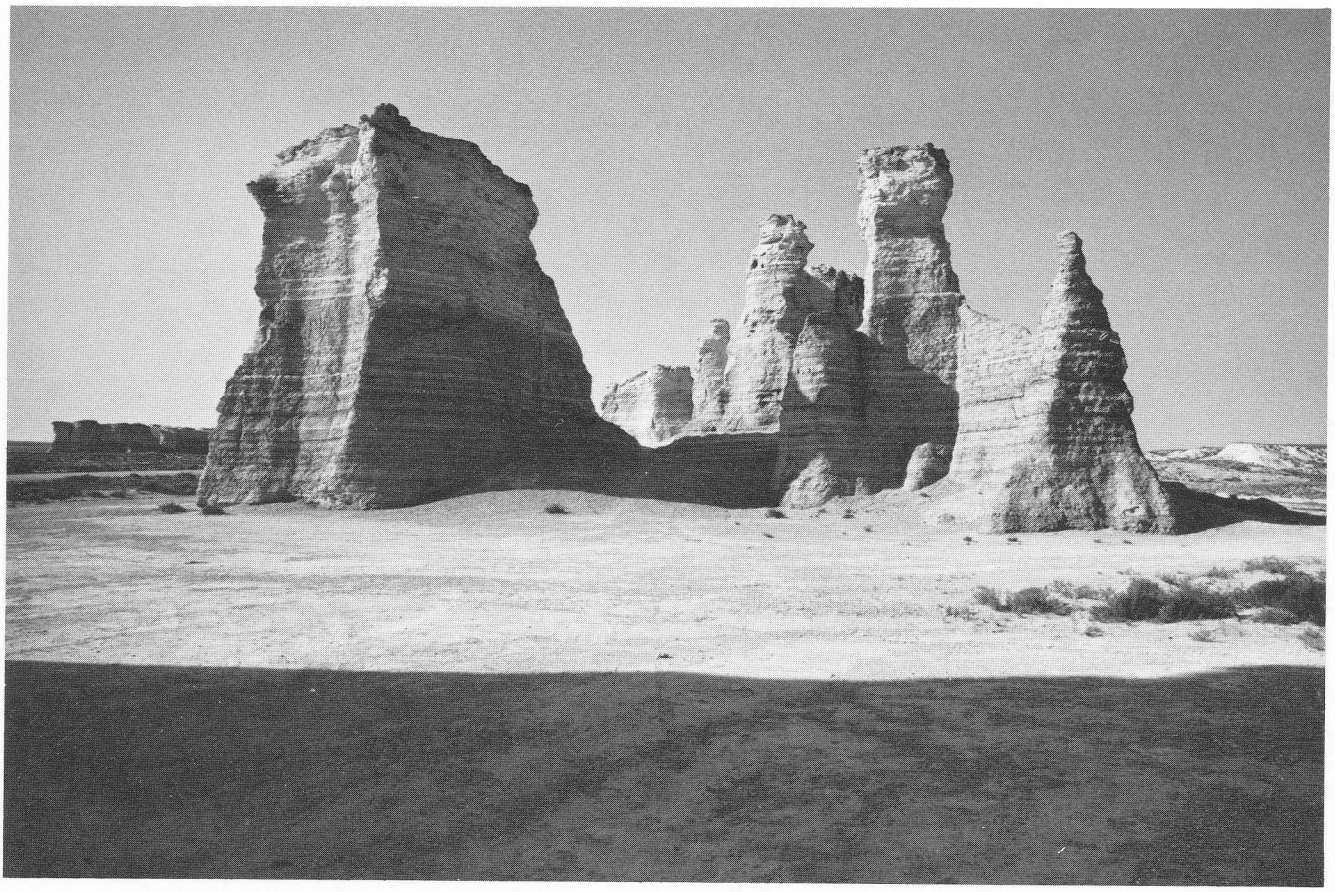
COTTONWOOD REVIEW



NO. 20

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Drawings for this issue are by Betty Visser.

Cottonwood Review is a national literary magazine with its home at the University of Kansas. Our goal is to make national poetry, fiction, and photography available to readers in our area of the country and, at the same time, to make the best writing and photography in our area available to a national audience.

Since Cottonwood Review has no regular source of funding, we depend heavily on the interest and support of our subscribers. We have recently received the additional support of grants from the University of Kansas and the Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines. Cottonwood Review is a member of COSMEP.

Cottonwood Review is the spare time effort of an informal group of writers at the University of Kansas. Issues generally appear twice yearly. Subscriptions are $4.25 for two issues of the magazine plus the chapbooks and tabloids published during the period.

We welcome submissions of poetry, fiction, graphics, and photography, both from local and national writers and artists. Poetry submissions should generally be limited to the five best. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope for return. Our address is

Cottonwood Review
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University of Kansas
Lawrence, KS 66045

Acknowledgements

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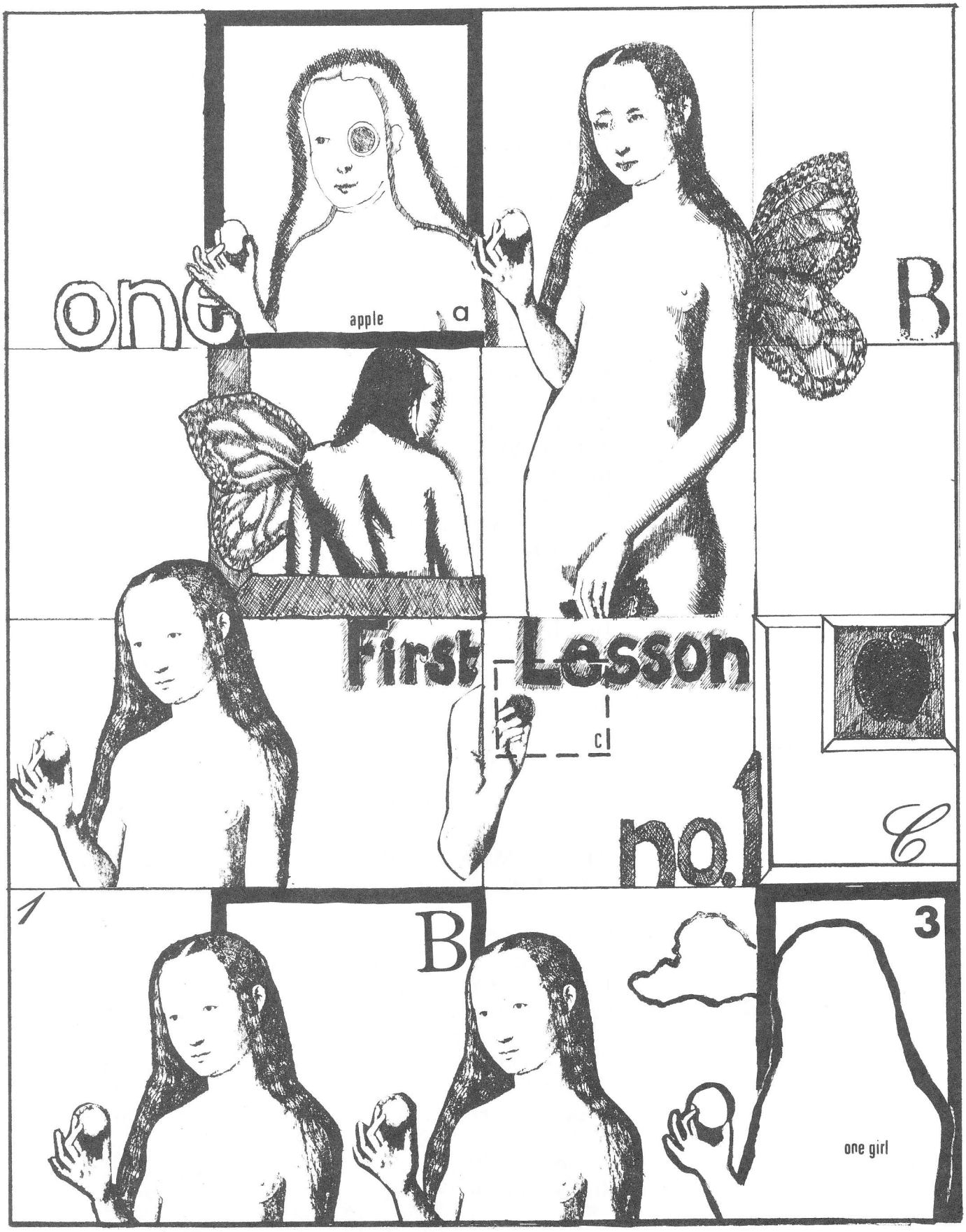

one
apple
a
B
First Lesson
c
no. 1
C
B
3
one girl

Nancy Rekow

SLIFER FAMILY PHOTOGRAPH, 1867

The picture isn't black and white
but suspended browns
like attic dust in sun.

They are in a field,
rows of stubble at right angles to people.
More than half is sky. No trees.
The people stand where trees would
between earth and sky.

Great Grandma Charity
in buttoned-up dark dress and apron,
sits on a chair shelling peas in a pan.
She wears her hair tight back.
Her husband, Eli, holds a horse.
His hat hides his face.
Soon he will die from a quarry rock falling.
There are no rocks in the picture.

Another plain woman sits on a chair.
A pretty one stands.
Why do they have chairs in the field?

An older man sits on the wooden reaper.
His team of two mules and two horses in fly aprons
are about to pull out of the picture.
Already the two mules nose behind the frame.

The wagon of children wait for a signal.
The one with the ringlet will be my grandmother.

I stare at the hub
to turn the wheel.

Carl L. Stach

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

"The American hero must triumph over
the forces of darkness . . ."

-James Wright-

And triumph he might; not for
heroics or grandeur,
but for feeling
what we all must feel
reading an old New Yorker
in a Kansas laundromat.

And look: his stomach is too
large, his left eye lazy.
But the immersion's complete,
painless as the diabetic's
daily stab of insulin.

It begins with the essence
of Estee Lauder, fills
the chic simplicity
of a natural cotton homespun
Kurta dress (direct from Pakistan)

which a Park Avenue lady
now fills as she steps off
a Braniff 747 (painted by Calder,
appointed by Gucci) at Kennedy
International. And hand in hand
they depart for the

elegant

quiet

secure

Lombardy Hotel

(just off Park Avenue)

when just around the corner he
is accosted by the soiled face of
MARIA AUGUSTA TITO: seven years old,
family situation precarious,
parents illiterate.

He counters with humor: "I cannot become
a foster parent right now," he whispers,
"but I contribute best wishes for
a speedy recovery, and a record
spaghetti harvest." He moves on,

as we all move on, through the corridors
of the Lombardy, past fountains and the chic,
to what really matters:
to join Howard Nemerov at the zoo,
gazing at his blue wolves.

Ted Schaefer

SUNDAYS

The meters are lonely,
their maids at home
dazzling strangers.

*

O radio, black Jesus.

*

"I'll teach them
the meaning of Dull,"
said God.

Dick Lourie

BHS

as teenagers we lived in the fifties and thought a great deal about the smell of our own breath we admired Kay and wished we were like her or else we were in love with her secretly and jealous of Don the half-back who went out with her then later even more jealous of Herbie the scholar who also went out with her we ate lunch in a dark wood booth every day twenty-three years ago in the luncheonette that isn't there anymore of course : too much ketchup on the french fries Bud kept insisting we always ate there with the same few friends who now have disappeared into the rest of New Jersey

SIGNS OF MATURITY

lately when my mother phones she tells me
things about herself as well as asking
what I'm doing and how am I and so forth

this is a sign of maturity : and when my grand-
parents came from Miami to visit
for two weeks --- he's eighty-six and hale like
having a huge antique clock that still runs
smoothly but stands right where people trip over it

she's eighty and starting to fail --- hundreds
of pills and she wanders then returns like
a child again and again lost near home

their visit put a strain on my mother that
she called to talk with me about but besides
that she described her drive to the Catskills
with my stepfather to see the blazing
changes of the leaves and the house where he
spent summers as a youth as she spoke

I got happy for her : the bad things and
the good things about their marriage are of
her choosing and I could tell from her voice
that the fall colors had made her serene and joyous

A RECENT DREAM ABOUT THE FIRST DAY OF BEING A POET-IN-RESIDENCE AT A HIGH SCHOOL

a sunny morning and I am walking
down the long hallway of a clean bright school
which seems to be built all on one level

out the window is countryside and it
must be still early the place is empty

except for us: now I realize I'm
with someone my host for the day a man
younger than I who acts older he is
wearing a brown suit I am carrying
a cup of coffee to the room they have
set aside to use as a kind of free
space where students can come and talk to me

the floor is gray the lockers we pass quite
pale orange and they stand in perfect ranks
like a marching band suddenly struck dumb

my host the junior administrator
is so anxious to make me feel at ease
it's as if his nervousness is catching
and I have to keep on calming myself

we're still walking and I have the odd sense
that the corridor really is endless ---
now there's a chilling muffled electric signal
around us and I realize that these
silent rooms on all sides are stuffed with
people : I hear them shuffle to their feet

and then a mumbling like the sea's chorus
of drowned sailors: it's the flag salute
what my host says is "it's a wonder you can
get the kids to stand up this early in the morning"

later when
I'm settled in the room he drops by again
a little less nervous this time as he
smiles and says "education's a very
difficult product, but it can be good, too."

James Fanale

AUCTION

By eight they were parking
along the road

At nine the trailer
pulled into the yard
and passed out numbers

Room by room they seized her
then wandered away
some sniggering at her leanness
some content
most holding a piece
wrapped in butcher's paper

Penates with wide eyes
walk soft around her
regenerating
on mantles and sideboards
over the county

Michael Smetzer

AT NOON

At noon I venture down to the stream.
I sit on a rock and throw clods
    into the current.
Small twigs and insects, leaves and
    soil
swirl down the shallow creek.
The oaks creak slowly above
and sun spots preen the grass.
On the other shore, the eyes of
    small creatures
rise like hope in the shadows.

Michael Smetzer

BREATHING

An animal sleeps beside me in the dark
Its breathing swells the sheets
It turns and nuzzles the pillow
Then the rhythm resumes
When I take its paw the fingers close
We breathe into the night

Diane Hueter

BUFFALO WOMAN

the buffalo
with arrows in his back
does not stop to listen anymore
soft eyes run black with pain
and fear rolls the eyelids back
as far as the horizon

a lone tree off in the hazy distance
shades a woman combing her hair
she uses her own fingers for a comb
stretches her arms out to their full extent
to comb the very tips
of her hair
she thinks of the buffalo
her thoughts are soft and mellow
there is a gentle smile in her eyes

the sun all warm around her
and she alone enjoys the shade
her dark hair and eyes and skin
brown like the warm earth of the prairie

just like a prairie flower
with the buffalo's name on her tongue

Walter Griffin

RED WORMS IN SEASON

Cut in half
and turn wrong
side out

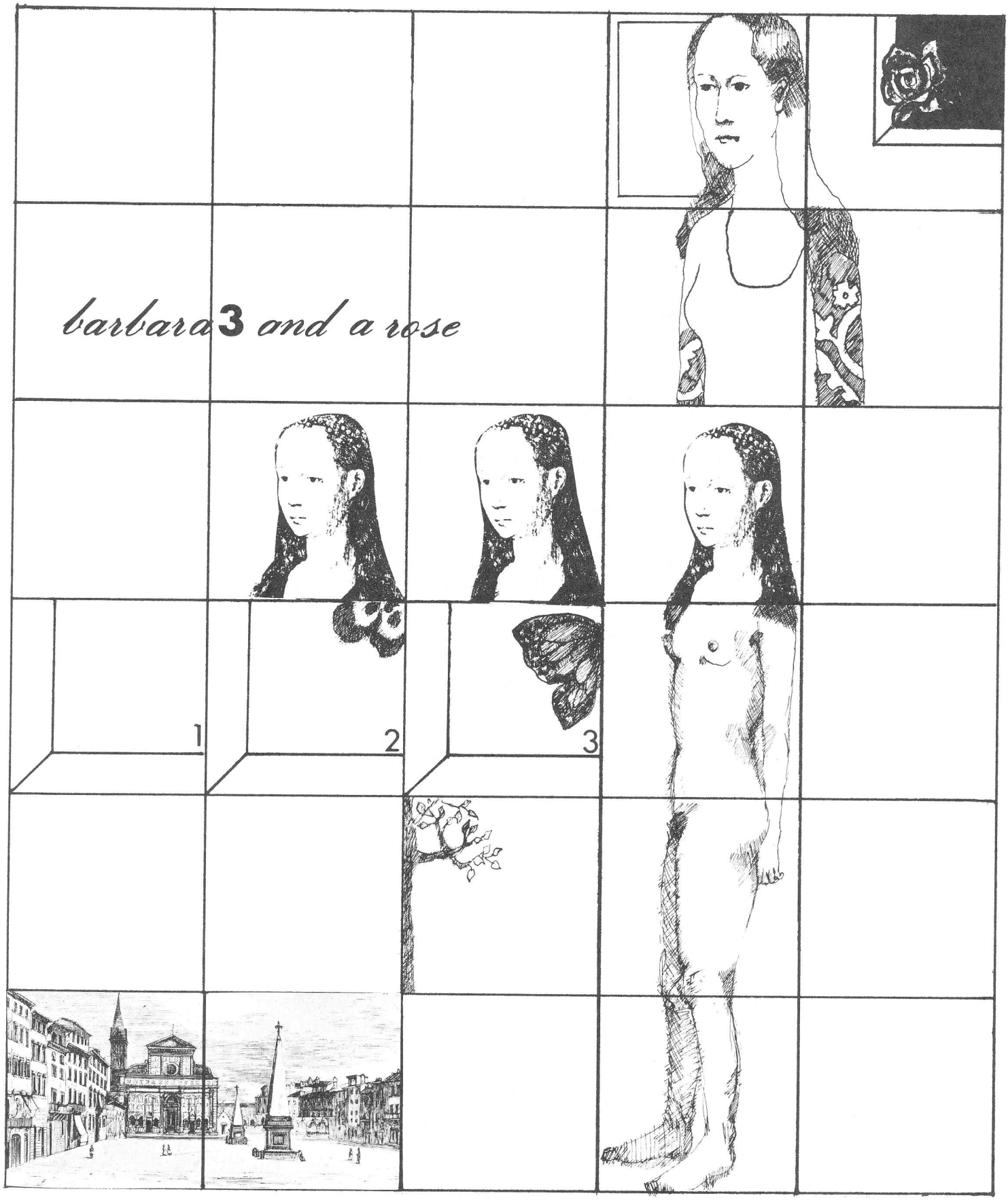
THEY ATTRACT
BLUE BREAM RAPIDLY

use split
shot and drop
quickly (their

screams are so
small they
aren't even heard)

HERITAGE

I know your bones,
your fetal stretch
inside of me.
We swim together
where mirrors meet
and even the fish are cold.
Last night I dreamed
of holding your hand
while we drowned,
afraid of arms that touch
and eyes that meet.
My father of the dark
edged photograph,
we drift in the same
wreckage. I hold
myself and imagine
your eyes.


barbara 3 and a rose
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Nancy Takacs

THE WAITING

She didn't remember me, didn't crochet,
didn't like cowboy movies any more.
They explained my grandmother was like a baby
suddenly, and was dying. She didn't move.

