

no. 3
Nov 1964
75¢

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poems by:

STAFFORD
ROTHENBERG
HITCHCOCK
EIGNER
WAKOSKI
RANDALL
CONGDON
HOLLAND
TAYLOR
REYES
PRATT
MONTGOMERY
WYATT
DEUTCH
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NYSTEDT
GOODMAN
NELSON
MELTZER
CUNLIFFE
SOWER
JORDAN
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SAXON
JAWORSKI
GRESSER
HENDERSON

book reviews

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POETRY REVIEW



JEFF DUNN

UNIVERSITY
OF
TAMPA

NOV 4 1964

A SPECIAL COPY FOR
DR. DAVID M. DELO,
PRESIDENT
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF
TAMPA

Duane Locke

Ray Newton

Paul Babikow

POETRY REVIEW
University of Tampa

names indexed

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Edited by DUANE LOCKE, R. MORRIS NEWTON, AND PAUL BABIKOW

poems by:

SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$2.00 a year (4 issues)

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address subscriptions:

Duane Locke, Poetry Review
University of Tampa
Tampa, Florida 33606

Poets to appear in Issue no. 4 (Feb.)
and coming issues:

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Levertov, Harold Witt, Daniel Hoffman,
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others.

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pansion of this publication. Any mon-
etary contribution will be greatly
appreciated. We wish to thank Mr.
Harry S. Hawkins, Mr. H. L. Moffat,
and other anonymous donors for making
possible the increase of the number of
our pages.

book reviews

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WILLIAM STAFFORD

THE MAP IN THE DEAN'S OFFICE

Interviews follow a valley
joining some of those rivers
that still mark the world
but do not work any more--

You know, the old rock strata,
now changed (maybe by glaciers)
that water will not obey,
except that the river system wavers on a map.

Tigers once lived in our country
(the dean refers to the trustees,
and moves a paper, or nods)
years and years ago.

THAT VOICE OF MANY TONES

A stranger says my name.
Back and forth begins
before I turn, voice tuned,
"Respond, respond again,"

IN THE FUNHOUSE AT SEASIDE

While the girl aimed the elegant
ray gun at the illuminated grizzly bear
and felt superior, God potted her.

Because it's hard to know:
Love calls in many tones,
and it has been so long
--since I was taught respond--ago.

Glimpsed that night, trundled in a
convertible past various corners, her face
had forgotten her. Later the lights forgot.

By Sunday afternoon it was clear on the beach
that the surf, the sand, the sun and
so on--God's agents--had her hide.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING AND BELIEF

"You shouldn't go to war," my mother said;
"My father was a Russian, my mother was a German--
they're both dead."

"My folks were Bchunk-Limey-Dago--
they're dead too.
Pass the potatoes," my father said--"you."

William Stafford,

NATIONAL BOOK AND SHELLEY MEMORIAL award winner, has published two books of poems, West of Your City and Traveling Through The Dark. Has appeared in anthologies: New Pocket Anthology of American Verse, New Poems by American Poets, Poet's Choice, and Contemporary American Poetry. Has published in many magazines including Atlantic, New Yorker, Nation, Hudson, Kenyon, Paris, and Yale. Recent poems have appeared in July Poetry and August Harpers.

SUBSCRIBE TO GROWING QUARTERLY, dust. FALL issue will feature comprehensive interview with 1964 Pulitzer Poet LOUIS SIMPSON plus Part II of Alan Watts interview. Also poetry, fiction, articles. SUMMER issue had Part I Watts, James Schevill poetry.
75¢ a copy. \$2 a year. dust, Box 123, El Cerrito, California.

JEROME ROTHENBERG

TRANSITION (I)

. . .
.
Clocks' faces are tragic
& whenever it snows
time piles up at your door.
What knocks?
Death in the mind is enough.
Who comes in?
Laughter and feathers.
I make as much noise as I can.
It keeps us warm.
Time runs through my fingers.
A glass jar
shatters, the floor
is white
full of black wheels,
like a clock.

TWO LANDSCAPES TOWARD THE MAKING OF A POEM

1

Sprinklings of light
A body

Fallen into the sea
White hand

Against the white waves
As in a picture

The chameleon is in the sun
The sun is in the chameleon

For this I cursed you
I cleared the house of you

My words
destroyed the white lines

of your face
so I could be free of you

this paltry freedom

2

The trees are black here
with black leaves

Making a forest of black circles
uninhabited

& cruel with phantoms
the horse had sensed

had entered the valley first
its hoofs

shining in the sun
struck lightning from the rocks

my back my skin pressure
of water in a glass

& now I count the time

EPOS: A quarterly of poetry. Crescent City, Florida.

\$2.00 a year - .50 a copy.

JEROME ROTHENBERG'S new collection of poems, SIGHTINGS, will share a volume with Robert Kelly's LUNES (Hawk's Well). Armand Schwerner's THE LIGHTFALL was recently published by Hawk's Well, 50 Broadway, New York 4, New York - \$1.00.

GEORGE HITCHCOCK

THROUGH THE LOBBY

I cross the threshold of talcum
I walk beneath the shadow of transactions

my breath is conditioned
my sleeves ecstatic with starch

doors open on glass faces
on princes of cloth empires
on grottoes of fur

gilt egrets gyre and burn in the plaster

waiters clothed in football scores
scuttle like crabs across the carpets:

dinner advances in bright robes of silver.

*

Somewhere in Oregon a child
swims through a dark culvert
diving for a bit of white porcelain
shaped like a fish.

ANOTHER APOCALYPSE

The wasps rise from the explosion
from the disjointed alphabets
the tidal waves
the hiss of escaping neon

the earth opens its pores
and exudes centipedes
kelp
skyscrapers
rivers of useless prayer

bronze columns appear
in the receding waters
on their capitals I see
the eroded faces of love
eyes of drowned coals, lips
eaten by smoke .

The wasps rise in disinterested sanctity
and like meteors plunge into the sun.

