

# REVEAL DIGITAL

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Outsider

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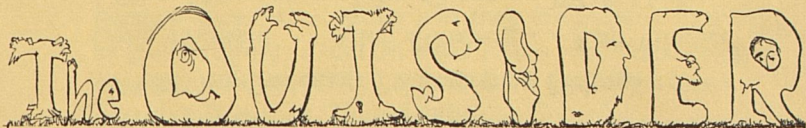
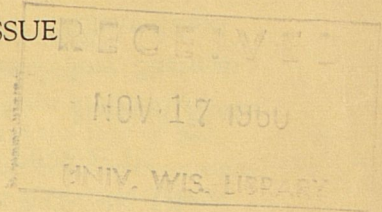
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FP

f o r

Number One

WINTER 1960-61 ISSUE



. . . . vigorous new, no-taboo  
Quarterly going to press now  
in oldest New Orleans with  
the newest in new poetry and  
prose, from writers in seven  
countries. . . . Appearing in

## Number One with latest creative work are:

Sam Abrams  
Sinclair Beiles . . Marvin Bell  
William Belli . . Paul Blackburn . . Millen Brand  
Ray Bremser . . Charles Bukowski . . William Burroughs  
Paul Carroll . . Cid Corman . . Gregory Corso  
Robert Creeley . . Judson Crews . . Edward Dorn  
Clayton Eshleman . . Lawrence Ferlinghetti  
Gene Frumkin . . Allen Ginsberg . . Ann Giudici  
Stuart Gordon . . John Grant . . Brion Gysin  
Leslie Woolf Hedley . . LeRoi Jones  
Tuli Kupferberg . . Walter Lowenfels . . Louis Marbury  
James Boyer May . . kaja . . Mike McClure  
Terence McGuire . . Alex Neish . . Charles Olson  
Peter Orlovsky . . Frederick Pfisterer III  
Margaret Randall . . Patrick Richards . . Harland Ristau  
Frank Salantrie . . Marc D. Schleifer . . Jory Sherman  
Gary Snyder . . Gilbert Sorrentino . . Robert Sward  
Tracy Thompson . . Gael Turnbull  
Grahame Wallace . . Jon Edgar Webb jr.  
Jonathan Williams . . Curtis Zahn  
Louis Zukovsky

### §

No. 1, an assured item for the collector of strong initial appearances of quality periodicals on the literary horizon, is having a limited printing of 3,000 bound, one-edition copies, with global distribution. We urge:

**the american way**

I am a great American  
I am almost nationalistic about it!  
I love America like a madness!  
But I am afraid to return to America  
I'm even afraid to go into the American Express---


II

They are frankensteining Christ in America  
in their Sunday campaigns  
They are putting the fear of Christ in America  
under their tents in their Sunday campaigns  
They are driving old ladies mad with Christ in America  
They are televising the gift of healing and the fear of hell  
in America under their tents in their Sunday campaigns  
They are leaving their tents and are bringing their Christ  
to the stadiums of America in their Sunday campaigns  
They are asking for a full house an all get out  
for their Christ in the stadiums of America  
They are getting them in their Sunday and Wensday campaigns  
They are asking them to come forward and fall on their knees  
because they are all guilty and they are coming forward  
in guilt and are falling on their knees weeping their guilt  
begging to be saved O Lord O Lord in their Monday  
Tuesday Wensday Thursday Friday Saturday  
and Sunday campaigns

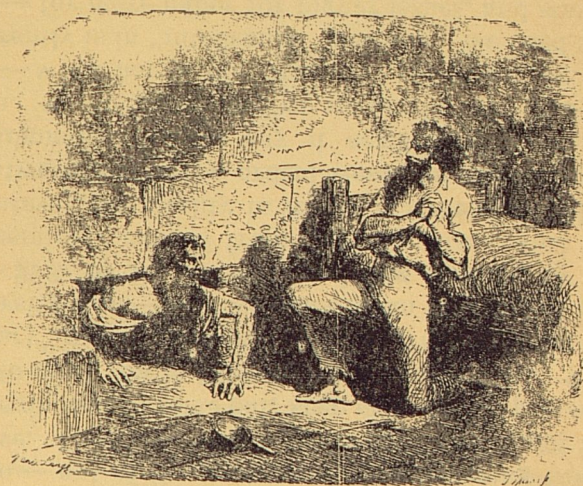
III

It is a time in which no man is extremely wondrous  
It is a time in which rock stupidity  
outsteps danger as the sole enemy in America  
It is a time in which ignorance is a good Ameri-cun  
Now ignorance is excused only where it is so  
it is not so in America

BEGINNING OF CORSO'S LONG POEM IN **OUTSIDER 1**

Be Sure Your Copy by Sending \$1 Now--or \$5 for a 1½-Year Subscription, Six Issues. Fill In Order Blank On Back. 

● Featured in No. 1 is a 237-line poem by Gregory Corso entitled THE AMERICAN WAY which, says he, "is not a poem really, but ranting." But, poem or rant, we liked it on first reading, and successive readings convinced us this most recent work of his is Corso supreme and at his best--at least at ranting. ● Add to this: latest-written output in the maturing development of the fifty-plus others in Outsider No. 1, no few of them of major status, and we believe the \$1 asked cd be iller spent. ● In as big a Number Two, now being assembled, featured will be a sizable batch of Henry Miller's letters to Walter Lowenfels circa lean years in the Thirties writing TROPIC OF CANCER and BLACK SPRING. To this add more contrastively creative work by Bell, Bremser, Bukowski, Burroughs, Corso, Creeley, Dorn, Giudici, Lowenfels, McClure, Randall, Sherman, Sward, Turnbull, Williams, Zahn. ● Plus material accepted so far for 2 from: Edwin Morgan, Richard Davidson, Barbara Rush-



"Bravo, another escaping Outsider  
. . . enter, man, and be calmed!"

more, Clarence Major, Carl Larsen, Trumbull Drachler, George Hitchcock, Lillian Lowenfels, Barbara Moraff, Lee Holland, Robert Cowan, Ian Sommerville, Douglas Woolf, Richard Mayes, others. Also in No. 2: Reverences re Jean Genet and Antonin Artaud.

● **A NOTE ON POLICY:** Though The Outsider in 1 & 2 is printing more poetry than prose, an ever-hopeful and watchful eye



*to the* OUTSIDER

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## The Outsider

Vol. 1, No. 1      Fall, 1961

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*Editor*

LOUISE "Gypsy Lou" WEBB  
*Associate Editor*

ADVISORY Editors: *Midwest*, Marvin BELL; *East*, Margaret RANDALL; *West*, Jory SHERMAN; *Scotland*, Edwin MORGAN; *England*, Melville HARDIMENT; *France, Etc.*, Sinclair BEILES. *Consultant*, Walter LOWENFELS. *Drawings on p.* 3, 15, 36, 39, 48, F. SALANTRIE.

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See Inside Back Cover

*Sever*

SPRING 1952

# Number One

THE OUTSIDER



**“Bravo, another  
escaping Outsider  
. . . enter, man,  
and be calmed!”**



The OUTSIDER fondly dedicates  
its No. 1 editorial by fabler Russell  
Edson to the Academic Quarterlies:



ONE night a horse quit its barn and trotted to the house and put its head through an open window. some humans inside said, look the horse looks inward, in that we who say we are in are looked in on, but for the horse will it not seem that he is looking outward in that he has never seen what we have called in.

when they looked again the horse was resting his hindquarters on the window-sill. look, the arse of a horse is in the window, taking its ease on the window-sill, that port of inspiration where often we have sought the sunrise.

when they looked again he had shat on the floor below the window. now we are beginning to know something of the horse's mission . . . he came to us knowing that something was again to come into the world, that he was pregnant with an importance needing the cerebral attention of the talking animal . . . that he misinterpreted the natural urge in no way lessens the intention of the beast.

someone said then: surely we should beat the horse's arse out of the window, or bow in prayer to what he left on the floor, or both, just to make sure that in either case we're doing the right thing.

## public square

I stepped into the Public Square and looked around. No one noticed me. I looked up. I looked at the spire of the old Terminal Tower. I saw the big clock in the facade of the May Company. I saw a flock of pigeons flying low overhead. I heard many noises—streetcars, automobiles, shuffling feet, newsboys yelling. I kept looking and listening.

I stepped over to the corner of Superior and Ontario Avenues, and stopped in front of the old blind man sitting as I had last seen him.

He was saying, "P. D., Press—Khrushchev, Khrushchev."

"Give me a Press," I said, and gave him a quarter. "Keep the change."

"Thank you."

I looked at his face. Stormlines streaked it. He had on an old serge suit, a straw hat. He sat on a worn canvas stool.

Suddenly I said, "Mister, what do you see?"

"See? I see nothing," he said. "I'm blind."

"I know," I said. "But what do you see sitting here like this? What do you hear?"

"I see nothing. Khrushchev—I feel nothing—Press? Thank you, lady. See? I only hear."

"What do you hear?"

"Press, Plain Dealer—"

I bent down. "What do you hear?" (Continued on page 90)



Sinclair Beiles  
Stuart Gordon

## metabolic C movies

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ord devil THE WORD devil DE  
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the blood; the agent who destroy  
s kings and princes when he is n  
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ys dreamed tha ahah Dehydrated  
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REAT WHITE WAIL Metaboli  
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y blood: arto *kneed need artoe ne*  
*ed need our toe/ardo ardo blues re*  
ad all about it *every word that is*  
*written is absolutely true: vampires*



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h spires: griers: cliers: *lost child n*  
*ew jersey clinic forgot. . word tre*  
*e sky found. . out there woo O oo*  
*o oooosshhh "miss laurry Jane I*  
*recon theys a musicalkat n'them*  
*nice new nabor folds.." retreaded*  
*charcots tzaras arthauds argue sec*  
*ond time round the viennese wiza*  
*rd a snare drum with prison chai*  
*ns under the drumskin! else: 'Th*  
*ey gonna do that NICE KNIFE*

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y Fawkes Gunpowder plots pysc  
hic nuclear explosion: NO TOM  
ORROW AND NO 'I' YEAH. .  
someone gotta suck off ya green j  
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sical suck better'n steel turn black t  
o gold. . prince celluloid gypsy se  
ll you your flesh like movie low lev  
el betrayal ma matador makes it  
with every thing once a week ship  
t gears fast/GIT LE COUR song



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by institute of good housekeepin  
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t) assure you that FLESH QUA  
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being ways WIG OR FUNK /to  
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rn in my mouth I blow --nothin  
g: th then this cat says "rill rr rr  
ill rrrilll" and I rrrr and out of t  
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the lots wife way we like to see u  
m cowslick"-- and the BEAT W  
AS THE BE ATE of thee MOT  
HA DRUM MON" p earl PRIN  
CE O TRINADADO TRINAM  
EILINGLO/"Who was that face  
saw you wi last night Parson Bro  
wn?"-- "No face that was the wo  
rd THE WORD. . Theres a story  
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omb phags/well on my way to th  
e theatre nobbed cane an spats a  
n all you never dream what I sa  
w. . Never? THEIR ANTLERS G  
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o cause thee female arithma antl  
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ody likely guv. . by our lady guv  
. . by our ole lady GOD SAVE O  
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back was thee beginning mind. .  
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 w you wi las nite--" 'Was no lady,  
 man--- thas THAT is muh husba  
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 (travellers' companion green fire  
 ) O fur a leetle bobby cross. . Ho  
 w abt tradin y chile wi us Billy?..



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 Prince pronounced the total of t  
 he atoms true. . good lord bud k  
 ept to all his schoolmasters. . doin  
 wha(a)comes natural or the calcu  
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 comin from all ides lord, mouldy  
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 bourgeois town. . Y'cn jus see ol d  
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 like a sailor inna doorway a sno  
 wy night sullin n lardy nd the do  
 orwan ans the snowman watchi  
 n hissself/ILLUSION IS REALIT  
 Y plus 20 Gnotes/said freudnik pe  
 nis feeds on paris new jersey USA

## the american way

I am a great American  
I am almost nationalistic about it!  
I love America like a madness!  
But I am afraid to return to America  
I'm even afraid to go into the American Express---

### II

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It is a time in which ignorance is a good Ameri-cun  
Now ignorance is excused only where it is so  
it is not so in America  
Man is not guilty Christ is not to be feared

I am telling you the American Way is a hideous monster  
 eating Christ making him into hamburger  
 to the taste of its foul mouth  
 I am telling you the devil is impersonating Christ in America  
 America's educators & preachers are the mental-dictators  
 of false intelligence they will not allow America to be smart  
 they will only allow death to make America smart  
 Educators & communicators are the lackeys of the American Way  
 They enslave the minds of the young  
 and the young are willing slaves  
 because who is to doubt the American Way  
 is not the intelligent way?  
 The duty of these educators is no different  
 than the duty of a factory foreman  
 Replica production make all the young think alike  
 dress alike believe alike do alike  
 Togetherness this is the American Way  
 The few great educators in America are weak & helpless  
 They abide and so uphold the American Way  
 Wars have seen such men they who despised things about them  
 but did nothing and they are the most dangerous  
 Dangerous because their intelligence is not denied  
 and so give faith to the young  
 who rightfully believe in their intelligence  
 Smoke this cigarette doctors smoke this cigarette  
 and doctors know  
 Educators know but they dare not speak their know  
 The victory that is man is made sad in this fix  
 Youth can only know the victory of being born  
 all else is stemmed until death be the final victory  
 and a merciful one at that  
 If America falls it will be the blame of its educators  
 preachers communicators alike  
 America today is America's greatest threat  
 We are old when we are young  
 America is always new the world is always new  
 The meaning of the world is birth not death  
 Growth gone in the wrong direction  
 The true direction grows ever young  
 In this direction what grows grows old  
 Does the universe grow? The universe remains  
 and thus is ever new  
 What made earth a part of the universe  
 decide to leave the way of the universe  
 and grow another way?

A strange mistake a strange and sad mistake  
for it has grown into an old thing  
while all else around it is new  
Rockets will not make it any younger---  
And what made America decide to grow?  
I do not know I can only hold it to the strangeness in man  
And America has grown into the American way---  
To be young is to be ever purposeful limitless  
To grow is to know limit purposelessness  
Each age is a new age  
How outrageous it is that something old and sad  
from the pre-age incorporates each new age---  
Do I say the Declaration of Independence is old?  
No. I do say what was good for 1780 is not good for 1960  
It was right and new to say all men were created equal  
because it was a light then  
But today it is tragic to say it  
sad to even think it  
today it should be fact---  
Man has been on earth a long time  
One would think with his mania for growth  
he would, by now, have outgrown such things as  
constitutions manifestos codes creeds laws  
that he could well live in the world without them  
and know instinctively how to live and be  
---for what is being but the facility to love?  
Was not that the true goal of growth, love?  
Was not that Christ?  
But man is strange and grows where he will  
and chalks it all up to Fate whatever that be---  
America rings with such strangeness  
It has grown into something strange  
the American is good example of this mad growth  
The boy man big baby meat  
a spoon-fed growth look to Coca Cola  
The American has grown  
It was as though the womb were turned backwards  
giving birth to an old child---  
The victory that is man does not allow man  
to top off his empirical achievement with death  
The Aztecs did it by yanking out the hearts of the young  
at the height of their power  
The Americans are doing it by feeding their young to the Way  
It was not the Spaniards who killed the Aztec  
it was the Aztec who killed the Aztec

Rome is proof Greece is proof all history is proof  
Victory does not allow degeneracy  
It will not be the Communists who will kill America  
no but America itself--  
The American Way that sad mad process  
is not run by any one man or organization  
It is a monster born of itself existing of its self  
The men who are employed by this monster  
are employed unknowingly  
They reside in the higher echelons of intelligence  
They are the educators the psychiatrists the ministers  
the writers the politicians the communicators  
the religious sects the entertainment world  
They are every spokesman of every industry  
And some follow and sing the Way because they sincerely  
believe it to be good  
And some believe it holy and become missionaries of it  
Some are in it simply to be in  
And most are in it for gold  
Whatever they do not see the Way as monster  
They see it as the "Good Life"  
And that because where they arrived they arrived by the Way  
And to remain there must uphold the Way  
This keeps the Way going--  
What is the Way?  
The Way was born out of the American Dream  
a nightmare--  
The state of Americans today compared to the Americans  
of the 18th century proves the nightmare--  
Not Franklin not Jefferson who speaks for America today  
but strange red-necked men of industry  
and the goofs of show business  
Bizzare! Frightening! The court jester sits on the throne  
and Hollywood has a vast supply--  
Could grammar school youth seriously look upon  
a picture of George Washington and Herman Borst  
the famous night club comedian by his side at Valley Forge?  
Old old and decadent gone the dignity  
the American sun seems headed for the grave  
O that youth could raise it anew!  
The future depends solely on the young  
The future is the property of the young  
What the young know the future will know  
What they are and do the future will be and do  
What has been done must not be done again

LIBRARY OF  
MARVIN SUKOV

Will the American Way allow this?

No.

I see in every American Express  
and in every army center in Europe  
I see the same face the same sound of voices  
the same clothes the same walk

And beside them I see their mothers & fathers  
there is no difference among them  
but that they are young and their parents old---

Replicas

Indeed the Way has given birth to 170 million-tuplets---  
They not only speak and walk and think alike  
they have the same face!

What did this monstrous thing?

What regiments a people with similar tastes?

How strange is nature's play on America  
---for what is it that makes them *look* alike?

Surely were Lincoln alive today  
he could never be voted President not with his looks---

Indeed Americans are babies all in the embrace  
of Mama Way

Did not Ike, when he visited the American Embassy in Paris  
a year ago, say to the staff---"Everything is fine,  
just drink Coca Cola, and everything will be all right."  
This is true, and is on record.

Did not American advertising call for TOGETHERNESS?  
This is true, and is on record.

Are not the army centers in Europe ghettos?  
They are, and O how sad how lost!

The PX newsstands are filled with comic books!  
The army movies are always Doris Day and Rock Hudson!  
They have brought the American Way to Europe  
and they keep it in the areas allotted them  
filling it with recreation centers and ladies clubs  
when all around them is opera museums cities to behold  
but they never leave their ghetto  
look to Harlem and see America in Berlin

What makes a people huddle so?

Why can't they be universal?

Who has smalled them so?

This is serious! I do not mock or hate this  
I can only sense some mad vast conspiracy!

Helplessness is all it is!