Upstairs it was always quiet, the lights low.
Aunt Ginny read books, wrote letters, wet
towels to soothe the fever, put her finger
to her lips when I came up to visit. Told me

to hold my grandmother's hand. I was afraid
of its whiteness, it was warm, it didn't
hold back. Her eyes were always closed.
In my room under hers those nights, I waited

for a warning, thought that when she died
all the lights in the house would go on,
the neighbor's dog would bark, I would hear
the opening of a window. When she did die,

I was asleep, Aunt Ginny waking me, leading
me upstairs to the dim kitchen. My father
brought me into my grandmother's room, told
me that to say goodbye I should hold her hand.

He said it was time I knew about these things,
and anyway, he whispered, it would feel
almost the same as it did
during the waiting.

Gary L. Matassarin

The following stories are based on oral narratives by Pete Michelbach. Pete (Josh) is a seventy-six-year-old rancher who summers in Flagstaff, Arizona, and winters in Sedona, about thirty miles south. He spends up to twelve hours a day working his one-man cattle operation.

THE ROUNDERS

Did you ever see that movie The Rounders? Let's see, it had Henry Fonda and Glenn Ford. It wasn't out too long ago. Well, they shot most of that movie up on the mountain. I mean actually on my land right next to the house. They used shots of the old corral and the old cabin. Ya know, dad built that old cabin when he first came here, back before the turn of the century. It's pretty damn old.

Hell, I was in that movie. Sure. Twice. Once riding a bucking horse and once roping cattle. Kinda like an extra, or a stunt man. That was kinda fun, I'll tell you.

Well, the deal of it was that the movie company contacted me and told me they wanted to film up on the mountain. Said they wouldn't need any of my stuff, but they'd pay me well for the use of the land. Well, I said sure. I mean, I thought it might be kinda nice, and I could always use the money. So they moved in late one spring and spent about a month shooting up there.

The crazy thing was that they began to think I was some old mountain man without any money or income. (Not that I ever have any money, but I get by ok.) I mean, they had no idea that I had a whole herd of cattle that I ran. Well, the fact that Weezer, his wife, their kids, Teddy Latham, his wife, and their kids all used to hang around with me in order to watch the shooting did kinda make me look over-burdened. We all spent a couple of weekends camped out in the house. And, of course, there being just a little bit of water in the tank, we grew to be a pretty salty crew. I mean, the kids would play in the dirt, without any bath water, and we'd mostly just hang around in dirty old clothes, drink beer, and watch 'em shoot. (I was never much for dressing up anyway.) Well, I think some of those folks had seen too many movies themselves. They began to think we were some clan, like some poor western relations to the Hatfields or McCoys.

So anyway, The Rounders is about these two old cowboys who never make any money, and always end up breaking in new horses, or roping cattle instead of getting rich and going to Tahiti. They spend the winter up on the mountain, without any women or whiskey, catching

stray cows for some rich guy. It's a pretty good show; I mean, I used to do lots of those things. Still do sometimes. Except there ain't many wild horses around anymore. Hell, when dad first came here, they used to round up the wild horses and just slaughter 'em; they were just pests. Now, I understand, there's only two wild horse herds left, both up in Nevada, I think. That's too bad.

Well, anyhow, we were all up there one Sunday watching 'em shoot, and we'd run out of food and beer. Well, you know how I am, I've always got beer stashed away somewhere in case of an emergency. I mean, running out of beer is an emergency. So I started thinking. It seemed like I'd buried a six-pack of Coors under the house near the water tank the spring before when we'd had a cookout up here. Ray and Rosie, and Johnny and Kathy; you know Johnny. He's the one who goes bear hunting in Alaska every year. In fact, we may have cooked that bear up here on the mountain that time. No, I take that back, that was before Johnny started going to Alaska. Well anyway, there was a whole bunch of us up here for some reason, and the next morning when we left there was still one six-pack left (which is remarkable in itself). Well, beer's the first thing to get taken if you leave it up here alone, so I buried it under the house.

So now, I remembered that beer, and we just went around and dug it up. One of the cooks saw us digging up that beer, and asked if we had any food. I guess the kids looked kinda thin and hungry, but hell, kids always look thin and hungry. Anyway, we said we were out, and he asked if we wanted the leftovers from the crew's meal. Well that was just fine and dandy for us.

Well, that ol' cook got into his head that we were starving, so he'd make up a bunch of extra food whenever we were around, and feed it to us as leftovers. Well, as I said, that was just fine and dandy for us. So we ate pretty well up there for a couple of weekends.

One day that cook asked if I wanted to make a little extra money. They needed someone to rope some cattle for them, and none of the stunt men were around. Well, I said sure, and he took me over and introduced me to some of the crew. I told 'em my name was Josh, and my dad had homesteaded this land.

Did I ever tell you how I got to be called Josh? Well, there was a couple of brothers out here called the Dirty Brothers, called Wooly and Josh. You bet, they got that name 'cause they were always so dirty. They came out here kinda late, looking like something out of The Grapes of Wrath. Well, their wagon broke down out in Dead Man's Flat, so that's just where they stayed.

Those two boys and their mother were some characters. They did a little of this, and a little of that (stole a little beef from the Babbitts). Well finally, they made enough money to buy the needed ingredients, and went to making whiskey. Well, it wasn't long before they

found out that the Indians liked whiskey, so they went to making it and selling it to the Indians. Lots of Hopi, Navajo, and Havasupi around then. Of course, it was illegal to sell whiskey to an Indian in those days. In fact, not too long after that (sometime during the winter of 1943) I had to arrest an old duffer for selling liquor to the Indians. Old gent by the name of George McGee.

The reason I remember that so well was because I had to arrest another gent the same day, and it weren't often I made more than one arrest a day. I arrested the second guy for disturbing the peace. And I remember the second guy so well because his name was Okee Maloney. Now who could forget a name like Okee Maloney? A skinny, short man with dirty teeth. In fact, bad luck used to follow that guy around like his name. When I picked him up, he was over at the Santa Fe depot throwing rocks at the trains. Not that any rocks he could throw coulda done any damage to a train, but it was beginning to get on the ticket clerk's nerves. You know, having an old drunk around yelling about what a terrible train system it was, and every-once-in-awhile chunking rocks at a big ol' iron engine.

Well, this Okee Maloney had a legitimate gripe, but it wasn't really Santa Fe that he shoulda been chunking rocks at; it was the U. S. Army. Of course, despite claims to the contrary, the army was never known for being overly considerate. That was kinda the case here.

Seems like Okee Maloney's (can't get over that name)— well, it seems like Okee Maloney's son was being transferred from one place to another, and was due to pass through Flag on, well, I think it was on Tuesday. So ol' Okee Maloney parked himself in front of the Santa Fe depot and met every scheduled train, hoping to get to see his son.

Seems like there were seven scheduled trains that day, and Maloney'd met the first six of them with no luck. Well, the last one wasn't due until 9:30, so Maloney went over to the Grand Canyon Cafe for dinner around six o'clock, and sure enough, the army sent a special train through that they hadn't told anybody about, neither Santa Fe nor Maloney's son.

Well, when Maloney got back, and the clerk told him he'd missed the train, he just kinda went berserk. He'd already been drinking some to help pass the time, and he figured the only thing to do was get back at the trains. As I said, Santa Fe wasn't really responsible, but then you can't always reason with a man who's been drinking. (Not that I'm ever disagreeable when I've been drinking.) Well, the clerk felt bad about calling me, but he said the rocks were starting to bother the other passengers.

Okee Maloney wasn't very disagreeable when I got there, but he sure told a sad story. I hardly had the heart to arrest him. But we just kept him overnight, till he sobered up, then let him go. No charges or nothing. You could still do things like that in those days. I sure

felt sorry for that old man though.

You know, that was a memorable day, 'cause one of the Indians who was hanging around in the afternoon when I arrested George McGee was quite a character himself. Said he thought he just might as well join the army and get this damn war over with. Mainly, he just figured he'd be able to get plenty of whiskey if he was a soldier. I said, "Now that's no reason to join the army. Why would you want to join up?" He said the war wasn't going too good: "Too much jawbone." He had a point there.

Well anyway, back to the story. The ol' Dirty brothers started in selling whiskey to the Indians. And the Indians kinda took a liking to the Dirty brothers, (even the Indians took to calling them that). Don't let anyone tell you an Indian's a dirty critter. Hell no. Indians are a lot cleaner than most of us that ride the range, I'll tell you. Anyhow, the Dirty brothers finally put up a two-bit wood shack, covered the cracks with cardboard, and stocked it with food and junk. Kinda as a cover for their whiskey business. They did right well for awhile too.

Well those two brothers were named Josh and Wooly, and that's how I got to be called Josh, after one of the Dirty brothers. Frank and I — my younger brother, Frank. Well, Frank and I had been fixing a water tank out at the mountain. We had gotten wet, and we had gotten muddy, and finally I started calling Frank "Wooly," and then, sure enough, he started calling me "Josh." Well, we went on into town to drink, without cleaning up, and everybody took to calling us Wooly and Josh. Well after that, we quit calling Frank "Wooly," but somehow the name "Josh" stuck with me. I hope that's no reflection upon my permanent attire.

Well, anyhow, to get back to that movie. I roped a few cattle for 'em, and they paid me and said I'd done pretty good. Well, they were all greenhorns, so that didn't impress me much. But ya know, the next weekend we were out there, they were shooting some scenes of a bronc that kept busting the rider instead of getting busted. Well, this ol' bronc they had for the part was too tough, and the stunt rider did not want to ride him. I told Teddy that I'd ridden many a worse horse, and I guess that cook overheard me. Anyhow, the next thing I know, they're asking me to ride that bronc for 'em.

Well, I've ridden many a bronc in my day, but most of 'em were when I was a mite bit younger. I used to break horses, and then we'd sell 'em to the army for $75. You could hardly beat that. Unless the horses beat you to death, and they usually did. Why, I won $500 in a bronc riding contest up in Nevada once. But I'll tell you, I never got on one of them horses without knowing that I was gonna get my butt plenty shook up. I'm not even sure the $500 was worth it.

Well, anyhow, this ol' bronc they wanted me to ride was a crop-eared roan. He'd been born in a frost, and the tops of his ears had

froze off. That's what they call crop-eared, when the ear's kinda squared off at the top. Well, this ol' roan was a stinker; he musta been eating loco weed for breakfast, 'cause he didn't even want to let me near enough to get on, much less stay on.

Finally, we maneuvered this roan over next to the fence long enough for me to hop on. I was lucky— he threw me off on the side where the fence wasn't. I got up slow, and dusted myself off, cussing under my breath the whole time. But not at the horse, at myself. "Shit," I said. "You're almost sixty years old, and you had to go brag about some bronc bustin' you did thirty years ago, and then you let yourself pretend this ol' crop-eared roan was just a piece of cake. Brother, you're a foolish old man."

But you know how it goes, when you start a masquerade you like to finish it, in order to save face. So I looked up at everybody, and said kinda casual and confident-like, "Well, that's unusual. Most horses don't buck until they're away from the fence. We'll get him next time."

As we were maneuvering him over to the fence again I started thinking. Now one trick to wild horse busting is to wear 'em out. And this ol' roan had already had a pretty long day. He must be getting tired, despite his facade. I figured he was probably faking it just like I was. Now another trick is that you don't hafta ride like in a rodeo or a movie, with only one hand.

So I walked over to the guy with the camera, and I said, "Now listen here fella, this ol' roan's a smart horse, but I'm smarter. Now when I first get on, I'm gonna use two hands, 'cause his first buck's his worst. Then after about three bucks, I'm gonna let go with one hand, and then you can start shooting. Now I'll yell at ya just before I let go. Ok?"

So I walked over to the fence, crossed my fingers, and hopped on. Well, I'll tell you, if there's one thing I learned in my long life, it's to use your head. So I remembered the way that ol' roan dropped his ass an inch or two before he bucked me off. That way he gets ya sliding backwards and you automatically brace that way, then he bucks you the other. So when I got on, I grabbed both hands around that horn and pulled myself up to the front of that saddle as hard as I could. Then, as his ass dropped I just jammed my legs tight into the stirrups and let my body slide with his move.

Well, he came up buckin' hard off that slide, and I just rode with the buck and hung on tight with both hands. That way, no matter how much light there was between my pants and his back, the chances were pretty good that when I came back down, he'd still be under me. Well, I was lucky. That ol' roan was so good at bucking people straight off that he never learned much twisting and turning. So on the third buck I yelled "Now" as loud as I could, and I let go of one hand and wrapped my legs around that son-of-a-bitch as tight as I could.

I was right, the roan was tired. They got about eight seconds of good film before that horse threw me. I landed pretty fair, mostly on my butt. (Maybe that's another reason my butt's so flat?) I got up just like I'd planned the whole thing, walked over to the fence, and said, "There, now I hope you got it all, 'cause that roan's getting worn out." Then I walked on back to the house, never looking back. But, I'll tell you, I was a mutterin' to myself the whole way. "You damn fool. That horse coulda broke your neck. And just for somebody's movie. When will you learn to keep your mouth shut?"

Gary L. Matassarin

"SOUTH OF THE BORDER, DOWN MEXICO WAY"

Ya know I didn't always work in Coconino County. [We were moving some cattle from a well-eaten pasture to a fresh one. There wasn't much to do, just ride along slowly on our horses: the cows were moving the right way. We'd just seen a "Coconino Forest Service" sign.] Know where they got that name, Coconino? Well, I think it's Spanish for this Indian tribe that was dark and small. "Coco" for chocolate or dark. "Nino" for child or little person. Coconino! Now that makes sense, don't it?

Hell, there's lots of interesting things about this here county. Ya know it's the largest county in the country! No shit. You can head northeast almost to Cortez and still be in Coconino County. Almost the whole Navajo reservation's in this county.

Well anyhow, I worked down on the Mexican border for awhile. Hell, that's how I got this scar along my arm. [The scar runs from just above Pete's wrist all the way up to his elbow. It's an old scar.] That coulda been my neck if I hadn't gotten my arm up quick enough. Fortunately, I was quicker in those days.

See, I was working in a gas station down on the border. We had a garage and a tow truck, and I was a pretty good mechanic. Hell, I think I invented the first dune buggy. There was a lotta sand blowing around down there. In those days a boardwalk crossed the border, but if you got off the boardwalk you were sunk. A normal car'd just sink

right in. Well, one night we'd had to tow this ol' drunk's car out of the sand, and I just got me to thinking. Why couldn't something real light just move around on that sand, slick as a whistle?

Well, there was an old Model-T sitting around the garage not doing much, so I just fixed it up. I mean, it wasn't doing nobody any good sitting there. I stripped her as clean as I could. You know, no fenders or hood or trunk or anything like that, and I went out and bought the fattest tires I could find. I don't rightly remember what they were, but they were big 'uns. Well, I took that baby out on the boardwalk one day, drove along for awhile, and said, "Here goes!" Off I took, into the sand. That baby just ran like a dream. Smooth as silk on a lady's leg.

