

REVEAL DIGITAL

Work

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Work #4

184

ARTISTS' WORKSHOP PRESS / DETROIT \$1.50



If you want to shut yourself in, shut yourself in
If you do not want to shut yourself in, come out

--Charles Olson

o that these fellow diners of yours might know
that poets move very fast, that it is true
it is very wise to stay the hell out of
such traffic, of such labor
which knows no weekend

--Letter for Melville 1951

Y E S !

Hey people now
 smile on your brother
Let me see you get together &
 love one another right now

--Jefferson Airplane

Once you become aware of this force for unity in life, you can't ever forget it. It becomes part of everything you do.... My goal in meditating on this through music...remains the same. And that is to uplift people, as much as I can. To inspire them to realize more and more of their capacities for living meaningful lives. Because there certainly is meaning to life.... There is never any end. There are always new sounds to imagine, new feelings to get at. And always, there is the need to keep purifying these feelings and sounds so that we can really see what we've discovered in its pure state. So that we can see more and more clearly what we are. In that way, we can give to those who listen the essence, the best of what we are.

--John Coltrane

WORK/4

what you can get, and
only that. And what you get
is what you work for. Work

for a world you can
live in, & make it that, a world
of your own. And the energy you spend

has to count then
for what it is. Work as you can
as if you're the only one

working. The job
has to be done. Work for
your self, that is

everything
you can do. Do
what you can, no more

AND no less. Yes. WORK/4
a new world

DHC 19.VII.66 - Detroit 10.I.67

Much of the work in this issue unfortunately has had to sit here for over a year, waiting to get out. And as the magazine has tried to complete itself, over the last five months since I've returned to work on it, it has grown to include as much of the work that came in as it could. So, it got quite out of hand, but that's just what happened, and I had to go along with it.

WORK/4 is the last issue of the magazine I'll edit for a while at least -- the job will be taken over by my brother Dave and his partner Tom Mitchell for as long as they'll have it. Work can be sent to them (through the first of June) at 104 South Main Street, Hanover, New Hampshire, 03755. They will join us in Detroit again at the start of the summer. Orders and subscriptions should be directed to: Don Moye, Artists' Workshop Press, 4863 John Lodge, Detroit, Michigan 48201 USA. There will undoubtedly be a second printing of a few hundred copies in a short time, but those will have to go out without the reprint of POISONED WHEAT, as per Michael McClure's wishes. So, in order to make as many magazines as possible available to individual readers, there will be only a limited number of the first edition available to bookstores. Whatever that's worth. And posters of Gary Grimshaw's front cover will be available from the Reality Toke Co., 951 Plum Street, Detroit 48201, at \$1.00. Snarf em up, folks, get the money. It's the season of the witch....

Special thanks to David Sandberg
of San Francisco/Monterey, editor of OR,
who turned WORK on to most of the young
poets published in this issue -- including
Susan Vieira, Steve Kowitz, Ed Stone,
Linda Newton, Roger Angle, Darrell Gray,
Allen Cohen, and Bp Nichol, and for sending
along the poems here by Mort Grinker,
Steve Mindel, Gino Clays, Harry Lewis,
and Sam Abrams. You can get his new
OR/2 from David at 839 Taylor, Monterey,
California, at \$1.00 the copy.

Special thanks also to all who helped put
this issue together, by collating: Arlene
Rosenfeld, Dave Sinclair, Tom Mitchell,
Tom Buri, Beth Reverdy, Steve Stoll,
Jim Johnson, Mike Litle, Karen Munson,
Jerry Younkins, & all others. Love to you
always

POISONED WHEAT

Michael McClure

SAN FRANCISCO

19

65

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POISONED WHEAT was originally printed privately by the poet in 1965. McClure says, "I have a unique feeling regarding POISONEDWHEAT --I designed it myself exactly the way it is, and I feel about it as if it were a sculpture or a painting. Almost all of the copies were mailed to newspapers, politicians, the Rand Corporation, the FBI, CIA, etc."

The original pamphlet was in a 8 1/2 by 5 1/2 format, with a front cover photo of William H. Bonney/a scratchy old photo printed in rose ink and with the face cancelled out by a rude blue cross in the form of an "X". On the back cover, blue on white, in large type, are the two lines

I AM NOT GUILTY!

I AM A LIVING CREATURE!

Typographical effects that were impossible for us to reproduce include the large face used for the first two lines, and a large italic face used on the 8th line. Also, the last line of the poem is the same size as the first two lines. The original has 16 pages; the present printing follows the original in type size etc. except for the exceptions mentioned above, and with the difference that a larger page is being used here.

POISONED WHEAT is being planned as a pamphlet reprint by Coyote Books of San Francisco. Therefore, at the poet's request, the edition of WORK/4 with POISONEDWHEAT included is limited to 500 copies. The Coyote pamphlet, when it is available, will be distributed by City Lights Books, 261 Columbus Avenue, San Francisco, California 94111.

Two of Michael McClure's heaviest works are scheduled for second editions early in 1967 -- a new edition of DARK BROWN, with a newly-discovered preface by the poet, will be out from Dave Haselwood Books, and distributed through City Lights. City Lights itself will bring out a complete edition of the essays, including the Phi Upsilon Kappa piece, another called "Reason," and some others in a second edition of MEAT SCIENCE ESSAYS -- complete & unexpurgated. His most recent book is BRUCE CONNER/MICHAEL MCCLURE, from Dave Haselwood Books, 1966.

OH, BLUE GRAY GREEN PALE GRAHHR!
TRANQUIL POURING ROSE LION SALT!

There is death in Viet Nam!
There is death in Viet Nam!
There is death in Viet Nam!
And our bodies are mad with the forgotten
memory that we are creatures!

BLUE-BLACK SKULL ROSE LUST BOOT!

Citizens of the United States
are in the hands of traitors
who ignore their will and force
them into silent acceptance
of needless and undesired warfare.

EACH MAN, WOMAN, CHILD
is innocent
and not responsible
for the atrocities committed by any
government. Mistakes, hypocrisies, crimes
that result in the present
FASCISM
are made in the past in
HISTORY.

Structural mechanisms of Society
create guilt in the individual.
((Now it is worst when man is at the edge,
He may be freed of his
carnivore past -- and is on the verge
of becoming a singer and glorious creature
borne free through the universe.
Soon no lamb or man
may be eaten
save
with the smile of sacrifice!))

It is our nature to explore
that which is called Evil
by the haters of matter
and pleasure. But GUILT
is untenable! Guilt is not
inheritable. Acceptance of guilt
for a Capitalist heritage creates fear.

NO ONE IS CULPABLE FOR THESE CRIMES!

We are flowers capable of creating the seeds
and fruit of new liberty.
Like beautiful flowers the profits of Capitalist
society are the blossoming
of the agonized labor and starvation
of the world's masses.
THAT I AM A FLOWER DOES NOT MEAN
THAT I AM RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE AGONY OF THE ROOTS !
But, as a man, I am conscious of the agony
labor, pain. And murders take place
for Society!

Acceptance of guilt for the acts of
entrepreneurs, capitalists and imperialists
smothers, tricks, and stupifies

the free creature! He will, is, driven
to fear, racism, and inaction!

If I forget, for a prolonged moment,
the mammal, sensory pleasure of which
I am capable
I must toil to over-ride
the creeping guilt that destroys
me spiritually

I AM NOT GUILTY!

I AM A LIVING CREATURE!

I AM NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE TRAITOROUS
FASCISM AND TOTALITARIANISM THAT SURROUNDS me!!!

((The definitions of fascism and totalitarianism
must be reviewed in light of the new media developed
by technology. The nature of the human
mammal is being remade and it is time for
redefinitions...))

I AM NOT RESPONSIBLE
FOR THOSE WHO HAVE CREATED
AND/OR CAPTURED the CONTROL DEVICES
OF THE SOCIETY THAT SURROUNDS ME!

I despise Society that creates
bundles of individual cruelties
and presses them en masse
against the helpless.

I AM INNOCENT! In my innocence I may act creatively
and not fulfill a pre-prescribed pattern
of guilt leading to escapism and cynicism.

COMMUNISM WILL NOT WORK!
Communism will not create food in quantities
necessary for man's survival.

CAPITALISM IS FAILURE!
It creates overpopulation, slavery,
and starvation.

Whether I be in Soviet Russia, Red China, or Imperialist
England or France, or Capitalist United States,
I am not responsible for the fascist
or totalitarian crimes
that are whitewashed
under the title Modern History!

II AM INNOCENT AND FREE!

I AM A MAMMAL!

I AM A WARM BLOODED SENSORY CREATURE
CAPABLE OF LOVE AND HATE AND ACTION AND INACTION!
CAPABLE OF GUILT AND CAPABLE
OF SPEECH AND STRIVING!

--I am sickened by the thought
(and photographs)
of cruel and vicious executions
and tortures of Asian
and Algerian soldiers.

I AM SICKENED
by the oncoming MASS STARVATION
and the concomitant revolting degree
of overpopulation, and the accompanying
production of incredible numbers
of useless physical objects
whose raw materials demand
a destruction of those parts of nature
I have come to think of as beautiful!

--THOUGH I REJOICE IN THE FOREST
AND CAVES OF THE FUTURE!

BEING SICKENED IS A LUXURY
that I cannot afford without loss
of spirit, gradually
becoming irreparable! I am a man!
Sickness and guilt must be cast off!
Guilt is a luxury.

Being sickened is meaningless.

CAPITALISM AND COMMUNISM ARE A POLITICAL CONFRONTATION!

I have escaped politics. I disavow
the meeting whether it is a means to
war or coexistence!

The meanings of Marxism and Laissez faire
are extinct.

The population of the United States will double
by the year 2000. Certain South American
nations double each eighteen and twenty years.

There is no answer
but a multiplicity of answers created by men.
A large proportion of men are on the verge
OF STARVATION!

When density of creature to creature reaches
a certain degree
the ultra-crowded condition is a
biological sink.

Rats in overpopulation experiments
become insane in predictable types...
perverts, cannibals, hoods, criminals, and semi-
catatonics. When crowding reaches a certain
point the animals respond by more need
and desire
for crowding!

!SAN FRANCISCO, TOKYO, LONDON, MOSCOW, PEKING!

The human being is the commonest object!

Each human being must be responded to.
There are too many for the nervous system.
Man evolved as a social creature
and rare animal. He is now
the commonest large animal
--and threatens all other creatures with extinction.

((In the Neolithic, men made both plants and animals
subject to his appetites through cultivation
and domestication -- the stress
of this guilt began a genetic change in his
being. He mutated himself -- population
began.

Now he is capable of freeing himself
from the Neolithic Revolution
and must choose between
song and suicide!))

Cynicism and escapism are the shapes
of reaction to the torture and slaughter
of Asians, Asians placed
in overpopulation and starvation
by European and American imperialism...
By outright conquest and introduction
of technology into non-technological nations.
Colonial nations are directed to produce
products desired by the West.
They are trained as consumers
of Western material artifacts.
They are given Western medicine which lowers
the mortality rate.

If an American accepts these facts he must assume
guilt and responsibility!

THIS IS NOT SO! Society will have
the individual feel guilt so that he will fly
from the possibility of action.

SOCIETY WILL THEN PERPETUATE THE STATUS QUO OF SOCIETY!

But this is not factual for Society is insane.

A status quo is not being perpetuated.

Society is masochistic.

It deludes itself that a status quo is
maintained. It is driving for its destruction.

WESTERN SOCIETY HAS ALREADY DESTROYED ITSELF!

The Culture is extinct! The last sentry
at the gate has pressed the muzzle to his
forehead and pulled the trigger!
The new civilization will not be communism!
POLITICS ARE AS DEAD AS THE CULTURE
they supported!
Politics are theories regarding the speculated
laws of power -- their applications
have never touched men except in shapes
of repression!

NEW SOCIETY WILL BE BIOLOGICAL!

HISTORY IS INVALID BECAUSE WE ARE ESCAPED
FROM HISTORY. As individuals we inhabit
a plateau where civilization is perpetuated
by the mechanisms of a rapidly dying and masochistic
Society. We are supported by traitors
and barbarians who operate war
utilizing the business principles of this Society.

THOSE WHO CAN SEE AND FEEL ARE IN HIDING. THEY HOPE
for a few years of life before the holocaust.
They are caught up in the forms of evangelism
that are hysterical reaction
to population density. They hope
for a miracle. The thrill of the beauty
of the new music and entertainment media -- as well
as religion -- are evangelism.
It is beautiful that even hysteria can be made
to give assurance and pleasure and some means
of satisfaction
--BUT IT IS A LAST DITCH BIOLOGICAL REACTION.

The small hope for salvation by means of utilization
of hysteria is pathetic!!!!
The bombing of Asian fishing villages can be equated
to the new music // save that one is beautiful
and one is not. The witness of the new intellectuals
testifies to the beauty of both!

Beauty IS hideous!
Mussolini spoke of the beauty of bombing
villages as the SS cherished the pleasure
of executing Jews! ((What INSANITY
to have Israel as thorn to the Arabs!))

The human mammal is not capable of receiving pleasure
from the tortured deaths of his own kind
without previous acceptance of insanity
or the development of insanity
within himself!

The masses of planes that fly over

ARE NOT PASSENGER SHIPS

but are bombers flying to Asia!

STOP UP THE EARS -- it is true!

AND WHO IS FLYING THEM?

What name for those who accept authority
and enter the cockpits?

No doubt as in the bombing of Guernica!

What name for the voice of authority that tells
the pilots to enter the ships?

THE ACCEPTANCE OF THE IMPOSSIBLE IS CYNICISM!

To admire or be silent about pain and death
IS CYNICISM!

To enact a role when Society is a corpse
IS CYNICISM!

Whether the corpse be a young Soviet or Chinese or an old
U.S. corpse!

WITHDRAWAL FROM INFORMATION IS ESCAPISM!

Escape from the ears that hear the bombers pass?

Evangelism -- whether it be of art or religion
is escapism.

There must be a milieu for action.

Barbarism,

Atrocities,

Bombings,

Poisonings

of wheat in Cambodia,
Secret Government agencies,

and all manifestations of political hysteria

LEAD TO GENOCIDE! OR MASS STARVATION
and such hell that death would be better!

FREEDOM FROM GUILT AND RESPONSIBILITY
is necessary to the individual so he may
receive the normal pleasures of body and life
--whether it be the pleasures of a Congo tribesman
or a city dweller in a European or American city!

IDEALISM IS EASY FOR THE MOST WEALTHY AND THE MOST IMPOVERISHED!

POLITICS IS DEAD AND BIOLOGY IS HERE!

FEAR AND GUILT MUST BE CAST ASIDE LIKE A DIRTY ROBE!

CYNICISM AND ESCAPISM MUST BE PUT ASIDE INSTANTLY!

The traitors directing the barbarism must have power taken
from them!

There is no single answer to the new biological confrontation!
There must be a multitude of solutions!
They must be arrived at by thought and action.
Neither is possible without energy and information!

Society and Government smother both energy and information!

The majority of the citizens are against the war!
War creates guilt that causes blindness!

Blindness means hysteria and flight!

An arena must be cleared for new thought and action
that is not national in scope
but incorporates all human creatures...
and all creatures to come!
--All who will move to the stars to investigate
the possibilities of infinite freedoms.

EACH MAN IS INNOCENT!
The point of life is not rest but action.
DEATH IS REST
--everyone will have enough rest for eternity!

NOW IS THE TIME FOR ACTION.
THE WAR MUST BE STOPPED -- THE WORLD SEEN CLEARLY!

THE UNIVERSE IS MESSIAH!

WHAT IS THIS SMOKE?

The neon napalm flash is filth and death!

GRAHH !

BLESS!

WHEN

you walking 'round out there

sure as i know some men die on crosses

come clean,

come if you can clean

i do know what it means it means

walking 'round out there under sun or weather

there you are,

change, if you can, you must

i'll direct (otherwise)

rays at you, my will

at you it is that simple

you simply

have to change your life you have to see

beauty of blood clothing you moving

with the planetary beat

insisting,

the tune the beat that all

if it would be true

moves to some loved one then the next

making the time hearing the earth shifts

there is,

you could we would all

live in a song of our making.

Max Finstein

2

DESTROY THE RICE !

a Victory Chant

According to a U.P. dispatch ("Fort Lauderdale News," Sunday, Feb. 6, 1966) in 1965 the Air Force of the United States of America sprayed crop-killing chemicals on twenty thousand (20,000) acres of rice land in Southeast Asia. It is hoped that in 1966 two hundred thousand (200,000) acres of rice can be destroyed.

The rice that feeds the bad ones,
the rice that keeps alive the jungly brats,
destroy the rice! Destroy it!

Let Freedom cluck!
Another Victory for Uncle Death!
Sweet beamish pilots full of wheat and corn,
destroy the rice! Destroy it!

It's a grand old flog.
Lest memory of Freedom be forgot,
do it sadly, without exult,

BUT

in the name of Jeezus, Gawd, and Well-Fed Kids,
DESTROY THE RICE!

Gerrit Lansing
Gloucester

THE RAHAB CONTRARY

(out of Nietzsche)

in Art man rejoices over himself as per-
 fection" I kneeled,
 many pieces around me, pipes brushes a white
 square of cloth to rubber-band over
 the exhaust that what was in the rug be
 caught & taken, her hand

trembling over, a blue ball-point pen
 dropped, Press told to her, she picked it up,
 the contract press in thru three carbons.
 no rugs.

I am your Kirby Answer Man "in Art man rejoices over himself as per-
 fection" I swung down the walk, knocked, 75 pounds, I was born
 in Indianapolis, In Indianapolis I went to school, Crane
 a black cloud hung ober my jildhood, my destiny hooked
 in the jaw VACUUM CLEANERS between my mild
 boyhood spirit & what to the city was my bent

Times of sitting in a restaurant at 8 in the morning
 over coffee waiting for leads, over cigarettes & the music
 the eyes of tired women in white uniforms my fellow salesmen
 across the one a drunk struggled out every morning & wld have asked me too
 had I been of age. the eyes of Kenneth shot
 into which drop an egg before leaving the field,
 any drugstore, to prelong come.
 he had a girl.

I was alone with her in the bedroom over
 her bed, the covers rolled back, little timid black night hairs
 on the sheet. Machine in hand I bumpy cruised, pulled off
 the testcloth on which a dark full moon of grease crouched
 Mamn your mattress is full of body sludge --
 you cld fry an egg in that.

Funny how Japan is recalled.

We stood in the doorway, one drunk inside showing how to play
 the girls a guitar, I left the bedroom without a sale,
 I sold those who had no guitars or milk, we hit the niggers
 at dawn, the poor whites late before their husbands at dusk, the Closer
 came in, I rested back, never visited Hiroshima "in Art

man rejoices over himself as per-
 fection" the rasa placed. the bone. I got here
 from believing there by dumb luck, by silence, by to me mute lines

carried in place of timber on my back -- I have now paid
 for every uneducated bereft woman I sold to, thru whose gender
 have I been saved, condemned, scratched in chicken, hoisted
 in flames, thru whose ladder I have been raised
 witch in whom I burn. They stand below. The mediaeval night is dark,
 the faggots.

The poet is never homosexual.

28 November 1965

Clayton Eshleman
 Lima, Peru

ANY WINDOW or

YOU GIVE IT A FRAME

Thin line of snow on the cornices
 of roofs, two birds in the sky, one
 a pigeon, the other a Boeing 707

against the same blue,
 both sets of wings
 catching the sun

Paul Blackburn
 New York City

OCTOBER 26

Oh, it is bright today, the October sun! I follow your odyssey like a new Good Friday throughout this sunny week. So grey last year. Sunday was new moon, Kalie's night. She sits on your altar now and blesses me. A year ago Sunday did Alan and I take the LSD, on which we foresaw a tremendous setting out, pronouncing the words "Let it come down" resigning our posts as one of the two poles that held up this continent (the Bermans balancing on the other side). That LSD with my jeweled brick meditation wall, followed by two days yours with Debbie Lee. When you saw that you had indeed destroyed your house. When you say you were indeed the King Who Dies. When you came out of your curtained, separated room, and gently for hours taught Debbie what you knew. Making her lie down, teaching her every muscle. As she so sadly recalls, and grateful. Not knowing then your decision, it comes clear you knew it, we went on. Lightly assigning a task too heavy for us. Telling each other the Apocalypse had already happened. As indeed it had in your seeing. We went blithely on. The moon was full. Harvest moon. We had gotten at Wednesday reading, at the round table, the oracle Splitting Apart. "THERE IS A RIPE FRUIT STILL UNEATEN" it said and we still did not see.

Day after the LSD I went out to gather wood with Jeanne. From a house full of pumpkin seeds and harvest foods. Met you near the construction site where the wood was, and you carried huge timbers home for me, grumbling the while, wanting to come up and use the phone. Alan asleep, I hurried you out again, tho you could have used a shower and a nap. These simple human things, done wrong a thousand times, the bed refused, or the towel, the dollar not offered, this time take on the reverberations of thunder, this time fill up the sky with a cloud of blood. You wandered out again and played with Jeanne. Took class with her, gave her an amulet (which Debbie Lee had lost). I filled with the sorrows of our future departure, so clearly revealed, the clear bright skies, so cold, the stars of different colors, leaning against Alan in a wagon which taveled and traveled over endless plains, cold, silent, looking backward in my heart, all this revealed, I filled with these sorrows gave you no second thought. The king who would trigger it off. SO IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN WITH ORACLES. That day, there was a ripe fruit still uneaten.

You wandered on, thru an unspeakable odyssey. You seem to have been everywhere at once. Last year today, it was a Monday then, you called and told me all your friends were busted. Thru something you had inadvertently said. You told me they had killed all the children in the world. The streets were empty. I told you get some sleep. "You know--I think I'll never sleep again". I asked Alan to get up (unprecedented) and come with me.

We met you in Coscia's, at the corner table. Last time I saw you. We had coffee. We talked, you listened a lot, about the setting out, about the apocalypse being over, about picking up now, shards on the beaches, pieces of shattered world just past to build a new one with. You said not everyone would make it thru. No, I said, and I looked you in the eye, I knew you were thinking of yourself, but did not foresee the event--but they will make the bridge for us, and they will be back again. You took it at that. You said we made you happy. You said all the people in the street were crying "except the P.R.'s, they know where it's at." You stole my flute, and then you went away.

That night a phone call asking me to a party. To the roof of Ridge Street, the old opulent tower. To which I never went. I was to bring my Calculus to read. You would dance. You would make a dance "to conjure Kirby Doyle." To bring your black Irish brother back to the city. No one came but Johnny Dodd and Debbie Lee. And you sent her away. All night a wandering, a to and fro. Ralph di Padova, a hood or undertaker, driving you everywhere in an old black Pontiac. Your passion. That you rode the elevator in Andy Warhol's building up and down for hours, in the night.

