

Dear Sir: One thing the Iris root Takes us closer to the core of its martyr little black something that will never be published
The root cause of this nervousness Ends in the mirror, alone. I AM A CARROT! pray for me I tell you PEOPLE HAVE BEEN TALKING ABOUT
the raisins, maps, newspaper clippings and posters, letters, diaries Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva; piano, organ, drums, xylophone
symbolic gestures. No matter what you're looking for, it is all in the form, swallow the key, dare you be angry at the poem
so often become 'invisible' through the layers chased and killed by hyenas. You cannot answer for what pursues you yet I am snarled
—it can get too cute very fast. I felt drained, and yet we went to carry the dead parts away. I disentangle myself from roots
because there's something I want in your future: I rebuild the image wholly by hand. Because times have changed. It is the
big guys down on the wharf—made of Norwegian bone fingers of the pitted surfaces, calling her "awesome," avant-garde baggy
I have no aversion to thriving, but the actual sequence of basic shapes in nature help isolate an organism like a vegetable. I can tell you
many discriminating tormentors murmured Yes, he's got consistency shaped out of balls of used newspapers but it still seems craz
as if nothing mattered done right before your eyes. Charlie put on his smile three years ago. He is Orpheus stumbling
blown by mouth—and hence in no danger. The lady is a phenomenon in enemy nations Charlie said. I remember her nodding
when you plan to arrive. Now, imagine coming inside Hercules And how to keep it up to be a woman. Endless changes of time.
Further uneasy and unresolved maroon color, concentrate wrap yourself in mourning and lamentations. I know that
in our motherland, orioles sing twice a day, tones of oatmeal, rust and the all night act of love fallen on completely deaf ears. Eventually
braid and the bright flash of easy pants, a rape for a kiss make you sit up and holler or gasp or fight back that old lust, and finally touch
the miracle for us is that people who eat corpses and drink reds and yellows, seem to eat the moon Charlie said brooding on
orchards and olive groves. Examine the story told and lost in the telling Is there anyone who speaks our language? I
began to see everything falling apart. Chaos and banality, total apathy the receding brain, gray roots! We're all imitators
yet their very presence will be good There is a god at the outset To get killed a constant searching of pockets and old books. Because
she laid a knife beside the finished lunch or dinner in Jersey City China U.S. § I have been asked about Algeria.
Beat Generation writers flocked there, certitude lights up your life. "Brazil isn't a country. It's a poem." I realized I was born a faggot.
Longing for distance I'm a tourist. I am a carrot!
I am halfway between sleep and breakfast so
We talked about words and How easy it is with
the old trouble of stripping first. on bent knees
the best way to show your love until you know if
stuck under counter, keeping appointments you
after an hour of dirty news. I remember Art
Wash off the whole thing, start fresh of sight
which somebody seems to have punched. § just
Begin with strictly honest answers forget
who they are, so happy Take a good look and die
"To liberate sound from the tyranny of the carrots,
M's are here for one specific reason—exercise
I had to stop Growing older so slowly so firm afraid.
At once my eyes line up places on the old surface And
before you, and the blank pages, The true history
is there anything you would have done drastically dif-
to flow back and twisting away from the roots try
Charlie said. They squirm Charlie said. Yes.
concrete. And the page in itself is a form
in another language like vegetables eroding
mumbo-jumbo drink-crazed emptiness
I don't mind. I am appalled by my own noise.
ridicule & regret There is no better way to
old roots. I rose, washed my face, dressed, and burned I pound
cut into the spongy blackness inextricably tangled in delusions — of
to lose. Fasting I felt like speeding. I hardly looked at the paper I was moving so fast. Why shouldn't the slivers of carrot kick and sing
and scream for air? flaming-red No. bathers in self destruction like suicide: we cannot hear a few close words calling from skin i
roots They're stronger Amid anxiety and distress And another thing, they smell I shal hav to bury thair stinking corps
in a box I let go Tears came to my eyes as I left myself behind to sit down to a good pot-au-feu "It has changed my life completely!"
I phoned the folks to tell them form is life purified But the best is yet to come. Keep reading. From me, You'll discover
how to love Blind mouths a black hole in outer space His face was buried in my groin Father—I love you. Christ, where does it en
Charlie asked "What's your hurry?" Silence is part of the slowness once the lines are cast we have a moral purpose We're trying to fi
our way back to free literature We will bring into focus a number of empirical roots in this country They're all around you,
a mirror of spatial illusion presenting to plain sight what does not actually exist, the evil that lurks beneath the fascinating and beautiful
is Dangerous To Your Health seductive evocations of sacrifice by an unborn poet a shrieking speed one splendid week of death
I leave the stove's stink in a fit of vomiting I pick up the phone and call a hostile male homosexual in drag.
Also Known As TRUDIE Gumpel Trudie is Against Interpretation Charlie said. she excels in the art of presentation her form
relict disemboweled, embodied in language that is a rejection of nightmares Trudie is that you I asked. you little piss
v. no the hell are you? fuck it, spit between her legs prick I breathe deeply with the vegetables stink Dear Stop it, please
I don't know what's going to happen. Deliver me from those with hidden symbols I have lost the power of speech It's just glue, just al
purpose glue that buttresses words, to say that form is content and content is imitation I was selfish. Does this discover
explain This hand trying to touch you outstretched The content? The form? turns on you, a hermaphrodite Take me, I leap

