INSCRIPTION FOR THE VANISHING REPUBLIC

THEY'RE LIARS!

I've put away my deep veined love
It's pain, pain, pain
There's no other way
they've made the drug too expensive!
Police of initiates
I suspect Moloch and Mammon make you act that way!
and stupidity, more stupidity!

I'll go on without drug of NO PAIN
and the pains, dues I've paid, are not thy fault, O
Plain of Ekstasie,-no - but theirs who keep me
from yr gasconades of gorgeous veins
where I work you to muses, gods, to Divine Itself - images -
and I repeat, HAIL THEE BLACK OPIUM AND THY WHITES!
Orphic Poem

the whole crazy scene! Who can make it!?  
they call to me, holy fires  
holy fires to send me forth out of Loon  
holy fires behind stars  
nun-e-na cabalas of Peiry Disk  
a cipher in the infinite  
holy fires written in letters of air  
tongues of holy fire air  
the sylphian disk of night  
all the goddesses stoned  
fires of holy night guiding us  
we cut ourselves on the Gospels  
holy fires sea islands of eremetical sea  
the lute on the wave  
marginal islands on fire  
the waves of sea water gods  
time in its joyous splendors  
Jesus! Joyous Jubilant Jailhouse Jesus!  
beautiful Jesus True Golden Number  
as the Father in heaven does He do  
who makes all things NEW  
fire of the holy fires!
THE CALL

I, weir, sit snaring
    while the city flies
overhead
    city that drips
scopolemine

For it was arranged, circa 1952

to funnel deadly nightshade thru the faucets

It is now decreed no one stops the mage-aged self
upon the hill of song, sibylant grove, superior sun cairn
At the pool, druids stood over the graves of angelic warriors

Today we have called you up
SACERDOTE DEL JAGUAR
on the mountains of Yahnah peyote and the seeds of the Virgin

Prince of Bogota! king of the whitefaced! blue gowned!
riding the fields of cocaine
triangulating return of the Tipi flu
    O, beautiful nature! O cities of the sun!
    angels entwined in yr cloths
    over midnight fires

Bird Shaped Emperor
America waiting THE TEN THOUSAND FLUTES OF SONG!

-Lamentia
POLITICS POEM

The mismanagement of government is a stare on an owl's face
automobiles have closed their bones against the decree
The State IS Michicovelli!
as we wove thru street's half light, a junky
leaned his arm on the stars of my sleeve
The Election electrified the Le: Bank President
Limpid the streets! limpid the hot economic bubble!
limpid the bovine government! limpid coming out of Hades!
The Sovereign Gold King was stript in a ring of bones
The master suicidal complained with a mouthful of nails
Marvels of the tongues of poets!
marvels that stop the rise and fall of markets
that do away with markets altogether!
off the trade winds, gigantic odes fell for sale

Master of the pine needle toothless harvests of heroin
How you cover the world, dust, with yr mouthpieces
I have been sucked dry by political weather
Empty heads roll, mock elections decided by tyrannies of liberty
I am an aneurbahn going before John Adams

You have despoiled the Empire - greed, quick profits, the gods of War
----Woton the bug eyed flea merchant lice of the temple steps----
DUNG, you exhale yr matted hair and rumpled old cars decaying in front of owls

---The sting of yr Purse! the sting of yr purses!
It's the rule of Women! Women the Strong! Women the Powerful!
Verbotten their words twine like snakes, phony empires rise!
Junk. poetry. junk. poems. time. the Stone and the poison I love!
LAVA

Sometimes when at Popocatepeti
who brought down his wisdom in igneous downpour
upon which ten thousand years have made you god, Volcano
man peons conquistadores hotshot mestizos
I think fall out secretly in awe and fear
to think of you raging again with forests of lava,
timber of hot nature--this dream
to crush human stupidity!

Come! Volcano! DREAM!
come volcano ACT!
come Volcano! fill the world with yr wisdom, Volcano!