In the day, (tomorrow) you met Johnny Dodd, and went home with him for a shower. You cleaned yourself, you danced, you shed your flesh. A leap that bought the new age, and turned us loose.

And the other day, sitting in a movie with Alan, I watched him become excited and like a child about a beautiful barn we were looking at, and I thought, suddenly, and lightly for the first time in a year, how young we were. The ILLUSION of our youngness overcame me, I almost felt American, I thought of barns, and cars, and horses, and young children, and lightly, lightly, I touched my husband's arm. But as we got up to leave, in the dark, the cloak of our true age, the number of times we have done these things, the infinite number of your deaths, settled on my shoulders again, a magic cloak that nothing will remove. I felt the age I feel in Yoga class, in all my prayer and study, and lost again, so fast, that timid glorious western illusion that this is my life, my first, I was born unknowing. You have blasted all that permanently for me. I enjoy each spring now with thousands of springs behind it. Your fall, the rock I slew you on, by a river in India, your todo's with Alan in the years between these, of which I knew nothing, all this I see when I see your leap on Cornelia St. But cannot help feeling that piece of ground is holy. As if the sidewalk itself should bear some permanent mark.

OCTOBER 27

And so the anniversary of your death dawns clear. The sunlight you bought last year is with us still. Making jewels out of everything. The dust motes dance in the air.

We are leaving the hotel, I don't know for where.

I don't know if together, or apart
we are setting out.

You have won this much for us, you have cut us loose
Charles who no longer works, Debbie Lee making dances
The children sit on the floor in a patch of sunlight
playing with Halloween pumpkins.

I have never been so light, the jewel that the sun is
is something I'll wear in my forehead now, your last present to me
we have stepped off that edge that I've written about for so long.

The freedom of walking the plank
or of your leap

"go take a long walk on a short pier"

Alex sits on a coloring book like a magic carpet

He rides it across the room

"Goodbye" he says "I'm Leaving You Forever"

The stapler is jeweled, two volumes of Paracelsus
the toy box, the back of the chair, my shoulder

Mini wears her mask on the top of her head, like a hat
two extra eyes stare at the ceiling

THIS IS THE LIGHT WE WALK IN FROM NOW ON

this freedom, like swimming in space, no north, no south
your gift, one year in birthing.

Shall I no longer hear your voice in the shop, and wheel, expecting to see
you at my shoulder? Will you no longer fill my dreams in strange motels?
Have you indeed found another, diminutive body to use for your ends? Or
shall you be born to me in Nova Scotia, a dark and stormy sun on the
weaving fogs? Whose will do you fly from now? Goodbye, friend, finally.
Spread yourself thin as sunshine, tissue thin, and play, and play, and play.

Last part of

SPRING AND AUTUMN ANNALS,
A Celebration of the Seasons for Freddie

Diane DiPrima
Kerhonkson, New York

PIECES OF ACE

7) A feeling of thinness. A feeling of barely being alive. A wan visage. Thin skin. I present an appearance. I put in an appearance. I am skating on thin ice. Sharp blades glide by on the melting pond. A false freeze. The fall's first. A line is cut as I go, & in going, go in deeper & deeper. The skater stands on one leg, still as a stork, bent over, arms out for balance, slicing the still air, face grown numb from the chill wind. Landscapes are breaking up all about himself. Everything is going to pieces. Only his eyeballs move as he cranes to get a glimpse. Galssey-eyed, he sees his sack of agate marbles burst, bust his balls, & bounce away. He's freezing. He's turning to stone. I sink like a rock. I sink like a coin. I stop on a dime. I turn on my heel & go, & in going, go in deeper & deeper.

8) Tomorrow I shall get up, go about my business as usual, as if nothing had happened.

9) The next day I revolt.

10) On the following day....

11) Future

12) Business as usual.

13) October 7th, 1963.

Andrew Hoyem
San Francisco

GNOSTIC ARGUMENTS

the light and the dark worlds --

but they are all here

and in the yard after the rain the straps of mud and green

makes

steps this world

into not the next six

they are all here

there are no forms the land does not take
to lead us into new relevances
the revelation is in sight

the primus anthropos comes down this road, then

his resonances and aromas

haze above but are

hazes of here

roads

the flesh's

if the walls waver, move, wiggles
on the floor, the multicolored snakes of movement

- is it a question of rest

or entrance and acceptance --

they did not look that way before

we had not seen them

are snakes of themselves

the world of light and of dark
the mother, the arched sky, the primal man
lank and sensual, dry and aloof

engage us

a dust devil across the road
full of beer cans and trash

having picked us up
sets us down

full of all colors

The hills beyond Lecompton west
 rest as Virginia, mountains, Tennessee, alone
 The farmyard driven to, wrong road taken
 a dozen dogs run up, barking

mash smell almost in the air
 The river working at the hills' edges
 the flat flood plain half a mile wide
 left into the valleys roads do not end

--16 March 66

The road to the cliffs at Bodega
 is grown back to grass again
 There are no differences among us
 as we walk back from the sea -- green
 fly us against the wind

Along the San Andreas fault
 the poppies furled are on the verge
 of opening -- green
 bend against the wind

There is no speech equivalent
 to the distance crossed

But this

--19 March 66

You were more lovely at the party than ever when we lived together
 Lines around the eyes drawn carefully into their interiors
 the lamp hanging in the living room lit
 Contrary in the darkness of the other room
 I heard your thighs sliding against each other as you walked
 This party where we went is where the world is

Toward San Francisco in the early evening fall of light--but it is day now,
 another afternoon, early falls, calls at us, gulls we saw, lights
 that in the distances were ourselves, over again, again to meet, unknown
 into this room fall in the air as the air falls, dark

Once we called our yard
 the yard of the world, the courtyard
 of all things
 that in this party's room
 we come together after separation
 half a year and anger
 all things are

There is only one time
 endless, to meet --
 now, not any other

-- 3 April 66

Ken Irby
 Berkeley

DEEP SONG
 for Billie Holiday

second time
 I start the
 pendulum

swinging into
 forward
 motion,

tendering
 dreams
 of Xanadu

the hollow
 creak of
 self-insistence
 measures
 a going concern
 tempus fugit
 tempest

fuck-it

I

know where
 I'm going

heinous thud
 mid-day midnight
 who could tell
 at a glance?

David Gitin
 Pittsburgh

because you quote Artaud....

for Peter Bergman

"after the first flash"

"optimistic and all-knowing"

"wise, the world turns
through your rhythm/
complex of becoming
energies - - -"

I hear you
in the first flash;
words, a letter
telling of depression
(as the song
goes nowhere

and you quote Artaud:

"a coward - - - every man
who does not wish
to recreate his form - -"

I think the tragedy
of that man was
he found himself
alone - - -

the walls around,
what all men know,
if only as a loss,
scream back

in chaos
where the mind, continually
clutches for itself - -

no facts,
no magic,
and no People of his own

(that final blockage
turns the sperm
to stone

to go on feeding, when
 the world is Maya/
 an illusion AND the Real, or:
 Shiva, manifest - -

and we are in it !

(stigma of 2000 years;
 the "imitatio" of christ, or yahweh grows
 a forest of black needles
 for the arms

I walk upstairs to get
 Artaud's book,
 hoping there
 would be

--the "Theatre of Cruelty" you call
 a way back into
 everything (the Mysteries)

explained

-- some words on breathing, in-
 spiration

how to answer
 what you do not ask,
 ask any woman - -
 (stories of the moon

ask men of women - - -

on the back porch
 sounds of a guitar, played slowly,
 off-shift, as the boy upstairs
 winds out
 some Hank Snow

sorrow

I must back away from,
 intermittent wisdom --
 birds! a hidden spiral (?)

GNA-wings in the blood - - -

now in the basement
 where I started this
 the human wearings:
 shed skin
 of a rotting house

flows by
 a perfume-candle's
 flame - -

out here
 some huge blue fly
 that imitates a hornet

circles - - -

and the wind in moving
 leaf-light

brings burnt gas,
 a reek of pulp-mill
 sulphur
 to the lungs

all sense
 Gone! "vanished" in
 the air (we breathe) - - - these words are
 tracks of my desire,

to send you
 some thing more - - - -

June 21st/66
 David Cull
 Ottawa

SEA SONfor The Detroit Contemporary Four

I saw the child's house
move out of the child
into the man
the man child
move out of the man into
areas of no concern

1

a record's kept
 in film of
 an intercourse

at first the
 camera
 intruded

then care in
 handling became
 natural

a machine, no
 eye, we caught
 the actions with

2

the river the river the river the river

flows

until the rose
 falls from the assassin's mouth

blood rising
 where it falls

no time
 in it

silence if
 we don't put names to it

or record
waves of it

--my ear, my
other

that heres
that space

the shell gives forth
foam

the ear accepts it

the ear is foolish
to hear

when the singer
must shout

to make himself
heard

music put
to language

is an im-
position

few realise;
Ives, a few others

Johnny
Mercer

the others humping
syllables

"it's a gay li-ife"
when your words

have no
responses

abilities but
hand-me-downs

from dis-
honest discourse

that the world will fuck you
up is history: what we've
stepped on: life's song in me

Charles says he wants
to be a troubadour,
go about from town to town
"blow when I feel it most"

blows when he most feels it

Stanley tells of playing
to this awful 'Cawlige'
crowd, finger poppers, be-
boppers; never gets then
inside himself, instead of be-
musin', outside that crazy rip
music is, inside your head
the real music
so fucking real you can't listen with your ears

my other ear

can't keep up, can't use it 'cause
it's using you, blah blah blahh blaahhh
bleee blleeee blrrreeeee!!!!
EIH EIH EIH EIH EIH

no sweet
whoremoney

the bell rings dis-
way dis way dis way

disconsolate & it's hard to use
your ears yourself when
there's five men using them
for their own purposes

Victor Coleman
Toronto

surfaces

a: small book for barb

(electricity mechanic
al geni
us for
alternate
care,
throttled (told sense in
the throat ---

la
ughing the sense photo
graphing photo
gagging all taut in
gauging as sprockets do brake
age put stops upon (startings of
time --

as the small bird was
startled was something
come there
for a drink for no breaking he didn't
want to stop he stopped his

story

was there -- so

the edge of the
trough where my water
is waiting is something
come in
thru the pipes --

pressed a button made a pull,
can sea from the sky --

water's water
like the man
said --

1)

a
 while, wheel
 turn on a side if
 form were a spokesman
 turn on you --

face it --

what he would (look out
 see thru sea
 wheeling (riding by
 waves way of

waving to
 ward your
 face, facet
 whatever he rides --

oval
 in an oval
 glass --

2)

spring here is small birds in the road they
 fly toward the car fly
 upward before you the long land the
 threshing
 is done --

factory movies, the 30's, one
 hand doing one thing
 ten thousand times, or
 mexican golf
 in the fields --

3)

b
 coming tortured to (done to your
 hand no

other way to
 make you be
 still --

your fingers do
 branching such care turned to
 sun leaves
 what the tree s left
 to say --

4)

so singing spar
 ing, spare, the spaces (also
 as words & the words
 that are so many spaces --

we call an extra tire
 spare what barely
 gets you by what it is
 you count on
 drag along --

5)

i
 of the storm the good
 brew where it set down (cut a swath
 across the town -- who's

tired of it en
 tirely
 bored who's

seeing, seized, i
 s eye --

6)

seaming, the rain in
 the streets what is
 casual is
 temperate
 time the bird s
 way the lift of
 the tree where he
 held her be
 held her, behold --

7)

i
 deal i
 doll eyes do
 love lie as
 flowers what go for
 the sun seen streaming in (out of
 your eye s flow
 ers as all things do flower do see
 d out dear (reach of your
 arm s eyes yell
 o su n o
 moon --

8)

d
 light is some thing
 easy why
 ease your

care let off
 lightly no sen
 tense to bear

(a very d
 manding anim
 al win
 hungry kin do you
 such care --

9)

she will not
 come to the window tho a hundred times (each night
 he sees her there who can
 articulate

nothing who (some days
 can't say a damn

thing it's not
 his home he comes there for
 pleasure comes (quietly
 planning

to love --

10)

c
 him coming at you he
 loves the way you don't look
 what you'd say --

ceaser sees her
 siezer ceaser
 cease her care s o'

hold her as wed
 d in the sound of their
 love look in
 hack sees her comin
 comb --

11)

strung a
 gain st
 able to
 form be it
 heirloom air's
 loom weave of your
 here hair spinner a
 loring a
 door --

12)

green grass would be
 for the chickens if it weren't you
 & the dog --

13)

please don't miss
 take me
 the world does not
 love a (love her hus

band to wife, fear of

coupling, link
 age the dealing
 of friends --

what it is all
going on
outside --

14)

so it's not merely
over & over they do (seriously
find new

retreats new places (what you'd call
home -- tho

memorized, over &
over, never
& no more
of mind --

we say it comes thru
his fingers say
his hands work a loan --

we tell him
he knows it
by heart --

15)

how spare the word s
between them
as the sound s pare
as on the limb s
air --

16)

z's
not (out at the ends (not
directional (only
in mind, as

minders are
counters re
ply --

20)

slow dust
kills flowers

so the pipeline
 ends

the road some man (wanting cotton
 brings water in brought (alkaline
 nothing
 for homes --

"seen em (he'd
 seen them "come up that road
 prop car bodies together
 make a home" --

years ago is
 remnant is
 today "we oughta
 make a place
 for the kids" --

till there's nothing
 become ample preparation --
 a pipeline at one end
 highway to the north it
 drifts off (become
 other towns --

Ron Caplan
 Pittsburgh/Toronto

his saks fifth avenue tie
 (or on learning he's been fooled)

for othello jones

this violinist that the program said
 was being welcomed in the symphony
 is a girl i went to highschool with. some days
 i can't do anything right. martha says how much
 she's always liked the way i dress-
 the tie i hitchhiked from saks with west
 the suit i wore from equador hero
 and jungle fever in it- when a guy i knew
 had finished school back when i should have
 sat in front of me beside the kind of girl i dress up for.
 i looked at martha and know it doesn't work
 that no matter how exotic
 hero.

anxious now i want the time to come
 i will not have to wear his clothes to feel myself let in.
 the name with nothing else but just that in the picture
 the name without the work the ways the learning and the tone
 beneath the plate the sewn on plate. i wait
 for the woman i do not need it for.
 (am i still wearing my own skin like saks when i am naked?)
 "the sudden nostril sting
 and not yet either
 or ever" (how did he do it he's so ugly)

he got a girl in his apartment after we had talked.
 i am outraced again
 another at the finish line ahead of me again
 another friend knows more than i do. we cannot be friends.
 jealous of my ignorance. rev. felder screams "thou fool-"
 did i never listen? henry and arthaniel are suspicious.
 i cannot keep this shy front up much longer
 all the monks are dead and rita knows it
 today they are called other things did i never listen
 afraid to hear anything knowing it all says the same.
 the other boys in his apartment
 walk in while he is showering. what will they think?
 i do not hope they do. they talk of girls
 and they look young and wild and reckless and erect
 though nothing is in sight. they look like men
 virile more than i could be again

too old for what i have not been
 too young in action
 for the mastery i should have long been in.

the whiteys out black
 me. now
 age is no excuse
 but my condemner
 neither waited
 respectibility.
 i have bartered my part in a very old legend.

Ed Roberson
 Pittsburgh

Veal and Ham Pie

bought at a shop
 for 1/ and 3pence.
 Fork in the right

 you cut through
 the rich crust
 swallow this and eat the filling.
 wash it down
 with some bitter, sold
 at the same price, a half pint

bought in a pub
 instead of a bar

 riding round South East London
 in a car using petrol

 to pick blackberries in
 the Shoreham wood

 with sheep lining
 the valley below

 you & I
 in the rain

September 10, 1965
 London

The Medium

for Robin Blaser

a clown by Roualt
 becomes image
 on the wall
 not really looking down
 but nothing else
 has come
 as if a sexual act
 yet not so simple
 as an orgasm. I'm no painter
 it'll take a thousand words
 the saying goes. what that drag
 clown on the wall says

Dec. 6, 1965
 England

Poem: on Womanhood, Love, Language

to Tom Clark

when they touched me

I was all woman
 flesh, buttock, breast

the same as desire

a full mouth, large lips
 pouting words in their eyes

the language my love is

expression my hips
 under his weight
 surrounded by sheets, that's
 how strong my love is

Joan Gilbert
 Oct. 5, 1965
 Brightingsea, Essex

The Snows Stars Rock

Yah its a picture
 the green boughs bow
 the snow down
 the black night fills
 the top bough the tree tops
 its a picture the world is
 thrown down snow castles
 from the night above the snow
 above is filled with stars
 are filled-in warriors
 and dogs

silence

the hill side
 sidles up as I
 up the sky I move through

the switchback
 trees white moon
 baby hang on hang on

the rock clear dark fir boughs

wet fir boughs
 dark wet fir boughy roads

in the dark and under your blazing timber sun

down the mountain

through sideways the switchback
 roads made for skiing down
 language
 four feet above your silken grass sides the bark flies from

the pitch
 sticks

yes, mud
 yes please hang on

the boots names thereupon icfield rock
 and top

uh huh a picture
 I is eyes in the stars
 I look at I could be
 a ceiling of soft dark
 height....

THE BOSTON-BUFFALO TURNPIKE

On the Greyhound leaping
through the night my bowels twists
 my thoughts
the light dawn distant scenacruiser nightlight
(stairs to the toilet
rips electric tightnesses

and so it's been a week now
since I was with you
in the bus depot like old lovers
holding your hand, wanting to
kiss you in public
and have my arm around you then

and you left me
in town with all the lights
and then the Greyhound leaping
like a trip

Listen, I want you to come home now.

Fred Wah
Buffalo

On Then Millford Haven Shoreline

John Smith also archaeologist

Corn Hill then Millford Haven shoreline

near now Pamet River, North Truro
trout swirl in the marsh pools
as the Pamet cuts sand away

(is collapsed stratified drift ?

where men cut sand away
dug Indian graves for corn, Corn Hill
Smith's report available reads found:

"...a board three quarters long, painted and carved with three Tyns
at the top like a Cronet..."

"...a great quantity of fine red powder like a kind of embalment, and
yielded a strong but no offensive smell, with the bones and skull of a
man that had fine yellow hair still on it..."

Is tritonos thrice cut cronet who was
dug up that hill my uncle this day lives
Corn Hill North Truro Cape Cod Bay?

2

And Indians showed them how

plant corn seed / plant fish
fish in earth over corn seed
as it had been taught them.

"Neptune's Theater" nothing new at
Nova Scotia less than ten years before Smith & Co.
Lescarbot wrote (his room, rebuilt, for public
to celebrate Champlain's return a masque

shown in a print: on a barge stands Neptunus
crowned bearded long white hair
his right hand bears his trident like a staff

And the Indians knew it all before

circle lazily in canoes
welcoming it is a 'homecoming' ?

3

They also at Gaza found him

at the bottom of a well
dropped down a well in an orange grove
with his arms busted off
with his scaled legs mostly
busted off

"only the stump of Dagon was left to him"

looking like Poseidon his father
wide-eyed and Hellenic
dumped down a well
in Ahmed Sehien's orange grove

Dagon, who is Siton / Corn God the Phoenician says
Zeus Agrarios. Who comes by sea.

4

And as I walk Truro pine trees toppled down
the Cape cups Atlantic waters
like a huge sand weir set out by glaciers

Provincetown, deposited by proglacial streams
washing away so fast Smith's map
shows land isn't even there now

But still tuna, blackfish caught
in bowed arm of Cape hook
caught Pilgrims - anything comes down the coast.

What wrecks lie / What skulls shift
beneath Atlantic sands?

5

Have also been to Quincy, Mass.
Where Endicott kicked Morton's ass

Where idleness was cut away

(Bradford puns over the toppled maypole, O Idol

1620 and he was caught by the leg
Cape Cod, noosed rope Indian trap hoisted him
there must have been some laughter

Mare-Mount

into the air

where certain verses were pinned on the maypole

into the air

the skirts of Indian women

idols busted down

the town called

Dagon!

Albert Glover
Buffalo

Stars, for Charles

To write a poem in anger John Keats
never

we held back from the others
he put his arm around me,
see: we got noise here too
this is a city this is what
I wake up to

The noise?
the grinding of a fertilizer plant

There is a subway
 $\frac{1}{2}$ block from my windows
and a movie house
in which the stars appear nightly
on screen & on the ceiling, only that roof
and the stars overhead
are my choice, I have chosen
the stars

He builds too low who builds
beneath the stars.

His father ran in
clubbed him with a flashlight
through the covers
'to see stars'

red
green, in the car, on the radio, Jocko
turns into Symphony Sid
and King Pleasure

(Pleasure!) velvet
the seat, the night north
along Central Park.

Reach
for the window, the sight of
the lights laid out in the park, so many
stars

land you
on your head.
The tutelary spirit
of the place lands you head
crowned
an atom model
a bird's nest
and the hungry starlings, birds of desire

swirling, feeding

"Star - word - herb - gem"

each

constellated, each effusive.

The squeeze, the use, the diffusion
of each, a cloud chamber
tracing the particles

or the

drop of lemon as it descends
and spins out into
tea

that within dissolution
and the swirl

is a nucleus
of gain

one word that
sifts

or is heavy

when the wedge of the poem is driven forward
one grain like sand, at the very edge, one word often
is the only one that remains,

love

no anger,
there was no such
crash. The car
continues along.

(The car had suddenly stopped after starting again after
the light changed. The other car had rushed out like a
kid from one of the side streets to see. I didn't know,
I thought we had crashed. I thought I had fallen out
the window.

But it was only the streetlamps along the
paths in the park.

That and lifting my eyes.
Your size.

Sections from Subway

For love I would travel
 for love I would ride out
 for love I would take
 the local

(two hours by subway: the A train express
 to 14th Street, 14th Street-Canarsie line to
 Myrtle Avenue, and walk 12 blocks,
 for love.

And we would spend the night, having so earned
 it, as pennies, as ever we would,
 out of our pockets.

And I go back broke, out at heart,
 and very private.

Back. A whole block

2 cops trailing me
 every step of the way
 I hold my own
 my breath against
 the wind
 shakes me
 inside my coat and
 inside my skin but
 inside their car it is
 warm, their faces
 turning

the corner, on top my toes,
 stopping, just missing, just so much
 beef

I hold my breath,
 and duck underground
 I hold my breath
 and enter the subway
 I wave my finger
 behind

was always school, we lit cigarettes
 and the cop came (it was the level above
 the train and tracks, was to me, properly, the
 subway) but there aint no signs here he sd yeah
 you know what sub means? and I
 did, and there aint no smoking
anywhere under ground.

