineness of his perception
--an intersection of thinnesses
in what others breathe--
start distemper abstracts a rose;
consonant to which arrangement:
whipping of a geometric loom
with petals: brief predigital nonsense
that time has never clump-footed on.

Fingers perform a paragraph.

Threads unwind: petal, tone, all perfume,
too punctual to endure,
wither to lines crippled into breath.
A large dark bird plunges from his mouth.
Carnival roses require abstract hands.

DARRELL L. GRAY

T H E H E A L E R

I am here on this sand, waiting.
There is a beast but the beast will not come.
He knows not to come and is happy.

The day is almost gone--
above the roof, beyond the sun.

I see from nowhere on this sand:
it rises out of sound into The Sound.
Hera in the half-light looms.

The beast is only lines--not even bones.
Bones alone then I could break him
but he is only lines and is happy.

Soft as the whisper of a rat
his shape comes upon me;
here where my foot goes into the sand,
here where I end at the end of my hand.

The sun's thorns are biting my fingers.
My hands are red and swollen.
I pray for the beast who would come to
eat me and lovingly heal me away.

But the healer heals only himself.
If he were lame, his need would heal him.
He would be happy with my head in his heart.

My bones would make thought for him
and in his wild round head I would not be dead.

But I am here on the sand, waiting.
The beast of me is ocean and moon apart.
My hands at the moon and the water
are trying to mix them. My bones are on
tip-toe with waiting. But
he knows not to come and is happy.

Pale sky. Clouds.
Under the main portico
a woman touches the stone.

Are your knees worn as steps?
Do your fingers feel?
Would you rather the city coiffed
that we might not see its eyes
nor it ours?

Another pigeon falls on its shadow
where I bread her lawn.

DARRELL L. GRAY

T H E S E R P E N T

Near the ledge, the tail of the serpent rises.
Its cry fills the light with white ash.
It kneels in the sun, opening teeth and a world.

The horizon is deep white.
The sound it made that moment was deep white:
full of white ash.

On fields where blood climbs the points of
grass in dim excretions, he is only a limp moment--
a splinter of will.

He fears the earth but knows it all within.
Winter stands with four feet on his back:
though the spine sags, the scales glitter!

The horizon is deep white.
It is there to make him stand out, alone, sun-stricken,
like the exile or a lonely God.

Viewed from the inside, he has no mind to sail,
to sing, but sits on his own legs
until his legs are tired. They tire too often.

Then he lies like a phallus in stubble, listening
to himself and the thoughts that the ash is filling.
The ash is continually filling.

This thing that would be something other--
soft violence that is easily broken
knows, to, that snakes are good to be when

half alone, with nothing but an aching bone.
The sky falls down at his eyes.
A moment of birds that would pick out his eyes

and leave but a backbone in stubble
if they took the trouble
to leave it and not haul it to the sky.

.....

ALVARO CARDONA-HINE

if	the
dragon	snail
flies	climbed
made	to
honey	the
their	top
honey	of
would	the
be	hill
blue	
and	
you	the
would	turtle
have	dreamt
two	of
whole	a
jars	very
of	small
it	lover

D. L. GRAY

A N A T O M Y L E S S O N

I would put one nail on the tip of the tongue
if the tongue would open.

I would place a terrible flag in the eye
if the eye would pray.

I would, in the hallway of my throat,
construct dangerous lilies
but my mouth will not open.

If my bones were fish hooks I could drop
them into water. They would be something
then and I would open the fish that the hooks
caught. A fish has many parts.

Don't look.
My ears are open.

Even if I attempt to smile, my face will
storm to pieces. Like so many birds
my cheeks, eyes, lips and hair will
remember their origin.
They were made of things and they
will remember.
The earth is too soon at their feet.

No comedian would feel at home in me.
Though my bones are happy, they do not joke.
Sometimes I feel them leaving,
turning back upon their own dust.
Once I caught them on the edge of leaving.

I have never seen my heart, lungs
and the gray stuff in my head.
Is it there, I wonder?
Or is it sneaking away?

DOUGLAS BLAZEK

a girl with
sandals
for EyEs

drin_k
i_ng the t*e*a of moon
with bric-a-brac for t^{EE} th
F
E
L
L into a poppy/field/death
& f o r e v e r
trampled
my hide
with
the (warm) leather
of her soles

DAVID SANDBERG

a spurt of breath in praise of natural women

angular
bright flash
luminous
spotted fish
alive
twisting in
silver water
silver
in the air
plunge
muscularly into
crystalline
crashing consciousness
of stream

JAMES RYAN MORRIS

THE FLOWER

In my head, hung up
behind my teeth
the tongue is full
of tears, & blood.

I push against its
grain, the mechanics
of independence, and
its clear

They won't come out.

What else to do
but take this face,
the entirety of head
& press it quietly

within the pages
of a blank book.

. . . .David Sandberg has published in EPOS (Crescent City, Fla. \$2 a yr.) and WORMWOOD REVIEW. Has poems forthcoming in EL CORNO EMPLUMADO, POETRY NORTHWEST, DUST, and SMALL POND (Box 101, RFD 3, Auburn, Me. 04210 \$1 a yr.) . . . James Ryan Morris is editor of CROUPIER (2608 SW 58th Ave., Seattle 16, Wash.) . . . Douglas Blazek recently appeared in MAGAZINE TWO (Kirby Congdon, Box 35, New York City) . . .