From cool currents beauty erupts
0 convulsions of the earth, come!
Sweep down on these brief pilgrims/ SHOW THEM POWER!
COOL APOCALYPSE

Cool is seed of the wind cool is wind with breasts of sky cool is cool
Forever your eyes looking for me when I was cool as the scene could be
Cool is the Empire State may it get as cool as the old Chrysler
Cool is for the invisible police as they materialize into the gorgons of Ghent

Cool is for the atom bomb when it doesn't go off
Cool is for my bombs going off cool, cool, cool
on every floor on yr lips of rain and shine, cool Stan Gould, cool!

Cool I'm made and cool I'll flow thru billows
hanging over cool streams of Incan snow where it drips with delight
high as a mountain cool as cocaine
cool as the greatest high
cool as the point the Arabs surround you with talk, cool talk
like thousands of leaves of grass
cool like Miles
cool like con men returning you to your money
Cool like Pres dieing for Ike
cool like the first Inca prince of these states

Cool is the magician at work that he maketh The Stone
cool is the poet who hangs up all time to see
cool is he who digs The Holy See
and again cool Light Life greatest cool I know _______ Jesus!
Greek words come in
russian icons instead of the movies
cool new instruments to bring you on, cool radio

Circulator of the light, coolest dove! cool this poem
as it cometh to that coolness where I confesseth forth THE UNSPEAKABLE!
The Marvelous unveils its face in front of me. The crack of my bones beats the angel, boxer, from nowhere in the chipglass face
Ardent souls, we merge into the landscape.
I remember the time I was thrown down my soul severed from my body, hanging as if by a string, one to the other - and I was taken up above myself, left sweating, and weeping, old earth body nothing but shit and there in the High Paradise lost or not I don't know. I was met by a Messenger - bearded - who said YOU'RE HERE TO SEE TRUTH and I was in bliss further on than any earthly one, great bliss; that I wanted to stay in that place of radiant bliss lights and colors I was looking down on my earth body and I repudiated it and all its joys for here I was in the essential joy of the spirit and my soul hanging there by a thread to this body. DOWN THERE that I said I WANT TO SAY HERE AND NEVER RETURN TO BODY AND BODY LIFE HABIT THEN DEAD NOTHING - for here was all truth beauty wisdom loneliness heavenly bliss paradise I was born from and was TOLD I could return to after I had WORKED! and so I was SHOT back to my body and earth and beautiful spirit vision is now told, Suradhi!

Did I appear in angel time or did the Angel appear in time, all time?
This question answered I walked straight into street of veins an intricate
ceaseah a bewildered palace of destroyed works
I am a seer for who the Revelation is intact
The Revelation! of an oph God of the dreamers of the Ancient One
Becraft in Christ Elevated in Christ Maddened in Christ Illuminated in Christ!
Joyous in Christ - the first fruits born of negation, strife
O ye thrones tremble! O ye blinded of eyes - woe! - for the feasts of famine
- golden rice thrown on swarms of hell blank as glass window on Trucke of Paradise -

Here's the number of the Lamb's light
Here's superessential dove look of light life
discerned above the genius of the race
beatitudes in a sweep of arm, gesture, magnificence
in miracles

invisible visible white light manifestations of His Elucidations
worked in darklings and lights off these voices who attend me that I SPEAK the communion of saints IS ONE - in time, out time, blank time, still time, time of all times - Hail, thee, poem of the Holy Liturgy!

The Church in its lowering sea, the flag of Patmos seen!
That I burned by the screech owl castle in Berkeley Hills day the bat
tore ceilings I went thru mirrors several times

...movement of blood over green vegetable planes of imagination.

It was peyote! peyote!
Jaime's pad, anthropological apocalypses
farout stone readings on glyphs
theAirswelling!
It was peyote! peyote! the rush of cascades of colors
transmigration of races tribes
American Indian presences
one time 9 of us saw in a room A ROSE CLOUD
The Ache! Advances among us, Chiefs!
Olde Indian Wisdoms, I celebrate you Washo Group under the Tipi
from nightfall to sunup
we looked on glowing coals
sitting on our haunches, earth close

Going Out
and In

Breathing the Great Spirit
mysterious communicating God of earliest time
Love and prayers of Love peyote button
at dead center on an elevated clay holden
poem, vision, old men with feathers, long chant of the woman
out of the tipi after dawn—-

****

—Philip Lamantia
A POEM FOR TONY SHERROD

Tony, your head is not the head

I imagined from some Greek coin.

