CUPID'S GRIN

YES! THIS DAMN UNIVERSE!
An ever-flowing, eternal, closed up,
open system—a dial of vibratory flows
from end to front—a technicolor timeless object—
STARS—STARS—NEBULAE—AND SWIRLS
of growing energy that fantasizes self.
A LIVING STATUE OF A SONG!
(Anoeba daydreams Metazoa.
Helium imagines Milky Way!
Or start from either end.)
ALIVE AS THE SEA!
When it all begins
I'll be there,
You'll know me by my curling lips

—AND CHUCKLE
!

—Michael McClure
San Francisco, 1964
A FRAGMENT TO FANNY

This living hand, now warm and capable
Of earnest grasping, would, if it were cold
And in the icy silence of the tomb,
So haunt thy days and chill thy dreaming nights
That thou wouldst wish thine own heart dry of blood
So in my veins red life might stream again,
And thou be conscience—calm’d—see, here it is—
I hold it toward you.

—John Keats
Hempstead, Autumn 1819

LAST VERSES

Farewell, Bristol’s dingy piles of brick,
Lovers of Mammon, worshippers of trick!
Ye spurned the boy who gave you antique lays,
And paid for learning with your empty praise.
Farewell ye guzzling aldermanic fools,
By nature fitted for corruptions tools!
I go to where celestial anthems swell;
But you, when you depart, will sink to hell.
Farewell, my mother!—cease, my anguished soul,
Nor let distraction’s billows o’er me roll!
Have mercy, Heaven! when here I cease to live,
And this last act of wretchedness forgive.

—Thomas Chatterton
Bristol 1770
"I'm half alive
& he's driving me mad"
Billie

Body dying of chemical injecto race liverclot
life non-tonic sad madness melting teeth & rocky spleen
grab after innocence of lust/love years
motorcycles, young poets, the new
flash sweet new angel spike hit first try
FINISHED AT 25 SHE LIVED EASY BUT TOO HARD

—Sharon Morill
San Francisco, 1964

Lov is infinitely Delightfull to its Object, and the more Violent the more glorious.
It is infinitely High, Nothing can hurt it. And infinitely Great in all Extremes: of
Beauty and Excellency. Excess is its true Moderation: Activity its Rest: and
burning Fervency its only Refreshment. Nothing is more Glorious yet nothing
more humble: Nothing more Precious, yet nothing more Cheap: Nothing more
familiar, yet nothing so inaccessible: Nothing more Nice, yet Nothing more
Laborious: Nothing more Liberal, yet Nothing more Covetous: It doth all things
for its Objects sake, yet it is the most self Ended thing in the Whole World,
for of all things in Nature it can least endure to be Displeased. Since therfore
it containeth so many Miracles it may well contain this one more, that it maketh
every one Greatest, and among Lovers every one is Supreme and Sovereign.

—Thomas Traherne
The Centuries
ca. 1660
SOME THOUGHTS ON IMPROVISATION

Well see – it’s like this see – I get into this place and I size up the situation. That doesn’t take much doing – you just size up the situation – and you let your blood flow and then there is an obvious opening: there is an aisle completely surrounding the platform of boxes – an aisle between the platform and the people standing against the wall. So I walk. And while I’m walking I’m sizing up the situation. There’s all this slow stuff – two people unrolling scrolls over the platform. One has a bird’s-egg head and the other has an original Balenciaga. The ideas come – and the impulses – and the anti-impulses, I think first come the impulses – those are purely physical. They are the pulse and tongue of the body in the place – in the space of the place. They are the invisible strings that extend from outstretched fingers to the limits of the place. They are the heat that flows from the armpits to an object in the place. They are the swellings and contractions of the damp gaze that can be turned on and off.

So I keep on sizing up the situation, see. And I keep walking. And I make decisions: he has left the room – I will run; she is standing stock still – I will bring my head close to hers; that man is moving his arms around – I will do as he does; the wall looms close – I will walk until I bump into it; my black dress is white from the wall – I will brush it off; they are finished – I will rest in this position for a long time; the man is using the magnifying glass – I will look at him from the other side; he and she are standing together – I will stand with them; the woman removes her cellophane bag from the reach of my steam-rolling foot – I WILL NOT MAKE AN ISSUE OF IT.