George Hitchcock, an editor of the San Francisco Review, has had poems in Paris Review, Stolen Paper, Minnesota Review, Plumed Horn, Northwest Review, and is scheduled to appear in winter issue of Carolina Quarterly.

.
I hold in my enamored hands the films
of her circulatory system

There is an indelible
medal of snow on her
chaste hips

zinc
buttons grow in the
partitions of her a-
daptible breasts

over
her left ventricle a
truculent cloud appears
and falls to its knuckles
in adulation

I am entranced
by the hallucinations
which spring from her
elbows

her loins
give way on vistas of mist
where foaming reefs
mew at the seabirds.

EVENING, JULY

Night falls, the river
licks the alder roots
with its dark tongue.
A muskrat breasts the
ripples and disappears.

Orion in boots of light
walks on the bridge
of heaven; in the fingers
of the black-oak sit
rows of birds, asleep.

The moon rises to a plash
of oars, a fragment
of distant song. Avalanches
of flame fall on the broken
water. And the stars!
The stars with their flowering
teeth and false promises!

4

THE GLASS SHATTERS
(FOR SERGIO)

--here,
have all of me.

BOB NYSTEDT

to die

pulled
is still pulling
turning me
face to face.

wrinkle

CHARLES WYATT

I am a wind in corn stalks.
My teeth are cold and loose,
Husks rattling.
Perhaps I am kneeling.

If I were to grow old and burn
With a wreath of smoke,
And float in loose clouds,
I would fall in a rain
And trickle, gorged with mud,
Drowning mice.

I sat in the door of my cave.
Singing as I touched the flames
of my fire,
Balancing them on my hands.
Walk with me
In the slow leaves.

I can answer your question
with "Yes, perhaps,"
Or "Perhaps,"
I can answer
With silence.

I would rather sit in my chair
on the hill.
Bring me rocks
And weeds to weave.
Once a man passed by here
But I watched his footprints
Until they disappeared.

.....

If only I could turn and see behind.
There is music under the wind.
Walk with me and ask me why,
Or perhaps why.

I will answer, eyes forward,
Saying nothing,
A sharpened corn stalk
In my two hands.

Once I called to a bat.
I said, "Come here, bat."
It did not come.
Yet there is a pulse in these waters.

I have lain with all creation,
My seed has worn the wind,
Until this spot where I have retreated
Is the only place free of me.

Here I am, moss and fern.
I am all a great breathing,
A winding of miracles.
Do you hear the dog with the wide tongue?

You, fallen, emptied,
You, gust of husks,
Are there only tattered sounds?
Is there no silence but mine?

RICHARD DEUTCH

A WINTER NIGHT (From the German of Georg Trakl)

When the snow falls against the window,
The evening bell tolls long,
The table is set for many
And the house well-stocked.

Many along the dark paths
Come to the gate in their wanderings;
The tree of grace blooms golden
From earth's cool sap.

The wanderer steps in quietly:
Pain had turned the threshold to stone.
There glows, in untainted radiance,
On the table some bread and wine.

L MY WHEELS

A
U left off their turning
R at the cemetery;
E Gray stones kept upright silence;
N nothing moved beneath them.
C
E Frail insect bodies fell to my hat
on the seat beside me.
P Something convulsed them
R as if souls within them were not at peace:
A perhaps it was a tremble of air;
T or perhaps eternity looks disconcerting
T from the brim of an empty hat.

R Glorying in it, glorying
I T in necessity the mother of
C H love
H E
A we give what we must
R N F spare
D E o to one another
C r
D E (it is
E S M. different
U S than we expected) What is
T I
C T love but a
H Y fading
stone

we ask
and dance together
among the leaves .

M "I have not got long to stay here," she said,
A "But plan to make the best of it until
R He gets transferred. The transfer always comes.
I Those rooms will suit me nicely for the time.
O Near the back, I look out on a little private yard
N WIFE, And remember all the yard I used to have.
I always must have something growing round me.
M IN Otherwise, I might as well be dead...
O The bee and clover sort of thing. I won't
N THE Even kill the last fly, if I see it is the last."
T
G CITY At least that is what she said to the woman on the bus,
O Old friends of several minutes, till she got to work.
M
E Meanwhile in the cheap backrooms, the husband looked
R out on the yard, sober again.
Y "Maybe today I will," he said. Then rubbed the stubble
of his face that would grow awhile longer anyway
And lay back down in the unmade bed.

DAVE CUNLIFFE

MARGARET SOWER

WRIT JUST BEFORE THEY CRUCIFIED YOU

Michael you have murder in your eyes.
I have now locked the door of your
room & the key is dangling from a
chain in my pocket & you know this.
I do not always wear this cold white
coat but I am oft my brothers keeper.
Yet I have to administer to your needs.
We two are the jailers & the jailed.
One day we may awaken to find our pos-
itions reversed with full bitterness.
Michael you have pity in your teeth.

I used to think
when I lived in a canyon
the stars made a net
that held the world for me
until I needed it.
Tonight I watch the stars.
They don't watch me.
Something is moving in the sky
past the fence,
past the neighbor's clothesline poles.
Above this flat and frozen ground
the sky is breaking like an arctic sea.
The stars are dragging the world
to another canyon.

C. E. NELSON

REPAIR

One wanders through the conduits
and tunnels, his footsteps echoing
on the metal floors; how carefully
he shields his flickering torch.
(It will burn out. And then?)

Sometimes he'll pause to listen:
silence, or the faintly sensed
sound of the heart's great machinery
whirling on and on somewhere near,
but never found. But sometimes,
something more: A voice, a faint
uncertain voice beyond the wall.

Time has made the panels loose--
twist and pry them, make an opening.
Slowly, one puts out his hand.
And from the other side, another hand--
touch the finger-tips. No more.

The guards never come (there are
no guards), yet how one whispers, rapidly,
desperately: are you there? Who are you?