DAVE KELLY

TEN YEARS A LEGACY OWED

Black in black valley sun
Washed carefully in weeping,
The green tree song of the
Souring desert reaches for
Drink in its unbleached thirst
For the hawk, and the
Hawk's eye bleeding:

The little hill comes around
And the feet attack each stone
While the hidden rivers
Dry tears of lambs
In the blood, seeking death
At the first iron time of
The last gold eagle's laugh:

This hole in the ground is a
Fine thing now, the ache that
It fills is its hollowest place;
Is the nest of the centuries
Sleeping in time to the tunc
Of the widow as she walks down
Into time, into all good dreams.

But you, small bird, are a beast
As you eat in the shallower ground,
As the promise of death
In your ungrown squawk
Promises kisses of predators'
Beaks when the sun in its
Recklessness nourishes pain.

And the old men arrive to make
Each falling year sound in
Echoes of agony, ecstasy's leap
Like the knives that we sharpen
In patient desire for the heads,
For the lives of softer things
When our fear grows from guilt
Into lust.

Green blooms on moon valley hills,
Blackberries sprout from our skulls
While the promised chalk of
The carpenter's house grows
In trembling expectancy each
Living day at the knowledge of
Death that its promises bring

To the widow, the old men, the valley
And you under acres of panting as
You look down through that hill
Into meadows on roofs and in time,
To the river that gnaws, feeding
Cattle on brine, on the laughter
that dies in our skulls:

Only you, little bird, will arrive
At the hour that arrows approach;
Only you, in the year of your
Ultimate growth, on the wings
That the hunger, the pain of
The stars has made grow into
Pinions for each man's heart.

" ARRANGEMENT FOR A BLACK COACH "

Night velvet breath, soothing
acid for our other minds, I
call upon the hawk and know
our fears will wake in deepness;

Heart's silken sleep, calling
nothing from the agon'd cry
of children, asking quietly
a small number of our years;

Soft smiling guest, counting
hard pearl beads of days, we
watch our hair grow hopeful grey
and ask the watchman for our youth;

Deep ink of time, the widows
weep in broken down guitars,
the fire in the evening song
will wash away bright echoes;

Half life of god, the teachers
smile upon soft child shudders, I
sink among the searching moths
and see a broken light somewhere;

Long dreams of time, the cancer
pushes of soft spider shadows,
searches for the hidden moment
and singing low, devours it;

Off-key of laughter, in the low
the children wander, smiling
purposely at oysters, living
under hammers of another dream;

Hard gift of blackness, my eyes
accept the steel of sorrow, songs
caress my lowered body, looking
after grapes among some bowl.

BEFORE BEING RUDELY INTERRUPTED

some bombs were meant to kill some people
some bombs were meant to kill some people
some bombs were meant to kill some people

some fires were meant to burn some children
some fires were meant to burn some children
some fires were meant to burn some children

some wines were meant to cure some drunks
some books were meant to stir some minds
some flags were meant to bleed some boys

this age is meant to make us weep
this world is meant to make us weep
this blame is meant to make us weep

this life is meant to make us scream
this pain is meant to make us scream
this hell is meant to make us scream

this bomb is meant to make us laugh
this bomb is meant to make us laugh
this bomb is meant to make us laugh

FUTURE ECHOES

darkness brightened by chaos
dirt shoveled into still-warm faces
no time
for grief

death waits with each quiver
the atom of life is split asunder
frag

ments find a place but in-
complete cannot hope to rest

the ATOMIC AGE has opened and MAN is at
last faced with the unlimited
possibilities of the universe

the voice of hope

dead cities
the catacombs
dead cities
the echoes
dead cities
the wasted land
life grows out of death
the spawn of brutes

"The inclusive cloud whose heart is fire shall come@

new worlds full of new cities
the cities of the plains
inhabited by amoebae

CEASE-FIRE

Had agreement come

one hour sooner
twelve pairs of eyes would still be smiling,

one day sooner
sixty men would have kissed their wives again,

one week earlier
and six hundred fathers would have gone home,

one month earlier
and nineteen hundred sixty-one soldiers and civilians
would now be dancing and making love,

just one minute before the final explosion
and time would have remained undisturbed.

S U M M E R

E V E N I N G

in water
the lily floats
smiling
in the sun
the dragonfly
swiftly skims
on edges of air
disappearing

in the reeds' shadows
you dip fingers
in green reflection
of water teased
by wind

to wrinkled trembling
in water
I find your signature
slipping eagerly
in eyelets of light

disappearing
through skating shadows
I wait
the sun retreats

behind moody trees
to drown the evening
the water brisks to a murmur

I wait
you float on lily-petals
towards the dam
that spills you
to pointed rocks

.....
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\$5 per poem; \$5 per sketch. Please mention POETRY REVIEW when submitting.
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has Paul Blackburn, Larry Eigner, Theodore Enslin, Daniel Hoffman, LeRoi Jones, Denise
Levertov, Jerome Rothenberg, and Diane Wakoski (all have appeared in POETRY REVIEW).... 32

D. M. Pettinella

ROMAN COURTYARD

The great brass door
overhung with creepers
shadows the carvings
timeless and dim; through
the large keyhole I see
a field of bronze grass.

Trees in wind
make shadows play
out in the open like children;
an old skull, a yellow
bone shin, shines
in the slickering sunlight.

I gaze and wonder
this long afternoon
whose presence from eternity
returns in this image.