So that started me thinking. That garage housed some bartenders and whores who worked in Mexico at night. Sometimes we'd all drive over there with them, tie one on, and have trouble staying on that boardwalk on the way home. Also had trouble skipping the guards. The border closed at midnight in those days, and I can't rightly say as I blame 'em. Nobody but us drunks trying to get across after then anyway. We always went where the Mexican guards were, 'cause we figured they'd let us through. Hell, they didn't want a bunch of cantankerous old drunks running loose on their side, especially if those drunks were pissed at not being able to get back home. That was more trouble than it'd be worth.

Now I didn't use that ol' Model-T for anything illegal or nothing. No, I never did anything like that. ...Well, I ran a little bootlegging once. That's how I got this scar. Ya see, those sands shifted so quickly that you couldn't find any tracks in them after about an hour. Now that ain't too long, especially at night. Well, they were giving $400 (I think it was $400), giving $400 a run across the border. Didn't matter whether it was Chinamen or whiskey. $400 a shot either way. We'd run 'em into California, not Arizona. The Mexican border guards didn't give us any trouble. It weren't nothing to them one way or t'other. It was only the California guards we had to worry about. And they weren't none too ambitious. I mean, if you stayed outta their way, they stayed outta yours. That's why that old dune buggy came in so handy.

Well, the deal of it is that one night I had picked up my whiskey and was just waiting around for the border to settle down. I was at a bar doing in some tequila, and just got to feeling pretty good. I was talkin' with this ol' gal (a Mexican with long black hair—maybe just a little overweight) and we just decided we'd have us a Mexican hat dance. That's just what we did. Well, this gal weren't no Queen of Sheba, but she could shake it pretty good.

We was dancing around my hat (which wasn't too fine of a hat), clicking our fingers, whooping, and just having a good old time, when this Mex came over and said he thought I was a pretty shit-eating

dancer. I could tell right away he was looking for trouble. Well, you know I ain't too congenial myself, especially when I've been drinking. So I just said, "Well Hosteen, I don't reckon an old man like you knows how to dance the way us real Mexicans do."

That pissed him off. Especially me calling him Hosteen, pretending he was an old Indian instead of one of Santa Anna's true followers. Well, that chicken-shit bastard didn't wait for a minute. He just lit out and plugged me on the side of the head with his right fist, and about punched in my nose with his left.

I was always a smart fighter (being kinda small), so I saw right away that this guy was a boxer. I don't mean a technical boxer like Joe Louis or somebody; I mean that he liked to fight with his fists rather than wrestle. So, without even thinking about it, I closed in and got my arms wrapped around his chest. He kept swinging, but couldn't hit nothing, and we both went down rolling around. Well, he weren't too smart of a wrestler, or he'd have broken my hold, or got one of his own with his legs. But before I could take advantage of him, a lot of strong arms was prying us apart and holding me in place: not about to let me go anywhere.

Well, I figured this might be the end right now. I mean the deal of it was that I was a foreigner in somebody else's country in somebody else's bar fighting one of somebody else's own. Where the hell was that Mexican gal when I needed her? But they were a pretty fair bunch of cowboys. Or else they didn't much like the Mex that pounded me. Or maybe they just didn't see anything so damned wrong with a gringo having a good time doing a Mexican hat dance.

Well, whatever the case, they hauled us into the back room, me thinking they was maybe gonna lynch me or something, and looking to make a break. I mean, I'm a practical man. I got nothing to prove to two handfuls of Mexican cowboys. At least nothing to prove by myself.

But as I said, they were pretty fair. They got us in the back room, and the next thing I know, they had wrapped a leather thong around my left wrist. They they wrapped the other end around the Mex's left wrist. So that left about three feet of leather between us. That may seem like a lot, but that's barely more than an armswing. And it ain't nothing when there's two arms swinging, both holding knives.

The bartender said, "Nothing fancy," and handed us each a six-inch hunting knife. I could hardly believe it. Then he backed off. Hell, I was too busy thinking about what that Mex might do to be scared. But the Mex wasn't thinking at all. He was too pissed. He musta just broken up with his girlfriend or something. He was sure as hell drunk.

Well, anyhow, his being hot-headed saved me. Those yellow eyes just glared at me from behind their red streaks, and he said something

in Spanish about how he was gonna fuckin' cut my fuckin' throat. At least I think that's what he said. So, anyhow, forewarned is forewarned, and I'd always been told that a little sacrifice would often save the war. So I threw my left arm up across my neck just as he lunged. That's when I got the scar. Shit, I'm glad I was younger then. Like I said, it coulda been my throat.

Well, after that everything went so quick I can hardly remember. It's like all those historians trying to figure out exactly how the Earps gunned down the Clantons. Hell, it all went too fast to ever tell. Anyhow, somehow or another I pushed that Mex backward right after he got my arm. I got my leg behind his foot, and he tripped and fell just as I got him with my knife. Got him right in the side, up through the ribs. Real near his vital organs. My knife was wedged good in him, but he'd dropped his knife when I stuck him. I quick-like picked up that knife of his, and he wasn't too game after that. But after I saw he wasn't fighting no more, I let him alone. I cut the leather and walked away, leaving him to fry in his own fat. All that blood leaving my arm wasn't making me too happy. My hand looked like something out of a monster movie, all that blood dripping off of it. I was beginning to think I might be sick from looking at it.

It was about that time that I started to get scared as shit. I started thinking of how easily it could've gone the other way. I mean, that Mex wasn't really much of a fighter: no brains. Or else too drunk. 'Cause I ain't that good with a knife, and I sure as hell hadn't ever practiced with no two feet of leather between me and the next fellow.

Well, that girl I had been a dancing with was back now. At first she didn't look too good anymore, but she was feeling kinda proud of me, and started in being the mother hen. She grabbed some tequila, and poured it on my arm to clean it. Shit, that tequila hurt so much I thought I was gonna pass out. Then she wrapped up my arm with one of her scarves, real sweet like. I was getting to be pretty glad she was kinda stout and knew what she was doing, rather than being one of those cuties who don't know their head from their ass, much less how to clean and bandage a wound. And then, after she was through with everything, she asked if I wanted to come to her place. Hell, a little hoochy-koochy was the last thing I had in mind. I had to get home to see a doctor, and I still had to get me and my whiskey across that border. I said, "Later, Honey. I got work to do."

"Damn," I said to myself. "This is what comes from leading a dishonest life." But then I thought, "Well hell, on the other hand I could be a bleeding like a stuck pig on the bar floor." So much for morals. I always wondered if that Mex died or what? I worried about it some, but I never got curious enough to go back and ask.

Well, that girl helped me out to my Model-T and told me to come back sometime. I started outta town, my left arm hurtin' like hell.

Mostly I just drove with my right. Well, I parked up on top of one of the dunes overlooking the boardwalk and started watching for the border guards. I'll tell you, I was mighty tempted to just try it without knowing where those guards were. My arm was swelling more every minute. Hurt like hell, and me sittin' on top of ten gallons of whiskey with nothin' to drink. Pretty soon (seemed like hours) I saw the guards drive by on the boardwalk. They went past where I was laid up, and headed on into town. I drove down to the boardwalk, and drove along her till I reached the border, then I got off again and scrambled across the dunes to a back road I knew of. I didn't see a soul. That dune buggy worked, all right.

Well, I parked the Model-T out in the country at a friend's house. Out back behind the proverbial shed. Then I crashed at his place. Slept about three hours before I rolled over on my left side and the pain from my arm shot me awake like lightning. I borrowed my friend's car (I didn't want to be caught hauling that whiskey around), and took off to see the doctor.

Well, old Doc Newstone knew me pretty well. He asked me how it happened, right as he was pouring peroxide all over the cut to clean it. Hurt like hell. "Cut it on some tin," I said.

"Hell," he replied, "You didn't do that on any tin. It's way too clean." Then he poured some more peroxide on, just to irritate me. I know that's why he did it, just to irritate me. Hell, that wound was clean enough.

Cynthia Day Roberts

POEM TO A YOUNG WIFE

You sleep beside him every night,
pregnant, estranged body seeking comfort
next to his, and find yourself
in morning noting trees and passing cars
from the new windows, spreading
last summer's raspberry jam,
seeing him off.

The day goes by kicking your ribs,
always reminding you of someone else,
forcing you to study even the seams
on your wallpaper, to collect
buttons and pins. This March,
winter hung on; it seemed you never
went out, and photos came back

to prove it: your husband and child
atop a high snowbank, he well above
a tree's lower branches. You long
for home and can't stand your mother.
A divorced friend comes once a week
for tea and ham sandwiches. That day
you smoke because she does.

On Saturdays, you fix the centerpiece,
a pitcher of dried grains, flowers,
and give dinner for his friends.
Your laughter is like your platters
of food. You can't hear, deaf
to the intricate banter of his past,
absent from his offices. Later,

in bed, you long not for him
but the promise of your self, that home
he was to make of a doll's heart.

Pat Smyklo

MOON BOAT

I begin to enter the crescent moon boat,
sky, an ocean I travel on.
My sisters, mermaids who swim below,
their cries heard by men at sea.
Fish tails cold and slippery as
an ocean on a dark night
waiting for the moon's reflection.

Come, it is time to enter the boat,
Quickly, for tomorrow's night is dark.
Fish scales will shine,
blinding men who strain to see.
I weep because the boat is so small
and I am afraid to go alone.

My mermaid sisters beg me to join them,
they say the water is cool,
it is deep, there is room for many.
I slip into the water
which opens to receive me.
My legs melt together forming
this thick green tail.

The moon boat crosses the sky
on its voyage to the sun arriving empty
while mermaids cry
lost as men charmed into their
water graves.

Pat Smyklo

PATTERNS

You saw this world composed of small
soft pebbly atoms,
walls fell, you said you would not be
surprised if a
stone turned to air.

I have seen this contrast too,
air I can not walk through,
doors transparent as windows.

We are women who sit side by side
weaving this fabric that has no end,
our children are our materials.

The children can not see the strands,
they ask, "Where is the beginning,
where is the end?"

The women smile and weave the pattern of
stone and air.

Denise Low

READING FOR ANN

your husband eats your heart
your red life enters him

then on a bicycle
he pedals down Tennessee Street
the wrong way
spilling behind rubies

Joan Wolf Bundy

"PROPER DISTANCES"

We stood in the kitchen talking,
the shirt you had put on
for someone else
looking as if it had been spun out of salt.

You were like a tall white crane
leaning against the counter,
a tall white crane with a voice
speaking of "proper distances."

Is this far enough?
Is this far enough away?

How awkward it would have been
to touch you then
in the thick daylight,
in the house that felt so empty.

We had invested ourselves
in the morning
as if there were enormous trusts
between us,
our bonds guaranteed
by a lack of intensity.

Were you relieved as I was,
turning away,
knowing that losses
are easier to bear than profits?

Theodora Todd

LIVING A DOUBLE LIFE

6 P. M. . There are few people
left in the bar. They barely move
except to lift a glass up and back down.
They stare at the door,
out the windows. Even the man
playing pinball moves only his fingers.
The bartender has to put money in the jukebox.

In the window
only the neon moves, dances.

The dreamer walks in. Immediately
people begin talking about very important issues.
More people walk in after her,
buy beer, drink, and in a while,
get very rowdy and loud.

At the dreamer's table
her companions joke, saying
there should be a tunnel that leads
from under the foosball table to her home.
She smiles, knowing
it's true. There is a tunnel. She can hear
her own footsteps singing against
its floor. On the other end of it

is her bed, the quilts piled high,
the alarm clock set for six.
But she tries not to think about it
because the cold, smooth body
of the glass, the gold neon
of the beer, the laughter in the bar
would disappear. She would be caught
once again in her sticky snail of a body.

Underneath her bed are tunnels
that a prisoner would envy. On them
her footsteps sing—they sing!

SIXTY THIRD STREET BEACH ON SATURDAY MORNING

Did you ever leak into the lake?
The water turns warm around you
like in the tub at home.
But you can't do number two:
you have to go
to Sixty Seventh Street for that,
dive off the rocks like older kids,
let your suit slide down
in back of your dive,
do a cork float, uncork your load,
get back on the rocks,
watch periscopes head for Gary,
Milwaukee, Saginaw.
Dig holes in sand (yellow seeds
that make more sand),
bury butterfinger wrappers,
grape stems and a soft-nosed
Queen Anne while park district
police, lifeguards and Aunt Josie
watch a blanket that moves
up and down.
Aunt Josie is changing color,
but only in the face.

EIGHTH GRADE GEOGRAPHY

Mr. Hall gets all gummy over Indiana,
won't let you forget Booth Tarkington
whoever he is
comes from Indiana too;
has musty charts that fall apart
like tearaway jerseys
and you see where box kite deposits
lay buried in France;
in Russia they've got a lot of steps,
Arabia's got more sand
than Ogden Dunes;

Alaska's full of Chinooks and seals,
Chinamen wear pigtails, plant seeds
in goo you can't get into
with clean clothes and shoes;
there are postcards from India,
Turkey Run State Park
and downtown Elkhart,
a jar of sand from the Painted Desert
that looks like it's from the dunes.
Mr. Hall went home
in a coughing spell last week,
Miss Wenzel teaches us now.
She's not from around
anyplace in Indiana;
we'd like to give
her globes a little twirl.

FURRIES

For My Son, Francis

You can't dog paddle
in the lake:
furries will get you,
drag you to the mudbugs,
turn you into bottom ooze.
You've got to swim fast,
faster, so the furries
don't come up
from their tangles
and jungles,
latch onto your ankles.
They take you prisoner
like Circe took Ulysses,
the Ant Men, Tarzan;
and you don't see
Grand Rapids again
for a hundred zillion years
because you're down
below Cattail Acres
with water lilies for moons.

Kelly Johnston

FIRST HUNT

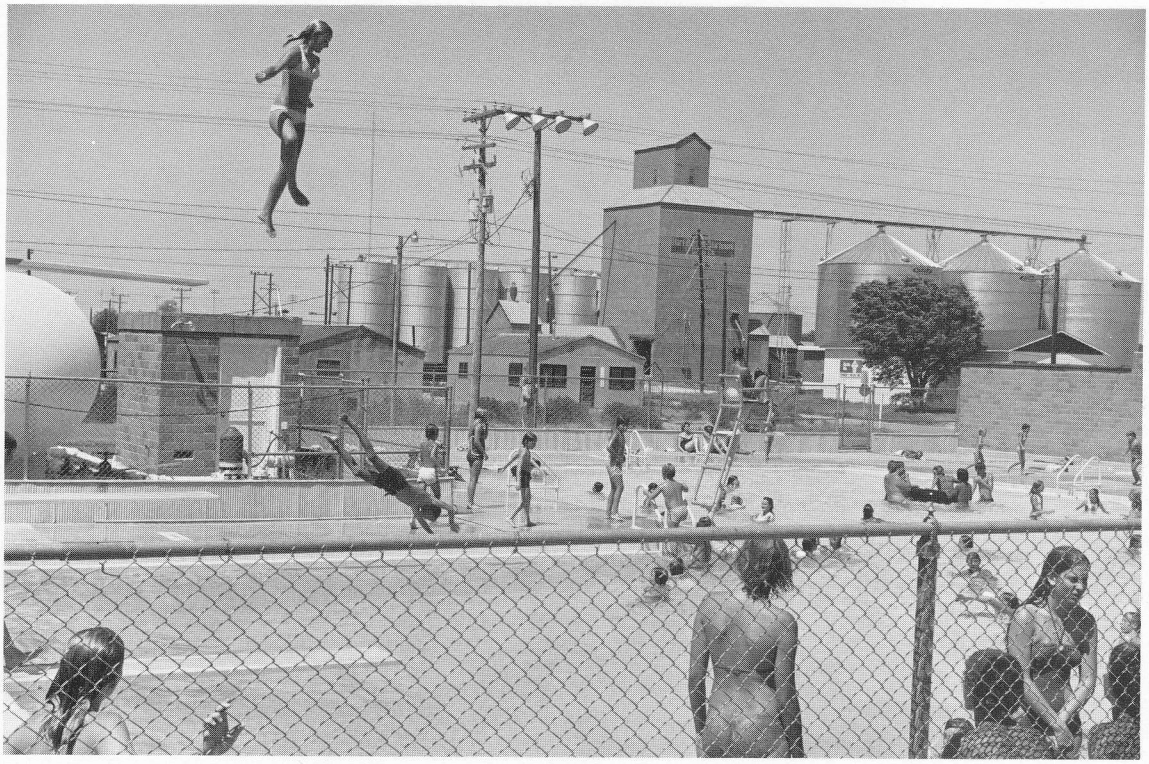
The distinct circle of the sun
at dawn
a gun barrel
that rises, aiming at the sky.
The sun is familiar with this
old game.

My father
lifts me from his back
to the bench in the duckblind.
His fingers push my head out of sight
then a shell into the chamber.

The decoys bob on winter water,
icicles forming beneath their beaks,
while V-flights cross the red horizon.