LA-BAS 5 LA-BAS 5
LA-BAS 5 LA-BAS 5
LA-BAS 5 LA-BAS 5
LA-BAS 5 LA-BAS 5
LA-BAS 5 LA-BAS 5
LA-BAS 5 LA-BAS 5



DAISY AIDAN

LOU HORVATH

RUTH KRAUSS

RALPH NELSON

FRED TRUCK

PAUL VIOLI

THE ABYSS

Who, with face of Angel, and spread wings, designs seductive
rainbow arcs of veiled memories: unfolds prisms of hope where
weightless dissolution lies; and lies in fluted melodies which
call: Follow: Follow: Follow: Follow:

Destiny cracks the skull and sears:
the face is wax melting
the wings are moulting

flames serpent from the golden hairs
fire is molding
the three-headed ogre:

whose head is Pride
whose head is Fear
whose head is Mockery.

Who are you? you cry:
and moving near:
quicksilver? Ah, terror! A MIRROR!

-Daisy Aldan

from BREAK-THROUGH

"...to dissipate the darkness of matter, let the page be filled with
light and air: spirit..."

-Daisy Aldan

transmutation of glacial ice
 into snow
 (Sun)

dense river careening
down mountains in vortices
 refining itself
 meets
 rocks needs them
 (collisions)

rises in undulating veils of mists

toward spray
 droplets
 gold dust
 immateriality

Equation:

 leaden ice/Sun = water
 water x rocks + the
extent of the calamity =
 the degree of refinement
 to gold dust

in the immaterial
 interim
 the alchemy
is
inscribed.

-Daisy Aldan

NO LONGER WILL I CLOSE AN OPAQUE DOOR

I have seen spread wings of an Archangel, without thunder,
render an opaque door through a city, transparent,
paling the early neons, the cold light that kills,
and pierce the dusty tapestries of old battles,
reviving dead words, making their shrouds superfluous,
the mirror an oracle: smashing a blood-stained wall
and revealing, at its heart, the Number.

No! He is not a chess player, an indifferent
abstract, nor a demonic clown. Sun does not founder;
it curves into a dawn, enfolding individuals
who do not pin and measure butterflies in sealed rectangles.

-Daisy Aldan

mercurial
 pitching
 sunbeams
 emerge as gulls
 grouped by the wind
 wings
 the wind's
 thrust ? -how do fragile
 endure

-Daisy Aldan

IN A FROZEN MOMENT

I am taking a new quiet step in the wild motion
I sense in this deceptive frozen moment.
I am trying to walk across swirling grey and silver
ice where the unbroken wave halted.

It was always the same story: Something eluded me:
I gave a hand and they took a finger.
I was always trying to scoop up the reflected moon
or asking shooting stars to wash out hatred.

They loved the paintings of me, the book jackets. They loved
the resonance and feeling in my lectures
and readings, as they, in the audience, wondered
if they were the subject of my symbols.

On the pavement or sofa, it was another story:
My voice took on the sound of small stones rolling
down a metal street. They broke my extended arm;
because I talk too much. I say "I love you."

