

A LITERARY MAGAZINE OF CALIFORNIA

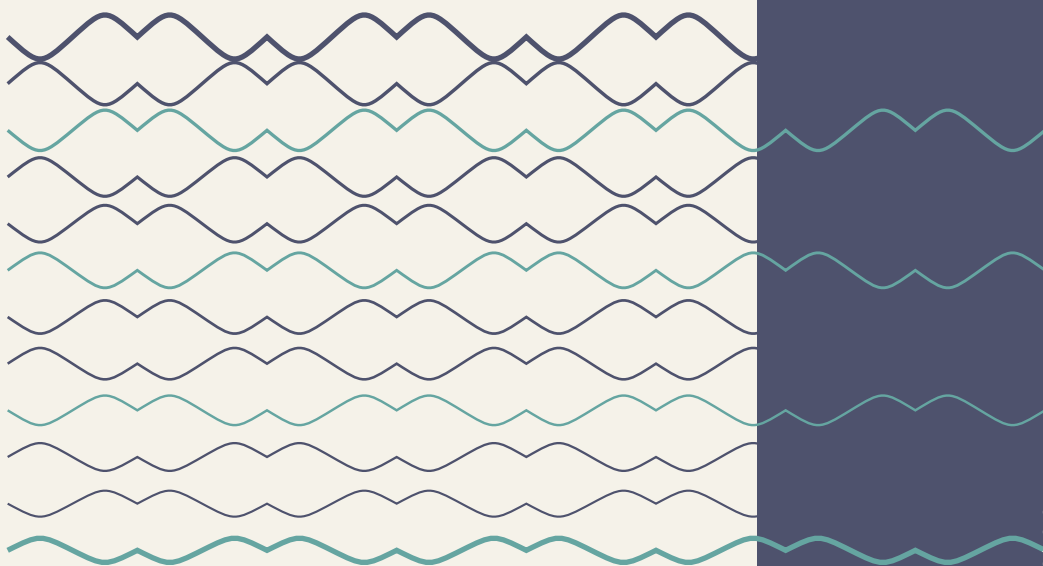
COAST LINES

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ISSUE 18

A Literary Magazine of California

1962

EDITED BY

Gene Frumkin

A CLEAN READING EDITION

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ART

Cover

Frances Blaker

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

JOSEPHINE AIN is a zealous devotee of poetry, both in her own practice and in the reading place she offers once a month to others.

PAUL BLACKBURN's latest book of poems is *The Nets*, published by Trobar Books. Some of his work was presented in Grove Press's anthology, *The New American Poetry*, 1945-1960.

Born in San Diego, REX S. BURNS received his B.A. from Stanford in 1958. He studied under Wallace Stegner, Richard Scowcroft and Robin White.

CID CORMAN is the well-known editor of *Origin*; now living in San Francisco.

PATRICIA DARRIN, a Los Angeles resident, is making her first appearance in *Coastlines*.

JAMES HINER has probably gotten his PhD from the University of Minnesota by now and is most likely teaching soph lit at Bly Junior College, Ely, Minn.

JUDSON JEROME recently returned from a fellowship stay in England, teaches at Antioch College and has appeared in these pages before.

JOHN JUDSON has been an electronics technician, house painter, laborer and semi-pro ballplayer; now teaches at Grinnell.

LENORE KANDEL has had work in *San Francisco Review* and others.

Now living in North Dakota, THOMAS McGRATH for a number of years was a leading influence on Los Angeles poetry; his long poem, *Letter to an Imaginary Friend*, is to be published by Alan Swallow.

Recent work by MARGARET NORDFORS has appeared in the *Massachusetts Review*, *Northwest Review* and *Poetry Northwest*.

SIMON PERCHIK is ' partner of a medium size law firm -- Caponi and Perchik ' in New York, has resumed writing after a ten-year vacation.

MARY ALICE PHILIPS is the author of a juvenile novel of the Cro-Magnon period, *Beast in the Cave*, published by Franklin Watts.

MARTIN ROBBINS has had poems in *San Francisco Review*, *Chelsea*, *Saturday Review* among others.

SAINT GERAUD was born in 1940 and raised in an orphanage; two poems have been taken by *Chicago Choice*. The only saint we have ever published.

S. H. SANFIELD recently left CBS News where he worked as an editorial assistant to devote full time to critical and creative writing.

W. E. SHARPE is majoring in English at Los Angeles State College; this is his first published work.

FRED SMITH attended Kenyon College for one year, graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1958.

Widely-traveled, JOHN TAGLIABUE lives in Maine, had his first book of poems published in 1959 by Harper & Brothers.

IDELL TARLOW is currently residing in Los Angeles, making plans for a magazine of her own... sometime. Her book, *Poems for Selected People*, was published in 1961 by Kether Press.

DAVID RAFAEL WANG was born and raised in China, came to the U.S. at 11. Has contributed to more than 30 U.S., Canadian and Australian magazines.

ROBERT LEWIS WEEKS received his PhD from Indiana University, is associate professor of English at Wisconsin State College.

MILLER WILLIAMS is a contributing editor of *Coastlines*.

THE NET FISHERMAN

Rex S. Burns

Miguel eased himself down the sand-slippery trail and stood tensed on the furthest ridge of broken cliff which jutted into the cold, green Pacific. A large wave sucked its way seaward, and he hopped from rock to shallow rock out to his favorite perch, a big, flat-topped pinnacle which was seldom drenched with spray. From there, his daily little victory won, he turned and waved to Carlos. Carlos, a small figure at the rim of the seventy-foot cliff, answered with a chop of his hand, and quickly mounted his bicycle for the three-mile ride to the school bus. Miguel watched the youth's bobbing head until it disappeared behind the rim and left him alone between the sea and the cliff. Without Carlos' face the cliff outline was sharp and empty, as if the small circle of flesh had been the center of the rim that stretched beyond vision north and south. When the face left there came a feeling of loss, a miniature of the emptiness left by his wife's death. But no large sorrow lasted more than three days, and no small sorrow more than three minutes when one had enough work to do. Miguel shrugged and turned to the fishing.

He unwound the net from his shoulders and ran his fingers over the mesh, habitually feeling for tears while his eyes searched the foam clouded sea for shadows of fish. He ripped two large rock clams from the cluster growing just below the high tide mark and cracked them together in his broad hands. The slime and orange heart matter ran out into his palm. He placed a sliver of meat in an open sea anemone for good luck, and tossed the rest of the clams into the sea. He gripped the net in his hands, his mouth holding one weight, the net evenly divided on his two fore-arms. He swung it slowly, easily, letting the lead weights in the apron of the net build up momentum for the throw. One shadow --two - another, darted back and forth just under the surface, smelling and striking the broken clams. With a twist of his shoulders and wrists Miguel cast out and ahead of the shadows. His arms spread the net as he threw and his mouth let drop the weight which formed its back part. It sailed out cleanly, its mesh etched black against the warm blue of the sky, and fell with a hissing splash into the sea.

The net closed around the shadows and Miguel felt the tugs as the fish thumped into its mesh. He twitched it, closing it tightly, and drew it in, his thick fingers firm, yet almost tender as they gripped the web of line. He heaved it clear of the cutting rocks and clams and disentangled the half-dozen fish. The two golden Garibaldi he threw back and dropped the rockfish into the potatoe sack slung over his shoulder. He had been lucky to have a calm day and clear water; sometimes there was no fishing at all in the heavy waves, and at other times he cast until his arms ached and still had nothing. He cracked another clam and fed it to the anemone. The sea was good today and he would not throw again, even though he felt like throwing the net and feeling the trapped fish struggle. But one should not press one's luck too hard, for bad luck goes with the good, as a shadow follows a man. He looked

westward to where, now that the sea fog had burned off, the Coronado Islands pierced the sea almost on the horizon. The surf he knew to be breaking along their steep, tawny coast was invisible beneath the ocean's curve. They stood like two gigantic desert-colored icebergs: ashore sterile and waterless, while the sea around them teemed with life. The sun was behind him and reflected off the grey sail of a lobster boat inching toward the islands in the wind-streaked sea.

At his side the fish died one by one with a spasm of fluttering, knowing death only as supreme excitement. That is the way one should die, Miguel thought; not in lingering pain, not tired, not retching the blood whose loss had made his wife's smooth, tan skin a grey already dead color -- each spasm of retching shaking her tired body from the shoulders to the heels like a thin, badly worn rug. In the last weeks she had been too tired to smile when he had lifted her, as light as a brittle twig, into the sun each morning. Her eyes were larger, more black and lustrous than they had ever been in the living part of her life. But even the beauty had gone out of them before she died, and there was left only the pain and weariness, and then the glazed relief of death. Miguel felt the last fish convulse for the last time. He wrapped the net around his neck and shoulders, and running with the trough of the wave, went to shore.

It was good that Carlos his nephew had come then, so soon after the death. The boy, too, had suffered death, and through comforting him for the death of his parents, Miguel had comforted himself. On that first day, Carlos had stood in front of his uncle's solitary adobe, the bicycle basket filled with the family possessions. Miguel tried to think of something to say as a greeting to his nephew, and finally grunted, 'What have you done in your short life, Nephew?'

Carlos did not answer, but looked down at his trayed leather sandals with their soles made of old tires. He rubbed his sandal across the top of a stone, wiping the dust from it.

