Diane Di Prima
This Kind of Bird Flies Backward
(intro. by Lawrence Ferlinghetti) 95¢

Ron Loewinsohn
Watermelons
(intro. by Allen Ginsberg, preface by William Carlos Williams) $1.00

Totem Blue Plate 1
For Fidel Castro
(Poems by Bremser, Finstein, Jones, Oppenheimer, Sorrentino) 30¢

Totem 402 West 20th St. New York 11, N. Y.

BIG TABLE 1 $1.00

JACK KEROUAC
Old Angel Midnight

EDWARD DAHLBERG
The Garment of Ra
Further Sorrows of Priapus

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS
Naked Lunch

The complete contents of the suppressed Winter 1959 Chicago Review

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Asst. Editor: Hettie Cohen

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Fielding Dawson

Aruna (the nun) had been in a cave meditating twenty years. On the day she came out she met two monks on the road. One looked at her legs, the other gave a wolf whistle.
The Librarian

The landscape (the landscape) again: Gloucester,
the shore one of me is (duplicates), and from which
(from offshore, I, Maximus) an removed, observe.

In this night I moved on the territory with combinations
(new mixtures) of old and known personages: the leader,
my father, in an old guise, here selling books and manuscripts.

My thought was, as I looked in the window of his shop,
there should be materials here for Maximus, when, then,
I saw he was the young musician has been there (been before me)
before. It turned out it wasn't a shop, it was a loft (wharf-
house) in which, as he walked me around, a year ago
came back (I had been there before, with my wife and son,

I didn't remember, he presented me insinuations via
himself and his girl) both of whom I had known for years.
But never in Gloucester. I had moved them in, to my country.

His previous appearance had been in my parents' bedroom where I
found him intimate with my former wife: this boy
was now the Librarian of Gloucester, Massachusetts!

Black space,
old fish-house.
Motions
of ghosts.
I,
dogging
his steps.
He
(not my father,
by name himself
with his face
twisted
at birth)
possessed of knowledge
pretentious
giving me
what In the instant
I knew better of.

But the somber
place, the flooring
crude like a wharf's
and a barn's
space

I was struck by the fact I was in Gloucester, and that my daughter
was there - that I would see her! She was over the Cut. I
hadn't even connected her with my being there, that she was
here. That she was there (in the Promised Land - the Cut!
But there was this business, of poets, that all my Jews
were in the fish-house too, that the Librarian had made a party

I was to read. They were. There were many of them, slumped
around. It was not for me. I was outside. It was the Fort.
The Fort was in East Gloucester - old Gorton's Wharf, where the Library

was. It was a region of coal houses, bins. In one a gang
was beating someone to death, in a corner of the labyrinth
of fences. I could see their arms and shoulders whacking
down. But not the victim. I got out of there. But cops
tailed me along the Fort beach toward the Tavern

The places still
half-dark, mud,
coal-dust,

There is no light
east
of the Bridge

Only on the headland
toward the harbor
from Cressy's

have I seen it (once
when my daughter ran
out on a spit of sand

isn't even there.) Where
is Bristow? when does I-A
get me home? I am caught

in Gloucester. (What's buried
behind Lunfink's
Diner? Who is

Frank Moore?