TORREFAZIONE di Luciano Folgore

Piazza di vetro ardente,
sollevata di colpo
negli alti forni del sole.
Papaveri di luce
avanti alle pupille.
Spille nel sangue.
D'intorno le case,
affondate
nei marciapiedi
liquefatti dal caldo.
Camminare evitando
colonne ubriache di rosso,
sfondare col petto
semicerchi di solleone,
e invidiare l'ombra d'un ragnatelo
ad un insetto addormentato.

SCORCHER by Luciano Folgore
from the Italian: TORREFAZIONE

The piazza, scorching glass
suddenly lifted
into high ovens of sun
Poppies of light
blinding the pupils.
Pins in blood.
Nearby houses
sunken
in sidewalks
melting in heat.
Walking, avoiding
the columns wavering in red,
with breast crashing
into semi-circles of burning sun,
envying the shadow of a spider's web
over a sleeping bug.

BY THE COASTS OF TIME

For Jean Edelman (1947-1965)

by

RICHARD MACKSEY

once that tree
slips sight
absently turn
wether dazing
your words
on the light
that tangles shape
and that green presence
or hunting
there where
late clouds
still burn:
no night
so far
can still you
though how cold.

SISTE VIATOR

Our life's a handsome moonlight
 that argentines the flesh sweet
 that silkens brief the wanwood
 comes walking cold and soon
 ...hight
 Redeyed and reckless Betelgeuse
 will be the nearest hearth to warm
 cantabile will shrill to
 the one steel note of
 Sirius
 All glistening grains of men fold
 to moonparched husks that nothing keep
 for rustling love or light's kiss
 and may no seed again
 hold

TESTIMONY OF A DEAN OR BETTER

Sixty years it took to make me,
 Church taught me first: all men are sinners,
 and Women Eves; yet God invites
 a few of us to His own private dinners.
 To lower the odds, eleven to one, against
 the role of Judas, I prayed
 with youthful resonance among the elders,
 seeing apostles were not born but made,
 nor profits, either, priests nor pundits.
 Perceiving too that he who starts like Saul
 gets to the top, I led the brethren
 inventing pasts to turn us into Pauls.

Setbacks came. The built-in bulb
 I'd thought to use for sole illumination
 began to spotlight beasts so foul they crazed me,
 convinced me I'd been saved for lone damnation.
 With care some wits returned: religion
 and literature, I twigged, were synonyms,
 and pleasant living can be made by showing
 how very much the better poems are like hymns.

Yet when the Thirties arrived (with mine) the Devil
 still would trip me. Highly I thought,
 and for a brief time spoke, of Hitler. Certain
 uncertain ladies' flesh in vain I sought.
 Was I too timid? or was it youthful Adam
 that I craved? I tried, and failed, to bed
 my best friend's wife, and found the only climax
 came while slipping lies into her boyish head.

But God at last was kind to his awakened.
 The Forties brought me peace to watch a war.
 Some rivals lost their lives, and all lost time.
 I was the humanism they were fighting for,
 rode to be Head, ate better and wrote sonnets,
 assembled witty lectures from the scholars,
 delivered them with pentateuchal fire,
 let others wed, or publish, banked my dollars.

Peace was touch and go. The veterans massed,
 staffs swelled, rebelled, committees multiplied,
and factions too. I wooed the strong above me;
 below I pushed them to the losing side.
I penned some Presidential speeches, helped
 three influential easterners to our D. Litts,
slid into boys' clubs, finance committees, churches --
 but still my enemies would not call quits.
Then just as my Satanic colleagues had it fixed
 with the Admin. to cast me out from here --
my God is good! -- the Prexy's plane went down,
 and I was quickest to the New Man's ear.

A Dean has duties too, but also Deanlets.
 One weekend I was Acting President.
And were another plane to crash, and certain things
 told certain Regents -- no, I'd not be hesitant.
I have learned all things requisite for rule:
 in academics women do not matter;
men, from the pinkcheeked freshmen up, are still
 the seed of Adam; be wariest when they flatter;
equally be prompt to offer every Donor,
 Regent's wife and senator, all laud;
make daily friends but keep none ... And so I'll sup -
 Satan, take that long spoon away! -- with God.

CHARLES EDWARD EATON

THE CAVE-IN

With all of the weight of boredom, vice, and virtue
On top of them, as well as rock, what hope the drill?--
No one, little cynic, thought of asking you.

First the narrow tube goes down to ascertain
If they still live, basic as Atlas
To our huge, loose cargo, their stalled intimacy of pain.

The drill goes dead--we are somewhere in the darkness
 and the rough--
Through the stillness, the great, great breaking-down,
We cling to center, seem in danger of slipping off

Unless we somehow rediscover life in that fetid
 hole.
We sit in our balcony of rooms, all specialists:
If the body can be delivered to us we will not make
 trouble about the soul.

The rankest materialist will surely not forget
These grimy diamonds when we have spent all else--
This is, indeed, the deepest we can ever be in debt.

Give us back this noisome little hoard we say,
As though it could ransom us in our exhaustion:
Two men, glad to be alive, rise like saviors in the startling
 light of day.

HARVEY TUCKER

WORDS

Like little children,
we sat beneath
the cold wind of evening,

listening to the sounds
of a universe in motion.

(worlds turn
on less delicate cues)

Below us,
slain by the feather of sleep,
men gathered and disappeared
into the darkness of rooms.

Not a word spoken,
we counted the fingers of one hand
and looked to the stars;

amazed at their
slow struggle across the sky.