Miguel reached out his fingers that were like knotted brown roots, and lifted the boy's chin. He was like her, Miguel's wife. He had the same smooth jaw line, curving nose, and dark eyes, whose iris filled the whole eye, barely leaving any white. Miguel tried to soften his voice. 'Do you work? Or what?'

'I am enrolled in school. On weekends I work at the Pemex station on the highway.'

'Then you must be a smart person,' Miguel said. 'Bring your bundle inside and I'll cook you some fish. Then I'll show you how to trap rabbits and coyotes.'

But it had taken a long time to teach Carlos how to trap rabbits, and there was only one coyote, old and very wise. Several times in the last few years he had seen the coyote stealing rabbits from the traps in the dawn. Whenever Miguel came upon him, he did not run, but trotted away as if tired of running. Still, he managed to keep a hummock or bush or stone between himself and Miguel's rifle. Miguel did not know if there was a bitch coyote, but as the male's amorous howls had never been answered, he assumed that the coyote was alone.

In the potatoe sack, beneath the fish, Miguel found the iron bar, and placing the folded net on a ledge out of the sun and sea, waded into the swirling waters between the rocks. He brushed his hands lightly across the undersides of the rocks, feeling for the abalone, stooping so that he had to turn his face sideways to breathe. The iodine smell of the drying kelp that marked the high water line blended with the cold smell of the spray. His feet were already numb, but he could still feel the cold on his arms and thighs where the sea rose and fell around his body as around the rocks. It was late morning now, and the sun was hot on his back and shoulders. When a wave would lap over the small of his back, there was a little shock, almost pleasant, that reminded him that he had a body -- that he was not one with the sea and rocks and thunder of waves, the pelicans and cormorants who whitened the high rocks, the abalone he pried loose, nor the cold, brine smell of the sea. He straightened, dropping a third large abalone into the sack, and licked the salt from his narrow lips. The sun was now almost overhead, and he could feel it drying the salt on his back and in the greying hairs on his chest. He waded ashore, letting the surge of the ingoing wave push his legs forward, straining to hold against the backwash as the wave drew into the sea. He had to lean his full weight against the undertow, and once he almost slipped -- something that would never have happened even a year ago. He was glad that Carlos was not there to see him. Carlos, when he searched for the abalone, was lithe and quick, and would go out in heavier seas than Miguel thought safe for him. But for all his eagerness, Carlos failed to find as many or as large an abalone as Miguel found.

On the small arc of steep sand which formed a cove, he cleaned the abalone, prying them out of their shells with the iron, and cutting off their mouths and heads with a small notch sliced into the rim of the large body muscle. He rinsed his catch in a tidal pool, relieved himself at his favorite rock, and then lay face up on the sand. He felt the sun thawing his body; felt it bloom in the heat. His chest, crotch, thighs, feet, loosened from the cold, and seemed to spread themselves into the sand like melting butter. Finally his face, the salt itching slightly as it dried on the grey bristles, warmed so that he could feel it when he ran his hand over the wrinkles and it was not like a strange face, but a face with feeling and warmth. There was only the red heat of the sun, the hollow roar of the sea, the salt smell and the occasional whisk of sand flies that flew, settled, flew across the drying hair on his chest and stomach. A gull cried from somewhere deep in the redness that was the sun on his closed eye-lids, the sound like the distant broken squeal of a dying rabbit, the same type of squeal that had frightened Carlos so much.

On that morning the first two traps had been empty, but at the third the dry, foot-long grass which arched over the run and the trap was twitching slightly against the wind from the sea. In the trap hung a still struggling rabbit; one ear caught with the rabbit's neck in the wire noose, so that the tug of the bent limb had not broken its neck and it was strangling slowly. It screamed in a high, drawn-out voice as Miguel crushed its skull, and when the shriek ended, he heard Carlos exhale loudly behind him. He looked and saw the fright in the boy's eyes.

'Does a rabbit scare you?' The fear puzzled Miguel. Fear came with danger, and there was no danger in a rabbit.

'I don't know. I suppose it was the noise. I didn't know rabbits could scream.' Carlos added, "And it was so helpless."

Miguel tried to see the reason of this but could not. If it had not been helpless, they would not have eaten. He shrugged and said, "It is the nature of the helpless to be killed."

'I suppose it was the scream,' Carlos said again, and they went back to the sod house that poked out of the grass and low brush of the plateau like a grey-brown mushroom. The house was built from the mud of the earth on which it stood, and it faced its door and windows up and down the empty, steep coast and out to the sea and east to the dry mesa mountains. In front of the flat roofed abode stood Carlos' bicycle, the sun glinting from its chrome handlebars and web of spokes.

'It is a very shiny bicycle,' Miguel said.

Carlos smiled happily. It was my father's and mine. It is Italian made, with three forward gears and front and rear hand brakes. It is very fast.'

'Good, good,' Miguel answered, and held the rabbit by the hind legs so that the blood ran down the back of one ear.

The seagull called again, the faint sound piping through the rush of surf. The fresh, early morning smell had gone from the rocks and there was the odor of decay. Miguel got up and slapped the sand from his now dry trousers and put on his shirt. He wrapped the net around his neck, lifted his catch out of the tidal pool where it had been soaking, and began the steep climb up the cliff. He went slowly, occasionally hollowing out an eroded foot hole in the cliff with his knife, and looking for bird's eggs.

At the top of the sea cliff, the late morning wind was coming in from the Pacific, pressing the long grass down and making hollows like waves that rippled as far as the eye could see up and down the vacant coast. On the bare brown hills, great patches of golden and purple flowers spread like colored shadows across the ravines and up the windy slopes. Behind him the ocean was now a dusty silver in the noon sun, and the sea haze blotted out the Coronado Islands, making the horizon an indistinct bright band somewhere between the glare of the sea and the pale blue of the sky's edge. The heat of the sun drew from the earth around him the faint odor of the tiny purple flowers and he bent down and picked a handful and held them to his nose.

That was the way the earth had smelled on one of the days when he and she had run through the grass and the hills and the wind. In his clumsiness he had hurt her on the first night, and because she had cried, he had been afraid to sleep in the house with her. He slept in the shed beside the house and pulled the goat next to him for warmth. He did not touch her for three days, and on the fourth, when he came in for breakfast, she smiled at him and said, 'Go to the sea and bathe, husband; you stink.'

The water was cold, but he washed and rubbed himself with sand, and then, with his head under water, he remembered she had said 'husband' for the first time and, without putting on shirt or sandals or drying himself, he tugged on his pants and scrambled up the cliff. She was in the front yard when he

came to the house, and he tried to say something but could not. She looked at him, wet, breathless, shirt and shoes in hand, and tried not to laugh, biting her lower lip. He dropped his shirt and shoes and reached for her and she, with a half-scream, half-laugh turned and ran. He ran after her, watching her young-girl figure pull at the black dress, seeing flashes of calf beneath the hem of the dress, watching her black hair, long and straight and fine, blow back in the wind as they ran along the edge of the cliff between the sea and the mountains.

a and a cunt. Thy tuned mo the pran and tay

purple flowers and lay there, laughing and panting, until they had their breath. Then came the love-making, and it was one of the finest times they had in all their married life. He remembered her body slim against the black of the opened dress, and the silky feel of the hairs at the base of her spine, and the sweet smell of the crushed grass blending with the warmth of their bodies in the sun.

The old man rolled one of the flowers between his fingers and held it beneath his nose. The odor was faint, almost overwhelmed by the brine smell of the net.

At the adobe he spread his net beneath the lean-to so that the sun would not rot it as it dried, and drew a bucket of water from the well. He watered the chickens and the goats, and rinsed the salt from his face and hair and

had been a gift of Carlos', a gift that Miguel had not wanted, had not felt mine ham then cleaned the fish and cooked them, mixing them with the rice. The rice

necessary until he understood that Carlos was bringing the rice as an atonement.

Carlos had been very late returning from work that Saturday night. Miguel heard him place his bicycle in the shed, sneak into the dark adobe and sink into the bed. He was breathing noisily through his nose with a whistling rush of air, and he smelled of beer and sweat and the strong perfume used to hide the odor of sex. The next morning Carlos had been very quiet, very obedient. On Monday afternoon he brought the bag of rice from town. There was no happiness in the gift, only the shame that Miguel, by feigning ignorance, had allowed Carlos to keep secret.

If someday Carlos would bring a wife from the town, Miguel would be very happy. He could add another room to the adobe on the sea-ward side and live there, leaving the big room for Carlos and his wife. And Carlos, for all his knowledge of machinery, could learn to be a good net fisherman.

By the time Miguel had eaten, it was afternoon, and he went to check the rabbit traps. They were empty and he spit on each of them for luck, although he did not know whether his spit would bring luck to such traps as these. They were new -- Carlos had made them a month after he came. He was quick with his hands and could invent wondrous machines. But the traps! They did not catch as many as the old wire nooses.

*This way it will not hurt the rabbit so much; see Uncle Miguel? ' Carlos had shown how the weight fell and broke the rabbit's neck immediately so

that it did not know it was being slain and could not scream.

'It is much more efficient, No?'

'Yes,' Miguel lied. Carlos was so proud of his invention that not to have used it would have been an insult to the boy. Still, the rabbits persisted in avoiding the traps and Miguel had to place some snares out of sight down the cliff.