Charles Olson
Second Poem

Morning again, nothing has to be done,
maybe buy a piano or make fudge
At least clean the room up, for sure like my father
I've done flick the ashes & butts over the bedside on the floor.
But first of all wipe my glasses and drink the water
to clean the smelly mouth.
A knock on the door, a cat walks in, behind her the Zoo's baby elephant
demanding pancakes--I can't stand these hallucinations any more.
Time for another cigarette and let the curtains rise, then
I notice the dirt makes a road path to the garbage pan.
No icebox so a dried up grapefruit.
Is there any sainly thing I can do to my room, paint it pink maybe,
Or install an elevator from the floor to the bed
or maybe take a bath in the bed?
What's the use of living if I can't make paradise in my own room-land?
For this drop of time upon my eye
like the endurance of a red star on a cigarette
makes me feel life splat's faster than scissors.
I know if I could shave myself the bugs around my face would disappear
forever.
The holes in my shoes are only temporary, I understand that
My rug is dirty but whose that isn't?
There comes a time in life when everybody must take a piss in the sink--
here let me paint the window black for a minute.
Throw a plate & break it out of naughtiness--or maybe just innocently
accidentally drop it while walking around the table.
Before the mirror I look like sahara desert ghost,
or on the bed I resemble a crying mummy hollering for air
or on the table I feel like Napoleon.
But now for the main task of the day--wash my underwear--two months
abused--what would the ants say about that?
How can I wash my clothes--why I'd, I'd, I'd be a woman if I did that.
No, I'd rather polish my sneakers than that and as for the floor it's
more creative to paint it than clean it up.
As for the dishes I can do that for I am thinking of getting a job in a
luncheonette.
My life and my room are like two huge bugs following me around the
globe.
Thank god I have an innocent eye for nature.
I was born to remember a song about love--on a hill a butterfly makes a
cup that I drink from, walking over a bridge of flowers.

Peter Orlovsky

To Hell With It

"Hungry winter, this winter"
meaningful hints at dismay
to be touched, to see labelled as such
perspicacious Colette and Vladimir Nabokov meet with sickness and distress,
it is because of sunspots on the sun.
I clean it off with an old sock
and go on:
And blonde Gregory dead in Fall Out on a highway with his Broadway wife,
the last of the Lafayette,
(How I hate subject matter: melancholy,
intruding on the vigorous heart,
the soul telling itself
you haven't suffered enough) (Hyalomiel)
and all things that don't change:
photographs,
monuments,
memories of Bunny and Gregory and me in
costume
bowing to each other and the audience, like jinxes
nothing now can be changed, as
last crying, no tears will dry
and Bunny will never change her writing of
the Bear, nor Greg bear me
any further gift, beyond liking my poems
(no new poems for him) and
a big red railroad handkerchief from the country
in his sportscar...
so like another actor...

For sentiment is always intruding on form,
the immaculate disgust of the
beaten down by pain and the wileness of life's flickering disapproval,
endless torment pretending to be the rose of acknowledgment (courage)
and fruitless absolution (hence the word: "hip")
to be cool, 
decisive, 
precise, 
yes, while the barn door hits you in the face 
each time you get up 
because the wind, seeing you slim and gallant, rises 
to embrace its darting poet. (It thinks I'm mysterious.)

All diseases are exchangeable.

Wind, you'll have a terrible time 
smothering my clarity, a void 
behind my eyes,

into which existence 
continues to stuff its wounded limbs 
as I make room for them, one 
after another filthy page of poetry.

Music

If I rest for a moment near The Equestrian, 
pausing for a liver sausage sandwich in the Mayflower Shoppe, 
that angel seems to be leading the horse into Bergdorf's 
and I am naked as a table cloth, my nerves humming. 
Close to the fear of war and the stars which have disappeared. 
I have in my hands only 35¢, it's so meaningless to eat! 
and gusts of water spray over the basins of leaves 
like the hammers of a glass pianoforte. If I seem to you 
to have lavender lips underneath the leaves of the world,

I must tighten my belt. 
It's like a locomotive on the march, the season 
of distress and clarity 
and my door is open to the evenings of midwinter's 
lightly falling snow over the newspapers. 
Clasp me in your handkerchief like a tear, trumpet 
of early afternoon! in the foggy autumn.

As they're putting up the Christmas trees on Park Avenue 
I shall see my daydreams walking by with dogs in blankets, 
put to some use before all those colored lights come on!
but no more fountains and no more rain 
and the stores stay open terribly late.

Frank O'Hara

The Deception

and,
billy the kid wore baggy pants. 
this 
seen in a photograph. 
seen 
without garish shirt 
and aquiline nose 
as I was taught it was.

only the implacability 
never 
said, but there 
of climatic changes 
pressing your face into the sagebrush 
and sun 
for knowing its yours 
as much as meeting is.