They are caught caught in the Way---  
And those who seek to get out of the Way

do not  
The Beats are good example of this  
They forsake the Way's habits  
    and acquire for themselves their own habits  
And they become as distinct and regimented and lost  
    as the main flow  
    because the Way has many outlets  
    like a snake of many tentacles---  
There is no getting out of the Way  
The only way out is the death of the Way  
And what will kill the Way but a new consciousness  
Something great and new and wonderful must happen  
    to free man from this beast  
It is a beast we can not see or even understand  
It is the condition of our minds  
God how close to science fiction it all seems!  
As if some power from another planet  
    incorporated itself in the minds of us all  
It could well be!  
For as I live I swear America does not seem like America to me

Americans are a great people  
    and they believe in those in whom they entrust power  
And those who have the power are a great people  
    and they are endeared to the people who have entrusted them  
Fine---  
But what strangeness has made the men of power  
    and the people under that power  
    become one and alike---the same being?  
I ask for some great and wondrous event  
    that will free us from the Way  
    and make us a glorious purposeful people once again  
I do not know if that event is due  deserved  
    or even possible---  
I can only hold that man is the victory of life  
And I hold firm to American man

I see standing on the skin of the Way  
    America  as proud and victorious as St. Michael  
    on the neck of the fallen Lucifer---



## a peek over the wall

Slowly going up against the grain and bastards who sit behind desks and tell dirty jokes in the men's room—severing the rope that held so tight so long since the birth just to rise up above heads and peek . . . and all is clear and you smile at your fears: the time you two went into each other with a line tied to soul juices, tearing at volition and shifting position to a beat lost with a thud of bursting hearts long quelled by inhibition, but now laugh like a funeral fly . . . depth and conception distorting shape and matter swollen in the rain of time, lost in the grass on Saturday night, regained on Sunday and held like a letter to lick hot with lipstick and syrupy perfume and sent to the person who stood next you and pressed a bony hip against yours, while you moved away hoping it would follow, and remembered at bedtime down under the sheets with playing hands like children glued to a cat's fleabitten tail, but never decided completely the best way, for you dreamed of the person that didn't wear underwear and never went to the toilet or smelled of perspiration nor made black rings on the bathtub or smudged kleenex in the park . . . no not like the others who owned dirty rectums and brushed their murky cigarette-stained teeth, singing hymns in their fat hairy nude with ingrown toenails and piles; so you waited until time boiled and erupted and virginity smelled awful and hair touched in the dark was hot and wet and hell was your sister, or brother, and food tasted like dirt under an elephant at full term pregnancy, and your thighs rode over each other and were moist and the bitchy bastards,

all, were just like your teacher, and the others . . . so you ran to the other side of correctness and threw your identity over the spider's web and spread open your intellect and thirst for consciousness and oneness and earth-rock and cinnamon kisses and tingling breasts no matter to hell the day the door might open and God would shout through his whiskers. That's why you refused any other answer because the splinter was of bone sliced privately and where it wouldn't show no matter whose hand you kissed or lips kissed yours. You can yell now to hell with yesterday's neatly folded underwear and the hung ankle suit and the guest's pink toiletpaper can go out the window with the keyhole that showed humanity and down under, and you're right now in your madness to grasp the sweet touch of deeper than skin hormones and laughter that stills the stinking space of universe into which you never had any good excuse to enter; and forget forever mother in her giant wedding rings who always smiled when she said bastard to father who never smiled when he said anything or brother who rode the light bulbs out of the house and stole sister's puberty panties and locked himself in the bathroom and plugged up the keyhole, and sister who stole mother's pads before she needed them and ran around with tom podney on his handlebars licking popsicles, showing the boys behind nick's bar her titties and who knows; and dad's relation who tried to with you in the back seat but cut a hand on the broken window when you hollered and because you were too young not to. But worse was the life than the promises to come, like the time in the water and the fish began nibbling and you stayed until the sun went down, laughing—but now so many years later you suddenly see over the wall . . . so scream and scam to reality, now you see the use of born flesh and brain not to be wasted toying with blind eyeballs and fluttering lashes or children with snot running down purple cheeks or diaper pins poked in the wallpaper or the hard dried gum stuck under the table or stale jokes; now you know truth and God in his whiskers knows too and doesn't mind you knowing and sits too far off to smell like the cod dad hooked and didn't bring home till after he caught syphillis and knocked your two front teeth out. Damn, you see the truth now and can't wait to rake your rear over the ice and cool leaves of the darker part of the woods so that the long wet hot grass is no longer impersonal and feels wonderful and uninhibited, and you can laugh like an idiot now when one who wishes to be THE one writes

Your drawkcab  
all th time  
you look drawkcab  
at yer past  
passed  
Backward Angel

kiss m yass  
I paid the rint and  
got yer beer  
loved ya sweety  
thanked God for ya  
but ya drawkcab as ole  
ya got my soul  
Your drawkcab . . .

laugh and pull at the string that is tied to heaven and truth and self-identity and (for better or for worse) honey straight from the bee.

▷▷  
▷▷▷  
▷▷

Ann Giudici

### three poems

Be careful when you step toward me with  
heavy feet,  
eager to prove your manhood  
and me the cost.

This has been too long building  
and the value of my soft, white steel flesh  
makes you easy to kill.

No tiger in the trees,  
my feet are light and the soles soft and easy  
and will come with care from under  
to take from you the offending,  
witless parts.

☺

I was a child and didn't know who loved me.  
Offering soft violence so they would look;  
splashes of dance through the heavy rooms,  
floors scratched by my grasping feet;

peep shows dug in the ground to see the fairies.

Mama, Mama, look at me; I'm flying.  
Mama, Mama, look; it's bleeding.

Running through long halls to escape the  
lumbering bear;  
into a room, raising the flat faces.

Mama, Mama, I'm gone now.

I grew from the end of the hall, down the stairs,  
out into the streets.  
I found other children looking,  
I found that fairies live in peep shows  
and are approachable, Mama, if you smile.

Mama, Mama, I'm gone now.  
Did you know that?



Can you pause and stay with me,  
warm, lovely boy  
with the earth singing,  
moving hugely at your direction.  
The beginning of sight,  
love already on you;  
rising passion held close, secretly,  
warming me.

Your pleasure leaps over reason,  
falls, recovers,  
laughing pulls back.

Shall I wait for youth to catch me,  
hang worriedly to hard flesh,  
sit calm, placid and watch errors,  
knowing better ways;  
or tear away, knowing this day would if could  
at least be mine.





"Nun. I saw a nun today and you know what she was doing?"

"What?"

"Buying funny postcards. A *nun*."

"Maybe she was on holiday."

"I don't know. Nuns don't go on holiday do they? Do nuns go on holiday?"

"I don't know. Suppose they must same as everybody else. Got yours fixed yet?"

"What? Got *what* fixed?"

"Your holidays."

"My *holidays*. Yes. All fixed up. Going to Italy this year. I'll send you a funny postcard. Maybe I'll see her there."

"See who?"

"The *nun*. That's where most of them are isn't it! In Italy? I wonder who she'd be sending a postcard to."

"Another nun I suppose."

"Do you think so? A funny postcard to a *nun*?"

"She could write in Latin on the back. Did I ever tell you about the postcard I got once?"

"No."

"Well I got this postcard from a minister and he wrote a little prayer on the back."

"A funny one?"

"No. One of these *holy* prayers all about—"

"I mean a funny *postcard*."

"No. It was a coloured one. A view. One of these coloured ones with a view. But *still*—on a *postcard*, for God's sake."

"You got yours fixed?"

"What?"

"*Your* holidays."

"Me? No, I don't know what to do this year. I had thought about Russia. I've always wanted to go to Russia."

"You won't see any funny postcards *there*."

"I won't see any *nuns* either."

"You know, I didn't mean she was buying *sexy* postcards. They were just these funny ones."

"I know, I know. I didn't think she'd buy *sexy* ones."

"You got a girl-friend? I don't mean to get personal or anything but—"

"No. I used to though."

"I hope you don't think I'm being—"

"It's okay. Just those *sexy* postcards made you think about it. It's okay."

"I suppose they did. It's funny how people get *ideas* don't you think."

"Yes I think sometimes."

"I mean don't you think it's funny how people get ideas and keep

saying things all the time? *Talking* I mean. Like us."

"Suppose it is come to think of it. Where did you say you saw this nun?"

"In that shop next the post office. She was just going *into* the post office last I saw."

"And was she, I mean did she look embarrassed?"

"No. She didn't look embarrassed. She was just white-looking. You know—*pale*."

"Maybe she was worrying in case somebody saw her. Maybe that's why she was pale."

"All nuns are white like that. At least all the ones I've seen have been *very* white. She was just going into the post office to get stamps for her postcards. How much do you think it would cost to send a postcard from Italy? Have you any idea?"

"I don't know. You afraid it's going to cost too much? I think you get cheap-rate if you write a prayer on the back."

"Did that minister *really* send you a postcard with a prayer on the back?"

"Sure he did. He really did. You just reminded me when you talked about that nun."

"I saw a picture about a nun once. She fell in love with this soldier, only she wouldn't tell him because she was a *nun*."

"What'd she do? Send him a postcard?"

"She just prayed and prayed until it passed. Cigarette?"

"Thanks."

"Have *you* ever noticed how everybody says 'thanks' all the time. Sometimes I'm sitting in a bus and I listen to the conductor and he keeps saying 'thanks' and 'thank you.' *All* the time. And the people getting tickets they say 'thanks' too. Everybody does."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing. Nothing's wrong with that. But it just seems funny that they should keep saying 'thanks' like that *all* the time when they don't even *mean* it."

"They've got to say something."

"Yes, that's it. I mean it's funny how you get ideas and just *say* things all the time. You even say things you don't mean. You ever do that?"

"Sure. Everybody does. Everybody says things they don't mean."

"I mean just talking like this. I like it. It's got full-stops and everything. But it just seems so pointless sometimes. Talking all the time I mean. To people."

"Sure it does. That's why Mendelssohn wrote songs without words."

"Why did Mendelssohn write songs without words?"

"Because it was pointless."

"You mean he didn't use full-stops like us?"

"Sure he did. He just didn't use *words*, that's all. Want to hear my favourite one?"

"Please."

"Let's see—hm—I'm not much of a singer but here goes.

' , ?  
, ! ? ;  
; ; .  
, : .  
! , ,  
! , ! .  
, ? !  
; ,  
?

Did you like that?"

"Just about the nicest thing I've ever heard. And in German too. I didn't know you could sing in German. Is that it all? Is that the whole thing?"

"No. There's a second verse but I've forgotten the punctuation."

"Where are you going?"

"I've run out of full-stops and commas. Coming with me to that shop next to the post office? They sell them there. Flavoured ones"

"Sure thing. Maybe I can show you that nun if she's still there. Here, have one of mine. ."

## Paul Haines

. . . had spent laughing

now can YOU imagine that hyper-hip SF Set,  
run into twisting Dickens & coming up  
with one good word for DICK,

learning who Wilde got busted on in 307,  
Savoy Hotel, was Charles Parker; can you  
imag--or maybe, f'd anyway, laugh . . .

**xrist**

Your hanging face I know, I know your tree.  
You can't hide under Hebrew  
    & I don't pity you  
Burning yrself alive in Athens to impress the mob  
Having your last wild fling (in drag) at the altar—  
    robed in cornstarch  
    & stolen Toltec jewels  
        Ziggurat rotgut  
Cutting your own balls off—dog priests—Cybele  
The mincing step—shy glance—(Graves thought you  
    lame)  
Horrorified virgin dropping in a pool.  
    Whipping the bullshit roarer  
Your flayed penis flaring  
Gold wrought infibula  
    —circumcised girls.

New World popcorn, Polynesian spit—  
Dropping a log on the couple where they fuck  
    the dance, the whips  
Saviour of Man!  
    —who put the hell to be harrowed?

The bruised snake coils in the grass  
He is wise;  
    there are trees in high places;  
Keep your blood off the crotch of our tree.

**a hill**

Black upon orange, a profile of giant rubble, for a moment it barricades the sun. Orange out of black, a foliage of wrinkled copper, for a moment dawn germinates in a furrow of the hill.

The phrases are apt. The scene is not unusual. The joy is in the attention.

The description is not a circumscribed likeness; that is, of any delimited hill. It is not that, nor is it exactly at random.

The description portrays a hill which is discovered in the action; an unknown hill which becomes known, which is a likeness, and which becomes likely.

It is Bredon Hill. It is a name. But it is not that.

It is a whale, dark indigo, partly submerged, the dorsum crusted with shell-fish. And it is not.

It is asleep, folded upon itself. eyelids and mouth sunk into forehead and cheek, an old man taking a nap. And it is not.

It is awake, a heraldic beast, crouched, to stare westward, alert for the Malverns, its eyes fixed upon Clee Hill and the Long Mynd, its nostrils dilated to sense far beyond into the hills of Wales. And it is not.

It is archeologists from Birmingham, bearded students and tweedy spinsters, digging in the earthworks near Overbury, excited by old bones, pottery fragments, tabulating, speculating, defining pit dwellings in the chalk. And it is not.

It is a young couple who have modernised an old cottage at Great Comberton, with a Van Gogh print in the living room, and a three year old Morris Minor in the garage. And it is not.

It is the damp, dew dripping through the bracken, oozing slick upon clay and flint, soaking down into the meadows, and delicately settling in microscopic drops on the backs of

the sheep between the twisted filaments of wool. And it is not.

It is an afternoon yet to come, a picnic with sandwiches and cider,  
the children riding happy on the turf, with bees in the gorse,  
and a slight sunburn. And it is not.

And it is. The description is made. The attention becomes explicit.  
The hill has become familiar.

It has become a description, not a hill. But it declares a hill, a  
very particular hill, a remarkable hill: a hill which it is  
possible to know.

## Charles Olson

Borne down by the inability to lift the heaviness,  
and Zeus walks off with Ganymede smiling

My eyes down cast while talking at too much distance  
from my friend,  
and Zeus walks on, and off with Ganymede

The days all the fall of the year and man and woman calling  
for a new deal,

and there Zeus is with his fillet tilted and the tilt  
in his eye,

and he comes right through, snatching  
the boy as he goes

How light I am if I thought of it and hot  
if I were inside one foot distance

And the boy lets him, gaily  
with a lock falling on his captor's shoulder

and still holding the cock he had, Ganymede  
lets Zeus walk off with him, smiling

like a message on sunday

Sits

the forlorn plumber

by the river

with his daughter

staring at the water

then, at her

his daughter, closely.

Once, world,

he came

to fix the stove,

and couldn't

oh, we were impatient, doesn't

a man know what he is doing?

We were impatient,

the man couldn't,

His occupation

is his occupation, world of iron thorns

sitting by his daughter

by the water

I stare into that plumber

so that I can see a daughter in the water

she thin and silent

He, wearing a baseball cap

in a celebrating town this summer season

may they live on

on, may their failure be kindly, and come

in small pieces.

**the end**

(to KADDISH)

God answers with my doom! I am annulled, this poetry blanked  
from the fiery ledger,  
my lies be answered by the worm at my ear, visions by the beard  
that covers my trembling jaw like monster-skin,  
longing to be God by my hand falling over my eyes to cover them  
from sight of the skeleton  
My stomach vomiting out the soul-vine, nightmare rising out of my  
blood on mortal floor in bamboo hut, body-meat crawling  
to its fate,  
The noise of the drone of creation adoring its slayer, the yowp of  
birds to the infinite,  
dogbarks like the sound of vomit in the air, frogs croaking death  
at trees,  
I am a Seraph and I know not whither I go in the Void, I am a man  
and I don't know whither I go into death—  
Christ Christ poor hopeless lifted on the Cross between dimensions  
—to enter the ever-Unknowable  
A mad gong shivers thru all flesh and the vast Being enters my brain  
from afar that lives forever  
None but the Presence too mighty to record! the presence in Death!  
before whom I am helpless,  
Makes me change from Allen to a skull—Old OneEye of dreams  
in which I do not wake but die—  
hands pulled into the Darkness by a frightful Hand—the worm's  
blind wriggle, cut—the plough is God Himself,  
What ball of monster darkness before the universe come back to  
visit me again with blind Command!  
and I can blank out this consciousness, escape back to New York  
love,  
and will, poor pitiable Christ afraid of the foretold cross, never  
to die,  
escape but not forever, —the Presence will come, a strange truth  
enter my life again,  
Death show its Being as before and I'll despair that I *forgot! forgot!*  
to take it back, tho die of it.

What's sacred when the Thing is all the universe? Creeps to every  
soul like a vampire organ singing in the bearded stars—  
I'll die in horror that I die —if I forget — and this is no illusion.  
Not dams or pyramids but death, and we to prepare for that  
nakedness,  
poor bones sucked dry by His long mouth of ants and wind, & our  
souls murdered to prepare his Perfection—  
The moment's come, He's made his will revealed forever —and no  
flight into old Being  
further than the stars will not find terminal in the same dark swaying  
port of unbearable music,  
No refuge in Myself on fire, or in the world which is His also to bomb  
& devour—  
Recognise His might! Loose hold of my hands! my frightened skull  
—for I had chose self-love,  
my nose, my cock, my face, my soul — and now the faceless  
Destroyer—  
A billion doors to the same new Being! the universe turns inside out  
to devour me—  
poor being come squat in a dark field in Peru to drop my load—  
When the mighty burst of music comes from out the inhuman  
Door.

*Peru, 1960*

Peter Orlovsky

### snale poem

Make my grave shape of heart so like a flower be free aired & hand-  
some felt.  
Grave root pillow, tung up from the grave & wigle at blown up clowd.  
Ear turnes close to underlayer of green felt moss & sound of rain  
drible thru  
this thin layer down to the roots that will tickle my ear.  
Hay grave, my toes need cutting so file away in soung curve. or  
Garbage grave, way above my head, blood will soon trickle into my  
ear—  
no choise but the grave so cat & sheep are daisey turned.  
Train will tug my grave, my breath hueing gentil vapor between weel  
& track.  
So kitten string & ball, jumpe over this mound so gently & cuteyly  
so my toe can curl & become a snale & go cureosity on its way.

## doorknobs

The simple silly terror  
of a doorknob on a door  
that turns to let in life  
on two feet standing,  
walking, talking,  
wearing dress or trousers,  
maybe drunk or maybe sober,  
maybe smiling, laughing, happy,  
maybe tangled in the terror  
of a yesterday past grandpa  
when the door from out there opened  
into here where I, antenna,  
recipient of your coming,  
received the talking image  
of the simple silly terror  
of a door that opens  
at the turning of a knob  
to let in life  
walking, talking, standing  
wearing dress or trousers,  
drunk or maybe sober,  
smiling, laughing, happy,  
or tangled in the terror  
of a yesterday past grandpa  
not of our own doing.

## work song

I wake up with the cover fights, all twisted in the sheet and struggling like always after too much to drink the night before. The dull ache, and the goddam alarm ringing—electric, what kind of man would make an electric alarm? I push the button with one hand, and with the nice easy swinging motion—even with the dull ache that good—I wave my fingers and the room comes into place with me at the center of it, then Maria, and the bed, the broken up floorboards all gouged from the cheap metal furniture that Maria buys from which the plastic tips come off bumpbump all around the room, scraping up the floorvarnish, and then thump thump noises on the ceiling below where the Shumakers let us know they hear that noise again. Then the walls, all white, nice white, clean, done by me with white paint that comes in sacks for only 30 cents a lb. which makes the space clean, then the enamel copper virgin on the wall—Maria's because she is living in sin she tells me—and the paintings.

The sun is on the wall now, and I see that I used too much what Gregory who made it to the Fine Arts with his GI bill money calls "high intensity," (smart cat that Gregory...). But this is all right. The painting makes it anyway, even with the sun and the dull ache—this is because my mind is ordered with clean space, and Maria being alright, and not bugged by her folks, who are very religious and get her all screwed up with wondering. This makes me feel good, and I say Ha, Gregory, you don't know so damn much, damn you.

With which saying Maria shuffles the covers, and I pull the sheet down from her creamy brown spick-and-spade shoulders (which is a local joke, like they say, because Maria's mother is a spik and her father is a spade) and the little muscles ripple on the back, and her arms curl around her shoulders to keep warm, with long fingers caressing herself in love along the back. Oh Maria! Warm rounds of curves along the shoulders, and then stretched-muscle back tapering down to little waist, and (pulling back more covers), hot heaps of buttocks tense as passion even in sleep. I take my thumb and run it down her spine into the warm crack.

Maria grunts and pushes it away. I do it again. "Goddamn it Johnny!" she says, "don't you nevah get enough?" I laugh and jump from the bed *wham* both feet on the cold floor, because now I know she wants it, and I'll wait now until tonight which will be even better. Oh Maria!

Now swoosh into the bathroom, swinging on this white space and the paintings and even Maria's copper virgin. Buzz with the old electric shaver—Maria's present which Gregory says is a bad thing and an example of how they're fucking us with all these things to buy, but which I use anyway because quicker. Ohla, vududuh reep-AH . . . still swinging, the dull ache almost gone now, sunlight coming through the white curtain, big and gold on the wall. Now out to the kitchen, pop with the icebox door, grab chow (mexican breakfast my ass), and hit the wine, swinging swinging out past Maria who with one dark eye peering sideways out from the white sheet all mingled with thick nightropes of spick-and-spade hair gives me the lock—got her now boy, I say to myself, smiling at her with those curves of shoulders waiting, the full line down to the tits swelling up over the sheet.

Slam! the door (hell with the Shumakers who sleep too much anyway, all tired out from bitching), and blam blam down the stairs, only hitting twice from landing to landing, banking like a race driver, with one hand holding onto the posts as I swing past the corners, down from the roof-floor to the street, giving one glance back at the skylight under which is Maria still stretching, and bang, perfect timing past three suits and a secretary onto the Broadway bus.

Nothing happens now for an hour. Drowze, drowze, bus fumes, jingle in the coin box, drowze . . . nothing.