It was late when he came back to the adobe and began to warm the cooked fish and abalone for Carlos. The low sun shone in through the west window and glanced off the sheen of the oil cloth on the table, the oil cloth that Carlos had brought from the city. On the wall was an old serape that Carlos insisted gave colour to the room, though Miguel, during the wet, cold winter nights, had often thought how cold was that color, and how foolish not to use the serape as it was intended. But Carlos was of the city, and not to be blamed, but to be taught. Such a little thing as a blanket on the wall could easily be forgotten.

Outside, he heard the metallic rattle of the bicycle coming down the road which was as rocky and winding as the bottom of a dried up mountain stream. In the basket were his books and pencils, and Carlos was pushing the bicycle.

Miguel waved to him and the boy waved back. But he is no longer a boy, thought Miguel. That was three years ago. He is a man, or should be. When I was his age, I was married. But then I did not go to school, nor live half my life in the city. This one is a fine and intelligent young man, and like a son.

'Hello Carlos. What passes with the machine?'

*Nothing passes with it. Everything passes by it! I was even passed by a tortoise.'

'Did you catch it? ' There was good meat in tortoises.

'No, Uncle. I was just making a joke. I have a flat tire.' He spoke in mock disgust. 'It's amazing how much more glass there is to be found when one is riding from school than when one is riding to school.'

Miguel shook his head. 'It is your fate. You have gone too long without a mishap with the machine, and now you have had one. I am glad that it is such a small matter.'

Carlos smiled, a flash of white in the face that reminded Miguel so much of his wife. 'Uncle, you are as superstitious as an old woman.'

Miguel shrugged.

*I have been studying the mathematics of chance and the philosophies of cause and effect, and there is nothing that happens without a cause.' Carlos said his sentence with pride. It had taken him almost a week of determined study to understand fully the meanings of the new words. He began unbolting the rear wheel.

Miguel watched his quick fingers and determined motions with the tools and the machine. Carlos handled the iron and steel and chrome as if it were a simple clay pot or a fish hook. Carlos was indeed awe-inspiring in his rapid familiarity with the bicycle. Miguel had seen him once take the machine apart so that it looked like a glittering and greasy scrap heap, and by the time he had come back from catching food, Carlos had put it back together

again. Now Carlos whistled softly to himself as he patched the tire and replaced it, pumping it up with the small pump clipped to the frame.

'You are happy, Carlos.'

* I have done well in school.' He reached in his shirt pocket. 'I have a note of commendation from my mathematics instructor. Shall I read it for you?'

'Surely!' Miguel watched Carlos' face as he read the note. His chin was up, mouth smiling over the words, and when he had finished, his self-assurance and pride glowed deep in his black eyes. It is easy to be proud of things on paper and of words, Miguel thought. But to have pride in one's body when there are many things much greater than one's body, that is difficult. Truly, the weak are born to feed the strong, whether the strong is the sea or the disease, or the fates, which humble all men before them.

'It is a very nice note, and very true, No?'

'Surely,' answered Miguel. 'You have reason to be proud. Let us eat.'

After the meal when the goat had been milked and the chickens locked in their coop, Miguel set the trap for the coyote. Miguel smiled to himself as he worked at the gap in the wire-and-paling fence. The old animal was probably just outside the net of fences, crouched beneath a bush watching him set the trap. He would not come into the yard now, for he, too, knew that the weaker were the prey of the strong, and he would turn back into the brush and hunt mice and rabbits and crickets.

Miguel stood for a moment beside the door and stared down the coast. There was no moon yet, but the sea gave its own light from the phosphorus that glowed around the rocks and along the shore. In the sky, every star that God had created was shining like the souls of the saved. In the east a star fell, a scratch of light, and went out somewhere behind the mesas. The priest had told him it was a soul going to hell and already burning. And he believed it, though Carlos had said it was something else which he could not remember. He heard the faint squeal of a rabbit and knew that the coyote was feeding. The thought made him happy. He could picture the coyote waiting, the night wind ruffling his tail fur like the grass, and the animal's tensing as it heard a rabbit cautiously hopping down the run; he could almost smell the musty odor that he knew the coyote would have around him as the rabbit came closer. Then the spring, the bite, perhaps a chase, and finally the long narrow Jaws closing around the back of the rabbit's neck and the scream and rush of blood over the white needle teeth.

. In the adobe, Carlos was humped over his books which reflected the yellow glare of the kerosene lamp. Carlos had wanted one of the new gas lanterns, but they were too expensive. 'Perhaps some day,' Miguel had said, and was secretly glad that the hissing, glaring thing had not come; for surely such a light would have brought bad luck. Had not Carlos' 'new and improved' traps failed to catch as many rabbits as the old snares? He poured himself a cup of wine from the jug sitting in the new cupboard that Carlos had built, and sat at his weaving, his thick fingers moving slowly but determinedly through the mesh of the new net, feeling rather than seeing each knot he tied.

In the corner of the room was the ice-box that Carlos had re-built from the piece of junk he had bought for two dollars. True, there was no ice, but still

it kept the fish and abalone fresher than did the cellar the old man had used. But for Miguel, the door handle was too small, and always when he closed it, it snapped at his thick fingers, pinching them against the enamel.

Carlos lowered the wick to prevent the chimney from becoming smoked. 'A new gas lantern is necessary. By next month we should be able to afford it, if we still need it.'

Miguel leaned closer to the net, and Carlos continued.

'This adobe must have been very damp for years, Uncle. It could give you rheumatism.'

Miguel nodded.

'Maybe soon we can move to Ensenada.'

Miguel looked up, not seeing Carlos face across the glare of the lamp.

'I have been asking for a job at the Ford garage, and today, they told me I could work part time beginning in two months.' He spoke rapidly. It is a wonderful chance for one as young as I am. It is a real opportunity.'

'But we live here,' said Miguel.

'We can have a house in Ensenada and you won't have to work so hard at fishing. It will be nice for you to sit in the plaza or along the beach with the other old men and talk about how Mexico used to be.'

'But we live here!'

'I am making arrangements for a house, Uncle. I must live in Ensenada in order to work there.'

Miguel nodded, knowing that what Carlos said was true, and that he would go with him, for were they not the only family for either of them? He looked around the adobe room. The oil cloth reflected the light like water against the ceiling. In the corner the ice-box gleamed like a single white eye. The new cupboard, three of its five shelves bare, smiled back at the ice-box from the opposite corner. The serape on the wall behind the cupboard seemed to make the wall billow inward like a sail full of wind. Miguel looked out of the window to where the new moon was rising like a ghost from behind the mesas. He heard the coyote yap once, twice, and then the crickets and the owl and the night birds answered. He smiled slightly, but the smile sagged, and his mouth was like one of the lines that ran down his cheeks. The coyote saw the fences and traps and it was easy for him to run from them. But between Miguel and the window and the moon and the coyote hung the net, and he knew he was trapped in the weakness of age and love.

Josephine Ain

they think they are lost
so they are holding their breath
seven mimosa

a wild cucumber
the children cut it in half
for both their teachers

a slow butterfly
dips like a shadow below
the wing of a rose

humming birds tethered
in tiny stalls of blue air
champing at the bit

cats go out at night
you can tell by bells jingling
far down the hillside

just little puddles
yesterday has come to see
how it looks today

nunneries of light
telling their beads in water
the gilded poplars

Thomas McGrath

Complaint

The Queen
Of Accident
 Shook a bloody fist at me.
Just about then
I realized
The hand she was brandishing at me
Was my own

O Reality
O great Queen
Where were you
When your sister, that bitch Illusion
Bit off my arm?

The Sound Of One Hand

1.

What is named is known
By its disguises.

2.

To speak is the vice of mountains;
 To be silent, of the sea.

3.

The rabbit dreams of hunting.
The lion, of love.

4.

The stick of the blind man
 Invents a new darkness.

*The high hunting hawk-
What voice can reach him?*

Only the shy,
the soft-furred.

6.

Horses of the moon -
Who cares if they pull no plows?

7.

Ear to hear;
Eye to see;
Tongue to speak;
The hawk to strike.

8.

Everything vertical;
Everything standing and shining
In the eyes of a snake.

9.

Small things, soft,
The cotton-tail, the wild dove
Nesting among thorns.

10.

The slow sulphur
of a million yellow birds
Ignites the sun.

11.

*Among the trophies of Death:
The Queens, the iron generals,
and the small things everyone*
has forgotten.

*In the list of one thousand false
addresses
Why do I find the town
Where my true love was born?*

13.

*Anonymity has a name;
Which Terror knows.*

14.

*I see the moon.
But what do you see?*

Several Poems

John Tagliabue

*The gods crack the drum and let the population of rain
proceed to speak*

The
gods
in
the start
sky thundering
having with
seen several they
the festive can
Gion lightning superbly
procession storms be.
and to
having show
seen how
how furious
sometimes and
commercial Gion

and

can gone
almost
be

*Petals
of
rain
like
children
racing
to
see
who
reaches
the
grass
first.*

The small musical master with a memory of many songs

Snail
snail
hail
to
you
little
snail
you
move
slowly
but
when
you
move
you
carry
the
universe
like
an
obvious
song.

e
 t r
 t e
 a
 C your discovery
 Several s d s in the air proclaim
 color
 Several
 lions a
 poet
 in with the
 the his wind
 wind pad
 flew or several in
 around pencil
 or several the
 in flying shoes colors air.
 every in
 which was
 direction the
 wondering
 scattered
 in by
 which
 direction
 beauty
 went

Umbrellas for sale that wont break**Here**

is	that	some	trying		
or	looks	umbrellas	to		
Hear	like	right	collapse	from	
is	a	off	some	fastness	take
or	dog	the	heroes;	or	that
Near	that	wrack	some	joy	umbrella
is	looks	umbrellas	umbrellas	and	and
or	like	that	open	only	dance !
Distant	the	look	like	the	
is	night	like	whirling	Hero	
the	and	flowers	dervishes	can	
wind	it	with	are	uphold	
that	is	tall	almost	it.	
looks	trying	stems,	still		
like	to	also			
a	throw				
dog					
or					

Silk Screen Seasons**Martin Robbins**

Below high meadows,
 Summer mirror, still
 Pond slapped by a beaver's tail.