GEORGE MONTGOMERY

(Especially for Moraff)

Between the Birds
and the Lions
there is friendship
to a degree
now let me make a statement
to all governments!
Make yourself a Lion in trust
and roar
Make yourself a Bee in trust
and buzz
Make yourself a Great Animal
roaring buzzing and to a degree
Love!
& only to a degree
1st
2nd
100th
Lions, Birds, Bees
All
make yourself a great Animal feather or fur
beak or nose
Roar & be silent
to a degree!

JIM BOYLE

wet moonlight

a wobbled sheet of black
with shots of silver

shining through
on a deep
looking up
fish

FIRST DAYLIGHT PICTURES

This plane would take us to places we had never been
Before, a million miles from winter
Islands that would be easy to reach,
The sun, a friend to swim with,
A midday break of lunch
On a surfboard, on a shaded patio.
We know that Carte Blanche will jet us
Just about anywhere we want to go.
At 6:20 P.M. we are cleared to Richmond, on Runway 31,
Rising steadily and starting our slow turn toward the sea.
Visibility is about three miles into the darkness,
Blurred by remnants of the fog that plague air traffic.
There is a mild wind.
The air temperature is in the 40's.
The water beneath us is close to freezing.
We start a long left turn
That takes us over the Atlantic
Now a right turn can be felt
Which grows progressively steeper.
Inside the Eastern terminal
The muzac continues playing, passengers
Line up at the counters, porters haul luggage.
The information regarding our flight remains unchanged.
Small boats, dead slow, nose through the slick.
Skin divers have offered their assistance in search of clues.
The brass buttons of a soldier's uniform
Glinting in the sun, a shaving kit,
The jacket of a stewardess, a salesman's voluminous report
Have been retrieved.
We could see the glow of distant search flares on the beach.
People come down to see if they could find us.
A woman stands, and someone takes her picture
With a background of the water
Where we are waiting to be lifted into boats.
Their presence could be an inspiration to us.
But the ocean grows more cluttered with a sort of silent evidence
Floating to the surface, far from the help that could not get to us
In time. Helicopters fly in low
And drop flares that reveal nothing.
Work is vague and frustrating.
We are tired, voiceless, out of reach.
The bits of information
Gathered by the federal authorities
Tell our story. We disappeared
From the radar screen
In a turn, both exceptional and quick.
We are this far from help to know it was important
For us to trust the working parts,
Nor did we look twice at the figures
On the face of the insurance policies we signed.
Some of us have creases in the forehead,
Slope to the shoulders
From all those years of work.
Now no one ever comes here in winter.
When will we be safe through the discovery of reason?
We are resting undisturbed, except for the tides.
This new reality we find less comforting.
Fog and dampness hamper our ever getting home.

a window in darkness

the baby cries in
the next house this
is a neighborhood
I can't do a thing
dogs are quiet

* * * * *

When I stand up
and read

meaning
is the beautiful distance

lungs words bring
to minds

* * * * *

it's a strange past how
dead is one man
and after another

you approach the blind
grown present

familiar behind eye

the self
a project

future imaged
as animal

life is balls
against walls

* * * * *

the crickets fill the night when
the wind leaves emptiness i picture
outside, the stars, in my mind's eye

* * * * *

steam from the rim of a plate
for easy eyes
the spent fire

the sun shines on clouds
or it keeps raining today

lakes, rivers and seas

awareness of fractions

the sea wall
ending
the Moldau

merged
in music

the past which is remembered
a force rises

in the ears, innocent
clarity
having time

* * * * *

The snow death,
rain dissolution

trees in the sweep of wind, leaves
floating off

in the heart mountains rolled dry grass

branches hollow the roof

sounds music ahead voices

* * * * *

snowing a plane
sounds silence

it's been known to thunder

darkness a descent
a long slant

branches whites laid
sound disappears
any worn
road tunneling

* * * * *

bird branches blue
anywhere extensions
to the time

wind bringing snow
through bare trees shaking them

breath strong particles air

* * * * *

Information about contributors: Charles Edward Eaton has published four volumes of poetry, the most recent COUNTERMOVES. Is in Harper's, Atlantic, Yale, Poetry, Nation, Sewanee, and Quarterly Review of Literature. ... Earle Birney is the author of six books of poetry, including ICE COD BELL OR STONE and NEAR FALSE CREEK'S MOUTH. IS in Atlantic, Chelsea, Chicago Rev., Contact, December, Harpers, Literary Rev, New Yorker, Saturday 39