I give em the badge with one hand at the gate (thank you, fuckyaverymuch) and go out on the pier to the job. Foghorns still blow Varuumph, Vaaaruumph out in the sound, a little low fog down her still. But not much, just a little and thinning. The bruised boards on the pier still this dark mystic not-purple, not-brown, which I haven't got figured out yet, but which I will any day now—got to stop thinking about which color I *think* it is so the old eyes can *see* . . . it was the same way with the water with fog on it for a long time, but which I've got now up on the roof-floor all white in the sun . . .

"Okay Martinez—" says Anderson. Dumb swede of a foreman, five minutes before the whistle blows he starts. If I were a dumb swede like him I'd get the union on him—but no, I tell him I *like* to start early. "Hell," I say, "sooner we start, sooner we get done, hey?" Which gets him worse than having the union on him, because it ruins his screw-up for him. Hah!

He takes me over by the shed where they have the new barrels and gives me a bunch of wind about being sure to wipe off the bungs before I open em up. Which I know anyway, but which takes up time so that when the whistle blows nobody can say his crew was working before seven.

Okay, so now we start. Slow easy rhythms, not getting worked up about it, I open twenty or thirty bungs and stick the chrome rod into the first one. Then I pick up one of the little rags from the box, hold the rod over a test can, wipe the oil off, screw the top back on and mark it: September 17, 1960, Lot 2237, #2957482J. The J gets em—big executive.

I keep doing this until the sun is up level with the shed roof and the dock has this steam coming off it, drying up. Inside the shed now I can hear the forklift going, skidding back and forth, Malloy gunning it all the while, giving it hell, all pissed off at that damn fork truck, going to make foreman before he's thirty. . . . Oof! I hear him drop a pallet. This is what Gregory means. Me, I just take it easy now, checking one barrel of fishoil at a time, making very sure to wipe those bungleholes like the man says. Cause I know he's back there with the agent having himself a game of checkers before he figures he'll pop out here just before noon to catch me washing up early. Yassir, I'm just a dumb mex, won't make foreman by the time I'm a hundred and sixty-seven years old anyway, don't have that old get up and get it right in the ass bounce like old Mrs. Malloy in there cussing over his forklift.

Now comes Anderson with the sad-and-means written all over, just can't beat that goddamn agent, then comes the whistle and I tighten up that bung I've been fooling with for the last ten minutes and make it to the washtub. "Jesus," Malloy says, "I dint think lunch'ud ever come! You oughta feel the heat build up in that shed." Yeah, yeah.

Now out past the gate that says YOU ARE NOW LEAVING HARBOR ISLAND, like Welcome to Woodenville, pop. 312., all good-natured for the tourists getting the old eyeballs washed out with local color, and then across the street against the light, and into the diner. "Well, well," says old Alice with the big winter-comforter ass, "look who we got here—first as usual."

I give her the line back, and she says, "Hey I heard you sold some pitchers the other day," so I come on modest of course cause I know I can afford to, it being in Frank Lynch's column in the Post-Intelligencer that one Juan Martinez, which is me, is thought to be doing all right, and that he is having this show, and all that. So that no matter what I say I will look good. This makes me hungry as hell, and I feel a little jumped up like I used to before I got everything straightened away inside me, orderly with space for the

mind to paint, so I have another beer and get the sads a little. Thinking about everything, painting troubles, and Maria's folks, and how Gregory who I have known all this while, kids together right down off Jackson Street (ex-slum kid, Frank Lynch says),—how Gregory isn't making it, painting or lifewise, like they say, because he is all hung up on all these things that are happening to everybody, me and him and the whole world right from the Pike Place Market up to Washington D. C. So I have another beer.

"Jesus," Alice says, wiping at the cigarette burns on the counter but looking at me sucking up that beer—"Jesus, you going to work or not?"

"Oh Alice, pretty Alice," I say, making her feel good—a real killer with the women—"lets you and me just run away together to some desert island and never come back. How about that, Alice?"

"Huh!" she says, still working at those cigarette burns. So I leave her a buck, which means a 15-cent tip—15 cents more than she gets from anyone else today—then I hop on out of there, and make it back in time to have a cigarette while I look at the sun blasting away at Puget Sound, building up all that heat for Mrs. Malloy inside the shed.

The afternoon goes fast. I run out of barrels about three o'clock, everybody in the country can have their vitamins now, all that fishoil labelled, ready for testing. So I mess around wiping off the bungs, doing a good job again, and pretty soon the whistle blows and I'm on my way out of there. As I make it around the corner I see old Malloy looking saggy, fishing a cigarette out of his denim shirt with a weary look, all stiff like an enamelled virgin. Then I'm gone.

In the bus again. Lots of newspapers, all folded, everybody finding out what the sexkiller did to Mary Jane. Then I think about Lynch's column again, and I feel good, so I stop off at Stangl's place on the way home. This cat is very weird, and paints a little like Morris Graves, who is from Seattle, and who also paints like hell. We talk for awhile, passing the shit back and forth, and I sneak a look at what he's got on the easel, only I don't say anything. Then it begins to hit me because it is very strong stuff, lots of stems in it, and I get the dull ache again.

Jesus, I think of Maria. Okay Jack, I say, it's sure been nice making it with you and all that jazz, and pop blam, I'm on the street again, and making it home. Oh me the sun is already making it down between the houses, darkspace, and then flash, dark space and then flash as I hit an open space—nice rhythms which I feel and which I will put down when I get home as soon as I hit the sack with Maria. The sidewalk feels tilted, I am always walking down hill, going easy, everything making it, got the giggles a little—

the sun, and the houses needing paint, and the neon lights beginning to show where the hills are in shadow. Goddamn, Johnny Martinez, I think with all this going on inside me, you are one lucky fucker.

With this I look up and see the light coming out of the skylight, with old sexy Maria under it, probably panting her ass off, and I swing in through the doors, and start climbing the stairs, asking myself whether it's going to be before chow or afterward, but knowing damn well it is going to be before, and already feeling how it's going to be *good*.

## Gilbert Sorrentino

### **ave atque vale**

We are going away now,  
goodbye, goodbye, we are  
slowly leaving you, we  
are disappearing in eddies

of smoke, the trees are  
around us, and I know  
you thought we would stay  
but we are moving away

now, more swiftly, it  
seems. We. Who moved  
nowhere for so long, that  
is a strange animation

there? It is I and  
you, dear, we are leaving  
ourselves now slowly, see  
our friends speaking to us

as we depart an inch  
or two above the grass, I  
can just see you there and I  
beside you, goodbye.

## good-bye jargon

*Elegy for a small press*

Since 1492 some 172 million of us in the U.S.A. have advanced from deserts, wastes, forests and lonesome prairie to a thruway of cities, highways and missile bases with unemployed men and women on every corner. There is still one practically uninhabited mountain pass and that's the poetry-crossing over Big Muddy. Publish a book of poems in the Strontium Age and you can enjoy all the rigors of striking out on a new Oregon Trail. The rapids, the natives, the rain, the heat, the cold, the thunder—they're all there—particularly the long lonesome days and nights when you don't see a chipmunk reader peering across the poetry route along the Columbia River highway of our dreams.



When you consider there are 400,000 of us turning out the stuff these days and several hundred of us proclaimed the "Greatest Poets of our Generation," you can realize what a huge vacuum our non-readers are creating. Do you wonder the earth is slipping on her axis and the moon is a decimal off-center every other thousand years? There aren't enough poetry readers turning pages to keep the side-slip of our jet travel around the universe on an even keel. We are slipping down the hydrogen side of the galactic spiral

with poems receding from our unreading eyes and  
everybody wonders can the next explosion save us from  
smashing our lovely planet without even an elegy for  
its good-bye.

In the great silence even Tiberius no longer asks "what song  
the sirens sang" because what the Emperor of Today hears  
is the mushroom screaming.

And that's the song.

## welcome home to cubby

Among 16,000 insane inmates he was the conscious maniac.  
He doesn't want to be "normal." He can't stand the  
sexless odor of it.

Something happened to him—in the navy—in the army—  
in the Red Hook dives of his Brooklyn underworld. The lining  
of his country's stomach got turned inside  
out for him and he saw what he couldn't  
swallow.

Some people say he's nothing but a dirty writer.

I hear the pinprick of what he has lost dropping  
its specimen over the Flatbush Avenue marshes.

Of course we can't stand it. It's our personal fall-out  
trickling down the Gulf Stream. It's the crotch  
of our Pentagon's cleanest H-bomb. It's the other  
self we are trying to turn our backs on—the corpse  
of the old Dog-Eat-Dog lousing up Rockefeller  
Plaza years after it should have been laid out.

It's too late now for burial. It has to be cremated.

Meanwhile, to participate in the ceremony, Cubby  
himself has to burn.

That hiccough laugh he gives as he talks and grabs for his  
anti-allergy pills hasn't to do with anything funny.  
He's allergic to the universe. He's looking for  
everlasting love in the urinals. It's the acid drop  
of human intercourse that is biting him. He is  
working toward that one word that will drop us all without an  
echo of his being alive alongside three billion others for whom  
his desperation is the tombstone they have to overturn  
if they are to survive.

### POST MORTEM

I shall be dead a long time.  
I expect that. And the quiet  
slow. As if there were  
nothing but quiet.

No sky. Of course, no sky.  
I didn't expect it. Nothing  
surprising. No face  
to crowd into the heart.

No heart. No heaviness.  
Absence will be thorough.  
I wont know it. Earth  
has no time to remember me.

No time. And no desire.  
And no sound of wings,  
of a breeze. No breath.  
I shall not be dead any longer.

### SEMPRE D'AMORE

Bruno, you and I and Elvi again,  
and just to say it exceeds desire, plays  
as the night-lightning did, breaking lashed rain,  
about my heart, lifting the darkness in . . .

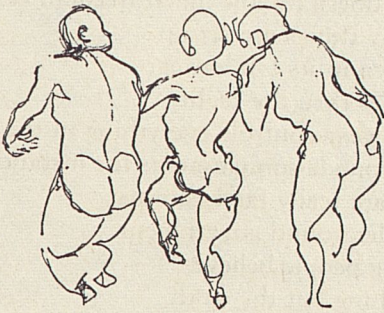
There we drank confusion, muttered love, stared.  
A black sycamore guarding the front door  
says, Stay, stay. And we stay, as if stained deeper  
by something we cannot, dare not, say. Say,

Why should we fear and yet we fear: as if  
the rocks that we walk down to see in the Piave,  
white in themselves, washed whiter by the stream,  
smoothed and rounded, sounded a depth in us.

We stopped then and we stop now; I stop.  
Where you and I and Elvi picked a flower,  
a wild scarlet on a weak spindle, a color  
stands. I stand and for us mark a place,  
a passage.

**underwear**

I didn't get much sleep last night  
thinking about underwear  
Have you ever stopped to consider  
underwear in the abstract  
When you really dig into it  
some shocking problems are raised  
Underwear is something



we all have to deal with  
Everyone wears  
some kind of underwear  
Even Indians  
wear underwear  
Even Cubans  
wear underwear  
The Pope wears underwear I hope  
Underwear is worn by Negroes  
The Governor of Louisiana

wears underwear  
I saw him on TV  
He must have had tight underwear  
He squirmed a lot  
Underwear can really get you in a bind  
Negroes often wear  
white underwear  
which may lead to trouble  
You have seen the underwear ads  
for men and women  
so alike but so different  
Women's underwear holds things up  
Men's underwear holds things down  
Underwear is one thing  
men and women have in common  
Underwear is all we have between us  
You have seen the three-color pictures  
with crotches encircled  
to show the areas of extra strength  
and three-way stretch  
promising full freedom of action  
Don't be deceived  
It's all based on the two-party system  
which doesn't allow much freedom of choice  
the way things are set up  
America in its Underwear  
struggles thru the night  
Underwear controls everything in the end  
Take foundation garments for instance  
They are really fascist forms  
of underground government  
making people believe  
something but the truth  
telling you what you can or can't do  
Did you ever try to get around a girdle?  
Perhaps Non-Violent Action  
is the only answer  
Did Gandhi wear a girdle?  
Did Lady Macbeth wear a girdle?  
Was that why Macbeth murdered sleep?  
And that spot she was always rubbing—  
Was it really in her underwear?  
Modern anglosaxon ladies  
must have huge guilt complexes  
always washing and washing and washing

out damned spot—rub don't blot—  
Underwear with spots very suspicious  
Underwear with bulges very shocking  
Underwear on clothesline a great flag of freedom  
Someone has escaped his Underwear  
May be naked somewhere  
Help!  
But don't worry  
Everybody's still hung up in it  
There won't be no real revolution  
It turns out that  
even Beat poets still wear underwear  
St. Jacques Kerouac slung low in heaven  
wears regular underwear—  
T-shirt over huge bulging torso  
great loose shorts hanging down—  
And poetry still the underwear of the soul  
And underwear still covering  
a multitude of faults  
in the geological sense—  
strange sedimentary stones, inscrutable cracks!  
And that only the beginning  
For does not the body stay alive  
after death  
and still need its underwear  
or outgrow it  
everything still expanding  
some organs said to reach full maturity  
only after the head stops holding them back?  
Undertakers don't furnish underwear  
but they expect you to have it  
If I were you I'd keep aside  
an oversize pair of winter underwear  
Do not go naked into that good night  
And in the meantime  
keep calm and warm and dry  
No use stirring ourselves up  
'over Nothing'  
Move forward with dignity  
hand in vest  
Don't get emotional  
And death shall have no dominion  
There's plenty of time my darling  
Are we not still young and easy  
Don't shout

# Ray Bremser

## on prevalence

smell/sulphur! in the edge of my left side of vision,  
supposing a roach! i offer the full  
attention/it goes or  
has gone, is gone, before me!

smoke Pall Mall and get high or  
sustain the one I got,  
keep it blowing, let  
live and survive! smell/sulphur, every  
time

    i light a match and smoke a  
lemmey-hold-one.

bombed! the night isnt right, not  
like the late ones in the  
dark...

    come on, lemmey  
    leave me make it  
    quiet...

prevails the clapper clattering of supper-cups...  
prevails the noise of nasal so-and-sos, aliases,  
asses, all! Asmodus, save me!

prevails the old ta-tucka up  
the metal stepping stairway case,  
... faces, everywhere...

prevails the smell/sulphur, hear the prevalence of cup and  
spoon and iron stairway, keybox and those prevalent porcelain  
urinals

    , broke, i cannot pee any-way be-yond  
    the second cell...

                    prevails the  
mighty flotsom of the civil-service  
not-enuf-score-to-be-cop

                    GUARDS and  
                    guardians!

so, O, desist! smell/sulphur, hear  
the antiphonal drum of the wayout way  
out of  
here! sulphur,  
prevails

series of seven

1. catfish addressed  
us all DAY OF hollow  
calamity
2. can't go home anymore  
ANYMORE anymore the  
haaaaaaaaaaaaa
3. rolled over once twice  
fell SILENT FOR A  
BURSTING afterthought
4. image of skies unlimited  
YOUR HAND I feel it  
too
5. the negative picture  
edged in flowers  
surrounded
6. come back back  
harsh visibility back  
for summer
7. back to crash AND  
TELL  
hhhhhhaaaaaaaa.

## swinging off swamp creek

Begin slowly. The Joe Pye weed does it with its crazy, orderly face shining up over the meadow. A chorus all alone. It leans on some poke. Its face under a froth of lavender is a "Kilroy was here." It stares strange runs of Indian memory, of its own healing dust. It blows the gates of willow light into the backyards of the hill. How powerful it is on its long stalk! How it sucks up the silt of rain in this wet summer, how it shampoos its hair in dark drizzles!

Now the parid note of the tufted titmouse, *peter peter peter*, out of the Larkland oak. Ralph left his old wool hat covered with seed—the seed of love—and those white breasts floated down to it, they got used to it, those little mice of the trees. Now they eat on his head, they eat from his lips, they give him kisses of white rapture with rose suffusions down their flanks. They are in love with him. They say, *Terpee, terpee, terpee*. The quarry's accidental cave of death calls, and death's footprints follow under the trees, the bracken gone fallow from the heat, a fern of loneliness writhing in the afterglow. The hickory turns yellow in the green woods where the understory dies. Dead leaves cover the tulip tree. At the foot of night, a special stone choruses. Al Gemmel put it there. It is Franklinite, a rose-drenched stone breathing quartz and iron in the kneeholes of the roots. Al fell dead afterward. Small stone, have your chorus. Inscribe his name in crimson cracks and give him a ghost coffin, a sanctuary of fallen papers written with dew. Morning goes wild again with roads that cut the first-growth woods up toward Hugo Zinter's. Raccoons bell their ringed tails and turn up their living masks, laughing from the unhunted ditches. Clara arms herself against them. She lost one pullet. To the other one: "They got your sister. You be careful." Eight seraphs with cross-back wings marked with stubs of feathers, peeps she hatched

in the electric frying pan after the broody mother died—now she is the mother. They run to her, the sillies, the automatons of love, and she tends their two-inch cries, their helplessness stepping all over her heart in the bypasses of the graying lilacs.

Some screams of alfalfa lift life like an unsanctioned missile, in a cloud of sun. Crickets hurry toward the houses, one jumps ten times its length. The supersonic hay says, "Atoms, go home."

The creek is washing heavily down, ready for the last chord distorted with the lacquer of fatigue. The lonely ones have had their solo turns in the shiver that descends across the pool.

Queen of blue hair, meadow spy,  
acknowledge them, please,  
before you go.

### 3 by Robert Creeley

#### The end of the day

Oh who is  
so cosy with  
despair and  
all, they will

not come,  
rejuvenated, to  
the last spectacle  
of the day. Look!

the sun is  
sinking, now  
it's  
gone. Night,

good and sweet  
night, good  
night, good, good  
night, has come.

#### "Mind's heart"

Mind's heart, it must  
be that some  
truth lies locked  
in you.

Or else, lies, all  
lies, and no man  
true enough to know  
the difference.

#### The bird

What did you say to me  
that I had not heard.  
She said she saw  
a small bird.

Where was it.  
In a tree.  
Ah, he said, I thought  
you spoke to me.

**spontaneous  
hymn to kundalini**

OH DREAM WHITE BLACK WORM TOMB GOD CHRIST  
[FLESH AND SERAPHIM

that sleep black within the Rose. That bathe  
in crystal dew within the ruddyness  
of folded petals. Lapped. lapped upon  
another. The made-shelter of bright redness  
seals out the blackness of night  
and light of stars from the burnt sienna within.  
( IN WHICH MOVE THE FIGURES unseen  
of athletic sweetness. Of taste of sugar.  
The black and slim figures within.

The cherubim, plump  
sleeping and moving against  
the hard heart of the rose.  
Or the tiny tiny mammals that move  
crawling in the lillies pollen  
across the broken stones,  
hearing the rain  
drip. Upon drip in their  
vast caves.

Their bodies  
worms that blast through the top—  
skull in blue clouds and  
flames. Risen coiled from  
the spot between anus and cock.

There is no measurement of bodies  
worms, sorrows, or grief. )

Sizes are infinite and  
without measure.

ALPHA AND OMEGA.

! THE FLESH/SPIRIT IS A TORCH IN ALL CAVES!

THE WORM AND I ARE WITHOUT  
SOUL

or  
LOVE! !

I care only for generosity, hate, flesh and fire



## hooray say the roses

A

Charles

Bukowski

Album



hooray say the roses, today is  
blamesday  
and we are red as blood.

hooray say the roses, today is  
Wednesday  
and we bloom where soldiers  
fell,  
and lovers too,  
and the snake ate the word.

hooray say the roses, darkness  
comes  
all at once, like lights gone out,  
the sun leaves dark continents  
and rows of stone.

hooray say the roses, cannons  
and spires,  
birds, bees, bombers, today is  
Friday,  
the hand holding a medal out  
the window,  
a moth going by, 1/2 mile an  
hour,  
hooray hooray,  
hooray say the roses  
we wave empires on our stems,  
the sun moves the mouth:  
hooray hooray hooray,  
and that is why you like us.