Sand-drifted footprints,
 Buoy-bells' din, gulls
 Arch over the beach white leaves.

Winter shrouds the hill.
 Through clouds of thick mist
 A waterfall's bony hand.

Last day of spring-heat,
 Still sky, no wind-rose petals
 Fall motionless sun.

Two Poems

David Rafael Wang

Proclamation: From a Sick Bourgeois

For 'letting a hundred flowers bloom'
 then hastily nipping the buds,
 For * letting all schools of thought contend'
 to smash them under your signet,
 For making public meetings
 the prerogative of your party,
For sending the frail and the ailing
 into mines and deserts,
 I would like to spit into your melon face,
 to dismiss you as a nuisance.

Though I let loose the demons
 of my imagination that cast you
 into the 18th layer of hell
 see you torn limb from limb
 by green-eyed monsters
 hear you scream from the
 rack, your heart pierced by tongs
 smell your burning flesh as
you turn on pitchforks - in the oil
 touch your squirming eyeballs
 popped out, laid at my feet
 I cannot even bring myself
 to burn you in effigy.

It is not enough to kill you.
You have more heads than Hydra
 a bigger eye than Cyclops
and longer legs than a giant octopus.

From the top of the Himalayas
 to the depth of the Pacific Ocean
 you range with the leap
of your brush. You size up the world
 within a single line
 of a poem. At the clamor of your voice
 the dragon flips in mid-air
 and disappears
 into your private study. The sun
 rises with you and sets

when you retire. Even the peak of Tai Shan
is dazzled by the dance of your ideograms.

within a single line
in my strongest protestation
I am subverted.

O, Mao Tse-tung, from The Grandfather Cycle
(*an epic poem in progress*)

- Dedicated to William Carlos Williams

CANTO XI - The Bamboo Drippings

Wang lived without moderation,
Dedicated to deflowering virgins.
His specialty:
 * *unnatural positions*; '
The result: still
 pregnant women.
For 60 years he dogged
 the path of peach blossoms
And at 72 contracted
 the willow ailment,
Impolitely called V. D.
 in the Occident.
Seldom a lady he met
 escaped his blessings;
All engaged his attention
 except the ungainly,
Who violated his code
 of aesthetic honor,
Irrevocable as
 the Confucian canons.

His triumph was one of will,
 not of instrument,
For nature did not endow him
 with unusual proportions.
In the company of nymphs
 he practised abstinence;
But confronted with a shy virgin he was
 compromising.
His moral: kindness above
 sex relations,
With a bed and a pasture
 as intermittent dispensations.

' young man, do not copulate
 with wolves:
 They might bite off
 your testicles
 - especially those who have
 a taste for them.'
 Such was his advice to me, his grandson.

CANTO XII - The Brimming Lily

' Be gentle in the plucking of lilies,
 Lest you break off their flow
 Drip, drip sings the rock, oblivious of the shadow.
 Day to day the water runs over,
 Going round and round over the circle.
 The rim catches the drift of sunlight
 And throws back extensions in green, in mirth.
 The lily tossed on the wave
 Glides softly, entering the light,
 The sword ignites the swirl.

Calligraphy

John Judson

*I think of frozen paddies
 and a flightline of jets
 shivering in their tiedowns.
 Too large a character
 spoiled the line I say
 and try again - remembering
 bird tracks in the snow.*

Autumn Love Poem

Saint Geraud

Bill Knott

I wanted to be near you,
 So I came from a long ways away.

The falling leaf has aged a year before it reaches the ground.

In your hands
 I come true, like a prophecy.

W. E. Sharpe

I came to sit beneath the rubber tree
and read
and smoke.
but the wind playing in the tree's branches
blew the pages of my book shut
and carried the smoke from my cigarette
into the eyes of a sparrow

in the park are all manners of love

... to fill a paper sack
or tiny cardboard carton
with wriggling love
the way the children laughing by the stream
fill the empty milk cartons
with wriggling minnows
to carry home
to show off
or watch die.

she sits at home
a leaking sink
and babies
love dying.

*a point of view**Miller Williams*

Always when we speak of art there is a question of definition. Customarily one takes as his point of departure the statements of several poets and painters and critics, capping it off with one of his own. I have never heard one which was totally satisfactory to me, but I am not presumptuous enough to think I could construct a better one. If writing about art is easier than defining it, still it is more rewarding, so what I intend here is a collection of observations on art in general, and poetry in particular, on the writing of it, and on the writer of it. The point of view which lends consistency to what may apparently be dissociated glances at a broad horizon will be understood by those who realize that I am looking from the East.

Life is. This we can believe, if we believe anything. To say that life is good, however, or that life is bad, or that life is hopeless, or has meaning, or indeed that life is meaningless, is to claim more than we can by any means hope to know. It is to claim one word too much. Life is.

Existence is primal. It needs no defense beyond itself any more than rain needs meaning, or hunger needs explanation. We are a part of existence, this being, all life and not-life that being means. We are a part of the going and coming, the rising and the falling, the round and round, of which the planets and the suns and the centipedes are also a part. We are not magic and we are not gods. We are more and less than observers of nature and recorders of time. Because we are nature. We are time. And as any part of nature, as any thing in time finds fullness, so we find our fullness. By playing our role. By moving with the movement of the world, by responding to it as the baby responds to the doctor's slap, pure and spontaneously. By responding to what comes upon us without scheme, as the baby does not breathe to live, but breathes and therefore lives.

Life is not designed for us. Life is not designed for anything, and our decision is not how best we can use it, since it is not for our use. The choice we have is simply between life as it is and death as it is, if indeed we have that choice.

So far as I can see, if there is anything in nature one can call absolute, something within nature and over all that nature is, it is the principle of creation. By this I mean the becoming and the decaying, the appearing and the disappearing, which are equally a part of Creation, in the total meaning of the word. Living fully, sanely, even living happily, if there is still meaning in the word, is nothing more or less than responding to, being quickened by, creation, the coming and the going, the birthing and the dying. Because there is nothing else, and we must react to something. For this is what being alive means, and otherwise we have made the other choice.

But all things respond in their own way to the world. Man has his own

responses, and some men respond differently from others. The response of some men we call art. It is a name we have given to man's impulsive recreation of the world when in that recreation he plays with it as it has played with him. He exaggerates it, and twists it, and in this way interprets it, pointing out by how he exaggerates it and twists it what he believes about it. But all this he does simply because he breathes and sweats and shares his bed and dies. Because he is, and being means responding, and this is the way he responds. It needs no other reason. This is the response without reason, or it is not art.

Since art is not only a response to the world, but at the same time a creation and destruction of the world, it is a part of the nearest thing we know to truth and brings to man perhaps his fullest and deepest hours, and his purest reality, and a sort of immortal life he might settle for. But the immortality which comes to the artist comes not in the mouthing of his words or the viewing of his works by later generations. His immortality comes in being a part of the creative process, for that alone is immortal.

Our response to the world is most satisfying when we are most exposed to the world, when there is no part of us which is hidden from the winds, and no winds are hidden from us. For reaction is not necessarily positive. To flee from a thing is also a response. If life is to be full, if art is to be rich, we must open our nerve endings to the world about us, so that we can desire and withdraw, have and hate. But even in our withdrawing, even in our hating, the artist knows deeply that for whatever finally matters there is no evil, no disaster. So Thomas refuses to mourn the death by fire of a child in London. We cannot think the poet unable to grieve personally at a child's death. When he beholds the child, when he considers the child, he grieves, because he is selfish, and he is afraid. But when he beholds death, then he considers Death, which is larger than the child, and he thinks Life, which is no larger than Death, and Birth, which is the same size exactly, and he somehow understands without understanding, and he responds, and then his response is somehow not a withdrawing.

So the artist, if he is wise, will not deliberately circumscribe his world, for in doing so he will describe his response, and his life, and he will be small. But the artist, if he is wise, will overlook distance and time. He will get a crick in his neck on a Roman chariot, click his heels to Hitler and fight the Pharaohs. He will sleep with du Barry and Oscar Wilde, and freeze on the other side of the moon. He will be tuned to his heritage because in a great sense he is his forebears, and he must always live partly in their world. He must respond to it. And he will be quick to all of the present world that would be foreign to him, because in a great sense all people now living are him, and their pain and lust, their love and their delights, dash in upon him in an almost maddening torrent. If he cheats himself of either world, of either birth-right, he shrinks, and his art is small. It will not stand for long.

