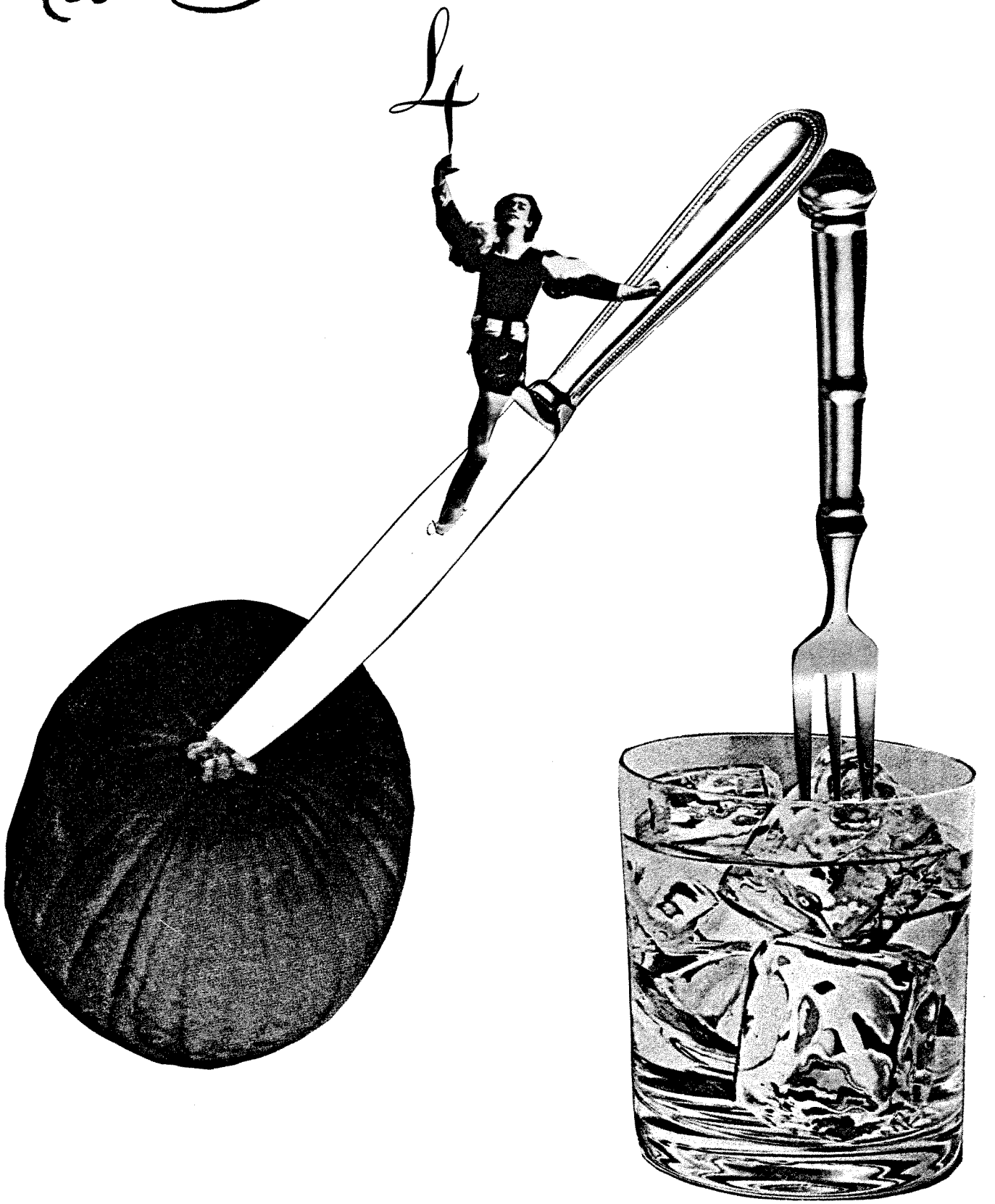
Là-Bas



LA-BAS 4 (November 1976)
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Poetry

Judson Crews
David Loberg
Douglas Messerli
Paul Metcalf
Brian Swann

Translations

by Jack Hirschman
of
Malka Haifetz-Tussman
Frederico Garcia Lorca
Nicholas Guillen
Velemir Khlebnikov
Andrei Voznesensky
Rocco Scottellaro
Nicholas Ramirez
Alexei Kruchenych