I am not certain--I am the one who
speaks to you, that is my definition.
No, I cannot see your face, but your torch,
I see that. Burn your hand in the flame
and hold it out to me. See, here
are my fingers already charred.
Touch them. Touch them.

DAVID MELTZER RIDE OUT:1956

In the bus, Greyhound De-Luxe
One bathroom for all, small
Lights overhead like flashlights.
I can't read my book. Passing

Black forms, small towns, faraway
City neons, red, blue, green. Passing around
A cheap fifth of vodka, the soldiers
Discharged today, try to get us all drunk

Someone in the dark starts

Singing O Susannah. I go
To sleep in Ohio, wake up in Omaha.
There's snow all around us
In piles 10 feet high.

DAVID MELTZER YOUTH RITUAL MOVIE

Travel is natural
The vista beyond is easy

Home's choke grips me
Sends me dizzy pounding walls

So to the road, the unknown
& tomorrow I am gone

Gone from a stopping room
Whose mirror watches an open window

My face in the eyes
Who watch me rage down the street

It is that time, the time to
Unroll my cape & clear my throat

Thumb out
Freedom is beyond a hill
Behind it, the radium of cities

RAIN POEMS

1
Rain on the awning, on
people running from it

A girl dances in it

2
The impossible's no use
Flash shower
Holes in my shoes

3
A drop of it off the roof
taps the cat's skull

sticking his head out the door
to see what the racket's all about

BITTERROOT. A Quarterly Poetry Magazine. \$2.50 a year.

5229 New Utrecht Ave., Brooklyn 19, New York

C. E. NELSON

THE CONQUEST

The horns and drums of dawn,
the wind rattling among banners --
barbarians feed their mares
in the temples, girls are opened
like streets to the rampage of bulls,
in a tub of wine the queen's white
cat lies dead, and laughter is heard
among the great stone steles of the law.

For the conqueror has come like a cavalry
of love to the blood, and he holds his face
into the wind, a mongol wind that
blows through burning towns. And
refreshed, he orders those destroyed
who see more than the rose torn apart
in the rose torn apart.

Now, where flutes of evening
had lisped their drowsy song,
trumpets and drums are heard, and books
lie smoldering and the hand lies slack.

Elsewhere, men praise victory
and distil perfume.

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, JR.

I HEAR A CLOCK THAT DROWNS

I hear a clock that drowns all other music.
The black face, tarnished with its numerals,
butts eye and strokes it with a silver scythe.
Time's journey leaps at hours to snap those grapes.

Behind, crepe myrtle taints the whitewashed bush.
Forgotten, squirrels, clung like burrs to boughs.
Neglected, old tire swings, cats lately dead.
A mad dog memory is loose in haunts.

The heart with true fire lifts no gun to smoke.
Clear through the distance bobs a beast that lopez.
It snatches flesh to rags. The stitches bleed.
Out of the side of Eve a lump is razored.

Apples drop upon each skull a headache.
Blood lights the eyes and takes them by the scruff.
A forest levels in the blaze of axes.
The animals in flight as one die struggled.

I hear the screams, the ancient, tuneless bawlings --
I hear the inconsolability,
but I hear also, pocketing up shrieks,
the rhythm, the dumb stride, of time that hastens.

The woods were full of foxes, and wild horns
blew them dead in minutes. Other beasts
(ranged in the mottled shadows among thorns)

quivered. The revelry of blood that yeasts
each hunting season ambled to a close. Pits
of stomach ached among the polite priests

who butchered in the leaves. A dog threw fits,
thrashing till a shot could stanch the foam.
Woods rang as though the birds had lost their wits

but the procession wound on blithely home.

KIRBY CONGDON

TELEVISION

The Monster is loose.
This is an emergency area.
Leave your homes.
There is no time to think.
The highways are jammed.
The trains are derailed.
The planes have crashed.
The bridges are collapsing.
There is no escape.

Aunt Harriet has fallen down.
The baby is hysterical.
The radio's broken.
The neighbors are gone.
Susie's lost her doll.
I can't find the insurance papers.
The Monster has knocked over the Tower of London.
The Empire State Building is breaking in half.
Everyone is drowning in Times Square.
In Tokyo all the poor people
have fallen into a crevasse
which is now closing up
even on United States citizens.

The ship's piano is loose.
The cargo is crushing the coolies.
The Army is out of ammunition.
The President has declared
a national state of affairs.
The almanacs were wrong.

The computers are in error.
Will the end never come?

The baby has stopped crying. Hold her.
Aunt Harriet says she's all right.
Can she stay another week? Ask her.
The radio repairman said he'll come
tomorrow for sure
--if he can make it. Leave some money.
The neighbors will be back tonight
and would you get up early and tell their
milkman?
Susie's doll fell behind the sofa
and the squeak's gone. Fix it, will you?
The insurance papers are in the left-
hand drawer

right where you put them.
If you can't find them, look for them.

The Monster is dead.
He is never coming back.
And if he does come,
someone will kill it.
And we will go on just like always.
There is no escape.

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PO Box 101 and 111, Storrs, Connecticut 06268
POETMEAT--\$1.20 for four issues per year. 30¢ a cpy.
8 Woodfold Place. Blackburn, Lancs., England.

DIANE WAKOSKI

BELLY DANCER

Can these movements which move themselves
be the substance of my attraction?
Where does this thin green silk come from that covers my body?
Surely any woman wearing such fabrics
would move her body just to feel them touching every part of her.

Yet most of the women frown, or look away, or laugh stiffly.
They are afraid of these materials and these movements
in some way.
The psychologists would say they are afraid of themselves, somehow.
Perhaps awakening too much desire --
that their men could never satisfy?
So they keep themselves laced and buttoned and made-up
in hopes that the framework will keep them stiff enough not to feel
the whole register.
In hopes that they will not have to experience that unquenchable
desire for rhythm & contact.