not far away the gutter

he messes the snow
leaving the water a mirror
of sorts

everything out in the sun

* * * * *

the sound of leaves

the sight of the tree in the wind

simplification of teeth

and the glass pushed

shadows at the foot
and across houses

bicycle

signals over the hill

a kid dangling a wall
enough narrows seen
above

* * * * *

insurance a shack says
opposite the graveyard

that seems like hope

peace

at some distance to
appear in the sky

* * * * *

the navel, another
coil of rope

convolutions, the sea
hills and rivers

the moon, slow
takes all night for a play

I can think of it moving
so much

seen
in the rusty water

* * * * *

old age childhood
reading the signs again
and the count that's art for you

a quick eye

a faded one
on the old brick pattern

the form of rain
disappeared

broken details

some view in back

* * * * *

the wind buffeting
the fender

an aerial sticks out

half-toppled
the picture all right

bushes grow
handful
twined bed

it looks unseen

that life needed

* * * * *

the snow leap
of differing speeds

the wind a rush
independent
noise

in snow bushes

the cloud the sky here
land and ocean there

sundown every so often

* * * * *

Information on contributors: Theodore Enslin has published the following books of poetry: THE WORK PROPOSED, NEW SHARON'S PROSPECT, THE PLACE WHERE I AM STANDING. Soon: THE HEAVENLY TREE GROWS DOWNWARD (\$1 from Robert Kelly, Annandale-on-Hudson, NY 12504. Elliot Coleman directs the Writing Seminars at Johns Hopkins. His books include MOCKINGBIRDS AT FORT HENRY, 33 NIGHT SONNETS, THE GOLDEN ANGEL, A GLASS DARKLY, AND AN AMERICAN IN AUGUSTLAND. John Haines will have his first collection of poems published by Wesleyan this spring. Will soon have another selection in HUDSON. John Stevens Wade in ETC., Nation, El Corno, Literary Review, New Mexico Q., Voices Gerard Malanga in VINYL, Andy Warhol's first "non-static" film.

Being a mirror to my mother
whenever I gave the wrong image
I was smashed

Then armies of doubts would come into my eyes
and open the cellophane wrapped
around my skull

Listen for years I have been surrounded
all the armies of the dumb and the deaf
speak to me, but I am an island,
never taught their tongueless tongue

TURN AROUND, MOTHER, the mirror is shattered
it's only a mirror, souls bide deeper, I have a soul
you don't need a finger language to know it is weeping

The lady rifles the different parts of my soul
like a pack of used cards, dog-eared, she lays them
on the old crusts and the mess of the tablecloth

Armies of the blind you are my mother mother who never was
Mirror your mirror my eyes have cracked to let myself out

JAMES M. FLANAGAN

METAMORPHOSIS

Anticipation bedded fear and spawned numbness.
I became a silver funnel of colored emotions
raging on down through it in a slow half motion.
Fragments--
kneeling in ice amid the ponderous ritual
subtle rolling pounding music wrapped like a shroud
about that vaulting high mass voice,
huge rings like the rims of suns
passing through each other, forever,
stern blessings from seeds buried deep in time,
flesh and love putting on soft binding garments.
Transition--
A table stretching to infinity, white,
glasses, fruits, wines, foods, consternation,
meaning sliding away evasively,
flash, flash, light, light,
blue darkness and red blindness,
mad beat, gyrating bodies.
Flight--
Alone in a silent hall
softened with golden light.
Great beloved, pink and soft
awkward as a new born foal
poised and tensed as if for flight
yet needing, needing
and melting with a tearful whimper
in my crude and trembling arms.

- . . . Recent publications of Irene Schramm can be found in BELOIT AND DUST. James M.
- . . Flanagan in GREEN WORLD, DUST, DE PAUL, FLAME, FERMENT, CYCLOTRON, QUINTESSENCE

Now the bums are dying in the streets.
 Like frozen fish they are freshly packed in trucks.
 One stands a guardsman in our filthy doorway,
 Yesterday I saluted his recoiled eyes.
 Today the cold has pinned us to our bed
 And we, two lost scouts, crass traitors to
 The oath of thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent,
 Twist around the campfire of our love,
 As if to suck some heat to unwashed clothes
 From that sad pile of cigarette butts and ash
 Marking the mattress grave of our dead youth.
 Eat with the roaches the fillet of apple core,
 Drink the last cough from the gallon of Gallo,
 And be very merry, my darling, for yesterday we died.

NELSON BALL

TRAVELLING

outside the train
 is the city.

 lacking
 measures
 of time & space
 you move
 thru this city
 & all cities.

 (& time
 between
 is a fantasy)

the city is
 the city is
 the self

eyes strain seeing
 particles
 of structures
 (steel & concrete)

& feel
 the body free

float
 among the structures

close to roots
 (reality, maybe
 or unity ?

you sweat
 & your sweat
 holds it all together.

FALLOUT *
 555 Florence Street *
 Imperial Beach, California *

JAMES KOLLER

AN AIR, FOR D.L., WHO DIDN'T WANT IT

MUST BE ANOTHER WAY
to the grave this
is a damned strange
road narrow before & back
so narrow I wonder how
I came to get this far

maybe I'll stay right
here set up a camp
o build myself a fire
in the road right
in the middle save
all this forget the whole

damned thing why not
have a bite to eat

why not before you go

a tree for kindling
the fire of another round
trip a year's trek

a forest begun a forest
burning along the way

lights in trees

cut off & propped up
memories of full limbs
blithely hung

fire burns us all
wreathes our door
while we stand

snow on the ground
the water
table moves
as we watch
the boards of life

a narrow walkway
for a man's shoes

GEORGE BOWERING

MEXICAN DOG

I thought he was asleep
in the gutter at the edge
of Avenida Insurgentes
his big jaw in front of him
flat on the concrete
the way big dogs sleep

But it was blood his jaw
lay in, clean, dark red
in the blurred neon,
the cars rolling by
heavy & fast
made shadows on him

2ND THOUGHTS ON THE POET

Today I watched him:
hawk
lifting wings

for leap out over
deep cloudy canyon.

And I think now
again of Han Shan

never a bird
never more than a man

with poems in his eyes
a hard climb upward

and a bucket of whitewash
for someone's canyon.