Father's shotgun rises, fires;
pellets keep warm the falling
reddening body. The green-head mallard
is only winged, tries to escape
Father breaking through the waves.
He snaps its head like a whip.

Back in the blind
he shows me where the pellets entered
"the breast is untouched, perfect for eating"
he made me hold it:
blood dripping on my fingers, clothes
slowly spreads out.



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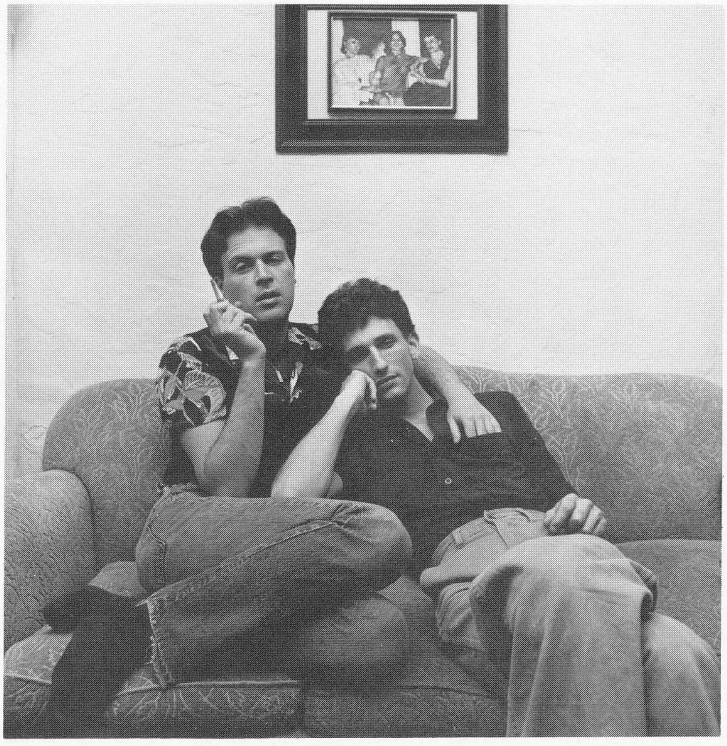
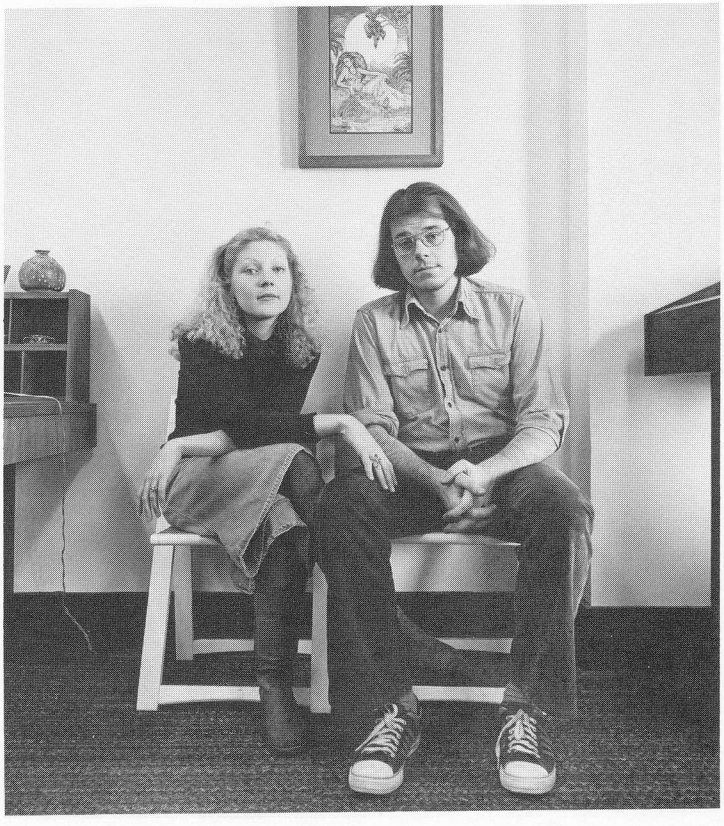
Terry Evans

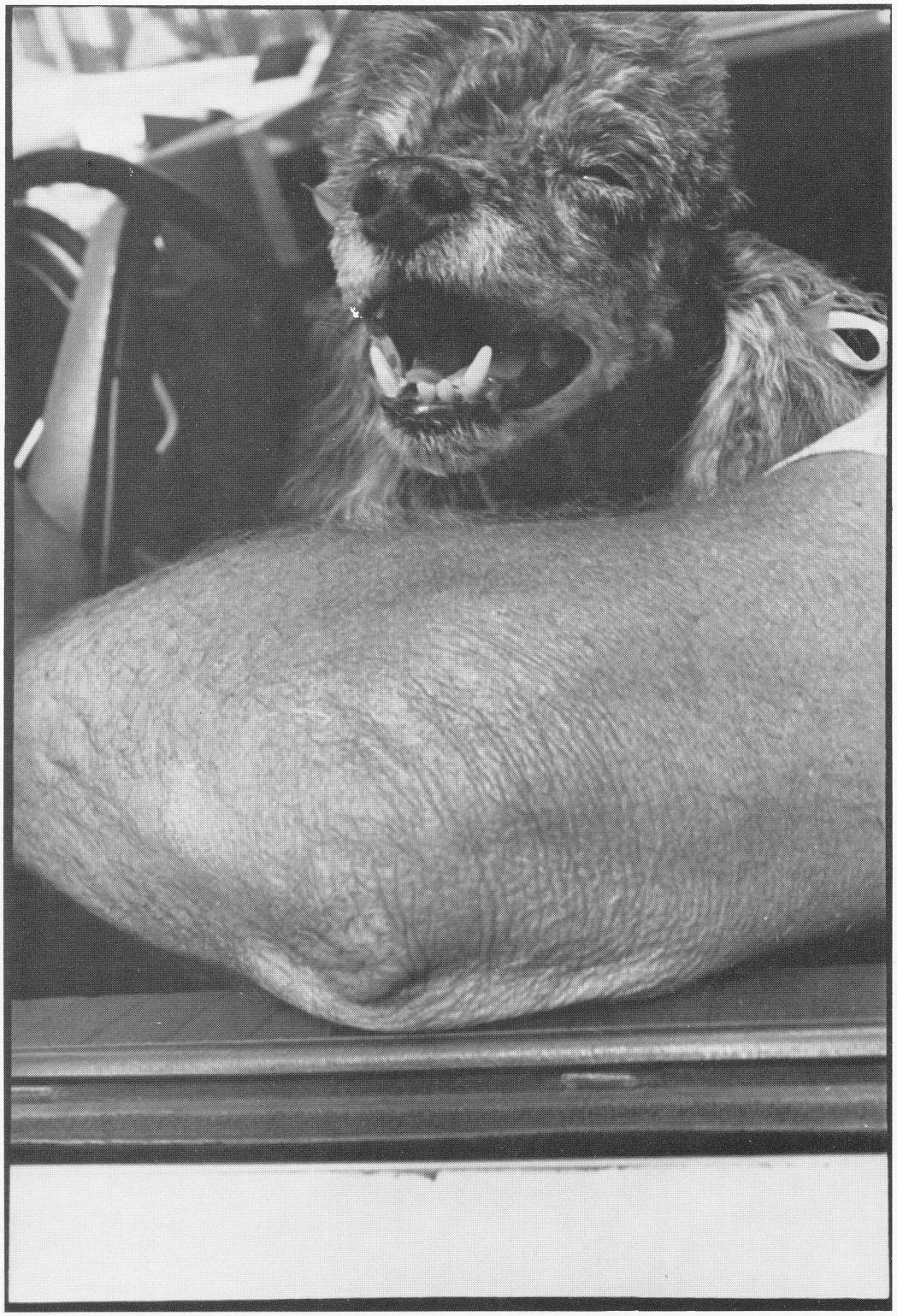




Terry Evans

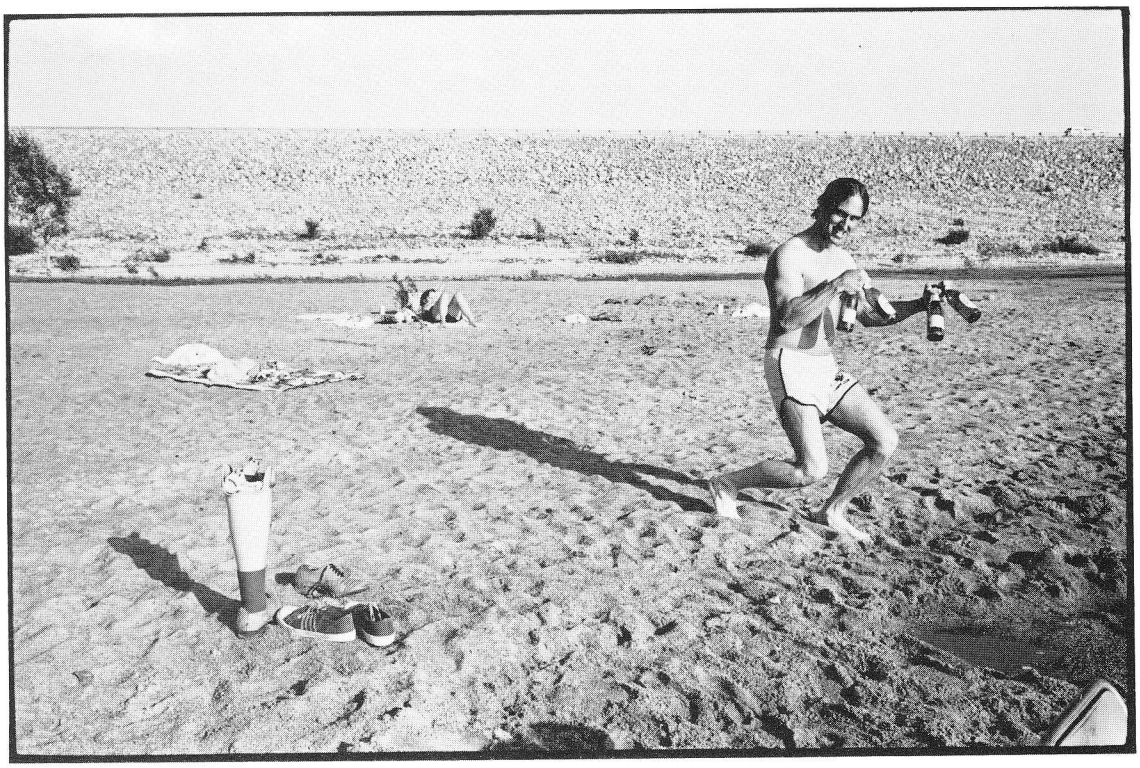
Jon Blumb

Larry Schwarm



Gary Goodman

Gary Goodman



Joe Kelly

WILLIAM STAFFORD: RECENT AND UNCOLLECTED WORK

William Stafford was born in Hutchinson, Kansas, in 1914. He received his BA and MA degrees from the University of Kansas (1936, 1947), and his doctorate from the University of Iowa. In 1970-71, he served as Consultant in Poetry to the Library of Congress and is currently Professor of English at Lewis and Clark College in Portland, Oregon. His work has received numerous awards, including the National Book Award, Guggenheim, Poetry's Union League Prize, and the Shelley Memorial Award. His four earlier books of poetry have been included in the large collection Stories That Could Be True (Harper & Row, 1977). The following poems are from his recent and previously uncollected work.

The following poems first appeared in these publications: "Extended Haiku" in TriQuarterly, "Be Calm" in A Nosegay in Black, "Extension" in Wascana Review, "American Gothic" in Pebble, "For Certain Little Magazines" in Satire Newsletter, "'Through Nature to Eternity'" in Alaska Review, "All the Time" in Tennessee Poetry Journal, "Biography" in Cloud Marauder, "The R. L. Stevenson Tree" in Northwest Review, "The Deaf Gardener" in Poetry Northwest, "Doves" in Focus/Midwest, "At First National Bank" in Westigan Review, and "'Fox Escapes Park Zoo'" in New Orleans Poetry Journal.

EXTENDED HAIKU

Why did my wife buy for my desk
a candle never to be lighted and
a frog to watch me day and night
with no intention of moving its plaster feet?

That frog says, "You are never
quick hopped or tight wired, but always
wound up like a held in siren, and in sound
suspended like bubble broth."

So I lunge forth, balanced on attention,
into the aimed and cocked world:
"Listen, toad, you little hunch of plaster,
I am as ready to hop as you are."

BE CALM. GOD HAS OFFERED US PRETTY NAMES

Let fawn autumn come,
no thin first ice before;
and fallen, or almost, the leaf
again begin to coast earthward
beside that still face once more—

Let the whole earth wear
the wind, negligent, steady, wild,
to rummage, brush, lean forward,
then lose again forever
each moment's child—

Let summer go. Never
enough, let it wane.
"Always!" people call,
then inexorably know
some lost, dear face, and the rain.

EXTENSION

Into the daylight I follow a blind man;
the sky is irrelevant.
I see the sunshine; I watch his hand,
how it moves looking for Heaven.

Be my sponsor, blind-man hand;
through touching let me learn
forward farther than ignorance
and backward more than has happened.

AMERICAN GOTHIC

If we see better through tiny,
grim glasses, we like to wear
tiny, grim glasses.
Our parents willed us this
view. It's tundra? We love it.

We travel our kind of
Renaissance: barnfuls of hay,
whole voyages of corn, and
a book that flickers its
halo in the parlor.

Poverty plus confidence equals
pioneers. We never doubted.

FOR CERTAIN LITTLE MAGAZINES WE WON'T BOTHER TO NAME

These bears that howl their wounds
get front cages at any zoo,
near our own cobra, nervous
in the tail. Our lion roars his guilt,
will twitch and sprawl on the floor again.
A baboon stares, aghast with culture shock.

This is a special issue. We need money.

Now our departments--reviews of other zoos:
our bear attacks their wolf;
and the correspondence department—field mice
charge each other or cuddle their
footprints together in a pattern
all our own, an asterisk.

"THROUGH NATURE TO ETERNITY"

1) A man taps a message out. A water pipe, say,
leads through the ruins; on it he
repeats, "We're here, we're here."

2) In cold early spring back home
dogwoods in the dark firs would say,
"Even if the sun doesn't come, we'll come."

3) An office in the clouds hears these things.
They make a difference: a raindrop
swerves, or on a hill a quieter boulder sleeps.

ALL THE TIME

We live in a town clocks hurt. They chase
the young through the streets and corner the old
at bay on porches. Their big hands conduct
crowds in stations; their little ones pinch
and slice at the wrists held out for them.

Our people are caught by many little threads,
all slowly tightened by being tangled
in clock wheels that cannot stop or wait.
Vibrating steps of the second hand make
the town shiver. Everyone winks and cringes.

What I like are visiting tribesmen who think
a clock is a big pie or cake, and those
little sparrows that sing as they ride the minute
hand, and those few open-faced citizens
who wave back their arms all directions at friends:

They don't care whether a clock has wheels,
or what time it is.

THE DEAF GARDENER

While he worked he was absent
some place the birds reminded him of.
He often stopped, almost threaded
or broken into by sound. It was the unexpected
almost brought him that sound.

Why should the deaf sing? He
liked others to sing, only that he could
put his hand where he could feel the print
of the notes, or taste cedar wood
like in Italy when smoke from shavings
meant violins in some old, old town.

BIOGRAPHY

Two days were walking down the street,
one bright, one dark, and both my birthday,
glowing for my head. (Dark is delight for
me. Both my parents are dead.) That street
was the one we lived on, years ago—that is,
while they lived.

Two days left that place; after my birth
nobody saw two days together ever again,
my mother said; and my father said the same,
but they always liked both kinds and welcomed
dark and light; both glowed for their head,
while they lived.

The house they knew has opened;
it stands at large in the hills; its
door is the rain; its window, evening.
Today I bend for roof, have shelter
when it's cold, but that great house
arches for all, everywhere, for them, too,
while I live.

AT FIRST NATIONAL

Every morning when day
crosses the street a calendar
flips over in the bank.
Pennies pooch out
the vault and roll into someone
else's account, and from all
fields corn and wheat
flow to dribble the ledger
where machines peck "Amen"
over the crops.

Somewhere the dust meets
to discuss the manager—how
in December he
always tightens fences in Wyoming
and sends deep-footed snowmen
to stop all payments in Michigan.

Later it is the meeting
to forgive him again;
of course all animals except
a few dogs vote no,
but always at the spring meeting
the states melt and vote yes, yes,
yes, with all kinds of flowers.

"FOX ESCAPES PARK ZOO"

When the bears paced like bankers
and the monkeys moaned and worried about the weather,
the fox curled back in his corner among the coons,

Now and then opening one yellow eye
over his tail and letting the fools
stop or go by or fall into his pupil.

When fall came and the leaves piled
there in the corner of the den, he was gone,
sly, fooling the poor mayor and the worried aldermen.