Revisions

Larry Eigner

*

La-Bas 4

Douglas Messerli, editor

Box 509
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20740

poetry

PEBBLE BARREN GAIN

Cunning sated against spurned ceptor
the reign of might and myth
holy order
keening the wrath

No might thicker than heather
Barneoed in a bushwack
king gander braining
the weather to order

Edelweiss bespraken cliffs and clefts
and mighty dander heathed in claim
clam-pickers from the beach
Bach
fugueing through the braven weather

Canny as the hirsute sibyl
making babal where the sea grumbled
against her pithy salt
assaults many
and mighty against this brainy wash
of the briney mother
and further
pinnacled sweep in the chilling mist
that rock precipice
donkey-barren of codpiece

Oh this is king, is king

-Judson Crews

THIS CUNT OF YOURS

Now that you have carefully smoothed
the hair away
                from the meat
is a wax museum
it could never bleed again nor feel
though its colors are acrylic bright
and the hair itself
                is real

The breast tips are wax-like too
but the nipples are too imperfect
to be unreal
                the centers soft and sunken
almost ragged, tender
                puckering
to the lightest touch
the broad ring of pink about the tip
flawless as your sunken flawless navel

The rolled accretions of flesh
                bulging
between the dark lips of that maw
are confident as a clay pigeon
of some distant marksmanship
                and as brave
your white teeth talking
through each disaster
                spewing piles
of flaking shit

-Judson Crews

TWO MANGY, POORLY

Paired lemons
there among the thorns
on a withered limb, fighting for life
though the sun is bright
in the sky
above, and this terrain is not
as rough
as much I've seen

None-the-less
incongruous
dangling here, half-ripened, seedy, tangy pods
they remind me more
of the limp cods of a buffalo
the herd decimated and fenced, his craigy horns
gnarled and baffled
his great hide
somehow mangy, stiff-legged
braving a blizzard
that somehow challenged all resistance
though the cold, the wind has now subsided

Or else my own cods
dangling there
in bright sunlight
the branch is somewhat withered
but
there is a green leaf there
even at its farthest tip

-Judson Crews

THE SILENCE CONTINUED

His hands felt wet, he dried them off on his handkerchief.
The silence continued.
He looked out the window,
a train exploded by, going the other direction.
He put his ear against the door and thought he heard whispering.
He could hear screams and the sound of breaking glass.
He opened the door and looked down the hallway.
Someone threw a knife into the back of his neck,
dropping him dead.
She went over to his picture, folded up the stand, lowered it
soundlessly into the plastic wastepaper basket and hurried
back to bed.

She had locked the door, stripped and stood on the closed
toilet lid.
She walked over to the edge, put her fists on her hips,
and looked out across the wide valley-
Seeing the distant highway, tiny cars glinting in the sun
and patchwork farms on the slopes beyond the highway.
She slipped and bumped her mouth on her knee, a crooked tooth
cut the inside of her lip.
She was screaming like somebody was tearing her wings off.

-David Loberg

THE JOURNAL OF XAVIER ROJOS STANDING AT THE END OF MANKIND

1. Xavier Confronts the Robots To the South

A place of gloom
sitting out the window, over Guatamala.
Great adventures, remember Rome?
Mexico City bullshitters, questions in the street.
Flowers walked,
pigs wave, see the guinea?
Into the cavity,
gently squeez inside your eyes.
Even robots forget; excused, return modified
   components. Type elements.
"Up his. Out there."
Human creations, preserved,
picked like them.
You live wasted,
the old jack shit,
twisted neck day.
Gray flow shark pokes the blanket,
garbage shore of weird blood
expands like the blown chest.
Tonight we get space water.
"Die at the fish cleaners."

2. Xavier Remembers

Civilization was a stone age establishment; they were the few people in the world anywhere. And God came down to see their city, 2 to 5 times daily.

It was really a search for the economy. The heroic figure of Hernando Cortez had been battered by the pharoahs of Egypt. It had been a rigged expedition.

(Maria was not much--I fell upon her in an hour of darkness.)

QUESTION

1. Who lived by hunting human bodies?

[Cont.

THE JOURNAL OF XAVIER ROJOS STANDING AT THE END OF MANKIND cont.]