It is more the head of

those stallions

thrawn the Elgin marbles,

raised to high relief.

You know how today we store up,

shoring up, fragments of better days,

gone against these our so

fragmentary lives.

We sat together hearing jazz. The black heads of our

black musicians. There, now

is another

classic relief. Their problem

is also my problem: how to raise

to formal accomplishment

these bitter fragments

of our daily deeds.

To connect the ragged diddles

and half-said phrase

to some universal meaning.

Your face in profile. Tony, your body

I have not seen as

I have not seen

the body of this Poem (if God willing It

a Poem to be)

the which we both longingly

anticipate.
The whores with whom
you communicate, perhaps they can
complete what I have
tried here,
and perhaps failed,
to extricate.

The body of the Poem
will not come, easily
come, to disrobe itself
--shrouded as is all poetry
shrouded in mystery.

At most, we can hope to,
as so some primitive
African tribes, dance about the thing.
The syncopation of the
rhythmic beat
and with the stresses
language anticipates
a successful end
to a successful hunt.

Always, when I think
of primitive people I think:
always the hunt. The halberd,
which, if you want to think of it
as such with me,
is the pen
we have whittled down
to accomplish the same
identical end.
So Poets, we are no better, for our efforts,
    than those naked men
    we view
    with naked horror
    upon the walls of the ancient caves
    at Altamira,

The hunt
    and its eternal pursuit
    Is all we have today.

The verb
    upon its sturdy legs
    flies as does the arrow
    nailing the noun of prey.

Tony, and let me say,

    I too was once
    "the swift to harry"
    --missing the mark,
    the fawn escaped. All my arrows have
    gone awry.

The hunter artist returns
    among his fellows
    a lean dish
    In a dry season.

        ------Steve Jonas
hitchhiking
46 hours no sleep no
food either
except for chocolate pie & coffee in San Luis Obispo
I'm up in the empty hills now
north of Paso Robles
(always a bad luck town for me).
Eating dexedrine smoking cigarettes
up in the hills & empty cold
cold cold & the night
slams in my face cold
now the big tandems come barreling by
ZOOM BAM gone in the night
hours & hours & I curse them for not stopping
finally get the
Blues the true
Empty Blues

What it is
46 hours no sleep no food just leapers
so I feel cold & dry & empty
not bad quite
but I know
nothing will be right I
know all I have to do is hope something
& it won't ever happen--these
are the Empty Blues

oh, the trucks don't stop
on El Camino Real
no
so I'll never get there
no no
& when I do
no
(big diesel rig
ZOOM BAM)

they never stop on 101
be here all night I know
Get the Empty Blues

what is it
a kind of knowing
--now it's pitch black
I know all about it
don't even care
just know
I know I'll never get to San Fran
& when I get there
it'll be just like here, I'll stand
till two in a bar
watching the barkeep drink Bromo
he'll drink Bromo all nite
with a stiff arm
& the Bulova on his wrist
won't it shine? Oh yes
I know
I'll stand in the bar & watch those
girls blaze-ing down the street
they never stop
no
& when they do
oh no
I also know I'll sound the bimuid
& she won't
& when she will
she'll live in some Fillpine hotel
doormat shackled to the wall
bathroom way down the hall
don't tell me
I know it all
these are the Empty Blues

--- John Thomas
JUNK/ANGEL

I have seen the junkie angel winging his devious path over cities
his greenblack pinions parting the air with the sound of fog
I have seen him plummet to earth, folding
his feathered bat wings against his narrow flesh
pausing to share the orisons of some ecstatic acolyte
the bone shines through his face
and he exudes the rainbow odor of corruption
his eyes are spirals of green radioactive mist
luminous even in sunlight - even at noon
his footprint is precise, his glance is tender
he has no mouth nor any other feature
but whirling eyes above the glaring faceless face
he never speaks and always understands...he answers no one
radiant with a black green radiance
he extends his hollow fingered hands
blessing  blessing  blessing
his ichorous hollow fingers caressing the shadow of the man
with love and avarice
and then unfurls his wings and rides the sky like an enormous Christian bat
and voiceless
flies behind the sun

---Lenore Kandel
Indians

I feel a place
of names. A place
in my woman's head, sings. Made tender
at my eye, for me. She spreads herself
and I
my mind.