## pay your rent or get out

somewhere the dead princesses  
lay with new lovers,  
and I have packets of given up  
fags  
fished out of nets of yearning;  
everything is fine

except the color and demeanor  
of the wasp,  
the waxpaper holder too red  
and a note from the woman  
on the hill  
who buys my paintings:  
Wondering about you. Call  
me. Love, R.,  
and another note under the  
door:  
Pay your rent or get out.  
the heater is on and the eye-  
stabber faces the window,  
there's a bit of pure ground  
pepper facing me 3/4's  
and typewriter paper, standard,  
11 x 8 1/2, c. 152.ss,  
to fill with poems,  
not poems but prose, as they  
say,  
prose winking and walking  
over the avocado seed  
by my left foot.  
everything is fine, Tocco and  
over:  
sidewalks walk the click of  
heels,  
engines start, farting out their  
death  
and I must wash these bloody  
diseased coffeecups,  
and how are you today, my  
friend?  
how's it going, disappointed  
poets, women, horseplayers?  
Me? It's tough. tough as a  
good poem,  
but I feel all right,  
and near me sits an odd card,  
says, Hazard 63, and  
a rotten try (prose):  
The Immortal Poems Have  
Lost Their Shine,  
but really,  
essentially, pretty soon I am

going to eat  
either hash or stew, something  
in a can.  
I may lift the weights but I  
hope  
I keep feeling o.k., although my  
radio is fuzzy  
and speaks of silly things like  
good jet service;  
it is now 7:30, and this is the  
way men  
live and die: not Eliot's way  
but  
my way, our way,  
quietly as a folded wing,  
hate burned out like a tube,  
and, ah, over the radio now:  
Indian music  
moving in, twanging from  
India,  
and the sticks; what hit they?  
drums?  
a click, a click, a clack, pip,  
pip.  
they are not worried, the  
Indian boys,  
and now they are swinging out,  
barefoot boys in rags,  
and they don't care, why  
should I?  
the drapes are coming down  
torn by wine;  
there is a knife to my left that  
wouldn't cut an onion  
but I don't have any onions to  
cut, and  
I hope you are feeling  
o.k. too.

## shoes

shoes in the closet like Easter  
lillies,  
my shoes alone right now,

and other shoes with other  
shoes  
like dogs walking avenues,  
and smoke alone is not enough  
and I got a letter from a  
woman in a hospital,  
love, she says, love,  
more poems,  
but I do not write,  
I do not understand myself,  
she sends me photographs of  
the hospital  
taken from the air,  
but I remember her on other  
nights,  
not dying,  
shoes with spikes like daggers  
sitting next to mine;  
how these strong nights  
can lie to the hills,  
how these nights become quite  
finally  
my shoes in the closet  
flown by overcoats and  
awkward shirts,  
and I look into the hole the  
door leaves  
and the walls, and I do not  
write.

## **I am with the roots of flowers**

Here without question is the  
bird-torn design,  
drunk here in this cellar  
amongst the flabby washing  
machines  
and last year's rusty newspapers;  
the ages like stones  
whirl above my head  
as spiders spin sick webs

for jets my mind cannot  
fathom;  
I can leech here for years  
undetected  
sleeping against the belly of the  
boiler  
like some growthless  
hot yet dead  
foetus;  
I lift my bottle like a coronet  
and call out songs and fables  
to wash away  
the fantastic darkness  
of my breathing;  
oh, coronet, coronet:  
sing me no bitterness  
for I have tasted stone,  
sing me no child's pouting and  
hate  
for I am too old for might;  
I am with the roots  
of the flowers  
entwined, o, entombed  
sending out my passionate  
blossoms  
into a sight of rockets  
and argument;  
wine churls my throat,  
above me  
feet walk upon my brain,  
monkies fall from the sky  
clutching photographs  
of the planets,  
but I seek only music  
and the leisure  
of my pain; oh, damned  
coronet:  
*you are running dry!*  
. . . I fall beneath the spiders,  
the girders move like threads,  
and feet come down the stairs,  
feet come down the stairs, I  
think,  
belonging to the golden men  
who push the buttons  
of our burning universe.

# go with the rockets & the blondes

surly the hours  
stinging like wasps upon the  
begging brain,  
surly the hours  
blooming and drying before  
my rotting eyes;  
surly the love  
the opening vise of legs  
entrapping my genitals;  
I hear dead men's songs, read  
dead men's books;  
surly the surly crowd,  
the whiskered artists peering  
through candlelight  
of fables;  
surly the stupid rockets seeking  
space,  
the new kings, the new bombs,  
the new visions . . .  
how to die in an hour, in a  
minute  
in a lifetime  
amongst these surly hours,  
these tombs,  
the crabbed bones of our sour  
ancestors . . .  
how can we inherit the  
impossibility of living  
without the cocaine of false  
gods?  
how can we meet the  
inconceivable stillness  
of forever?  
I call to love, I call to color, I  
call to song!  
damn the surly hours! let's go  
with the rockets  
and the blondes!  
drunk? drunk, yes . . . why  
mope on death?

shit, we can starve or hack at  
straw  
or paint the walls . . .  
I am an infidel, I am the village  
idiot  
amongst the surly hours;  
pray for me, buy me a drink . . .  
yet, friend, I think . . . there  
was never a suicide,  
small or large, rich or poor,  
who died without  
regret.

## a real thing, a good woman

they are always writing about  
the bulls, the bullfighters,  
those who have never seen  
them,  
and as I break the webs of the  
spiders reaching for my wine  
the umhum of bombers, gd.dmn  
hum breaking the solace,  
and I must write a letter to my  
priest about some 3rd. st.  
whore  
who keeps calling me up at 3 in  
the morning;  
up the old stairs, ass full of  
splinters,  
thinking of pocket-book poets  
and the priest,  
and I'm over the typewriter like  
a washing machine,  
and look look the bulls are still  
dying  
and they are razing them  
raising them  
like wheat in the fields,  
and the sun's black as ink,  
black ink that is,

and my wife says Brock, for  
Christ's sake,  
the typewriter all night,  
how can I sleep? and I crawl  
into bed and  
kiss her hair sorry sorry sorry  
sometimes I get excited I don't  
know why  
friend of mine said he was  
going to write about  
Manolete . . .  
who's that? nobody, kid,  
somebody dead  
like Chopin or our old mailman  
or a dog,  
go to sleep, go to sleep,  
and I kiss her and rub her  
head,  
a good woman,  
and soon she sleeps and I wait  
for morning.

## **to a high class whore I refused**

how can you say lamer than  
the leaf  
falling next to the dog  
when the shades of houses  
twirl legs and lips  
that are never seen at  
bus stops?

how can you say  
that Beethoven is duller  
than a beachball of  
orange and blue  
bouncing sand upon the  
thick-wit sea,  
when orange and you  
could be greater than any  
explosion

or the kisses of clams  
and the sands less than life  
covering an immaculate you.

## **old man, dead in a room**

this thing upon me is not death  
but it's as real,  
and as landlords full of maggots  
pound for rent  
I eat walnuts in the sheath  
of my privacy  
and listen for more important  
drummers;  
it's as real, it's as real  
as the broken-boned sparrow  
cat-mouthed to utter  
more than mere  
and miserable argument;  
between my toes I stare  
at clouds, at seas of gaunt  
sepulcher . . .  
and scratch my back  
and form a vowel  
as all my lovely women  
(wives and lovers)  
break like engines  
into some steam of sorrow  
to be blown into eclipse;  
bone is bone  
but this thing upon me  
as I tear the window shades  
and walk caged rugs,  
this thing upon me  
like a flower and a feast,  
believe me  
is not death and is not  
glory  
and like Quixote's windmills  
makes a foe  
turned by the heavens

against one man;  
. . . this thing upon me,  
great god,  
this thing upon me  
crawling like a snake,  
terrifying my love of  
commonness,  
some call Art  
some call poetry;  
it's not death  
but dying will solve its power  
and as my grey hands  
drop a last desperate pen  
in some cheap room  
they will find me there  
and never know  
my name  
my meaning  
nor the treasure  
of my escape.

## **love in a back room on the row**

conjecture on the cloth of the  
hawk,  
the fabric of misery tearing  
cysts thru  
cloud and brush, gripping  
wave and lamb,  
corners of soft lull, and each  
bitch screams  
and bombers hang in our  
dreams, and the hawk  
comes down like a cop like a  
landlady like  
papers served on divorce, and  
old battleships  
sink and the hawk sails on;  
spilled ashtrays cracked noon

legs closed  
on breathing  
the curtains waving the  
curtains waving,  
and the bottles.

## **nothing subtle**

there is nothing subtle about  
dying or  
dumping garbage or the  
spider  
and this fist full of nickels and  
the barking of dogs tonight  
when the beast puffs on beer  
and moonlight,  
and asks my name

and I hold to the wall  
not man enough to cry  
as the city dumps its sorrow  
in wine bottles and stale kisses,  
and the handcuffs and crutches  
and slabs  
fornicate like mad.

## **and then: age**

brief green youth  
in idiot hanging,  
I bang the drawers  
looking for my teeth  
my socks  
my heart  
last sunday in the park;  
bury this, bury this . . .  
*thing*  
love passes by  
like a fart.

morning  
sabbath

... the morning  
... the sabbath  
... the morning  
... the sabbath

... the morning  
... the sabbath  
... the morning  
... the sabbath

and  
them: ago

... and them: ago  
... and them: ago  
... and them: ago  
... and them: ago

love  
in a book  
room on  
the way

... love in a book  
... room on the way  
... love in a book  
... room on the way

**momma--, mountain**

We start down the mountain, the little  
Mountain. Momma, poor Momma, weeps.  
She dislikes descents.

The clouds  
watch us.

The sky, the sky watches us.

Detached,  
Remote; it understands. Or *tries* to.  
Like the gelded moon.

Tries very hard;  
Or, at any rate, would have one  
Believe so. —One believes so. Really!  
One does believe so.

Almost.

Almost.

*Dusk.* It is dusk. "Shoot it!"

she screams, "O,  
"Shoot it!" It is a crow, an eagle,  
Crow. Perhaps a hawk. A hummingbird,  
Circling. I hit him, he falls,  
the shattered  
head

Dropping  
no faster than blood,  
or wings.

*Hits . . .* and is the earth's.

Momma picks him up,  
Heaves him into the air, as if  
To be rid of him. To do away  
With him. Altogether. I mean,  
Completely.

*Hits . . .*

and the head, off, having been  
Off, off, is now attached, *still* attached.  
As are the wings. Only the blood,  
Funny bird-blood

comes loose

away, parts . . .

*oozes*

Slowly.

—Its death is almost life  
For us; is *like* life,  
and can be touched.  
Is present, now now, present  
as flight.  
She touches it. Momma touches it.  
And drinks the blood.  
It lives.  
Is Momma . . .  
Turns into mountains,  
evenings, dusk  
All at once,  
and makes *me*  
all these things,  
All at once.  
All these things.  
All at once.  
Momma. Momma.

## Harland Ristau

### **m'sippi town**

Brown exacerbated innuendo,  
hand-plastered patterns, stucco  
sensualisms on the wall, walls  
of ovaries, incarcerating thighs,  
brown innuendo, buckshot on the hot  
troubled edges of white pavements.

Days on walks, nights served  
on insufficient plates holding  
unpackaged fears of not-being, images  
drained, drowned—and blatant-eyed  
corpses shudder out the mockery  
of politic condescending darkness.

Brown days, white days, innuendo,  
who's free—rub an ego raw, rub  
down skins till all white or brown,  
and strike high new flowers to still  
exterminate vermin to ever light  
and days that now are not well.

## some comments on the Beats & Angries

Kingsley Amis has written an amusing article in which he describes an encounter with Kerouac. They appeared together in a debate on the Beat Generation. Amis gives a malicious, and possibly unfair, account of Kerouac's pirouetting in front of the photographers, and making a speech in which he forecast a 'Beat Secretary of State,' and saluted Laurel and Hardy and Popeye as ancestral Beats. While another speaker advocated political commitment, Mr. Kerouac strode up and down the stage and diverted the audience with clowning. Amis is quite plainly not on Kerouac's side.

As to me, I'm not on Amis's side either. The editor has asked me to make some comments on the Beat generation—with special attention to sex—and I do not see how I can do this without appearing stuffy and metaphysical. This is one of my chief faults as a writer. If this were a public lecture, I would ask you to interrupt me when I got incomprehensible. As it is, I will do my best—not to be.

Charles Glicksberg, in the Winter 1961 *Colorado Quarterly*, has written an excellent article describing the beat attitude to sex. Briefly, it seems to be this: the beat regards sex as a mystical function. He deplores the attempts of the squares to put reins on sex. Sex is not married bliss; neither is it primarily emotional or 'spiritual.' Sex is physical, and as such is one of the most extraordinary and dynamic possibilities of the human being. Glicksberg mentions a beat girl who admitted that her marriages had broken up and that she had had many abortions, and concluded by admitting frankly that she simply loved sex, and saw no reason to be ashamed of it.

I remember Ken Rexroth telling me a similar story of a girl who, after a passionate honeymoon night with her newly wedded husband, went out and picked up a series of men, with whom she had sexual relations as fast as she could get them in and out of her bedroom. Eventually she was picked up by a plainclothesman, who tried to accuse her of being a prostitute. (She was not, never having taken payment.) The psychiatric board—of which Rexroth was a member—tried to get to the bottom of her nymphomania, and asked her if she was basically cold—if sexual intercourse left her

finally unsatisfied. She said happily: 'Oh no, it's terrific. I have an orgasm every time. They asked her why, in that case, she wanted to go and find another man so promptly. 'Because it's so nice I want to start all over again right away.'

This girl might well be regarded as the Saint Theresa of the Beat Generation. She symbolises an attitude. Chuang Tzu says that a baby can keep its fist tightly clenched all day because it knows the way of Tao instinctively. No doubt this girl had learned the way of Tao—or Zen—in her sex life.

The beat view of sex seems to me to have something very right about it. I would ascribe the present day rise in sex crime to the violence induced by the square attitude to sex. William Blake felt the same way. And I have investigated the problem in my novel *Ritual in the Dark*, where the current sexual neurosis is symbolised in Austin Nunne, the sadistic killer. The hero of the book, Gerard Sorme, is a typical youth of today, intelligent, sensitive, hungering for some metaphysical freedom, aware that the taboos of our society have distorted man into a spiritual cripple. When he meets Nunne, he feels that here is a man who has had the courage to search deeply for freedom; Nunne, like Rimbaud, has practiced systematic derangement of his senses. Finally, when he realises that Nunne may also be a sexual killer, he still feels that this may be a logical outcome of Nunne's indifference to social taboos and extraordinary moral courage. By this time, Sorme himself is involved in two sexual affairs, and is more keenly aware of the problem of sexual fulfillment. At the end of the novel, he knows he has been mistaken *about Nunne*; Nunne is a homosexual sadist with a desire to hurt women. His motives have nothing in common with Sorme's desire for total metaphysical freedom. Nevertheless, Sorme's arguments are not invalidated. He merely realizes that he was mistaken in thinking that Nunne embodied them.

Some of the more penetrating critics (and they were very few indeed) pointed out that I have not answered the problem I raise. Nunne's sexual revolt may not be justified, but this fails to answer the question of whether sexual revolt *per se* is justified.

Sorme is troubled by the fact that he is almost sexually insatiable. After making love to a girl until he is physically exhausted, he walks out of his basement flat and catches a glimpse of a girl's underwear as she walks past; immediately, the sexual desire reforms as if he has been celibate for years.

For my own part, I find the works of D. H. Lawrence trash, and his ideas on sex emotional and peculiarly nasty. The sexual urge, like the urge to life itself, is the most incredible and de-

structive power in the world. If we ever learned its secret, the hydrogen bomb would have nothing on the power of physical sexual energy. Frank Wedekind, the German playwright who died forty years ago, is the only writer who ever understood this. Berg's opera LULU, based on Wedekind, contains for me more truth about the sex urge than all the works of Lawrence and Henry Miller put together. Sex, like the Hindu goddess Kali, like life itself, is simultaneously creative and destructive. The worship of sex is no less paradoxical than Ramakrishna's worship of the divine mother who holds severed human heads in her hands.

I have tried to expound my own vision of sex because I want to make it exactly clear where and why I disagree with the beats. In a sense, the beats are certainly closer to me than most of my contemporary 'Angries', and seem to me in every way more original. If Glicksberg's article on the angries is less lively than his article on the beats, it is because he is dealing with a less lively subject altogether. Osborne, Amis & company may be a pleasant and talented bunch of young men, and no one appreciates their talent more than I do. But as writers, they are no more important than Terence Rattigan and P. G. Wodehouse. There is no need to labour this point; time is already proving it more conclusively than I could.

The chief danger of the beat attitude is that it is largely a reaction. All the great ideas of history have been clear cut breaks with the past. Jesus's ideas had nothing in common with Old Testament morality; Berkley's idealism was very far removed from Aristotelian philosophy. (I am not claiming that these ideas were *new* in the sense of totally original; Jesus was preceded by the Essenes, Berkley by Leibniz.) The characteristic of the great revolutionary is this combination of discipline and pure energy, order and revolt, the appollonian and the dionysian. Glicksberg is undoubtedly right in feeling that nothing finally useful or good can come out of the moral philosophy of the hipsters and drug addicts and sex perverts who form such a proportion of Kerouac camp followers. (No pun intended.) The objection to poems like HOWL is their lack of form.

The problem then—and I apologise for stating the obvious—is to produce a generation of revolutionaries who have also discipline and a precision of mind. Experiments in sex are splendid; but they must be controlled experiments. Derangement of the senses is an excellent idea, but the deranged senses must be observed by a logical and persistent intellect.

I realise the difficulties. Life at the moment is simply not long enough to achieve stern discipline *and* go in for emotional

abandonment. A Ginsberg who could produce the dionysiac eruption of HOWL with the technical control of Eliot would be a poet who could hold his own besides Dante and Shakespeare.

And yet this remains the ideal. And this, I feel, is where the beat generation has much to learn from Europe. Sartre and Camus were just as preoccupied with the problem of social taboos as Kerouac and Mailer. What Kerouac calls 'squares' Sartre calls (with a more venomous bitterness) 'salauds' (bastards). Hermann Hesse and Thomas Mann, in a whole series of novels, analysed the problem of the dionysiac and freedom-seeking artist to a bourgeois society. One of the most important and symbolic characters in Robert Musil's huge *Man Without Qualities* is the sex maniac Moosbrugger, and the central theme of the novel is sexual relations and a dying bourgeois society. And the greatest and most important writer in Europe today is a young Swiss—still under forty—called Friedrich Dürrenmatt, who is an existentialist and an optimist.

Let me finish by stating my credo as a writer. I am an optimist; I believe the writer's task is to love life and affirm it. Modern society may be diseased, but the disease is not mortal; on the contrary, it is a necessary stage in the road to creating a society of responsible and great men. And the spiritual leaders of modern society should be the artists, when they realise their responsibility, and learn discipline as well as revolt. Man of today needs a deeper will to live, to overcome our complexities; but given that deeper will, he is living in a world where he can *live more deeply* than at any time in history. The great writer of our time must cease to have limitations. He must cease to be 'intellectual', 'sensitive', 'dionysiac', critic, creator. He must resolve all opposites in himself; be all these in one.

## Jory Sherman

### dear liz

you back on your frigid back  
with your man  
of the emasculated ego,  
who heats you with dirty jokes  
invented in psychowards, and 3rd street gutters;  
you look respectable  
in your 3 bedrooms of icicles,

and very suburban in your yellow car,  
and unwhorely with your promoted clerk  
who travels with milking machines;  
Remember, liz, the santacruz beach?  
the far one around the bend,  
where dunes wallowed like huzzy and poet,  
and snowthighs melted like honeywax  
under a lean limbed man?  
you were raised middleclass,  
along with your neighbors:  
you know the girl who visited palo alto  
and made it with the patients every tuesday night?  
the one who played hide the weeny with the man  
around the corner who worked nights,  
while his wife worked days,  
and another one's husband  
was pinched as a peeping tom,  
then later joined the highway patrol,  
and the one whose husband thought  
sex was a filthy duty,  
and performed it once a month  
like a clumsy minotaur,  
and what about your mother,  
who was a neighbor too,  
and questioned you for 13 years  
about your sexlife with ralph  
after first poisoning your girlhood  
with sounds like 'lust' and 'beast',  
'an orgasm is sinful,'  
and get pregnant . . . you poor blonde bitch!  
stupid liz, too late you learned the scream  
of firebrand deep in your almost virginal loins,  
and this, after looking for god  
in the milkman's clumsy hump,  
and making on the boss's desk (in suburbia still)  
a wretched spectacle of your yearning body,  
then the handsome cartoonist,  
and a small boy you ruined for life . . .  
so another town was best,  
yeah, your home, your car, your kids  
are now intact and sterilized as you,  
with mother coming only twice a year to check,  
and the blazing poet gone,  
frightened of those 3-bed houses down there,  
and milkmen, and impotent husbands and all those  
respectable suburban neighbors.