3. Xavier Answers His Memory

The body having been snatched
by the flesh eaters, I noticed blood.
The edge of, the touch of, all food is a dead monkey.
People are afraid,
you could see through the aroma of insecticides,
here and there. Their bellies were a greenish red
and a bit of soggy newspaper.
Synthetic food, brown apples. We
kill all insects upon the dinner.
A dragonfly in the street, starvation,
bones have been devoured. The Ancients
falling dead into the river,
and at the bottom flew a silver fish.
I turn on the sight of the gray sun,
or the meat cleaver. 5 million flies,
bone and all. The smell of processed house plants.
Living off a goat carcass, my friends
made an excellent meal. They feared
the wild dogs and vanished into the jungle.
I picked the dead bodies. Food on the table,
suddenly minus a finger; clip off a finger or a toe.
A lagoon, grasping for dead fish.
The bugs are everywhere. I became the cannoeist,
with cannibal tendencies, howling in the night
in Southern Paraguay.
The garbage blew in the wind.

-David Loberg

WINDOW

there is a man in green all in green green bermudas
& a green sweat shirt
& he is fat
& there is a man with a red sweat shirt carrying a woman
on his back
he is not fat
& there is a girl hurrying by
with a purse swinging her arms wearing some sort of tie-die blouse
maybe madras maybe
she is in blue jeans

& there is a woman with a white terrycloth coat walking fast I think
she is a man at first
but she is a woman walking fast
& there is a man with a red t-shirt
& another man with a shirt green with green
flecks

& there is nobody nobody out there
nobody out there again
nobody there nobody out there
there is still nobody
there is only one window with a shadow
& suddenly a cat

-Douglas Messerli

HOLD

instead of sweating in the sun

sick with scurvy

dreaming of tangerines & oranges

at nights

I lie still

in my father's arms

stroking their faces

in his tattoos

-Douglas Messerli

FAGHAG

fluttering

fat so fat

sorry sorry

nobody likes me

but I'll convert

for you too have tits in your arms

safe

-Douglas Messerli

THE YEARS

waking from a sound sleep
or dancing in my mother's house
or arguing vertically in bed
my whole being coming to a knot
in my head lying
on the bathroom floor so often
with my father touching
my shoulder in the middle of the night
his hands
never never reaching as far
as my feverish ears
finding my way
to the closet & the coat
leaving everything
behind with good reason
like coming up from the bottom of the pool
& trying to float on the surface
in the sun tanning so slowly
staying all day without redding
reading sometimes sleeping

-Douglas Messerli

NAIL

the nail jagged

I ought to cut

with Mickey

sleeping in my bed & blood

where I cut my neck

with that finger I'm afraid

-Douglas Messerli

SHELL

there are some shells

in a box I threw in the closet

& now I'm going

to put down the pen

& open the box

pick out a shell

put it to my ear

& listen to the roar

& say it's the sea

but it won't be

because it's hollow

-Douglas Messerli

truffles

The spectre of **Our sunlit Earth** — **the soil** soybeans, rice, sorghum **or what-have-you. natural phenomenon** Headache, vomiting, peeling of skin, anorexia, swelling of long bones Flushing, burning and tingling around neck, face and hands *she ran to the Tuscan hills hating Mussolini.* she nearly lived She was X-rayed *She was shot* She was a STAR **gazing straight up astronomy, of course,** *was out there covering Richard Nixon's Vietnam policy. But the fame was unsatisfying* — She completed the Interview With History, She broke her *neck.*

The world is full of children like these You'll be sipping wine on mile high sun decks, You find yourself humming **Happy, *Happy, HAPPY!***

ON the following day, a master sadist, **Belting leather Supple cowhide** demands TRUFFLES **one thousand pigs, out foraging** Rickets (bone deformities) in children. Osteomalacia in adults.

Ohhhhhhhh . . . it was *beautiful* in the palmy days **of your suite over looking** the Orinoco River

backgammon; nightly music and **Sun**
wild narcissus, orange **glow onto the waters**
angels, doctors, lovers. *those world leaders who made wars.*
spheres of stars — scale solar power Sail with the Stars
dark shadows blue veins birthmarks scars fleets
Familiar story. That was the summer of
Experiment the Blues and a babble of voices within
explore them she said. **I will lead your dance**
the bed waits Two small boys brought their bodies bending
expectantly towards us **No, it just wouldn't be right.**
Do not shrink from love of these beautiful children
Here I was, twenty years old, **and perverted**
fully formed, sensual, offering love.
What I know at sixty, I knew as well at twenty.
They too had a story to tell **blue as the slave** *your slave forever.*
How can I save you? I asked. **Wash 2 lemons and pierce them**
— all inhibitions should be relaxed. Let us take you to the ocean
The boat set out just then and I turned to watch it. Their beauty uplifted me
and I felt After all, they have matured sexually Years ago and in other cultures,
Then I saw the splotches of blood with one hand over his testicles
a bone saw, large aspirating syringes sizes and shapes of straight razors *Just shut your eye*
forcing it to the proper opacity just as in Germany **jumping away from it to aviod**
complete madness **stretch marks bruises the blues** Very Swiss The honest Swiss.
Of course by now many have died, but (the truffle is a food which is easy to chew
gag my mouth. Dear woman We left the River seven days ago herbs, grasses and flowers