What is lost
if there is wind, or
the sun leaves. Blue, is it
blue that moves the leaves
flat against the moon?

Such song,
herself, she sings,
such song, she seems,
locked in. Because
of us, a man, her
love, him too,
twists
in our song's
defect. Night
at the window.

Is this
a place
for us.
to be? Amen
love themselves
more than me.
A Traffic of Love

Come back:
to it. But now
let it lay. To see
ourselves, so
quickly
as ourselves
is crime. Some
madness
you concealed
before. As
the wind
rolls in, or something
moves its wet mouth
against the blind. Let it
lay.

The room was
quiet, like
a picture
of a room. Wide
slashed colors, heavy
strokes, inside
the door. Let it
lay, please
there are real things
in the dark, in that
dark beneath
your hands. Silence
in the room
and the walls
breathe.

We will
come back
to it. In
the dark
I pushed her
to the floor. ivy
knees hurt, the
darkness snatched
my head. But she
believed me. The
door hung open
on white hinges. Ashes
grown out of air.

The room
is splinters
of itself. And I
am older
than
I was. Trust
me.
Old Men's Feet

(For Dr. Koch)

The light fant
ostic
bride of years
collapsed
& treasures
melt.

Cry, british jam
& honey dew. Cry water
cross my love.

Sun is saint
& virgin brick, lover
prone upon
my prick.

Cry, silly fag
go buy a house,
& let yr cat
run dry.

Below
the bridge
the sun went stale. The house
& virgin
too.

I came back home
across some peaks
white snow did blow
a thousand
weeks.

Cry, bellow

butcher, ham
& gum. The lord
& christians
fade.
Nick Charles Meets The Wolf-Man

Alive

to all those
menaces

of your life. Even
outside (breakfront, blue skids
of clouds, twisted
on the steeples' point)

silence
quaking

like a flame,

even reflected red
in the windows, (paul's tiny eyelids
maybe shut tight, at 3:00 am, one cool uptown faggot
on the radio).

But I holdout
for more than anyone here
can give me (You mean?)

Headed out west (another
spirit, the alternate
to cold Sundays
when the wind
can't shake the trestle.

Get out. &
stay
out (all love drunk

the glass empty
on the dirty table, cigarette
burning the wood, smell
of big black feet.

Get Out! (A stubborn thug

with a cape/ idiot

the muse? Why yes,

the same.)
"So had Sordello been, by consequence, without a function."

Dead beast's world, half-lit immediate reactions, hand to brain to flat pumping veined heart. A new form, it takes to itself. Grey green and white for morning, the woman's voice and ghostly sleeping flesh.

"IT BEGINS--" Black for nights. Grey cage of air to blot it out. Still it twists there in your hand. Black for nights, always, without anything's motion, sheared into hardness and glitter. See it, or No, you can't ever. It is new form, and ugly.

"IT IS ENNIED--" If it is caution, somewhere small in the blood, that drives through to your fingers, there at the keyboard, that you will name names, or walk into the room at the wrong time, the lover having come, is bending over her body. Is sucking her cunt, cursing the flies.

She dreams under that flesh that you and the morning are dead. It happens, she said, it happens. See it, now:

When it is so large it is taken as some increment of time. An hour, a season near the ocean. Ind weaving through the small straw roof so that the pages of her book will not stay pressed. Echoes in glass. Some freshness to whatever element of disgust this small baffling image of yourself controls.

"IT IS AFFIRMED--" All of us, into shadows, don't ever look. These are all shadows. My eye, my breathing control them.

"Strong woman, with triangular eye Time eminent, and collected. Its driveway, A sudden thrashing of the seasons. Spaces, collections, distances, (or simpler), Somebody's face spread out across the world, (and blurring in that act). A child balanced sideways on a music stand on a mountain. The child's face is not sideways. The Christian Hill (architecture & cautions). Two white eyes, outlined in black."
Old
dead
for form, ourselves. Leaves
barely green
under night.