*** James Koller's TWO HANDS/ POEMS 1959-61 is available from James B. Smith,
Publisher, 3306 West Commodore Way, Seattle, Washington 98199----\$1.25.....
Mr. Koller is one of the editor-founders of COYOTE'S JOURNAL of Eugene, Oregon.
***George Bowering is the editor of IMAGO (University of Alberta, Calgary, Alberta,
Canada. He publishes frequently in EL CORNO EMPLUMADO (Apartado Postal No. 13-546,
Mexico 13, D. F. He is to appear in AQUARIUS 1 (\$1 from Box 312-A, Rt. 1, Half
Moon Bay, Calif) along with Philip Whalen, George Hitchcock, Jerome Rothenberg,
Carol Berge, and Robert Kelly.

REED SANDERLIN

STEPS FOR AN AGED COUPLE

Twisted branches outside a pane
Glazed and slick with winter's touch
That's driven sap into the ground
Crackle no louder in movement
Than either of you feeling a path
From lounging chair to stool.
Cold is colder now,
Creeping into snug and marrow
Places that warmed with bright and
Dancing fires in the spring.
Though the sun is hotter, too,
It amends nothing, but makes eyes
Too feeble for sighting a bird
Or needle quick to search out ease.
Fugitives both from harsh light and
Harsher darkness, who seek futile
Hope in what is hopeless,
There is no music in your steps,
Except the rattling of bones;
But that's music for a graver tune
Than waltzing in the dark.

DORIS RADIN

CALIGULA

"He has taught me to expect everything of life."
"No, he has taught you despair."

The snows on the mountain are melting
off in streams through a sweep of white pine
to a dam. The waters rise, pound,
the gates cannot contain, burst open
a torrent. If I could freeze

and chop these thoughts (I run off,
white, without sleep

Near the oak to the left of the brook
The one I knew
was gone

Picking up
the browning petals,
broken eye
that daisy in my palm,
destroyed
in a game
lovers play)

DAVID WADE

JEALOUS ARE THE ANCIENT

Owls and peacocks
Deck the fence and apple-tree:
A lizard fidgets.

KANGAROO

You say Kangaroo
and then smile
But what kind of kangaroo,
is it a short, dark brown kangaroo
too old to carry us across the desert
& back again
or is it a light grey kangaroo
with a slight limp
definitely too weak to carry us anywhere
or is it a gold mother kangaroo
with 3 small gold kangaroos in her pouch
no room for us

Be specific
don't just take your shirt off
and say Kangaroo

is it a stuffed kangaroo
in a toy kangaroo factory
hurrying down the conveyor belt
not seeing us
or is it a tall thin orange kangaroo
being chased across the lawn by
Drs. Livingston, Schweitzer and Malone
in too much danger to care about us
Be specific
is it a bronze kangaroo on a pedestal
in front of the governor's mansion in Australia
in which case, i don't care
Be specific
don't just say Kangaroo .

Erik Kiviat

" Reality is not how you see it,
but what face it makes at you."

Turn afraid and flee uncurled, down the sides of pyramidal green
known by the sounds of movement in the grass. Enter the dew,
turning cautiously like droplets, enter carefully at first. Follow
the smooth planks red and blue of a house that shimmers in minute dream,
drawing eyelight of travellers to gain access to waterful traps
at the door of the woods. It is hard to dream of being murdered
and even feel the same again. Beyond the summer sand
a new world waits, blue and purple in the arms of trance.
The nostalgia of love in the future will be, until we have reached it.

Lynne Banker

cover me over with blowing windmills,
wind me up and deliver me to the dew.
Hold me by the hair and sing to me. .
Let me down gently, mother, and whisper
songs into my ear.
Cover me tighter, it's colder here, let
the wind blow over my pillow.

P
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He hooked up a pair of suns
for bicycle wheels
and pedaled to the Yukon
where mountain wolf teeth burn white
for eagle eggs of hidden lodes.

He coasted down the longitude
the jungle glistened grasss
settled a lily, the Amazon interior,
where emeraled piranha swallowed him:
growing saphire the wet.

S. L. FRIEDMAN

I wanted to creep through your mysteries
in silence
but the doorknob to every passage jangled
and screamed
you had a husband
 here
and children
 there- - -
matron with bare walls
in a spotless, connubial pantry.

I never asked to rearrange the furniture
nor to infringe on his perogatives,
only to hold hands with your inmost self,
I think our palms
might have understood each other
in the walled cities
of the flesh.

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JOHN STEVENS WADE

LETTERS TO FACES HOME

Faces I've never seen before, and faces never to be seen —
it's loneliness we share with friends;
not what we do and say together.
I go my solemn way.
Something to miss — that's when I feel contented here.
Nothing to share — that's when I write my letters home,
addressing them to faces unknown.
One letter, posted to a friend, came back.
I have read those overpopulated lines this crowded afternoon
in the small world of my room.
I think this letter addresses no friend;
no man alive.
Something to miss.
Nothing to share.
Downstairs, my Dutch landlord and his wife(she reminds me
of my dead mother's friend) —
they open the door;/ go up the walk./ I've got two letters to write, and I'm lonely.

LITTLE MAGAZINES RECEIVED:

GRAFFITI 2, Steve Stern, 4228 45th St., NW, Washington, DC 20016: Allen DeLoach, Duane +Locke, Carlos Reyes, Gerard Malanga, Sid Shapiro, S. Dorman, David Wade, Will Inman, +Harland Ristau, Will Taylor---\$1.00 per single copy, \$4.00 per year. No. 3 in Dec.