I can choose not to carry thru an impulse. On what basis is such a choice made? Sometimes I know:

The scrolls are made of white white paper mostly. The boxes are a snowy field. The walls rise white and flat. His bird’s-egg head gleams whitely. Her cameo face is placid.

I share a common impulse with many people in the room: we want to defile, to desecrate, to shit on this whiteness, to crush this fragility, to smash this silence, to silence this shrieking purity. Enough poetry. Anyway, the thing is that I DON’T HAVE TO DO IT... any of it: all that smash and smudge, I choose not to do it. I choose to play the game his way and in so choosing I am freed from wanting to destroy his image. I become powerful and happy. I become knowledgeable: I know what is appropriate to do. I find his image beautiful.

Improvisation – in my way of handling it – demands a constant connection with some thing – object, action, and/or mood – in a situation. The more connections are established the easier it is to proceed. The idea of “more” or “fewer” connections is related to one’s degree of awareness of the total situation – including audience. One definition of a connection is a lifeline from “it” to me that conducts a flow of stimuli and ideas. When the lifeline breaks, I flounder about – looking for another one. Not finding it, I lose all reason for being there at that moment, become frantic, grasp at unkinesthetic memories of previous moments, lose my freedom, work mechanically and am miserable, and in misery drift deeper into a murky ambience of non-distinctions.

Of course, it is not always clear – even to oneself – whether one is “connecting” or not. The line is variously slack or taut. And in an objective sense one can never know just how connected one is.
That’s another thing: one must take a chance on the fitness of one’s own instincts. It seems to me that I’ve said this somewhere before, but again in a different context. In the improvisation, at the moment of moving into an action, one must behave and feel as though no other choice exists even while running the risk of acting out a thoroughly private al-lusion – incomprehensible to anyone looking on. Regret reveals itself instantly and under-mines whatever is happening on top of it. Regret garrotest the imagination. I like that. I’ll say it again. Regret garrotest the imagination. The Spaniards used the garrote to choke people to death.

For instance - right now (and maybe generally) I use a mock-innocent, self-conscious style. If this were to take shape in an analogous way in an improvisation, I must carry it thru with utter conviction until an exit or turn-off point reveals itself. Lack of conviction can work only when it is consciously exploited and elevated to respectable membership in the improvisation. Like saying “Look at my dirty underwear. I forgot to change it today, but you see—it too exists.” An improvisational equivalent of dirty underwear might be the letting go of one’s concentration and just being there looking at the people who are looking at you. So what’s wrong with dirty underwear? But remember - a little bit of dirty underwear goes a long way. Haw, haw.

Sometimes - especially when working with another person - the improvisational situation can produce a helluva lot of anxiety. What is he going to do next, will he pick up on what I do next, should I ignore him, should I interfere with her - even when she’s got something great going, have we gone too far with a particular line of action, why isn’t this working for me now and what can I do about it?

The anxiety also comes when I don’t want to be there - here right now. If I don’t want to be here right now - God help me. Or something like that. The funny thing is that if I knew - right now - that I don’t want to be here - right now - then I could play with that and possibly turn it into being here right now. But unfortunately, knowing that you don’t want to be here right now usually comes too late to do anyone any good - until maybe next time. Then maybe you can do something to insure that you will want to be here right now - like think of Charlie Chaplin or just plain be here right now. Next time I am going to try something new: I am going to say “It has never been this way before; ain’t it grand.”

But to get back to improvisation with another person: one’s sense of fitness here becomes very precarious indeed. Conditional to whatever problems and limitations have been pre-scribed - one’s concentration is generally divided, more acutely so than in an improvisation with many people. In a many-peopled situation you feel responsible mainly to yourself; you assume that the total picture will pretty much take care of itself by virtue of the multiple individual involvements. Whether the picture can or does take care of itself in actuality is a moot point, the real point being that it is well nigh impossible to keep tabs on everyone else’s carryings-on so you may as well concentrate on your own, leaving the door open for other people to come in or for yourself to rush out if need be.