If a snake glided across this floor
most of them would faint or shrink away.
Yet that movement could be their own.
That smooth movement frightens them --
awakening ancestors and relatives to the tips of the arms & toes.

So my bare feet
and my thin green silks
my bells and finger-cymbals
offend them -- frighten their old-young bodies.
While the men simper and leer --

glad for the vicarious experience & exercise.
They do not realize how I scorn them;
or how I dance for their frightened
unawakened, sweet
women.

HARLAND RISTAU

NIGHT SONG FOR WINTER

They gamble shouts in winds,
they thumb out the eye of night,
crunching packages of absolutes
under foot, drowning each
with immortality, the lovers pass
this way spilling buckets of dreams,
staining time with grace.

EL CORNO EMPLUMADO (THE PLUMED HORN) bi-lingual quarterly published in Mexico City.
\$3 for year's subscription. Apartado Postal No. 26546 Mexico 13, D.F. Mexico

DIANE WAKOSKI

has two fine poems in PLUMED HORN no. 11.

Now there is gold here in suspension,
 air dropped, light dropped
 among the palms,
 spreading from violet wrists, extending
 in fingers melted to touching, palms supporting
 the sky and all the wight of God.

Arms rise in tanks from polished surface.
 Where gold extends through wood
 a delicate, dry cricket voice,
 curving, carved in Gothic fretwork
 etches on the air
 the words that never change.

Voice fragile,
 gold in wood pulse, voice in stone heart.
 From the pool on which my timid feet have tapped
 their hurried supplications, all arms are lifted
 as I am lifted.
 Close behind me unfelt hands curve over,
 touching my shoulders.
 Flesh is gone.
 Speech spins itself away in light,
 gray moulded to stone throat breath.

Sun grows.
 The roof tree bleeds, drips Christ,
 drenches with fire between the eyes
 as molten words fall spray on stone,
 rise cool in pebble surface of pearl and green,
 northeast, and Iona raises in shellburst cry
 an arc of wings circling a storm wrought island,
 sea crossed, rock coiled and pitted with oghams,
 cross wreathed in moss.

Now morning spreads its fan across my vision.
 At my back suggestion
 knots into knowledge.
 Love tows its peacock train,
 displays in skull space
 the wingspread breadth of crimson cleared to Christ
 in glass, in mass, in light
 and in vibration,
 in relay contact passed from block to flag.

Love atomized is light,
 is orchid surfaced to stone skin, creeping
 down channels of smoke, down bone throat to the depths
 where voice and stone have overlapped,
 where death and birth are God entombed as day completed
 melts Christ red with the dark beneath the sky,
 united in laughter,
 waiting in carving tendril,
 drawn out into dawn, into vaulting,
 to mind and eye.

BARBARA HOLLAND has
 recently appeared in
 Kirby Congdon's
MAGAZINE, THEO no.1,
 and KAURI no.3. She
 is a frequent reader
 in New York coffee
 houses.

Some one had oiled the squeaky hinge wings of the gulls
No voice

(Not even hushed of wind
the waves crept up then slide off
the oily sand without the usual swish
and slosh
leaving
only the squeak of our bare feet).

.

POEM

I was that wad of paper
forced across the desert
by the wind

Crippled,
I bounded erratically along
with urgency

carrying a message
until the wind impaled me
on the cactus' needle

He said "Rest here.
You go no further
here eternity begins for you."

I answered
"I'll stay
I'm tired of all this running."

The wind insisted
"Go on Go on Go on..."

The sun said
"Forget it.
by tomorrow night you will be a ghost."

Outside,
the wind blew other scraps of paper
down the street.

Carlos Reyes co-edits POTPOURRI.
Poems and translations have ap-
peared in El Corno Emplumado,
Guadernos del Viento, La Uva
Literaria, Ananke, and The Desert
Review.

Ryah Tumarkin Goodman's work
has appeared in Atlantic,
Saturday Review, Voices, The
Lyric, Epoch, Epos, Pegasus,
Whetstone, Sparrow, Mutiny,
And Trace. First book of poems,
The Sun, was published in 1952.

.
RYAH TUMARKIN GOODMAN

THE WIGS WAIT

On blue blockheads
The wigs wait
For human heads,
Knowing nothing
Of growth, perfection
Or death.

The wigs wait
In mirrors,
Diamond eyes winking,
Black-bow lips
Sipping in life.

The wigs are head-hunters
Waiting for skulls
Housing seeds of death,

Though still lodging
Laughter and praise.

Empty heads
Pass by like queens,
Erect and proud,
But the wigs see
Heads grown old,
Wearing "runcible" hats.

At night
The wigs sleep headless
In wig-boxes.

Blockheads are man-made.
Wooden heads are inherited.

I saw her -
 At the execution of the women
 Afterwards - I saw her.
 She came from another corner of the earth,
 Out of the darkness, where the workers,
 The women of the masses were
 Stretched and hung upon the clothesline poles
 Beside the warehouse factory.
 Out of the corner of my darkness did she come,
 Full bloomed, in blood, muscular attraction,
 Into the street beside the warehouse did she run
 After the factory had closed all hours,
 I followed her where chemicals and tanks of fetuses
 Bubbled with boiling nerves. And I watched her,
 Through one corner of my eye, stir
 The water in a tank, blue and gold,
 Filled with fish and sperm,
 Mother of the waters,
 Where seaweed hid the eggs in slime and dirt
 She watched me wait and squirm.

THEODORE J. GUHL

Think of the fat and fog shrouded people
 wandering, undestined, through crypts of cities.

Somewhere in the city;
 a woman died of sound,
 a man lived on men,
 a child passed a thought.

Think of the thin and glass eyed people
 sitting, undisturbed, in tombs of towns.

Somewhere in a town;
 a friend died of silence,
 an enemy lived on the body,
 a family lost a word.

Think of the decadent and war blinded people
 lying, undecayed, in the cemetery of centuries.

Somewhere in time;
 a native died of birth,
 a legion lived on death,
 a nation left no trace.