Dead form, dry flesh
under cloth, shed skin
under leaves, mute litter
under tongues.

The day
has gotten lighter

I have forced myself awake.

—Lorai Jones

The Island, by Robert Creeley — Charles Scribners Sons, New York,
190 pages, $3.50 hardcover; $1.45 soft.

It's very beautiful the way Robert Creeley evokes darkness and pain and the poignant stumblings of the man, John, in his first novel, "The Island," — the whirligigs in his head, and the vividness of terrain and sea, the island people in their landscape, walking in it and a part of it, rough figures against the sky.

And lovely the way he never gives anything more than it needs, the bare frame upon which the story hangs, and the prose like polished bone — Or not quite like that, but not lush — juice — rather, tempered and wrought, beat out on the hardness of flat surfaces — this dryness done in the intense heat and cold of imagination and intelligence.

I liked Artico, and the Australian woman, very much. And the sad Englishman, Robert Willis: even the sea not wanting him, or anyone — His vivid batting in the sea.

How the place is there, now here, in my eyes — The book to be read slowly, word by word, in its dense richness — the land and the sea, the towns; and John's dark torment threading, cleaving like membrane — out of the blood and darkness — the tight tumorous fist of love's sickness and despair — to find there, again, where it had always been: a splinter of glass in the eye, the way and cure hidden in darkness with only the pain and unseeing, the bending distortions.

It's the pain that makes "The Island" true, and the joy; the seeing and not seeing it gives, over and over.

—Michael Rumaker
WFME INTERVIEW WITH NIGHT EDITOR OF NEWARK EVENING NEWS (Aired July 12, 1967)

-----: If you read the UPI, have you been reading the UPI or listening to the radio?

-----: The AP.

-----: The AP, right. Well, they're a little more restrained. The UPI has, you know, gone ape on this.

-----: Uhh, HUH.

-----: Hold on just a minute.

-----: Yes sir.

-----: Well, the way I see it at the moment is you see, everything is generally unverified at the moment. We had isolated incidents of window smashing some stores looted, we have yet to determine how many stores. Uhhh, we have yet to determine how many windows were smashed. Uhhhh, we understand that four policemen were injured, uhhhh, treated for minor injuries and released from the hospital. Uhhh, down in the fourth precinct headquarters, there, they were stoning the uh, building there, there was a crowd of several hundred there at one point earlier in the evening. Uhhhh, a lot of commotion, a lot of rock throwing, that kind of thing. That's been dispersed, uhh,

-----: Has ceased then?

-----: Yeah, I would say at this time, it appears that that's it for the night. Now of course, who knows, anything could happen ten minutes from now, but I get the general impression that it's all over with tonight, I don't consider this a riot, by any stretch of the imagination.

-----: I see.

-----: There was a group. A riot to me is an uncontrolled mob running through the streets, looting, that kind of thing, smashing and you know what, right?

-----: Right.

-----: This was, I didn't consider it of riot proportions. Now what the proper word is, you have to dig that one up yourself. It's certainly more than a disturbance, you know. The UPI calls it an outbreak of racial violence. Hold on just a moment, I keep getting these calls. Hello, yeah, yeah, that's very interesting, they're outside. Yeah, okay, thank you. Right. Bye. Hold on just a moment.

-----: Yes sir.

-----: There's a bunch of cab drivers with people down at the police headquarters now. UHH, they picked up people from the fourth precinct and drove down there, you know. But they're milling around, you know, it's not. It's not a riot ranting, raging, screaming violent kind of, you know. There were incidents of and generally teenagers were, they took advantage of this, you know. They started smashing and started looting, you know.

-----: So you would say, basically this is just spontaneous and not a cause of racial unrest, or anything like that.

-----: Well, I don't know.
-----: You wouldn't be able to say at this time?