But with a single other person, every move counts, and counts in a way that one can see or sense immediately. One has here the possibility of almost as much awareness as if alone, but not the degree of control, for one’s range of choice is partially contingent on the unknown factor of the other’s moment-to-moment decisions.

Yet at the same time my own every action and decision brings to bear an element of con-trol and certainly influence, thus returning to my hand a limited power to push the thing where I want it to go at that moment. If I seem about to be concerned with the idea of a power conflict, I am not (though the possibility exists). As frequently happens, two people in an improvisation are as much pushed by it as by each other. When it goes forward it moves with an inexorable thrust and exerts a very particular kind of tension: spare, un-adorned, highly dramatic, loaded with expectancy - a field for action. What more could one ask for?

—Yvonne Rainer
PART II

SOME NOTES TOWARD A TEXT
FOR THE UNYIELDING KINGS OF THE NEW UNDEAD

Scene I

There is a chance that at some point I will have to perform this entire ritual standing only upon my knees; that is—kneeling. Perhaps I shall have to rise occasionally during a silence; that is, upon the occasion of silence. This is no longer a matter of theatrics; or am I mistaken? All questions are differentiated by their nature from all declarations by their nature (rhetorical mechanics notwithstanding), and not, by their nature, emphasized. The range of sound, and, within it, speech, contains no system of values. We must make do. At this point of ignorance, their, exploratory (and, I suspect, ultimately assumed) subtleties, syntactical subtleties, will be suspended in favor of an inquisitively primitive and contrasting Logic between my questions and declaratons without the implication of value. Bury my dead body where you will, or just lay it on the ground, suit the apolitical logic of your senses, and from them your knowledge.

Now then: Just what is theatrics? and that’s the way it was written. In such is examed the usages and allowances of the Language—to which we serve as Preservers and Keepers, Ritualists and Scholars, Poets and Priests. “The conditions are difficult. The task is great and full of responsibility. It is nothing less than that of leading the world out of confusion back to order.”—we are told by The Judgment of the hexagram Wei Chi—Before above Li—The Clinging, Flame of the I Ching, or Book below K’an—The Abysmal, Water of Changes, a reference which by its oracular nature is a working illuminative text of procedure.

In fact, just this evening I was interrupted in this work by the visit of two wizards, and during the course of our conversation Jimmy Sullivan pointed out to Billy Linich that “the key”, as he phrased it, to the western mind can be found in the crescendo notations of Bach’s own scores—I suppose some of the original compositional scores are extant as well whatever monographic transcriptions that have survived from his hand to us. Do not forget we are nothing if we are not Preservers. I myself have noted that upon occasion we change color.

With my two damp dollars I had taken a very filling meal of beef, potato, peas, pickle, pepper of a squat red and very mild sort, rye and french bread, and a pint of porter. I had my new Nietzsche (given by Billy Grey whom Diane thinks contented) with me. He is a good fit. By the way — I should mention that up in Harlem at the very moment I write this there is taking place the early military stages of an insurrection; that is to say, in its most

* Find the proper element which by its nature best makes do with my dead body. Any other usage of my dead body is a political usage. I have no knowledge whether or not this is a good or a bad, a right or a wrong, a natural or unnatural, a real or fake usage, I have only suspicions; but then I am not a handler of dead bodies. (I am being very careful here for I assume you to believe everything I write.) I do not really know, yet. *
revolutionary purity, the violent showing of no-longer-containable outrage at over-
suffered authoritative violation of the creature. This city shall be taken in terrible
righteousness and smashed down upon the entire land. Trumpets of misery shall
march round these walls. Fright horns and doom pianos—and we shall chronicle and
give prophecy, and fashion the texts of the new undead, and the tearing out of rot shall
rage around us and then when done with tearing shall take and receive its new breathing
from us. We are the Keepers and the Givers of new life, for we are the Unyielding
Kings of the New Undead, and we are Sublime. We no longer suffer the political.