Savonarola's Tune

monkeys, do 
not 
live by bread alone 
do not. this 
has been proven 
they'll starve themselves 
for an 
electric 
shock 
and try 
to bite 
the hand that feeds them. 
would you? 
huh? 
not 
just for 
kicks.

flowers are 
constructed 
from the inside 
It takes 
the whole corazon 
and more.

Max Finstein
My Old Buddy

For Leonard

People are always talking, you know, about how great Christmas and New Years are. I get a little sentimental, myself, around that time and if it works out ok, it's all right. But it always seems to be a little confused. With me, I mean. You know how people always talk about things. I got a letter from a guy I've known for years and he says he's married. I think it's pretty great, but really I don't. Or there's something wrong with the way he told it. If you get married there's much to write to anybody. In the ways of like how great she is and all, but there was a way he told me that sounds like he thinks maybe I won't like the idea and doesn't exactly know how to break the news. That's more than ok. That's wonderful. But I suspect, I do. I have a hunch, well, it leaves me a little uneasy. Boy. People are always talking about how great girls are and they are, no question about it. They are, I could tell you a couple of stories about girls I've met. You'd get confused all over. So maybe he thinks he's done for. You know, they get married and all the fun is over. Fun. Then it's Christmas and you want to forget about all of it. I do. Even home. Fun. Anything. Especially myself. But I know that guy pretty well and he was nutty about girls, I remember once he was in a bar outside St. Louis and I came in and saw him sitting with a fine looking girl, over there in the corner by the mirror near the window. I've always liked the place. But it's funny because the mirror is right in front of you before you turn left to go take a leak. Like you look at yourself before you go in. He was near there, by the rear window with this girl. Near the mirror. Well I joined them. I had a little money. Not very much. I was so crazy about him. He was dizzy-great. He'd get so excited by girls he'd cackle. You know what a bird dog is well that's when I'd try to make out with his girl while he was off passing. Which I did. Bird dogging they call it. Anyway he got sore at me, not really, but a little, and I left, went back and got in the back of his car, fell asleep with six cans of beer in my arms. My pillow. He thought I had gone home. Well later he came out with her and they got in and drove away. I woke up to hear her ask about me and he said that bird dogging bastard and she laughed, I decided to cool it. I fell asleep again because I was plastered, but at a change of the light he crammed on the brakes and I was thrown forward on the floor. He turned and saw me, got sore and she began to laugh. I was laughing and offering everyone some beer. He began to laugh and soon we stopped in front of her house. He went inside with her. I stayed out in the car and drank beer. He came out an hour later disgusted and we drove by my house. I picked up about twenty bucks I had from my GI unemployment check and we hung out on for three days. We drove all around Missouri. I came back with no shoes and my ma was out of her head, But I had a terrific tan, had spent an afternoon in a pasture, sleeping and drinking cold beer.

Well now my old buddy's married and it's a little tough for him to tell me. In the letter he said he had hoped to make it down to New York (the Big City, he called it), for the Christmas holidays but couldn't because he was married now. That's how he broke the news.

Fielding Dawson

A Crazy Spiritual

A faithful youth with artificial legs drove his jalopy through the towns of Texas.

He got sent out of the Free Hospital of Galveston, midtown on the Gulf of Mexico after he recovered. They gave him a car and a black mongrel; name was Weakness.

He was a thin kid with golden hair and a frail body on wire thighs,

who never travelled and drove northward timid on the highway going about twenty.

I hitched a hike and showed him the road, I got off at Small Town and stole his dog.

He tried to drive away, but lost control, rode on the pavement near a garage, and smashed his doors and fenders on trees and packed cars, and came to a halt.

The Marshall came, stopping everything, pulled him out of the wreck cursing.

I watched it all from the lunch cart, holding the dog with a frayed rope.

"I'm on my own from the crazyhouse. Has anybody seen my Weakness?"

What are they saying? "Call up the FBI. Crazy, ha? What is he a fairy?"

He must do funny things with women, we bet he they in the ***,"

Poor child meanwhile collapsed on the ground with innocent expression is trying to get up.

Along came a Justice of the Supreme Court, barreling through town in a blue limousine.

He stopped by the crowd to find out the story, got out on his pegleg with an angry smile.