THE R. L. STEVENSON TREE ON OAHU

Here under the trade wind that breaks off
boughs for the doves, he lost his breath
and began to know that scenes don't care.
He hid in the hotel room and wrote
whatever story trees and clouds had prepared
for his head. Mornings, outside the window,
pressure of doves built up in the banyan;
he heard Old Pew sweep the courtyard, tapping
the ash trays out, and waiters whisper
a plan to take over the place, once
their bosses were gone.
Friend, you and I,
twin ghosts of that writer, now meet
on a world become an aircraft carrier:
may the plans he made, the stories,
the smuggled poems, master this craft,
bring all islands under the sound they belong to—
trade wind, friend, banyan, dove.

DOVES

Doves are what belong when accepted:
they can be taught to contend for a place,
but not so well as hawks can.

Once a dove is frightened
it will not come back for a long time,
or if it comes it will not be a dove.

Only one thing they are determined about—
not being other than doves:
no one has ever overcome a dove on that.

Once there was a campaign to make sure
a flock received clear recognition when examined closely.
When examined closely, they were not doves.

In the best-run countries there is justice
for everyone; everyone has guaranteed respect.
But there aren't any doves.

George W. Smyth

UP FROM UNDER

Driving his new and powerful automobile, he circled the main plaza in the town in Mexico. A fiesta was in progress and he almost hit a child, slowed the big car, decided to park and walk around. He was down from Texas on vacation, he kept telling himself, just a vacation, nothing more, and he had already checked into the large resort complex nearby. He was the only guest there. It was said to be a winter resort and it was the middle of summer, and he knew summer tourists no longer took this route to Mexico City. Wealthy Mexicans, he also knew, never patronized the place, in summer or winter. He did not know why. He had not thought to ask at the hotel. Now he was glad he had not asked. He did not want to know why the hotel was deserted. I don't think I do, he thought, and he smiled weakly.

The offbeat quality of the town in the creased valley appealed to him. When it wasn't raining, it was steaming hot and he liked it like that. Something about the climate, he said to himself as he parked the car, interests me, even fascinates me. The humidity. It is the wet side of me that makes me like this place. And he laughed, thinking, wondering, what is the wet side of anyone? So, he said, it is the opposite of the dry side. And what is the dry side? And what is the... ?

He got out of the car and locked it. He only now noticed that he had forgotten to unload some things in the back seat. Then he thought about the hotel again, and again smiled weakly and thinly. He thought about the huge place with its golf course, thermal baths, swimming pools, tennis courts, swimming pools in the private patios of some of the rooms, including his, everything kept in fine condition, as if a hundred or more guests were expected to come streaming in. His room was very large with beamed ceilings fifteen feet high. He had had dinner in the large and airy dining room overlooking a spacious patio with tropical trees and plants and gurgling fountains and waterfalls and was attended by two hovering waiters, white-coated. They had black silk napkins draped over their arms. He had thought that extraordinary, but had not inquired as to the reason. The tiles in his bathroom and on his patio had peculiar interlocking triangular designs etched into them. Each tile was slightly different. The corridors were wide, dark, empty. They echoed. Now he wondered: what are they echoing? What is the echo? And why...is the hotel... ? He wondered and frowned: <u>why</u>...is the hotel?

He mingled easily with the crowd, which was orderly, strangely subdued. An occasional firework lit the sky. Only the children seemed happy. Only they were costumed. No one was drunk, or even drinking. But it was a fiesta. He knew that. He wondered briefly why he knew. He wondered why he knew it was a special... celebration.

He was dark-skinned and no one paid any attention to him. Fine, he thought, I wish to be... lost, for a time down here. Being lost, he thought, sometimes means being found, being free. But, he thought, enough reflection... on what? On nothing, but enough anyway. Watch the people, watch their free movement, slow but loose and not restricted. Watch them, watch them free from all bondage, all ties, lose myself, some part of myself, in them, in their constrained and unconstrained release. They are like me. Am I like them? They are free. Am I? They have been released from something, saved. Have I?

He picked up a girl of eighteen or so sitting by herself on a bench. She only smiled and nodded when he asked her to return to the hotel with him. On the way back to the hotel she made a comment about the car, saying she would like to own one like it some day. He said nothing. They walked into his room and she sat on the bed, crossed her legs. I want to make love to her, he thought. Why else did I invite her here? She certainly seems willing and she is not a prostitute. Why has it been so easy so far? Why am I hesitating? What is holding me back? Why am I staring at her?

She spoke. "My mother works here. She is a chambermaid. But she is not here now."

"Your mother..."

"Yes."

"Your father..."

"No."

"I think you had better leave. I'll drive you back to the town."

"No. I prefer to walk." She got off the bed, looked around the room, smiled softly.

"When does your mother... come to work?"

"Tomorrow morning early."

"How... old is she?" He wondered why he asked that question.

"Young. My mother is still young and very beautiful." She slipped quietly out of the room.

He watched her leave, tried to look within himself to examine his thoughts. His mind was almost blank. He felt nothing, no passion, no disappointment, no remorse. He undressed and got into bed. He went to sleep immediately, woke up and it was barely daylight. He

had had dreams, bad ones, but he could not and did not want to recall anything specific now. He got up and went into the bathroom. He stared for a minute at the triangle designs on the tiles. He shook his head and rubbed his eyes. The triangles were jumping around, circling each other, growing larger, then smaller, seemingly...playing games with...each other, and, he thought, with him. Something about the tiles, the triangles reminded him of something in his past he could not now define.

When he came out of the bathroom a woman about thirty-five was standing by his unmade bed, her arms folded.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"For you to know. You will know. But for now it is enough for you to know, for me to know, that you have soiled my daughter."

"You...are the maid?"

"I work here. You have violated my daughter."

"No, a mistake. I sent her away, offered to take her back. She left before--"

"You have done ugly things to her."

"It is not true. I was wrong to take her from the plaza, but I did nothing to her. Truly I did not. I did not really want to. Not after we were here in the hotel. But I am sorry I brought her here. A very temporary passion, very momentary. No real wrong was committed. You must believe that."

"You have done ugly things to me."

"To...you? I...don't know you."

"A temporary passion, a momentary thing."

"No, a mistake. You are wrong." He stared at her, rubbed his head, felt weak all over his body. "I have done ugly things in my life, but not to you. Not to your daughter. That is the truth as I know it."

"For you to know the truth. You will know. In time you will know."

"In time I want to know." He felt ill. "I need time to know. Many things."

"Why are you so pale? What is wrong with you?" She walked up to him and looked at him closely.

"It is...this hotel. It is...perhaps something else. I don't know. Why do you work here?"

"I like it. It suits me, pleases me to work here. That is why. That is enough of a reason."

"Why don't you speak Spanish?"

"I am speaking Spanish."

"I understand you," he said. "How can that be? I don't speak--"

"It is the hotel. It has put many people under a certain spell. This place has a power. It has a force and it has a hold."

"I had bad dreams last night. Very bad. I don't dream very much and never like that. I heard noises. Crashing sounds. Screams. In one dream I was in my car going up a mountain near here and I--"

"Of course. You are under the influence of the hotel. The force has reached you very soon." She backed away from him and stood by a window, near the patio. It was now broad daylight.

"How can I rid myself of this... spell, this influence, the power as you call it and perhaps know it? I don't feel well. The place has closed in on me. I feel almost paralyzed. This feeling must go away. How can I--?"

"There are three things you must do," she told him, her arms folded again, her back to the window. She was a black silhouette. Streams of morning sun played about her face and body. Beams of light alternately hit his eyes as she shifted position. He looked out to the patio. There was now no water in the small pool. The foliage was gray now, not green. He wondered if the fountains and the waterfalls in the large patio had been stilled, if the entire hotel, the whole resort complex, was, in fact, crumbling around him.

"Three things I must do," he said, staring at her, considering now the possibility that she styled herself a witch.

"Three things to get you up from under the spell of the hotel."

"Yes. What are they?"

"Find my daughter and marry her and take her away from this place."

"Those are three things."

"Yes. There are two more things. Sell your car and give me the money. A car such as you have will bring a large amount of money here."

"Those are two things."

"Yes," she told him, fully blocking the sun now, "and there are other things as well."

"Other things. As well."

"Yes. You do want up from under the power, is this not true?"

"Up from under," he said. "Yes, I want that."

She named more conditions. He listened and nodded but lost track of the things she was naming. It did not seem to matter to him. He just kept nodding. He felt the beginning of some kind of hallucination. His mouth felt dry. He had drunk tap water. There, he thought, there, just in that, the drinking of bad water, is the wet and the dry side of me. There is the--He shook his head, rubbed his eyes. Then he heard a noise and looked over to the door. The girl was standing there. She walked over past him and stood by her mother and smiled at him.

Her mother spoke. "Your daughter is here. One thing is done."

"My daughter?"

"Yes, and mine. Ours. Now you know the truth. You have come back to us. To take us away to Texas where everyone is rich, has money, has luck. That is what you must do to rid yourself of the power of this hotel. I rid you of the obligation to marry my daughter, I was wrong to say that, I am only... human, but you must take us. We belong to you. We are yours. Take us. You must do that. Else the hotel will destroy you while it is destroying itself. Look... and listen."

He looked out to the patio. Cracks had appeared in the white-washed walls. He heard crumbling and falling noises outside. Now he placed the... echoes he had heard in the corridor. It was his own certain and uncertain past. A haunting factor had caught up with him, would destroy him. He knew this now, some things from long ago were surfacing, things, conditions, he had put out of his mind. When he did briefly think of the past, he thought of it as a collection of... untidy details best left to--. Now, he wondered more about the hotel, which even now seemed to be falling down around him, fast becoming unsafe and a ruin. Had he... bought it, long ago, years ago when he had had two inheritances? But, he thought, his accountants would surely have told him, his attorneys would have, his bankers, his tax people. But would they have? Were they trying to protect him from... something? From what? From the hotel? From his daughter? But why? The hotel's power, he answered himself, the influence of... his daughter's mother, and... other things he could not now name to himself, but all a part, echoes, part of the truth, of the past.

But then he thought: Were his... people trying to protect him from himself?

He stared at the two figures by the window.

"You must take us now," the mother said. "Before it is too late. Or else bad things will happen to you, will continue to happen. You will get sicker. I believe you know. You must know. Now in time you know. For you to know the truth. In time now you know. You finally know."

He turned and ran to his car and drove away from the hotel, the resort. But it was no hotel, no resort. It was his home, it had been, it still was if he wanted it to be. He remembered everything now and just as soon wanted to forget it all again. He wondered if he could, if he had the choice. He wondered how he had gotten so... far down? I do not know, he answered. There is no answer. But he knew he was up from under something evil and known and unknown.

He drove very fast, thankful for the powerful motor. He knew

he could always turn back, he had that choice. But he had others as well. He felt as close to the truth about himself as he thought he would ever feel.

He heard a noise from the back seat, slowed the car, turned around and looked at two figures, a young woman and an older one. One was smiling at him. The other was looking out the window and dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief. Then she quickly looked at him and laughed, then frowned, and he turned back to face the road, now winding up a giant mountain.

He saw in the road ahead, blocking it, two white-coated waiters with black silk napkins draped over their arms. Now he knew they were in mourning for the hotel, his home, for themselves, for him, for his past, for his future. They were in mourning for his daughter and her mother, and he did not turn around to look at them again. He drove faster. He knew the men in white and black would nimbly step aside at the last possible second. They had to. They would have no choice. As he did. As he always had. As he had now. He had the truth. He was lost. He was found. But he was up from under and going higher and he drove faster and closed his eyes. He held the steering wheel tightly and he smiled weakly, very weakly and thinly. When he opened his eyes, he was not smiling at all. He was frowning deeply but he was feeling safe, free, he was moving without restriction. He was almost released and he felt tension leaving him.

A voice from the back seat said, "Stop the car."

He slowed quickly and then stopped. He did not turn around when he heard both doors open and then shut. He waited by the side of the road for a minute, his eyes now closed again. He put the automobile in gear, opened his eyes, and started up the mountain again, gaining speed rapidly.

He knew he could, with time and something more mysterious than time on his side now, forget the terrible noise the car, the men, the women made when they met.

He came to the top of the mountain and looked below to a green, ridged valley. He took the turns in the road quickly and came to the tropical lowland. He passed and looked with astonishment and then knowledge at the ruins of a large hotel on his right, and then he drove into a town and circled the main plaza. A fiesta was in progress and he almost hit a child, slowed the car and then stopped.

He looked over to a bench on the plaza. A young girl was sitting there alone. She was crying.

George F. Wedge

THE LADY OR THE TIGER?

I have been thinking of a summer picnic
By a cold clear lake up in the mountains,
Of a young girl sitting beside me, reading
For exams. I lay there staring at the sky,
A deep blue sky, with here and there a cloud
Suspended in the heat-drenched air. She leaned
Across to let me light her cigarette,
And image piled on image in my eyes.

"Somewhere," I said, "Between the earth and sky,
Two clouds, suspended in a sea of blue."

"Damn you," she said, "I thought you weren't like that.
All you men ever think about is sex."

But that was twenty years ago, and I
Am wondering still what I was thinking then.

Robin Tawney

DAVID'S STORY

You told us
of writing furiously in your notebook,
the two boys
who approached you awe-struck
and whispered,
Are you a poet?

We listened awe-struck
and whispered,
Where, where was this?

Arthur Wicks

We are pictures in the language
without words, ouzels
in the stream that dance on rocks.

Between white tufts of water
we pout our breasts at the air,
must finally swim or fly.

Your breast is a simple wound
on the pillow, that opens,
closes to either's touch.

There is quiet fluid
a bird must lean its beak toward
to retain its breath.

I dream of us asleep at the sea,
swollen among percale & down,
senses clotted with flight & salt;

there is only sound when the bed
is empty, a grammar
of water scraping over sand.

Rod Tulloss

TRIGGER'S DREAMS

my oats
dale evans her
pale beige fringes
and her calves
like cottonwoods
her spurs
stir me

Harley Elliott

MAN ON A HORSE

In the green eye of a bush
I sit dry: all the air
field and cloud
lashed with rain.

The man on a horse
is standing up grey
within the dancing water.

No hopeless tribesman
damning plows and going off
to starve on mountainsides
ever rode this way

in the time when men
galloped wild cries
across these bluffs
the sky a black river
and buffalo children shaking
horns at the moon.

Now I sit in the wreckage
of their lodges keeping dry.
Beneath my boots
the stone tips of arrows
hang forever quiet in the earth.

The man on a horse
rode next to his death
and the death of his horse
like this rider now
this ageless mist
passing me by without a glance.

LITTLE REDHEAD SONG

little redhead

in one door
and out the other
you pass

rolling rainwater eyes
and dress right up
to the frosting

and behind you
the world
is bobbing around

bobbing around
my face

my face
springs open
like a rose

THE MASK

As I place her in the crib
my daughters face
a white oval in the dark

like a stone
beneath
water.

Harley Elliott

NOVEMBER TWELVE

windstorm of the first degree
and the sparrows move
within it torn
from easy flight
like terrified
grey hearts among the trees

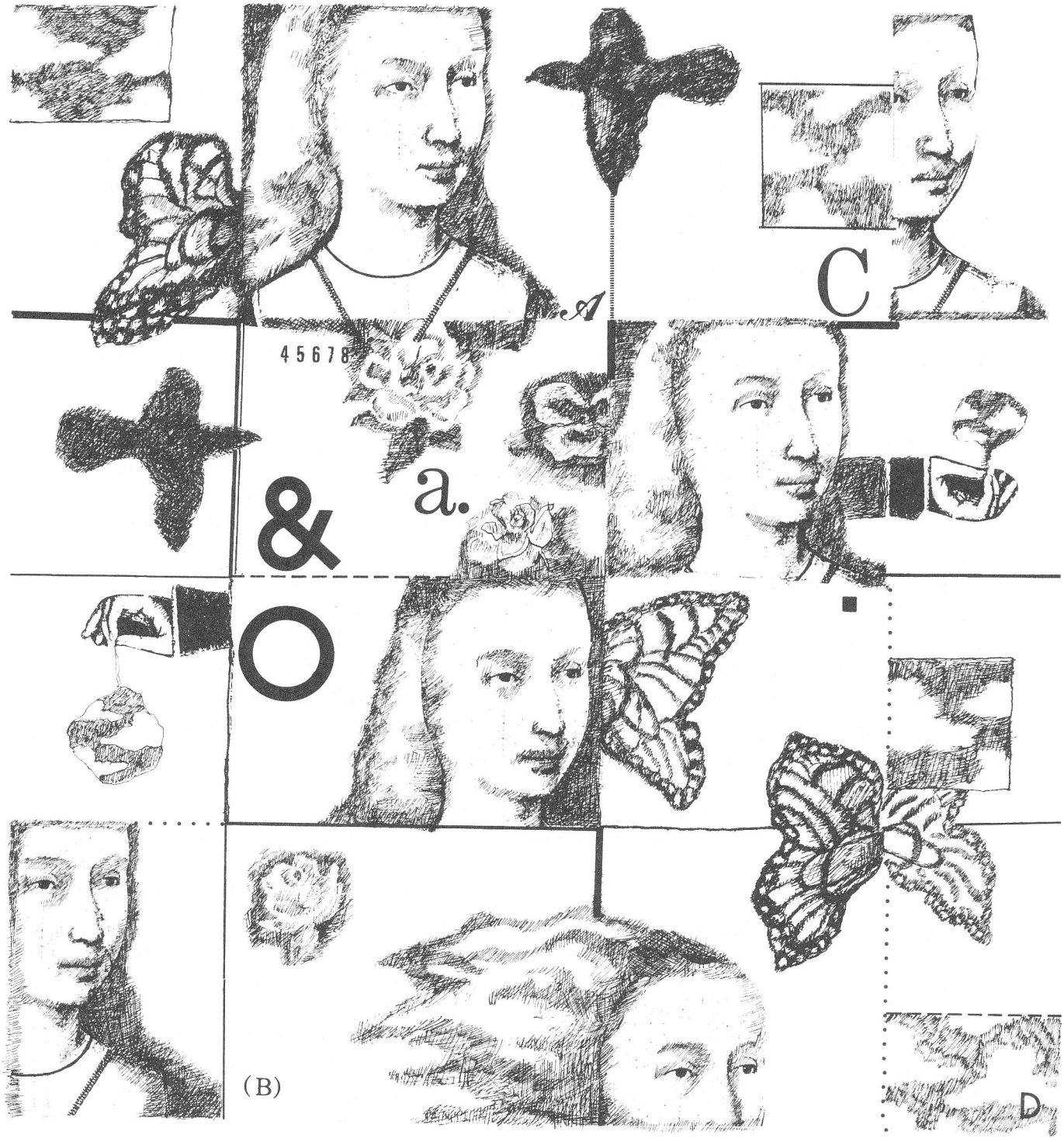
yellow cottonwoods blown away
across the river
pine boughs plunging
on the graveyard lawn

and the squirrel
clinging to empty branches
turns the walnut
again and again
in sharp narrow teeth.