—Kirby Doyle
New York, Summer 1964

Psalm IV

Now I'll record my secret vision, impossible sight of the face of God:
It was no dream, I lay broad waking on a fabulous couch in Harlem
having masturbated for no love, and read half naked an open book of Blake
on my lap
Lo & behold! I was thoughtless and turned a page and gazed on the living
Sun-flower
and heard a voice, it was Blake's, reciting in earthen measure:
the voice rose out of the page to my secret ear that had never heard before—
I lifted my eyes to the window, red walls of buildings flashed outside,
endless sky sad in Eternity,
the sunlight gazing on the world, apartments of Harlem standing in the
universe
—each brick and cornice stained with intelligence like a vast living face—
the great brain unfolding and brooding in wilderness!—Now speaking
aloud with Blake's voice—
Love! thou patient presence & bone of the body! Father! thy careful
watching and waiting over my soul!
My son! My son! the endless ages have remembered me! My son! My son!
Time howled in anguish in my ear!
My son! My son! my Father wept and held me in his dead arms.

—Allen Ginsberg
Sept. 1, 1957
Ischia
BUDDHIST NEW YEAR SONG

I saw you in green velvet, wide full sleeves
seated in front of a fireplace, our house
made somehow more gracious, and you said
"There are stars in your hair"—it was truth I
brought down with me

to this sullen and dingy place that we must make golden
make precious, and mythical somehow, it is our nature,
and it is truth, that we came here, I told you,
from other planets,
where we were lords, we were sent here,
for some purpose

the golden mask I had seen before, that fitted
so beautifully over your face, did not return
nor did that face of a bull you had acquired
amid northern peoples, nomads, the Gobi desert

I did not see those tents again, nor the wagons
ininitely slow on the infinitely windy plains,
so cold, every star in the sky was a different color
the sky itself a tangled tapestry, glowing
but almost, I could see the planet from which we had come

I could not remember (then) what our purpose was
but remembered the name Mahakala, in the dawn

in the dawn confronted Shiva, the cold light
revealed the "mindborn" worlds, as simply that,
I watched them propagated, flowing out,
or, more simply, one mirror reflecting another.
then broke the mirrors, you were no longer in sight
nor any purpose, stared at this new blackness
the mindborn worlds fled, and the mind turned off:

a madness, or a beginning?

—Diane di Prima
Kerhonkson, 1966
DUTIES OF A LADY FEMALE

Learn HOW to make love. Books help. Example: After reading a book about Life in Africa...that night was astonishing! The book did not SAY anything on love, it perfumed the mind. The MIND makes the love. The beefsteak is a local stop. One tested the mind with an early Pearl Buck bit on China. Ah! ...night lasting far, far, far into the night.

Incense for love. A formula: A container which allows a small, long-burning candle to burn under it for hours. In this order, put into the container:
- bits of dried orange, tangerine and/or lemon peel about the size of postage stamps. Cloves. Whole nutmeg. Chinese or Japanese or East Indian incense. Frankincense, called Olibanum.
The peels heat up the rest slowly & releasing their oils give to the other odors a living quality.

Making love in a room kept perfumed, is like being inside a flower. For the purpose of love, sheets and coverings that touch the skin, ought to be silk. Lacking it, fine linen. Last, cotton.

Put into you lover's mind a picture of the KIND of PERSON you feel he secretly thinks he is. Make him love himself & be dependent on you for it. Never arouse jealousy.

Feed him. Don't use rich meats or gravies. They clog his bowels. A man with a clogged bowel will take to drink. Fruits & fishes, grains & vegetables. Give him the purest water possible, to drink.

No high or harsh tones of voice. He is more sensitive than you, to them. He's got a better sense of hearing & smell. Don't cry for yourself except by yourself. It acts on his nerves like a rockdrill. If you GOT to cry, do it for him. Example: DON'T say: "poor, poor, little baby, you are under-privileged," Tell him:"when I think of all the sufferings that befell a male in this world of survival and chance...I could weep." Then you can cry. You'll have him weeping with you.