"Don't you see he has no legs? That's you fools what crazy means."

He picked the boy up off the ground, The dog ran to them from the lunch cart.
He put them both in
the back seat of his car
and stood in the square
hymning at the crowd:

"Rock rock rock
for the tension
of the people
of this country
rock rock rock
for the craziness
of the people
of America

tension is a rock
and god will
rock our rock
craziness is a rock
and god will
rock our rock.
Lord we shall all
be sweet again."

He showed his wooden leg
to the boy, saying:
"I promise to drive you
home through America."

Allen Ginsberg

Poems of the Penal Madness—Part 1

and I feel like Nellie Lutcher
—want to sing and fornicate in sheer
suggestion, the most!
I want to sit
on a stool -- that’s all, just sit and sit
and try to dig that drags who walk
in stocking-feet deserve a pair of legs
go their nowhere’s!
as it is their knees
are grown together! good!
they cannot take the great stride
it is to the gutter
to see me satisfied!
they cannot more than curse me, call me evil
nigger-lover jazzhead -- fuzzy with the dissonance
of wrath,
down to the Hudson County Jail,
I laugh
and laugh
and laugh!

Ray Bremser

Jonah At Danbury

You are more than a Big Fish!
You are not a fairy story!
But you took a short journey
On the shady side of the hill
You will never be scorched in the sun
except that roof your imagination-
mixing not just oils-
but water colors to
purify the misdeeds.
to check me from mixed breeds
burning and burning away
to the point of coldness.

At Tudor City

Are you holding that line?
I am holding that line–
Now the difference between the Lost Generation
from the Beat Generation is

A guest arrives – "Excuse me,
but do hold that line"

Now continue –
The Telephone rings –
Wait do you think you can hold that
line?

Of course, I can hold that line–
And when it does come out it
will be–(another guest arrives)
more than Kerouac’s 110 words per

Are you still holding that line –
What did you say the difference was?
Difference?
I am holding that line–
And will put my Boiled
socks on it

Edward Marshall
In The Clutch

for m.f.

at parties he used
to fight for his own;
said, no!

man, don't
screw her, she's
mine.

with his mouth,
close to snatching
it away, victory over
our enemies! now he's

preserving himself
in his own silence, like
a syrup. that's a victory
for you, over the
goddess. sitting always
on his haunches the
hound in the manger in
the corner, something
to count on, that he's
always there. hangs his
red beard on his ears
and makes it. he doesn't
much care what it comes to.

an admirable way to carry
it through. he cut it
all out of himself. doesn't
worry, whatever the
cruelty of the scene, or
his own involvement. i.e.,
made it far enough past
the goddess she's got to
turn around and come after
him when she wants him.

Fugue

hawk got cold breath, hawk
got sleet drips from his
talons, hawk beats up a
mighty cold wind with his
wings. hawk got a cold eye
to look you with, hawk got
a sharp cold bite in his beak.
every year round this time
hawk start coming. old hawk
gonna be late this year?
old hawk coming on time?
old hawk gonna be here! button
up your benny, hawk's coming.

Joel Oppenheimer

White Hollyhocks

The turning beast, the weeping breast
horn and toll
the manger is hidden
the manager frantic with the police

A metropolitan expediency, all
clean-cunted wenches, and written right
into their contracts

part and heard

Mirror and magic, for we move as a breath
upon the waters, as a shadow
beyond the darkness
no stealth of beast
we sing through the hidden sun
our cloak

The tatters, the mirage of darkness

knowing that our returning will mark
blood on all lintels
yes, the lamb

for in this meek night we have let it
be known

The salamander dawn, piss your mewling denials
against the moving glaciers

mauling
these tall towers
yes, your inordinate pride

Judson Crews
IN LIGHT ROOM IN DARK HELL IN UMBER AND CHROME
I sit feeling the swell of the cloud made about by movement
of arm and leg and tongue. In reflections of gold
light. Tints and flashes of gold and amber spearing
and glinting. Blur glass ... blue Glass,
black telephone. Matchflame of violet and flesh
seen in the clear bright light. It is not night
and night too. In Hell, there are stars outside.
And long sounds of cars. Brown shadows on walls
in the light
of the room. I sit or stand
wanting the huge reality of touch and love.
In the turned room. Remember a longago dream
of stuffed animals (owl, fox) in a dark shop. Wanting
only the purity of clean colors and new shapes
and feelings.
I WOULD CRY FOR THEM USELESSLY
I have ten years left to worship youth,
Billy the Kid, Rimbaud, Jean Harlow