DAN SAXON

MADRAS - 1963

I fed an Indian boy
 once in Madras-
 bought him a meal
 at the Y
 consisting of chappati
 curry, dahl, and ghee.-
 He ate so rapidly
 that the luxury of silverware
 was an impediment

which he cast aside
 preferring his right hand
 as usual, as he scooped up
 the food in mounds
 and shoveled it into
 his vacuum mouth rapid fire.-
 Then he proceeded to tell me
 he has "sister and brother,-
 five sister, four brother,

and a mother and father,-
all hungry."
Afterwards he stood outside
waiting and waiting until
I emerged and was fallen upon
by twenty to thirty
of his friends
all hungry-wanting-waiting
limping around in broken
dance-many sprawled
maimed or rotting in the streets.
I made my way followed and
latched onto by hordes of
the ragged, dirty, hungry
and impoverished
some not able to walk
twenty feet- all crying

GEORGE MONTGOMERY.

"Naye pesa, naye pesa"
in that haunting revelation
of need-

Then i entered a bus
protected by a sympathizer
who said, "Beggars, go away."
Whereupon one threw some dirt
through the window and most
motioned right hand
spasmodically to
swollen or non existent
stomach and then to
parched mouth
all demanding manna
or naye pesa
or another two hours
of life.

FOR MY PREGNANT WIFE

Anna,
you are trying again
to bring out something.
I shall try not to sound
like Le Roi
writing about Hettie
in her fifth month.
I see a winter coming
with wounded butterflies,
you take them in
for you fear winter
and the only thing that you
like about it is Christmas.
You pray before sleep
and I do not believe in God
but I am sure that you pray for me
while they polish away on my
wooden cross.
Anna in Jewish hospital
without motzah
without Star of David.
There was a rainbow over 5th
Street yesterday
There was an old milkbox on
5th Street today
There may be rain tomorrow
and humble dwarfs.
You try again
to puff up
like fortune cookie

like female Santa
like child's balloon
like all coming mothers.
A sky in the sun
A farm on the plow
I see you now
without calisthenics
You dare not knit
you never do
You do not know
what comes out soon
perhaps quints?
I will watch you as I sit
on refrigerator
between venetian blinds
among barking dogs
and hidden mouse
Damn!
But what if I ever had one of
those things!
Shall I change my sex
and slide between hospitals
becoming the first!
Shall I invent??
I dare not knit
I never did
So come out
with sparrows on finger
and see this world
It did not quit.....YET!

DAN SAXON is the editor of POETS at le METRO and has recently appeared in BLUE BEAT, INTREPID and THEO

GEORGE MONTGOMERY is a well known New York poet. Editor of YOWL and BLUE BEAT, recently discussed in the London Times Literary Supplement, George Montgomery has appeared in many magazines and is soon to be in WORM WOOD REVIEW.

SEYMOUR GRESSER
THE SUMMER COMING

1

The deaths of Jeremiah haunt those eyes
as if to die did not belong to man
but was a gift and courtesy
demanded that it be accepted.

Well, nothing is forever though all love was;
to imply this pastiche that a man remember
each name tows a barge of color
through clean wind downstream;
and coming to a bend
a slashing of current
a charging into tide full ahead
this permanent belonging
to the thing itself and not the knowledge of it
a chord filled with a thick vessel
throbbing all we are to remember.

I have been down to the river.

EASTER SONG

I love you, green rock
from a land more real than stone
from a seashore of distinction
and windmill of barbaric birth
the water soothing living torment
washes my lips before they touch the desert.

No heaven dress sophisticates
the bumpkin fragrance of this world;
old men dare not dream
of honey like a child
or sticky fingers wipe quite clean
smearing on a white frock
the sweet misgiving of all stains.

Men sour in their truth
are fierce with hate at sentiment;
minstrels of the loathsome
surely offspring from the roundworm
fat through sod.
Kingly men are high disfigured walls
though purple lizards with one leap
cross over and devour
the fresh petals of hypnotic flowers.

I love you, belonging
half on an island and half beneath water;
the ebb tide gives blue taste of you to land
and high tide you become a fluid bride.

Once you went down
to purify the sea of salt forever;
Now I tell your gill-sworn story
your rock lover
your green lizard and devoured flower.

A house of dying
 victims; lions unaware,
 they are crowned kings.
 Distant as that spectacle
 we char in unbelievable shame,
 enrich the cultivated flower
 wither gifting empathy
 warm as angel mouths
 and oracles of perception.

Coming as the scar to name the wound,
 burned broom witches
 without a reverence for magic
 functionally heal imagination
 with an opaque smear.

Give back no grand old days;
 not deceived yet not disbelieved
 fantasies sustain realities.

Breaking of a bulb,
 whose desperate moment of dream
 hierarchal esteem imaginary voices
 the praising last mirrored moment
 of a conscious world.

Quiet worship is the struggle with shadow.
 Deeper belonging
 is the heart's death
 is a thing self killed.

Now sing of fruitsong
 to give some splendid form
 the attributes of voice
 the softness of illusion
 bringing into life
 the way of eyes
 follow the hill around
 to its place of leaping jagged at the sky
 and kneebent green

the great gray granite sleep
 blended for enclosure
 lending to repetitious vision
 the formless inaccessibility of height
 to prove no worship wrong
 nor weather bring him
 low beneath the poor strength of his idols.

For this labored fruit
 now sing a sweet reed song
 attaining to wisdom
 a way of wishing
 always to be right
 to make of life something it is not
 sounding confusion
 where clean and foul waters
 flow and cleanse themselves and exchange
 devourer of dark air
 and kindred wing-sharer
 gathering light.

You speak of swallows as a blind man sings of eyes
 you gesture wings as an armless man
 worships feathers and the carving quick wrist wind
 and all the wishes are stupidities of dream
 and all reality only what they seem.