BLACK SUN @2, Harvey Tucker, 150 Corbin Pl., Blyn NY 11235: S. Dorman

BLITZ 1, 1601 Madison, La Grande, Ore.: Philip Whalen, R. Morris Newton, Duane Locke, Mel Buffington, Carlos Reyes, Bobby Watson, Douglas Blazek

CARDINAL 1, Eda Casciani, 1326 S. Cicero Av., Cicero, Ill. 60650: Duane Locke, L. +Pratt, A. Henderson, D.M. Pettinella, Sanford Sternlicht, Jess Perlman

GUILD Sum 65, 317 6th St., Idaho Falls, Idaho: Jess Perlman, Duane Locke, J. Crews

POTPOURRI 3 & 4, 68A Polo Village, Tucson, Ariz.: G. Bowering, J. Crews, Larry Eigner, +Earle Birney, Keith Wilson, Duane Locke, Bob Nystedt, Harland Ristau, Carlos Reyes

BITTERROOT 12, 5229 New Utrecht Ave., Brklyn, 19, NY: Barriss Mills, Fred Cogswell, +Harry Smith, Will Inman, Duane Locke, S. Sternlicht, Evelyn Thorne, Menke Katz

SALTED FEATHERS 5, 112 Washington, Pullman, Wash: Menke Katz, Duane Locke, Dick Bakken, Dave Kelley. New address: Eng. Dept, Dick Bakken, Pacific Lutheran U, Tacoma 44, Wash. Will pay 5¢ a line for poetry, 2¹/₂¢ for prose. Subs: \$2 a yr.

MAGAZINE 2, Box 35, NY, NY 10014: E. Birney, G. Orlovitz, J. Crews, L. Banker, D. +Cunliffe, T. Morris, L. Harwood, G. Fowler, d.a.levy, D.Locke, D. Blazek, D. Saxon

WORK 1, 4825 27 John Lodge, Detroit 48201: George Bowering, Lee Harwood

KAURI 8, Will Inman, 362 E. 10th St., NY, NY 10009: L. Banker, S. Cooperman, I. Schramm, Saint Geraud (Bill Knott), K. Taylor, C. A. Powell, Joseph M. Cohen, L. Kandel

TLALOC 8, 22 Brudenell Rd, Leads 6, Eng: A. Hollo, Jack Newlove

POET LORE V59,n4, 28 Church St, Bos, Mass: Ryah Tumarkin Goodman

THE PROMETHEAN LAMP, 2174 34th St., Sacramento, Calif.: Harvey Tucker, David Sandberg

KULCHUR 18, 888 Park Ave., NY 21 NY: David Antin, Margaret Randall, Armand Schwerner

SMALL POND 3, Box 101A, RFD 3, Auburn, Me.: T. Enslin, K. Congdon, B. Mills, E. Glenn

THE SMITH 5, 15 Park Row, NY, NY 10038: M. Ktaz, Michael Gregory, LITTLE MAGS REVIEWS

BLUESTONE II, Box 355, Woodstock NY: [unclear]

SIMBOLICA XXIV, 63 Mercury Ave, Tiburton, Calif, 94920: Ignace M. Ignianni, S. Sternlicht, Harland Ristau, Judson Crews, D. M. Pettinella,

FALLOUT 3, 555 Florence St., Imperial Beach, Calif: Margaret Randall, Clarence Major, DV Christenson, David Wade (a Tampa Bay Poet), Bob Nystedt, Clarence Alva Powell

NEW FRONTIERS, v10,n1, Box 908, Fairfield U., Fairfield, CONN.: J. Unterecker, Crews

ALASKA REVIEW, v1n4, Alaska Meth. U., Anchorage, Alaska 99504: M. Montgomery, E. Glenn

THE FIDDLEHEAD, D of Eng, U of New Brunswick, Fredericton, NB, Canada" Fred Cogswell, +Judson Crews, Will Inman, Gil Orlovitz, Margaret Randall, Sol Newman, Charles Reber

ECO CONTEMPORANEO, Buenos Aires, Argentina: Miguel Grinberg, Thomas Merton

TOWERS vXXIV, Northern Illinois U, DeKalb Illinois: students

TRACE 56, PO Box 1068, Hollywood Cal, 90028: Maude Rubin, William Packard, Stanley +Cooperman, Ryah Tumarkin Goodman

MICROMEGAS 1, 1425 Buressh Ave., Iowa City, Iowa: Frederic Will

THE MAD RIVER REVIEW, sp-sum 65, Dayton Campus, Col. Glenn Highway, Dayton, O, 454-+31: Marion Montgomery

ARTE Y REBELION, Angel Press, casilla 60 suc 14, Baries, Argentina

SEED 42-50, Transient Press, Canton, Mo.: Emilie Glen

POESIA DE VENEZUELA, May-Jun 65; Apartado Postal 1114, Cracas, Venezuela

FROM A WINDOW, Box 3446, College Station, Tucson, Ariz.: Paul Blackburn, K. Wilson

THE QUESTION, 9604 Snow Mts. Blvd NE, Albuquerque, New Mexico--NOT SEEN

TODAY, jan thru june (monthly), 221 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. 60606: H. Ristau, Simon Perchik, --Will pay \$5 per poem

ORBIT, Barry Col., Miami, Fla.: students

RADIX, Sum 65, 163 College Ave, Somerville, Mass.: Harriet Zinnes, John Stevens Wade

WORMWOOD 18, PO Boxes 101 & 111, Storrs, Conn., 06268: David Sandberg, Phil E. Weidman, Douglas Blazek, John Stevens Wade, Christopher Perret, Judson Crews, H: Smith

THE IDOIT, 1283 Bush St., San Francisco, Calif. 94109: ANNOUNCED BUT NOT SEEN

THE LITTLE REVIEW, PO Box 4046, Portland, Ore. 97208: ANNOUNCED BUT NOT SEEN

PROLOGUE, Box 1245, Chapel Hill, NC: ANNOUNCED BUT NOT SEEN

Little Magazines Received (Cont.)