IN DARK HELL IN LIGHT ROOM IN UMBER AND CHROME
I feel the swell of
smoke the drain and flow of motion of exhaustion, the long sounds of cars the brown shadows
on the wall. I sit or stand. Caught in the net of glints from corner table to dull plane
from knob to floor, angles of flat light, daggers of beams. Staring at love's face.
The telephone in cataleptic light, Matchflames of blue and red seen in the clear grain.
I see myself - ourselves in Hell without radiance. Reflections that we are.
The long cars make sounds and brown shadows over the wall.
I am real as you are real whom I speak to.
I raise my head, see over the edge of my nose. Look up
and see that nothing is changed. There is no flash
to my eyes. No change to the room.
Vita Nuova - No! The dead, dead, world:
The strain of desire is only a heroic gesture.
An agony to be so in pain without release
when love is a word or kiss.
7.20.58 - For Sue

walks lonely in Riverside County
and drove out
17 miles to see the rose fields
on the 5th of July,
most of that mileage over cowpaths
between the backroads.
Came over a dusty bump &
there they were, laid out in rows of
different colors
across the hillsides like a fragrant
rainbow; palpable,
vibrant colors thru the sweaty eye
& heat waves rising
from the cornfields between.
Sure they're beautiful,
he said,
but not where we work,
Can't see much on your hands & knees,
trimming shoots with a
small knife, feet in the irrigation ditch.
And the rose
presents itself, easily, to view
within the brandy glass;
its petals spiraling outward,
slowly, revealing,
in the center, little hairlike
filaments, like a lightbulb, only
open.
An aura of revelation surrounds it
as its own pale color surrounds it,
affecting the transparency of the glass
containing it,
the curtain behind, the deep mahogany
of the very table it sits on.

That subtle aura, vibrant
in the print shop; the type exudes it,
girly calendars
posed for by the hour, the page
surrounds & affects
its environment: the eye that labored
to produce it
& the eye that strains to see
that artful spacing
that graceful curve.

Like that other curve
swung into on 2 wheels that strains
the eye
& the hand strains
& the hand strains
to bring the great mechanical force
of the thing to heel;
that power labored into the bright red car
by hand in Italy.
What cut fingers,
what gritty soaps
to thrill the soul for a moment
over country roads!

... And so the world's come
to this pass
or gat there long ago,
as the rose labour'd thru the bud
in Tintern
when first brought there from Arabia;
as the Dame of Parma woeful moan'd
whilst the midwife toil'd
betwixt her pins;
ilike my pretty vomiter
swollen with child in her bellie.

Ron Loewinsohn
from Myths & Texts

Floating of vapour from brazier
Who hold emptiness
Whose bundle is broken, blank spot in creation
Still gong in a long-empty hall
perceptions at idle play

Q. What is the way of non-activity?
A. It is activity
Ingather limbs, tighten the fingers
Press tongue to the roof
Roll the eyes
dried and salted in the sun
In the dry, hard chrysalis, a pure bug waits hatching

Sudden flares: a rush of water and bone
Netted, fitted
Flicker of action, nerves burnt in patterns
fields of cabbages
yet to consume
Imprint of flexible mouth-sounds
Seared in the mind, on things,

Coyote: "I guess there never was a world anywhere."
Earthmaker: "I think if we find a little world,
I can fix it up"

Gary Snyder

2 Blues & 4 Haikus

Part of the morning stars
The moon and the mail
The ravenous X, the raving ache,
--the moon Sittle La
Pottle, teh, teh, teh,--

The poets in owlish old rooms
who write bent over words
know that words were invented
because nothing was nothing