With incense burning the house will smell so exotic that your skin by contrast must smell like a piece of ripe fruit. Boil cucumbers with apple skins as fragrance for bath water. Perfumed soaps irritate the sensitive noses of the males. Rub orange or lemon oils into your skin. Against the heavy perfumed air of your bed chamber you'll smell like something good to eat.

Don't offer him a monotonous diet of movement or caresses. If you kiss him Friday...make him wait until Sunday for another. Don't scorn any way to make love. This is not the century for prejudice at any degree of life. Love him as if his ancestors were watching.

Alternate WITH MODERATION between excessive attention & affection to friendly chill indifference & languid movements. If you have put the right picture in his mind, of his own powerful maleness, you wont need anything else to keep his attention. Never, never, never tell him anything that puts a picture in his mind that you dont want to happen; because it will! Example: DON'T say:"I bet you looked at all the girls on the bus today." Say: "I bet every chick on that bus looked at my pretty baby." Keep his mind on him.
In your love talking put a picture in his mind of something wildly adventurous, suiting his male nature. The Foreign Legion, International Jewel Smuggling, Stalking Through Africa. Tiger hunting in India. The High Imperial Presence of Ancient Cathay. The result, my sisters, will be this: you'll have no mere male, standing on his head repairing speedometers of automobiles, or a counter of monies, no indeed! You'll have the bravest Foreign Legionnaire of them all & he'll treat you with the extreme aroused interest of a male used to being predatory, a fine rapacious beastie.

Offer him a drink after such wild flights of fancy. Don't tell him what it is. His sensitive male nature makes him rebel against any act or word suggesting 'mothering'. Don't talk too much. Crush poppy seeds, boil them & add to the fresh juices of oranges or limes or lemons. Watermelon juices are good. The juice of celery and/or lemon & onion quiets the nerves.

Don't talk to him about anything but himself. Example: Never say, "I wonder if flying saucers are real?" Say: "I wonder what you'd do in a flying saucers, gone out of control, in outer space?" He'll make them real for you.

Practice honour. Fraternise with other females. Build a code of behaviour.

NEVER COVET OR FLIRT WITH THE MALE OF ANOTHER FEMALE. IF I CAN IMPRESS THIS LAW UPON YOU...I CAN PROMISE YOU, YOU WILL ONCE MORE RULE THIS WORLD.

If another female even EYE BALLS your male, do this:

Raise your voice. Warn her LOUD, CLEAR, FIRM, PLAIN, SPECIFIC. Say: "you low BITCH get your nose out of him or I'll ruin you." She will usually slink off. You will take her varnish of curls & lipstick away by calling her precisely what she is in the act of doing. Also no man of dignity likes the feeling of female dogs smelling him.

Should be complain that you're no lady, Sister, LET him go. He ain't about to be your man, he's his mamma's. If losing him means death to you, kill him. For some females, those of slender bones and throats with little-Venus shapes & minds of tragedy, soft floating hair that goes misty in the rain, for such as these who pine & die for their male ...DON'T BOTHER. That bit was fine last century. Get him out of his flesh-drawers & deal with his spirit. It is against the law precisely because of this. What did you think those males made those laws about? By your nature you'd die anyhow. Take him with you, and teach him out there. It will also teach him to know who you are before he messes with your kind.

Follow your ladyGROWL with a ladyPURR to restore peace. After calling her a bitch, it might be nice to quote Mr. Lowercase Cummings: Say to the room at large: "you lovely things, now I see where Mr. Cummings was when he wrote:

'when faces called flowers float out of the ground'."

If she aint bothered by your voice & you have to fight, the way to do it is this:

Let out a primitive hate yell. Lunge at & on her with full weight, push her down while you claw her face so she raises her hands to it. Once down, sit on her chest, pin her arms under you, put both hands in her hair, pull it hard & bang her head up & down on the ground. Try not to kill her unless it is a battle to death. Don't lose. Act fast, count on shock. The males, when they come out of their shock, will feel obliged to stop you. Always go out prepared to fight for your male or stay home with him.
Battle dress: short hair. No jewelry on the ears, arms or throat. Wear jewelry in your hair, where it can fall out easily or on your ankles where it will be a further weapon. An easily ripped dress. A good hip or breast appearing during the fight also produces shock in the male & keeps him from stopping you. Flat sandal shoes. You can wear jewels on your shoes. NO STOCKINGS OR CORSETS & NOTHING UNNATURAL OR UGLY. IT WILL WORRY YOU ABOUT EXPOSING ARTIFICE. YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO FIGHT.