You hear the birdsong suddenly in shreds
 gesturing hawks whose first strike ends a life
 you worship arms overflowing with a gather
 wishing for more with no more space to fill
 and catalogue as stars a coming
 paegentry to recognize
 this world was built in homage to a name.

The fable is man and everything he seems
 real as the reality that is only dreams;
 birds have a surgery in their song
 to give eyes back to blind men
 and to the nameless — arms.

Sometimes the wind tightfisted
 will drown us with its calm
 and crooked men kneel down to pray
 that Eden burn and a warm new world be born
 as if their way of plunder would not change
 and thicker knowledged they could paste
 with better masks a way to crown themselves.

I speak of eyes as a blind bird on a limb
 and calmed or hurricaned I climb
 to live this rungless ladder's dream of love.

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How crazily the birds confuse the wind;
 we watch from hillsides scorched and undeceived
 and count the falling feathers and the sun
 in wasted yellow fracturing its wounds
 to keep intact a constancy of light,

How nakedly we name them as they lift
 to claw each other's gathering of air,
 the plumage variant as cloudshape in the spring
 yet all looks singly colored at that height.

S
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Y

How suddenly their distance is our own
 and each bird is a tissue from our eyes
 we hear them and their stains
 fall as they torture height to rise
 we recognize
 how helplessly the victors leather winged
 survey descending shadows
 and faced in final effort clear
 the waiting mountains.

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Down the arena of air
 the birds are white slick vellum
 wedging through the clots of sky.
 Their plumage fractures into rainbows
 distinct and singular as the wind
 that strangles in the trees and dies.

I wish love was and was not like the willow
 oval as egg and hatched greywhite as day
 shelled about with softness and springtime myth
 that man through metal is tender as the sun
 takes drop by drop from javelins of ice
 until the sharp form melts away

I wish the willow was and was not man
 cut into bundles and vased with sun and water
 perfected in softness as it was upon the tree
 dead as the voice only man dreams he has
 back into silence as if cut roots could heal.

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The way a thing dies pointing to the past
 promises the quartered calendar
 orchard strewn at harvest time
 an orgy of red as a house
 for sleeping cattle and the name fulfilled;
 we waste the ground unlike all living things
 we waste and are not part of
 the chemical mathematics of an unconscious world
 we fall with more force than an angel ever falls
 and clutch without pride our former state
 with more hands than an angel has.

I wish that man and willow were not love
 and grafted to a whore called time
 did not display the sculpture of existence
 with name and voice and with a promise
 temporal things can finally sleep
 part of our bones and flesh
 brushed upon our face from affectionate hands,
 and our fierce parting
 flowers from stems
 promise in a vase of willows
 blooming in the living room.

I think of how to love you is despair
 among the water lilies green with sleep
 the pond a rosary of limestone summers
 and centuries missing from surface sight.

I think of bastards blind in this tall grass
 mouthing of progress while real life presses
 closer to the ground;
 they would not understand the sound
 driven by winds into nurseries for fossils
 men as myself for the dead but I am counting.

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Footpaths touch all sides of the circular glass,
 children fish yet I look in despair;
 the vanity is sweetness that bees
 are unaware, a honey of the deepest heart
 to snap like a starved fish on amber bait
 reflections of sun and a cold unconscious world.

I think of your dismemberment and fading;
 you were a village structured by unknown
 catastrophies of willow wood and unseen swift toothed worm.

You were a handful of broken mirror
 catching at light in my palms,
 ballet of water ripples and confusion of scent
 bathing my face in reflections
 the cool water cutting, the blood
 a washaway color of landscape
 stripped from sanctuaried hills these stones
 to roll down on the lovely world

thinking of how to love you is despair
 while I who sing Narcissus in a whirlpool
 sleep among the lilies black with love.

D	A genesis of black man and his rage
R	his seed contained
E	a burst of strange fruit weights the scarlet flower
A	and parting weeds reveal the death of Eden.
M	

I	I mean to say the bitterness of birth
	evolved its own sweet nectar
	only wingless insects know
	and those fantastic birds whose song
	high above the leaning mountains
	falls with the soundless snow.

I mean the venom nurtured in the heart
 takes sick tissue like a butcher;
 only later absence of a healthy nerve
 nods into unnatural need for sleep.

A surgery from living and the scar revives
 a sudden healing, crooked wings
 practice ascensions, clumsily aloft
 relearn familiar stairs of invisible air.

Beneath the earth the mole's slit eyes
 paw toward light;
 birth invades his kingdom from the air
 the eagle dives;
 the black mole's blood
 feeds the nestlings
 soothes their random cries,

A	These fattened men these vocable
M	illusions seeking happiness
E	are guardians of purpose
R	how they are seen
I	assuming an empathy beyond belief
C	a charred compassion
A	too naive for any century.

The differences affirm death is the same;
 Goblin town belongs to children
 though in a nearby lake adults still drown.

I wish I could distinguish sight from sound
and stand in knowledge saviour
dispensing balm and breath
warm as we imagine strangers

A
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wish
an angel without decoration
looked at all blind men
without eyes
but I am sick as slime
from pasteup stars and skies
and hang on a grapnel by the heart.
The hook is painless
but disbelief is long
and waste like wolfpack heated men
wondering when they'll ever meet someone.

The year will drown in angels and in love
the heart will shrivel on an apple scented hook
the lake will wither to memory
and Goblin town forsake itself to truth.

From the bronze lottery of dream beyond wish
the cool cloth springtime coming
tells us why an angel walks
this white acoustic land of dying men
tapping a cracked cane
yanked by torn black coattails
cannibal children
feeding on echoes of city lights.

MIS NINOS

Grow swift as willow
soft to all sound
firm as packed snowflake
and the thick green picnic'd pond
three sons have I
and chiclet daughter,
the oldest a rainbow of a boy
beyond the parapet of need
kisses and distresses;
bamboo straight and drunk with light
he perceives the first halo of a word
carries in its own color
dimensions of a cane-sweet world;
his questions bulge
as shadows in my eyes.