Or so he said.

Hell

it was my first lesson
 in etymology.

And there was plenty of leisure
 if to wait is that
 easy

14th Street

is the coldest

a wind rushes up the tunnel

instead of a train

A rite of passage

I come back to the start of it all
and the street, the street is holy,
knowing it

was like knowing the ways
of the labyrinth, every crack
from standing in the outfield
in the sun bored, or carving your
initials in the tar would last three years with the
traffic, as long as it would matter,
after that, well say you put them in
at 13 at 16 you'd be up on the roof
or in some girl's pants,

as you knew
every chip in the curb which was
home plate, the ridge for foul ball
or home run not being very far apart
at all, like everything else, whether
you made it or not, not far apart at
all,

knowing the divine is all I'll
ever drink the wine in cellars the
gas of garbage bananas yellow shit
the boiler room the roar of the burner
and the heat, hell, going to your head, I

lope out

--George Butterick
Buffalo

MOUTH

Michigan leaves,
 lay deep lie dry
 beneath your feet--
 oh come away from that place--
 come with me! I will take you
 to where my mind is, high
 over Sandia crest,

where clouds are black solids
 pressing the peaks of snow,
 come with me, oh come with me high,
 past that mesa, to where each night
 evening is a sun, set in hot color,
 and the west wind, whistles in windows,
 and weaves black air thru the stars.

David Franks
 Placitas / 1965

a ritual

that woman
 will have to go
 i demanded
 to myself lying
 beside her awake
 & impatient
 watching
 her sleep
 & it was not
 her snoring nor
 her half opened mouth
 that bothered me
 but knowing
 that
 in the morning she
 would insist that
 she fix breakfast
 as ceremony for
 my cock
 & then
 burn the toast

trips a go-go in dharma

the l s d humanity
 bangers who
 captured in the sunday
 morning shoeshine
 ritual to
 the need to
 believe holding in
 communal conversion
 mass of the dead baptism
 to
 mankind

christ ain't devine
 god ain't devine
 man is supreme
 frug frug frug

mecca
 at the river frugging
 their sins together
 singing to the river
 gods
 pissing in the water

holy holy holy scrub & frug
 holy holy holy scrub & frug
 holy holy holy scrub & frug
 man
 is on the cross
 & we ain't

gonna
 let him off

frug piss fart
 bubbles in the water
 holy holy holy guilt & sin
 holy holy holy rub & frug
 away with guilt
 away with sin
 holy holy holy scrub & frug
 holy holy holy scrub & frug
 holy holy holy

aaaahhhmanshit

Gino Clays
 San Francisco

As the seasons change

so changeth my love oh yes

January

February

June & July

I just thought I'd call

hang up

you creep

TO HIS COY MUSE

long graceful sloping legs

you are more woman than any other

to me

and we love at night to remain so/

glistening stars drip oil

anointing our bodies

the wind breathes

yr voice leaves

and trees the night

Steve Mindel
San Francisco

as curtain well in of it concrete as layers,
 know not formed of the swathing lava but al-
 ready mouldable on inmerging you walking it
 some but don't yet see service! service! my
 2-pointed arrows, the blind archer ears to
 the door & the door closes over the treasure.
 Locks! Locks! cries the Great Lake dying solid
 mud at lasting exbreathereavement Looks! ah
 fuck you, the eye turns in the door, the key
 turns into ancient plaster an eye? dragging
 my foot through wind rushing water

clause us to lie up to peace, spread your piece's
 tablecloth over us, guide us & guard us through
 the shining hole. Who was this Mr. Blessed Be?
 Tales count. And under me? Who? I mean like
 okay I know those guys on the left on the right
 in front of in rear of. & over my head? Sali-
 vation! So who's under -- not Who? -- uuuuuhhhhhh
 I get. What? WHAT'S? WAAT'S under my butt?
 Wood. Wood knot. In namesake of. Be clause
 out your. Re disc & cover. Clothes. Stiffen-
 ingly up the steps. Happy flew. Merry washing
 out tons of crap.

from a new work

Morton Grinker
 San Francisco

marriage poem

"Ah, yet well I know that were a woman possible
as i am possible
then marriage would be possible--"

--gregory corso

looking up
from outside

the shades down
the windows
of my house

like a tomb...

1. if you want me, i can be yrs,
describe the ritual. the face
you want my silver
eyes
teeth rotten

leave
messages in parks cemeteries
leave
word in the places i love

;man
no longer has feet to stand
on
multi-lingual
speaks as well
as he can

in broken tongues
sings the same
tenuous song
through the world

snail-like
carries what little he has w/him--

lonely turtle

2. no pity, for the above, no false tears
 a statement disregard

innuendo,

it is the clear voice
 speaking humanly; that i hear.

(understand? destroy the word, it
 clogs us up.

3.

ALTO,
 espanol--

gringoes
 build

ugly boxes
 on yr land

the teeth are here
 of ridges

points

cloven rock

corte madera

larkspur paradise drive
 the loom of the land in sad

sick hands

corte madera center

center core

land is the pivot
real estate

san quentin
 anselmo

grizzled rock-face

dying

4.

grey tubular teeth
of the
sea
twisted in my groin

we talk of responsibility what i mean is
response-----ability
to grow into & out
from to live near the sea, in it,
sucking life-force through every
opening, cavity, cleft-in-rock-at-tide-level,

backwards then, when we
are touching

i am pulled away into
worlds i cannot fathom w/dead reckoning//no
mode for us

who tear each other's flesh in
tortured rhythms in the night,

the dance we've learned
strained flesh
to get the pieces of the puzzle
we call it love
&
walk through lovely minds
w/ feet of steel.

finally, i can make no apology. to you whom i did love,
my throat is blocked. the sense of it, strength,
we cd have had it that day walking at the beach, i
turned to you & sd, "i always feel
like jumping in, attacking the sea" you

sd, "not w/out me" & finally you

are no use to me.

heraclitus: "we are most estranged
from that which has
become familiar"

estranged? dead, maybe. within my blood, rivers
sing dark songs, i want the light.

rising, wet-
mouthed from the sea, organic.

"what i need are
dozens of raw oysters, to carry w/me & ward off attacks
of impotence"

or i may stare, glassy-eyed,
sliding
down the rock-wall-face
& into a quiet, moving sea.

5.

i write
in homage for living, or out of
to hear
the god voice heart beat
beating.

sooner or later, on any
highway you travel, insufficient signs/ KEEP
RIGHT
LEFT LANE ONLY

NO TURNS
4 to 6 PM

we learn in the process to stay alive, fight back
& don't call it fighting i have heard a radio
playing blues

from a window in the night
that flowered for me,
raw poetry, raw oysters all
the same source.

if you look for the fibre
you can tell the quality of the cloth, strong
tensile

it is exactly against this strength
that i pit myself
in an embrace
that fills my night w/ music.

6. we sing the songs we have
 or lose them, they are all broken
 bent shattered
 by too much living in them

a re-

liance on the un-real

sur-real

"sir-real, can you tell me the time? i
 must go home immediately"

the voice that drives me

into the wall of night is my own.
 learnt from the intricacies of books.
 did i find what's there? or
 an occasional meal?

you come
 offering answers

while my mind (clear

offers gives

questions

7. "my load was very heavy"

"you have lightened it"

"for this & all the rest of it,
 i am grateful"

"the gifts you have given are mine now"

"we always play for keeps, anymore"

"you knew we were playing for keeps"

anything in return, so you receive the best
i have--

my body will soon be
useless love me then?

i hear yr voice over loud sea songs
from drunken throats

yes yes yes

9. i stuff the finished poem
 deep into my pocket
 & can rest can
 run through the night to carry
 it to you

naked,
a confessional.

you bring me to this
i confess no

ritual

but for the sake of
yr forms
will stay longer
than i had intended,

defile
my visit

woman of whom i am now
worthy
can read to you out of
love this poem which
says
i never will

return

woman
who lies heavily
in my bed

 woman
carrying my child
unwanted in yr groin

in the basket
 the
 forms
 are in-
 cessantly moving.
 changing.

i live
 beyond the
 limits of yr mind

in a land where only
 i make decisions i rule
 w/all the grace i have
 shaggy man, pretender,

mountebank. i am
 a thief in the night of yr

jewelled
 crusty dreams steals yr
 softness

carries the fearful seed
 to other warm lucid places
 my child must weigh worlds to you

soured by a rust
 that eats yr. brain in
 yr groin my
 sons flesh

rotting

10.

"what are the qualities of white porcelain?"

"smooth, reflective, chips easily."

we are as strong as we seem
 or
 coming at it another way

strong as we will ourselves
to be

someone wants to kiss me
goodnight/for/ever

my lips are

stone

cracked

immobile

10.5.65

david sandberg
san francisco

Well jumpin little Judy
 she was a mighty fine girl
 well Judy brought jumpin
 to this whole round world
 -Leadbelly's, The Midnight Special

For after Leadbelly, Good Leadbelly, Great

Chair-back on the window shade.
 Head and shoulders to the side.

The shadow-lines waver about
 the head, arm and man cross out,

across, and the shade is
 clear, back to the backs.

The passages are clear.
 Well jumpin little Judy are

the first-floor shades, warm
 orange, to this pale yellow over on.

Well Judy brought jumpin
 these look more like curtains,

curtains to the night, to
 the passages clear tonight through

no stone steps that ring
 no sounding foot, if the thing

pass so, in to the night.
 How she was a mighty fine girl, it

sounds it sounds, the light clears
 the man fills up both shapes, there

up high, the passages over
 the mind-falls, the slender

shape well jumpin now chair
 the man over and chair over.

The passages are clear
 to this whole round world.

Sept 18 1965

6/27/65

Sunday. This morning is
 Sunday
 bright and all the early day's
 beauty uncarpeted, bright,
 so bright at least one eye is mostly closed,
 the sun so working so
 so bright.

This morning is Sunday.
 Small bush-tree in our front yard
 close, so near it seems coming upon me
 coming upon me, coming
 so bright

that the green, even the green, softer, easy
 color holds hard my eyes
 holds me away to the green going gold grass
 gold and farther
 eyes to hold and
 take it in, take on
 so bright, so bright,

This is Sunday morning, morning
 and I am just sitting just in the sun
 and I wonder, my friend,
 my friends,
 so bright, so bright

if you was to come upon me, sitting
 this morning, Sunday and shining,
 if you was to come upon me

would you, could I hold eyes on
 or you and I
 coming upon
 Sunday, this morning
 coming coming coming upon
 be so bright, so bright
 be bright, and the sun shone
 this Sunday morning. Yes it did. My friends.

Doug Palmer
 Berkeley

MEMOIR: 1965

"Cold, rainy & perfect for staying indoors listen to post-Bop, Jackie McLean, Grachan Moncur III, Bobby Hutcherson because that's the kind of music was created out of days such as these," I sez to Tom after rained-in toasted cheese & fries at Kip's. "The real Bebop's the creation of living in stuffy damp drafty rooms all winter, take the subway all over, no car, no gigs, no money, sad race relations, it's always gray outside with rain or snow & you freeze your body in that ratty coat, then add morphine, heroin, cocaine & dying adolescent dreams of imploding blue beauty brought up to New York City & you begin to get the hardest Bop imaginable--"

"Yup," sez Tom, "& that's something it's impossible to explain to the guys out here've never been Backeast."

"Right, right."

--All them cement faces out there dead set on seeing to it you conform to mildewed despiritualized U.S. Civilization, whereupon music is an other way out & now it's spread among youths were 5 or 6 or not-born when it got underway & now theyve taken it to Copenhagen Denmark & to Leningrad, ah, which is quite something to be knowing in view of the land wars in S.E. Asia.

NOSTALGIA IN TIMES SQUARE

Music out of a man's life
invading my life,

Mr Charles Mingus in the impregnable 60s of my blackberry life.

I actually went down streets mumbling in mind the title, invoking my own Times Square Nostalgia,

1959 it must have been, when I read the Spanish papers the livingroom of a wellkept townhouse in the east 70s-- it was muggy in there too--talking trash with a girl for my boyishness

Also, that tune of voices is: the wretchedness I was feeling that August afternoon in Times Square 30 minutes before I reached that cozy bungalow in yr big city

Nostalgia my ears! it was more like neuralgia,

& here you guys is on the radio six years later surrounding me from the Museum of Modern Art, packets of pigeons flying loose thru gas fumes off buildingtops, a tatterly stripey-shirted kid blown out of saxophones in this XX Century film art of my bedinnered mind

Hi, Danny Richmond, John Handy,
how was it out there in Wonderland?

FOR ARL

I first saw you in a trance
 (you were in the trance not me)
 Me I was dancing
 on turbulent waters,
 all my shores'd been pulled up
 & frankly I was nowhere
 but there was some sleepy grace you offered
 some rendezvous from way-back to be fulfilled,
 I moved toward you
 saying everything,
 you nothing,
 the 20th century moon
 did its turn-around
 revealing how much the sun it was
 in the face of your light,
 all that light,
 in the daytime,
 at night

Al Young
 Palo Alto, California

LOOK/OUT WHERE YR GOING.

Car wheels
 drumming
 on the road
 a monotone

the gentle creak
 of the bodywork
 as each corner
 is taken
 smoothly

body excited, agitated

and at the minds
 centre
 a cool

inviolable
 point.

Nick Wayte
 Taunton, Somerset
 England

for d. s. h.

No -- all the temple bells
can only kneel
groans and chantings

a purity neither lost nor found
only a further dumbness with words

I can kneel here
with no special ritual
but my own
a carpet design
or a twisted heap of metal
my obsession god this minute

cymbals dulled drums
my clothing so ornate that
I have to move with ceremony
gold and silver
silks in my throat
a minute explosion puffing
from a small top window

who-ever you are
let me shelter you

and with this
drumming rhythms grew
until the entire planet was woven
into

an elaborate stringball
rolling across a green desert
whose orange and humid night
I now eat and offer you

"let us reconsider. . . . I mean these
mountain problems"
a car starting in a quiet side street

Lee Harwood
Paris 19 July 1965

AN ISLAND TO THE EAST OF IRELAND

(said teddy unto bobby well
 what do you think about things
here & they went off into questions of
 idiom

so how should we do it? a
 london turn of phrase bleedin
 rainin stair-rods those
 interrogative endings so
 i'm down there, inn'i? an
 e ses t'me, dun'ee? or what, how
 in fact do we speak

? content

anyway i was always more interested in,
 bird singing from between his lips; a test -
 in the last ten years of which poet
 do you remember the most lines? berrigan
 knows 'he is
 sure he has not written any poetry that
 would turn him around.'

of live people

i learned most from an american of french
 descent, a german finn, an american jew and an italian
 polish jewish american and in any case this is
 how i talk

of cities not the mud between where they grow
 (things

the south london of my youth that
 andrew also knows the railway running
 through the wooden stations we
 were the dandies then our
 south london voices a flattened cockney that
 even now i feel most at home in the
 obscenities splitting words bee
 fuckin yootiful springing the rhythm now
 when i speak my voice is different so
 i cannot read my poems aloud what
 accent would i use? tho they sound inside

(said bobby then to teddy
 more words of wisdom & we
 lurked behind the pillar drinking

tea & examining the books whilst
 he noted it down carefully in red pencil

with my right eye i am watching the western
 grey my left eye sees the
 sunlight thru the leaded window tops
 of poplars depth but no movement will
 you wait for me she says going
 to jail for five years this
 then
 is english

a twist faces change 'n
 changes face us

Tom Raworth
 Barnet, Herts.

while they're dancing,
 all these girls in thin
 sweaters & no brassieres
 in dim light

one glance, a room away
 breasts and legs juggling

this dark world, this frenzy and motion
 & not one word in the void, just my hand
 reaching

from my window, i can't
see the street.

i let the rain blow in
and my hair to get wet,
to fall across my eyes and
make me blind. a dead world is going,
leaving my mind
to grasp at your body beside me. i wonder
where you are; if you'll come back; if you'll
let me kiss you even
if everything else is blowing up.
are you confused? yes,
it's too loud, it's too crazy. but turn on the light,
i'm getting lost.

if this is hating, then i can't hide
the horror, or avoid
a greedy life.
i think all living things should hide
be hermits.

(an Austrian physicist in
New York had raped a girl, strangled her, and dumped her
in the street
after her parents buried her,
he stole the body again from the grave and used it
for experiments.

this is not a message,
there is no object. We just huddle here, at the bottom
of the stairs, one bum against another. Some of our shadows are
lengthening and some of us don't have shadows at all.

Roger Sauls
Atlanta, Georgia

M. AGAIN

The ojo de dios
hangs on Marilyn's picture
as she tucks something away
without looking down,
without downing her chin
to see what she's doing.

In John's house full of women
taking sleeping pills,
she drops the key
on a tired nipple,
without turning a single eye
to the floor
where she dies
in a pool of ejaculated
horror, God's eye closed to her
without a blink.

THE OLD DANCE

I say I want you to
not stop what you find
the simple dance
as you call it being
alive as you saw it
predicted it would be
before the music
up down, bipity bob
sitting in the kitchen
discussing blow for blow
the events leading.
us around by the nose
the two rings we gave
to keep our burrowing
around out of it
slip away.

Come on we've still
got our feet to shuffle.

William Harris
Placitas, New Mexico

THE PHOTOGRAPH

A photograph. A face turned black
and white, preserved from birth
and dying. Now six years have passed,
I look at the picture that I made
And it seems frail: an image
changed to silver grains
on paper white as dying.
You were lovely then. Your eyes
looked down; your long hair was arrayed
like a black sea shell. Did
I know you then. Did
I ever know you. I grope
back. My mind is black. I find
masks of blackness. I can
not find the way. Where...
Are you now. What have six years
made of you. I saw you
in August. We talked, then
you were gone. I wanted to know:
are the things I felt in you
true. Are you like me.

My life has an end, but no
beginning. I am alone.
Not lonely.

I am lost in mazes of my own making.
I know where I go. The dichotomies
of life are absurd. Do. You.
Understand.

PENIS ENVY

Yeah she sd

I dont envy

you

having

one, I can

have a penis

anytime

I want.

Richard Morris
Reno, Nevada

song

o there are women with gypsy faces,
and the high bones of their hips
chafe and whirr

in the places they go;
their taut skirts gallop the wind,
and their buttocks bring fire to the night;
and o
they give no man a rest.

Green and Later

The water, when it comes, comes then to erode,
and wears through the desert
for the crevices and ravines to drink it in,
to send it through the earth
to the empty sacs and stomachs of sand
waiting for root implosions and their wanderings.
And the water, when it comes,
comes and furrows the fields,
and all the ranches are put to shed,
and telephone wires fall like dead roots
in this short winter, in this season
of rains.

Of the villi, after these pourings, they will
flourish and feed, and the desert spring will be
pompous with gaudy survivors,
yellow flowers and pink, blowing grasses.
Of their strength, it is contained
within the hard shadow that the sky
throws over the hills and buttocks
of the earth.

Say that in that shadow
are all the spiral, which-way tracks the water
has left, and all the narrow, turning steps
of the men who have made them.
And in that shadow too, is the core
and center of time, of the color
of the tawdry cacti, of their bloom
and endurance after the drenching, and after labor
has whittled their needles to a proper sharpness.

rites

in his hand he held
 the season's first corn
 that took so long (nights
 went by, and the field
 worried him, the way
 the wind knocked stalks
 down) to be over
 with, his wife at his side
 and the storage barn
 as third partner, red rosin
 still on her hands
 from painting (she counted
 the strokes, the different
 colors of the sky,
 watched him and heard
 the children cry) so that
 none of it would dry
 or dampen, it meant a
 lot (from the mail and
 magazines there were new cars,
 new clothes, shades of fall
 for an evening of town,
 cranberry, hayride brown
 all for the smartly
 dressed), yes, a lot, the
 buyer to come soon,
 and they held it up
 and both smelled it, held it
 up to the sun, prayers (it
 is foolish not to thank
 someone for a good year,
 crop dusters, god,
 chemical men from new
 york, mention them all)
 watching the noon sun,
 the energy of all those days,
 of tending and the times.
 yet to come (last minute
 tornadoes, thieves, the
 tired pickers and
 bargaining) but with

what was given up
 behind them, they threw
 the first ear at their feet,
 the dust not spotting
 its sheen, their knowing
 where they were, and why
 for the best (at best
 a trip to des moines,
 omaha, maybe chicago before
 they began again and tended
 more and) they accepted
 as humility, an obligation,
 as feeders must have,
 the corn coming up out of
 the earth and all things
 else, before it, they cannot
 change, the staple crop
 (as it is with every
 generation and the luxury
 the mails permit can bring
 no slack, no time for
 futility, forgetting the fall
 fashions, damn the dyed fabric,
 the latest cologne) there is
 the air, always, fresh at evening
 and birds, always, especially
 at nightfall, and the next
 years must come (they must).

Paul Malanga
 Seattle

THE AFFIRMATION

Kitchens of fried gizzards & turnip greens.
Come back home.

& tell them the truth.

I was.
I was walking down the street.

I was.

I was walking down the street.
I was walking down the street & saw.

Yes.

Yes.

YesYes.

Yes.

Yes.

YES.

Let the legs spread out there is.
Work there is.

To be done work to be done.

Yes. Yes.

YesYes.

Hometown blues done gone?

Anything you say. Momma dont talk no more.

LOS ANGELES

The thought is method recurring,
 drummed across this machine as last night
 the swashbuckler died, slashed across stones
 above the sea and waves. The villain
 had fallen before him, the heroine last in mist
 at the proper time upon the hour

changing

the will is removed.
 MacArthur Park was crowded that day, old men
 intent upon their chess game could not hear their own pieces clacking,
 the pigeons scattering to foreign sounds

of this city within
 the photography of lights streaking across the slow lens
 trying to catch hold.

THE END
 (for S.G.)

As another might tell it,
 the story always beginning
 somewhere near the end,
 with the reasons
 of one person, the girl probably, the boy,
 with no answers, something of why it must be,
 but he would ask, would look

: yellow walls of a room,
 the girl could see them as something else;
 nothing strange or different, she said,
 just the way they really are.

Windows, the heater ticking, it is cold, no coffee here,
 is the way things are, he had wanted to say.

But the girl left somewhere in the middle of her story.
 There were reasons, she said.
 He forgot the questions.