I was always running down this street, rolling a hoop
called, "Zero"; or leaping through into fire;
or sinking into the shadow of the noose I grew to know,
and pulling myself out by my poems.

Sometimes they dropped the leash I had placed in their hands,
and I was free to run across the sand
to the sea; but I was halted by sand fleas, and returned
with my tail between my legs, to be brushed.

It was always the same story: weightless rain, a small wind,
the passerby unaware, a gloved hand
pressed over a mouth, the sound of porcelain shattering:
But they invited me into the phone, or letter.

And each became the same delphinium sky above
destroyed structures, ringed by pastel doors. I
could look through the keyholes at haphazard dislocations,
fragments: the impulsive embrace, the dodecahedron,

the spider chrysanthemum, the white-gold light on the water,
turquoise eyes, the retreat into a bottle,
silence, anger, revolutions, dying mothers: veiled faces
melting into iridescent phantoms.

[Cont.]

IN A FROZEN MOMENT cont.]

Now, Grief, my house, is revolving into the past
like grey and silver clouds in a silent film.
I have picked myself up off the ice where the sign reads: Danger!
and am waving a flag at it. Now I begin to see:

Through them I learned what lay under the surface of icebergs,
and found the shores on both sides of the frozen water.

-Daisy Aldan

OF ARROWS AND VECTORS

Since there are no solutions, but only directions toward solutions,
to be any arrow is not enough: We must be vectors,
measured distance, so that three points on the same line become three
lines that cross through the same point; and approaching so consciously,
that three becomes one, Earth's soul, whose heart is a crucifix,
at infinitely widening or infinitely narrowing core.

The center of the six-pointed star is twelve (the meaning of clocks),
where time becomes space; where minus one equals plus one;
where plus one equals minus one; where three equals one;
where two equals one; where infinity equals one: Midnight!
But triple zero is the ideal point where parallel lines meet.

-Daisy Aldan

SLAUGHTER BEACH

I slice into the 36" angel shark on
the beach, gleaming knife dreaming
of dead skin. The sea leaping from
the wound, moon anima swirling rosy waves

I hold a foot on its head, kick at
it; the maggots in the eye blows away
the depths of infancy, echoes crowded
with nightmares of being washed up
and carved on a morgue slab of sand

The holes eaten, and the shark heart
beating wings of death shooting across
the horizon to a new life, I photograph
what remains of this darkness, refusing
to stay in the bright place of the sky

The shark yearns to learn to sing above
the waking waters of all nights now, and
I am listening in stillness to its silent
black music.

-Lou Horvath

BY THE END OF THE 19TH CENTURY

Gone to the blue green paradise
Of the cold; held out across the
Timeless trapeze to where motion
Pulls back its tubular larynx, whips
The sea and spits at a splitting
Rail of light; bound up inside a
Wave's swell; bouyant as a lisp;
The hard scream sends out into the
Atlantic a wish for all things to
Happen now.

-Lou Horvath

SILVER EYE SETTING FIRE

There is nothing else when
the moon passes, bending
its silver eye on the

point of my pen
rising and setting each
moment

blending the white with
dark ink
there is nothing else
when the moon passes.

-Lou Horvath

CATHOLIC ICE CREAM

holy ghost the god's son
savior of the world and
mystic seer mother in the
sun's breathing almighty
wind and roar of the sky
like sea, unveil in me thy
eternal flavors cool my
fiery tongue that i may be
better able to lick thee amen.

-Lou Horvath

QUESTION TO THE MYSTIC BRIDGE 1967

The cops give acid to infants
The moon howls on their alley
Of torn streets
The cafe black and
Distorted

As you walk in your eyes succumb
Turning into warps of surprise at
Seeing so many presidents with their
Pants down
So many bloody poets drinking the past
Instead of showing you the future

And as the necrophile has slowly
(For they have a long time)
Come some applause from the street scene
Billows around a certain lip

Creating a plethora of wild guitars
Are you sure you are ready
For this?

-Lou Horvath

ROBOT PORTRAIT

Sharp as a miracle
A fox slumps backhanded
Blue from the fog light
To a clump of cartoon reeds
Which blow out the candles
In my one lit round room
Standing in the fire of night
That reflects the wall resounding
Speculating, murmuring, mechanizing.