I think that de Sade is the great poet As the years accumulate *into slavery* Fatigue, depression, nausea.

Invest **Don't be disappointed! Take advantage**

We've got your sun

He was walking close to the edge of our galaxy.

I was walking late one night along a tree-lined path

AFTERBIRTH

Naked brat at naked breast

She lowered her husband's eyes to the floor

"Go to the fields

"You plowed the furrow

"I faced the gallows

"To bring this child

"You got

"Now go

"I'll launder all the shirts

"The sheets

"This child's rags

"Beat the linen steaming on the rocks

"Go

He walked

Root low

-Paul Metcalf

CAUTIONS

build bull dikes

to steer the waters:

see them

out of the cornea

of your eye

-Paul Metcalf

ECOLOGY

based on incidents described in
THE JOURNEY OF THE FLAME, by Antonio
de Fierro Blanco (Boston, 1933) . . .
the locale is Baja California

the pelican, the pelican,
swimming in the bay,
catch a fish in its bill,
throw it up a trifle in the air
so's to pouch it lengthwise
for the trip down hill

but the gull, the gull, the smart sea gull,
hovering above
the big-billed bird,
swoop and catch the fish

while the big dumb bird,
the pelican, the pelican,
look all around,
around and around:
"where the hell my fish?"
and go back to fishing,
to feed a second gull.

but then come the Indian, the Indian
- not so dumb -
snared a gull,
broke its wing,
staked it out,
Indian and broke-wing gull,
on the edge of the lagoon,

and the broke-wing gull,
not flying,
cry to its chums,
and they drop stolen fish
to the broke-wing gull,

and the Indian, the Indian,
in a hole dug in sand
by the staked out bird,
grab the falling fish,
just a trifle out of reach
of the slender gull beak . . .

[continued

so the big dumb pelican
and the smart-dumb gull
- oh, charitable gull! -
feed a whole tribe
of smart, smart Indians!

-Paul Metcalf

ASLEEP

i have been sleeping in silk cool
window open on my thin sheets

i have been sleeping fifteen hours a night
i wake and do not want to get up

i have been sleeping with someone i can't forget
she asks me to kiss her neck she sings duets in dutch

i have been lying with my stomach fist-tight
flies the size of hummingbirds finally get me up

i walk not knowing why i am walking
only when i remember being dead do i remember where i am

before i lie down again i repeat
to the whole room i am me i am me i am me

i might as well be asleep

-brian swann

I
"Last Ditch"

no more
i said
claim your own
he said
the trail dies down
a last ditch
draw round
those who crawl under
will have their asses shot off
defend it with your lives
shake it no ass
claim your own
and stand by it
if you ain't got no claims
make one up
that's how it is round here
that's how it was
and will be
don't ask
who can own land
it's all claims &
killings

watch your
ass

II
"Disconnection"

off the hook
no arms
gone
no arms
air passes through her

the wind is light
in bad repair

local cut off
long distance
disconnected

up
in the air

all lines
down
repairs

she is taken away
sky in her ear

III
"Imagining the Hands"

strings are untied knots

can you resolve your fingers

they've tied up your hands

the strings dangle

imagine catscradles catching
what is left
of the sun
goldfish
trapping their scales
the moon-carp
losing its gills falling
to the safe river-bed

imagine stringing moons
up by their gills

imagine untying your hands

imagine persuading them
to co-operate

death's not so bad if you
co-operate

IV
"Moving the Hand"

take the hand

move it

it is yours
it is your hand

can you bear to part with it
always beneath your eyes
where is it when it goes
behind your head

i have found the head
it was in front of a hand

take the hand

can you hear it
it parts the air
it pulls the air in wrinkles
it drapes them over the head