When you first meet a renegade female that puts her vanity before the honour of the race of females, tell her she has such a tiny waistline she should wear a tiny, oh a very tiny corset like the French women do. Always keep a supply of long dangling earrings & choke-collar necklaces, expensive & beautiful, to give as presents to such undesirable females. When you fight with her you can use them to choke her & pull her ears. Encourage her all you can, to wear heels & fancy clothes. Help her to paint herself prettily. Encourage her to preen & pose. Prepare her for the battle day when you meet in public. No female looks as silly after & during a fight as those fluttery fly-chicks with everything concentrated on their vanities. We no longer need them. My sisters, we are almost there.

Have or adopt children. They ARE the future. Raise them according to the female code. Let the male teach them what their bodies can do. You put the ideas into their minds.

Teach them:

Children are a female responsibility & should descend through her.

Marriage is not LEGAL BUT MORAL. Let the mother make it and/or break it. The mother of the married pair, that is, or both maws.

To laugh, sing, dance or exclaim in public without shame.

To see beyond local things like race, age, sex, class or religions.

Teach them to be suspicious of anything hidden or secret. Arouse their anger against it. Teach them to love the clear, the sunny, the true, the free & open.

To share what they have with anyone who needs or wants it. That will outdate stealing.

If a man kill another, enslave him to the murdered man’s family.

To look for & respect people born with perfect senses of rhythm. These are natural leaders. They are as the heart & lungs of humanity.

Teach them to keep the generations in touch with one another. Send age groups that are the same, floating throughout the world. Get them to know & speak to one another. Let them discuss with their own generation what & how they will work together when they inherit the world.

Teach them that every race in the world is a necessary part of mankind & that all-together they make one. The race of man will die out when any part of it dies.

That everything in Nature works both to create or destroy. It depends on the shape they are put into, as to which they will do. Fear & hate produce terror & destruction. Benevolent love produces warmth & radiance.

Teach the females natural methods of aborting & redeem our race of women from the hands of the Abortionists with steel knives.

Teach them that the word 'illegitimate' is meaningless. There is NO such thing as an illegitimate child.

—Sheri Martinelli
San Francisco, 1959

[106]
The Good-bye Scene.

All right, split.

Hang down your head all day so brown curls hide
the crooked nose I love so,
make me sad.

Charm me between the Devil and the deep blue sea.
How can I say "Leave me" when now more than ever
your cheek turned sideways so round, a tear in the blue eye—
your ass flaying side to side as you stalk around,
Go ahead: add to the memory of Woman's poses
I'm hooked on,
& when I hug you it is breasts and velvet belly going lean
as you brood how you must leave, we're on the rocks.

Your eyes stare someplace else.
Or have I connived this all myself,
no joy with you and none with you gone.
Fuck Love that strings me up so tight!

I can't take more of this.

So Go!

—Clive Matson
February 1965

NOTES

Part I of this Bear gathered & gleaned by Kirby Doyle on the occasion of his historic stay in New York City, Opulent Tower, Ridge Street, Spring & Summer of 1964.

Clive Matson's "Goodbye Scene" is from his book Mainline to the Heart, which will be published by Poets Press this month. (See our list on the next page.)

"The Duties of a Lady Female" reprinted from the Anagogic & Paideumatic Review, Vol. I, No. 3 (San Francisco, 1959). The views expressed therein are not necessarily those of the editors.

A New and Sincere effort will be made on the part of the editor to get Bears out quarterly. Let's call this one the Winter 1966 issue and take it from there.

If the Bear is to stay live & effective, it must be a line to the new work that's being done. So, send mss.!

To keep the Bear in stamps requires approximately $50 an issue. So, send $!
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