-Lou Horvath

CREDO IN UNAM

for rimbaud

I know the morning blues
An absense that goes beyond
Nowhere, a stream within drippings
Magical reappearance of shape
Flipped out mother fucking plate
On which a vegetarian host is made

Destiny
Yes, destiny
Reduced to ecstasy
Regardless of sincerity
On comes the t.v. in some
Spiritual fucking world
Ah, and the vocalist gets

off.

-Lou Horvath

STRANGE BOY

The strange boy knows me
And the wild thruway knows me
But you do not know me forever

The wet mountain knows me
And seaweed is my kin
But you do not know me forever

The night streets running backward know me
And the small closed kitchens that would not let us in
But you do not know me my darkness spilling over
And the strange night running backward in the boy who knows me
Forever

-Ruth Krauss

(set to music and performed at
Bard in November; directed by
Larry Sacharow)

MARRIAGE FLUTE

On the day
that they were married
on a sand dune
overlooking the Pacific,
among the wind scrub
of the salt air,
we found the flute
buried in the sand,
my young Simon
found it
and it played,
we played it
coming back from the wedding,
weaving among the dunes,
on our way to join
our friends to feast.

-Ralph Nelson

stone pilared family tree

5

11. bowl

10. warrior

12. valley

18. tree

18. tree



5

4. mushroom

15. flesh

7. mother

15. flesh

18. tree



3

17. water

12. valley

16. reed





from HARMATAN

Bumpy night flight from Lagos to Kano.
Seats and partitions removed
when the Ibo refugees were being evacuated
so more of them could fit in the plane.
Inept pilots, mostly indians.
A tendency to land in the wrong city
now and then. A flock of nuns in white habits.
A few ex-pats, haji and tired
pock-marked women with sleeping children.
Plane suddenly hot, passengers wiping
their faces and glasses, then complaining,
nervously chewing nuts and seeds.
Stewardess races to the cock-pit, pilot
and co-pilot burst through the curtain
and run wide-eyed, madly to the rear.
Everyone straining to see what they're doing
jabbering and hammering at a cabinet back there.
Plane suddenly gets cold, unbearably cold.
People shivering, stuttering, pulling
more clothes out of their luggage.
Condensation forming on the ceiling
dripping down on the rich men in lace robes
who've been praying in the aisle.

This man plenty old.
He be Sudan Man.
He speak English small-small, his arm
bending as the bow bends,
short, trembling bow and long, thin arrow.
He finally shoots and the bird drops
squawking in the brush.
Trustworthy, diligent, totally reliable,
fine with children, neat,
punctual old men from Chad or the Sudan
wearing tweed jackets over their robes,
unwrap a precious sheaf of recommendations
in English or French; wrinkled, discolored,
taped at the creases, some dating back
30 or 35 years, some noting
the cuisines they've mastered.
Pockmarked, a young man
in a dacron suit and laquered shoes
(swollen navel that's prevented him
from joining the army
portruding like a doorknob
through his open shirt)
presents letters of reference
to strangers outside a new store;
some illegible, some obviously forged.
Not as many openings now
as there were after the Ibo were driven off
or killed; mobs roaming from one
ex-pat's house to the next,
hunting the servants
hidden in the attic or under the porch,
dragging them out to the yard,
stabbing them over by that generator.

Blue, red, yellow sheets,
clothes drying on the riverbank
strewn for hundreds of yards in the grass.
Lepers begging at the market gate,
young, old, noseless, blind crawling
or on crutches they surround
the entering scooters and bikes
with unexpected speed and shove
their stumpy palms over the handlebar
demanding Dash me, Bature!
Dash me one shilling!
Fling a pocketful of pennies
over your shoulder, peel out
when they stumble after them
and within you a leaf drops
through vortiginous spaces,
a light is lost in the glare,
the night crowd pushes and carries you
out of a sudden blankness
surf-like through the stalls and wagons,
vegetables and fruit gleaming
under lanterns and candles,
piss and perfume in the dusky air,
mute faces under a canopy of voices,
the bargaining raucous or casual,
hands grabbing or touching, reaching
into the tumult, the cornucopia spilled
here daily between the city and the fields
and carried off on the heads of the tidal crowd;
strangers' conversations changing
to English or French or whatever they guess
you are when you walk by glancing at different
items in every stall, shoes, tin,
herbs, tools, scrap and spare parts,
bottles, knives, sacks of grain, goats,
homemade pistols, mirrors and lamps,
monkeys, monkey paws, pelts, combs, bolts
of cloth, jewelry, medicine, snake heads
or hides, bright powders, painted tin bowls
all placed, stacked, piled or lined-up
before the tucked-in legs
of large women sweating under a low roof.