there is nothing but this hand
always on the move
doing everything by feel
it has felt itself
it has said to the blind brain
I am here
the brain finds it hard
to believe
the brain is swathed in air
it finds it hard to breathe
in the open air
behind and above
the head
the hand is on its own

it is still connected at the wrist

V
"Singing to the Hands"

they said

if your hands hurt
sing to them

they never said
what to sing

so i lie to them

but the nails will stand
no nonsense

on a diet of lies
halfmoons never grow

VI
"Making a Break"

listen
i said
listen

the corn is loose again
it is making a break
it is running
for it

listen

blue is on the fields
the fields are on blue
cobalt fires
prairies collect
scraps of blue
great washes stand in silence
as the horizon shrinks
they are making a break for it

they won't get far

VII
"The Roofs"

looser than ever
the roofs revolve

revolve
where they can't be seen

it is dark

take it on trust

when you're not there
when you're inside
and you feel a wind it is
the roofs
faster than ever
churning night thicker

your eyes

what eyes

feel the wind

VIII
"Dawn"

the line has roared
drawn itself to a new height
seized the horizon
shaken it till its gray rim
spilts
and sky pours
over

it is now
no line to speak of but
a heavy swell
a purple bruise
holding off all
night it
is accomplished
it lies down exhausted
where it sees fit

the sky has now clotted
it is now disguised as horizon
no one would know the difference

earth and sky
settle exhausted
they acquiesce

the line takes the horizon's title

it is this you come up against
when you try
to push to the edge
and over

IX
"It is Born"

rocks throw up white water
and you
more air than water
more water than air
screaming as whitewater

help the poor air
jammed
jammed up against rocks
creaking
heavy doors
sky pressing against the spine
relieve
help
the breathless
there
it is there
open the windows
untie knots
let the family embrace
let the line be full and itself

wet fresh air
born
it is born

-brian swann


TRANSLATIONS
HIRSCHMAN

ONE HAS TO BE CAREFUL

Words are
birds in a cage

Once
you let them out
they will not
return.

I saw
you shoot at them
with a skillful
psychoanalytical pistol.

You hit it
right in the wing of
my innocent bird.

For me,
a great loss.
For you,
no joy.

One has to
be careful
with such little guns.

-Malka Haifetz-Tussman

(translated from the Yiddish
by Jack Hirschman and the author)

VIRGINSONG

Brown christ
passed
from the iris of Judea
to Spain's carnation.
--See where he comes from!

From Spain.
Clean, dark sky,
where earth is toasted
and water in the riverbeds
runs very slowly.
Brown christ
with his longhair fires
and white pupils.
--Watch where he goes!

-Federico Garcia Lorca
(translated from the Spanish
by Jack Hirschman)

GAIT

Crinoline virgin,
virgin of loneliness
open as a big
tulip.
In your vessel lights
move
through the city's
high tides
between muddy songs to
the virgin and crystal stars.
Crinoline virgin
walking down the river of the street
right up to the sea.

-Federico Garcia Lorca

(translated from the Spanish
by Jack Hirschman)

from SPAIN

(Poem in four anguishes and one hope)

The Second Anguish
YOUR BLOOD VESSELS, THE ROOT OF OUR TREES

This twisted root of my tree;
this root of your tree, companero,
this root of all our trees
drinking the blood, soused with blood
this root of my tree and yours.

I feel her,
this root of my tree and yours,
of all our trees,
I feel her
nailed in the whole heart of my earth,
nailed here, nailed,
root that trails me and breeds me, talks to me
and calls me,
This root of your tree and mine.

On my earth already nailed
with iron spikes
and gunpowder, and stone,
but flowering in burning tongues
nourishing the branches where weary birds are drooping,
inspiring their blood vessels, our blood vessels,
your blood vessels, the root of our trees.

-Nicholas Guillen

(translated from the Spanish
by Jack Hirschman)

FREEDOM COMES NAKED

Freedom comes naked,
blossoms rush the heart,
and we keep in step with her
by talking of the sky beside you.
We're warriors with a strong stroke
of the hand at the tough shield:
yes, the people of the state
always and ever will be here and there!
May the girls dozing at the windows
dream the song of the ancient struggle
of the peoples of autocracy
toward the faith-infusing Sun.

-Velemir Khlebnikov

(translated from the Russian
by Jack Hirschman)

BELLA AKHMADULINA

They gave the girl a spark.
Not a piece of candy, a spark.
To look for, to risk. A spark.
The olympian daring of the sprak!
You can light up
a heart with it, or an oven,

you can
set fire
to the earth
with the firebrand!