In use of words, use words,
the X and the blank
And the Emperor's white page
And the last of the Bulls
Before spring operates
Are all lotsa nothin'
which we got anyway
So we'll deal in the night
in the market of words

Shall I say no?
--fly rubbing
its back legs

And he sits embrowned
in a brown chest
Before the pallish priests

And he points delicately
at the sky
With palm and forefinger

And's got a halo
of gate black
And's got a hawk-nosed
watcher who loves to hate

But has learned to meditate
It do no good to hate
So watches, roseate laurel
on head
In back of Prince Avalokitesvar
Who moos with snow hand
And laces with pearls
the sea's majesty

Unencouraging sign
--the fish store
Is closed

Straining at the padlock,
the garage doors
At noon

Sneeze

Jack Kerouac
Spring 1956

wind stirs up ivy
roots under ground
sound in my ear
This is the time
of year new ghosts try out.

Ha I heard that song before.

On Hancock street Christ
they even came upstairs
and yelled down the bannisters
Lady be good God
my doors wouldn’t lock.

I’d crawl in late under the news
paper sheets and
hear them sticking
long tongues like elm switches
under the baseboard where
the wood work warped.

I had the bed built up
so in the morning
I’d step over souvenirs
of what we’d all been out
doing the night before.

Don’t bother to
show me the marks
on your arms.

John Wieners

New Year’s

The end of the year wears its face in the moon against the disguises one would otherwise put upon it.

It is the mild temper of midnight that embarrasses us and oh! we turn away into reassuring daylight but backwards.

If it were the forward motion one wanted—
What tempers would not be resolved, can one keep the night out of it endlessly as, or when, it was there.

Darling (she had gone) we speak as if there never were an answer,
We speak (to the back, to sleep, to heads). We are alone in the

House. Your hand is too far from me. Tree, speak. The moon is
white in the branches, the night is white in the mind of it.
Love, tell me the time. What time is it? The second, the moment
moving in the moon?

Of the strangeness of bending backwards until the mind is an in-
stant of mind in the moon’s light white upon an
Endless black desert, the sand. In the night of the last moment
of the year.

Saturday Afternoon

It is like a monster come to dinner,
and the dinner table is set,
the fire in the fireplace,
good luck to good humor—

The monster you love is home again,
and he tells you the stories of the world,
big cities, small men
and women.

Make room for the furry wooden eyed
monster. He is my friend,
whom you burn.
Amen.

Robert Creeley
Away One Year

I think of New York City lost in stars
forgotten as a bluehaired pet of childhood love --
Tonight the night is full;
the stealthy Mayor in his fine discipline
moves in proportion like a large jewel with furry feet;
he taps his long straight nose through the years of his term,
a ghost with worry-thoughts of city --
Beneath the Washington Square arch he feigns to forget
The new denunciations of the day.
This has never been the Mayor of my city,
ocasionally stopping in a barren area
with magnificent foundations in his eyes.

I have not promised blessing upon leaving Gotham gate;
in lovelier cities I join my dreams in whose care I depend
though not once owning love to any city but the city of my heart.
New York City. It is fierce now; chariot-locked in the sky
like a stag scraping its back against mountains.
Fierce as a doleful vision, giving piteous grammery.
In a dying cat's Egyptian eyes
the lovely mouse is a man of dreams, so my city:
dreamy solace of rivers and bridges brightly onionskinned in the night.

Down many urchin avenues
I see the days of my city bearding its face
its measure of skeleton clanking like a stove
the shell of Death come to navigate a city to the tomb.

Venice, Italy
1957

Gregory Corso

Parthenos

In the morning
If we are early,
the trees come to greet us
catching leaves in the crook of our arms
twisting our heads to pick out a good spot
for the sun
(if afternoon is on our minds.)

Mornings
In Autumn
are brown and slanted
(if we are early
a red sky comes to greet us
etched with unicorn eyes)
twisting our heads to wave at the ebon princess
as she departs on her black horse
as she departs
on her black horse.
(if night is on our minds.)

Beyond that
the past
searching us out
with red sticky tongue
and luminous smile
encircling us
like a black box.