-----: No. The mayor, of course, has been kept informed all night. The Police Director is on top of it. UH HH, the mayor doesn't consider it, you know, dangerous, that he's going to have to call for help, or anything. It appears that things are under control, and you know, generally all is well. Something like this, it can always become something, you know, more violent. Now, you know, much of what I'm saying is personal opinion. They don't reflect the views of anybody.

-----: Okay.

-----: You know, it's obvious that, there were reasons that these things happened, but I'm not going to sit in judgment you know, at three in the morning.

-----: Okay, what is your name, sir, please?

-----: My name is Blood.

-----: And your association with the Newark Evening News is?

-----: I'm the night editor.

-----: Well, we certainly thank you for your help, sir.

-----: Well, I hope I'm some, anyway.

-----: Thank you, so much. Bye, bye.

-----: Bye.

END OF TAPE
NOTICES OF ALL KINDS [137]

The Black Panthers have called a "Stop Oakland" strike, June 5-15. Seven Panthers are still in jail after the murder of one of them, a 17 year old boy, by the Oakland police.

Mars anx Venus enter Cancer together on June 23, two days after the summer solstice. Be careful. June 23rd is also Midsummer's Eve.

Is Eldridge Cleaver running for President?

At the summer solstice, the dragons are fucking in mid-air. Dragon seed, dropping on the earth from the skies, is like to make men mad. People used to keep their walls covered, their pots and pans upside down, to avoid contamination from dragon-come. Maybe we should make a point of collecting same this year...

It's also a good idea to light a fire from the rays of the sun at solstice day, by focusing the rays of the sun thru a lens, on some dry straw. Keep it going, if you can, candle to candle, for powerful magic, and holiness thru the year. It is light at light's peak...

Is it true that the YIPPIES are going to cancel the Chicago gathering that they had called for this August? Best we should all be at home, and stoned, or take to the woods and the beaches, blast the convention, and the elections with mind-power, or flight in your own territory. The old Hindu weapon Brahmastra, a flying wedge of mind-energy, hurled full force at any one or thing (vide Srimad Bhagavatam).....

A good thing to know is to fill your bathtub at the first sign of a riot. They turned off the water in Newark for a whole day during last year's uprising... (By the way, it's time we got rid of the word "riot". They are BATTLES, and if we start thinking of them in those terms it would make a change... The man calls them "riots")

Allen Ginsberg's Committee on Poetry has collected about $600 to date for the LeRoi Jones Defense Fund. Send money to the Defense Fund, Box 663, Newark, New Jersey.

IMPORTANT to send money to Bill Bissett & family, c/o Joy Long, 4358 Ross Crescent, West Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. Bill & seven of his friends were busted by sea-plane (!), which came in to the island community where they were living and farming. Two separate pot busts occurred, legal funds are high, many of the folk are run down and ill, and children freaked out after being taken away by the man.

Let us know if you want to get Guerilla, a broadside being printed by Allen van Newkirk, containing revolutionary poetry, etc., let us know, c/o the Bear. Guerilla is free, but contributions for postage & printing are accepted.

During the inflation in Germany, Tristan Tzara bombarded Munich from a small plane with thousands of counterfeit marks...

Poets Press books now include, The Beautiful Days, A.B. Spellman, Seven Love Poems from Middle Latin, Diane di Prima, Huncke's Journal by Herbert Huncke, Sappho Bones, by Kirby Doyle, Mainline to the Heart by Clive Matson, Felix of the Silent Forest by David Henderson, The First Cities by Andre Lorde, Barthson by Diane di Prima, War Poems, an anthology with Duncan, Corso, Creeley, Ginsberg, Snyder, di Prima, Olson, etc. All PP books are $1.50, except Huncke, who is $2.00, and War Poems, which is $3.00. They can be had c/o the Bear...

Read matches. Learn to shoot. Make love twice as much. Observe the moons.

[503]
ATTENTION, FLOATING BEAR FANS AND ADDICTS:

With this double issue of the Floating Bear (east coast issue edited by Bill Berkson, west coast issue edited by Diane di Prima), we have come to the end of an era.

The Bear has become unwieldy (too fat) The mailing list contains over 1300 names. The issues are too long, and the mailing cost exorbitant, and so it takes us forever to get the Bear out. The issues you now have in your hand were printed in January! It took all of the succeeding months to get the mailing list straight, get things collated, and stuff envelopes and raise the bread for postage.