R. Stephen Russell

THE HOUSE GUESTS

First, there are lovers sleeping on my floor.
Then there are noises in my bathroom
and someones' damp towels strewn across the floor,
left for the maid we don't have. If I feign sleep
and keep an eye open surely they'll walk by
and be recognized. If I'm quiet they'll speak
words to each other in another room.
Who are these people? One with yellow hair
leaves traces where she slept: a yellow hair,
sweat, perfume. Now I feel the space she filled,
empty and shaking, fall asleep on my floor.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Denise Low

AN INTERVIEW WITH DIANE WAKOSKI

Diane Wakoski visited the University of Kansas campus as a poet-in-residence from March 19 to March 24, 1978. For the last few years she has taught poetry at Michigan State University in East Lansing. She has published over a dozen volumes of poetry, including Coins and Coffins (1962), The George Washington Poems (1967), Inside the Blood Factory (1968), The Motorcycle Betrayal Poems (1971), Dancing on the Grave of a Son of a Bitch (1973) and, most recently, The Man Who Shook Hands (1978). Her awards for poetry include the Robert Frost and Guggenheim Fellowships and the National Council on the Arts Prize. She earned a B. A. from the University of California at Berkeley in 1960.

LOW: I was particularly interested in some of the things you have had to say about small press responsibilities.

WAKOSKI: Well, I have a lot of complaints, and I hope they are not just irresponsible complaints. They're complaints based on both being an author and being a reader, and I think something can be done about these complaints. I think it very important to have underground publishing, that is, publishing that does not have the backing of a major corporation or industry or bureaucracy. And I realize that precisely because those things run on a shoestring and don't have that kind of backing that I can't count on them to be institutions that last forever. But I do think that it is very irresponsible to start a little magazine unless you can foresee being in print for some long period of time, like fifteen or twenty years, which is actually not very long in the life of a magazine, for the simple reason that I as an author would like to be published in something that people read. Little magazines that have a lifespan of one or two years and three or four issues, or maybe five or six years at most, are magazines that tend not to get distributed, that tend, therefore, not to be seen.

Libraries do their very, very, very best to try within their budgets to afford as many magazines as possible, and many libraries are very conscientious about trying to subscribe to small magazines, but many of them have been burned. The minute they put in their subscriptions, the magazine folds. Sometimes they don't even get their five dollars worth of one year of a magazine. And as a poet I feel like if I wanted to mimeograph my own poems and mail them to everybody in my address book, I could do that. Or if I wanted to, I could spend some money and publish them myself and once again mail them to people, maybe on a friend's address book. But the whole point of publication is that you have something that you want people to see, and it seems to me that

part of the responsibility of someone who is editing and publishing a magazine is to try to get that magazine around, whether it means giving it to people, mailing it to people, selling it to people. And if libraries get burned too much by small magazines, they are not going to subscribe even to the responsible ones.

LOW: Have you seen that happening, where a library ceases to be committed to supporting small magazines by subscriptions?

WAKOSKI: Every university I visit, if I get a chance, I talk to one of the librarians. Usually it's the rare books librarian or the special collections librarian. The people that tend to handle poetry say that they have a very, very hard time convincing the people who are in charge of magazines to depart from anything but the standard Paris Review, etc., simply because there is a sense that maybe we won't even get our subscription this year. Actually, libraries are not all that worried about whether this is an important magazine or not, but they would like to get their copies of it.

I do have some other gripes about little magazines, and that is that many peole seem to start magazines in order to publish themselves and their friends. Perhaps if you are Ezra Pound and your friends are T. S. Eliot and so forth, that might be an interesting reality. But in most cases it's not, and there is no reason why, if you started that way, you still couldn't become a good editor and have a responsible magazine because, after all, just reading all those manuscripts should start teaching you something about editorial discretion. But I find that many people who start editing magazines literally are poorly read themselves and don't have very much of a literary sensibility. And they don't really sit there and read the hundreds and hundreds of manuscripts that pour in and try to write legitimate criticisms of the manuscripts that they are rejecting and try to formulate an editorial taste. Once again, it is publishing by friendship and not by ideas about poetry. The consequent result of these kinds of editorial responsibilities is that it is very hard to find a little magazine today. There ought to be two or three magazines for each person who loves to read poetry that he subscribes to every year if not month and is excited and looks forward to. There are no magazines like that coming today. I am always interested to see who is in Poetry magazine because Poetry magazine is responsible and tries to publish all well known poets at least once every two or three years if they have new poems, and they send them to Poetry. So it is a way of seeing what W. S. Merwin or Phillip Levine is currently writing, but it very seldom is a way of discovering new poetry and how else--you know, this is what magazines should be half responsible for, is the old poets and the other half is giving the new people a forum.

LOW: And you don't think that Poetry does that?

WAKOSKI: I think Poetry magazine has made a concerted effort to do it. They have a policy of trying to publish at least one author who has never been published in Poetry every issue. And they--I think their editorial policy is still the same it has been for many, many years; that is, during the summer time they will only accept manuscripts from authors who have never been published in Poetry before. But I haven't seen most of the new poets that are published in Poetry magazine. I really can't figure out why Poetry has published them. Poetry magazine has a new editor now, John Frederick Nims.

LOW: Was there a time when you would run to your mailbox and look for your latest copy of X magazine?

WAKOSKI: I think when the American Poetry Review first started we all rushed to the mailbox and read it through, feeling sometimes there were crummy things and sometimes good things. I don't think anyone feels that way any more. Well, I think that Caterpillar, edited by Clayton Eshleman, was starting to get that kind of exciting reputation, but there again is a perfect example of a poet--I think Eshleman is a very good poet--who was interested in being an interesting editor. And he had a definite point of view and wasn't interested in anything outside of it, but was very open within that point of view, both to new and older poets, and really began to establish quite a reputation. And his magazine is one of the ones that libraries complain about: "We were just getting our subscription to Caterpillar and it stopped." His excuse is that he started knowing that he was a poet and that editing a magazine would take much too much of his time and raising the money would take much too much of his emotional energy, but that he felt it was worth doing because no one was trying to do a magazine with his point of view, and he made a pact with himself--he modelled himself after Cid Corman's Origins--and decided that he would do twenty issues and then decide if he wanted to go on. And after twenty issues he decided that he just did not have the stamina and the time to raise the money. Well, I can sympathize with that. But I have personally criticized him by saying, "But why didn't you pass it on to someone else?" He must have had at least 1000 library subscriptions at that point. Surely there must have been a young editor who had twenty more issues in him. I'm not going to answer for Eshleman, because he will have to answer for himself. He did not want to pass it on to someone else.

LOW: In Victor Contoski's poetry class last night you talked about how criticism has veered away from recent poetry. Are you

suggesting that the transciency of American poetry in the small magazines has contributed to a lack of respect for it, or a lack of interest?

WAKOSKI: I do think that if there are not periodicals that a serious critic-scholar can turn to in a monthly way to know what is going on, then, in a sense, you ask him to be an expert, because then he has to read books instead of magazines. Most of us use magazines to keep ourselves informed. When we see something interesting, then we go to the books. There are no magazines that are allowing us to function that way. And you can't really blame a professor of English who is interested in contemporary poetry, but doesn't write it and doesn't massively collect it, who wants to know what's going on but doesn't have time. Let's say there are 5000 books a year of poetry published. How is he going to figure out which fifty of those he is going to read if there is no kind of periodical publication that gives him some sense of what is going on? So you can't really blame him for just leaving it alone and feeling it's either this huge ocean he has to swim, or there's nothing at all.

LOW: That latest bicentennial issue of Poetry Now that just came out was so overwhelming.

WAKOSKI: And that's an example. It came out that large because, I think, he planned to come out every month or every two months, and finally didn't come out for a year or so, and then put out this huge issue. Now there hasn't been an issue for almost two years. What happens, if that's the case, is then you're putting out a poetry anthology, not a magazine. There's nothing wrong with that, again, except that if it's one person's point of view, then you need to read nine or ten anthologies, again, to see what's going on. And I suspect what's really happening, because there really have been a great number of anthologies of contemporary poetry published in the last decade, the academics who might normally turn to literary periodicals have just turned to anthologies. Now that presents a lot of problems that you can see without me really talking about it. Very seldom do brand new writers get invited to contribute to anthologies. As a matter of fact, anthologies tend to be edited if not as irresponsibly, more irresponsibly than little magazines. Those definitely are the places where you put your friends or the people you are interested in. In one sense that's okay, but it means you read a whole lot to get any sense of what's going on. Also, anthologies err on the side of publishing the shortest works that a person has written. And if my belief about contemporary poetry is correct, that most of the really exciting work is being done in long lines and long forms, and that most poets' two or three page long poems are of more significance than their half page poems, then you don't see the most exciting work.

Even if you see the work of a poet, you don't see his most exciting work. A few magazines keep trying to rectify this by having issues that are dedicated to long poems, but it is a very difficult proposition.

LOW: Do you prefer to publish in books? Do you just collect together enough poems until you have a book?

WAKOSKI: Well, at this point I have the luxury of having been publishing books for fifteen years, and it means that I have a certain readership. If I were a brand new poet, I could publish a book of poems and no one would read it. At this point I can expect a certain number of people to read the book, and I give lots of readings and spread my poems around. If someone likes a poem, I can say it's published in The Motorcycle Betrayal Poems, Inside the Blood Factory. So in a sense I'm in a position to distribute my own poems, and I might as well put them in a volume. But ten years ago in my life this wasn't true. I was in magazines, and there is still that problem of somebody who is not so interested in Diane Wakoski that he wants to spend $6.95 to spend a couple of hours reading.

There should be good magazines around. The irony is we are living in a time when there is, at least by past standards, an extraordinary amount of money being spent on little magazines. You know there is grant money everywhere. Now Clayton Eshleman, when he was editing Caterpillar magazine, did everything he could and occasionally got a grant, but really had to spend all his time raising money. I suspect that if he had stayed in business ten more years, the magazine would have at least paid for its own paper with subscriptions. At that point he was feeling that he was spending so much time that he ought to be making a living from it, too. There is almost no way that a magazine, a literary magazine, is going to be able to pay the salary of an editor, a living wage. But the simple fact is that with several people editing a magazine, and there are grant moneys around, and institutional moneys, it seems like those magazines could afford to be extremely idealistic and publish a lot of interesting things.

It is possible that I have gotten so cynical that I have not really surveyed what is going on, and it's possible that there are four or five little magazines, or maybe even a dozen, that are doing a good job. I did mention the other night that Kayak has stayed in business a long time, and I feel that they have done good things. And Ironwood in Arizona and Field from Oberlin College have seemed to have been responsible. There must be more that I am not aware of personally.

LOW: There are so many, and it is so hard to evaluate them all.

WAKOSKI: I think that the secret to a lasting one--the secret of eternal

life--is a good balance between what is local and that you have previously known, your friends in fact, and what is national. If you can find that balance, you will be contributing something by giving the local that is new and good, which perhaps is not known, and integrating it with the national. Everyone wants to see a new Phillip Levine poem or a new Rothenberg poem or whatever. That, to me, is what Poetry magazine tries to do, and I shouldn't be so critical. It is easy to make them a whipping boy.

LOW: They are pretty singular in their category. Why do you think, with all this grant money floating around, that the little magazine situation hasn't improved any? Or could that money be better spent elsewhere?

WAKOSKI: Well, it seems to me one of the problems--this is a kind of postscript answer to your question: I avoid the real answer until I give my postscript answer. One of the problems of little magazines is, in fact, that they are run by non business people. And most of us literary types do not know very much about subscriptions, putting things in book stores, etc. And that, it seems to me, that if you are going to go into the publishing business, whether it's for books or for magazines, that the key word is business. It's all very well to collect good material and to get it into print, but if you do not do anything with it after that, what's the use? I think that if someone like Eshleman literally works and works and works to raise the money to actually publish something that he idealistically believes is very good, he is also going to work fairly hard to try to get subscriptions and find distributors, or get it at least in the bookstores in his area and to move it around. Now, I suggest that if an editor does not have that kind of business personality, then he has got to have a partner who does. And it is a simple, basic fact, real fact, that there is no point in putting it in print if there are no readers for it. And I have a funny feeling that those of us who are interested in the writing and possibly editing tend not to be the runners, purveyors. If somebody is going to give me $2000 to publish an issue of a magazine, I will feel that my job is done when I've got all the copy edited and down to the printers, and the printer will do his job. His job is done when he has printed them. And there's that big stack of magazines sitting there. I am suggesting that what has always been a difficult problem somehow becomes an even huger problem, because when the money is easy you feel, well, who cares? Now, if you really dug out of your pocket to do that, maybe you'd take more care to get yourself a business partner and to see that it went someplace. And I don't feel that it is impossible for artists to be good at business, but the simple fact is that most of them are not.

LOW: You seem to like libraries.

WAKOSKI: I love libraries.

LOW: I've noticed in you these last few days a real commitment and sense of responsibility to the preserved body of literary works.

WAKOSKI: I love to read. That is why I became a writer. I value the library just as I value the American free educational system. I grew up poor, and I would have never had any books to read. When I was four, my mother started taking me every week to the library. I have become more of a book buyer than a library user at this point, because I love now owning books and buying them. I think I spent my whole undergraduate career in a library at Berkeley. I think I got as much education just in that library as in various wonderful spots. Berkeley has a huge library, as you might imagine, and normal people do not have stack privileges. There are two undergraduate poetry prizes there at Berkeley. I won one of them my junior year and the other one my senior year, and besides the hundred dollars, which meant a lot to me, what really meant most to me was that I got stack privileges. So I spent most of my junior and senior years at the University of California-Berkeley buried in the stacks.

LOW: How tantalizing to be excluded from the stacks. Of course, anybody at Kansas University, even nonstudents, can rummage through the stacks.

In the poetry class you visited last night, one of the students had a poem that carried out a motif that Keats had dealt with. You said to him that he should do something else, not imitate a poem, even if he had not read Keats. Whether you know it's there or not, you are responsible for being aware of what has been done.

WAKOSKI: I don't know if I need to add anything more to that, but simply to write and to try to create a literate and literary art. And in some sense you will not do anything of value unless you do something new, and there's no way you can do something new until you have absorbed what has already been done. That's all very pedantic sounding and dogmatic. What I really feel is that reading is one of the great pleasures of life, and probably all of us want to write because we love to read, and we'd like to give other people that pleasure. The dialogue of reading is relevant, and I'm perfectly aware that when you're eighteen you will have read a great deal less than when you're forty, and that there is no way to know everything. But that's one of the reasons we have classes, to make us aware of things. And if someone points

out something that you don't know, then what you should be doing is rushing to the library instead of arguing, "Why can't I do that?" You can--sure you can--but there's no reason why anyone would want to read you.

LOW: Ed Dorn was a visiting professor here at one time. I remember sitting in on a class of his in 1969. He had just recently returned from England, where he had been teaching at the university in Essex. He said to his class, words to the effect, "It's so good to be back in America. You don't know what weight there is over there; how difficult it is for a new poet to get established with all that tradition behind him. As an American poet I, and I think you should, feel much freer." Do you think this is true? Do you think Americans can more freely ignore Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, the whole British spectrum?