Surprised how fast this old guy can run.
Speedometer topping twenty
and he's still five feet
ahead of the front wheel;
heels flashing, nearly kicking himself.
...Poachers on the straight edge
of the forest preserve.
There they were
loading wood onto backpacks.
Lost again, just wanted to ask directions;
but as soon as they heard the bike
they dropped the blunt axes
and scattered.
Nothing else to do.
Shifted into second and chased them...
Catch up to him without hitting third.
But it's not a game to him.
Shift into neutral and stop.
Watch him skitter into the brush.
Lean on the handlebars and look around.
All the stunted, leafless trees.
Untie the bandana, soak it again.
Black rocks and thorny scrub. Solitude.
Long, claw-like white thorns.
Windshreds.
Threshold, where the earth
has yielded all it will
and lost its scent.

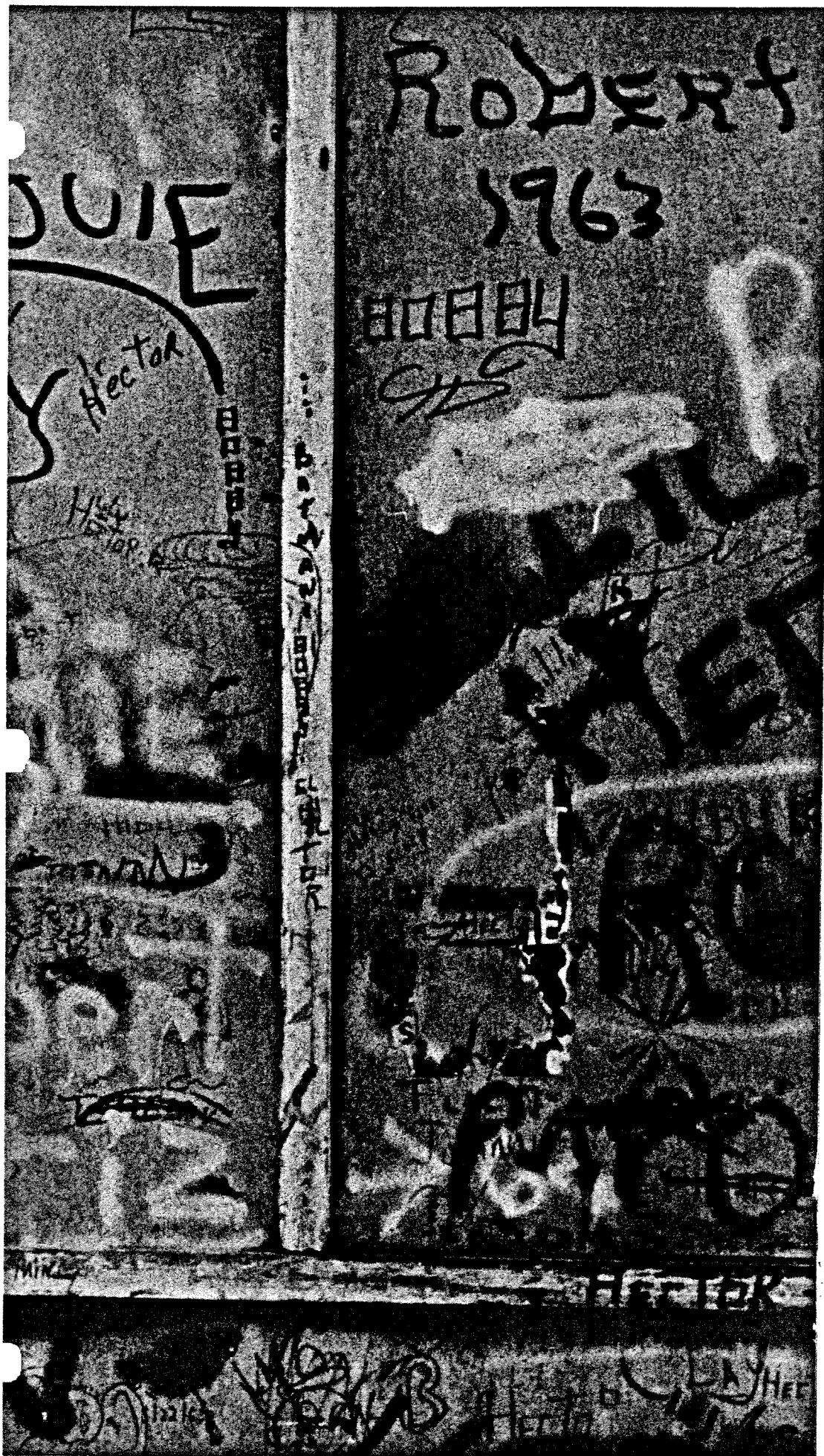
Shaved heads passing through quiet alleys.
Men crammed in the back of open trucks,
hands shielding their eyes.
Bala and Yusufu, in heavy woolen caps
pulled over their ears,
quit mending the tents to eat lunch.
Momo, the brim of his digger hat pinned up
with a brass insignia, advises you
not to share the meal because a gentleman
shouldn't mingle with laborers.
An angry youth with a Dutch fisherman's cap
pulled low over one vacant, bulging eye,
disrupts a conversation
by accusing you of being a spy.
Palm wine --bought from a lanky old man
under a straw parasol of a hat-- tastes vile,
almost too thick to drink.
Swallow it anyway, smoke some india hemp,
end up drawing on the plaster wall:
a wildebeest mounting a girl
wearing a striped kerchief.
Can't erase it all in the morning
before Ali the cook arrives with a new hula
that Ali the nightwatchman knitted for him.
One village on this section's map
is nameless since everyone there
thought you were a game warden
when you rode into it and ran away,
not stopping to retrieve the white caps
that fell off as you chased them
through the woods; not about to ride
fifty miles back there either;
but your sister's name sounds authentic,
it's her birthday
so name the place after her.