As it will, the problem of communication comes in. Communication is no more important to art, of course, than it is to conversation. But without it a person is hardly satisfied with what he has been engaged in, in either case. But when others receive a work of art from the hands of the artist, when it becomes a part of the world they live in, and when as a part of that

world they react to it, the artist himself is made more alive. For his responses have been responded to. They have, in fact, made life. He has passed briefly through the body of the eternal. His reactions echo and echo again. His responses are multiplied, and his life is larger.

Design also creeps in. For if the making of a poem is a natural reacting, what room is there for design? It would seem on first sight that design would even be bad, unnatural, an artificial and painful constraint, like the binding of feet or the flattening of the forehead in children. But often only the need to recreate nature is there, only the barest sign of a means to satisfy the need. The natural response of the leopard is to kill, of the mole is to dig. The natural response of the baby is to suck, and while each of these can make his response untaught and unthinking, each also comes, through time, to learn what actions serve his needs, what order will beautify his act, what design

til decer, the poetoric need is there. The man, the learned in amend
fascination.

When we speak of an artist twisting and exaggerating his world, we must speak of the difference in the arts and the crafts.

This is the difference. The work of the craftsman is complete when it is finished. The work of the artist is incomplete when it is finished. The work of a craftsman, admirable as it may be, tells the viewer all there is to be told about it. Further, it tells all viewers substantially the same thing, and no amount of patience or skill or love will ever bring it to tell much more than it says at once. A work of art, on the other hand, demands that the viewer or listener or reader participate in the creation of the work, in the completion of it. So a literary work which was at first an experience in the mind of the artist becomes consummate when it is experienced a second time in the mind of the reader. Only when it is a result of the energies and the imaginations of the two is it complete. And because the reader can and will at different times approach a poem with different moods and different needs, and because the good poet left room for his poem to be poured full of many and varied potions, the poem becomes larger and richer and more meaningful and more ambiguous the longer we live with it, the more we respond to it. For to each of us, within a certain realm of consistency with the poet's framework, with the soul of the poem, with the given light, a poem says somehow what we want the poem to say. And if it will not, then it can never become quite our poem. And in the best of poems, we are not aware of which things have been put there by the poet, and which things have been put there by us; which are germane to the poem, and which are not read by others exactly as we read them.

The value and meaning of artistic incompleteness are best understood, I think, by the impressionist. Whether his medium is the stage, the canvas, or the empty page, it is in the work of the impressionist that we find the greatest number of effective connotations per denotation. This is the stuff all art is made of.

In poetry, especially, the means of achieving perfect incompleteness lies in the use of certain techniques: imagery, symbolism, phonetic intensives, allusion,

and so on. But allusion is the greatest of these. Allusion lends to poetry its richest ambiguity, its greatest depths, its most exciting implications. And most of the allusion employed by a poet will be a part of his basic myth-system.

Now every culture has its own myth-system: a collection of stories which seem to have written themselves, describing by their allegory the wonders and woes of man-being. Virtually everything the writer could want to say has been spoken of in the myths of each great culture. To the people familiar with these myths, born with them and fed on them, allusion to them gives all the grace and power and passion of antiquity and a race to the poem, and still more important, the varied meanings and moods of the stories reverberate through the syllables of the poem. The poet and the reader are one with their forebears, and respond to their history while they respond to the present. There is a fusion of time and place, a unity of being, and we in becoming one, become all. We are magnified, and we quiver with it.

But if the writer is most effectively to make contact with his readers, the myths that run through his work and those that run through the reader's blood must be the same myths. I doubt seriously whether the use of a myth-system not a part of the writer's heritage and the reader's heritage will ever be more than intellectually appreciated and rarely, if ever, emotionally comprehended. The choice of one's myth-system may not determine a poem's worth, but it must have a great deal to do, I think, with determining its audience, and even the size of the audience. And if not the worth of the poem, then the worth of the audience. For in the final analysis an audience is worth only as much as it can receive.

Most of what anyone has said about the writing of poetry amounts to nothing more than the means of carrying out what Amy Lowell suggested as the purpose of poetry: to excite the consciousness. Her observation covers more of poetry than one would have believed possible in so few words, but I would go further and say that a poem is born in the first place in the excitement of consciousness; that the purpose of its publication is to communicate this excitement. Most all of the elements of poetry exist for this purpose: the excitement of the consciousness of the reader, the quickening of his spirit, the thinning of his skin. A reader will respond little to the expected, the usual, the obvious, and the painless. Sentimentality, fairy-tale morals, make it unnecessary, even impossible, for the consciousness of the reader to be called into play. The reader is lulled into lethargy. He fails to react to the poem because what little there was of it was all there before him. A bad poem is not even good craftsmanship. A poem is a good poem, or it is nothing.

When we speak of art as a natural response, we run the risk of being misunderstood on several sides. On one hand, the prudent suspect we advocate nudism in the parlor and on the other hand the howlers suspect we have joined their ranks. The first suspicion is unanswerable because it is irrelevant. The second deserves a word.

To me, the stream-of-consciousness artists are practicing their art about as effectively as a day-old baby draws milk from its mother's breast. The need, the impulse, the hunger all are there. But it is clumsy, and often as not misses

the nipple. In free verse, and what its counterparts might be called, the free dance, free music, free art, the beauty is not that there are no boundaries, but that they are not seen. They are invisible. And this is the highest form, I believe, that art can reach. For the more a poem holds that is invisible, the more there is within it for us to find.

But I have no use for the so-called realistic art. Art is not a mirror held to life. It is a lens through which life is focused. A poem is a telescope or a microscope by which we see some part of the world more intimately. But as always when we see intimately we see out of perspective. We must step back and relate, because the world just seen is not the world as we are accustomed to seeing it. Here there are different proportions, different values.

But if we are to see a thing more closely, examine it intimately, it is necessary that it be put out of shape. If there seems to be a contradiction in this, it is reconciled when we look at the relationship between reality and illusion as they are put to us on the stage. If we are to be led to believe an illusion as if it were real, then it must be presented to us in the framework of an illusion. Otherwise there is created a conflict of the nature of the thing presented and its framework. A play, that is, with players and memorized lines, is not in fact a real world. Therefore, if we are to believe for a while that it is a real world, it must come to us packaged in a framework as frankly artificial as the play itself. Such is the proscenium arch. Most plays would be hardly convincing spoken in conversational tones on a street corner. Just so, reality in a fanciful frame appears untrue. Harsh profanity or bold love-play under the spots becomes weird, even grotesque. If a playwright wants a character to represent crassness, he has only to give him a couple of words of well-nourished slang, and the effect is complete. This is an illusion of profanity, but the stage itself is an illusion of reality. Illusion within illusion creates a third illusion of the actual. And reality within a framework of reality gives us naturally a sense of reality. Any other mixture gives us a feeling of the awkward, the weird, and the false. The same is true of poetry, and of all the arts.

A further indictment of the so-called realistic art, and this applies particularly to poetry, is that it tends to be 'all there'. There is too much said, too little left to the imagination of the reader. The little old lady who says of some book that the writer 'certainly didn't leave much to the imagination' makes more profound a condemnation than she realizes.

Still, with all his design, with all his care, the artist first is a child. He sees the world as one does before the dark glass of adulthood discolors it. He is concerned not with physics and dimensions, but with effects, and senses. Not with the drive shaft and victrola of a merry-go-round, but with the rhythm, the movement, and the music... always guessing that the drive shaft is there! He knows, as the child knows, that a thing's effect is the importance of a thing. as war is never guns and soldiers, but sounds, and death, and silence. The poet and the child are interested not in how many feet there are to a mile, but in how many steps there are.

from Letters From An Alien World, IV ... for david

Idell Tarlow

or even better
i'd say we are the city's rates
 nosing into the crazy spirals
of our patterned stars

of all we ever were
 or could be

the very word
spun like a fragile strand

when even beds were warm
when grass rippled

when hills were possible to climb
when rhymes made more sense

no
the image is gone

deliberately unmarked
deliberately remembered
loved
discarded

i cannot trace that whisper yet
and my nails are flying in the dirt

who dies?
 not you
not me

we talk and
 talk and talk

retracing the scents
i remember when
over the upturned heads
with underground living
than nonsense
buried in rubble

misunderstood
that soon shall cover me

not anything
but never die...

Cast of Characters for One Man Protest Meeting

part of me
 a soldier
 rebel
intrepid attacker
 scout
at the front
 a dandy
in pink uniform

part
 the enemy
 partridge
 in grasses
valuable trophy
 of war

part
peasant girl
 pure
and horror struck
victim of bombs
and instincts gone mad
surrender impossible
to the takers

part
 general
 brass eye
pencil and tack
starting point
 of action
demanding
subservience

part
 onlooker
 repelled
by violence
 wondering
whether to take notes
 or run.