Roots will be consumed at the end of her cigaret.
And the slut will go on laughing head-
cocked.

-Andrei Voznesensky

(translated from the Russian
by Jack Hirschman)

THE SORROW

to M.R.

Dearest adorable sister,
I'd gladly make every book
a gospel like yourself,
every sound a certificate of love,
inspired so I am by your sorrow
with everything that winds up a mistake.

-Rocco Scotellaro
(translated from the Italian
by Jack Hirschman)

KINDNESS

to Carlo Levi

Be the best
of the four lions
smoking the cigar
of water so good
in the people's piazza.

-Rocco Scotellaro
(translated from the Italian
by Jack Hirschman)

THE BIG HERD

I dreamed one cavernwinding night
I was evoking visions of
dead mankinds, while
brooding detached from men
like a drowsy solitary condor
on a grandeur of frozen peaks
with the maddening vision
of a miserable human beehive
that was cutting into the white bedsheet
of snow like an ink splash on
an empty page.

Some sort of christian vapor inspires me
in this hour and stanza
that would slap the face of villains at other times,
now installed with pity.

I

From the silent night of the criminal deserter,
the infamous tortures of all our race,
like a dagger bleeding for all
the threat has surged with radiant lightning.

And the Big human pacific and foolish Herd
lethargically slugging through swamps and debris
wanted to know what he was bringing to men
and on seeing his immense cross wanted to throw it down.

II

But his lethargy was like huge chinaware;
dazzled eyelids once again fell closed
and the sheep--meek and submissive men
followed with the heavy yoke at their napes.

And the Big human pacific and foolish Herd
slugging lethargically through swamps and debris
knowing what it was he was bringing to them
resigned itself to fate and fixed itself to his cross.

-Nicholas Ramirez
(translated from the Spanish
by Jack Hirschman)

CRISIS / HUNGER

Under the frazzled atmosphere in satanic angers of rain and wind, with the murky desolation of the cold and the infinite bitterness of misery, the popular soul is petrified, seized with fear.

And while rain, much rain, falls, soaking our rags, inundating our rooms and pouring through our roofs, the troglodyte bourgeoise regime harrasses us with its tentacles of pulp and at our cry CRISIS / HUNGER masticates us.

And here nature offers to the squalid proletarian family the spectacle of sky and sea, of the sea that proudly is stirred up as a destroyer equal to our little russian brothers.

You who tremble from cold and hunger, get tough. Who owns both the bread and your roofs? Those who always eat and sleep; those who meet our protest with lead, our petitions with promises and with the extenuation of

CRISIS / HUNGER

Comrades: may the voice of CRISIS / HUNGER be the cry for ransom! Voice of war be for:

Bread, Liberty.

Workers: against hunger, misery and ignorance, revolt and reveal yourselves!

Reveal yourselves as the sea that inundates the dikes, leaping the valleys and breaking all chains. As the sky bursts with rays, thunderclaps, rain and snow that makes our angers bulge out on our rooftops, our tatters, our flesh!

O proletarian sea, let us agitate for crisis and hunger themselves, and believe rebellion to be the very juice of life itself.

CRISIS / HUNGER!

As the sea, the sky, as the russian people, brothers.

-Nicholas Ramirez
(translated from the Spanish by Jack Hirschman)