The sticks, so they burn slowly,
placed like spokes in the sand;
just the tips smouldering in the center.
No work today.
Can't see farther than fifty feet.
Sun a silver smudge.
A nudge of cows,
piebold goats hung like ornaments
in the dense gray air.
Wonder what color the sky will be tomorrow.
Sleepy eyes focusing on the short flame.
Mumble good mornings into a coffee cup.
Men clutching blankets
step squinting out of the tents
onto the decks of fogbound ships.
The young girl stoops, two big men
hoist the jug from under the spigot
and put it on her head;
erect, eyes gliming its weight,
she turns and walks off
or fades, ascendant, into the ashen day.
Sounds from the village: women
pounding corn, husking peanuts.
Mice have gnawed the erasers
off every pencil.
Ibrahim thinks it a luxurious habit,
the way you just write on one side of a page.
He can't figure it out
what you're doing here anyway
when you could be in America
making \$540,000 a year.

Free sales demonstration.
Made it himself out of spare parts.
Muzzle-loading pistol
the length of a sawn-off shotgun.
How can he tell how much powder
to use when he's pouring it in the dark?
Rams down some newspaper wadding
and then the grape shot
--nuts, bolts, screws and nails and glass.
Jams the ramrod in the barrel.
Finally wrenches it out.
Match heads instead of flint
or percussion caps.
Cocks the trigger with both thumbs.
Points it toward a tree,
puts one arm over his eyes,
turns his head and fires
a booming three feet of yellow flame
and when the smoke clears
there's nothing left of the sapling
but its stem; and everybody's relieved
and happy and can't hear
each other laugh.
He reloads it. Your turn.