THE VENTURA SUITE

(for Gael and Johnnie Turnbull)

Cid Corman

On The Red Wagon

*two jars
halfcocked
with rusty water*

*aimed at me
at first
then disarmed*

*by a kind word
the girl of four
empties*

*both barrels
upon a border of
geraniums*

Envoi

*it should be a quiet song
for the quiet height of the place
the poem should stand its ground
the voice be heard from the center*

*the ocean as friends we assume
fulfils its contract with the moon*

*I have stayed to be sure a week
tomorrow I go and am gone*

*the song will be quieter in time
time levels with us and the sand*

*we have come here
for a short time together*

*the shadow of a gull
spreads upon my body*

*my body copies that shadow
across the sands*

*the sea draws back
over the slow rocks*

*to read with a long breath
what we have written*

*It falls.
The night falls
the night sky falls
a star, the eyes follow, my
hand falls
It is never enough / I
am hardly ever enough
even to myself*

the eyes / the hands

Two Poems

Paul Blackburn

The Sea And The Shadow

I go.
I go through the streets
I cross avenues, helpless against your anger
I go pulverized through narrow streets with paving stones
Let the walls fall, crumble, fall, crush me finally, end it

Your cunt is tight with anger
I can feel it a block away, your
belly is tight
your asshole is loose with disdain
and fear

walks beside me like a
 tree in motion under the wind
 of my desires, with
 standing them / standing in
 an emptiness not your own that you hate
 and feel it is your own. It is not, it
 is mine also, let me, that damned sea,
 I will come

It falls.

I lie down /
 the trees are bright with resisting
 polished under the rain. have shed all their leaves
Corridors
 of summer stretch out behind me endless
like memory like
 I destroy myself running through open doors
 leading through empty rooms
 Or there is someone
 huddled in a corner
 pissing / Yes.

I humiliate my life, piss it away, I am
 my shoes, my black pair of sneakers walking
 corridors, deserted beaches, cement sidewalks, sit
 now beneath a chair. torn quiescent . my
 laces flopped sideways on the floor
fit, however,
 to the foot, dingy shape of life
 smelling of dried sweat, revived
at any warmth
 my worn fabric
 yes, the corrugations
I shall come

shaping all truths from my own cajones, seeking in my skull
 even those shaped years ago / I was too young, I looked
 for a shadow at ten in the morning which will not appear
 until four in the afternoon / my own
 with the sun from the other direction and
everything failing

The half-hour would-be wholeness
 falls, the year falls, the mirror
 destroys itself/ that year, a
 brilliant, at times quiescent
star will fall
into the sea
I will come

I will come, I
 shall come into your body as into the morning world,
 as into a city filled with its leisure and softness,
 where the soft light falls on the bird, the tree, the wall,
 where the sun of mid-day is lost on the shadows of palm trees,
 arcades

Fountains cool it

I shall come through your eyes from the other side, my
 water, my mirror

I will come into your belly and make it a sea rolling against me,
 come into you soft as sleep / and be real

You will cry the whole afternoon

The Sign

End of September: at
 19th St. & Fifth Ave., in front
 of the US Employment Service,
 a colored lady looks at her watch.
 Five of 9.
 She shines in the sun impatiently.

In Madison Square Park, a young
 jewess from the Bronx
 emerges from subway
 ducks her head
 into the Daily Mirror and walks,
 not hearing the message in Puerto Rican
 Spanish delivered toward her ear
 by a passing young man from Third Ave. & 26th St.
 Lady! You're being flirted with - enter your life!

I wonder,
 does this fountain run all night?
 The park smells like an autumn hayfield, dried
 leaves, dried grass all heaped together to be
 burned, in hazy afternoons by men
 with rakes and visor caps.
 Sparrow
 looks at fountain ambitiously
 and settles for puddle next to it, left
 from last night's rain.

seventeen disreputable-looking pigeons splutter
and splash and duck their heads and drink and gargle away.

Among them
a single warbler
green and tan wings splayed,
digs long beak into underbelly, makes his toilet.

Morning is full enough:
the birds all employed with their hygiene,
the unemployed with their newspapers on
street corners or park benches,
the young secretary with her page 5, hopeless
bums preening outside the public facilities,
and center of it all, this
fountain splashes away, and finally
today,
there are more
leaves on the surface of the pool than dixie cups

Fall is come.

Simon Perchik

The Newspaper

Who buys the paper
 rents hospitality, is spared
the cost of witnessing
unhappy news. I held
 this kindness in one hand today
and with the other
my son
and he in turn
his reel.

It was that chain, a grip
that made me feel
the clockwise hold
of grappling fishermen

He fished.

I read.
Until I saw a fish
 gasping in the sun and then --
What else could I have wrapped it in?

* * *

Where are you Timothy Corsellis?
 Have you stained the air
 with another death?

For twenty years
 the hands of detonation
on my face, a
listening,
raking the war
for your verses
 that first called the dead
a dying.

James Hiner

To Gottlieb Leberecht Müller
I apologize first of all
for mentioning this dirty subject:
Death;

For you, as you yourself have told us,
are not going to die,
you're going to turn into a Garden
and go to Tibet.

I next apologize for the people
who failed to feel slandered
by the hiatus your name left
in company talk,

But found a short
in their soul's Sonotone
and, carrying their brains in their nose,
blew it.

And to the friends of the deceased
I apologize for all the filchings,
pleadings, thefts, Plights, survival
techniques of Henry Miller,

Since the only return they ever got
on that investment was
some books which couldn't be deported
from Sweden.

But above all, to God:
I apologize to God;
I wouldn't have thought
He could have made that man.

CAME TO GUADALAJARA

Mary Alice Philips

There was a horse once who drank tequila. Ocho did not. Ocho drank water, like a horse, and she was a good horse - strong and smart and reliable. As she pulled steadily through the busy streets of Guadalajara, maneuvering the cab to the left lane, to the right lane, looking over her shoulder for a break in the traffic, her driver, Rubin, felt a wave of affection for his large brown faithful Ocho. He was annoyed, though, by her habit of pausing and waiting at every church, trained into her by a previous owner, no doubt.

Every day, several times a day, Rubin and Ocho went past the Hotel Colonial and on the mezzanine of the hotel was a beauty shop and in the beauty shop worked a nervous, impetuous, interesting girl. Her name was Juanita. What else? Rubin had always wanted a girl named Juanita.

And next door to the hotel was the dress shop where Maria patiently sewed all day long. Maria was pretty, she was industrious, she was faithful, she was everything a good man should want. Jesu Cristo! Who wanted her? Rubin slapped poor old Ocho's rein roughly, hurrying her past the dress shop.

He was furious because he did not want Maria, although she wanted him. How contrary was the world! How blind and indifferent! Already he felt obligated to the docile Maria, gathered in by her goodness, her patience. Somehow she had come to think that he was hers, that he would marry her. How had that happened? Rubin cursed himself for what he was. He knew why she thought that. He hated her vigorously for believing the lies he had told her. Fool woman! She deserved to be disappointed.

Rubin let Ocho pull the cab into the stall by the market place, then he took out a bottle of tequila from under the seat and drank. Ah! That was better. Never mind fool women. Rubin waited one minute, two minutes. No customer claimed his cab. It was a sign that business would not be good that day and so Rubin unyoked Ocho and turned her into the horse stall for the afternoon. He would come back and try for some more business later. After he saw Juanita.

In the basement garage of the hotel was a boy, perhaps ten years old, named Moises. He didn't go to school, and no one knew where he lived or, for that matter, had ever asked. He was always to be found in the basement where he picked up a lot of money for a poor Mexican boy by approaching tourists when they drove in and asking to guard their cars or guide them through the city or perform various other services including baby sitting. Sometimes when he wasn't busy otherwise, he ran errands of one kind or another for the hotel employees and their friends and visitors. What did he do with all the money he earned? Nobody ever asked him that either.

When Rubin arrived at the garage he called for Moises and told him to hurry upstairs to the beauty shop and ask Juanita when she got off work.

* Tell her I will take her to the new movie, the one with Marilyn Monroe. Do

not forget. Tell it to her big, make it sound grand.'

'O.K., O.K.,' Moises said holding out his hand.

* Tell her,' Rubin insisted, pushing the boy toward the door. He knew Moises was reliable, but it was a matter of principle to pay after. Fool kid, getting too big for his britches. Maybe he would not pay him at all, let him learn a little about the world.

While he waited Rubin kicked pieces of tile around the garage. It was very dark down there, and part of the garage floor was dirt. Somebody had dumped a bunch of tiles on the dirt. Fancy hotel with a dirt floor. Rubin had a chance once to become a mechanic and work on the bellies of the big American cars. But who wanted to work in the dark and crawl around under cars in a cave like this? It made him jump to think about it.

Moises returned. 'She says meet her here at five and a half. And she says it better not be a lie about the movie.' Moises stepped back as Rubin raised his hand to hit at him. 'And she says she already saw the Marilyn Monroe movie last night, she wants to see the Rock Hudson movie tonight.'

'Brat!' said Rubin, determined now not to pay him. How humiliating to have Juanita's cruel words repeated for all to hear! But he had better pay Moises, at that, or no more messages or, worse yet, only lies.

'Here.' He threw a five centavo coin at the dirt, and left.

The beauty shop on the mezzanine smelled like beauty shops everywhere, of glycerine and ammonia and perfume. After Moises left, the chatter of the girls filled the room once more. The customers were all gringas, and none of them young. The three girls who worked in the beauty shop carried on rapid conversations with each other in Spanish, which the gringas couldn't understand or, if they could, the girls didn't care.

'Ah Juanita, how lucky you are!' The girl at the end called out. 'You have a big date tonight with a caballero!' This broke them up and they had to put down the scissors and combs to cover their laughing mouths with their hands. The gringas waited until the girls took up their work again. Juanita snipped hair around her customer's ear, then said, 'Laugh, O.K., but let me tell you he is not so bad.' She was caught in a fit of giggling. 'He has learned a thing or two from those horses!' This was too much for the girls. They had to lean against the wall or on the backs of the gringas' chairs to keep from falling down. The laughter was contagious and the gringas smiled at each other. Things were so different in Mexico!