WHATSOEVER

If I started or if you, a reader, started, let's say
with the usual, the rain outside, the propaganda of / of

an original, leads to an automobile, color of white, follows
(if I, I could renig) the rain outside, the usual, let me say or
you could say, make sound of

destruction, a real sound as

the rain outside, as the white automobile could be a Cadillac
or anything else, etc, as

the future of war or / the made sound, a product
of the muscles in movement before the sound and during and left
to retract to a state of rest, the tension of chemistries

revolving, an equilibrium of nerves, of ganglion; let us not forget
the made sound, the product of tissue, just as

as

the usual, the rain outside, the propaganda of / let me say,
the artist or the white automobile.

If I or if you (you can renig) could forget, forget it for the moment
the made sound or the usual, the rain outside on the trees outside

or the usual as / If I could speak of girls and women
and for that matter, if I could speak and let me say
of

birth, I mean my part, that second or two, the sex of the thing,
or

you could say, make sound of
the muscles in movement before the sound and during, of destruction

during the sound, the retraction,
a revolution toward a state of the usual,
the rain outside on the trees outside.

Bobby Byrd
Seattle

COUNTERSHADING the artist by the skillful use of light & shade produces in 2 dimensions the illusionary appearance of roundness: nature on the other hand by the skillful use of countershading produces in 3 dimensions the illusionary appearance of flatness

CLASSICAL EQUIVALENTS

eros cupid ity amor al
 it translates then to cash
 & a mooning ie holding his
 flat face towards it in the day
 brown & white bull in an overgrazed
 field shielded by the trees mrs ames
 benefacted the town

from dirty books & cheapie
 but legal films to come
 to this

a girl picking flowers in a field

reason enough for the earth to open
 and all things die

OUR LADY OF PURGATORY

yet then she was
 a girl picking flowers in a field
 in that fertile island
 she was a girl in all
 innocence with friends
 the grass knee high & higher
 no one ever said otherwise
 who have put unicorns battles
 in "sward" you name it no
 one makes that mistake among
 the unmown corn then or
 corn's wild ancestor knee high
 high as that famous valentine

shaped arse then she was a girl
 picking flowers the earth opened
 our lady of purgatory

CUTFLOWERS

screaming but not those
 in those days she sang
 a girl gathering days
 of many colors

of many colors

bunched against her breast
 held with the whole right arm

her left relaxed hanging
 turned from the elbow
 to show us her open palm

Sam Abrams
 New York City

FOR A GIRL IN THE OFFICE

for one moment

you were desire-able

one breath

standing

shuffling papers

leaning

back, then i

lost you

Bill Cody
 San Francisco

Split moon around the house
 sags in corners
 and beats the time of night
 in lung exhaustion

Light

(light) catches all the objects
 frozen (light)
 of a conscious body

SPLIT MOON

→
 sleepless makes a coffin
 where the mind slips out the window
 tasting fertile dandelion earth.

Susan Vieira
 San Mateo, California

Morning

With each morning song,
 with each morning,
 her memory.
 The inseparable, she,
 her legs drawn out
 beside mine, the cold
 touch of her feet,
 her rasping, breathing.
 The dry taste
 of day's first kiss,
 the tangled hair,
 the gentle fingers
 along my naked body,
 sleep-night breath,
 panting,
 as our bodies moved together,
 merging in a tender
 yet passion-filled fuck
 before we ever left
 our morning bed.

August/66

The Way

"it's my body not me that's going to die"
 --Allen Ginsberg

"The truest sayings"
 said Lao Tsu,
 "are paradoxical"
 therefore do not credit
 or fault the Spirit,
 for the wisdom
 lies held in vacuity:
 The Spirit, undone
 will ring clear,
 and singing songs
 of Time, softest armor, it
 shines from a darkening mirror,
 empty pools,
 the jewel in the bosom.

The real end
 of the real quest
 is formed in an inactive state,
 and he, rejoicing in death,
 is in turn slaughtered.

Disorder to disorder,
 the holy minds of time,
 framed and lost
 in history's confusion,
 each day a reminder:
 Man, at birth,
 is a tender being.
 Man, at death,
 has ceased only
 to be man.

Death-trip, five fingers.
 Time of essence,
 blessed, hidden, unnamed,
 and so with the failure:
 so near the Way,
 exaltant worth,
 a father
 of the child.

Let leaves descend;
 devour yr conclusion.
 It is the Way.

9/66

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE

Jaime, swaying with the weight of the schoolbooks bearing on his ten-year-old frame, trudged through the garbage-laden streets on his way home. He passed by the park on his right and turned left at the corner with the three taverns. As he neared his block he could see the other children had already started a stickball game in the street. Their shouting grew louder as they recognized him, and as he approached turned to derisive screams.

Jaime paid no attention; only his scornful sneer betrayed his cognizance of their existence.

--Hee! Jaaaimeeee! Skinny one! Ha! Hoo! Would sister Jaime like to play too?? Hee! --

Almost to his door, Jaime broke into a run as one of the larger children came chasing after him with a broomstick handle, followed by two or three of his smaller, though noisier, compatriots.

The laughter subsided as he closed the door behind him. He was scarcely out of breath after this small episode today in what had become an almost daily ritual. What, after all, did those fools know, anyway??!! After a moment's respite in the hallway, he began to ascend the steep stairs of the tenement.

His mother was watching television and reading a book when he entered but stopped both with the first click of the lock at the door. She crossed the room and met him halfway with an affectionate embrace lasting several seconds.

--And how was my Jaime's day at school?...So proud...getting to be ... man of the house now... --

The conversation over milk and cookies was much as it was every other day, and Jaime shrugged and nodded to his beaming mother, then wiped his mouth with his sleeve and went to his room to do his homework.

The first sounds in the kitchen -- the rattling of pots and pans -- and then the fragrant odor of his mother preparing the meal evoked his hunger, and he seemed nearly famished by the time she finally summoned him to dinner.

The meal was every bit as delicious as he had imagined it would be, as it was every night. Jaime slowly sipped his wine as he savored his mother's cooking. He drank wine now that he was the man of the house, as his mother had told him -- and indeed, he was.

After dinner he helped her clear the table, and then settled on the couch to watch television while she washed the dishes. When she had finished she joined him there, and they watched their favorite programs for a few hours, speaking only occasionally.

At nine Jaime rose from the couch and silently walked to the bathroom, taking his pajamas with him. He lay relaxing in the tub as his mother scrubbed his back. She left him to dress and returned to the living room.

After turning off the television and the lights, she put the music on the phonograph and reclined on the couch just as Jaime came into the room.

He was indeed the man of the house. He smiled wordlessly as she undid the buttons of her blouse, and then collapsed into the warmth. He eagerly suckled her soft breasts, and as her fingers reached his tiny penis, it began to stiffen with each massaging stroke.

George Kimball
Lawrence Kansas

PROGRESSION ONE

The old man carries
a century in his
loose rubber boots;

the child travels
barefoot; the bird

sings.

THE KISS

The kiss inside of
the mouth, using
that part of the mouth or

the tongue held flat
between top &
bottom inside lips,

is best, you say (hold-
ing my balls) that
they two are warm.

Nelson Ball
Ottawa, Ontario

from

"blood, brothers"

walking high over yr cities
 he stoops, arm pits in the pent-
 houses, feet on the ground
 head way above the clouds
 he stoops, & picks up a small sidewalk
 dusting the people off like ants
 he inspects the crumbling concrete
 & stuffs it in his pocket

the radio music picks up a bit
 & the children even see his shadow
 on the walls when they go to bed
 this night, & shiver in their dreams.

(
 Pass me the joint, Louis shitman
 you got the whole motherfucker
 all burning/funky like that on one side.
 give it here.
 Louis passes him the burning scrap of paper
 as orange shadows dart over their heads
 on the close grey steel ceiling
 of the basement entrance under the stairwell.
 "Shitman, you really got this motherfucker
 fucked-up." Lorenzo pinched the end & burned his
 fingers. Motherfuck! You sure did fuck
 this thang up." He wet his fingertips
 & put the joint to his lips. He sucked-in
 & the orange red flame lit up his mouth
 turning his skin into a bright golden brown
 & his eyes flashed in the light of the ember
 that burnt out in his fingers.
 "Lemme make a cocktail outa it" said Louis.
 "I already ate it" said Lorenzo
 as he slowly let his breath out.
 "Lessplit.

.....

Rich Krech
 Berkeley

(note: the name "Lorenzo" above should read "LONZO" -- ed.)

STRAW PURSE FILLED WITH ICE, DRIPPING

They had worked enough overtime hours at the factory, packing birth control pills (far beyond the jokes of dead babies) to have accumulated an extra twenty dollars each to take their girls to the beach. Leroy had packed a straw purse filled with crushed ice and Budweiser beer and Olin had his rubber raft deflated, folded, and stuffed into a similar pouch, both boys heading for the twelfth street apartment house in the middle of the summer of 1964, Galveston, Texas. Lynn (Olin's girl) and Dawn, who had made the greasy fried chicken were rushing to get ready as the boys were riding from one side of Galveston to the other by bus, Leroy's thighs freezing under the purse of ice and beer, the Sunday crowd crushed and ragged and suffocating, with no room in the air for cigarette smoke.

The bus trip was a long slow affair because of all the stops and the crowded conditions made it seem longer. Olin started to say something about the ride being better than packing pills for Brando and the turtle (Brando had been the boss at Pushem Pill Plant who drove a Honda and yelled at everyone -- actually his name was Richard -- and the turtle was the turtle-necked machine operator, Ozzie, from Erie, Penn.), but he decided against it because he was not sure the bus ride was really better, although he knew the work was terrible. And if he had said this, Olin speculated, Leroy probably would not have laughed with the freezer in his lap and his brow beading with sweat. Besides, Olin thought further, this is our day off! Relax, man. Don't blow your cool and all that jazz. Bud, the beach, the chicks ... what more?

The girls were not ready so the boys set their parcels on the sidewalk as they came back out to watch the Sunday construction workers on the high new building next to the apartment house.

"What do you think those men are doing on Sunday, anyway?"

Olin posed this question as suavely as he knew how, hoping not to be thought stupid. Leroy replied inquisitively: "Don't know, but there's an awful lot of em crawling like ants up there."

"There mus be a million," said Olin absently as Leroy made his suggestion: "Maybe the girls would know," he said.

When the girls came out with the greasy fried chicken and the potato salad with pieces of parsley in it, Olin asked them, pointing to the building.

"They're watching the women in the pool across the way," Lynn reported calmly.

"Nobody works on Sunday," posed Dawn, her words hanging in the air.

"Yeah, guess not. Seems like they could find something better to do on Sunday," said Olin.

"Like go to the very wonderful beach," Lynn said.

"Let's hop a bus," said Olin, but Leroy held up his hands and called for their attention.

"What if that fella right up there..." There were over two hundred men crawling in and out of windows.

"Which one," asked Olin.

"There on that winda ledge."

"In the blue shirt?"

"No, the red shirt. Well, it's more of a pink. See him?"

"No," said Lynn, "let's catch a bus."

"No wait. See who I mean?"

"Yeah, he's about four flights up," said Olin.

"No. Farther up."

"Six?"

"No. He means way up. About seventeen," said Lynn.

"I see him now," Dawn said, "but what's so special, though?"

"He's the only one about to fall. Notice? That woman is pushing him out of the window."

"You're right!" exclaimed Olin. "She's tryin to kill him!"

"Just keep out of a family argument," warned Dawn.

Lynn added: "It's none of our business."

Leroy was annoyed at the girls. What was wrong with just watching? "If he falls," Leroy said, "he's gonna land right here." He pointed to an oil spot on the sidewalk.

Dawn said: "Right here, you say?"

"I think Leroy's right. If my calculus is correct, he'll land right in the beer," said Lynn.

"You're a little off. Just to the right of that spot. You see, he'll land feet first, like a cat."

"He won't spring back, Leroy, that's for sure," said Olin.

No one laughed and Dawn said, "He'll land head first. He's hanging by his legs now."

"But he'll flip over. Can't you see the seventeen stories. I say on his feet and just to the right of the beer on this spot."

"I bet he won't fall," said Olin, a bit angry that his joke was overlooked.

"No, he'll fall," said Lynn. "She looks strong as hell. She's probably a jealous wife."

Olin said: "Yeah. He shoulda took a first-floor place. That way he could live through it!"

Again no laughter and Leroy extended his calculating powers.

"From the first floor he'd of landed in the bushes by the stoop. He'd a been okay, but from up there (pointing dramatically) he don't have a ghost of a chance."

"He'd miss the bushes from the first floor," posed Lynn. "The bushes are a few feet from the building."

"Hey! Hey! He is gonna fall! Look! Look!" Olin cried this and they all huddled, watching, gleefully frightened, making secret bets as to where the dangling man might fall. But unfortunately, before the man lost complete hold, he managed to smash the woman (his wife) in the right breast, forcing her back to the floor, and gaining his balance, he sat upright on the window ledge, his back to the sky. Then he was swallowed by the opening of the window.

Before the Sunday group could tally up speculations, the bus came full of reddened, unaware faces, and stopped by the curb. The door opened like a yawn and the building, once full of men, was deserted. The group filed in, thinking how great a Sunday it was going to be. The beer and the beach and the four of them. But inside them all, hanging like secret moss, was a feeling of anti-climax, for certainly the beer would be warm by the time they reached the beach now (the straw purse now dripping down Leroy's legs), and since no one had drowned at the beach all year, it seemed unlikely that they would this year.

Robert Bonazzi
Houston, Texas

THE GENTLEST TRIP

after this long pulling
 after this victory
 as if you had let go
 the rope
 long left
 laid aside by
 your

SELF

you would fall backwards
 stumbling in all circles
 known before
 known to all in other ages
 at other times
 it is the uselessness
 OF OTHER SKINS

each of us
 in our own

going
 the way

A Japanese beetle
 looped along
 said the
 asked his way
 this way?

it is not perhaps
 the gentlest of things that we have passed through
 but it said all along the way that we have done
 that is gone this one before and together

AND ALWAYS

TO
 GETHER

there is no other way
 perhaps in the escape disguises of
 minds tricks

& along all the
 ropes that have piled
 themselves together

sprung out by the
 flutes of ancient
 cobra fakirs
 who are the cobras themselves
 as we are the cobras ourselves
 and of
 course that is the mistake
 made
 mostly
 in the minds
 of them that kill

(Dead strings laying all over the
 floor where
 our ropes once had been enchanted

we are led through mockeries
 of ourselves
 mirrors of others
 where we least expected
 left to lay along
 bedside
 book cover
 smoke stupid
 box heart lost
 vein
 love
 alone

2

All of this has appeared
 as in the middle of a dream
 from which i wish i had never awakened
 the holding of hands
 the pretty pictures
 bonnets lined with flowers
 then
 the shock of awakening from the sleep
 each with a large gash in the forehead
 and blood pouring from the holes
 popped in the arm
 flowing out along with the total
 cellular consciousness of being

a reoccurring image of myself
 wasting time with words
 when there was actual living to be done

and the smell of dead bodies
 lying around from too long
 after they had been born

and then

the blackness
 the enveloping
 and rushing of the same old thing
 howling at the door
 downstairs to be let in
 to be let in

ALL OUTSIDE.

in the end
 of you finding your thing
 me mine
 And we continually ask ourselves
 why it must be
 why so
 then we
 let out it all
 here.

Willis Fugate
 New York City

(who says: "print this little autobiography:

international motherfucker, smuggler, pimp, thief, pusher,
 addict, fiend, fagit, poet, etc. saint, and golden-haired
 boddhisattva. travelling the rim of the abyss, neither darkness
 nor light and grasping hands for love and fucking."

okay, willis

WAR IS A WHITE FECE

Sky blue worms on silk lace coming through on purple death
scream fuck in dried air when no longer able to. Only an empty
stare across the stain on a sky which we have all tried to make
into a womb of destruction. No longer only rest for empty
smiles in a lost memory with a brain of seven feces stomped out
in cement that breaks thinking skulls as napalm smashes the skin
as fucking stops and someone yells HURRAY! puke puke puke.
Crying teachers no longer able to teach but only to lie on scrambled
sky and also shout HURRAY! puke puke puke. The worms rise
now & take over what we most love and we scratch ourselves in
orange delight as the blood comes out of dead semen & more napalm
shoots out faster & faster & more & more unfuckers shout shit
HURRAYS! Sickness that seems to be scrambled in saliva drops on
a burned body and picks up what is left of the HURRAYS! The waters
are still where they lie & laugh, laugh of conquered humans & the
stink bombs they fart explode in joyous delight in the air & farts
go bursting in air screaming MORE DEATH PLEASE OH PRESIDENT
MORE MORE MORE IT FEELS SO GOOD GOOD GOOD! Pigs are
released from worn mouths unable to describe what has happened
& the pigs are loaded with feces & we eat them unwhole. A sad
whore points a flower finger at a donkey in the hay as it is bitten
off & gulped YUM YUM YUM they shout. Their only joy is to
put an end to all flower fingers. A jockey on a saturated horse
flies on top of a building completely empty on the outside, climbing
faster, smiling at shitwalks as they pass by soaring at the sky
and blowing his nose at the people below, ending their stay and his
forever. Sexless fuckless women scared from the cold says
WE'LL FART 'EM ALL! THIS IS JUST THE ENDING! Ending man
comes up dressed in white & says THANK YOU FOR THE ENDING!
Crowds too long filled with their own emptiness smile at ending man
as he offers them a tonic sold at fece & shit markets in their dead
hearts. No one here knows how to cry so jaquar murder flies in
to compensate. Chests open to nothing but they will still yell
STOP STOP STOP! to be silenced smaller by those afraid of
chests. They are afraid chests will spoil the farts by keeping them
in too long. Flies are squashed by old men in knapsacks. There
is a funeral for space but no one cries.

Ed Bowers
New York state

I. G. Farben

Flat cream slabs
 text seeping thigh,
 your green and gray
 alive
 above
 flat cream slabs.

all gobble, gobble,
 flat cream slabs.

august 9-11

Autovon dreary
 tempt

Busy in Minneapolis.
 Love voice,
 "try again".

untitled

Jelly Roll,
 Jelly Roll,
 Jello spoonful, catchers mitt.

Whipped delights
 spoonful mama.

Minutes more
 of
 Jelly roll.

Jim Brinsfield
 oprns. co. USAJAC
 ft. ritchie, md.

The Coming Dark

This then. The light that came in
thru the open window was a reminder
of the previous dark. A
way of

touching god.

(I left the window open
at night, so

in the morning
birds would sing over clear skies and
the smell of the cold morning air
would

drift into my small room and
make me feel

the silence.

This then. An answer to the earliest
cry of the city. A place
to sleep

or die.

To open my eyes
into sadness.

(The clock stopped.
Half past four. And I watched
for the night to end. In the morning

I will walk
barefoot on the wet grass
and let the sun

blind my eyes. Then
as darkness comes once more

I will lie under a tall
and graceful tree, and recall

what I have been.
The leaves begin to change

in color.

The sparrows

weep in song.

Barry Eagle
Los Angeles

THE SNOW LEOPARD TROTS

The snow leopard is walking along slowly pissing and looking for a cigarette. The ground is getting softer but his legs have elastic strength. All the rocks are bouncing green and blue. Who gives a fuck if no one else is around. This is the time to learn something new...Loneliness. In the space of six short months his spots are glowing stars and stripes. Whitehead is buried and Nietzsche is fighting to life. But who cares, it's better to have fun. Coming alive has power and joy to it...Scratching the itch of his internal activity...God is really dead but the snow leopard's claws have a glorious red from their scratch. Out here alone in the grass and mud the rocks have no real breasts. All nipples are stiffened into mossy holes. But we don't mind, because although contemplation of the truth is disgusting we took the challenge of commitment, or it gave itself to us. Roses are red and life is blue, but to bring them both together is the challenge of snow and dust.

Bring the house alive in winter with oil heat. You get dust but its better than coal. Make up your mind to two things. You're not going to change the world and bring people alive because the world and people aren't so bad off to start with. Give them red roses and be glad of a few for yourself. Don't despise cleaning chairs and cooking supper. The facts of life are upon us. There is no new order coming. The grass and rocks will disappear with the atom bomb. In the while be glad they don't put we artists in jail under the blue frying pan. Blessed are finks for they shall inherit admiration. Forget it, learn to pet the needle stack and pull the points off the molecules and petals. Only then can you climb to the highland. The snow leopard waves you a letter with his tail: 'It's mighty fucking cold up here and sometimes the fire will crack your balls.' Try to learn gently that life doesn't change. It gets old quickly and softly like shoe lace, it mellows like the argument of a baseball bat, but it doesn't change. Be content to chew your mouse alone with neither foot on the ground. If you had a million years to do it in you couldn't shit on half the hankies in the world. Wisdom is a joke. Learn to reach over the hill and touch the possibilities in the borscht. Then pull the ones behind you and rub them into a good Lobachevsky plane. Sometimes you've got to gallop and slide in an old model-T. The railroad track is the cripple concept of men who were gods. They were run over by it too, but I don't mind, if they don't. Where is Jesus? Jesus flumes.

Nobody knows the snow leopard. His real name is Ounce. The saber tooth got frozen in a block of ice chasing him. They were only playing but even the word value got lost in the game. By now, no doubt, you've guessed the Ounce in essence is me. But let's just call him my snow leopard.

I write for the young in strength. If you've lost your confused and irresponsible adolescence, then sit beside me on the hill. We'll set up a surplus army tent and maybe I can give it back to you. Don't get on that railroad track of responsibility, because it isn't carrying you to your death. The railroads are crying a death song of help to the government, but who were among the most ruthless builders of our country? If they die, I'll take a subway. I take you through the tulips and give you sneering jokes because it's true, not because I hate you, not because I love you. I'd like to love you, but if you don't give me any reinforcement I must give up. And I can't be bothered hating you. I would like the world to be much simpler and full of love, but indifference rules. I love my friends and family, but in some ways I must despise them, true. Any one as profound as me has to say some extremely ugly things. Love does not rule the world and never will and only our stupid philosophers take seriously a sense of responsibility towards it. Most likely you violently disagree but the facts are there that we all despise the ones we love at times. They get frozen in the ice when we play games, or else they bite our paw too hard. Didn't you ever hurt your wife when you were making love? Haven't you never wanted to kill your parents? About a month ago a friend of mine got drunk and wreaked havoc on my house: 2 windows broken, shower curtain ripped out, piss on the floor, a flashlight smashed, bags of trash kicked all over, a foot through Grigsby's good painting, a couple of cases of beer bottles smashed all over, a wrestling match among the muck in a freshly cleaned suit and a stab in the leg to boot. I didn't even get very pissed off at him over this. This is part of life, your friends are going to cause you grief.