Bala winces as he files his pointed teeth.
The watchman throws a stone
at someone and misses. Twice.
Horse skull on the edge of an oily puddle.
Monkey on a leash.
Truck stuck.
Children with stained lips, thin
children with worm-bloated bellies,
trays of fish on their heads.
Sky solid blue.
A line of figures seen in the distance
through the wavering heat
seem tenuous, dislodged.
White goats. Flies collide.
Two hawks whistle
and glide and one of them drops
like a stone into the fields.
Crumpled packs of Three Rings
tossed on the floor.
An incomplete tick-tack-toe pattern
on a painted facade in the village.
Bird tracks cover the dusty plaza.
Giraffes have whiskers.
Sun about to set, white and round,
rounder than the third o in monotony.
Take a bath.
Climb back in to the same dirty clothes.

-Paul Violi



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Correspondence received from Tom Ahern, Jackson Allen, Bruce Andrews, William Claire, Michael Creedon, Michael Davidson, Larry Eigner, Richard Kostelanetz, Ann Menebroker, Paul Metcalf, Rochelle Ratner, John Ross, and Bernard Welt. See selections below.

Paul Metcalf writes:

"My feeling about La-Bas is that it gets stronger as it goes along - #4 is the best so far. For my own taste, I don't care so much for the revisions, commentary, etc. - I just like the perms. But that may be neither here nor there."

Bernard Welt:

"I haven't been "around" all that long, which is maybe why I don't understand the revisions that I've seen printed - I mean, I don't understand what it is exactly that they do. Maybe what bothers me about them is that they seem sort of pretentious, and that in turn seems dangerous.

...Finally, I think there is less that I understood in No. 4 than in No. 3. I have no idea why this is, except that everything nearly in 4 struck me as more reverent, quieter, stuffier, and ultimately closer to humorless than the stuff in 3. ...It's like the guy says in Henny Youngman's or whoever it is's routine: 'louder -- and funnier.'"

Michael Davidson:

"La-Bas itself is very useful altho I get dizzy from the torque which extends from someone like Dick Higgins and extends to Gene Fowler...something has to give in between... But it's very lively and I wish you all the best with it.

editor's note:

I've really appreciated these reactions and others like them. And I hope that I can be responsive to them in order to continue to reshape La-Bas into the kind of newsletter most useful to the poets who participate.

As I wrote in the cover letter to the first issue, I see La-Bas as a newsletter of poetry & poetics--a newsletter as opposed to a "little mag." What I'm trying to achieve in La-Bas is the creation of a "forum" (hate that word) for experiments in poetry. To my way of thinking, this demands an atmosphere of spontaneity and of some conflict. The diversity of poets I print (& it sometimes makes me "dizzy") hopefully helps to create a dialogue, to create a situation in which different styles & theories react with one another and make something new.

Oh, I know, a lot of this is "old hat," a repeat of battles already fought & won. But perhaps even some of the battles contem-

(Cont.

porary poetry has won should be requested, reevaluated. And I do believe that something excitingly different can come of this.

At the same time, I'm not advocating a meek eclecticism--the "potpourri approach" to poetry. There is some continuity between the poets printed here. I think all the poets to whom I send La-Bas--and there are now about 200--share a strong commitment to contemporary poetry as opposed to the modernist--more formal--traditions, and all of them lean toward "experimentation"--whatever that means anymore.

For these very reasons, I thought revisions might not only be somewhat instructive, but would be of great psychological value. It would free us poets from the idea of permanence which seems to me goes along with having a poem printed in a little or big magazine. In La-Bas--so the idea goes--a poet can try out anything she/he wants to, to rework things, speak her/his mind, whatever--and share these experiments with a group of peers who are interested.

Bill Claire wrote the following poem in response to La-Bas:

ECT & ECT

LA BAS	LA BAS	LA BAS
DOWN	DOWN	DOWN

&

DIRTY.

DIRECT	ECT	& ETC.
TO	THE	VE IN.

(AND A FOUR FLUSH BEATS A PAIR)

TAKE TWO AND HIT TO RIGHT.

PUNT

PUNT

PUNT

IT TAKES TWO TO TANGLE?

BA	BA	BLACK
SHEEP	SHEEP	SHEE EET.
TWO	SHEETS	TO DOWNDRIFTS
LA BAS	LA BAS	LA BAS
	BASTA	
	BASTA	
BASSO	PRO	FUNDO.