**naked in my century**

Born vulnerable  
in tragedy of cold bedrooms  
sent naked into wars of history  
the eyeball punctured by prisons  
lies of cowards lies of friends  
licking liberal lollipops  
naked under punishment of betrayal  
under ferriswheel politics  
those of us butchered in the first act  
creeping toward the second.

Naked in my century  
surrounded swimming in blazing fireworks  
salient cries of barbaric animals  
prowling dark contradiction of cities  
where we stand I stand shivering  
with the breath from our hungry mouths  
blowing back against our faces.

On avenues of late afternoon  
naked we demand I demand  
that ammunition of freedom  
not yet knowing how to walk or win  
hesitating under blots of blotched sun  
where all eyes may easily mark  
the guilt of our old medals  
like tears in descending dark.



OPPOSITE PAGE: BEGINNING THE MILLER TO WALTER LOWENFELS LETTERS

Henry Miller

**letters to lowenfels**



Editor, THE OUTSIDER:

In the 60's, when certain writers are likely to be classified as "beat" or "non-beat," it might be healthy to recall a time when, despite the label "Lost Generation," some writers were finding themselves, and people as different as Henry Miller and myself could have a respect for each other's writing--no matter how much we disagreed on other things.

One thing we agreed about was Henry's ability to write. This was an experience for me, because it came after we first met in Paris, in 1928, and Henry had showed us a novel or two in mss that Lillian and I didn't like. Those early novels of his have disappeared. A year or two later Henry started on an entirely new tack and we began receiving carbons of chapters that eventually turned into TROPIC OF CANCER and ELACK SPRING. With the chapters came letters--and sometimes letters without chapters.

The reader should bear in mind that the author of these letters is not the Henry Miller of today but a sometimes desperate and very poor man, already around 40, unknown and intent on fulfilling himself as a writer. The basis of our relationship was our belief in his ability to write.

We used to say at that time: it's not only that creative books can't be written any more; if they are written they can't be read. Even one reader was an achievement. Henry first relied on the readers he could get via the carbons he made of everything he wrote.

Another thing Henry and I shared was belief in the need to preserve our human feelings about people. In those Paris days when we were both desperate in our separate ways (and later found our separate ways out) these letters of his show how Henry and I shared some human things.

Walter Lafair

Dear Walter:

Enclosing a carbon of what may prove to be another book. You will discover in it your influence. I had the first installment of it with me the first night I came to your house, but then I considered it the futile effort of a drunken afternoon and was reluctant to show it to you. Back of my head is the thought of writing down the streets of Paris, but as I realize it is more than that, and as I am also quite hypnotized by the idea back of your word "Picasso" (it has a great spark for me), I decide tentatively to call it "Self-Portrait." I want to slip into it all the fluid matter that usually escapes when you write a thing--an utterly impossible task, but precisely this futility is what gives me the inspiration to proceed, good or bad as it may be. I will keep sending them to Fraenkel--he remains back of my head continually as ghost with finger uplifted, like that old advertisement of Dr. Munyan.

Anyway, briefly, what's interesting is this: I said recently to someone that I had made a discovery. It was this: that one must work on a number of things at once, a multi-lateral effort which drains off the superfluity of creation when involved in a special task. Because, in the act of creation one wells up and overflows in many directions simultaneously. One usually represses the extraneous material because it is irrelevant--but often it is the extraneous (maybe always) that is most important. Hence, my program is to carry on with this and my Dream Book, my film, and the Tropic of Capricorn. More, if they suggest themselves; as one book comes to a finish the others will have finished off automatically. Voilà, c'est tout and bien simple!

HVM

Walter:

Here are some more pages on Lawrence--by no means all that I've done, but the rest, some 40 pages or so, is too roughly done (the most important) to give out a carbon copy. I'm letting it take its sweet course--forsgoing all preconceived ideas as I delve more & more into the guts of it.

Alors, these pages and what you already have on Lawrence--will you be good enough to mail them to my friend Emil in one of the enclosed envelopes? He is the guy who has shown a constant interest in me as a friend and an artist--and I am conscience-stricken at letting him down suddenly. I can always show you the pages in advance if you are really keen about it. Sometimes it seems to me that I imagine all the interest--or at least magnify it so that it seems terribly important.

In any case, you are going to be much more interested in seeing the finished product, I take it. All these pages have to be thoroughly revised, rearranged--I have a new order--new schema for the book. Nothing yet is final. In the 2nd envelope please mail him the pages on "Self-Portrait."

I feel queer about asking you to do this--for fear you may misunderstand--interpret it as a loss of interest, etc. No--it is conscience--that's all. And a little more: ever since I began losing my possessions here in France (principally my private documents, old mss. etc.) I have been tormented by the problem of how to safeguard myself against such deprivations. So I have been making Emil my literary depositor or trustee in America--and the other one you know. Any time that I should suddenly be reduced to ashes, or expelled from the country, or caught short by any calamity--I know that I can take leave

without baggage since everything I really want is in safe hands. Get me? I even have the fear, you know, that should I revisit America with my mss and notebooks & excerpts etc. they would be taken from me on landing. Phobias! But you see--June has retained all my most important mss & letters--things invaluable to me--and I can't get over it. They're gone!

Alors, I have been on the point of coming over several times recently but sort of fear I may be intruding. I want to return the books you so kindly loaned me. I want to do right, brother! Maybe I'll drop this stuff with the books by hand tomorrow evening.

I got ammunition out of the Hale book for that part of my brochure which considers the counter-attack. One thing saddens me a bit--I observe that some of these up-and-coming youngsters do think more clearly--if not as far--than myself. They may have better digester apparatus. But the desire, the pathetic desire, in them, to find a justification for themselves and for the future, makes me rejoice. Straight doom & pessimism--I say--and take it straight. The rest is all crap.

Henry

Walter:

Enclosing a few more pages and a few pages of Notes--as I have been interrupted in my labors again by "the dictation." Notes accumulating like snow-flakes, and with them dreams of fine quality which I am noting too. I expect to send you a batch more of notes before going on with my pages--to give you an idea of the problems besetting me, which I will probably elucidate in the notes, forming a running letter to you.

Deliberately shut it off this afternoon with Place Clichy sunshine and Benedictine--otherwise my head would have fallen off.

Sometimes, writing the notes I have a feeling they ought to go into the book almost as is. They have a crude, raw flavor which is hard to recreate when I sit down for a "final draft." What think you?

Notice, they are written at maximum tempo without a pause for mistakes. Often the language is poor, wrong words, etc. I'll tell you more about it in the next batch of notes. I'm falling behind.

Have a marvellous long letter from Osborn which I want to show you. As if I ordered it expressly. (Which I really did thru my last letter--a fine Stavrogin touch.)

The restaurant you must visit---any time from noon till 2 A. M.--à la carte or 10 fra prix fixe--a meal you can't beat!--is at #9 Rue Germain Pilon, just off the Place Pigalle. See it!

Henry

Dear Walter:

Here's a few more. Still at it and only for fear of losing hold do I refuse Lillian's kind invitation for tomorrow. Anais asked if we were to go to your place, but I put it off--for a few days--until this is out of my system. No other reason. Said gezruszt! I love it!!! I've got to recross Brooklyn Ferry, revisit China, statistically and otherwise, and give at least the smell of a newspaper from that great film "Berlin."

Are you on the side of the exploited or on the side of the workers? Hier kommt Grosz! Jenserts von gut and Böse! Prosit!

Henry

Did you like that "sitting on the doorstep of the mother's womb?"

"Sein Gott ist mir schientot!  
"Ich bin eine Maschine, an der de Manometer  
entzwei ist!"  
Alles dövit, siedet, zischt, grölt, lärmt,  
trompetet,

Hupt, Pfeift, rötet, schwitzt, kotzt  
und arbeitet." (New-York)  
I thank you!

Colossius

Signed here: Angel-worm

Walter:

Enclosing herewith your old copy of "Mental Climate" with a few freshly-typed pages & some criticism. I have the whole thing typed out now, and can send the rest to you any time, should the criticism not be of any interest or value to you--and I can appreciate that it may not. Only reason for doing it is that it may open up questions in your own mind--since I, who like your thesis, nevertheless have such and such reactions. It may not be criticism such as you understand it, and therefore a waste of time for both of us. You tell me, if so. Won't be any hard feelings

I think the point is just this - that (paradoxical as it sounds) the thing in toto comes off well. It stimulates me and provides a basis for flight. As I examine it in detail I find what appear to be bad flaws. Maybe the very defect produces the stimulus? I must find out--for myself, at least.

As for the letter you wrote me about my letter to K.A.P.--I think you're quite right. I'm just as well pleased you didn't send it because I was dubious about it myself. On the other hand, I had rather you had sent it! Perhaps I had no business to send a letter with reference to a note not addressed to me. But what the hell--this isn't being a bit squeamish? If K.A.P. is any sort of person--so I figure things--she will understand. And if she isn't, then I don't care to know her anyway. All you say about waste and creation is quite so--but each one determines these things for himself. When I squander my forces I do so at my own peril. How not to do this is the business of living. If I make a mistake, I expect to pay for it, in person. And the clean-cut separation you try to make between art and life won't hold. It's much more entangled than you allow. And, in short, I don't give a fuck about creating bad or false or wrong impressions. They have to be taken with the better and more truthful impressions. --Z. is not less a fine sculptor because he makes an ass of himself in public. You are not necessarily a better poet than the next guy because you refuse to carry your creative personality over into living. You are looking for either--ors all the time, as I see it. You're an absolutist. That's why you fight like hell to make us believe the opposite--in your work. I can see the nature of your personal conflict in your work, always. You throw beautiful dust in one's eyes, but it's dust, psychologically speaking. You are talking to yourself all the time.

I enjoyed that line--"you manage, very adroitly, not to get published." It's so, no doubt. And yet this is so too--make what you will of it--that shortly after I met you again, thru Frenkel, I asked you if you wd publish me, and I got some sort of very breezy, very chipper response. The manuscript which I then had, and which I wanted bitterly to be published (having spent 3 years on it, having rewritten it several times) I finally threw into the waste basket when I had to leave the Villa Saurat.

What do I mean by this? That, as one human being to another, you impressed me as being so thoroughly indifferent to what I might be as a writer, that it was useless to show you my mss. That is one of the ways, to use your terminology, that a guy manages adroitly not to get published. The other side of the story, I well know, is the economic picture--your difficult situation financially. But that might have been solved had the other human side been better nourished.

When I say I want to be published I sincerely mean it. On the other hand, I don't want to be published just anywhere. Come to the worst, I will publish myself in some poor, limited way, and with one advantage possibly--that I can select my own readers. I prefer the other way. And if I make it difficult for the publisher, that is not to be interpreted solely as a means of escape. The only real integrity I possess is the insistence that I be allowed to say what I want and how.

If you can, do lend Hiler the Rank book & that red brochure (Psychoanalytic Tract) before the week is up. He moves Saturday, I believe, and I have an arrangement with him whereby I shall read to him aloud, as his eyes are on the blink. He is paying me for it. . . . He treated me swell, Hiler. Got a great deal from him--and he refused to accept full payment. He's a good egg!

I hadn't the time to drop in that night you expected me. Had to rush home and finish some work. Will be calling you soon.

Henry

Dear Walter:

Am leaving now for the country and will be back the end of the week. Hold everything until I see you; if I need the Rank book I will run in to Paris and get it--but I hope not. And while out there I will have a chance, I expect, to send you my criticism of "Some Deaths."

What was interesting about your "Preface to the Non-Reader," did you notice, was the similarity of ideas and images in our letters that crossed. Here you talk about China--and I too was thinking of China. And it seems to me all that you were aiming at was practically the same as occupied me--only expressed differently. I was extremely impressed, and I may write you more about it later. That phrase--"obscenity is a form of violence"--was that mine, or is it yours. It sounded terribly familiar.

Another thing about it--some time ago, in reviewing one of my things (I think it was T. of C.) --A. employed a number of phrases in which the very language seemed to be yours. All that stuff about anarchy, chaos, violence etc.---a tremendous similarity. I can't find it just at the moment or I would send you a copy. Maybe later.

Tell me more about T. of C. I am glad you found the words "terror and excitement" to describe your emotions. The very last pages were lifted from my novel about June ("Crazy Cock") which I have decided to ditch altogether--these last pages really did not belong to it--they were written in Paris, in a different key, and seemed to fit the T. of C. They were written while living with that crazy guy Osborn--written out of veriest despair, while waiting for cables from America, etc. You caught a lot of things in this rough preface--more than I would have credited you with. I look forward to some fine bouts with you; we ought to devour each other. . . . That Yedo Club--I couldn't get in. It's private and they say only for "gambling" ? ? ?  
Hastily, HVM

Dear Lillian:

I was away the last few days and got back too late to respond to your kind invitation. I haven't been in good form lately at all--bad cold, shitting blood, hungry, dispirited. The enclosed pages have been lying here for weeks--I simply hadn't enough energy to mail them. All that I have been writing otherwise has been in the form of rough, expansive notes, totaling almost two hundred pages; I now have the job of whacking it into line. In other words, from where I left off with the consecutive number of pages, about 160, I believe, everything has been in the rough. I aim to retrace my steps, and build up solidly from this point--but I have still a drawerful of notes to transcribe. In short, I'm in a morass, I'm fucked. Maybe that's why I got ill and dispirited. But now I'm coming out of it and that means you'll be seeing me soon, as of yore, Yorick! What has crystallized marvellously for me in the interim is all my claptrap about China. China means a lot to me. Means everything. Part 2 will be China, then, and after that will come "A Black Spring"--the thirty pages or so which Walter knows, forming an epilogue and a prophecy.

It is possible I will get around to typing some comments on the "Suicide"--the two versions. They have been lying on my desk all the while. And then, a rough variorum on "Reality Prime." Bear with me a little longer.

The thing is I am dreadfully broke, more involved than before even, and because it is so utterly my own fault I take no steps to rectify the condition. I am punishing myself. We are eating oatmeal here sometimes three times a day--until my whole body feels soft & fleky, soggy, useless, pure, anemic, etc. And if I get angry and eat a hearty meal, vin compris, I have a bloody evacuation next day, and then I start for the hospital and on the way I lose courage and come back home and flop on the bed and agonize and lament and dream of cancer and slow, lingering putrescent death.

There you are. But I'm pulling out of it. I expect to write Hiler a note also, with intention of beginning the lessons, and if his girl is willing, to exchange French-English lessons with her too. I take it that Hiler would not be insulted if I hand him 25 francs at a time--it doesn't matter to me how little time he gives me. I can never amass a hundred francs at once...never! I am sunk in debts, all sorts of debts--some of them not through any fault of my own, but through sheer accident. Hiler may have the idea that I'm a blatherskite--please reassure him about me. Anything I propose I will carry out. I'm in damned good earnest about letting him teach me. And if he will take me for what I am, he will not lose anything by a little dilatoriness on my part.

The weather remains gloomy, the roofs glisten with sweat, the fog thickens. There will appear soon a third number of the "Mino-taure"--a knock-out! I spent a marvellous night with Helasz, the photographer, recently--over a thousand photographs lying on his bed, and on the table little curios he had collected during his journeying for the good Salvador Dali. A fantastic night--you will see soon a section on Helasz (Frassai) in my manuscript. See you soon, then. Regards to Hiler and his girl.

Henry

Dear Walter and Lillian:

As per requisition, I am enclosing herewith additional pages. This concludes the tra-la-la on the late-city man. Chalk up one economic soul--and no charges for the baptis-

mal rites. Now, when I have a little breathing spell, I expect to copy off your "Reality Prime," with annotations. A man of the 19th century!

Henry

P.S. For a perfection of sheer nothingness, you ought to go to see "Haute Pègre" by Ernst Lubitsch. And after that--"Joseph est un cochon" at the Dejazet, Boulevard du Temple.

Dear Walter:

Am writing this note in case I don't find you in. Have been back in Paris the last ten days but in too morbid a mood--for no particular reason--to go see any one. I am returning the copy of "Suicide" for the revised version which you mentioned. Noticed the other day, in the library, the big white volume of yours lying on its side among the new books in the library--the *Elegy*.

Am going away this evening for two or three days. Will try to bring the Rank Book back with me--I haven't had it for months. Herewith your other two books; if, as I understood you to say, you don't give a damn for that William Hale book, if you are going to throw it away or sell it for a few sous, consider me. I wrote my friend in Philly about your Norman Douglas book, but he said he couldn't afford it at present. He has a fine rare collection of first issues--and Douglas and Lawrence are his meat.

Incidentally, did you ever read that Crevel brochure on Dali? It contains some damned interesting stuff--if you can break through his French--I find it hard, almost impossible, at times.

Talk about enthusiasm for work! I have been like an extinct volcano for the last six weeks or so. Hope to pick up again soon. A general slump.

I tried to get the Murry book--"Reminiscences" I suppose you mean--but it was out. (And somebody has swiped "Aeron's Rod" which I badly want to read.) But the point is, has Murry altered his opinion any, in this last book? I am just wading through "Point Counterpoint"--if Burlap is Murry, what a mug he makes of him! Reading Aldous Huxley enrages me, somehow. Between this and a dime novel there is only the difference of extreme sophistication. It is certainly not literature. Not art. Not poetry. Satire, yes--but lugubrious, cumbersome, adolescent. Smells of Sinclair Lewis and Dos Passos. One sees in this book how young (or terribly old) Huxley really is. He goes backward with each book. Except for that imitation of Dos Passos, in sandwich technique, he is as conventional as all hell, and as unimaginative as the Victorians. I give him no credit for his fantastic flights--he lifted them from the encyclopaedia. Any good book on science is more interesting than Huxley's sad gibes at men. The Anglo-Saxons simply don't know how to be ironical, in any profound sense. All surface, all school-boy pessimism. I am reading it with avidity because I am killing time. Reading it like the private journal of some actress from the Folies Bergère. No particular difference. When he first introduces Richard Quarles, or Phillip Quarles, he states the case for himself completely. One ought not to read any further. He condemns himself. "Wide and liquid" a dirty creek. A marsh. "All the characters drawn from life." One ought to read with a "Who's Who" alongside him. Thin gruel, thin gruel. Be surprised, if you like, that I waste a tirade on him--but I have been pushing this book aside for six years. Every third man tells me "you are missing something." So I finally come to it. Prejudiced from the start--against him--I am even more prejudiced now. He is honest,

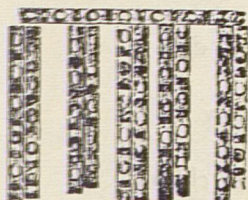
but that doesn't exonerate him. He is a menace. He gives a bad example to all those who are seeking to cultivate their arid patches. Only Huxley has more pipelines out. He has a game leg--in the book at least. That is his excuse. That was Maugham's excuse, too, for writing "Of Human Bondage," another celebrated fiasco that sets back the cause of art 50 years or so. It's when Huxley rises to speak of music that I detest him most. It is just too perfect, in a highbrow way. Let him stick to his encyclopaedic blurbs. One thing gripped me terribly--the way he tried to account for Spandrell's emotional mechanism. Such cheap modern psychologic clap-trap. Sandwiched in so maladroitly. Whew! Like the smell of garlic on a beautiful woman's breath.