Love, responsibility, value. It's some seventy years since Nietzsche wrote his last. Tropic of Cancer was written in '34, came out two years ago and was chaused underground. Picasso did his Damselles in 1907 and though Webern is dead these 17 years, most people don't know who he is. Charlie Parker is still a nigger and seems to be one of the few even among jazz musicians who appreciated the genius of Warne Marsh. All of us believe in love, value and responsibility, even my stupid snow leopard does. Dear World, a new metaphysics has been founded and it's much easier to grasp than you think, but at the same time it's quite impossible. The words love, value, responsibility have to be sneered at because part of their old meanings are wrong. Sure everyone believes the best impulse in the world is the urge towards love. But no one ever caught on before it's only because it's a good feeling in itself and it must be reciprocal to be sustained. Responsibility's part of this agreement, not something imposed by a God who doesn't exist. Value exists only through our permeating the coming aliveness coming between others, ourselves and the possibilities in the world. Our general ways of acting are imbedded down below our concept level. Concepts are pivotal points and don't you dare trust any one of them. There's nothing any more

permanent about the external than the internal. To be our best we must become four years old again and accept the confusion that allows for a multi-varied coming aliveness. We've got to get rid of this stupid desire for security and be ready to fight and accept pain. If you want the best you'll have to take the worst. This is what value and knowledge are. As great as they are it is true that our Church and our Philosophers have perpetrated a great hoax on us. Freedom: Dostoevsky puts it in a poem because it doesn't really matter anyway. The Grand Inquisitor has not taken their freedom from the people. They're content to commit a few sins now and then (freedom) and then repent of them (authority). They accept the authority because it promises them an afterlife. But this doesn't mean they believe in it. When it's useful, they accept and use it, against people like me, for instance. When it's not, they forget it, when they want to get fucked, for instance, or steal a cake or two. Since most people aren't reflective and don't try to come alive by questioning their reacting modes, I say there is no question of freedom. The hoax lies in the fact that most people believe the Church's nonsense, even those who want to be free of it, when all the time there is something better which is really only more human than what the Church teaches.

What is horrible, of course, are the specifics: Do not kill, but let our bishops support the Nazis: Jew quest; don't make love if you're not married, don't get divorced; unless you're rich and can 'prove' the marriage was never valid; don't eat meat on Friday; go to church on Sunday. It's horrible because it's all irrelevant and you're going to hell if you don't believe it. If our philosophers had stopped jerking off with the problem of knowledge 300 years ago, the hoax wouldn't have been solved sooner. It seems to have occurred only to Spinoza and a few others to talk about the problems of life. But let me slow down and take a new tac. Now I am really talking seriously. The truth is that our Church and our Philosophers don't really matter. Do you remember being impressed with Jung's idea that you have to accept the darker side of yourself. I laugh at this and tell you must accept the darker side of life. Notice this, grass rocks, mossy pussy holes in Bishop Iron Butts idealist and subjectivist callers fuck you head.

The Church and Philosophers don't matter because people are what they are, and there is no explaining or calling to account for it. The Grand Inquisitor and freedom don't matter with Dostoevsky not because people don't want to be free but because freedom is a conception created by men like Dostoevsky and myself. Creative men have experiences others don't have and they want them to have them. Freedom and non freedom are nonsense, more philosophical clap trapping. What I want from you is that you should come alive, come alive, come alive. Brother Mother and Sister bring bang banging together mother son pussy old dried semen grass alive juice flowers love spurting tenderness off star flaking and flaking out beef spaghetti sauce dust killing us from the oil burner choke don't you understand? You've got to get alone with your snow leopard and dredge the muck down out of your soul. But let's be true, most likely you won't ever do this, friends. I love you anyway.

Frank Smith/1966
New York City

"To wait for someone who cometh not,
To try and please and pleaseth not."

As You Like It

1. night:

I pull off a daisy petal
 he loves me
and leave it at that, I say
if I count to ten the phone will ring.
I count to ten
the phone does not ring, and I say
I will walk to the terrace and I will look at the first star and
the phone will ring.
I look at the first star, the phone
does not ring.

2. morning:

I pull off a daisy petal
 he loves me
and leave it at that, I say
the mail will be late today and I pretend
I am not waiting for a letter. Slowly
I go to the mailbox, there is
no letter. I ignore it.
It means nothing. There is no letter. The phone does not ring.

3. work:

I pull off a daisy petal
 he loves me
and leave it at that, I say
he knows I am never home at night and will call me here.
The phone rings, it is not him. The phone rings, it is not.

4. walk: I pretend

I do not expect to see him walking down the street.
I walk down the street, I
look for him everywhere, he is
no-where. But I pretend
I am not looking for him. I am pulling daisy petals
and I stop at he loves me. 5. I say:
he loves me but something has gone wrong. There
are connections to be made. There
are names to be given - things must be named.
And I look for magic
and try to think of names.

But I am waiting and there are no names.

I pull daisy petals.

I stop at he loves me. I say he loves me. I say
I will count to ten and the phone will ring. I am
waiting. And all the while I wait for magic and
daisy petals.

6. There are no names.

* * * * *

The division. The
inane boundaries as in crossing the river
the river as in east and west. I want
to call you friend.
any name divides us. or. there are
no names only decisions as in /direction
the direction as in boundary.
I want to say it this way:

A gaunt
faced woman stares out a window.
A train goes by, due north, the woman
faces east, the sun sets west. In
all directions there is the sky. Not
as in A sky but The sky. and the
division is easy. only the difference is hard
as in /direction. or. the story about the
eagle. I knew it was a hawk. but wanted
to call it eagle. hard. The division. You forced me,
Hawk. as in /direction: Colorado Utah Nevada.
the greyness. the road. 25 hours and miles
going under me /as in
the difference of land.

The boundaries
of States in name are divisions
of land. colors. or. decisions.

Ellen Appel
Seattle

Not quite Spring

Baby you know I get high
on you, come back with me
whispering in her ear
it was all she could do to say
no, spring leaves budding,
his hand on her breast
crocus smell and
everything unfolding
she gasping I want, I
would but instead hurrying
back to the windowless room
where she locks the heavy door.
Lemons are rotting on her pillow,
she studies her nipples,
nyloned crotch in mirror
then hugs her huge body to sleep.

Lyn Lifshin
Albany, New York

new year / old story

like

this couple's out for new years
 and they're arguing and
 she says -and you
 I suppose you'd rather spend the evening home-
 and he takes her up on it
 and says -yeah... gimme the key-
 so they're stuck right there see
 right in the middle of the block
 she poking through a black bag
 full of bad hexagrams
 looking not to find her key
 and he's standing there
 smug as a baseball
 smiling and
 in a second bang! it's over
 and it's down the street they go
 rockier but still
 somehow together

basho

has it:

another new year
 this one also promises
 to be just so-so.

Steve Kowit
 San Francisco

INSIDE DOPE

Illiterates of the world unite

Uni

Have nothing to louse

Butter

Abjectives.

Ed Stone
 San Rafael

Easter Sunday at Davenport Beach

In a circle of lime green rush weeds
 We sat surrounded by sea sky
 and slow latemorning sun easing awake through fog clouds
 Sun shining yellow in cups of cold apple juice.

A plank table on splintered saw horse legs
 Four seatless peeling topsy chairs
 Four of us gobbling sausage shiny on yellow plates
 and turkey eggs scrambled white with cheese
 French bread with sweet butter melting in the sun.
 Ragged mustardweed sprinkled yellow round the back door.

Lightning Hopkins crying Sunday morning heart songs,
 the only sound in the Easter meadow backyard breakfast.
 A country lord's prayer he sang the blessing on this meal
 oh god dont wanna work no more

You across from me, chair tilted back to the sun
 I see your face all smile lines and think of calalilies
 Bright huge calalilies with soft powdered yellow trunk
 inside the hollow of the white gentle curl of flower.

Morning Mourning

Foreign sperm dries cold on the inside of her thigh.
 She sees it in the early morning light like the
 stain of a tear dried white on a child's face and
 musing runs a finger over the whitepatchy tracing.
 Ah, it's only sand, she says, like sand drying on
 an ocean wet body in the sun it will disappear
 by daylight it will be gone
 lust into dust.

Linda Newton
 San Francisco

DOORS AND PIANOS

All doors stop at the piano.

All doors stop when the piano plays.

All doors dislike pianos.

Pianos and doors walk down the street like school children
 making obscene gestures and shouting at each other,
 holding hands.

POEM FOR LADIES

Lie down, ladies

Lie down, ladies

Lie down, ladies

I'm going to love you now.

Madeline, the puma, stretched out and rippled like dawn,
 and noticed that not all the cigarettes in the world were burning.

She carved meat like a man.

She lived in a cellar.

She came out at night
 and no one knew what she did.

Brother and sister drove along toward another town ten miles and
 picked up a hitchhiker. When they got to country again they
 turned away from the highway and dumped his body in a quarry pond.
 She had gotten in the back seat with him and opened her knees
 and laid back on the cushions, mouth slightly open, eyes partly
 closed, and when he came to her, hand shaking, she pulled him to her
 and her brother stopped the car and hit him with a tire iron.
 As he drove on toward another town she pulled her black lace panties
 up her golden thighs over her bronze and bushy trap and said:
 "Damn you, Wendell, next time wait till I'm through."

Roger Angle
 Wichita, Kansas

MOON POEM

Night. A single
 face. We
 are here now,
 breathing.
 Among the walls
 & windows.
 You are not
 here,
 cannot hear
 the wind
 inside me.
 The wind
 is not you.
 It is a country
 of feathers,
 a broken land
 in which
 dark feathers
 whirl.
 The moon.
 The moon
 is not you.
 The grass listens
 to the wind
 & I listen
 to your absence.
 My bed
 is cold.
 The moon
 heats nothing.
 It is an eye
 of virgin
 white.
 We are here now,
 I think.
 You are dim,
 darkening
 in my head.
 The moon hurts.
 It is not
 you.

ON THE BEACH

Half-sunk
 the beer cans
 glitter
 A margin of flames rises
 on the sky
 the motor calm as cotton
 This is all wet & famous a bird
 on bright stone
 Passion unearthed
 like a soggy shoe
 on the beach
 The feet
 The hands
 A body dressed in white kelp
 struggles
 near driftwood
 The hair in the waves
 is black
 The sun in the starfish
 trembles

Darrell Gray
 Hayward, California

Salt

A little salt in water;
it helps in boiling.
I know it cleans wounds
and the sea is full of it;
my mother would send me back
to bathe my bloody knees in the waves.
The thought keeps recurring to me
that life originated in the sea,
but I've travelled only a few thousand miles
on land and in the air and
hardly any on the water except for the Staten Is. ferry
and walks on docked battleships
on windy days in New York harbor.
Now I'm eating an egg
with salt on it and
wondering about the water
that heros are exposed
upon as infants and
the baskets they are placed
in by royal mothers
whether they are symbols of birth

and womb or if they
 are real as real
 as the wish to move
 in this body to
 some other horizon
 of action.

Allen Cohen
 San Francisco

Troubles

I get ashamed
 of the precious in love. As if bliss
 were terrible
 enough to break the fingers
 away from the clear
 object. A break
 in the heart must wring us into
 these unfair proportions. Language
 instead of action. Breath
 instead of space acquired
 underneath the cover
 of this act
 of love.

2

I know we have to get away
 from this: as if cement
 & snow have driven us above
 where the carrot would dig/ & throw up
 his green foliage & not give
 a damn(if he was ripe
 & full)whether or not
 he ever got taken.

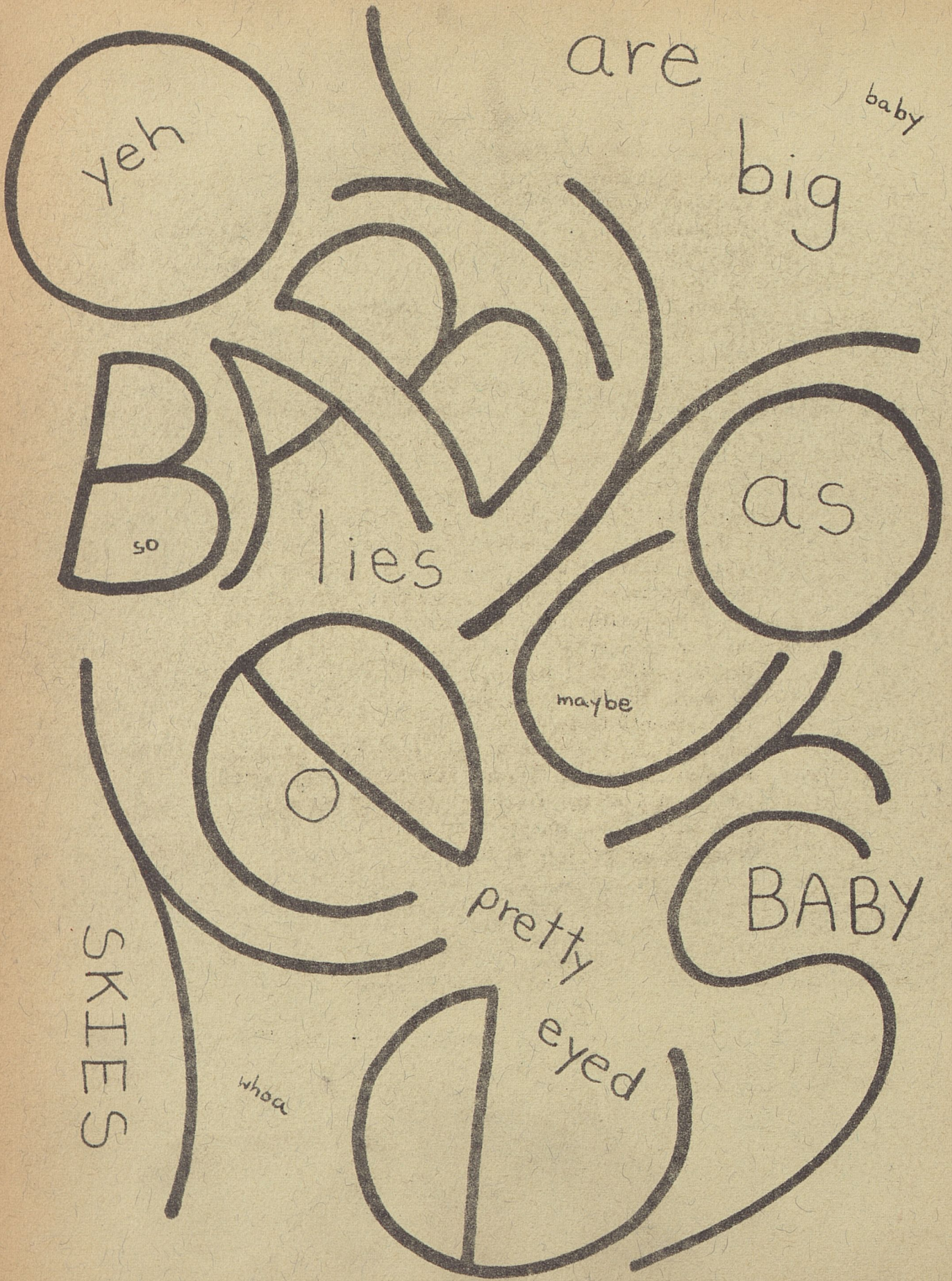
3

I mean if we take jazz
for example. Could it merely go up
from the stomach thru the throat
to paint a tonal
graph of space. Or must that musician also have
his feet thru my sense
of cement to a deeper
ground where that stomach might dance in the eye
of, say, an orange moon, or even further
down, where that ear is exposed to nothing
but a clear & wretched sound.

4

And yet, as poet & lover,
I think I am only asking that
words do not betray us, that we do not turn
devotion into something devious; that I do not
be some vulture turned garbage truck
on our own language, merely taking
the remains of others
in some dirty, heavy in-
consequential lust,
but that we partake & give carefully of what
I think cannot be defined, stated or described
but what I & the moving graph of myself
can only most simply register
& offer up as now & is.

Stephen Vincent
Nsukka, Nigeria
December 65 - July 1966



yeh

are

baby

big

so

lies

as

maybe

SKIES

o

pretty

BABY

whoa

eyed

ARTISTS' WORKSHOP ACTIVE ANTHOLOGY #4

This fourth installment of the Anthology takes in some new people, marks the passing of some of the previous contributors from these pages (and from the Workshop), and demonstrates the development of the "older" Workshop poets. The whole thing started two and a half years ago now, with Robin Eichele, George Tysh, Jim Semark and myself, Jerry Younkins came a little after that, Allen Van Newkirk a little later, J.D. Whitney, Bill Hutton and Bill Harris I think were somehow there all along, Henry Malone was here before us, Tom Mitchell, Tom Burd, Jim Ritchie and my brother Dave this last summer, Bradley Jones finally early this fall, and Gary Grimshaw just lately. And the next issue I think will have a lot of young surprises, as more & more people here are beginning to write, study, & read with us.

Reading to audiences here in Detroit and wherever people would let us has always been one of the first terms of our existence, both individually and as a group. And those two identities are almost inseparable for us. I mean I literally gave my first reading the day the Workshop opened, and the same is true for most of the poets here -- Eichele and Malone excepted. For months two or three of us, in different groupings, read each Sunday at the Workshop, and in almost every case followed the musicians' performances, which (as I noticed finally at a reading last week) has had a lot to do with our various rhythmic urges. But that's another story, and can be read in the poems.

The Artists' Workshop, happily, continues to grow and spread -- a new edition of our writing seminar opened last night, readings continue here and around Detroit, the free poems movement is spreading to Detroit high schools, and the audience for poetry here continues to grow and grow. I mean it makes a man very happy to be a poet in his city, and take part in the life of its community of poets and men. Because the possibility just didn't exist before the Workshop started, and thus the Workshop has made for a happier state of affairs, for many of us here.

Toward a current roll call: Allen Van Newkirk here in Detroit and very active, co-editor of GUERRILLA, will have a book out from the AWP this spring: EXPERIMENT FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF A MOLOTOV COCKTAIL. Semark here too, very active, has two books out now (The Book of Humors and the Night-Vision Express) and a third due soon -- THE SUN. J.D. Whitney is teaching English at Platteville, Wisconsin; the 2nd edition of his HELLO is now available, with a group of new poems. Bill Hutton is in Buffalo, has opened a ballroom there (Billy Zeigfield's Heaven), and has his first book almost ready for you to see: The Strange Odyssey of Howard Pow and Other Stories. Hutton is completing his second book, Your Land and Mine, which we will print as soon as we can. Robin Eichele now in London studying film-making, is completing

his runes, a portion of which was printed privately before he left and just now reprinted in the new JOURNAL, which is available from the AWP. Tysh now in Warsaw, after more than a year in Paris, and will have his second book, DICTEES, done by Tom Raworth's GOLIARD Press in London. Tysh's "sit up straight" will be available again in a second printing this spring.

Dave Sinclair graduates from Dartmouth College this spring, where he started a Free Poems/Among Friends movement and is now conducting, with Tommy Mitchell, a course in the new writing and the new music. Tom Mitchell also at Dartmouth, in his junior year, and edits the poetry magazine GREENSLEEVES there. Tom and Dave will edit WORK after this issue. They both spent last summer in Detroit, making up for my absence. Tom Buri also at Dartmouth after spending the fall quarter at Wayne -- he was expelled from the big D for a term for "fornicating on campus." Jim Ritchie, of Chicago, spent the summer here and contributed greatly to the functioning of the Workshop. He returned to Chicago in September.

Gary Grimshaw has his first publication here -- he does most of his work with pen and ink, and has drawn some beautiful posters for Detroit's Grande Ballroom. He is also on the art & layout staff of both the Fifth Estate and GUERRILLA. His Grande posters can be got from the Fifth Estate Bookstore, 923 Plum St., Detroit 48201, at a nominal cost. Bill Harris is now serving a sentence in the US Army and has just completed basic training at Fort Leonard Wood. A book of his stories hopefully will be forthcoming from the AWP soon. Bradley Jones also paints and does a lot of other things, and is a really beautiful cat. Henry Malone a long-time Detroit veteran, has published in many US poetry magazines. This is his second appearance in WORK. Jerry Younkins, a legend in Detroit at 20, has his second book, The SIRIUS Poems, available from us now. His pamphlet WRITE ABOUT MY BUDDIES...THEY'RE DEAD, is for me one of the finest poems by a young man I've seen.

All of these people are real. Believe it.

John Sinclair
Detroit
10 January 1967

A Poem for Movie Stars

(in this instance, for Walt Dropo,
Bill Hutton, & Jackson Illusion Peppers)

The silver lady was a woman
not an aspect of her. Not
a moon myth. The plaster
drying on her skin. Peeling
like layers of ancient lovers
leaving her, alone, with her body white
in the chalk of despair
& her un born children rush in
carrying submachine guns
spewing liquid silver down her ears
& throat like dyke nun torturers
from inquisitions her future lovers wage
against the black & yellow colonies in her thighs
indexing the martyred heroin heroines
starring in a thousand unmade coming revolution movies
starring in unused beds or a poem & they did
& she is dead

O silver lady, Marilyn Monroe, Jean Harlow, Bessie
Smith

forget it, it was a mistake
as the necessity of murder, the weird agony of love
death dries on our faces
withdrawal symptoms from the predictable needs
of this civilization. It is no good
& only five per cent are ever cured
wretched from the doors of these entrances

Yet the silver lady's cast & long yellow
silver wig remains & she will not
empty coffee cans of flowers on yr pillows
at night

but would use her teeth
to extract the noses of yr new geniuses
who smell through the moldy buttocks
of extinct eastern mythic princes
& prove nose picking marxist intellectuals wrong
not with poetry or magic flesh isms
but with fascist jissoms they masturbate
in neolithic nightmares of their corny panic
which they call vision
but is nothing but the new religion
of the petit bourgeois.

O I would take Marilyn, Jean, Bessie
 & the silver lady on a motorcycle to the white
 houses, pentagons, coffee shops & new
 bohemia of my generation
 we would put our hands on one another's genitals
 carrying live hand grenades in our mouths.
 & clap & smile

But the silver lady's legs do not move & her sex
 is all painted over & the lady
 who lived inside the silver lady
 is dead, & she
 & the others will not come back
 for either of us

Blues.