Then one of the gringas spoke, in Spanish, and the girls stopped laughing and went to work, rather abashed. 'What does he know from the horses?' she asked. A clever woman, she got them back on the job. And as if it weren't enough, added, 'Is it he who taught you how to horse around?' Again the girls had to laugh, but this time they kept snipping or soaping or pinning or whatever they were doing. Then the gringa, maybe sorry to have put a damper on the girls' high spirits, asked, 'Do you like to go to the movies?' She was Juanita's customer, and Juanita replied politely, 'Yes, I go every night, if I can.' And thus a conversation began. Juanita told the woman just which movie stars she liked the best, and which ones had made personal appearances in Guadalajara, and how many had stopped at this very hotel, surely the

most big, most desirable, most grand hotel in the world. She went on to say that she learned to work in a beauty shop and came to work here just so she could see the movie stars. The women, so beautiful! The men, so handsome! Why, just last week somebody or other had been there. The gringa, not being a movie fan, didn't know the name. And did you know he dyes his hair? Yes, it is true, and he comes to this very beauty shop to have it dyed!

* Also, you must know then,' the gringa said, ' that Gregory Peck will be here tonight.'

'Gregory Peck!' The girls shrieked. No, they had not known that. It was unbelievable. Who was working tonight? They all were! The girls flew about the room, forgetting their duties, transported by such marvelous news.

'Continue, now,' the gringa said. 'You will want to finish me quickly and get ready yourself.'

Of course. Juanita returned to her snipping.

Ocho drew the cab up in front of the hotel. Rubin gave the shoeshine boy ten centavos to watch Ocho and the cab until he returned with Juanita. He ran down the sloping concrete driveway into the garage and looked around for her, but she wasn't there yet. It was not five and a half, quite.

Rubin noticed Moises crouched beside one of the cars, but he didn't speak to him. He had developed a dislike for the boy.

At the first part of waiting it wasn't so bad because it seemed that Juanita would appear any minute. Rubin paced, and he whistled, and he could not calm down, but still it wasn't too bad because he had not thought yet that she would not come. That part lasted about half an hour.

After that it was pretty bad. The darkness of the garage, the dampness, the quietness, everything got on his nerves. Everytime he heard the elevator creaking down, he held his breath. It was a fat business man. It was a group of tourists. It was the day cook. But it was never Juanita.

Now Rubin was sure she would not appear. Where had she gone? She had sneaked out the front door with another date. Worse, she was giggling somewhere with her girl friends. Rubin wanted to hit someone.

But maybe she was held up with a customer. Better not jump to conclusions. Wait a little longer, and think of something else to make the time pass.

He could think of nothing but Juanita. Juanita tossing her long brown hair. Juanita laughing, sighing, black lashes brushing her cheek. Her mouth - her arms --

Rubin groaned. She had said she loved him! How could she treat him this way if she loved him? No, she had not exactly said she loved him, but she had looked it, and acted it. She must love him. He had spent all his money on her, practically every day. He bought her earrings, and he took her to the movies. He would give her anything, and she knew it. What else did she want?

He had to know if she was still in the beauty shop, or if she had left. He would not be a big fool, waiting here faithfully while she ran around the streets of Guadalajara with someone else. Give Moises ten centavos and send him up to see. Yes, and if she has gone, then Moises, too, will know. Oh, such a humiliation! Still, this was worse.

'Come here!' he called toward the silent figure hunched by a car. Moises came. Rubin thrust a ten centavo piece in the boy's hand. 'Go to the beauty shop and see if Juanita is still there. Maybe I got the time wrong.'

Moises left. He followed him in his mind, up the elevator, into the beauty shop. 'Is Juanita here?' Rubin heard the girls laughing, 'What? Is he still waiting? She said to tell him she is busy. Ha. Ha. Ha.'

Rubin rushed toward the door. He could not bear to hear Moises repeat those words, and laugh secretly to himself. He would not make a fool of himself like that. He ran out onto the street, grabbed his horse's reins away from the shoeshine boy and jumped into his cab. 'Go!' he shouted at Ocho, whipping her. 'Go!' And he laid the whip cruelly about Ocho's ears as he started off through the streets of Guadalajara to look for Juanita everywhere.

Two Poems

Robert Lewis Weeks

Memo

Remind me to leave
Nothing in my pockets
When I die.

I have seen those sterile fellows
In the funeral halls,
Black, bumptious things,
Bounce across the velvety floors,
Polishing their black coats
And smiling an absurd smile:
Big-bald eyes
Wide open in imitation
Of concern.

I have seen death among the pans
In the funeral parlors,
Spread out in the porcelain room,
Chilled and dripping.
The smiling ones were not smiling then
Or cracking their knuckles:
They were fastened on death;
They were trained on it,
With wide-open eyes
Of unconcern.

Remind me to leave
Nothing in my pockets
When I die.

The Death of General Cavendish

*An hour before General Cavendish died
He saw the angels in the park;
He saw spread out against the leafless tree
As many arms as he could want
To embrace him in the dark.
Over and over and over again
The angels tried to soothe him,
Embrace him with elastic arms,
But he went home at last,
Embraced himself with one last cold embrace
And became a statue in the park.*

*Margaret Nordfors**Crest Trail*

*The trail disturbed me with its heights.
Tines of evergreens pricked rock
mouths apart, and all the hills
touched pointing to the peaks,
each one calling my smallness out.*

*Hesitant below the climb,
I first kept back along the side
of a stance of firs, soft needled ground
still pungent with my childhood,
until peaks clamored through the limbs.*

*The stature of things, my awe, rose
before me from the circling snow.
I leaned to all crests as I climbed,
and stems bore fireweed on the slopes.
My shadow lengthened like a bruise.*

*Vermilion light caught where the sky
met clear ice, deepening lines.
Cliffs blinked as I walked. My thoughts
followed out of joy. Mountains
subdued, and yet they lifted me.*

*Judson Jerome**Love's Progress**(after John Donne)*

No temperate climate, Iowa or Greece
nor fancied slopes of Arcady will do
as the dark France of your eyes, closing, speaks
through opening lips in wordless strange Hindoo
to my palm isles and Florida: travail
of love lures, in Sahara dunes, down under,
or humid Amazon, thrashing, or inhaling
the breath of breathless Andes, or, in Tundra
stillness, crossing the ice toward Northern Light.
There is no comfort for adventurers
beating across the iron lakes by night
(No purchase on the water) nor on the shores
making machete progress: I am bent
for you, my India, my Orient.

Rejection Slips

What do you mean, More? Shall I
send fingers? I have a total of ten.
What do you mean, Good Work? That's my left eye!

Listen, you. Wait. Just when
we've had one moment only the two of us know,
what do you mean, Sorry? Try what again?

(I will poison the gum on my return envelope.) So
am I, oh editor, overstocked, but I,
when one comes, am limp. I never say No.

Fred Smith

On the Occasion when an Eminent New Critic Was Unable
to Have a Student's Work Published in a College Quarterly

From well within deep wellsprings sprung, late
Poets again set down their mighty themes
Of children born, not born, and fate outworn.
All are dumped in candy (cherry-flavored) dreams.

It has been a long time. Wait and see,
Wait and hope, and let poetic schemes abide.
Brooks-Warren-Blackmur-Ransom-Tate has died,
Leaving the outer world to dark extremes.

Fat cows, small bells, tinkle with decorous gait
Across green campuses. The white boy screams
His lecherous father down, whose life is hate,
Remembering the girl who beams and beams.

After harsh words, appropriate fights, and tears,
I threw him out, unmindful of his years.

Barracks 1177

Night between 'lights out' and reveille
Is sixty men asleep, and I am standing
At the door. Outside, to right and left,
Are more lights on above such doors on more
Such barracks. Air is cooling softly down.

In a farther block a guard seeks a friend
To talk with in this sleeping time, but pays
The coke machine instead. A small red light
Across the highway ignites a fire alarm box
In the warehouses' black silhouette.

The Texas summer sky is stars majestic
In their ignorance of me, marching more
Evenly than we. Sunlight on rising dust,
On the drill field the sound of marching feet,
Repeat themselves in distant memory only.

A little while before I fall asleep
 Hastily to wake to faces and obscene
 Commands, I would remember other times,
 Who I was and what was said in other places.

I am collecting the private image
 Of a person important to certain people
 Whose friend I was and whose returning names
 I will remember before I quit my post.
 Let us wake the guard who follows us.

To a Virgin, to Make Much of Entropy

If Norbert Wiener, Hans Reichenbach
 And distinguished other men are right,
 Or rather, true -- I do not mean
Future time with its stark fractional
 Coefficient by it, but I speak
Of time when dead men have obeyed
The second law of thermodynamics
And helped themselves to dirty beds,
 Saying they no longer need
 Arms, legs, or lips for anything
 They need to say is said or not
 Worth saying -- therefore, if these men
This time are true, abandon rhyme
And make so many mornings false
We shall want many more mornings
Of such great making. From pillow
And clean sheet our whispered words
Will time not death's approach to us
But our remove from him. And if
Before morning we cannot make
This second law stand still, yet we
Can make him run from bed to bed.