THE NIGARA FRONTIER REVIEW 2. Box 37, Kensington Stat, Buffalo, NY 14215: NOT SEEN
 SECANT, Sept 65, 2 St. Andrews Drive, Belleville, Illinois: R. Deutch, G. Malanga
 FERMENT 7, Transient Press, Canton, Mo.: Andrew Curry, J. Crews, Dave Kelley, JS Wade
 TISH 30, 2527 W. 37th Ave., Vancouver 13, Can.: G. Bowering. L. Eigner, J. Keys,
 +Diane Wakoski
 FERMENT 8 (address above): J. Crews, Barbara Holland, Erik Kiviat, Carlos Reyes
 LET'S HAVE A CHAT, Mr. Shigeo Urabe, 50 Okado-machi, Hachioji-shi, Tokyo, Japan
 GRIST, Abington Book Shop, Inc., 1237 Oread, Lawrence, Kansas: Erik Kiviat, Tina
 Morris, Judson Crews, Clarence Alva Powell
 AMERICAN DIALOG, may-june 65, 853 Broadway, NY, NY 10003
 THE WORMWOOD REVIEW 17 (address above): Kirby Congdon, Barbara Holland, George Mont-
 gomery, Dan Saxon, John Keys, Diane Wakoski, Paul Blackburn, Allen De Loach, Will
 Inman, Gerard Malanga, Irene Schramm, Erik Kiviat
 BORDER, @*)\$ Tilles Ave, Fort Smith, Ark. 72901: NOT SEEN
 COYOTE'S JOURNAL, 1558 Lincoln St., Eugene, Oregon 97401
 DESERT REVIEW, 917 Idlewilde Lane, S. E., Albuquerque, NM
 DUENDE, Larry Goodell, Placitas, New Mexico
 THE GOODLY CO, 100 Sylvia St. West Lafayette, Ind.
 HARDWARE POETS O., Bloedow, 323 E. 53rd St., NY, NY 10022
 INPUT, @\$ Olsen St, Valley Stream, NY
 EPOS sum 65, Crescent City, Fla.: Stanley Cooperman, Harriett Zinnes, C. E. Nelson
 WILD DOG 16, 17, 18, 39 Downey St., San Francisco, Calif. 94117: Larry Eigner, Drew
 +Wagnon, James Koller, Gerard Malanga, John Keys, Theodore Enslin, Philip Whalen,
 CALIFORNIA WRITER, Jun 65, PO Box 1, Santa Ana, Calif.
 CREATIVE REVIEW sp 64, win 63-64, 3767 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Calif.
 THINGS 2, 125 Ave D, New Yor, NY 10009: D. Levertov, R. Deutch, G. Malanga, P. Whalen
 DESCANT, Sp 65, D of Eng, TCU Stat, Fort Worth, Texas

BOOKS RECEIVED:

Simon Perchik, I Counted Only April. Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, NY \$1
 Jim Burns, Some Poems. A Crank Book, NY
 Modern Poetry From Spain and Latin America, trans by Nan Braymer and Lillian Low-
 enfels. Corinth, distributed by The Citadel Press, 222 Park Ave S., NY \$1.45
 Gilbert Sorrentino, Black and White. Corinth Books, 32 W. 8th St, NY, NY 10011 \$1.25
 Edward Dorn, Hands Up!. Corinth \$1.25
 Fernando Arbelaez, Canto Llano. Ediciones Poesia de Venezuela, Caracas
 Otro, Lo Cierto. Eduardo Paris, Buenos Aires, Argentina
 Juan Carlos Kreimer, Acerca del Desorden. Poesia-Ahora, CC Central 1332, Buenos A.
 Andres Mata, Algunos Poemas. Ediciones de Venezuela
 W. Arthur Boggs, Odysseus and Other Poems. Merchants Press, Taylor, Texas \$1
 Alan Watts, The Deep-In View. dust magazine, el cerrito, calif \$1.50
 Norman Guynn, Harold Mouse. New Voices Publishing Co, Flushing 54, NY
 Bernardo Horrach, Dando A Sombra, Dando A Luz. Editorial SER, Buenos Aires, Argent.
 Gene Fowler, Field Studies. dust \$1.50
 Kirby Congdon, Art as Axle Grease
 John Sinclair, This is Our Music. Artists Workshop Press, Detroit 50¢
 William Wantling, Five Poem Songs. Hors Commerce Press
 Sanford Sternlicht, The Teaching Writer. South and West, 2601 S. Phoenix, Fort Smith,
 Arkansas 72901 \$1.25
 Eda Casciani, Great Blue Heron. Serv U Press, 5229 New Utrecht A., Blyn 19, Ny
 Louis Newman, From Any Angle. Outposts Publications, London, England \$1.25
 Alan Dixon, Snails and Reliquaries. Fortune Press, 21 Belgrave Rd, London, England
 Jay Nash, Lost Natives and Expatriates. Hors Commerce Press, Torrence, Calif
 William Wantling, Down, Off, and Out. Mimeo Press, 449 s. Center St, Bensenville,
 Illinois 60106 \$1
 Henry Ohring von Werner, Candelabra in the Dust. Royal Publishing Co. 7918 Maxwell
 Ave. Dallas, Texas 75217