The second is opposed
sure he is young
and I old
so firm in his strength
he is cherished
thus can hate at will
so sure of repair
he can destroy

others and self
and heal with the first drop
of wind or cold sleet rain.

I love him as my conqueror
accepting the only possible pride
in unfair battle; peace will be
his awareness that I
never dug the pool to drown his dreams.

Third my daughter Rachael
biblically wet and warm
kissed by a boy and thought
she had been bitten
wept at her first vision
love has teeth

chula she is called
the blue crystal eyed
newborn rabbit child
eating in its cage until
beyond the door's dimension
cannot leave
nor I ever reconciled to let her go.

Fourth Danielito, nicknamed Chapulin,
 grasshopper child
 leaping through walls
 shaping like sand to the run
 of swift blue water
 asleep now beside me
 my arms a mask on the warm enigma
 smelling of his day's seven meals
 twitching like a cricket even in sleep
 With his imagininary saws
 he buzzes, cutting the world
 to size. The others ask
 to climb trees, he flowers.
 His musty head is like no other weed
 tender on the wind, his skin
 rough with stones and the day's brave wounds;
 gritty with stale bread
 he feeds the poor ants
 in his three feet of world.

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Three sons am I
 and sweet-toothed daughter,
 choiceless to survive
 their rim of vision,
 caught in their wishes
 and my own father's tapering
 now faint voice from darkness.

Cooled by oceans
 and blunted from rage,
 four roads to ruins from an age of love
 a mime of the pure
 a mimic of another
 time of not knowing
 where the wide rivers of care
 seaward spilled
 as if they could return
 and my eyes now and then
 to see if only once
 the world was wrong.

The sound of flowing
 fills me newly
 clouds spilling huge black shapes
 on the bright peeling mountains.

I follow like raw wood
 in twisted urgings
 of the swift descending waters.

The preceding pages
 constitute a
 selection
 from the work
 of

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TODAY

leap mountains
of valleys
in quiet roses
perfuming the hollow of rocks
(filling the hollow of ranges)
leap valleys
of mountains
climbing the white mist
each peak
one with the stars.

CHILDHOOD WIND

Streams of tricycles
streak past the women-palms
washing their hair
on the turquoise washboard;
past the fish-heads
with their eyes
scrubbed blue by blue
beach skies;
into the arms
of laughing trees.

DESERTION

Jumps the red monkey from the
surgeon smiles
of transmission-quick engineers
who see tubes of flowing green
where ferment weedboy barefoots pages
of hillegs
long flung
over pink clouds smokeless Nippur and Assur
torn from sunset rain patters
on future ice-rims of city tires.

to burns

He relishes the thought
of a mustard car
on a red red rose of summer.

No down payment
movement forever
for a soar pickel dance
on this stage of forks and knives
on a scimitar plain.

PERSPECTIVE

Acorn in skull of dog
locked in December ice
held by an old man's life.

This initiates a new feature of our magazine, the publication of a poet for the first time nationally. Jaworski has appeared in our No. 1, but he has never been published elsewhere. His address is 4905 Central Avenue, Apt. 4; Tampa, Florida. When submitting material for this section, be sure to specify Never Been Published Nationally.

CONTRIBUTOR NOTES:

David Meltzer recent poems appeared in Oyez broadside, Notes From Underground, and Yale Literary Review. Marion Montgomery has poems in recent or forthcoming issues of the Georgia Review, College English, Laurel Review, Prairie Schooner, and Whitstone. Margaret Sower has poems published in Today, Deep Channel Packet, and Cape Rock Quarterly. Richard Deutch's translations have appeared in Chelsea and Secant. Dave Cunliffe is editor of Poetmeat. He was recently discussed in the London Times Literary Supplement. Margaret Randall edits the Plumed Horn. Her poetry has recently appeared in Yowl and Poetry. Charles Wyatt will appear in a coming issue of Wormwood Review.

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BOOKS RECEIVED:

George Hitchcock, Tactics of Survival. Bindweed Press (distributed by Amber House 160 Amber Street, San Francisco, California) \$1.50
John Keys, The Train That Never Came Back to Prove It. A Crank Book, New York.
John Knoepfle, John Palen, Richard Deutch, and David Farelley, Poets at the Gate. University of Washington, St. Louis, Mo. 1.00
William Packard, To Peel An Apple. Experiment Press (dis. by Alan Swallow, Denver).
William Wantling, A Dirge For Three Artists: Machine and Destiny. Hors Commerce Press.

Two Items of Interest: A Letter From The Poetry Society of New Hampshire and an essay by Kirby Congdon. Hors Commerce Press, 22526 Shadycroft Ave., Torrance, California
James D. Callahan, Cyanide and Society. Hors Commerce Press
Spencer Holst, Ten Thousand Reflections. Poets of Le Metro, 149 Second Ave. New York
Tina Morris, Flowers of Snow. Screeches Publications, 8 Woodfold Place, Blackburn, Eng.
Tina Morris, ed., Victims of Our Fear. Screeches. 50¢—10¢ postage

George Hitchcock's Tactics of Survival is one of the 60's most exciting books. The essential thrill in Hitchcock's poetry is being confronted with the insight of the imagination. It is a poetry of inward reverberation that transcends the limitation of literal enslavement, and evinces the restoration of imaginative language to American poetry. The style is somewhat akin to the deep image, but is purely personal and unique.

John Keys' long poem, "The Train...", with an asyntactical musical movement, dramatizes the drift of associations around a flatcar, and contains moments of speculation on the relationship of the inventive imagination to things. The thing is the beginning, but the thing is connected with a flux of mental and physical acts.

"...The Gate" contains the work of four fine poets (see list above) with Knoepfle and Deutch being particularly outstanding in the excitement engendered by their imagery.