WAKOSKI: I don't want to contradict Ed Dorn, because I think I understand what he is saying, but I would like to reinterpret what he's saying. I think the English have come to a point in their own history where there is very much a feeling that nothing they do now could ever be as great as other points in the empire. And once you have that feeling, then you do feel undone by history. And I don't think it's history per se that weighs you down. It's the point in history you are and your perception of it. If I were an English poet, I would probably try not to be English at this point, which is what all the better ones seem to have done.

On the other hand, because I don't believe it's tradition that weighs you down, but the way you look at tradition, I think that students today can feel just as weighed down by American tradition if they looked at it that way. I have had students say to me, "You were so lucky to be writing poetry, to be our age and writing poetry in the early sixties, because there was so much to be done. There's nothing to do now." I would love to think that there was so much to be done, and I did it all, and there's nothing left. Of course, what they're saying is they feel so weighed down by the tradition of the last ten years that they don't feel there's anything left. And what it really means is that they have very little historical perspective, and they are letting the little they have tyrannize them too much.

Now, I would just like to say as a kind of digression that there's a whole school of poetry, the so-called New York school of poetry, that's based on a kind of nihilistic aesthetic that comes out of the feeling that there has been so much great art that it is meaningless to try and make anything more, so we might as well burn down the museums so they don't interfere with our lives. Whatever we say to each other is poetry. I'm putting this in slightly negative terms. Unfortunately, I have some

antipathy for them. I do believe that this aesthetic produced in Frank O'Hara an absolutely brilliant poetry. And when you see Frank O'Hara as a young man going to Harvard, feeling that he had to understand Emerson and Thoreau and the whole history of America before he would be allowed to put a word on paper, you can see that undergraduate impulse to burn it all down, and, instead of revering the words of the past, be able to say when you are talking to friends, our conversation is poetry. And what Frank O'Hara did was to invent a strange kind of poetry based on the idea of the occasion. But, of course, being a good student, and someone who was not really as oppressed by history as he thought he might be when he was nineteen, he carries with him all of the American tradition and writes within that context and writes a very strange and wonderful new poetry. But I think he couldn't have written that until he made his personal manifesto that he was going to overthrow the past and not try to compete with it. When you are as smart as Frank O'Hara is, and you're as aware of tradition as he is, and you feel that you have to compete with Melville, you know that you are going to be crushed. And the minute you say to yourself, "I don't have to compete with Melville; I'm inventing something new," you just lift that burden off, throw it away.

I think that Americans are considerably more adept at saying, "Get thee behind me, history," and just saying, "I am going to invent the future." And I feel a great excitement in that. To me, that's what the American tradition is. Perhaps part of what Ed Dorn was alluding to is the richness of that tradition. It's not just that the English tradition is not that. It's that there is no other place like America where people can really turn their backs on the past and not get massacred for doing it. I keep emphasizing to students to read, because I think that it is all too natural for people to turn their backs on the past here without even knowing it. Here we have to keep saying, "Turn around and look. You can't turn your back on it until you've seen it."

LOW: Now it is quite in vogue--I'm sure you see it all the time--to classify and study women's poetry. My office-mate is teaching a women in literature course, and you are in her anthology. Are you a "woman poet"?

WAKOSKI: I am a woman who writes poetry. I am not a woman poet in that I am not a feminist. My poetry does not represent a point of view that is political or tries to be a spokesman for a people. I write very individual and somewhat eccentric poetry. But I simply would like to believe that if you can teach a course by focusing on something like women in literature, that's perfectly all right. As long as you don't feel that that really is a natural way of looking; it's an arbitrary way of looking at things. If you are really interested in women, that

seems like a reasonable thing to do. I do think that anybody who tries to categorize poetry as black poetry, women's poetry, anti-war poetry is being very unfair to the poet. I suspect there are very few serious and good writers of poetry who think of themselves in this categorical way.

LOW: You and Ishmael Reed. He also stresses that point of view.

WAKOSKI: We both went to Berkeley. They're very big on individualism.

LOW: How do you teach poetry?

WAKOSKI: I give poetry workshops mainly to so-called "advanced students," though these days they prove to be less and less advanced. I think there is a serious problem in the university right now in every subject, at least in the humanities. But I try to give a weekly workshop, and I give assignments, and I ask students to read, although I do not give a specific reading list. If I am teaching undergraduates, I usually spend the first hour or so reading and talking about the work of one or two other poets in the hopes that will help introduce them to people, if they do not have time to read them. I do talk about every student's poems, assuming they bring one every week, and try to emphasize just ordinary concepts of image and metaphor and symbol, the classical unities. I usually ask my students to read Aristotle's Poetics because I find that they are frequently not asked to do that in other courses and that I still feel that no matter how far into the new poetry you reach, that we have a great deal to learn from Aristotle. And if you are going to rebel against those classical unities, you should at least know what they are and know how they should be created. I still feel that you learn to make abstract art from knowing how to draw the figure. While I do not ask my students to write sonnets, I expect that they will do some kind of technical investigation on their own. I do try to spend part of the time talking about aesthetic philosophy because, after all, we don't write those poems just for those little things and those discussions about whether this word is really the right word or not that can go on for hours. They are important in a small way, but they are ultimately irrelevant to why are you trying to write poetry? What are you trying to do? What is it possible to do in a poem? And I think that at every stage it is possible to have an occasional abstract or semi-philosophical or aesthetic discussion, and I should encourage those discussions.

LOW: What kinds of assignments do you give?

WAKOSKI: I also tell my students that they don't have to do the assignments if they are working on something else, but if they are not working

on something else, I'd like to see how well they can do an assignment. The assignments tend to be much more subject-oriented, because I find that one of the things that seems to be a writing student problem is, "I can't think about anything to write about." I can sympathize with that. When the pump isn't primed, nothing will come out. I tend to prime the pump by saying something like, "Walt Whitman helped to create the sensibility for twentieth century poetry in a very, very important poem called "Song of Myself." This autobiographical rejoicing in the personal feelings about the world has become a primary quality in contemporary American poetry. Can you write a song of myself?" I'll get such diverse responses as someone who literally goes and reads "Song of Myself" and imitates it, trying to paraphrase it--which is a very interesting exercise, which doesn't make a good poem, but it certainly is an interesting exercise--to someone who will write a very autobiographical poem. I usually ask people, if I've given an assignment like that, if they want to say anything about what the thought processes were when they were trying to figure out how to do the assignment. I don't always anchor the assignments in other people's poetry, but sometimes I do. Sometimes I've given just a subject-oriented assignment: it's spring; write a love poem.

LOW: How cruel.

WAKOSKI: Right. Sometimes I'll realize how cruel it is and say, "If you don't love anyone, write a hate poem." I find that the assignments often do prime the pump. They often get an interesting variety of responses. I think it's important for students to realize that even if they're all trying to do the same thing, they'll come out very differently. And it's interesting to see how divergent their own imaginations will be, even when they're not terribly skilled at exercising them. For that reason I never explain the assignments. I tell them that there's nothing specific that I want.

LOW: I wish I could do that in composition.

WAKOSKI: I take a very luxurious approach to teaching.

LOW: So you take a pretty active stance in the classroom.

WAKOSKI: Yes. I have moved my position from the left, where I believed that the classroom is a democratic room, to the extreme right, where I almost don't allow other people to talk. My mode of procedure is to critique. I ask all the students to read their poems first, because I like the feeling that we're giving a poetry reading. And I don't like this workshop sense of read a poem, talk about a poem; read

a poem, talk about a poem. If we have, say, thirty poems, I divide it in half, and read the first fifteen. So we've had a little poetry reading in a sense. No comments after it--you can feel when people are responding to poems--and then a critique of all fifteen. It also makes them sort of have to keep poems in their minds. It also means they have had the experience of listening apart from looking and talking. I want that. I have gotten more and more to where I give the critique and then say, "Would anyone else like to add anything?" or "Are there any responses or comments?" Sometimes I feel like I don't have a real take on a poem, and so I'll ask, and I'll usually apologize, and say, "I'm not having a very strong response," or "I'm having a response that I feel may be wrong. Can I elicit a response?" And that will often give me something to argue against or respond to. I very much try to give them the idea that I'm there to teach them how I critique a poem, so that when they go away, they can say to themselves, what would Diane say to this poem?

Now, that automatically gives them a little bit of an objective viewpoint, not a completely total one, but not only do they see the poem, they begin to see it as one other person sees it. I'm a fairly consistent criticizer. I don't want to totally make them into little Dianes. But I feel like the one thing that I can do is give them that other point of view. I won't give it to them in a democratic classroom. I always tell them,"Look, if you really have any strong feelings, it's important you argue about them, but if you don't, I'm not going to waste class time with them, just so that you can talk." I find that if they have a model of someone who systematically approaches a poem, and looks at it--now, the lazy ones become lazy; they feel like they never have to say anything about a poem. The good ones are following you in their thought processes. And I suspect that a good student, at the end of the class, I could ask to do that critiquing , and, you know, obviously I hope that he wouldn't be as good as I am; I've been too many years doing it. But I would hope that he would make a very respectable showing of the critiquing.

LOW: Would you expect him to add his own viewpoint?

WAKOSKI: Yes. I have a few students that I have had for several years. In the past one of the hazards of my life is that I only see people for only brief periods of time. But recently I've been in situations where I've had students over a period of time. And I do notice that the good students bring in much, much better poems, more finished, much closer to finished poems than they ever used to, and it's because when they take them off the typewriter, or wherever they write their first drafts, they sit down and say, "I know Diane isn't going to like that line." And they sit there and can do that preliminary work. Obviously, I have

my limitations, too. But I can only teach what I know. I can't teach them to be Charles Olson. I can only teach them Diane Wakoski.

I do my best to try to emphasize various attitudes toward poetry, not only different critical attitudes, but to be interested in more than one kind of poem. Again, that's hard, because I have such a strong feeling about the kinds of poetry that I like, so I know that I am always going to be prejudiced. But I do try to bring in very obviously different kinds of poetry to hold up as examples of exciting poetry. If you read Ginsberg's Kaddish in one week, and play a tape of Ed Dorn's Gunslinger, Book I the next week, you know, it will throw them for a loop, but that's a good loop.

LOW: I see a number of poetry readings a year. I have a higher than average consumption rate, I would guess. Yet I have never seen a poet sing as she reads before last night when you read.

WAKOSKI: I accept the compliment--I accept it as a compliment--and thank you very much. I would like to say that I think many poets today have discovered the music of their own language. There are a couple of poets that I feel I especially owe debts of gratitude toward to helping me liberate that in my own voice. One is Jerome Rothenberg, who's always had a very strong, cantor style of reading. I must say that I was deeply impressed a few years ago when I heard Sonia Sanchez, a black poet, read her poems. Oh, does she sing, does she sing. And she has some voice patterns that I admire. Who else, specifically. There are many poets, like Gary Snyder, who read their poems very beautifully, but in a sense we have all evolved into the feeling that we can make our poems as musical as we can feel the language to be. I do remember that in the fifties there was very much the sense that it was almost bad taste to read in anything but a monotone. There is a growing movement toward the more dramatic style of reading until we have almost gone past drama to a musical performance.

LOW: You have a musical background, do you not?

WAKOSKI: I studied the piano, and I really do believe that all of those years of taking piano lessons were also years of taking poetry lessons, giving me a sense of rhythm and melody that will never desert me. I have to perform that way.

LOW: You also have a background in astrology. You mentioned earlier that you practiced astrology in New York for a brief period of time, in lieu of a "real job." I have found astrology to be a way of seeing how the different parts of my life actually do relate to each other.

WAKOSKI: I studied astrology for precisely the reason that you cited. It is an interesting system of symbolic language. Probably astrology is the earliest systemized form of psychology. It's an early system of symbolic language, and, of course, what the whole of our literature is about is understanding people, i.e., psychology. So I felt that there had to be something for me to learn about writing poetry, or understanding poetry, in studying astrology. I think that one of the things that it did do for me was bring home the idea of archetypes, the Jungian notion of archetypes, which basically is what astrology is, twelve archetypes and all of their permutations. I feel that was not a new way of thinking for me, but it was an intensification and increasing of that awareness. And I feel grateful for it. I still occasionally read an astrology book.

This is, as you know, a great age of transition, finally moving over to a computerized age where the technology of contemporary astronomy can be used to integrate with what is still the very primitive psychological observations. And you probably know that Jung did write a little monograph called Synchronicities, in which he used an astrologer's patients--client, excuse me--to study the basic Ptolemaic principle that marriage partners should have sun-moon relationships. Of course, he came to a perfectly predictable scientific conclusion that a little bit better than fifty per cent of the people studied confirmed the pattern. What I think he did was setting up as a possibility a lot of very useful studies that I presume are going on right now that we as laymen do not really have much access to. I assume that numbers of people in the psychiatric, psychological professions and astrologers are getting together with people with computers and trying to feed data and come out with some useful patterns.

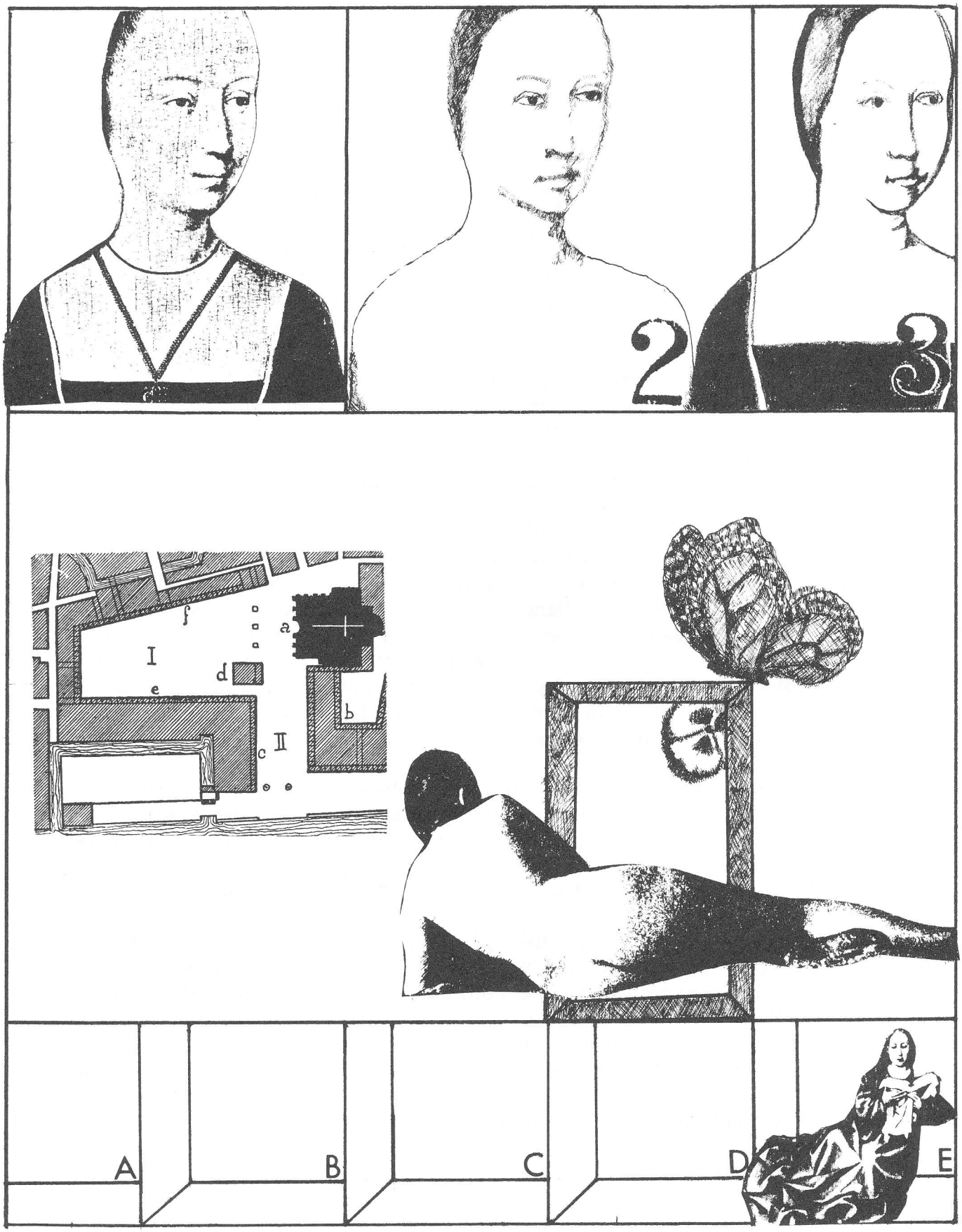
LOW: Yes, a woman named Zipporah Dobyns is doing that right now. She has a Ph.D. in psychology and is an astrologer. She heads a computerized research center in Malibu and is sifting through statistics rather than traditions, and there are others.

Do I see your Hell's Angel as one of your personal archetypes?

WAKOSKI: Yes, he's very much the image of, well, several archetypes. He's not only the macho man who, once seeing his macho symbol, the motorcycle, taken away can be communicated with. He's also, in a sense, that mercurial figure of a man with a cap of darkness who appears and disappears, and who is only there to create kinds of magical acts and transformation. And he might even be the archetype of the wanderer.