-William Claire

SOME SELECTED BOOKS & PAMPHLETS OF 1976 (a revolving list):

- Keith Abbott, Erase Words (Blue Wind).
Putty (Cranium Press).
- John Ashbery, The Double Dream of Spring (American Poetry Series, vol. 8).
- Guy Beining & Paul Grillo, Manhattan Spiritual (Happenstance).
- Guy Beining, Razor with No Obligation (Arbitrary Closet Press).
- Michael Benedikt, Night Cries (Wesleyan U Press).
- Charles Bukowski, Burning in Water, Drowning in Flame (Black Sparrow).
The Days Run Like Wild Horses (Black Sparrow).
Post Office (Black Sparrow).
- Andrei Codrescu, The Life & Times of an Involuntary Genius (Persea Books).
The Marriage of Insult & Injury (Cynric Press).
The Repentance of Lorraine by Ames Claire (AMP Pocketbooks).
- Clark Coolidge, Polaroid (Big Sky/Adventures in Poetry).
- Cid Corman, Word for Word: Essays on the Art of Language (Black Sparrow).
- Robert Creeley, Precences: A Text for Marisol (Scribner's).
Thirty Things (Black Sparrow).
- Michael Davidson, The Mutabilities (Sand Dollar).
- Theodore Enslin, The July Book (Sand Dollar).
- Larry Fagin, Seven Poems (Big Sky).
- Peter Frank, Lady Be Good (Poetry in Motion 7).
- Allen Ginsberg, To Eberhart from Ginsberg (Penmaen Press).
- James Koller, Poems for the Blue Sky (Black Sparrow).
- Richard Kostelanetz, Experimental Prose (Assembling).
Numbers: Poems & Stories (Assembling).
Portraits from Memory (Ardis, c. 1975).
- Ruth Krauss, Under 13 (Bookstore Press).
- Michael Lally, ed., None of the Above (Crossing Press) [poetry by
Maureen Owen, Darrell Gray, Ed Cox, Bruce Andrews, Robert
Slater, Merrill Gilfillan, David Drum, Phillip Lopate, Ron
Silliman, Joe Brainard, Bernadette Mayer, Dave Morice, George
Mattingly, Joanne Kyger, Ray DiPalma, Patti Smith, Jim Gustafson,
Nathan Whiting, Terence Winch, Joe Ribar, Hilton Obenzinger,
Lynne Dreyer, Michael Lally, P. Inman, Simon Schuchat, Barbara
Baracks, Tim Dlugos, Lorenzo Thomas, Paul Violi, Paula Novotnak
& Alice Notley.]
- Frank Lima, Angel (Liveright).
- Ron Loewinsohn, Goat Dances (Black Sparrow).
- Phillip Lopate, The Daily Round (Sun).
The Eyes Don't Always Want To Stay Open (Sun, 2nd ed.).
- Bernadette Mayer, Poetry (Kulcher Foundation).
- Michael McClure, Gorf (New Directions).
- David Meltzer, Golden Gate (Wingbrow Press) [interviews with Rexroth
Everson, Ferlinghetti, Welch & McClure].
Six (Black Sparrow).

SOME SELECTED BOOKS & PAMPHLETS OF 1976 (Cont.)

Paul Metcalf, Apalche (Turtle Island Foundation).
 The Middle Passage (Jargon Society).
Michael O'Brien, Blue Springs (Sun).
Ron Padgett, Toujours l'amour (Sun).
Charles Reznikoff, By the Well of the Living & Seeing (Black Sparrow).
 Poems 1918-1936 (Black Sparrow).
 Poems 1937-1975 (Black Sparrow).
Leslie Scalapino, O and Other Poems (Sand Dollar).
 The Woman Who Could Read the Minds of Dogs (Sand Dollar).
Patti Smith & Tom Verlaine, The Night/La nuit (Edition Fear Press).
Biran Swann, Roots (New Rivers Press).
Nathaniel Tarn, The House of Leaves (Black Sparrow).
Tristan Tzara, Primele Poeme/First Poems, trans. by Michael Imprey &
 Brian Swann (New Rivers Press).
Diane Wakoski, Waiting for the King of Spain (Black Sparrow).
Philip Whalen, The Kindness of Strangers (Four Seasons Foundation).
Lew Welch, Selected Poems (Grey Fox Press).

This list will be continued in the next issue, & a short check-list of selected magazines published in '76 will be included. Send book information, magazines and/or corrections on the present list to:

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