William Packard's "To Peel An Apple" has a number of amusing anti-poems, and other compositions in a more speculative vein. His interpretation of the Sisyphus myth is especially interesting.

William Wantling's "Machine and Destiny" is more attractive when the author uses natural voice rhythms and images drawn from the contemporary scene than when employing the traditional academic devices of alliteration and internal rhyme.

James D. Callahan's "Cyanide and Society" is centered on the subject of man's relationship to God. The poems are direct and uninvolved, and are written from the viewpoint of the ordinary man, rather than a mystic or a philosopher.

William Wantling is also part of one item in "Two Items". This item is a reproduced letter of Raymond C. Swain, who found Wantling's "Search" (reviewed in Poetry Review #1) not to be art or poetry. The other item is an amusing satiric reply by Kirby Congdon, the outstanding spokesman of the "experiment, mistakes, trial and error, get-out-there-and-dance, you big oaf" school of the Mimeograph Revolution.

Spencer Holst's "Ten Thousand Reflections" is a narrative influenced by and dedicated to Edgar Allan Poe, and is published in the author's handwriting as customary with Dan Saxon's Poets of Le Metro publications.

Tina Morris' "Flowers of Snow" is a fine poem about city life filled with sadness and apprehensions of brutality. She is also editor of "Victims of Our Fear", an anthology dedicated to a plea for racial tolerance. DL

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Calgary, Canada. 60¢ @ copy. 2-issue subscription \$1.00

From This Green Window, collection of poems by Evelyn Thorne. \$1.00
New Athenaeum Press, Crescent City, Fla.

LITTLE MAGAZINES RECEIVED:

POETS AT LE METRO, 149 2nd Ave, NYC; Vol. 15, July: A. Ginsberg, Dan Saxon,
AMERICAN WEAVE, Aut. and Win., 63-64, 4109 Bushnell Road, University Hts., 18, O
ALASKA REVIEW, no. 2, Alaska Meth. U., Anchorage, Alaska, 99504.
QUINTESSSENCE, Summer 64, 166 Albany Ave., Shreveport, La. Excellently designed.
TISH 25, 2527 W. 37th Ave., Vancouver 13, B. C.: Dave Cull, Ronald Caplan.
POETMEAT 5, 8 Woodfold Pl., Blackburn, Lancs., Eng: Kirby Congdon, Lee Harwood.
RED CLAY READER, 2221 Westminster Pl., Charlotte, NC 28207: Announced Only.
SMALL POND, Robert Chute, R FD 3, Auburn, Me: Announced Only.
FLAME 1964, 5009 Anthony, Corpus Christi, Texas, 78415: Archibald Henderson, Jr.
POTPOURRI No. 1 and 2, Carlos Reyes, 68-A Polo Village, Tucson, Ariz: Will Inman
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ORANGE COUNTY WRITER July, Aug and Sept, PO Box 1, Santa Ana, Calif.: Menke Katz
VERB, 2084 S. Milwaukee, Denver 10, Col.: Sanford Sternlicht
THE PLUMED HORN (EL CORNO EMPLUMADO) No. 11, Apartado Postal Num. 13-546, Mexico
D. F., Mexico--Excellent issue: Diane Wakoski, Robert Creeley, Miguel Grinberg,
KAURI No. 3, No. 4, Will Inman, Apt. 4W, 362 E. 10th St., NYC 10009: Kent Taylor
ANTE, No. 1, Echo Press, PO Box 29915, L.A., 29, Calif.: David Wade, Judson Crews
WORMWOOD REVIEW, Box 101, Storrs, Conn., 06268, No. 14: James D. Callahan,
RENAISSANCE, John Thomas Church, 227 E. 83rd St., NYC 10028: Sanford Sternlicht,
FERMENT 4, Transient Press, 901 North 7th Street, Canton, Mo. 63435: Emilie Glenn
EPOS, Fall, Crescent City, Florida: Katherine Gorman, Will Inman, Harland Ristau
MATTER 2, Robert Kelly, Annandale-on-Hudson, NY 12504: LeRoi Jones, Diane Wakoski
AUDIT, Vol. IV, No. 1, 180 Winspear Ave., Buffalo, NY: Features Frank O'Hara
POETS AT LE METRO Vol. 16, Aug: Allen DeLoach, John Keys, Dan Saxon, Al Katzman

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magazines(notlistedelsewhere)&highly editorsofpoetryreview:

Sixties, Odin House, Madison Minn. -- -- excellent format, translations and policy

Coyote, 1558 Lincoln St., Eugene, Oregon 97401--Edited by the same staff that made the Northwest Review a periodical of literature.

Chelsea, P. O. Box 242 Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y.--excellent poetry with recent insensitive criticism by Spencer Brown who seems to be having some difficulty with the ears of other poets.

the fiddlehead, Department of English, University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, one of the few quality-content magazines north of u.s.

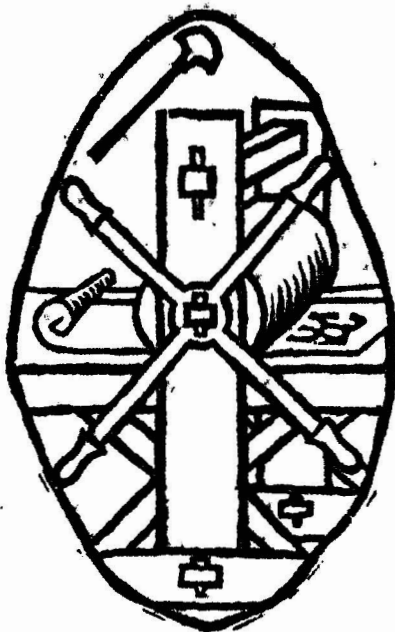
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******NEW PUBLICATIONS******

N. S. R., Ed. W.T. Cuddihy, Box 40 State University of New York at Buffalo, N. Y.
(the Box 40 is in Norton Hall)

Synapse, Ed. Dr. Hazelton, 9636 Grove, Berkeley, California

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