The past
another street, with more trees...
an insipid suburbia of the mind
if that is on our minds
if we are early
and have our heads flecked with dandelion leavings.

ending always ending always
a straight line traced backwards till it stops
infinity? (the white sleek thighs of a woman).

II

She danced
and wore rings of flowers
and danced
very early
before night

catching the sun in her eyes
the moon in her thighs.
very early
when night was a pickaninny on a pony

(chantnow)

My chinese mother
is full of compassion
I have a white mother
dances all day
pale as a bone, with
red moons smeared in
her cheeks, who thinks
nothing of vanishing
trailing leis of orange flame.

My black mother
was a witch doctor
a crazywoman with a red cape
hucklebucking beneath the pyramids.

at the end of the straight line.

III

Who clutches the past
in his bony fist
shaking it viciously
at those
finally visible hierarchies
of angelic intelligences,

(A jeweled gloom
slithers into place
and our smiles fall to the floor
like twisted cigarette packages.)

Who crowds the past
into a still corner
and thrusts his hand
into it
and it is returned
blue and frozen,
the blood all gone.

he is asking for trouble.

(when I was young
I'd take the radio
under the covers
and let it play
all night
and when morning came
toss it across the room
staring at it disdainfully)

he is asking

(my gentle supplicant
walking all night on
exotic streets
looking up
at lighted windows
and wondering
if those people
also die)

he is asking

If dying is on his mind.
whose birth finally
prepares him for it
And we go out again
and watch the stars
and go home to make love
to some dead man's mother.

who is our child
who is ourselves

(Only the mothers survive)

Only the mothers
squatting silently
at the end of the line
after night,
then night again.
only my mothers
with their sleek thighs

squatting silently
And we can see them there
if we are early
Waiting to greet us
after night,
then night again

(if night is on our minds)

If we are early
if we are early
before her lunar womb
is stuffed
with memories

A Fixture

I've nothing to say
to them;

pride is as solid
as summer heat.

That is to say
you can't cut it:

with a knife in the kitchen
I cut
a tomato; nothing to say
to them: let them rot

and be bitten by night,
in the country.

I've nothing to say
to them. And I won't write.

Gilbert Sorrentino

Yes Yes Yes

The high purpose
of art

To spit in the eyes
of all governors of state
yes

And to defecate
upon the heads
of all generals of armies
yes

That
and to entwine
the pubic hair
of ones beloved
with beautiful words
yes

And I do not know why
I have written so many
poems
and never said this
before

Mason Jordan Mason
Charles Olson’s next book of verse will be published by Grove Press this fall. Frank O’Hara had a fine poem, “In Memory of My Feelings,” in the last (8) Evergreen. His last book was MEDITATIONS IN AN EMERGENCY (Grove). Max Finstein most recently appeared in Noon’s SUPPLEMENT TO NOW and JARGON 31. He is scheduled for one of Totem’s five-poem Blue Plates. Fielding Dawson’s next book of short prose will be THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA (Totem). He is completing a work-in-progress. Edward Marshall has previously appeared in Measure and The Black Mt. Review. His first book of verse, THE LAND AND THE WATER, is due this spring (Totem). Joel Oppenheimer’s first book of poetry was THE DUTIFUL SON (Jargon). He has published in BMIR, Hearse, Chicago Review and others. Michael McClure’s poems have appeared in Evergreen, Ark, Chicago Review, Measure. Jargon published a book of his verse: PASSAGE (1956). Jack Kerouac’s first book of verse, MEXICO CITY BLUES, is at Grove Press awaiting publication. Robert Creeley, according to Dr. Williams, is one of the finest poets in America. His last book of verse was THE WHIP (Jonathan Williams). He is also the editor of The Black Mt. Review. John Wieners is the editor of Measure, not a “little magazine.”

The rest of the contributors appeared in Yügen 1, 2 or 3, all of which are available from the editors.

**Contributors**

FOR BLACK MOUNTAIN

The idea not the line must be measured
this: // is insufficient to hold back the line

The incomplete idea is the new destruction
this: // is the measure the sandbag that stops the flow

gregory corso

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