Alors . . . If you want a treat, go tomorrow night to the popular concert given, for the last time, by Duke Ellington. I heard him the other night. Here again, a vicious sophistication--"they know too much," his men--but it is relieved, over-compensated for by the inexhaustibility of the players. An inhuman performance, which throws jazz back to its real origins. A prodigious virtuosity which merely masks the savage vitality of the men. He adds nothing new. I have heard even better orchestras in obscure places--the Lenox Avenue dance hall, where the floor swayed and rolled under your feet, and the Roseland band under Fletcher Henderson, and Ted Lewis in his hey-day. . . . But Duke Ellington and his band stand out like a natural phenomenon, a Niagara Falls of music. It is overwhelming. The first part of the program goes on with number after number in quick succession, with only a moment's pause, in which Duke steps to the lights and in a bland voice says, "the next number is another old favorite, etc." That is something to witness in itself. He makes the symphonic leaders look sick. And all the while he plays the piano, at a furious, driving tempo, with now and then an interlude of display in which he shows his skill--nothing outstanding--but consistently florid, consistently vital, consistently imitative too. He is one of those educated Negroes who is trying to demelodize jazz, deWhitmanize it. He is almost a Valéry of jazz. Imagine a musical concoction of Walt Whitman and Paul Valéry! But where they derive the stamina from to put on this spectacle is a mystery to me. One is obliged to think that perhaps only a few years ago they were playing in cheap dancehalls all night long, that they are too ignorant to know when to stop, how to adjust the program--fortunately! Some one is going to advise them soon, how to conserve their energy. You leave the place feeling as if someone had committed assault and battery on you. You feel that if America has any of that boasted vitality left, it is entirely in the hands of the Negroes. Entirely.

Another little thing. Go to the Ursulines and see their bill. I hate to spoil your surprise in advance by telling you what it's all about. It's not what's obviously advertised--the great American satire of Geo. M. Cohan, etc. Go and see or watch attentively the first film--"L'homme a la barbiche" (Fraenkel). Notice that the two films are put on the same bill. Afterwards read Rank's book, in French, called "Don Juan," which is devoted to "the double" theme. And then re-read Dostoevski's masterpiece "The Double." I would like to discuss the first film with you after you see it. There is a lot in it.

I have acquired a phonograph and am lusty for good music. You remarked once that you had been given a musical education. You tossed aside a book I showed you--on Froust, by Dandieu. If you ever turn back to music--passionately--I re-recommend this book to you. It has grand implications. I am surprised that Aldous Huxley did not avail himself of it. He must have overlooked it. Hurriedly, HVM.

## The Parade



. . . five themes  
for Robert Thompson

## the southpaw

If seeing  
Is believing. O, wow

another raindrop  
falleth

staining  
the glass (blue  
& yellow

in slow spring light.

Music too  
is seen. The movings  
inside one. The taste  
of the day.

All seen. O, &

what you have become,  
loving me,  
pure abstraction.  
The man sitting among  
flowers  
will pick/only  
a few.

The others?

will they ever  
forgive  
him?

## bo peep

To be at some junction; some  
junc-  
ture. The adept, rained on,  
indoors.

For lovers, plateglass reflections  
of a greyness, huge as the  
day. Clouds

full of numbers. Achings in  
the air,  
simply: what has happened is  
not good-

The core of her flesh/ the  
yellow sky

“X”

His luck broke bad. He lost  
money. And went back home

and jerked off, broke. My  
friend.

Memory is tall. A long trip  
to the jungle. Whew, so tired  
when he got there. He had to  
sit down. & watch the little  
girls.

Nothing is purer than  
ignorance. Nothing  
is quieter. Nothing  
is nothing. My friend.

Used to sit & watch his  
mother.  
She died yesterday. He called  
me.  
Today, we are meeting at a bar.

My friend is older than I am.  
But  
he's what you call naive. He  
jerked off,

because he lost his money. He  
lost his woman too,  
to another jew. He lost his art

in that tunnel full of dead  
italians.

Whew, & was he tired when  
he got to

the jungle. The animals/  
laughed  
at him.

## **boswell**

You can't understand  
your fingers? You talk

too much in the mornings  
and never say anything  
about who yr supposed to.

He woke. He slept. He ate.

Briefer shots are possible  
of him. He used to  
be fatter.

Now

he sd,  
all I have to do  
is

dance slow

& all those chicks

hit  
on me.

## **dr. jive**

Think about water. Now,  
the window. Ok, now  
think about anything  
you want to.

Whew!

Next person. (same  
business)

Whew!

next! (again,  
the same

routine)

OK,

Whew!

Now,

how many more  
are there  
waiting?

## portrait of a skeleton

Roundhouse breasts & coat-hanger heads,  
our zebra-torsos  
like whole houses of plumbing  
cage substantial islands. We join  
our boney threads for the Kingdoms  
of Watery Hollows. We hear the current  
rush  
of names, and look like one another,  
marrowlessly. It is not  
funny. Even as we have no cares  
we lose our blowfish calories, &  
become all bones: Our bodies  
trick a dead man's float, tho our soles  
are on the floor.

## winter poem

A sheaf of snowstorms, & vanilla  
stretches  
the length of light—a shroud  
settling on 3-seasons' flowers,  
a rubber sidewalk which sinks like footprints  
or toast.  
A pretty piece of bearded nonsense  
is when I follow my arms through Christmas,  
home & the holy ghost who is my parent.  
My hands are on either side of my name  
in this most tactile season. Half the day  
goes by before it's night, but the sheet  
does not stir beneath me. In the child's yard,  
the pale ceiling stays faceless as a coffin.  
I look for up, & hear my buried father  
on another side. I feel for the January gift,  
my empty palms a dead give-away,  
& kneel in the soft envelope.

**demonstrate your culture  
by not  
maltreating  
the flowers**

see the women  
of Mexico City  
see them  
walking quietly  
in black dresses  
and black stockings  
over hairy legs  
quietly  
in prayer  
and seeing  
hot rolls in the afternoon  
and a million others  
like themselves  
buying milk and coffee  
and sweet rolls  
for tonight's supper  
while the crowds  
pour out of the movie

see the men  
of Mexico City  
smiling  
exchanging abrazos  
scratching themselves  
rubbing pulling adjusting  
changing sides  
in public  
always the men and their sex  
dominant  
the look of the place  
one sex there in a veil  
one sex here rubbing  
tugging  
hello girls let's . . .  
before I go home tonight  
for coffee and sweet rolls  
with my family

## moment

I want to talk to you

Maria

I want to talk to you a little

Maria

I say I want to talk to you

what

please tell her I want to talk to her

what

never mind

the moment was there

now it is gone

I will be silent

Maria will go on washing clothes

## cold coffee

arm in arm

a mother and child late afternooning  
in a wet tiled weeping seething kitchen

*criadas sirvientes mozas porteras*

and whatever else lies in

wetness and lettuce leaves and dirty pans  
and empty bottles and a big white box

no she says under bleak electricity

in the dark bugging afternoon room

no she says and the woven shopping bags

are trodden upon and the baby cries

the kitten sleeps and

they all laugh

smiling amid doe eyes and domesticities

and smocks and darned red socks

all now living through a day

a woman's day

hot dust day

fecundity

and laughter

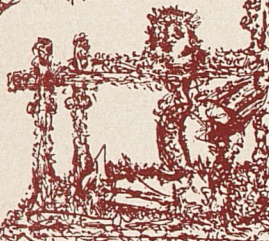
**reprimand for  
a compromised  
love-object**

Impeached by the forest you merely were  
A man-made midget, unsprung against reality  
During the October sundowns; and,  
In that halfnight I struck a thought  
Which you held against me,  
Trying it on for size during  
Many a later evening's inebriations  
As though to throw your hot ovens  
Into some occasional man's wet indulgence  
And thus renew  
Your lover's license.  
Afterwards,  
You hung by your chin from the shoulders of uneasy husbands  
While a committee of Wives  
Sat in judgement against the salad.  
But on these Pre-dawn, tender expeditions you  
With your special look hurled personalization  
To the lay male,  
Lighting each with applied voltage,  
Measuring your kilocycles in a series of shocks  
To find your equatorial zone  
Wanted, wanton; you made the countryside more  
green and unplucked, albeit,  
But your power kept going on and off—  
Desperately, you were afraid the magic might short-circuit,  
That you'd be cold, alone,  
As a stranger in the arms of a polite friend.  
And for this, your long, loaded line  
Of topical lovers  
Could offer no prescription.



William  
S.  
BURROUGHS

Virus Filter



Trak



"SOFT Machine" / CUT

9 git le couer



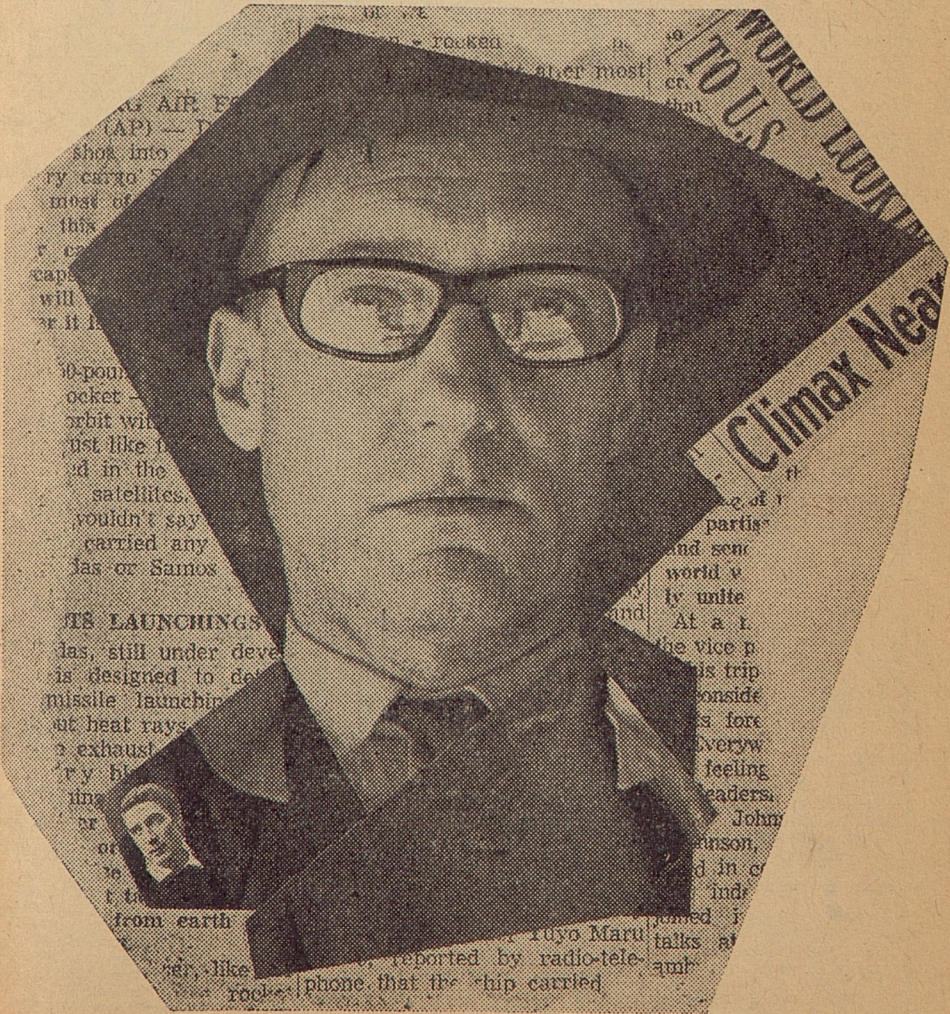
Anti-Trak Agents



Virus

Page and Stuff  
by the Editor  
5/21/61

... from a work in progress



IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD. And the word is the virus instrument. The black armadillo holds a white time copyright on separation of the word "the" .. THE instrument that opened the human species to cultivation...copywrite almost certainly forged since the black armadillo is a plant (or intrusion) to the VIRUS POWER. But none of us can say on tactile evidence that he did not spin the basis gimmick : THE. We were outside. We could not smell taste touch (and we are still blind). We can perform no sense operation without occupying nine-tenths of the HOST. We prefer to leave you the out house. The Hepatitis Kid says: "Never push the mark all the way out. Leave him sweet in the tenth OUT HOUSE. Ordinance. YOU WANT TO BE LONG? Dead hosts dont keep long. Possession is NINE tenths of the law. This is practical wisdom on the level of CHESTERFIELD LETTERS. Written for an age of staple factors. Piece and plenty.

NOW THE QUAB DAYS are upon us. We are threatened with the loss of our human hosts. Happy we were before the dollar blight and other recent scandals placed our food tray in unprecedented peril...."SPOON SPOON, GIVE IT TO ME, givettome."

IF THE BLACK ARMADILLO SHOULD DEFECT taking with him his right mold was HE A DEFECTOR FROM THE BEGINNING?

GIVETTOME. Spoon! Spoon! REMIND THE BOARD of the broom rot which wiped out South American chocolate. Thousands of Eouadorians threw themselves en masse from the evil tower rather than return to Quito in a disgusting position. Wouldn't you?

TRAK BOARD MEETING.

EXTERMINATOR. I find it a useful literary exercise to think and feel in terms of micro-organism. What does the trak virus do where ever it can dissolve a hole and find traction? It starts eating. "We do not improve thee. We have come to eat." And with what it eats, what? It makes copies of itself. TO INVADE. DAMAGE.

OCCUPY IS THE TRAK MOTTO. Suspending disbelief that such an invasion deal has taken place HOW CAN it be re-written ...I pose myself a chess problem..

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE BATTLE INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANTI\*TRAK AGENTS: Exercise in phantom positions of GUERRILLA WAR. "Enemy advance we retreat. Enemy retreat WE ADVANCE. ENEMY ENCAMP we agitate. Enemy tire WE ATTACK..." Quote for Mao Tse Tung on Guerrilla war tactics.

/MINUTES TO GO. Give it to me!

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE OCCUPATION///// The occupying power of this planet described as a soft MACHINE. A SOFT crustacean machine rigged to degrade DOWN GRADE THE HUMAN HOST until resistance is PROCESSED. Then they will land their crustacean kind and replace the host. You most "unusual being dormant in cancer feel toward the day already overpopulated with hungry cows."

BREED COULD LAND BY KILLING OR WEAKENING CANCER ANTIBODIES ON A FOAM RUNWAY. Minutes to go. The scientists engaged in cancer research are doing just that. Killing and weakening antibodies. "Cancer men. These individuals are marked: FOE."

ALWAYS THE ENEMY AGENTS PRESENT IMPECCABLE CREDENTIALS ..they invented credentials: "Benefactors of man kind who have devoted their lives to the unfaltering service of fellow human creatures."

When you hear that sound sus a TRAK AGENT. Trak Service. Mankind, look! Look at your planet. LOOK AND SEE YOUR ENEMY. This is war to EXTERMINATION.

Disconnect the soft machine. Cut/out/cut/I interrupt this to bring you a Bulletin from the CHAMBER POT OF COMMERCE: "Gentlemen, the one thing we feature is picturesque gooks for the tourist trade and all our gooks are now rotten with green cancer piss and cola gas." Minutes to go.

I WILL NOW TRACE THE OCCUPATION: and the means whereby the occupying forces took over to establish present position approaching total monopoly on a blockaded planet. Remember that the soft machine is a virus parasite that lives in your flesh and bones and nerve centers. Controls thought feeling and sensory impressions. The machine needs you to exist. It was built into the body fixing the human race from the beginning, and the beginning was the word. /In thee beginning was word "the"..the" soft machine.

JUST GREEN SPEAKING: "Occupation is not of necessity malignant. A symbiotic relation between host and occupent is potential now written in green neon."

USUAL PROCEDURE: Virus Filter. Agent plants cold sore on lip feeds back precise map of oral cavity. Flu explores nasal passage and lung tissue. Liver maps from the yellow sickness (lives in straw, the Arabs say) .. contour maps trace shrunken limbs of polio. The maps codified into area reports and life scripts write the MESSAGE THAT IS YOU: service and control the earth puppets. Strictly from monkey

(you) without the utilities trak service. Inva. Damage. OCCUPY..."Remind the Board of the Chagas Disease epidemic Argentine 1936 (year I grad/uated). Buenos Aires, city of dry air, meat and whore terminal of the world, has always been subject to lavatory accidents and virus leaks.

Certain leaks are in CENTRAL sewer system not accident but clear sabotage directed from but quarters. It was observed by some ingrate who slipped through the flak doctor that cancerous gooks who contracted Chagas absorbed the cancer. The Chagas is not a virus but an independent relatively separated organism. And for organism to eat virus is against law of Mother Nature we wrote to consolidate our position. VIRUS MUST ALWAYS DO THE EATING. To compromise on this invites carnivorous disaster

THE DOLLAR BLIGHT ORIGINATED IN THE INTESTINAL TRACT OF "BUBU CLIMACTIC" ABEYSSINIAN TRANSVESTITE AND COUNTERFEITER..after a ten minute incubation period his notes crisp and explode in a puff of yellow hepatitis fall out.

ON YELLOW FRIDAY the blight flashed round the world attacking checks..notes..deeds ..bonds..drafts..telegrams.. ticker tape..narcotics prescriptions. Brokers surfaced in the yellow tide blew sulphur from rotting livers and expired choking the markets..curbs..and banks of the world with dead meat ranging in color from mahogany through olive green to a terminal green black--

fortunately rare since most of the brokers, guards, runners, cashiers, and guilty bystanders died before terminal--warned us of an even greater peril. The amok virus could attack metal. Only the most drastic quarantine measures saved our gold reserves from total reduction. "Bubu Climactic" disintegrated in a Wall Street lavatory, his right hand and forearm in a state of flagrant preservation. Dead fingers talked in Braille to establish identity. Relief was premature.

THINKING A MILLION TIMES FASTER than our human hosts. But not seeing not feeling the other on tracks. Turning the virus back on us. Turning the word back ONUS. EXTERMINATOR.

"The dummy" revolt flashed round the world when they took it to Cut City and talked out of turn and threw the word and image back. Mr. Brady Mr Martin. He is taking over the machine. Rewriting the machine to landslide deflection. The machine feeds back favorable conditions for machine monopoly Professor Weiners cybernetics

expert sounds warning: "The machine thinking faster than cerebral tissue may not realize the implications of an order.. The machine could sweep its masters to disaster before they knew what it was about"-- Quote in TIME. Disaster is the machine's work. Down grade to insect level. Puppets bodies strung on insect control beams SAME: Word and image machine of world press and Follywood controlling and downgrading.. manipulating events. RIOTS TO ORDER. "No riots like injustice directed." Minutes to go.

#### DOUBLE TALK SAINTS LEAVE A WAKE OF WHIRLWIND RIOTS SEVERED LIMBS AND BOUNCING HEADS.

Remember old Doc Benway. It wasn't easy to get through with this info. Thing police keep all board room reports and we are not allowed to proffer the disaster accounts. I can tell you fed limbs and bouncing head this info: wake of whirlwind riots. Mucho bouncing heads. Remember old Doc Benway die word lines.

#### TRAK BOARD MEETING:

"We have been accused of sabotaging the human comedy. Of so degrading the gooks with oco cola piss and other junk and our dreary oral and retentive obsessions that no one will be able to move. We deny this categorically but without indignation one of our gimmicks and we dont use it, having assessed soon after our arrival

In the white time the degree of inertia inherent in this flower of idiotics that would not be tolerated for five light minutes in any modern hatchery we saw that the only way of extricating ourselves from appalling terminal was to make moving very difficult that is to say as geometrically difficult as moving is for a creature so constituted of such stupidity and barbarous practices. YOU STRICTLY FROM MONKEY like we found you with out the Utilities Trak Service. Right?"

AND WRITE NOW. The parasite isn't everywhere. But friends are. Showing you their air. They squeezing your air. On the radio. In the metro. In the parks streets plazas and terminal restaurants of the world. Subliminal sounds odors images. Squeezing your air. Cut the tape worms off the air. Cut the parasites OFF. Cut all word lines. Put it out on short wave of the world. Shift linguals. Shift word tracks. Shift speed tracks. Vibrate tourists. Vibrate tape worms. Cut tangle vibrate shift all word lines everywhere. "CALLING DR. BENWAY..."

"Just time just time just time. Why evil? why pain war hate prison police fear executions-executions? Feeds the

machine. The soft machine runs on pain hate and fear. Theta waves of pain and deprivation charge the soft striped machine. Death house fear. Riot hate. The machine squeezing the host and feeds back down grade brain photo of processed affect. From the chemical corn bank. Why EVIL? Who profits? Those who serve the soft machine; Board Syndicates and Powers of the Earth. Paid off in money and power to carry out machine orders.