LOW: There's a corner of my mind that wonders what his ascendant is.

WAKOSKI: He was very short and compact and blonde and wiry. But maybe, because I met him, he had Gemini rising, [like me.]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Carol Hebald

THE ACTRESS

Liar crammed in closets,
I played, a ruined child,
To bright, phantom eyes:
"If this sleeve were papa's hand,
That dress of silk my mama's breast,
This coat of fur my papa's chest,
Her quiet breast, his hand . . .
I imagined them from pain.

Saturdays, at Loews Delancey,
Grinning baldies
Bidding their Milky Ways
Along the Children's Section
Always found me
Sitting a little apart;
The candy was for later.
"Let's be pals, mister, 'kay?"
"Cross your leg over mine."
Senses flicking like lizards,
A wild sob rose to my throat;
Only just stay a little while longer—
Bastard, be my friend.

If in darkness I must want,
Then from darkness would I get:
To act! I had to act:
To wish by order—to behave.
Who lives in me beside myself
Can grieve beyond her grave
And in the grief rejoice
At horn of noses, eyes wrung dry.
I beckon, entice, kiss, chase away,
I mourn, dance, serve, pray—
Offstage, I seldom speak.
Lonesome for self
In hard sweet play,
I act because I would rather
Do other things.

J. Mackie

AT A BRIDGE ENTERING A FOREST

High rimrock
cut straight
enters the sky

a rainsquall
moves in the west

milkweed drops
seeds into clefts
carved in the rock

a bluejay swoops
into a scrub-oak
hops to an aspen
then sweeps
to a small cedar

one leaf shifting
in September wind
slices the middle
of a rock bridge

arched over a wash
where gnarled roots
grip the dry banks
of twisted earth

rain flicks branches

I move in shadows
half wind half rain
and a lost bird
looks for a mountain
in high cloudy pines.

Steve Bunch

EVENING

Water boils for tea
the moon lowers its bright hook
dreaming of dark fish

Judith Thompson

GENTLEMAN CALLER

Climbing the porch stairs, she
searched for the key, finding
his eyes
about knee-high
bearded in evergreen.
She bolted inside.

He continued to circle her block
taking stock of her yews, fruit trees,
grass roots. He made chains
of her daisies.

He veiled her in seed pearls
and Queen Anne's lace, sent
a bouquet of heart murmurs, swoons,
sudden breathlessness.

He had samples of pine,
cedar, cypress, oak, ash, mountain
laurel. Their scents filled the air.

She tore through the band of black crepe
taped over the door
breaking her neck
in three steps.

His wreath was a forest.

Jan Gauger

CONSUMPTION

an old disease that hung
in lace curtains, settled
in dim parlors, ate breath
like bugs chewing up African violets

someone changed
the name
institutionalized it
cured it

the word is back
having rallied
having taken
a new approach

borrowed from
neurotic, leased space
from paranoia,
set up shop

invades now my brain,
my body's pentagon,
lurks in doorways, picks
locks and photographs

my secrets, leaves messages
on my bathroom wall
Integrity Now
Stand Up and Be Counted

what I need is a plan
and a Phillips screwdriver
take the classic exit
through the ventilation system

inch out on the belly
hand-over-hand, come up
re-conditioned, like breath
like air, pass up

ex Librium
through the Valium
of the shadow of life
this way out

Nance Van Winckel

GOING THROUGH THE CRACK

"Women make better sorcerers than men
because they can go through the crack
between the worlds each month when they
menstruate." —Castaneda quoting Don Juan

This is all I know of going between the worlds:
on the 28th morning I awake, touch myself, and
bring back a hand of blood. I understand it
only as a bond between sex and spirit
and, like the turn of the moon, it needs
to empty itself, to turn to nothing.
There is no magic about it.
Blood is blood.
The elipse I make is constant;
the elipse I make is flux.
Blood locks this physical self together
and releases it as well,
allows it to break up, disintegrate,
to slip wholly into spirit.
Once, when waking outdoors,
I left a blood trail to the house
that now is a familiar path,
but men who have walked it
call it cliff,
call it black abyss.

Robert Cooperman

ALL UP AND DOWN THE LINES

Uncle Charlie lived alone.
He would press quarters into my palm
with his manicured fingers,
bring my mother cologne and candy;
while she bubbled thanks, he blushed.

After he had kissed me good-bye,
brushing his witch hazeled cheeks against mine,
my father joked that Charlie was courting her.
My mother said he ought to be ashamed,
Charlie was a lonely old man
who liked to give people things.
My father answered, "Why didn't he
ever get married, and give some woman
a family?" Then they would tell me
to leave the room, while they whispered,
my mother laughing and saying "shame",
by turns.

While I sat in another room,
holding the quarter
Uncle Charlie had given me,
hearing his soft, high voice
sputter and trail off
like a small, overworked engine,
when he spoke of World War I,
and the nights bombs whistled
over the trenches,
and beautiful young men died
all up and down the lines.

REVIEWS

Susan Fromberg Schaeffer. Alphabet for the Lost Years. San Francisco, CA: Gallimaufry, 1976. 68 pages. $3.50.

Alphabet for the Lost Years takes an ambivalent look at the images of childhood. It starts with the long title poem, a series of twenty-six parts, then moves to a section entitled "Glass," comprised of fairy-tale-like poems, and concludes with "Wishes," a group of poems that bridge the gap between a child and an adult.

The journey through the past begins with a barely comfortable look at origins. The "A" poem is for arch:

> In the beginning was the arch
> But its shape was strange
> It had a small tail
>
> It was alive
> So it was inevitable
> Everyone went through:
>
> Now, it has eaten its tail.
> It stands in its stones.
> The air
> more solid than stones.

The stone arch presents the collective past, the architecture of Roman civilization, and also the individual past. This arch which "Everyone went through" recalls the pubic arch, the passage of birth. This poem of beginnings, however, has ominous images. The object is "strange"; it has a "small tail" that it eats; and the substantial rock falls. This first poem, beginning with an allusion to the first verse of Genesis, ends with fallen rocks upon which to build Peter's church.

The rest of the alphabet is equally haunting. The rich and jumbled imagery, sometimes incredibly compressed, recalls the child's non-linear and somewhat frightened view of the world. Take, for example, from the poem "M," for memories,

> And they like best
> Hanging weightless from arms
> Like faithful old bats.
> At night, in sleep,
>
> They moon-change,

Tangle in hair,
Expose their teeth

With their screams.

The bats, the tangled hair, teeth, and screams recall the childhood nightmares or, in the extreme form, night terror. The images come so fast that the mind has no time to rationalize. In "V," for violet, a scant twenty lines associates the color with mourning, a sunset, a hem of a dress, leaves, veins of the scalp, sails, a curtain, the drop of a guillotine and velvet. Is this how the world presents itself to the prelogical mind of a child?

Some of the poems of "Alphabet for the Lost Years" are riddles, their titles reduced to a single letter and their contents locked within description. "P" finally stands for pyramid, but "L" remains ambiguously light or love or life. In the context of nightmarish dreams and "The poisonous light of the oranges" (from "C"), riddles can organize and define the child's universe. The chaos around them, the world, is the real riddle to solve with perhaps the tool of language. The alphabet, with order and regularity, structures a kind of mental survival.

The second section of the book, "Glass," reflects cultural fantasies about relationships through fairy tales and fairy tale imagery. Grimm's fairy tales are, in real life, grim. Shaeffer does not create a sugared Walt Disney version of the fantasy world that owns a special niche in childhood. In her retelling of "The Ice Maiden," she becomes a story person looking for love ("I wanted my love" is the first line). This desire takes her to the land of winter, where she finds her prince frozen in a block of ice. She tries every way to release him, but only when she agrees to take his place does he step out "More handsome than fire, / More necessary than water. . . ." Such comments underline the poet's drive towards self-destruction.

Other poems of this section point out the contrast of romantic love and reality. "Old Woman" lets down her hair under the moonlight.

My hair was so long and so black
It was black
As the black sea of China

Yet this fairy tale princess knows that her magic was cruelly transient. She is now "all over prune skin." "Mistress" also weaves an elaborate and fanciful setting, a woman creating a romantic world for her lover, only to end with one cold line of truth: "If you stay." The idealized sexuality of a kept woman becomes pitifully dependent upon her lover's

whim.

The final section, "Wishes," presents poems of childhood ideals that linger inappropriately into adulthood. The title poem shows this movement:

> Finally
> She went off with her wishes
> They all looked like skeletons
>
> She was wearing
> Her old patent leather shoes
> With their buttons
>
> They still shone.

The wishes formed in childhood move into maturity firmly fixed, still shining, yet looking like death. Again, the fantasies of childhood are inadequate. The other poems of this section are also out of kilter. Something remains amiss with the childlike bride of "Bridal Picture." And a family feud will begin at the same time as this marriage. Only "Tulips, Again" of this section offers qualified adult hope, ending with "I am trying belief."

These poems are written with skill, the lines compact and dense with images. The poems end with significant shifts in meanings, as in the last lines of "Mistress" and "Tulips, Again." However, the poems themselves and their arrangement and development throughout the book leave the reader with a haunting and sometimes sinister darkness.

Denise Low

Mike Smetzer

BOOKS OF INTEREST

Vincente Aleixandre. Twenty Poems. Trans. Lewis Hyde and Robert Bly. Odin House, Madison, Minnesota: Seventies Press, 1977. 81 pages. $5.00 cloth/$3.00 paper.
Vincente Aleixandre was last year's Nobel prize winner in poetry. The twenty poems in this book are selected from work published from 1932 to 1968 and are printed with Spanish and English translations on facing pages. The book is a good introduction to Aleixandre's work. Because his style shifts, it is difficult to make generalizations about it. However, overall, his imagery is powerful, with distinct surrealistic influences, and his attitude is a compassionate awareness of what it is to be human.

Alan Britt. I Suppose the Darkness Is Ours. Univ. of Tampa, Tampa, Florida: UT Review, 1977. 32 pages. $2.00 paper.
Alan Britt's poetry relies on the use of clever or vivid imagery. It is usually short, creating a single scene or making a brief observation. "The Island" is a good example of the former: "Crickets rub their wings / against the moon. / The hills lie down / on their sides. / A breeze / hops over bare rocks. / Papaya leaves / tap my shoulder / beside an open window." The poem provides a single slice of Britt's experience for the reader to share. "The Moon" is an observation poem: "The moon tangled in a wire fence / is a spider crawling up the sky." When Britt writes longer poems, his imagery becomes broken up by uninteresting commentary rather than developing into narrative. The static scene seems to be a necessary mode for his poetic perceptions.

Some of the poems are slight and some of the imagery depends on connections not everyone will make, but many of the poems are lively and imaginative. I think most people who like unusual and suggestive imagery will find the book worthwhile.

Maxine Chernoff. A Vegetable Emergency. 1639 West Washington Blvd., P.O. Box 806, Venice, CA 90291: Beyond Baroque, 1977. 35 pages.
These prose poems begin with a fanciful idea or image, such as a man holding his breath for days or Ben Franklin being towed around a pond by a kite attached to his leg. Chernoff then plays the image or idea into a brief story or fable marked by charming whimsy and concise imagery. The surrealistic influences on her writing appear both in the delight she takes in an imaginatively

transformed world and in the large number of her endings that resist rational interpretations. The poems toward the end of the book are less cheerful, and in these poems the imaginative element falls somewhat flat. Chernoff seems to need the spirit of fanciful delight found in her better poems in order to give her writing its charge. Fortunately there are many charged poems in this collection.

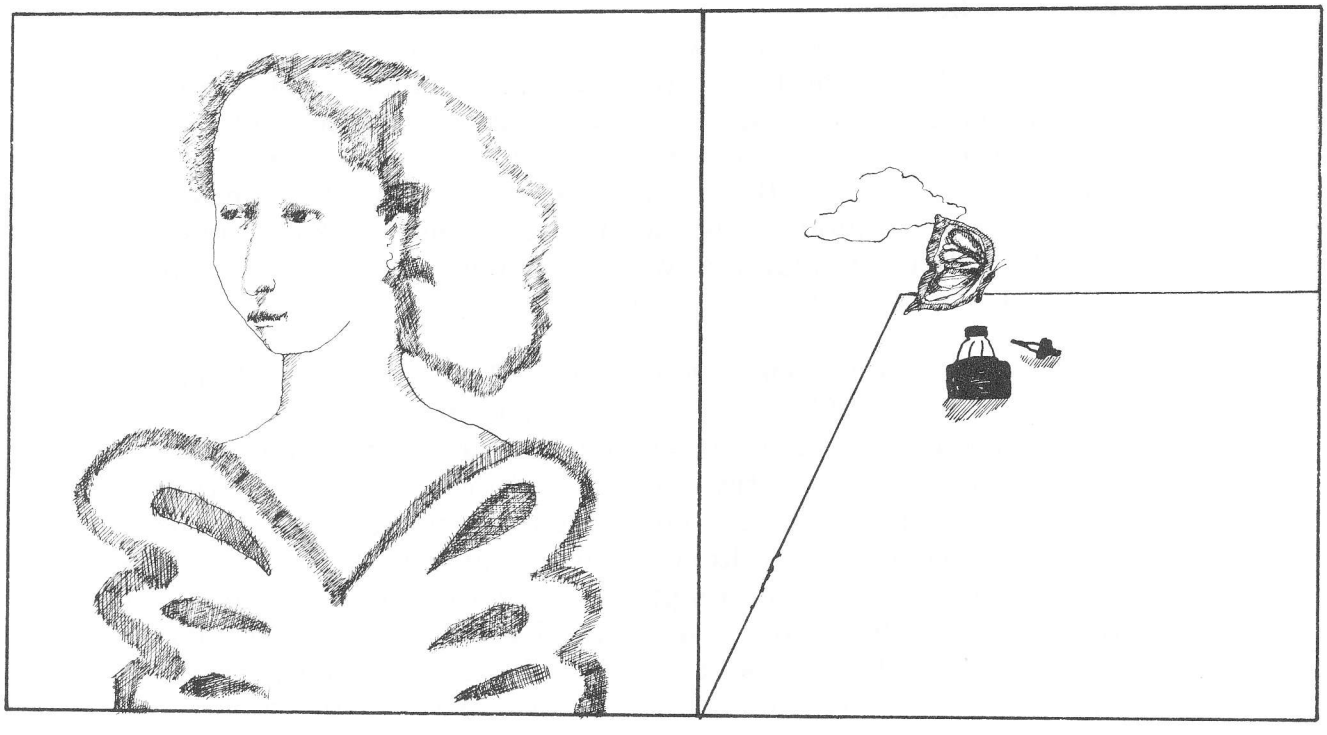
Albert Drake. Tillamook Burn. 33513 Sixth St., Union City, CA 94587: Fault Publications, 1977.
An interesting blend of fiction, poetry, and family photographs, in which the author explores his relationship with his father and tries to reclaim the times through which his father lived. He does this by examining memories and artifacts in his poetry and by writing stories set in the 30's and 40's, two of which deal with a boy's growing understanding of his father. The choice of details, dialogue, and the character development are good. His fiction is better than his poetry, with his best poems being the longer ones which present a story rather than a static scene. As a whole, the book is a convincing interpretation of his father's times and well worth reading.

Rolf Jacobsen. Twenty Poems. Trans. Robert Bly. Odin House, Madison, Minnesota: Seventies Press, 1977. 75 pages. $5.00 cloth/$3.00 paper.
The poems selected here were published from 1935 to 1969 and are printed with the Norwegian originals and the English translations on facing pages. Jacobsen is an enjoyable poet to read because both his imagery and vision tend to carry one upward and into the future. He accepts the world as a place in which man naturally belongs but, at the same time, sees human existence, both for the individual and for the human race, as a continuous journey into a mysterious future.

John Love. The Touch Code. 200 Carroll St., Brooklyn, NY 11231: Release Press, 1977. 76 pages. $3.00 paper.
John Love is an extremely clever and energetic young poet. When you read his poetry, you should look for lively action and unusual, often humorous, connections of imagery and thought. For some readers this kind of witty poetry will seem too superficial. He obviously takes great pleasure in his role as a verbal inventor and showman. This attitude, however, arises from an impatience with what is ordinary and a need to energize life so that it can be experienced more fully. If you see the need behind

Love's exuberance, you should be able to take his work as more substantial. At any rate, this is an enjoyable book to read.

The Publication of Poetry and Fiction: A Conference. Washington, D. C.: Library of Congress, 1977. 162 pages.
This is a series of four panel discussions from a conference at the Library of Congress in October 1975. The panels deal with trade publication, publication by university and small presses, publication in magazines, and the survival of the writer respectively. The panelists for the first two topics are well chosen and their exchanges provide many insights into the publishing situation for poetry and serious fiction. They represent a variety of views and backgrounds, and there is little slack in their statements. The last two panel discussions suffer from a lack of focus, though there are a few interesting sections. The discussion of publication in magazines especially soon degenerates into tedious self-description and lifeless generalization. Still, if you are interested in the publishing of creative work in book form, the first two discussions are lively and useful, and there are interesting bits of information about organizations and presses scattered throughout.



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