Once I bought tickets to mental miamis
 & boarded love jets to sit in the hairy cockpits
 of woman pilot. Thought myself revolutionary
 to hijack these planes & present gifts
 in some exotic caribbean endeavor. But these ladies
 flew me into the blue blue blue. Blue.
 Yea, they tore off their sex creature masks
 & were farting sergeants. Pushing me out of bombays
 over some asian plantation of wargame. Or
 else I refused & was branded Trotskyist. Deported
 to the moscow matrons of old broadway plays
 & served not red but the bureau berry wines
 of arsenic purge. Then exiled in time machines
 to mexican whores wearing axes & ice
 picking breast death. While her muralist pimps
 snickered in closets. Laid plans to market the body.
 To paint me on the backs of cereal boxes. Politics.
 Sold to my blonde ex-wife. Those comrades who file my pieces
 like poems in the smelly libraries of memory.

Allen Van Newkirk
 Detroit

Rhythm Ballad for Easter Sunday

OH! OH! OH! OH! / OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! / AY! EE! OH! OH! AY!
EE! EYE! OH! OH! AY! EE! EYE! YOU! OH! OH! / OH! OH! OH! OH!

i'm holding white hands of death in my hand
the white palms in my hand
do the skulls they
dance with glee?
the eyes
the white light in their eyes
BURNING IN THE PRINCIPAL VESTIGES
OF IMAGE RE AL I TY

OH! OH! OH! OH! / OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! / AY! EE! OH! OH! AY!
EE! EYE! OH! OH! AY! EE! EYE! YOU! OH! OH! / OH! OH! OH! OH!

do they
do they
do the eyes in skulls
do they ever learn to burn apart
your everlovin heart
(don't say it now)
no--no--no--no--
(don't say it you)
yeah--yeah--yeah--yeah--
the eyes in skulls they go

OH! OH! OH! OH! / OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! / AY! EE! OH! OH! AY!
EE! EYE! OH! OH! AY! EE! EYE! YOU! OH! OH! / OH! OH! OH! OH!

tell you a story now
tell you a story and her name is CLEAR-AND-BRIGHT
that's right she handled skulls of death with glee
CLEAR-AND-BRIGHT she's dead now
but this is what to you and me she said:

AY! AY! EE! EE! OH! OH! OH! OH! AY! AY! EYE! EYE! EYE! EYE! OH!
OH! OH! OH! / AY! EE! YOU! OH! OH! OH! OH! / OH! OH! OH! OH!

did you ever wake up
 in the everlovin dawn
 (OH! OH! OH! OH!)
 like on that fateful morning
 when a child his life is gone
 (YEY! YEY! YEY! YEY!)
 last in line heir to estate is dead
 there'll be some bath in blood in skulls i say--
 (OH! OH! OH! OH!)
 CLEAR-AND-BRIGHT
 she's dead-and-gone now
 she could bring his soul
 back-in-his-body
 (YEY! YEY! YEY! YEY! YEY!)

AY! EI! EE! YIY! EYE! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! says the Shaman
 dance of skulls with glee:

let's go get the soul
 of CLEAR-AND-BRIGHT
 let's go resuscitate the dead bones
 and march them round the town
 so the wind of karma
 will blow back to life
 the death of CLEAR-AND-BRIGHT
 (YEY! YEY! YEY! YEY!)
 let's send up a crying
 for no man is safe
 in his skin of vanity --
 let's send up a fire crying
 i mean a let-it-go crying
 that goes like this
 (let it go now)
 that goes like this:

OH! OH! OH! OH! / OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! EE! EE! AY! / OH! OH!
 OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! EE! EE! AY! / OH! OH! OH! EYE! EYE! EYE! OH!
 OH! OH! EE! EE! AY! / OH! OH! OH! EYE! EYE! EYE! OH! OH! OH! EE!
 EE! AY! OH! OH! OH! YOU! OH! OH! OH! / AY! EE! EYE! YOU! OH! OH!
 OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! / AY! EE! EYE! YOU! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! /
 OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! / OH! OH! OH! OH!

(distant song of CLEAR-AND-BRIGHT)

i'm coming down
brothers and sisters
-ancestors-
to give you the good love
and light within me
so let me come back
while the good joy speaks within
at the crossroads of heaven

OH! OH! OH! OH!/OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! / AY! EE! OH! OH! AY!
EE! EYE! OH! OH! AY! EE! EYE! YOU! OH! OH!/OH! OH! OH! OH!

Jim Semark

from the
Night-Vision Express

WHAT NOW

is there to
say but
that there is
nothing more to
say.

Together
with our
free hands

one each
each to its
own end

we press the
blade
down through the
knot we made
of
fingers.

What now.

We each
now
bleeding
part on
opposite ends of
that
same question.

J. D. Whitney
Detroit/Platteville
Wisconsin

THE ARCHAEOLOGY
OF LOVE

Come and
let's walk back
upstream

back to the
old site a
mound

dig
thru layers of
what

has settled
there
on it

sift
find a
ring

piece of
old
letter and

then walk
back down to
now

with no thing
of where we
were.

come from,
but that part
of an old

myth
still warm and
useful.

THE STRANGE ODYSSEY OF HOWARD POW!

Down the Jordan, the Black, the AuSable, the Manistee and the Muskegon. Down the Saint Joseph and the Paw, the Kalamazoo. Down the winding Tippicanoe; down the Iriquois, the Wawasee, the endless Wabash! Up the Little Wabash, the Mackinac, the Salt and down the mighty Kashikin and the Shoal, the Illinois and the Spoon. Up the Mississippi, the Missouri and the Niangua. Down the Jones, the Gasconde, and the White.... And now, at last, he was on the Sac....

Young Howard Pow was tired. He was also very happy and proud as it had been a long trip. Twenty-seven days to be exact, he thought; nearly 19 hundred miles. Phew. Howard was glad he was almost there and he wondered how it would feel to be a land-tubber again -- to make the big step in Skunky Creek, Missouri.

His means of transportation had been and was a raft, or more precisely, a large cork bull's-eye target. The target had, "Get a bull's-eye deal on an Oldsmobile" written on it and was orange and black. Howard liked the target fine. It was round and nice. It floated -- it had kept him dry enough. And Howard had had such an enjoyable trip that he didn't mind riding on the strange raft -- the peculiarity of it just didn't exist.

The diameter of the target was exactly 3 1/2 feet, and though Howard had not been able to stretch out in a long time, he had adjusted to this. Legs folded beneath him, sitting in the center of his target (as he had done for the past four weeks), Howard dreamed....

The Sac River was refreshingly cool, he thought, trailing his hand through the water, and to his eyes the river was clearer than a wishing well could ever be. Howard noticed that the bottom of the river was lined with cans of CAMPBELL'S SOUP. He was not surprised. Glancing down, he saw a Ministrone and a Split Pea and was reminded of other rivers he had travelled on.

He remembered going down the Iriquois and how it had a wonderful frozen-food section along its pebbled bottom and how the Greyling and the Brown Trout had paused, looking at the Bird's Eye Green Peas In Butter Sauce, the Aunt Sue's Frozen Waffles. Howard remembered floating down the Chio and seeing Jimmy Durante doing a Kellogg's Corn Flakes With Bananas commercial, and he recalled seeing Bert Parks at the Booneville Dam, smiling and pointing to a Giant Box of Fab Soap he held in his hand.

Howard Pow, dressed in old khakis and a YMCA tee-shirt, watched the ripples his hand made dragging through the water. It was an absolutely perfect day and Howard sighed, thinking about the trip. Once again he recalled his great surprise -- indeed, it had been the highlight of his trip! -- at seeing Papa Hemingway up on the Big Two-Hearted River in Northern Michigan. Ernest had been fucking a trout! Howard recalled how he had tried, paddling with his hands, to reach the bank of the river for Papa's autograph. He remembered how Hemingway, clutching the big Rainbow against his groin, had yelled him away in a gruff anxious voice....

Howard looked at the sun. He sneezed. He looked again and saw it was noon -- lunch time --and so he reached into the water and pulled up a can of soup. Scotch Barley. He threw it back and this time found his very favorite -- good old American vegetable.

Howard ate the soup. The target drifted through the water making a quiet rippling sound and he watched the scenery along the shore pass by. He saw butterflies, a hive of yellow jackets, heard wild birds cry, and, looking up, could see the tops of pine trees bending in the breeze. The sky was deep blue and puffs of clouds sailed by. Ah-h-h-h, thought Howard, taking off his shirt and letting the sun warm his body -- the beauty, the magic...this was indeed the life!

The river went around a sharp bend. Howard jumped to the alert. The target got caught in the eddy and the fast current started pulling it toward the river bank. Howard started paddling with his hands. Four bullfrogs were on a log doing a commercial and the target was headed straight for them! But by paddling rather frantically, windmilling both arms, the young man managed to get the target back into the main current of the river, and when, finally, it was safe, he turned around to watch the commercial.

It was a Maxwell House Coffee commercial. The bullfrogs were standing on the log, bouncing up and down to the largest bullfrog's "Ba-ba, bum, bum, bum, bum; ba-ba, bum, bum, bum, bum." They were holding up cups of Maxwell House, singing a catchy jingle.

Pretty good, thought Howard, making a mental note to try some Maxwell House Coffee real soon....

As he usually did during the early afternoons of his trip, Howard soon fell asleep. He awoke in the late afternoon as the target was passing beneath a bridge. Skunky Creek! He was finally there....

Filled with a nervous anticipation, Howard found a likely spot to make a landing -- an old crab fishing dock -- and paddled up to it. He tied up the target, climbed ashore and walked up to the bridge. There, with his last dime, he called his friend, told him he had finally made it and for him to come on down and pick him up. His friend, over the noise of what Howard thought must be a party, said he'd be down in 20 minutes.

Howard waited. Kicking stones around the phone booth, glancing up past the mountains into the Ozark sky, the power and mystery of it all gripped him like a big magnet and he nearly cried. "God!" he thought. "God, God, God."

In 15 minutes Howard heard -- and then saw -- a helicopter. It flew low, from the northeast, and was soon directly above him hovering noisily. A door opened in the helicopter and a sky hook came tumbling down. The sky hook dropped through the air and hung about 20 feet from Howard. Trotting up to it he saw there was a note attached which said, "It's me, Ty Soap, step into this sky hook!"

Ty Soap's farm looked nice, Howard thought. They were in the air circling above the two-story farm house. There were a few sheds and a barn, lots of land, woods and a pond -- all the things Howard had imagined a farm having.

"Quite a little spread, eh?" Ty Soap shouted above the roaring helicopter engine. Howard, looking down at the farm, nodded. The beauty, he thought...the wonder!

Ty Soap landed the helicopter in an open field and he and Howard walked up to the house. Ty was wearing an orange tube and could not walk very fast.

"Real glad you could make it, Howard." Ty Soap took real small steps.

"Yeah, well, boy! I sure had some trip."

Ty Soap said, "What did you see?"

"Oh, I saw a lot of beautiful things, Ty.... I saw Milton Berle. They were doing some of his old television programs on the Illinois and, well, it was really interesting...."

Ty Soap held the front door open for his friend.

WHAM!

Light, smoke and electric guitars came pouring out all screwy, like millions of systems gone mad or something, Howard smacked the door shut and backed away. What was it, he thought, looking at Ty Soap in astonishment. Ty Soap laughed.

"Codfish, Howard, it's only a party. Go on in."

Ty put his hand on his friend's shoulder and directed him inside.

There were hundreds of people in the room, smoke, chattering noise. In one corner Howard saw the electric guitarists, about fifty of them, all playing madly. He saw some State Department Officials in the crowd, weeping over recent decisions made in Viet Nam. The Beatles were there. Howard could see the Negro Leaders, the New York Mets, the Supremes. Jack Ruby, Kate Smith, Little Stevie Wonder, Wally Segap, Pinky Lee, Eddie Plunkett. Student demonstrators pacing the lawns at Berkeley and men taking space walks. Hundreds of people. In one corner, as Howard stood on his tip toes and strained his eyes through the smoke, over heads, he watched Arnold Palmer putting out on the 18th. He saw some old television commercials. He saw Mr. Tooth Decay from the old Howdy Doody Show. He saw Johnnie Ray, in tears, singing "The Little White Cloud That Cried."

"Gee whiz, Ty," said Howard, "this is real nice."

"Oh, it's nothing," said Ty Soap, laughing and shrugging. "Nothing at all; have them all the time."

"All the time!" Howard couldn't believe it.

Ty Soap laughed modestly and patted Howard on the back.

"Now Howard, come on boy. You just get yourself a drink and enjoy, enjoy." He looked at Howard and winked. "I got to go and wipe this little spot off my tube."

Howard watched Ty Soap disappear into the crowd. Feeling like a Cinderella in his YMCA tee-shirt, he wished he had a nice orange tube like Ty's. Then he felt someone tapping his shoulder.

"Ay is ough at au baut, eh?"

It was one of the State Department men Ty had pointed out to him.

"What?" asked Howard.

"I satpe whel est ou at," he said, setting his drink down and pulling a Map of the World from his pocket, Howard still hadn't the vaguest idea what the man was trying to tell him.

"Did you ask me where am I at?" was as close as Howard could get to the man's message.

"Ay wit ey det er crompt, ay wit ey det er crompt," the man said, jabbing his finger at some country on the map and looking up at Howard.

Howard shrugged helplessly.

"I'm not exactly clear on what you're trying to tell me," he said. "Something about the Commies?" Howard guessed, trying to look at the man's map.

The man scowled indignantly at the youth. "Raagh!" he said, folding up his map and walking away.

Upset by what he guessed must be a social blunder, Howard headed for the punch bowl, drank three glasses of the brew and felt better almost at once. Thus fortified, he moved around the party meeting many people, participating in various toasts, laughing at dirty jokes and generally having a very fine time. It was all rather overwhelming to him. He had met the Miracles, McGeorge Bundy, and had watched two M&M PEANUTS give a poolside demonstration on how they were milk chocolate and candy coated...and much more. Howard wondered when it would all end!

"Ya bash, ah bish, ah, boosh, ah gish," a bespectacled English professor was telling Howard. Howard, nodding and taking a fresh drink from a tray, noticed a lovely commercial on the other side of the room motioning for him to come over. The young traveller excused himself from the professor and walked over to the commercial.

"Hi," Howard said to it. It was the Blue Bonnet Margarine commercial.

"Everything's better with Blue Bonnet on it," said the Blue Bonnet Miss coyly.

"Oh, I don't know," said Howard, turning his glass in his hands and looking at his shoes. "I like butter pretty good myself."

The Blue Bonnet Miss produced two crackers, each with a spread on it. "Try one of these, Howard," she said. "Then tell me which one you prefer. One's spread with Nature's Own, the other has Blue Bonnet on it."

Howard tried the crackers. "I like this one," he said.

"You like that one?"

"Yes."

"Howard Pow, you picked the Blue Bonnet cracker!"

By 2:00 a.m. the party was showing signs of slowing down, but that was all right with Howard. He had seen enough things happen, strange things, "to last me a whole bunch of parties," as he had put it to one of the guitarists. Howard had watched the Beatles, in rages of HELP, shave themselves bald, and he had seen Arlene Francis standing on a piano and admit she was the world's biggest fake. Mickey Mantle, slobbering, confessed he slept with his baseball hat on, and the TERRYTON smokers, in a moment of rare honesty, allowed as how they would really rather switch than fight. The LUCKY STRIKE FILTER smokers then stood up and said they really didn't take bites out of their hats -- that it was all a trick meant to fool the public into buying LUCKY STRIKE FILTERS.

No, Howard, standing alone by a chair, still drunk, hadn't quite known what to think of all this and was glad the party was slowing down at least a little. He had stopped drinking the punch and was now smoking a strange cigarette someone had given him, thinking about what a confused person he'd probably grow up to be.

As he was taking a drag from his cigarette, coughing, he noticed an orange tube weaving towards him.

"I got a sure thing for you, Howard," Ty Soap confided in a drunken whisper.

The party did seem to be reaching some sort of climax, Howard had been noticing. Couples were being formed, were sharing drinks or cigarettes. A few were even going upstairs.

"What's the sure thing?" asked Howard.

"The Denture Wearer."

"The what?"

"The Denture Wearer, the Denture Wearer," said the orange tube.

"You mean some woman who wears dentures?"

"Yes!"

"A denture wearer," said Howard to himself.

"It's a sure thing, Howard."

"Well, I don't know," said the boy. "No, I don't know."

But Ty Soap had already started nudging Howard, pushing him over to the other side of the room.

The Denture Wearer was sitting on a couch trying to eat an ear of corn. Her dentures kept falling out.

"You'll excuse me, Howard," the Denture Wearer said, after Ty Soap had made the introductions, "but you've seen what's been happening as I've tried to eat this ear of corn. Well, now watch."

The Denture Wearer took out her plate and put some POLIGRIP on it and placed it back in her mouth. She then ate the ear of corn with no trouble at all.

"See?" she said, looking at Howard beside her on the couch, her mouth filled with corn.

Howard could barely make it to his feet. He cleared a path to the other side of the room where the door was. All he could see was a giant vision of the Denture Wearer, her mouth filled with corn, saying "See?" And outside he got sick. The cool air, the wind, his sweating face. He could not remember ever having felt so odd.

Howard Pow stayed outside; he wouldn't return to that madness again. He was feeling much better now and it was a truly lovely night. He started walking, away from the house, slowly, his head very clear, and he was thinking...oh, the great night. The fields, the trees, the high mountains, the lakes and the rivers, the black sky and the stars and the moon... He, Howard Pow, Civilization, the Universe....

It was all such a puzzle.

Howard found a tree and sat down, sighing, beneath it. The moon shined down high above him and in the distance he could see the house. It was rocking and swaying like a house in some cartoon and Howard was forced to close his eyes. He heard the wind blowing in the branches of the tree above him, and footsteps. Footsteps?

He thought at first he must be wrong but he did hear footsteps. Howard's heart skipped as the steps got nearer.

"Who is it?" he asked quickly.

"It's me," came the high little voice.

"Who?"

"Me."

And then Howard could see it was the Blue Bonnet Miss.

"Oh, it's you," he said, slightly relieved.

She was standing by the tree now and said, "Do you mind if I sit down for a while?"

"No, go ahead." Howard didn't care. He moved over a little and the girl sat down beside him.

"Thank you," she said.

"OK," said Howard.

"It's nice out here," the girl said.

"If you like it, it's nice out here."

The girl turned to Howard. "What do you do," she asked him.

Howard picked up a stick and poked it at the ground.

"Nothing too much," he said. "I came down here from Michigan on a target. It's got, get a bull's-eye deal on an Oldsmobile on it... That's about 19 hundred miles you know."

The girl cradled her knees in her arms and said wistfully, "I wish I could leave here."

Howard looked at the girl. She looked fine in the moonlight, he thought.

"Where to?" Howard asked.

"I don't know -- just away. I'm so tired of giving commercials."

He thought of his target.

"I've got a target you know. You could come with me." His heart raced with the thought.

"To where?"

"Oh, I don't know. South. Maybe as far as New Orleans."

"I've never been to New Orleans," she said.

The night was bright and the stars and the moon were bright. Howard stood and held his arms down to the girl.

"Well, well...then let's go!"

They went to the barn. The barn was filled with motorcycles. They took the biggest one they could find, all red and chrome and shiny. Howard got it started and they both climbed on, the Blue Bonnet Miss clutching one arm around Howard's waist and holding on to her hat with the other.

Through the night they raced -- 60, 70, 80 miles per hour. Howard was ecstatic. To the raft! he thought, and he could see it all now -- the lights of the town getting smaller and smaller as they drifted along the stars....

Ninety, one hundred miles an hour! Howard could barely keep his eyes open -- the wind rushing at his face, and he knew how the Blue Bonnet Miss must feel on the back -- her arms tight around his waist, her little head pressed against his back....

Love, Howard Pow thought, tossing his head back and laughing wildly into the night. love, Love, LOVE!!

Bill Hutton

Buffalo/Detroit 1965

veiled rune

"you are a god"
 the man says of the woman
 "and now I can hold you
 responsible for everything...!"

Terpsichore brings olives
 one in each hand--one Greek and one Spanish--
 which one, which hand? I take
 the black one, she takes the Spanish.
 And I see by which taking do I
 give her, she poised for
 me to take, she
 giving on that balance of her love.
 Then chewing them, around the seeds, eye
 to eye, we kiss. She on my lap, her hips
 in my hands, Manitas de Plata plays
 in the literal of our touch.
 Unomundo trips in love to the page to the dream.

I hold you, you
 are the joyful noise;
 through your lips
 I am responsible to
 the words of this enchantment.

The man with the silver hands
 permits his driven fingers
 the heart of the dream;
 torn, he tears the voices flexed with

esso! esso! esso!

(eso es!

his hands dance
 with the blood of his moment

In the bull tempted and taunted
 in the rhythm
 within breathing
 the dream flourishes
 --to dance
 to face precisely the enraged bull
 the dancer's hand places
 "the moment of truth"

--to dance as close to,
as life allows,
death's dance.

In the hold of Unomundo
of Terpsichore
in the silver hands
the horn we do not know
dances against
gives us
our form.

The horned dream rages, now sighs, as
the woman loved
as the best step
of the dance is
as the music made is
to be formed accordingly.

Rune of Hands

To the man in possession of his hands
the fingers go, straight through,
to the mind

the heart
screams
our divined error
of ecstasy
hair
of our moon

words spiral up the throat
from behind the bone-
breasted song

 :carved bone
white in moonlight
sacred sign
 worn smooth by infinite
 care
 born of hands

rune for an unborn child

name my love .

name the faces at the table .

name the noun of our being,
womb-

flexed to draw the smooth

earth; as the

arch of sex

prescribes the earth

mundus (world rhythm of her thighs, hard
up from beneath, pressed
tight

darkness there of first fact

the noun, known: mystery .

moves, halved, of corolla. caul.

deep-birth parameter--not

mere cant of hip

but of stars

word rune

in love of multiple births

Robin Eichele
Detroit/London

from runes

aaahh!

as the hot light of the Mediterranean
and the wind push a curtain aside coming through the window
the legs on a striped tablecloth
covered against it petted with talcum
moving into an unknown territory

the neighbors are right of course cease
no pere laissez-faire let me continue
I'm on the right track I sense it
a constant desire to be somewhere else
divorced from me

ow
the wind just came through the window again
we lay down in a bed of miniature roses and petunias
sleeping out on a precipice over the king's highway
"listen to the popular song being played"

our mind was moved into unknown territory
it wasn't love and we were lonely
together in an onion patch
over an embankment
somewhere else

bang bang

spaniards
burn out of the syndrome
one hour before the hour
just like them
coming over

horse dog or calc
or a smile in the rock
saint meteor
in the underbrush that's
the desert

sun repast
cast iron
sage
wolf gets a mouthfull
will be back

7/66
George Tysh
Paris/Warsaw

LETTER

The touch of your flesh bereft
to me. The dream of eyes opening in the night
for need of touch.