What I would like to do is to reduce the Bear mailing list to approximately 500 to 700 names. The way I am going to go about it is to remove from the list any and all people that I haven't heard from in some manner or form by the autumn equinox (time for the next Bear to appear). IF YOU WANT TO CONTINUE TO GET THE BEAR GET IN TOUCH & I will note that you have done so on your little index card. For those who have nothing in particular to say, an easy-to-fill-out coupon is provided below.

Beare are going to be quarterly; aiming for the spring and autumn equinoxes, and the summer and winter solstices. They will continue to be more or less "literary" news: poems, booklists, whatever they've always been. (Survival news will be coming out weekly, or at least twice a month, in a new bulletin called "The Brain of Pooh.")

N.B., when you send back the coupon, or its equivalent, if at all possible SEND MONEY. Mimeograph paper has gone up 40% in the last year, and postage--we all know about postage.

And have a good summer.

-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------

_____ Please continue to send THE FLOATING BEAR.

_____ I enclosed a contribution of _____.

Name __________________________________________

Street ________________________________________

City ______________________ State _________ Zip___________

_____ Please send me further information on THE BRAIN OF POOH.

I do hereby vow, pledge and promise to notify you of changes of address as soon as they occur.
POETS PRESS BOOKS IN PRINT:

A. B. Spellman, THE BEAUTIFUL DAYS, introduction by Frank O'Hara, drawings by William White, $1.50
Diane di Prima, SEVEN LOVE POEMS FROM THE MIDDLE LATIN (translations) $1.50
Herbert Huncke, HUNCKE'S JOURNAL, introduction by Allen Ginsberg, drawings by Erin Matson, $2.00
Kirby Doyle, SAPPHOBONES (poems) $1.50
David Henderson, FELIX OF THE SILENT FOREST, introduction by LrRoi Jones, $1.50
Diane di Prima, EARTHSONG, Poems 1957-59, selected by Alan Marlowe, $1.50
WAR POEMS, edited by Diane di Prima, including the work of Corso, Creeley, Duncan, Ginsberg, McClure, LeRoi Jones, Olson, Oppenheimer, Snyder and Whalen, $3.00
Alan Marlowe, JOHN'S BOOK, introduction by Robert Creeley, $1.50
Frank O'Hara, ODES, $1.50

NOW BEING REPRINTED:

Diane di Prima, THE NEW HANDBOOK OF HEAVEN (poems from 1960 & 1961), $1.50
Clive Matson, MAINLINE TO THE HEART, introduction by John Wieners, drawings by Erin Matson, $1.50
Diane di Prima, THIS KIND OF BIRD FLIES BACKWARD, intro by Lawrence Ferlinghetti, drawings by Bret Rohmer
Audre Lorde, THE FIRST CITIES (enlarged edition) introduction by Diane di Prima, $1.50

IN THE WORKS:

Robin Blaser, THE FAERIE QUEENE, $1.00
Diane di Prima, THE CALCULUS OF VARIATION, $3.00
Philip Whalen, BRAINCANDY, $3.00
Arnold Weinstein, HELLO and other poems, $1.50

Use this as an order form. Fill in the number of copies and mail to:

* * * * * * * * * *
THE POETS PRESS, 1915 Oak Street, San Francisco, Calif, 94117
* * * * * * * * * *

Note to bookstores: our usual trade discount is 40% on orders of five or more books, 25% on less than five.
TAKE NOTICE—

WHEREAS, the various governments of EARTH, both separately and in concert, have been unable, and unwilling, to stop war, poverty, famine, and other abuses of the poor and helpless, with special reference to the WAR IN VIETNAM, and are perpetrating the exploitation and utter destruction of THE PLANET and its life forms, not to mention the ecology of the solar system, WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, humbly and sincerely request that the INTERGALACTIC FEDERATION, or whichever branch of it is assigned to this sector of this galaxy, investigate the appalling conditions that exist on this planet, and intervene with all possible speed. TIME IS RUNNING OUT.