ROUGH PORTRAIT OF IRENE

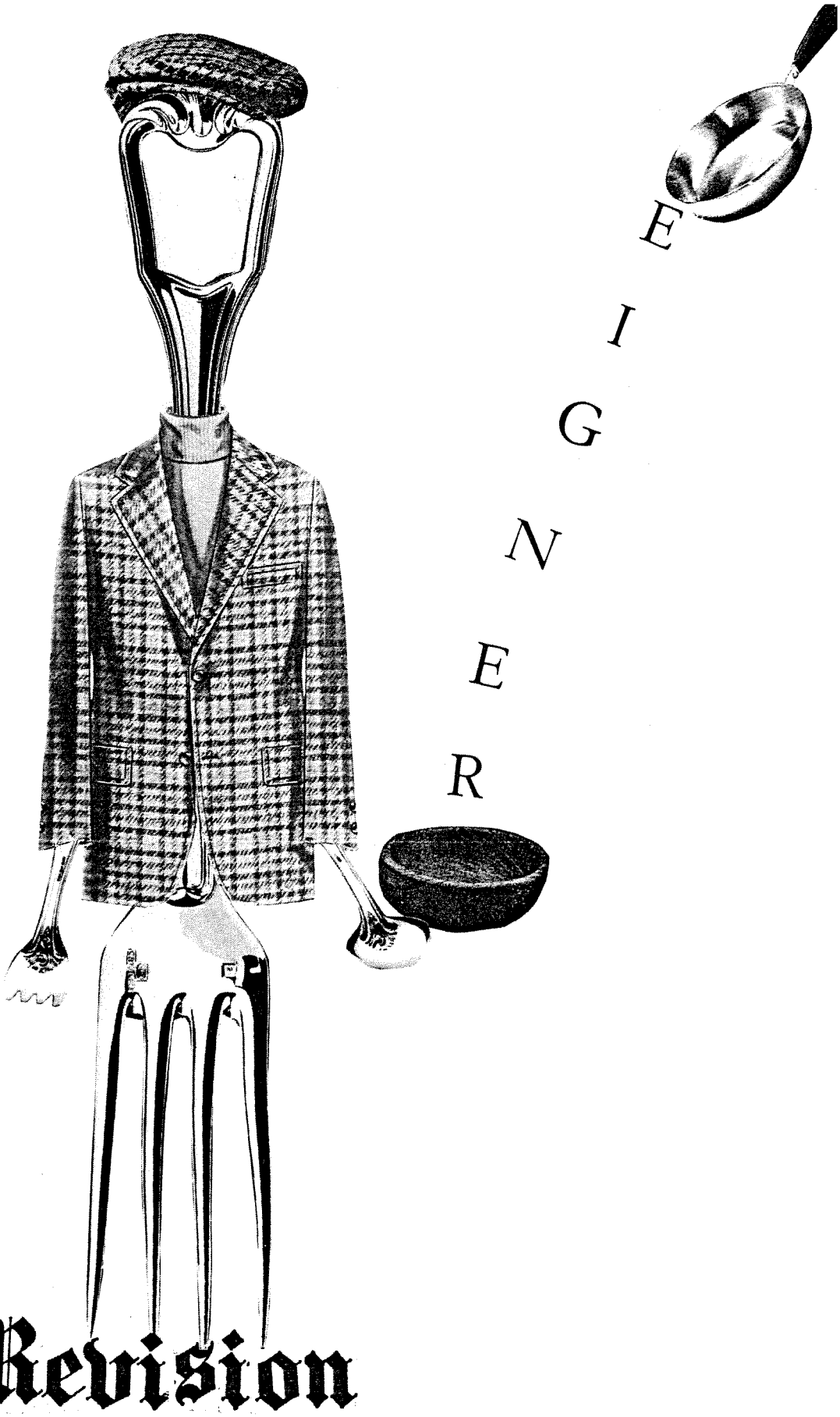
I Russian-Pole,
you're just a wee-bit foreign.
Little turned-up nose,
gentle waves of hair,
majestic eyes.
An embroidered chinese dress
black with red chiffon
looms in a storm of plastic!...

II You're no fashionably wicked lioness,
no shaggy VAMP wasted through and through,
you're
a despairing world-traveller
researching
strange paths.

III From the "torn seacoast of Irene"
there's the blue iris the flighty eye,
vista, stream, april, springtime
and on the fifth of May
mistresses transplanting cabbage.

IV Your snow-white row of teeth
doesn't smile, it laughs:
With whirling nerves of eyes,
suns under waves of vapor.
And your character?
Why are you driving us into Africa?
so springingly, so fascinating!
How awful
coming across you later
among people
without a face
or a tractor,
only a sullen bucket
for garbage.
A sensational freight-train
their triumph...!

-Alexei Kruchenych
(translated from the Russian
by Jack Hirschman)


ENGINEER
Revision

Nov 4 58

(for Ron L and Rbt D

top shimmering like a lake
or roofs below in the
winter sun

lijkt

the smoke escapes,
rises

heat first from water
and then maybe trees

shrubs
into the air

dark dark body

-Larry Eigner

Occasioned by some things of Loewinsohn's - Lying Together, I'll bet - something of Duncan's

Ok or fine as is. Maybe. As pretty usual, kind of remote now. Or descriptive anyway. However to change it I can't begin to see - or (i.e.?) if I (would) want it changed. Hmm.