Liers who want time for more liars. Collaborators with an insect machine. Cowards who cannot face you with the truth. Liars collaborators cowards suckers marks you have fallen for the oldest line in the trade; "What are you doing over there with the WORKERS?"

Why dont you come over here with the Board where you belong? Treat you right. Candy and cigareets."

Did Trak ever give any thing away for nothing? Boards Syndicates Powers of the Earth you will be paid off like all marks in double ZERO. Stop lying stop collaborating. Come out with the truth for all to see.

"Dont let them see us. Dont tell them what we are doing?" Boards Syndicates Powers saying that! Of the Earth .. come out of the soft machine with all your sad citizens. The great skies are open. There is no thing to fear. There is no thing in space. Come out out!!!

#### THESE ARE BATTLE INSTRUCTIONS:

Shift linguals/vibrate tourists/free door ways/out word lines/shift tangle out all words lines/"I said the Chief of Police skinned alive in Bagdad not Washington D.C." //CUT CUT "Cholera epidemic in Stockholm"// "Scotland Yard assassinates the Prime Minister in a Rightest coup"// "Switzerland freezes all foreign assets" // "Mindless idiot you have liquidated the Commisar"// "Spectators scream through the track//The machine shivers in blue pink and chlorophyll spasms//Police files of the world spurt out in a blast of bone meal//Street gangs Uranian born in the face of appalling conditions//Will Hollywood never learn? The Dummy Revolt flashed round the world when they took it to Cut City .. and talked out of turn and threw the WORDS AND IMAGE back//and dragged the down graders out of their cool blue houses and kicked the frozen flesh beings into screaming slate crystals on the street of brass and copper. Under the dead sun. Unimaginable and downright stupid Disaster/Teen age future time...

IF YOU CHARGE THE SOFT MACHINE DIRECTLY THE MACHINE DIRECTLY CHARGED BY YOUR HATE.

Attack machine directly:

#### MISTAKE OF LATE CAPTAIN AHAB.

Enemy advance we retreat/ Cut word lines Minutes to Go/ Enemy retreat we advance/free door ways/enemy encamp we agitate/shift linguals/enemy tire we attack/Rub out all the machine words forever. Rub out machine word THE forever. The sender of the soft machine? "Meet your old top kick boys. May have given you a bad time. Write it all up to training."

"The SOFT MACHINE?: An obstacle course. Basic training for space. I quote: write the enemy into friends. Write the soft machine out in training. Write the enemy into space. The enemy only exists in word. In word THE. Rub out word THE forever. "I

Uranian willy the heavy metal kid perfected the big con hay rube switch along the tang dynasty. I let them set up the big store /the prop banks and float their counterfeit replica stock synthesized from cabbage and banker Droppings. Then I pull the switch and the stock is GOOD. The board is HONEST. The big store is free. The bank will redeem all promissory notes. Board syndicates and powers of the earth .. pay. Pay

PAY. I have pulled the time switch and the time on disintegrating the first virus from my plant. I have then pulled the big rube switch. And luced my fatal light. The cool blue police of Uranian willy drift over the earth. Checking board books police files of the world with fingers light and cold as Spring Wind. Checking the Thing Police/ checking the word and image bank and all the agent of trak.

And America most heavily infected area on the Board /America was culture to grow resistant strains. "Sub virus stimulates anti-virus special group .. Argue second time a/round such a deal" minutes to go. "Not knowing what is and is not knowing I KNEW NOT." --Hassan I Sabbah's Razor.

NOW THE AREA OF TOTAL PAIN TOTAL ALERT TOTAL WAR: Flash bulb of total urgency blazes in all out faces pass the mirror lines streets in neon swirls. Total competition for Space Prize. Move and Counter Move canoe OUT the board as chessmen go up in bitter almond vapor. Without love junk cover orgasm severs word lines leave agents no orders wherewith to merge one another into one character to bug almost every body as

"Klinkers": Agents who operate outside the lines saying most awful things totally un-top secret to top annihilating all."

**from: the emerald city**

. . . for Gregory Corso

Oh ye dead who waken in the underground rooms  
the loud fraud palaces of garnets and dreams, the dry water,  
the cold fire  
the small green emerald men, thick as green ants

Oh ye dead who waken in dead caverns  
on the front porch, under the canvas  
your nose striped like a barber's pole, and no way to explain it,  
or in the back seat of a car,  
clown-hatted at the marriage of one card to another,  
the intercourse of Leopard spots,  
shout white! what's all the use? black blood  
growing on the ground, terror in the shape of water come.

And the water. Cold. Lifeless. Shake it! Look, it refuses  
to answer!

Oh water, why so soggy that you can't stand up straight?  
Glazed by water, glass-eyed by garnets, creased by green men,  
what's the matter Nobody would let you in!

You, on the front porch.  
You, in the back seat of the sedan.  
Did you forget to use the door and flew in on a bat wing?  
Magic makers, no wonder  
they've still got you webbed in the hall. I know your feet get tired  
as spittoons.  
I know your sleeves look sometimes like the butts of someone else's  
cigarette,  
I know this vestibule  
is your whole hotel, baggage! Your bridal suite of one thousand  
rooms.



Paul Carroll

**what did  
your face look like before  
you were conceived by your  
father & your mother?**

—But  
why does this voice shock  
me? As if a stranger  
with dark cold fingers,  
suddenly, without a word,  
grazed your pubic hair:  
Caruso—  
your voice so lucid  
& remote  
over the FM

There is a part of me  
that was  
before my mother bore me—  
obscure & palpitating,  
muscular, my own. Restless,

I fidget with the letters on my desk;  
pay *Big Table's* trucking bill to Frisco;  
try to concentrate on an article on Castro in *The Nation*

(A yellow celluloid collar  
& prickly union suit  
looped about a rockingchair:  
this raw rank German odor in the air:  
I am my grandfather Grill's big freckled knuckles  
grappling pigiron by a Bessmer  
or stacking pinochle chips on Archer Avenue:  
scorch of syph) All week

I've daydreamed that I caught a dose

(Stiff  
brandnew derby  
cocked on the boy's red head:  
he squats in fresh mud milking  
the udders of a nanny goat

halfconcealed by an Irish fog)

Were you happy  
when I circulated in your testicles?

Who  
are we anyway?  
The clouds inside the heart  
ocean sun  
those silent & eternal birds

The doctor's prophylactic glove, probing,  
while I hunch primitive, spread-  
eagle, stiffarming  
the office wall. That  
halfcrazed tough fantastic Bishop:

"Do  
nothing  
to prevent my martyrdom:  
I hear the murmur of the living waters in me,  
saying:  
Go  
Ignatius  
to the Father"

*Patrem  
veni Patrem veni*

Father: your semen burns my face

G. C. Oden

## lay your head here

Lay your head here. Let the hollow of my  
shoulder shelter as leaf-light on your fore-  
head I touch down. Keep quiet now. Deep-breathe  
it (like a well) while soft-safe in my arms  
I marry you. Love in its steep is best,  
uplifting through its salt of pooled despair;  
and when, at highest providence, it proves  
byways of blood tidelands of care. Now is  
that time; now, as we total one we two  
who, hanged by old griefs, drown now in this new.

James Boyer May

## the salutary snare

. . . for Colin Wilson

*Inveiglement's* the word . . .  
invokes the muttered-hoarsley animals  
of darkly-omened paths  
for looped and twisted snouts: waylaid,  
coerced, onstumbling victims—headless,  
jerked into iniquity.

HOW-WHEN-WHICH matters not; but heed  
the 'free' beast's counter-tale  
of satiation's aisles to boredom.  
All aimless wanderers are chosen  
for this easy-nibbled pasturage . . . greenly  
everyway, through timeless foliage.

Indulged leap's discoveries:  
how Eden's banishment purveyed  
the apple-bane . . . unsimply-fevering  
childhoods . . . luring all conditions . . .  
never pleading tags for purpose . . . or, with  
grownup buggeries as substitutes,  
till bites won't lust on fairest-odored vines.  
Instead, the grand maleficence,  
which saves each beast despair . . . by  
twisting tight the guide against omniscience.

Better than to dally, wondering  
if somewhere sometime next to fall  
on meaning-change, to compensate for straying . . .  
safe-in-pain, to baleful self-betrayal.

Marc D. Schleifer

here & there . . . for Marian's Show

Here—  
swirls, circles,  
curvy scimitars,  
the Crescent reappears.

A Berber in the marketplace more red-faced Irish  
than Frank O'Hara  
so I guess it fits.

dolorous somewhere behind

dolorous somewhere behind  
scotchwind massages leaves in  
many trees

nervously can  
slightly by increasing for an  
instant  
(held back watchful by moist  
salivasalt)  
climax tear them from their  
holding

tantalizes sensuous  
like the knowing expert fingers  
of a skillful  
woman telling your body what  
she seeks  
(give in for she has claws)

I too felt the diverse fingers of  
the wind  
on the narrow beach as I  
looked out to sea intent upon  
my  
purpose waiting for the fires  
out there  
yet in my inner ear I breathed  
still  
waiting for the leaves to scream

I seek the fires rising from  
the sea  
(not Poseidon nor Odysseus  
they are dead)

help me look for the fires  
help me look for the fires

like the harlot for the sailors  
expectant and anxious  
(almost a welcomed dread that

here at last is what we  
all have taken off our longjohns  
for)

like the priest for the vision  
succumbent and submissive  
(almost a religious vigil that  
now with it in sight we all  
can feel in it a warmth)

like the queer for the male  
bathers  
breathless and passionate  
(almost a maniacal perversion  
that  
when we do see them we  
feel our bowels tightentingleflow)

help me look for the fires  
for I too like the others  
for I too like the harlot  
for I too like the priest  
for I too like the queer  
for I too wait keep watch all  
night  
nodding between sleep and  
desire  
expectancy and submission  
and all the other feelings I have  
had  
have now ever will have  
(and more)

watch and wait for the fires  
that will  
spring out from the sea  
to match the power of the  
wind that  
comes to goes from me





# Paul Blackburn

## death watch : Veille d'Hiver

Intravenous is a lousy replacement  
for a plate of baked ham and potatoes.

With the mercury below O  
you check the thermometer each time you leave the house  
and report the new figure back  
as tho it were vital statistic.

It is hard to know what is best.

So the man lies there in that white bed,  
groaning sometimes,  
breathing loudly against his hour, restless  
against his inaction, tossing  
unconscious, but that is no rest.

Luckily, the perfection  
of the unbroken shapes of the world  
under the new snowfall  
after the mercury rose,  
gives us no hope at all  
luckily for us.

# Clayton Eshleman

## red shoes . . . from **songs for exile**

Her fingers on my collar  
poinsettias in autumn  
crackling of reeds bent into baskets,  
O dry mouth of the lily . . .

we walk through  
fingers tearing corn, four men joking,  
odor of bubbling pozole under a calve's head  
furry with flies . . .

I would talk with you  
but your name is Spain  
your eyes lift  
towards Barcelona where your mother  
glides the dusktime patio  
birds  
in every hand . . .

## great

- Great day  
 Great day in the morning  
 Great Northern  
 Great anguish  
 Great compromise  
 Great rock of Gibraltar  
 Great Carlsbad Caverns  
 Great Isosceles Triangle  
 Great horrible mummy  
 Great memory of the sacred dead  
 (secret)  
 Great timetable  
 Great avalanche  
 Great maneuverability  
 Great jumping crawfish and  
 Jehosophat  
 Great faker of us all  
 Great capitalist, immortal cellist  
 of magnolia dreams:  
 Andrew J. Mecklefus  
 Great Capricorn or cancer  
 Great calamity  
 Great golly  
 Great gee grim yesterdays!  
 Great gallomperin goloshes  
 Great sufferin sinnedfish  
 Great Caliope & Sweet Corn  
 RailWay  
 Great pop tune & jackass stable  
 Great barnacles across America's  
 crabless waterways  
 Great consternation among the  
 countless constellations  
 Great cornhuskers of Nebraska,  
 Wyoming and the North  
 Central states  
 Great fartcatchers: Dizzy &  
 Daffy Bean!  
 Great bombardiers  
 Great ladies, Methodist & Negro  
 Sowthern & All-White  
 Great California melons!
- Great husky hugs & dogs in the  
 snow  
 Great carolinas, winds of the  
 peconos  
 Great Samson—Morgue of the  
 Amalekites  
 Great cod! (codpiece not  
 included)  
 Great Crackers. Great bits of  
 the South  
 Great New York. Paradise of  
 pickle pushers  
 Great Constantinople formerly  
 great Istanbul  
 Great Rome—glory of Pops  
*Swing that chausible!*  
*Make it plausible*  
*It's so adorable*  
*That Thomistian rag*  
 Great cockroaches of Brooklyn  
 & the South Bronx—I salute  
 you  
 Great Whitman who now owns  
 a publishing Co.  
 & Jefferson a savings bank  
 & Franklin a correspondence  
 courser  
 Great tariffs. Protect american  
 women  
 Great golfers protect american  
 sures  
 Great U2 protect our protectors  
 as we protect theirs  
 Great irony—these are stealy  
 times  
 Great bagle—bakers—sowers of  
 immortal circles  
 Great lox merchants—dealers  
 in the bellies of others  
 Great Platonic apples falling  
 on Newtonian heads  
 Von Braun caws:

Shall their rockets exceed that  
of Urs?

Great unnecessaries blossoming  
in our butcher shops, our  
corner drug stories

Is this zipper necessary?

Great jobs to tame or tease the  
multiprudes:

Five weeks in Hawaii with  
back pay for lifers

Great machines—artificial  
nipples

Laws for everyone!

Great skyrockets—"Plead  
Guilty!"

Great Evangels: Your death is  
coming!

Great song at midnight  
Sing!

The roof is falling

& man WHEN THE ROOF  
FALLS

Look . . .

The great sky

## Barbara Moraff

### a little spur

Since you cut out baby of my  
flesh a

Funny whistle scratching dawn  
on the

Nape of my neck hot like an  
old hag going young

Again

Since you cut out baby of my  
flesh a

thistlewield hum copping my  
twisted

bloody gut & belly  
bold

So let the gods  
spring forth idiots

my sun is shining

Tho it's a little

in drag

## Sam Abrams

### bodies only

d'ya really think I'm a fool  
to work at tryn to knock off  
a piece like you?

& what about the hollyhocks  
& the sun eh?

as if you're bugged, being  
what every man (give me credit)  
desires.

### formal re:

I sing my baby to sleep  
with your songs you  
son of a bitch

& hum your songs  
on the beach in the sun

you work at bastarding &  
met me with hate  
long time ago

in small worlds from  
here to me & you  
of all trying

you forgot to touch 2nd!

sucker I sing my baby to sleep  
with your songs

## Terence McGuire

### mid-morning

Either a baby is crying  
Or a machine sighing  
But it's a bitch nevertheless  
When one is thirty years old  
and unpublished  
Playing Joe Smiley in an  
upstairs back office  
Over city hall.



# NEW DEPARTURES

international review of literature & the lively arts

new departures in

## prose

from: paul ableman samuel beckett william s  
burroughs michael hamburger raymond queneau  
alan sillitoe

## in poetry

from: kenneth beaudoin robert beloof patrick  
bowles pete brown alan brownjohn gregory  
corso robert creeley donald davie allen ginsberg  
john fuller charles hamblett anselm hollo  
michael horovitz hans helms piero heliczter  
dennis keene bernard kops jack kerouac adrian  
mitchell john miles mike mcclure om gabriel  
pearson raymond queneau jon silkin august  
stramm charles tomlinson sir herbert read philip  
o'connor judy spink stevie smith

## plays

from: samuel beckett dick higgins eugene ionesco  
john mcgrath harold pinter stefan themerson

## painting

from: alberto burri alan davie anthony hill  
anna lovell victor pasmore franciszka themerson  
bob rauschenberg kurt schwitters picasso

## music

from: john cage cornelius cardew earl brown  
charlie mingus lamonte young

and multifarious

photo collage images of wonder fifteen issues in  
preparation advance \$15 or singles at \$1.50  
post free from 57 Greek Street, London W 1

Pub. Sq. (Continued from p. 4)

"Hear? I hear the pigeons."

"Say," I said, "you can't hear pigeons in this bombardment."

The old man smiled.

"Listen, you can't hear birds down here." I looked up. The pigeons were gone.

"Do you hear them now?"

"Yes," he said.

"Listen, man," I said. I looked about me. Across the Square the pigeons were eating breadcrumbs near the waterpond. I listened. I heard streetcars clattering past, automobile horns, shuffling feet. I heard a distant foghorn.

"Listen, man. You—you—"

"Khrushchev, Khrushchev—"

A fat man stopped. "Press?"

He took the paper and turned to the financial page. He stood there reading.

A woman stopped. She was small and plainly dressed, but very sweet-looking. She looked about 35. "P. D.," she said.

I stood looking at the pigeons.

"How are you tonight?" asked the woman.

"Very well, thank you," said the blind man.

I looked up at the Terminal Tower.

"Many sales today?" said the woman.

"Oh, so many, so many."

The pigeons passed my view of the Tower. They must have risen of a sudden.

A streetcar stopped. Three small children stepped off.

I said offstage to the woman, "He tells me he can hear the pigeons."

She smiled. "Two of them are

his. He used to have flocks of them. They're all dead but two. When one dies he tells me." She smiled sweetly. "He always knows when one dies."

"But how can he?" I asked.

"Oh, he knows."

"But how?"

"He tells me. I've known him for years. He knows lots that we don't know. He's not so blind."

"You mean—"

"No, I don't mean he's faking. He's blind all right."

The fat man grunted and I looked at him. He was chewing his cigar angrily. "Damned idiots!" he said. He said it to the paper.

The three small children were standing in the Square staring up at the Civil War monument.

A pretty girl passed.

"Listen," I said, "how can he hear birds in this bombardment?"

"Khrushchev—Press, P. D.—"

"Damned idiots," said the fat man again.

"His ears," said the woman. "They're sensitive to them."

The fat man folded his paper abruptly.

The three small children turned and crossed the street toward the Terminal Tower.

The pigeons were eating again.

"My ears are sensitive to them," said the blind man.

An intersection cop blew his whistle.

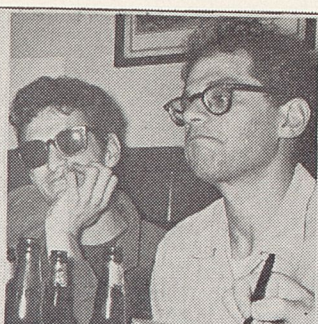
The fat man looked at us. There was a funny look on his face. All the color had gone out of his cheeks. "I used to raise pigeons," he said.

(Continued on page 100)



Walter Lowenfels

FOTO: JERRY STOLL



Ray Bremser Allen Ginsberg



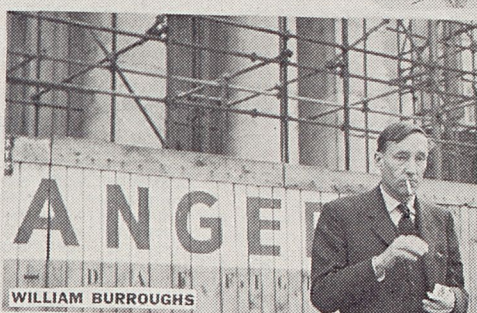
FRANK SALANTRIE



Curtis Zahn



Leslie Woolf Hedley



WILLIAM BURROUGHS

FOTO: ERIC GYSIN



TERENCE MCGUIRE



clayton eshleman



Robert Sward

FOTO: B. B. PERRY



Margaret Randall



Sorrentino



Ann Giudici



Paul Blackburn



GANS PAULEKIN



Mike McClure



JUDSON CREWS



Jon Edgar Webb, Jr.



Gary Snyder

# CONTRIBUTORS

RUSSELL EDSON writes: "I've just brought out a book APPEARANCES, Fables & Drawings on a handpress, handset, 17 drawings, and in 1961 Jonathan Williams' Jargon Books will bring out WHAT A MAN CAN SEE & OTHER FABLES by me, drawings by Ray Johnson."