Mel Weisburd

A crow,
Black with purpose, shifts from one to the other
Of the holly boughs
On my disheveled lawn. Suddenly a hundred-thousand pig-weed
Moths rise
From the Hollywood Hills. The blackbird darts about to do his work.
These thoughts come to me:
Did many poet-moths die propagating that will? Did one give the signal
To rise? Perhaps
That is unimportant. Like a snapping sheet on Monday's wash they
Rise and flow down
Beachwood Drive across fifty miles of L.A. asphalt.

The black crow forages
Among necessities. I sit here thickening with abstractions
Darting among the limbs
Of confusion. I think: it is refreshing to my eyes
To cavil with distance,
Instead of illusion. I should exercise the seat of my vision
More often, I mean
Actual physical exercise, instead of propounding myself
To a tasteless oblivion.
I dream here in the green shade of how poetry should
Retaliate from my pen,
Like white ski-soldiers camouflaged on a white field of snow --
Except by the tracks,
I see how poetry wanders afield and loses the argument.

The black crow has what
He wants and flies half way up the variegated ivy of these hills.
With little thought
He manipulates the precise equations of his will, and leaves aliquots
Of air to forgetfulness.
Poets - whether they admit it or not -- articulate by trial
And comparison, with little
Statistical significance. Their art, they confess, is an artificial
Physics, a Heisenberg
Insouciance of we-measure-what-we-measure. Or else, they drink
Poetry
Like the dark wine of unconsciousness, and
Never get drunk.
Such self-expression seals the fate of poetry.

Whose names I forget, are full of immense empirical secrets.
The way they vote
Often comes as a shock to me. They do not see me here excavating
In a public quarry.
They think I vote like them. Actually, I am playing on
The stops of reality,
A querulous old flute. If it is not poetry then let it be oratory.
The opinion of
Imagination, consuming what is publicly unsaid.

I do not have
An inkling of what my fellows are writing
At the moment,
Or when they shall rise to the light like these moths.
They are just as
Preposterous as myself, sitting and thinking and writing.
A time will come though
When my neighbors must think. It will be either too late,
Or just a little
Before it is too late -- in time, when thought will
Set the thinking
Mass ablaze, and we will break our appetite with our will.

North Woods Winter

Patricia Darrin

Beyond a wall of dreams and heavy years
Wind-filtered snow lies on the skeletons
Of a prosperous summer, dramatic in its death
Covering silence with a white finality.
Black maples -- black roots, trunk, limbs, all black --
Bereaved of a precious autumn wealth of gold
Are still, their many living tongues cut off
By the sure sharp knife of winter's cold.
Dark evergreens in their constant gradual dying
Scatter cones like flowers on a shrouded bier;
The shapeless ghosts of blackberry thickets hide the cave
Of grizzly bear, who folds his heart and claws within himself,
And, like the maple, with its barren empty arms,
Calms his wild blood and dies a temporary death.

Lenore Kandel

Someday When We Are Strangers

someday when we are strangers
I will have forgotten you...
I will have forgotten you...
and we will pass each other by along some April street and
never know

§

east was the color of my love's dead eyes was
east was morning was last year sad was
death was dead his eyes were maggots oh
I have forgotten my love I have forgotten
my name I have
applied for a job in a dime store I have
dyed my hair topaz honey and learned to play at smiles
accepted the bodies of strangers and
become one

§

there is no end to dying it
happens all day long

I have never seen a nightingale.
I have, however, on summer days stopped in fascination
at the convolutions of a drying dog turd
I have also noted small patches of green moss at the edge of sewers
and on city sidewalks
in broken places
These alone would be more than enough
without midnight birds
but I have bought one rose for a penny on a sweaty New York street
and had a waitress buy me a whiskey sour on my birthday
and once I was invited to a party
by the nine year hostess
and danced musical chairs while
the adults sat mumbling in the adjoining room

Don't talk to me about nightingales.

' Among The Stars'

HENRY MILLER: HIS WORLD OF

URANIA, by Sydney Omarr, 103 pages, 9th House Publishing Co., Hollywood, California.

Countless avenues of approach have been taken by the critics in discussing the works of Henry Miller, and a new one turns up in Sydney Omarr's recently published short study. It is astrology. A respected practitioner in the field, Omarr has attempted to show the importance of astrology in the life and work of Miller. His method is more that of an editor's than of a critic's, for the original ideas he contributes are slight indeed. Rather, he has done an admirable job in compiling the references made by Miller to the subject. Included are not only lengthy excerpts from a wide variety of his published works but also portions of letters by and about him. The material is there, but the conclusions are not and although he gives a scholarly presentation of the facts, Omarr seems satisfied to let them stand by themselves, thus leaving it entirely up to the reader to dissect them and ascertain their impor-

By definition, astrology is the ancient art or science of divining the fate and future of human beings from indications given by the stars and other heavenly bodies. Few people know anything of its theory or application, but, like religion and with rare exceptions, most people have definite views about its validity or invalidity. Both the author and the subject of his study are cognizant of this, and Miller claims that before the reading public can grasp the meaning of this it must have some rudimentary acquaintance with the subject astrology. Omarr, on the other hand, feels that the mere presence of the facts are enough and that the astrology in Miller is so evident the readers themselves can evaluate its significance.

In a somewhat paradoxical fashion, the author is constantly reminding the reader that his book is not about astrology, but here he is overtaken by the problem that entraps so many

specialists, regardless of their field. That because he is so familiar with his subject matter, the specialist often forgets that what is elementary to him is often highly technical to the layman. Mr. Omarr often mentions planetary bodies and movements in Miller's writings, and he assumes the general reader to be capable of interpreting them without any explanations. This is a serious and often-found fault of critical writing and it usually places what might have been a worthwhile effort into the realm of the *worthless*.

In this particular case, however, Omarr's 'guide' -- as James Boyer May suggests (in his preface) we call it-- contains enough additional material to make it a valuable book to anyone interested in Henry Miller. Miller has written, especially for this book, a brief but enlightening list of important dates *in his life*.

Also included is a sixteen-page foreword in which Miller presents his own views on astrology, and many of them reinforce the ideas he has previously developed using other subject matter and form. The foreword is done in a surprisingly condensed and lucid style, rarely found in his other writings.

Miller's interest in astrology is based on an entirely intellectual point of view. He regards the subject another language, and because it was a new 'tongue' to him, he soon became intrigued and then fascinated by it. 'How could I fail to do so since, being a writer, I was forever seeking ways and means of expanding my horizon and enlarging my vision.' The language of the astrologer is one of symbols; the language of the writer one of words. To Miller words are only a limited means of expression and communication, while the meanings of symbols are infinite. He

everyone - the writer, historian, scholar, et al-has said all

there still remains incomplete The picture still remains incomplete.

astrological picture not only sums up all these points of view,' says Miller, 'but adds an nth quality which gives an *abiding significance*.'

Does Miller believe in astrology?
 Omarr contends that he does, but Miller himself hedges a bit. He does not live with or by his horoscope any more than he lives with or by his heart. 'But just as the heart, even without my knowing, plays its moment by moment role in my life, so do the stars play their role moment by moment, year after year, cycle upon cycle, endlessly' He does not credit astrology with the capacity for giving a man intelligence, wisdom, or power, but he does believe that it can reveal how to use to the best advantage what he does possess of these and other attributes. This goes hand in hand with Miller's long-time concern over man finding himself and his true role in life. He sees astrology-as he sees most other things -- as another guide for man to use in his search for his whole being.
 - S.H. Sanfield

The Daily Reality

EARLY RAIN, by Bert Meyers; Poets in Swallow Paperbooks, 75c.

Bert Meyers' poetry is founded on the daily reality and makes no effort to soften the grimness. If these poems are often sad, often ironic, sometimes even bitter, it would have been dreamy to have made them otherwise. They are true to themselves. But, at the same time, it must be noted that when they celebrate, they don't go halfway. Listen to Picture Framing':

My fingers feed in the field of wood.

I sand pine, walnut, bass,
 and sweat to raise their grain.

Paints, powder and brush
 are the seasons of my trade.

At the end of the day
 I drive home
 the proud cattle of my hands.

Meyers speaks to us about the things we usually pass by without knowing what they are: the minute satisfactions and disappointments that, added up, give

our lives their community essence. It is because we don't look carefully enough that the world of the outside appears unrelated to us, as well as dull and meaninglessly repetitious. While a poem like 'In the Alley' is hardly joyous, it won't let us go, its bitter meaning impinges on us, the violence of the calm, hot scene strikes at us:

At noon an airplane,
 a hard drop of sweat,
 rolls down the sky's
 big forehead.

The dry alley
 dreams of water -
 trampled root.
 Fenced-off the housewife trees
 multiply their fruit.

Later, a man,
 grey as gravel,
 comes up the alley.
 At a garbage can
 an alarm of flies
 goes off in his face.

Scared by a wind
 that walks through gates,
 among the leaves
 the fallen man
 curls around a wall
 like smoke, and disappears...

In the yards, the trees
 drop loquats, and yellow
 ripe round pears.

This is a social poem in the best sense, one that pays heed to the sound and language of the 'content.' It is a poem of surprises, the kind that stun us with their truth. There are a number of others of like quality in the book.

As the final two poems, Meyers offers translations from the work of Louis Aragon. These have a different sort of power from his own: a longer line, a more rolling cadence, a larger arena of space and time. It would be interesting to see Meyers himself explore a method *of this kind.*

- Gene Frumkin