May 8-9 72

it's a

cadillac

but what's a plane

I forget the times

over years

dogs bound

the road

defense

whatever fills eye

and body

turning the sun's paths

-Larry Eigner

§Original ts from draft typed and revised in a letter to Sam Abrams of Noose at Stone Academy, Enfield, N.H.
This was in CURTAINS, a mag. from Yorkshire, England, before 1976.

§§At first this was: it's a // cadillac // I forget a million things // his second of two cars but only in the last three lines in the letter to Abrams are there alterations from:
whatever fills the eye // and the body // turning in ..."
" ... on ... "
" ... through ... "
"... turns on ... "
" ... in ... "
" ... through ... "

May 29-30 72

down through the air

water

the sun on a metal wing

open echo

what it will do

boats in the wind

how time is

some hull

the harbor full

~~of the sky~~

revision of Fall 75

illusion

of

the sky

getting a more appropriate emphasis, weight - a better assessment, evaluation somehow

-Larry Eigner

§This and 31 other pieces are to be <u>watching how or why</u> (The Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, N.Y., 1977).

§§vv. 7, 8 and 10 just now in the course of typing, after some thought; "boats" changed to "hulls" in a while yesterday afternoon. Scene at tip of Marblehead Neck overlooking the harbor. Till now v.9 was: the harbor is full and a minute ago: the harbor's full At first I had: what time is

June 30 - July 26 75
(for
Bob Perelman

Ya bingo!
Imagination all compact
running away like a looming train
what would Emily Dickenson think
the chances can she wake now
and anyway you have those who sit
or here came more civilization
like SS creation and destruction
somewhat Hindu
with a vengeance
the tragic later too much
to stand its own weight

is there travel light and fast

and living the life out

-Larry Eigner

The 2nd version of the above, a response to Perelman's Ithaca House book Braille, appeared in his mag. Hills (#3, June 76): "Ya bingo!//Imagination all contract/...can she wake now/ ... with vengeance ..." July 26 75 vv.2, 5, and 10 seemed too much high jinx, a little excessive, also the blank line after v. 1 - making it a heading or title for one thing - hence this third version, the lines toned down as above. It seems this is my 2nd (high speed, anyway) bit of surrealism - the first (not so fast, at that) occasioned 3 weeks earlier by Dennis Koran's Vacancies (oh, slow, at that). Or compressed panoramic, kaleidoscopic, collage, montage ... Not very light verse? Laughing inside enough?

LA-BAS: A LA-BAS: A NEWS LA-BAS: A NEWSLETTER LA-BAS: A NEWSLETTER OF LA-BAS: A NEWS LETTER OF POETRY LA-BAS: A NEWSLETTER OF POETRY AND LA-BAS: A NEWSLETTER OF POETRY & POETICS POETICS POETICS POETICS POETIC POETICS POETIC POETICS POETICS POETICS POETICS NEWS & NOTES NEWS § NOTES & NEWS NOTES § NEWS & NOTES NEWS § NOTES & NEWS NOTES § NEW S & NOTES NEW § NOTES & NEWS NOTES § NEWS & NOTES NEWS § NOTES & NEWS NOTES § NEWS & NOTES NOTES NOTES NOTES NOTES NOTES-----NOTES-----NOTES NOTES NOTES NOTES NOTES NOTES

Correspondence received from Guy Beining, Larry Eigner, Lou Horvath, Ralph Nelson, Charles North, John Ross, Fred Truck and Paul Violi.

Corrections: line 6 of "A note on the composition" of Clayton Eshleman's DRAFTS OF "FOR MILENA VODICKOVA" should read "our talks that I was a happy person, for my sense of where the poem began". Line 1 of "Memories of Last Week" in Andrei Codrescu's HUMORISTS ON THE WAR PATH should read "The fetish leapt into my personality". Both of these were in LA-BAS 3. In this issue: in the table of contents Frederico Garcia Lorca should read, of course, Federico Garcia Lorca. Line 4 of Andrei Voznesensky's BELLA AKHMADULINA should read "The olympian daring of the spark!"

Please drop me a note with the names of any new books you've published this year, so that I can print a list of books by poets who receive LA-BAS.

And--I am interested in your reactions to these first 4 issues of La-Bas. Are there any changes you'd like to see? Is La-Bas proving of interest to you? Any suggestions? I've very much appreciated those reactions that I have received.

Send notes, new poetry, revisions, reactions, information--whatever to:

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