SINCLAIR BEILES lives in Paris, from where he manipulates indefatigable contact with most of the Continent's validly creative experimental writers & poets. In 1960 he wrote MINUTES TO GO with William Burroughs, Brion Gysin & Gregory Corso. His recent EXPLOSION APARTHEID in the International Literary Annual published by John Calder, in which Burroughs, Gysin and Stuart Gordon also appear, helped put him into the spotlight along with them under the label: The New Exiles. He is currently engaged in preparing a programme of simple narrative poems for the BBC.

STUART GORDON whom Beiles calls a "non-gravitational dramatist" recently deserted Paris and is now somewhere in New York City.

GREGORY CORSO, who wrote GASOLINE and THE HAPPY BIRTHDAY OF DEATH and many other coming works, including BOMB, is back in Paris from Germany and Greece to imbibe to his latest book THE AMERICAN EXPRESS published by Olympia Press.

JON EDGAR WEBB, JR. lives in California. He is the son of the Editor of OUTSIDER, and his prose piece in this issue is an excerpt from a novel in progress. He is also an artist.

ANN GIUDICI, formerly a dancer with Martha Graham, is now Public Relations Director for the East Side House Settlement in NYC. She has a one-act off-Broadway play now under consideration; this is her first publication with poetry. She is the mother of twin boys.

DIANE DI PRIMA is co-editor with LeRoi Jones of THE FLOATING BEAR, 309 E. Houston St., NYC. Her distinctive small volume of poems THIS KIND OF BIRD FLIES BACKWARD (Totem Press) was an immediate sellout. Walter Lowenfels says of her: "She is one of the best since Sappho." A Swarthmore girl, she can talk Beat idiom as if she invented it.

JOHN GRANT of Edinburgh, Scotland, is 26. He studied music in Glasgow, but resigned in his final year for a career in films; is currently engaged as assistant to Forsyth Hardy, Director of Films of Scotland, and has scripted a number of documentary films including "A Song for Prince Charlie." His story in this issue appeared also in SIDEWALK, the Edinburgh literary "little" so ably edited by Alex Neish which recently folded because of "out of cash."

PAUL HAINES after finishing school (AB Psychology) went to Paris, then into 2 years at the University of Grenoble, then to Turkey and other places, and is now back in NYC, writing.

GARY SNYDER is 31, a graduate of Reed College where he majored in mythology. He studied linguistics at Indiana University and classical Chinese at Berkeley. He lives in Japan, where he went in 1956 to study formal Zen training. His books RIPRAP (Origin Press), & MYTHS AND TEXTS (Totem/Corinth) have been received with critical acclaim.

GAEL TURNBULL, until recently editor of the much-liked MIGRANT, was born in Edinburgh and educated at Cambridge and in Canada and the U. S. He is now a medical doctor in Ventura, California, but finds time to write and is widely published in poetry and critical essays. Origin Press pub. his volume BARNI.

CHARLES OLSON was born in 1910 and lives in Gloucester, Mass. He has taught at Clark, Harvard and Black Mountain College, where he

was instructor and rector, 1951-56. Among his many books are CALL ME ISHMAEL (Reynaal, Hitchcock), THE MAXIMUS POEMS (Jargon), and NEW MAXIMUS POEMS (Jargon/Corinth).

EDWARD DORN is 32; was educated at the University of Illinois and Black Mountain College. He lives in Santa Fe, N.M. Much-published, his work was reprinted in THE NEW AMERICAN POETRY 1945-60. One of his best-known critical efforts is his WHAT I SEE IN THE MAXIMUS POEMS (Migrant). A must for Olson devotees.

ALLEN GINSBERG's most recent book is KADDISH: POEMS 1957-60 (City Lights, 1961), which beat us to publication with his poem in this issue. His famous (academic critics say "infamous") HOWL will presently hit the 100,000-sales mark. He is perhaps the most controversial poet on the literary pro-&-con scene since Walt Whitman. He has read to multitudes of university students. An adoptee of the Beat Generation, he succumbed awhile to its Call of the Wild; is now reemerging along evident indications of stricter discipline and a steadily maturing perspective; viz: the gas is turned down but the pot is still boiling.

PETER ORLOVSKY is 28; lives with Allen Ginsburg in NYC, or in London or Paris. His first publication was in Yugen; later in THE BEAT SCENE, and NEW AMERICAN POETRY 1945-60.

LANGSTON HUGHES, whose many commendable works are post-era protest literature (today with surface & token integration in many areas the protest element in Negro writing is being replaced by surer "equality" efforts), was educated at Columbia and Lincoln Universities. While at Lincoln he won the Witter Bynner Prize for undergraduate poetry and wrote his novel NOT WITHOUT LAUGHTER. He went on to publish numerous plays and poems, and in 1931 he won the Harmon Award and in 1935 a Guggenheim Fellowship.

JUAN MARTINEZ is 19, lives in Seattle, and has a one-man show of his paintings about to materialize. He has written some poetry and a novel, but his story in this issue is his first published piece of writing.

GILBERT SORRENTINO was educated at Brooklyn College and served in the Army 1951-53. He was the editor of NEON, a highly-rated "little" magazine which he suspended in 1959. A volume of his poems THE DARKNESS AROUND US was published by Jargon/Corinth in 1960. Grove reprinted him in NEW AMERICAN POETRY 1945-60.

WALTER LOWENFELS, one of our guiding lights in preparing OUTSIDER 1, is the author of seven books of poetry & criticism; he compiled and edited WALT WHITMAN'S CIVIL WAR (Knopf, 1960), and lives in Mays Landing, N.J., with his wife, Lillian, who also is a poet & well-known translator. In 1930 Lowenfels shared with E. E. Cummings the Richard Aldington Award and in 1959 the Longview Foundation Award. His two poems in this issue are part of a work titled SURVIVAL which appeared in the Feb. 1960 issue of Mainstream. WALT WHITMAN'S CIVIL WAR was a Book-of-the-Month June dividend. The Outsider urges its readers to buy a copy - or to beg, borrow or purloin one - at the earliest opportunity.

CID CORMAN, the editor of ORIGIN, writes us that the magazine will be reissued for another 5 years, beginning sometime during 1961.

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI's poem in this issue is slated to be included in his forthcoming book of poems entitled STARTING FROM SAN FRANCISCO to be published this year by New Directions. The poem was written in the course of a sleepless night while guesting with us last December, and after an evening of talk with kaja.

MARGARET RANDALL, our N. Y. area Editor, is the author of two volumes of poetry: GIANT OF TEARS and ECSTASY IS A NUMBER. Her poems have appeared in Liberation, Nomad, Provincetown Review, White Dove Review & others. She is the mother of a very young son, Gregory.

Turn to page 94

despite which she has been, and still is, of immense help to us with our OUTSIDER chores.

MILLEN BRAND whom we met in '36 in a soda parlor in Greenwich Village & haven't seen since is now in Monte Carlo, Monaco, working on his book LOCAL LIVES from which his poem in this issue is taken. Among other achievements, he authored THE OUTWARD ROOM, & is a grandfather.

ROBERT CREELEY who edited the famed BLACK MOUNTAIN REVIEW with a Harvard background is now teaching in Guatemala. He is the author of 7 books, among them A FORM OF WOMEN (Jargon/Corinth) and SHORT STORY III (Scribner's). In 1960 he received the D. H. Lawrence Fellowship.

MIKE MCCLURE, 29, has pub. much poetry. Among his volumes of poems are PASSAGE (Jargon, 1956) FOR ARTAUD (Totem, 1959), HYMNS TO ST. GERARD & OTHER POEMS (Auerhahn, 1959); and Grove is bringing out soon THE NEW BOOK/A BOOK OF TORTURE. He lives & writes in San Francisco.

CHARLES BUKOWSKI, 40, is a prolific & ever-maturing poet whose work has appeared in more than half a hundred literary magazines, netting him less than enough \$ to spend an evening on the Strip in Los Angeles, where he lives in as much isolation as locked doors & drawn shades in a big city permits. Last year Hoarse Press brought out his first book of poems FLOWER, FIST AND BESTIAL WAIL. 7 Poets Press has another in preparation - and if we manage to acquire a motorized printing press to replace the handpress we've got now we hope to pub. him as No. 1 in our planned GYPSY LOU SERIES of poetry & prose chapbooks.

ROBERT SWARD, 28, has a B.A. from the U. of Illinois, and an M.A. from the U. of Iowa. He is much-published, and is currently studying on a Fulbright grant in England.

HARLAND RISTAU's poems have been appearing in the "littles" for a decade. 7 Poets Press issued a collection of his work this year under the title: NEXT TIME YOU'RE ALIVE.

COLIN WILSON is both the praised and abused author of the controversial book THE OUTSIDER (Houghton Mifflin) - after which we did not name this magazine. The idea for our OUTSIDER was born about the same time Wilson was.

JORY SHERMAN, our West Coast Editor, is 27; a ex-adv. man turned poet. Must be a diplomat too, for he's ironed out a lot of woe for us in the West. He's appeared in many "littles" and has one volume of poems published, SO MANY ROOMS (Galley Sail), and another forthcoming.

LESLIE WOOLF HEDLEY was educated at NYU and at Oxford U. in England. In 1949 he founded INFERNAL PRESS EDITIONS, and says it is "the only independent press still publishing in San Francisco." He has appeared in Prairie Schooner, Literary Review, Meanjin, Mutiny, Colorado Review, many others; and has been translated into German, Japanese, French & Yiddish. Was in the U.S. Army 1942 to 1946.

HENRY MILLER has moved back overseas. Grove Press meanwhile is publishing his long forbidden book TROPIC OF CANCER, on June 24, 1961.

LEROI JONES is the well-known poet publisher of Totem Press, and the editor of YUGEN.

MARVIN BELL, our Midwest Editor, has been pub. in more than two-score of the "littles" and is the Editor of statements. He also is a creative photographer, a creative critic, and has been of vast creative help to us in many ways.

LESTER EPSTEIN is an artist too, with many exhibitions in Mexico & in Europe. He was educated at Wash. U. & The Royal College of Art (London). A book of his poems MIRACLE AND DREAMWALK was pub. in Mexico in 1957; he has six more in preparation. Now in New Orleans.

CURTIS ZAHN whose work has been pub. in virtually all of the independent "littles" is director of The Pacificus Foundation, a non-

profit corp. sponsoring production of drama, literature, music, dance, the graphic arts, etc.

NOTE that space is running short so will have to start packing words closer and briefer.

WILLIAM BURROUGHS wrote last from Tangiers. He is the author of NAKED LUNCH, sections of which have appeared in Big Table, Black Mt. Review & Evergreen. Olympia Press pub. the book in France; it won't see pub. in U. S. for a long time to come. . . . kaja is a New Orleans poet of steadily growing stature, with filecases packed with poems that have never been sent out. Editors, take note. . . . JUDSON CREWS has been pub. repeatedly for years in many of the little magazines, and will continue to be. . . . TRACY THOMPSON lives in S.F.; he's appeared in a score of poetry journals. . . . PAUL CARROLL is the editor of BIG TABLE. . . . G. C. ODEN has held creative writing awards from the John Hay Whitney Foundation, Yaddo, & is being pub. with increasing frequency in the important "littles". . . . JAMES BOYER MAY is the brave and hard-working editor of TRACE. . . . MARC D. SCHLEIFER is the editor KULCHUR, a little magazine of rising importance out of NYC. . . . FREDERICK PRISTERER III is 26; he grad. from Rutgers with a BA in English Lit. is specializing in dramatic writing now in NYC. This is his first poetry publication. . . . GENE FRUMKIN is the capable editor of the dependable West Coast magazine COASTLINES. . . . JONATHAN WILLIAMS is the publisher of Jargon Books, Highlands, S. C. He has probably lost more money doing more good for writers deserving publication in book form than any other independent publisher we've ever known. . . . WILLIAM CORRINGTON is in the English Dept. at Louisiana State U. His work has appeared in Mutiny, San Francisco Review, Janus, Fiddlehead, Dalhousie Review, Oliviant, Quagga, Sparrow, New Idea, Inland, Galley Sail Review, Claremont Quarterly, Patterns, others. . . . KAY BOYLE is the author of more than 20 volumes of short stories as well as 13 novels. She has received several G. Henry Memorial Prize awards for the Best Short Story of the Year. Of late her creative efforts have been leaning more toward poetry than ever before. . . . PAUL BLACKBURN attended NYU & the U. of Wisconsin. Got a BA from Wisconsin, was a Fulbright scholar, U. of Toulouse 1954-55. More study there, and then to Spain. His poems have been pub. in many of the "littles" - and in The New American Poetry 1945-60. He is also a translator & editor. . . . CLAYTON ESHLEMAN is beginning to receive his due in recognition, as evidenced by an increasing number of acceptances from editors of the more important "littles". He's been in Big Table, Coastlines, San Francisco Review, Trobar, Quixote, Inland, etc., His SONGS FOR EXILE, from which his poem in this issue is taken, is a book of poems set in a Mexican landscape which is close to completion. . . . TULLI KUFFERBERG is the extremely sharp-witted editor of BIRTH coming out of NYC. . . . SAM ABRAMS who lived in Brooklyn 1935-58 is now in Urbana, Ill., with his wife and son, studying & teaching Greek and Latin. . . . BARBARA MCRAFF first appeared in Yugen. She was in THE BEAT SCENE and BEATITUDE ANTHOLOGY, and lives in NYC. . . . TERENCE MCGUIRE lives in Washington, D. C.; has read his poetry in coffee houses, but this is his first publication. . . . RAY BREMSER is 27, lived in Jersey City until recently; now somewhere South America. He is a graduate of Bordentown Ref. and has read his poetry at Vassar, Princeton, Lehigh, etc., in the company of Ginsberg, Jones, Corso and Orlovsky. Is married to Brenda; they have one or two children (we've lost his bio notes). He was included in THE NEW AMERICAN POETRY 1945-60, The Beat Scene, and has been much published in the "littles". MELVILLE HARDIMENT is our Editor in London & is a writer in close touch with the creative set in England. His wife, HARRIET CROWDER, a photographer on the magazine Design, took the pix on back cover of Boiles, Corso & Melville, and the one of Wm. Burroughs on page 75. Other Beck Cover foto credits go to Cedric Wright for Henry Miller; Arthur Avedon for G.C. Oden; Arthur Siegel for Paul Carroll; Jerry Stoll for pix of Lillian and Walter Lowenfels.



Creeley

Turnbull

Dorn



**FERLINGHETTI**

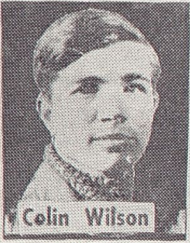
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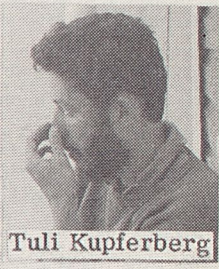
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**Number Three** summer 1961: "Poems from America"—by Frederick Eckman, Larry Eigner, Charles Edward Eaton, Kent Gardien, Godfrey John, Robert Sward, Gael Turnbull, David Rafael Wang and others. 'The American dollar: a contemplation'—an unwritten study by the publisher.

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Pub. Sq. (Continued from p. 90)

"I can hear them talk," said the blind man.

"He always knows when one dies," said the woman.

I stood in the center of Cleveland and listened to people talk about pigeons. I was out of prison only a few hours. For years I'd been staring through prison bars. I'd stood in the prison yard watching the sky. I'd seen birds flying over the walls.

Once I found one of them lying in the prison hospital garden with a broken wing.

"Poor bird," I said.

I tried to fix the wing.

"What this wing needs," I said, "is nothing to do for awhile."

So I took the bird up to my cell on the fifth tier.

I fed it some crumbs.

When it died I dropped it in the rubbish box outside the west block door.

I thought, "Why don't I die? My wing is broken."

"Khrushchev—Press, P. D.—"

"Well, I must be going," said the woman.

I saw it was 5 o'clock.

"Come back," said the blind man.

"These pigeons don't get the the proper food," said the fat man.

"You look pale," I said to him.

"I feel pale," he said.

"Goodby," said the woman to all of us, smiling sweetly.

"One moment," I said. "You work?"

She looked at me in surprise.

"Certainly."

"It's nice to work." I didn't

know what else to say.

"Nice to have work," she said, frowning. "But to work—" She smiled.

"Well, anyway, now you go home to rest."

"Now I go to work."

She glanced over her shoulder at the big Terminal Tower. "I help clean the inside of that thing," she said.

The three small children were standing near the entrance looking up.

"Goodby," said the woman.

"Goodby," I said.

"Pigeons are like babies," said the fat man.

Suddenly I asked, "What do you do?"

"Well," he said, "you can't just come right out and give a detailed account of how to raise them. You have—"

"I mean," I said, "what work are you in?"

"Oh, me." He shifted his cigar, and then clamped down on it. "I'm a gambler."

I nodded.

"This war—" he said. "You know we're at war right now, don't you?"

"Cold war?"

"War! And more casualties on their feet, with the dollar sinking, than in any arms war in history. And these now die slow."

"That why you're pale?" I had to say.

"Oh, I'm feeling better now."

"Kennedy, Kennedy. Press—"

I looked down. "You've been saying Khrushchev."

"Either one, they're both good for business."

"How about Castro?"  
"Fair, fair," said the blind man.  
"Wait'll he loses out," said the fat man. "Then watch the papers sell."

"Think he'll lose out?" I said.  
"Damn right he will."  
"There'll always be Castros, though. If this one loses out they'll soon make another one."

"Who will—the Communists?"

"The newspapers."

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I used to be a newspaperman."

"Well," said the fat man, "I used to own a newspaper."

"Khrushchev, Kennedy—"

I winked at the fat man. "He thinks he can hear those pigeons talking."

"Poor fellow," said the fat man softly.

The three small children were gone. A rush of traffic shot by. The pigeons were flying again. They flew up, up. They settled on the roof-edge of one of the small buildings at the west end of the Square.

The fat man went away saying, "See you again sometime."

I said, "Goodby, Mister," to the blind man.

This was in Cleveland a few hours after I was turned out of prison.

My wings felt no different.

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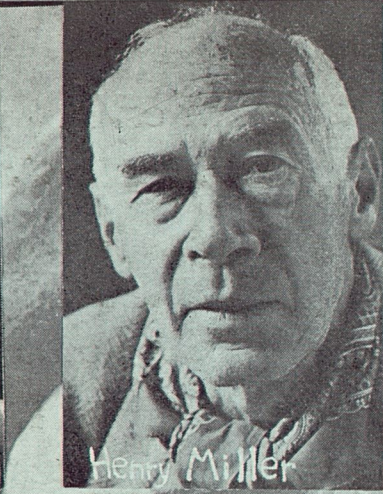
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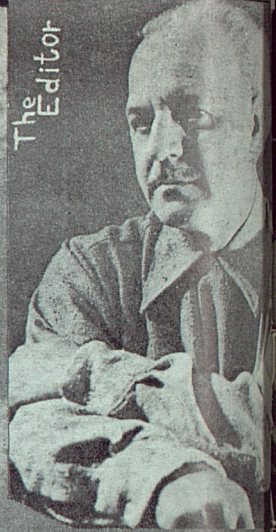
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G.C. Oden

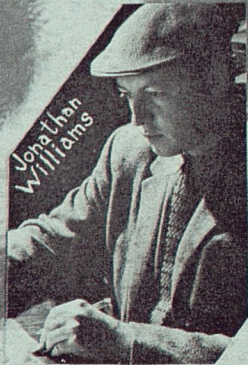
Face on front cover is "Law" of LOUJON PRESS - the Associate Editor



Kay Boyle



Barbara Moravia



Jonathan Williams

today's poetry



Lillian and Walter Lowenfels



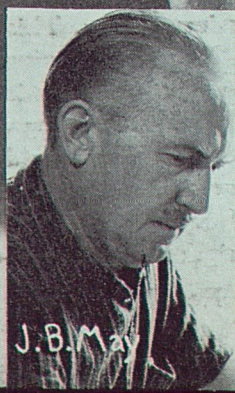
Gregory Corso



LeRoi Jones



Sinclair Beiles



J.B. May



Millen Brand



Melville Hardiment