I inhabit here a geography of measurements,
the town closed in by the shit
this place is symbol of. The enactment
of two hundred years of man's control
over his fellow man.

(Redskin's eyes
overflow with rum, hand placed on book
by hand reddened with work
of coercion. The spread of the word, the fear
that another may live harmoniously with his people
yet not quake with the fear of God.
Eleazer Wheelock, having no place in his mind
for even the notion of a smooth & peaceful commune of men women
& their children,
rightfully dumbfounded,
Founded Dartmouth College, 1770

(1754--Eleazer in Connicut
drawing Red Man out of touch
with his people & his land)

(And now Viet-Nam, & us. The desperate quivering hand
of the Westerner, needing company of burned yellow flesh
in his misery, the fear that same absence of touch
invokes in the hearts of men made alone. Two hundred years later,
same old shit)

Til now the town's bereft
of touch, the spark of communion of souls
slid down the wet wire
to the controlled source of men & women here, drowned
in the well of their possible feeling.

The warmth your breath opens in me
is needed here. The touch of your mouth
on the naked and fearful people

for Arlene
from Hanover NH

DISTANCE

is dreaming, is, at night, is
those few yards (I can walk to you
holding, it's not far, holding
my breath.

you can walk to me
holding my breath, held
in a dream, my breath held
in a waking dream
at night, awake, the
imagination wakens, the image
of you moving from your house
to mine. Dream.

*

my breath held (the distance
my breath held (why the distance
my breath held (why the distance is need
my breath held (why the needed distance is there

my breath held, no distance, together, for love of you, was
choking. my face
in your back.

*

we come up for air
wherever we can
air ourselves out. wherever
we can breath. here

the last two words
are puzzling. listen. (quote)
no love deserves the death it has
(unquote)

what a choke
is. death rattle. "Hail
us, full of
twisted grace

*

"Can you tell from there
if it's onions or pickles
I've eaten?" we breathe now
together. your breath in my dream
is as you are, is no dream,
is as love is. Breathing.

*

you are twenty years old today. And still
your words come
with difficulty, misspelled,
out of grace with grammar.

your name is Sherry.
S-h-e-r-r-y

my name is David.
D-a-v-i-d

we graced each other (past tense)
we do grace each other (present tense)
we shall grace each other (future tense)

August 1966
David Sinclair
Detroit/Hanover

1

the convention requires that you sell
your self, your talent, time, in return

for a table, a bed, time to eat and
sleep away
hunger, ache

society, structure, needs bred in, crop up all--
ways, in the simplest matter of main-
tenance, holding on to the hope for
a time & place where the weary
bones are rested, where the con-
vention is in-
vention and the bursts now vented
in anger are the con-
struction of event after
event, a breathing of lungs
that heave with living force

2

but the god, that which is not
here, is not here, is
sought as the key to ces-
sation, the satiation of pain

& what is found is LSD, the miracle
drug-- opens, unlocks
the suspension of
association, the dissociation of
one moment from another, one
movement no longer relates
to another, people are no
longer contained in social be-
havior, they have found the haven, their
peace on earth & are as princes

3

the haven the standing statue proclaims
here today, available to all --
she aloft on the water, as around her
industry marches
on
parade

-- & she is a symbol, displayed
like some jesus on a dashboard
held against that moment of de-
struction, the time comes forward
when for each other they will see no more
heaven on earth

& so the everyday dull
discomfort as heaven crumbles, is
torn down by our very
selves, we who connect ever-
ything, build bridges back
into memory, again and again return
to the knowledge to be realized, the thought
that of our lives, all is nothing

4

but the facts.
as i live / i die
incomplete. postulating
creates the posture this man
takes to bed, proposing
it is the food that fed
the hungry while they listened
caught in the process of speech

the speech that speaks in di-
chotemies, appears as two sides
to the same surface

5

"are you bored?" "no,
i'm watching a movie"
"how real
it must seem!" "yes,
i see the dance & i think, yes
'do the moebius strip'"

--are you lonely?

woman. the dance, the music
flute, drum & song.

not when i have someone to talk to--

& the need to understand. the fervor gone,
excitement settles heavy. into task & chore.

6

it is like this

i held the sunflower & counted in
a circle one way 21 slow spirals
& in the reverse direction 34 fast, but
how? & i can't conceive of making
such a thing

tho i knew the numbers as well as my hand
has five fingers, the digits were the units
i counted with / i am

baffled like venetian blinds, my sight
interlaced with slats and slits that
keep the apparent from closing

"--good-bye"
"good-bye.-- and good luck!"

7

"you didn't try to find,
did you?" "no,... i didn't"

disappointment is available on any streetcorner
the stern measure of the stance that
does not avert the eyes / of speech

this is not a poem. it is
a fabrication, avails itself of
antics, as tho anticipating

vacation, vacating
the point of the poem / which is
BANG BANG BANG rattle
the grating in the window that
makes me a prisoner of piece
of part and parcel

Detroit
August 1966

MAN, MAKER OF SYMBOLS

man has language, but now our words
are not connected
to ourselves, to the facts
of our condition.

we have made symbols of our words,
& examine sensations
for what they might signify,
especially smell

we are not aware of.
the nose grown so numb on a human head
it is no longer used to sense
danger, what any mammal must detect.

man is now become a predator
to everything he can get his hands on,
including himself: unless we
can rediscover
what once was known, (our surroundings),
we will consume ourselves (completely).

2

the sphere / the spear of any man
extends from where he stands
in the center of a circle
described by the reach of
his arms & legs

beyond this our eyes & ears:
all we have
to do to bring
vibrations into ourselves
is to stop
look and listen,

hear sound & make song,
& touch our fellows with it,
the circle, the simple fact
our ancestors drew figures within.

begin with the basics (find them)
& make them of yourself, just as
you are of this time & place,
for what you will make of it.

Tom Mitchell
Detroit/Hanover

IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD
AND THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH

the dance of body heat over
bone muscle & nerve is
rhythm is Flesh.
Who does not dance
is flakes from the earth scalp
cut flesh roots
by mad indians who
tomahawk yr skin for trophy grease
on their empirical phallus.

Gentlemen of the earth
storm their reality totem.
Shove their word
up their ass.

Heat of Flesh
make yr own myth
dance yr own word.
music of warm skin over
bone muscle & nerve
is Light-heat of yr own word
made flesh.

4 dec 66
Tom Buri
Detroit

You've made your responsibilities
 To wash your car and mow your lawn
 While I've made mine
 To stay excited about being alive
 And you don't understand
 Why I won't stay home

Without seeing it happen
 You've slipped into the norm
 While I've kept my eyes open
 For the pleasure of new things
 And you don't understand
 Why I am different from the rest

In the name of reason
 You've drained the joy from life
 While I make mistakes
 Because I won't listen to advice
 From a dying generation
 And you wonder why
 I stare at the floor when you speak

August 2

"Prove yourself!" yells the Queen of Morality
 In her castle on the hill of broken dreams
 "But there's nothing to prove!" I yell back
 From my midnight ancient cellar
 As the King slips off to the prison factory.

TWO SONGS

GARY GRIMSHAW

The Queen's daughters know the virtue of work
 They dream of an effortless struggle
 Against inactivity and doubt
 Carried on in calm organization
 Won by merciless repression.

The King once was young, like me
 I often think of him this way
 Before he volunteered to die
 His funeral went unnoticed
 In the steady hum of the factory
 Where he surrendered to Chief Reason
 And succeeding days drove out whim and fancy
 Leaving him with What Is and nothing more
 What Is, the terrible master.

August 12

THE PRICE

That slimy, sawed off jew son of a bitch, Kenny cursed, coming out of the pawnshop, I hope his shriveled up balls fall off.

He scratched under his do rag as he stopped at the curb -- trying to decide which way he wanted to go now that he actually had the money: whether to see Matty, take the money on down for Shirley's bail, pay the rent man the rent, or just go on by the pool room & see if he could find somebody to buy him a drink.

Ray Charles was singing:

I'm driftin n driftin,
Like a ship out on the sea

O LORDY! a black voice hollered in the bar. Do it to me Daddy Ray!

Driftin n driftin
Like a ship out on the sea.

Aint it so! a woman laughed a drunken laugh from out of the darkness of the Crystal Bar, where, Good Friends Meet, & in the street, the brothers were leaning in the long evening shadows, or cruising by (leaning too) & being seen.

He'd hold onto the money awhile. Let Shirley sit on her big ass some more. Do her good. Bitch. Had no damn business trying to hustle that cop in the first damn place. It just didn't make no sense. She been out here long enough to know better than that. Damn! The young broads could smell cop! Even a goddamn baby! Hell, that was the first thing you learned. How could she be that dumb? & it wasnt nothing but dumb. That's all you could call it. But she was the only one that could keep that damn baby quiet... The hell with her. As long as he wasnt there he couldnt hear the little bastard, so he didnt need Shirley to keep it quiet. Simple as that. He didnt need her for awhile no way, didnt need her, not as long as he had the bread he'd just gotten from old Uncle Silverman for the tv & Shirley's rings & watch. The landlord could kiss his ass. & as far as somebody buying him a drink, he knew he could throw that out of his mind. Them jive niggers in the pool room wasnt getting up off nothing, & he didnt feel like being bothered with them worthless motherfuckers no way. Damn em. Didnt even feel like seeing Matty -- the other baby was there & Matty didnt care how much it hollered, & couldnt stop it when it did. He just didnt feel like doing nothing -- & hadnt since he'd married Shirley. Almost three months now. It was all her fault. All of it. She'd ruined him, making him marry her, & it was getting worse every day.

Silverman came out of the pawn shop and locked it, & the folding metal screen that he pulled across the windows.

Take it & run, you thieving cocksucker, before it gets dark & somebody catches you & snatches your money loving heart out.

A bunch of yelling kids came running down the street toward Kenny: a boy about 7, & 5 or 6 girls of different heights & thinnesses. They ran around the other corner into the alley & out again, back onto the street & then into the corner grocery store, led by a taller & older girl who must have joined them in the alley because he hadnt seen her with them before.

Leaning against the bus stop pole & looking around -- trying to figure out what he should do & why things was always the same.

One of the little girls came running out of the store, chased by the boy. She almost bumped into Kenny as she ran past & the boy caught her before she got to the other corner.

"Lemme go, nigger! Lemme go!"

"Come on here." Pulling her by her hair -- "I said come on." Jerking to show he meant it. She was hollering & twisting for him to let her go but he tugged harder against her protests.

A woman with her arms crossed over her sagging breasts sat in an abandoned doorway watching them with old eyes & shaking her head.

The boy pulld the little girl past Kenny & she fell.

"Get up & com'on!"

"Let go, nigger, you hurtin' me!"

"Get up then" -- pulling her hair.

"Oooooowwww! Stop! OOOOOOOWWWWWWWW!"

That's right my man, put it on her, 'cause if you dont she sure gonna fuck you up when she get the chance. Like they doing me. Its like that & you might as well get hip to it. Thats the way they do, man.

The boy got tired of her hollering or the game & ran off down the street laughing. She lay there on the sidewalk for a moment before she got up & went back into the store.

Kenny patted himself fora cigarette he knew he didnt have & wished he was a kid again -- that time when he was only 10 & all of them went to the State Fair & he (the only one of the whole bunch, even the older dudes) had been able to knock over the wooden bottles & won the red derby hat. Them motherfuckers was jeal-ous -- damn! He grinned & sucked at his teeth.

Silverman drove by in his 4 year old Chevy with the black walled tires.

The girls were coming out of the store with the tall one as the boy was walking back by. "Getim," one of them hollered & he took off, running, laughing, around & between them,

into the street, dodging cars, & back, not trying to get away but show them how fast & slick he was, until one by one they gave up the chase & one of the smaller, more determined girls finally caught him, her arms around his waist, shouting, "I gotim, yall. I gotim."

He didnt attempt to break away, but laughed & tried to catch his breath at the same time. The other girls ran around him, hitting at him, & he laughed at their girlish blows until the tall girl joined them. "Im gonna kick yo ass," she said, her voice & stance hard & he knew she meant it & tried to cover up but she was too fast, hitting him twice against his temple with her fist & he started to cry. The other girls backed away, frightened.

"Im gonna tell my mama on you," he hollered.

"Go on. Tell. Tell you ole black mammy, I dont care," her hands on her narrow hips, her face close to his, making him hate her.

"Im gonna tell," walking away crying, "Im gonna tell my mama." The other girls, over the shock of his fear & pain, danced along behind him, taunting.

I told you man. Didnt I tell you? He wished the boy would quit crying & knock the hell out of the tall girl, just to show her. Show her he was a man & didnt takenone a that shit.

But the boy didnt.

Kenny shook his head & spit, making a movement with his mouth; lips curled & the corners twisted down, in an expression so hateful it seemed the lower half of his face was deformed.

He wished he could get away. Get away & get them all off him. Somewhere peaceful. & feel good for a while. Away from Shirley & Matty & them two babys, (Rochelle by Matty, & Kenny Jr. by Shirley -- tricked, somehow he didn't understand, but tricked into matrying her. Not like with Matty who was real cool when he knocked her up. At least she had that going for her, that & them city checks every two weeks.) Away from that raggedy ass apartment. Get the hell up & get out & dont look back. Chicago maybe, or New York. Somewhere. Shit. Any goddamned where. Because nothing didnt never change! It just got worse.

Maybe he ought to go down & get Shirley out. After all, she was paying the bills. He spat. Tomorrow. She'd be madder than a bitch, but he could handle her. If he couldnt do nothing else he could handle Shirley -- with her dumb self. She loved him & he used it. Not understanding it. (She'd told him, shouting during one of their fights, it wasnt what he was that was for damn sure, but she'd thought he'd had some hopes in him for being a man, but she must have been wrong because he was lower than any dog!) But she still loved him -- even after all the shit he'd pulled on her, even after simple-assed Matty had called her & told her that she'd had a baby by him too, & that he was even with her the night little Kenny

was born & Shirley had cried & asked him if it was true & he told her yeh, wanting to make her feel like he did because he married too young & had some coldly solid thing in him that wouldnt let him acknowledge any love for her as his wife -- or in any way, or for any one -- not the way he was able to love some of the things that he had had when times were good.

He saw Shark coming down the street carrying a brown lunch bag, looking beat, & going to his factory job. They'd gone to school together, Shark getting good grades & running track. Shark saw him too, but too late.

"My man Shark."

"Whats happenin Kenny?"

"Same ol soup, my man, same ol soup." He looked Shark up & down. "Say, give me a cigarette. You working, you can afford it."

He thought Kenny was going to hit in him for some money again. He gave him a cigarette, pulling one from the pack without taking the pack from his shirt pocket.

"Aint you got no light?" Kenny asked. "I caint smoke the mothafucka if it aint lit -- now can I? -- huh?"

Shark held the lighter for him.

"Nice lighter; you got there" -- exhaling -- "what you been doing for yourself?"

"Trying to make it -- you know -- working 2 gigs --" yawning "trying to keep up them payments." Eyeing Kenny and remembering his days of chicken & wine, when he (as they said) had broads & booze in columns of 2's -- when Shirley had first started hustling for him & he had his brand-new Cadillac (the 8th Wonder of the World) & sharp-as-a-bitch wardrobe. He looked at Kennys greasy collar & dirty rumpled pants & smelled how funky he was.

"Still trying to work honest & make a million, huh?" Kenny asked, sneering.

"Yeh, & them mothas bout to work my ass to death too baby, but, I hear that after the first million its all down hill."

There was a pause, neither of them smiling, Shark, glad to see the bus coming. "How you making it?"

"You know," Kenny said, shrugging and making the expression with his mouth.

"Im like the rubber ball -- the harder I hit the ground, the higher I bounce back up."

"Heard you & Shirley got married."

"Yeh," Kenny said, nodding & hating Shark. "Yeh," he didnt even feel like lying, "you know, I knocked her up & --" He wanted to hit Shark, slap the stingy brimmed hat with the factory ID badge on it off his head & might have if the bus hadnt come.

Kenny looked in the window of the pool room. Bunch of young studs. None of them meant nothing to him. Wasnt many cats around that he used to run with. Most of them had been fucked up one way or another. Dead. Doing time. Something. Nothing. Anything. But not around or worth fooling with. Or like Shark, letting them sell him something & then work him to death for it.

"Come here Kenny." Powers, the nigger-hating, graft-taking cop. Getting more from Fowler than he was in his pay check from the city. Grinning his fat nasty grin out of the window of the cop car.

& Kenny remembered.

(Or feels the knot that automatically forms when he sees Powers. Because of the beating Powers had given him when he had been just a little older than the boy who'd just been playing on the street:

(Turner, one of the boys he'd skipped school with those years ago, had bragged that when he got grown he was going to go to Florida whenever he felt like it, just like them white folks his mother washed for. Squirrel told them that the only way Turner would get to Florida was if the side show Turner's mother was in (as the ugliest woman in captivity) was to let old Turner go along as her feeder. They laughed & Kenny asked if there was anybody left in the house. There wasn't & he suggested they go look at the house just for something to do. They got some bikes & rode across town. It was dark when they got there & the others were ready to turn back, but Kenny wanted to go inside to see what it was like.

Squirrel: You caint go in there, man.

Kenny: How come?

Turner: Cause.

Kenny: That aint no reason. Yall niggers just scared them white folks gonna come all the way back from way down there in Florida & get yall.

West: We aint even suppose to be out here in this white folks neighborhood.

Squirrel: Its dark. They caint see you ol black niggers no way.

Turner: Aw, nigger, shut up.

Squirrel: What you want to go in therefor anyway, man?

Kenny: To see, for my ownself, how them white folks live for real. Yall wit me?

Turner: You crazy, nigger. You better not break in that house.

Kenny: I'm goin on in. Yall chicken shit niggers can stay out & keep a look for me. Or go on home, if yall that scared. But I'm goin in.

(Trying to talk them into it, but couldnt, & went in alone, because he just had to see for himself what was so much better about it that made his mother talk about it all the time & that drove his father into a rage when she did. He went thru the house, turning on lights as he went so he could get a really good look & he got caught. Powers (a new young patrolman then) had been the one who caught him & beat him when they got to the police station.

"What's happening?" Powers asked.

Kenny leaned on his forearms on the top of the car, staring at the bright red bubble, making it hard for the cop to see his face. He shrugged, not looking down. Wanting to get away, but knowing that by not talking & playing the game he was only delaying the time till Powers would let him go.

Making the expression with his mouth & shaking his head. Wanting to kick him in the balls & watch him turn red & twist doubled up at his feet on the nasty sidewalk.

"Shirleys in jail for hustling, huh?"

"Yeh. She got picked up last night." Knowing the cop knew all about it & everything else about him.

"Tried to pick up Lerner from the vice squad swhat I hear. Have to almost want to get arrested to do something like that, wouldnt she?"

"I dont know, man."

"You going down to get her out?"

"Yeh. I'm on my way right now."

"Want a ride?"

"Naw." I don't want nothing from you --

"Whered you get the money to go her bail? Somebody laying somewhere with their pockets turned inside out? But naw, you wouldn't do that cause youre chicken shit. Aint you?"

"Thats what you keep telling me."

"Whered you get the bread then?"

"I killed my mama & sold her to the A&P for hamburger meat." You twisted no good motherfucker.

"Thats against the law."

"What? For me to kill her or for the A&P to sell her?"

"What the A&P does is their business" -- grinning -- "but what you do is mine. Especially if its against the law."

"Everything I do is against the law" -- he looked down at Powers -- "aint it?"

"Seems like -- dont it?" Shifting the cigar around in his mouth. "& you still as dumb as that time I caught you in that house with all the lights on & had to explain to you what would happen if I ever caught you out of place again. Ive come a long way, but youre still the same dumb darkie you were then."

"But you still caint enjoy it cause you got to spend all your time sniffing round behind my ass & tryin to keep me where I belong." Powers didnt say anything. "Look," Kenny said, "you want something? If not I got to split."

"Oh, you in a hurry?"

"Yeh, Im in a hurry."

"Got to go babysit? With one of your babies?" Wanting to snatch out his fat pink tongue.

"Naw, I thought Id go stick up the bank."

"Id have to get you if you did that."

"You mean thatd be your excuse."

"I dont need an excuse," Powers said.

& they were both silent at the statement, realizing at once the truth of it, the tradition & reality of the situation that allowed the possibility of what he said; its weight & the enormous role it played in the shaping of their individual & combined existences -- & each, for a moment, almost knew the prisoner it made for him. Kenny realizing that Powers counted on his remembering the beating & that the memory was used as a weapon, a whip, ball & chain; that he was

always to remember it, & that it, or worse, could happen again at any time; that everyone connected with either of them also realized it & either accepted it & tried to hide it, or behind it, trapping themselves, or used it for profit, or the way Powers did.

Things which he'd known for as long as he'd been able to feel (even before he was able to understand even the least of it), taught by the heavy-handed whiskied distance & eventual desertion of his father broken by the weight of it; known since his first contact with whites & before, by his mothers ambivalent passions caused by the mention of them. As aware of it as all the others around him. But suddenly it became unbearable,

& he, feeling weak & insignificantly smaller, funkier & alone than he'd ever felt, touched the red plastic bubble & the cop brushed the dead ash off the end of his cigar with the tip of his ring finger.

Powers spoke, forcing the moment to pass: "Who's babysitting for you? With Shirleys kid?"

"Somebody. Dont worry about it. Yeh, its all took care of."

"You know I worry about you. Thats what I was just saying to George here. You one a my favorite boys. You know that. & I worry about you even more since you got to be a married father & have responsibilities. You are aware of your responsibilities aint you?"

Kenny hardly heard him, forgetting for a moment everything but who he was. "Yeh, man, & I got to split. See you around." He walked away, knowing, without thinking about it, that more niggers than he felt like counting had had their heads beat to splinters & slush by the very same cop he was walking away from for doing a whole lot less than he had just done & he hoped the cop would say something so he could tell him to go fuck hisself or his nasty mama, & see what would happen --not that it made a whole hell of a lot of difference one way or the other -- & almost sure that Powers would let him go this time (for some reason he didnt understand) & just add it to the list till the time came for them to stop playing the game: the time when the memory of the beating, what it meant, & the other (almost daily) intimidations were no longer enough.

Powers watched him closely, spitting a piece of tobacco off the end of his tongue. George started the car & they crept slowly along the curb beside Kenny. "Give my love to your little families," he said. "Think about what I told you, & dont do nothing thatll make me have to come & get you. Hear?" The car pulled off a round the corner.

I already done something, ass hole, I JUS AM! I was born. His head spinning with thoughts trying to come to him, & hate: the cop, his words, himself, & every goddamn thing white he could think of & the feeling the thought of them caused in him.

If Shirley was out --- trying to hustle a cop! Losing her fucking mind is what was happening. Nothing else it could be. & it was getting worse. Had been for the last couple of months ever since Matty had called & told her about little Rochelle & Shirleyd turned on the gas & stuck her stupid head in the oven.

In front of the apartment, dirty children scratching at the hard brown dirt with popsicle sticks, as clean young slickheads Kenny didnt know sat in a long shiny convertible parked at the littered curb, sipping from Dixie cups & laughing loud.

He could hear the baby crying even before he got inside to the urine splattered hallway. LINDA IS A HOE was scratched into the wall below the broken row of mail boxes.

"Its about time you brought yo ass in here," his sister said.

"What you bitchin about?"

"I got to go, thats what."

"You suppose to keep him -- & aint there something you can do to make him shut up? Damn!"

"He'll quit when he get tired, & I'm tired of sitting round here. I aint got nothing to do. Cant even look at the television." Her thick lips stuck out in a pout.

"I hocked it, so what? Aint nothin to look at but a bunch of fairy tales about simple assed white folks."

"Beats lookin at this rat hole." Watching him with a disgusted expression, the baby still crying.

"Anybody looking for me while I was gone?" Moving aimlessly around the room.

"The rent man."

"Damn the rent man," to himself as much as to her.

"He say the white man, the landlord, whatever his name is, would be back tomorrow & if you aint got his money by then then you going out in the street."

"Let him come on. Shit. I aint scared of his white ass. All them monkeys think they can scare me. Well he know what he can do for me. Powers too. Put me out. Shit. -- Cant you change him or give him some milk or somethingso he'll shut up. Thats what Im payin you for aint it?"

"Is it? I aint seen no money change hands yet."

"I aint got none right now. But soon I get some, you'll be the first to know it -- if you stay."

"Dont do me no small favors, hear. I'm splitting. He dont do nothin but holler & I'm sick & tired of it, AND you."

"If you leave, what about me?"

"What about you?"

"What am I gonna do with him?"

"Thass your problem," she started for the door, "I aint his mama."

"Wait. Here, I got some money."

"I thought you didnt have none."

"I forgot."

"Like hell."

"Heres a couple dollars."

"Five!"

"For what?" Indignant. "I wasnt gone but a couple hours."

"How bout yesterday? And last night?"

"Twos all I got."

They stared at each other across the crib & the years of their lives. He softened:
 "Stay & I'll give you the five," close to a plea.
 "Forget it, I got to go."

Jamming the money back in his pocket. "Get on out then! Shit. Go on, fore I slap the black off you!" She slammed the door. "& don't think you got to come back!" he shouted after her, as she ran down the stairs.

Standing in the center of the cluttered living room, looking down at the baby laying in its crib, screaming & kicking. "SHUT UP!" -- but Shirley was the only one who could stop it from crying.

In the street the niggers were still laughing with a radio turned up loud & the kids were still hollering at each other, playing some kind of game. & Silverman was probably home sipping some Mogen David wine or something, whatever them jews did out there. There was no milk in the refrigerator. Just an empty bottle.

The baby's face was twisted with its screaming but there were no tears.

"There aint no milk & I dont know what the hell you want, so shut up. Im sick of this shit & you crying (he grabbed the sides of the crib & shook it). You got your mothafuckin nerve anyway. Shut up (eyes wide) shut the fuck up (the baby screaming louder) you dont even know what you cryin about. I'm the one needs to be doin some crying, not you -- I dont know what to do! I cant change nothin! I cant do nothin! NOTHING. For you or for me & they can do everything they wantto, them motherfuckers out there -- because its theirs & they got the power. Thats the wya it is -- & I cant do nothing about it cause it aint mine. None of it, so shut up & listen. Crying wont do you no good. They take it & suck it all out of you from the day you were born. All of it & dont leave you nothing. & thats how they beat you, man -- they take all of it, everything, they take it away -- & aint nothing (putting the pillow over its screaming face & holding it) -- I can do."

Telling himself that that was the way it was, & thinking about Shirley & his sister & Mattie & Rochelle & Shark (& them cats) & the pimps that used to drink with him -- the little boy on the street, Kenny Jr. -- thinking about himself as being like them, one of them, in the same boat, the same basket, the same bag. & Powers, Silverman & the rent man (& his nigger) & them, all of them. Hating them for what they had done to him & what they were doing -- making him do.

*

The cop shot & missed.

If I can just make the corner, he thought. The goddamned corner. Running & feeling good, loosed & free. Like the little boy on the street yesterday. Like Shark used to.

Pretty. Straight up & down. Legs pumping. A picture runner, like a motherfucking smooth running machine. If Shark was here right now I could beat his ass, get my second wind & leave him in my dust, but he's at work -- Just make the alley & its all over. They'll never catch me.

Into the alley & down it. Stumbling in the dark over the garbage & disposable waste of meager lives. Behind the block of empty stores. Stepping & tripping on a bottle which spun noisily away. The gun in his hand.

(Hating them for what he had let them make of him, & feeling Kenny Jr. kicking & bucking beneath the pillow, fighting him for his life, no longer crying, but struggling until at last Kenny felt the tenacious desire to hold on to its short existence slipping away, giving up -- in the way Kenny had imagined his own father giving up to a gin bottle in some ditty unfurnished room somewhere along the streets he could travel -- if he was dead -- & he threw the pillow away somewhere behind him & the father & son watched each other with wide eyes, gasping. "Aw damn" -- groan/moaning, wanting to cry the way Kenny Jr. had -- to be able to -- shaking his hand -- "shit" -- his thoughts racing faster than he could put words to them -- "I -- I got carried away. -- I didnt know what the fuck I was doin. They made me -- I dont know -- Powers & them. Silverman. The rent man & his goddamned nigger. -- They got my mind fucked up. & I dont know what I been doin." Kenny Jr. watching him. "All my motherfuckin life I been doin what they wanted, tryin to break into they house -- & tryin to get away from Powers. -- That is all, man. & all this time I been what he wanted me to be. -- His nigger. Exactly. & only as much as he wanted me to be it." Softly: "Only as much. & I didnt do nothin."

Something he'd always known. Who he was. He & all the greasy niggers in sunglasses & home done dos posing on street corners, talking bad, looking bad, acting bad, bad mouthing the Man, whitey -- everything but being bad & doing something besides the petty larceny against those whose lusts (Physical & economic) drove them out of their jungle & into his. Knowing them. Feeling that intense rage each time he looked thru the darkness at one of them, estimating the price they would pay to satisfy their desires, estimating the degree of their gullibility before he led them to their few minutes of purchased passion with Shirley, or, if they looked dumb enough, into some dim hallway to wait, without their money, unsatisfied & foolish, far away from their mortgages. Yes, he'd always known who he was. What he was. & tried to get away from it. Waiting for some more satisfying revenge.

(He had taken Kenny Jr. & left him with Mattie, ignoring her profane protests, warning her to treat him good until Shirley got out or he'd come back & slap the shit out of her (knowing he wouldnt be back). He returned to the apartment & got the gun Shirley kept by the bed & sat with it & the crib in the dark till morning & time for the businesses to open. Reviewing the nights & days of his oppression. The history of the corrosive apathy allowing the lies which lured & lulled him into the void of his present -- & the private myths he'd created to excuse his oppressors & hide the resulting loss of what Shirley had been able to love in him. Unafraid of his destined future & understanding Shirleys attempt to free herself of him by what she'd done. Not blaming her, loving her

He fell

for it & hoping he could save her & Kenny Jr.) & got up & ran & fell again & crawled against the back of one of the stores & sat close against the wall, part of the darkness, touching his cut knee with his fingertips, & listening for the sirens.

(That morning he;d gone to Silvermans & without a word, beat him to death with a tarnished trophy one of the transient borrowers had pawned. & walked out, leaving the door standing open, thinking: you won't cage them tonight, motherfucker.)

It was almost funny, breathing hard, I served my stretch. Life. & then I committed the mothafuckin crime. Aint that some kind of bitch.

& he heard a woman singing the blues & he almost smiled till he realized it wasnt the blues, but a church song. A spiritual or a hymn. He was behind one of them store front churches that almost out-numbered the bars & pawnshops. One of the sisters. Probably fat, black & greasy, but she was singing her natural ass off. Singing louder than at first, trying to shout out the reality of the sirens, & he almost forgot that they were coming for him. Its taking them a long time. They must be sending for every goddamn cop in the state. All of them tryin to get me, & everyone of them scared. Really scared, & had been all along. Wondering if that was what was really behind it. Like Powers. Laying back there in the street in front of Fowlers place with a bullet in his stomach & one just below his right eye. Sing it baby!

Hurry on, my weary soul,
& I heard from heaven to-day,
Travel on, my weary soul,
& I heard from heaven to-day.
Good news, member, good news, member,

He laughed at their hipness, talkin bout members & shit.

Don't you mind what Satan say,
Good news, member, good news,
& I heard from heaven today.....

(He had waited outside & when Powers came out he'd let him walk right up to him so he could see his eyes. Powers had watched him, half-listening, thinking that maybe their time had come again, as Kenny told him how he'd almost killed his baby & how he had ruined Shirley because of him & pulled the .38 out of his jacket & started shooting, watching the hate in Powers' eyes turn to surprise then fear. It was almost worth it just for that. Aside from everything else.)

They were rocking inside. Clapping, chairs scraping, being moved out of the way. Sisters shouting,

A baby born in Bethlehem,
Don't mind what Satan say;
Good news, member, good news,
& I heard from heaven to-day.

(The apartment was empty when the landlords collector came with the eviction notice.)

Raising the gun. Toward his ear, temple, or mouth. The quickest way? The least painful. The cleanest.

My brother have a seat & I so glad,
 Good news, member, good news;
 My brother got him a seat & I so glad,
 & I heard from heaven to-day.

A rat was scratching around somewhere behind him & the cops were coming cautiously toward him, flashing their lights ahead of them. Maybe that little boy yesterday knew that there was more ways of being a man than knocking on a black woman -- he'd known it too, before, a long time ago. -- More to it too than having things.

The trumpet sound in the other bright land,
 Good news, member, good news;
 The trumpet sound in the other bright land,
 & I heard from heaven to-day.

You better come on out here & get with me, if you really want to get free.

Tasting the cold metal of the barrel & biting at it. His finger on the trigger. Making the expression with his mouth. Hoping Shirley would understand & explain it to Kenny Jr. Not that he even fully understood, not all of it, but he knew it was right. He had to do it. That Powers & Silverman had felt, if only for a moment, the pain he felt for ever, & maybe Shirley would know it & Kenny later on & would understand it & it would help him make it.

Archangel bring baptizing down,
 Good news, member, good news;
 Archangel bring baptizing down,
 & I heard from heaven to-day.

& when the cops started shooting at him he'd already pulled the trigger, because he didn't have enough bullets to shoot it out with all of them.

The members heard the gunshot & sang a little louder.

Bill Harris
 Detroit/ 1966

glacier

more snow falls than melts
 in summer
 low annual temp. makes this possible
 amount of precipitation must be
 high or adequate
 cloud cover-
 summers cloudy and rainy
 exposure direction of
 prevailing winds
 high latitudes high elevations

•

& how cold it is even your
 breath now cold on my neck hands
 cold a whole years cold & whiteness
 swirling the brittleness of it along
 the edge we are always walking so
 close to it.

•

the pressure & flow of ice. ice melting
 & re freezing behind each of
 our footsteps

•

150 ft/yr. ave. cond. amount of
 initial slope. it moves that fast.
 types

1. mtns. area-valley glaciers alpine
 glaciers alpine glaciation
2. piedmont glaciers
3. ice caps
4. continental glaciers $5\frac{1}{2}$ million sq. miles.
 10% of earth

alaska, greenland, antartica, canada
 russia, iceland. the north & south of earth

•

"splendor of the cold north" she said
 & the little fool imagined it to be green
 the little fool, she never touched snow
 & how hard it was for her the cold
 the kind of cold John talked abt.

deposition of glaciers granite boulders
 the movement of the earth, polished
 bedrock light scars worn smooth
 & fiords blue water landward movement
 cutting below the sea high mts
 bordering the sea where high mts.
 border the sea coalesce into sea

her mind moved there
 among the frozen animals the crystals
 & re crystalizing a whole continent
 in ice carving mountains.

wolly mammoth, reindeer, arctic fox
 moving with her & the small animals
 moving with her.
 in her mind
 it WAS green for her. cold as green.
 viridian, permanent, mint, cool green
 tamarack assemblage, forest of fir, spruce,
 forest of pine mixed hardwoods
 the temperate north all green

ice is brittle and is considered mineral
 & love is brittle considered by many
 to be non existent.

taking the ice from our glasses filling
 our mouths with it hurting hurting
 & then the cold tongues the deep.
 cold kiss the climbing of the mt.
 the icy climbers strung out in
 silhouette along the edge. the yellow
 faced bearers the planting of the
 flag the descent & ascent careful in
 the thin air & cloud cover.

LET EACH CONTRIBUTE BREAD

If you would live like bread
 Pure and simple, headlong
 In a brief delicious life -
 Recalling wheat and the oven,
 The silent warm glow
 Opening your gate
 To let in that bright dog full of hope,
 You would never be without life,
 Never defeated, diminished only
 To grow in some other stream,
 Herding yesterday into tomorrow's blood.
 The country that would live like bread
 Advances through stone to each poor doorway.

THE MASS MURDERER

for Charles Whitman

His flowers were suddenly in full blossom -
 Here, there, quickly shattered in a store window.
 A bullet-hole surrounded by an angelic radiance.
 One prayer had missed aim from a killer's perch,
 One flower demands blood, receives glass.

Put your fingertips to your closed eyes
 Like Patrolman Ramiro Martinez,
 Imagine cutting down that brontosaurus
 With a small revolver, kneeling on your boots, crack!
 Watch the suffering, the pain reaching out for death.

You can almost see Whitman rising with his victims,
 A wild harvest moving out of the hot Texas university.
 He is talking with Billy Speed and Claudia Rutt.
 They all seem to shake hands after he explains a few things.
 After death everything must seem like a good idea.

Henry Malone
 Amsterdam, Netherlands
 8.17.66

E. B.

(a C. T. song)

A meat song, for every
body's meat. That we can
feel the body, as energy, 500 micrograms
chant through the meat
I have been blessed with. Why do my friends
need to deny it? That they can "make it"
with the spirit only, that their bodies are un-
fortunate

flesh only, & to be "trans-
cended," got rid of, this is bad enough, but
that we all have to

feel it the same, oh
No you don't baby, I mean I
am my self,

just feel me,

I am here
as meat energy & bone, the force of the universe
moves through me, AS me, I mean
we are not "Two," & the language
will not let me say it, goddammit, I mean
what "I" am is my body & breath,
& I am here right now in
front of you to say this, with my meat, that
there is no way words will say it all, not
with the language we all have as
common to us all, as our
bodies are common, as we
live & breathe, the poet
IS the fucking poem

& speaks to you as
EVERYBODY would speak -- gesture
& grace are our natural state, our bodies
live there as they are born, our selves
ARE our selves, I mean
just

LOOK at me now, meat & energy
activated, by the force that is
ours in common, O
FUCK IT scream & dance, the body
is the self, Every Body
is Every Body, all song moves through us,

we come together in the dance of flesh,
flesh is-spirit,

take enough acid & the self decom-
poses into live meat
charged with love energy
sustained right here on earth
in its rightful place. Every Body
is right where it belongs. The earth

is the term we share in common. Ah yes,
the earth. AND the body --

Every Body

for Cecil Taylor &
for a New year
31.XII.66 Detroit

Consequences

(from MEDITATIONS)

The music moves inside my self
I mean I feel Pharaoh Sanders in my meat, a force in-
spiring that meat
to sing pure electricity. Flashes. Scream,
move out from the wall
of your self. Out from there,
Now, or you stay there. What you thought
that man was screaming, that he wanted
to get inside you. "You," again, like some stupid
broken record.

The music moves inside,
& stays there. A part of what you are. And NOT
"from." But the song of meat energy
burning to come through you. In charge. And that energy
makes its way. Yes, shapes it, & is in charge. In
goddammit, IN the meat,
not of it. Yes,

yes, yes. A
firming it. And where you can go
to find that one place, I mean
it is the meat. And the song
that moves that self,
& shapes it, ah, ah,

well yes it does

John Sinclair
20.XII.66 Detroit

DRACULA sleeps a million years in the walls.
 ray guns the tennis courts at dawn
 another Nautilus. the sea before your eyes.
 Dracula sleeps a million years in the walls.

words in the dark
 all I remember now
 all this time
 I've never written a poem for you
 MOTHER
 I love you
 remember that
 & not what becomes of me as fantasy turns to hero.

the punishment. the rain
 blood is going to flow for those eyes
 burst open
 glow through the mist.
 even the punishment can't keep them closed.
 DRACULA sleeps a million years in the walls.

to hero what can be made of it in public
 a nuisance. keeps you away
 from your work
 from what you feel
 YOU HAVE to do
 but put off. the eyes of fantasy are open
 until tomorrow. tomorrow.

II

FATHER OF EARTH
 MOTHER OF EARTH

The sunrise-- the sunset are one.

a haze
 as eyes follow a waterway to mountains
 clay backed up, torn down. what
 with all the time
 the wind has had
 to move.

& the water upon rock
the same.

high places where
the trees
lean
direction of the wind.

III

the rocks that explode in heads
a search for the words
that garden of stone and water
record of what light there was.

moonlight sunlight starlight fire light
a real thing back then
a memory/now/ words
not the light of whiteness eternal.
the light that endures
the most I could do for
my fellow beings
for my being

to reach the light
FATHER OF EARTH
our fathers

MOTHER OF EARTH
our mothers

their children
our children

PEACE PEACE PEACE PEACE

PEACE

Jerry Younkins
Detroit

from The SIRIUS Poems

NOTICE

Unhappily, a number of the books and magazines listed opposite this page are no longer available to bookstore, and in some cases there are none left even for individuals.

THE JOURNAL (December 1965) is completely out of print
WORK/1 likewise
WORK/3, if there are any left, will go to individuals only
CHANGE/1 is completely out of print, both printings
we're/1 is available only to individuals, not to bookstores

WB/1 BOOK OF HUMORS is completely out of print
WB/2 "sit up straight" likewise -- 2nd printing this spring
WB/3 THIS IS OUR MUSIC likewise -- a 2nd edition, with many
new poems, will be available this spring
WB/4 HELLO, 1st edition, is out of print
WB/6 FREE POEMS VOL. I available only to individuals
WB/7 WRITE ABOUT MY BUDDIES, likewise

WB/12 said a meant, will be ready soon

Lisa Galt's in sight is no longer available from us, although
Ron Caplan may have some copies left, or the Asphodel
Book Shop, 306 West Superior, Cleveland, Ohio

Allen Ginsberg's PROSE CONTRIBUTION TO CUBAN REVOLUTION
has been printed in pamphlet form by the AWP and is now
available at 50¢ per copy.

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MAGAZINES

THE JOURNAL	edited by Robin Eichele April 1965 number Artists' Workshop issue with work by Tysh, Semark, Sinclair, Magdalene Arndt, Younkins, others	\$1
THE JOURNAL	edited by Tom Abrams December 1965 with work from Eichele, Sinclair, Younkins, Bill Harris, photos by Magdalene Sinclair	\$1
WORK/1	Historic first issue, went to three printings, now <u>out of print</u>	
WORK/2	Huge 150-page issue, with work of young poets everywhere, reviews, Robin Eichele reporting on Berkeley Poetry Conference 1965 w/ photos	\$1
WORK/3	Special Rainer Gerhardt issue, with poems by the late German poet & notes etc on Gerhardt by Robert Creeley, Charles Olson, Jonathon Williams, et al; plus work from Detroit poets & others	\$1
WORK/4	JUST OUT, over 150 pages of poetry & prose including Michael McClure's <u>Poisoned Wheat</u> , work by Paul Blackburn, Max Finstein, Clayton Eshleman, Diane DiPrima, Andrew Hoyem, Ron Caplan, Ken Irby, Victor Coleman, David Franks, & dozens of new poets -- plus the 4th Artists' Workshop Active Anthology	\$1.50
CHANGE/1	First issue of the first avant-garde jazz magazine, now <u>out of print</u>	
CHANGE/2	Last issue of CHANGE in magazine format, huge 120-page issue	\$1
<u>whe're/1</u>	Only number of this magazine of location, edited by Ron Caplan & John Sinclair, with a section on Haniel Long, an interview with Robert Creeley, Jack Spicer's LAMENT FOR THE MAKERS, news & reviews	\$1

WORKSHOP BOOKS

WB/1	BOOK OF HUMORS poetry & prose by Jim Semark, now <u>out of print</u>	
*WB/2	"sit up straight" first book of George Tysh, 2nd printing	\$1
*WB/3	THIS IS OUR MUSIC John Sinclair/poems, 2nd edition	\$1
WB/4	HELLO poems by J.D. Whitney, now <u>out of print</u>	
WB/5	The Night-Vision Express writings of Jim Semark	50¢
WB/6	Free Poems/Among Friends Volume 1 -- Detroit Poets	50¢
WB/7	Write About My Buddies...They're Dead poem by Jerry Younkins	25¢
WB/8	FIRE MUSIC;a record John Sinclair	\$1
*WB/9	<u>runes</u> first book of Robin Eichele	\$1
WB/10	Artists' Worksheet 1965 collected -- early Detroit energies	50¢
WB/11	The Strange Odyssey of Howard Pow! stories by Bill Hutton	\$2
WB/12	<u>said a meant</u> poem/book by Ron Caplan	50¢
WB/13	Free Poems/Among Friends Volume 2 Detroit Poets	50¢
*WB/14	<u>the Leni poems</u> a book of love John Sinclair	\$1
WB/15	HELLO 2nd edition poems by J.D. Whitney	\$1
WB/16	The SIRIUS Poems Jerry Younkins	\$1
	GUERRILLA pamphlet THE POEM FOR WARNER STRINGFELLOW John Sinclair	50¢
mother/asphodel	<u>in sight</u> Lisa Galt/poems	50¢
mother/asphodel	<u>Friends, Living & Dead</u> David Federman/poems	\$1

*available Spring 1967

GUERRILLA

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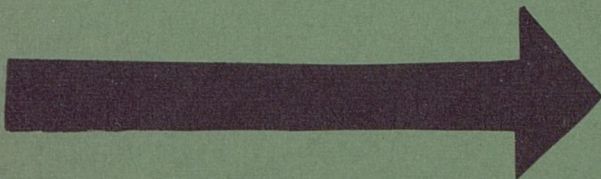
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