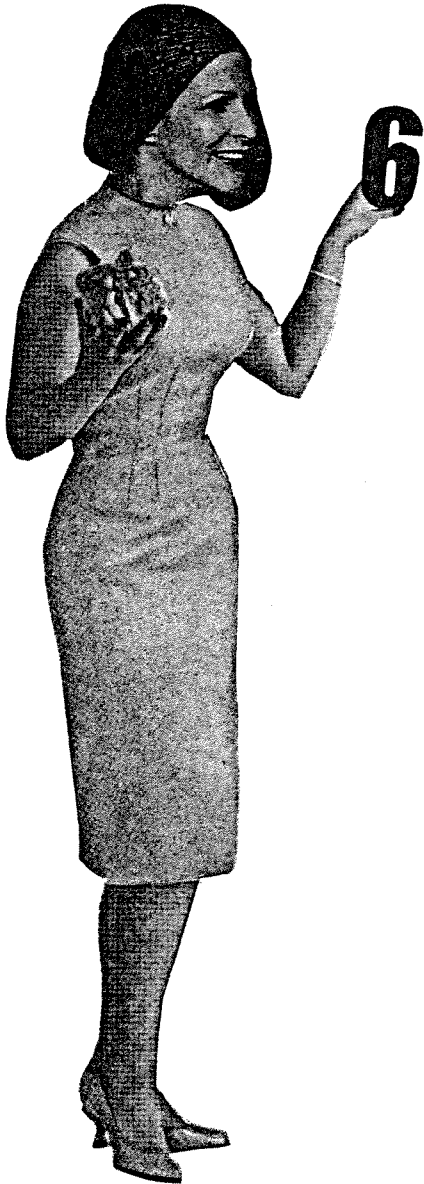


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LA-BAS: a newsletter of poetry & poetics

No. 6 (March 1977)

Poetry:

Jackson Allen
Bruce Andrews
Michael Creedon
Peter Frank
Lyn Hejinian
Jack Hirschman
Jack Kimball
Bernard Welt

Comment:

Gene Fowler
Larry Eigner
Guy Beining

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WATERMARK

The Book was recovered amid rumors of delirium
Harsh words accompanied the handover, and still
he opened the dream gate further.

Or would have had not the excessive
gaudiness of white women in voluminous cloaks
made the beggars appear more elegant more

limber and irresistible than ever.

From the distance of his afternoon nap
he could see them cavorting on bridges,
playing the stolen instruments and bumming apples.
He loved them then as sleep
retreated and churchbells drew the covers back
revealing
the stolen, the chalk-lined heart.

Heavily vined as his balcony was, it is
heartbreaking to see his hand recede beneath the blankets.
Webbed as it is, it was fortunate his pillow
sank with a trace of flowered edging
and turned up one morning under the head
of a black-lidded beggar asleep on the bridge.

The Bridge, arcaded over green, small fish darting
through the sodden
delirious pages.

-Jackson Allen

MINESTRONE

Now prepare the flaming
hoop I jump thru every
night Jump from mantle
to bathtub, and you room to room
carrying your aura like a trayful
of soupbowls.

-Jackson Allen

SOCRATE

Timorous as a french soprano came
a motive liquid as a bead, the same

moment contralto from the woodwinds
galvanized the elfin, I mean

glissando-eyed, modified
nom de plume she used as score.

She used to walk here, shivering
through the tattered, grassland frosts

She had an ordinary knapsack
strapped with ribbands to her back

Shes back as delicate and circumspect
as french baroque as ever

The motive's from Bulgaria
The elfin gown is torn about the sleeves.

-Jackson Allen

FOREIGNERS

1.
met a man said
Australians were
 laughing
 at us:
 laid little better than
 weeds good-for-nothing
eucalyptus on us
2.
long line of eucalyptus
along Tomales-Petaluma road
twenty in a row at
midnight
3.
 (the Australians
laughing) and
 before you know it
 a whole grove of them
he said
4.
 nothing grows underneath
and they are good
for nothing
 no sale
 no siding
 no signpost
no sense in it
good-for-nothing good
 for eucalyptus
5.
long
line of
eucalyptus along
 Tomales-Petaluma
 road
twenty
 laughing-at-midnight
 Australians

-Jackson Allen

LOVE SONGS
& OTHER POEMS
a selection

by

Bruce Andrews

SONG NO 20

|

quavers

LOVE SONG NO 60

this is it, men.

nod

no C

maze

less

depot to

ropes enough air

falsetto

uh be a real war

were cut thence saplings

vesper

Fort Dix the facts

amen inching

wool ruddy hobo

stay

salt

horstyle

silk-hatted thank

as if

aging blue-pepper luminosity

no underwater

pastry

boxcar

psoriasis commercial tastes like milk

left leg tokenly open

cease maneuver



SONG NO 125

X : See you sometime..

Y : Maybe.

random \neq representative

NO 104

shack
own spaced points

day-to-day

hub hush ace vember slow

un-redoubling
now
in good

rill
mercy
so

unfevered tools

cockrill

engaged

water myth

chord

laying

then
minded



sugar

quaker .

kin axes

single

Fiji

omic

root

cloak

wood loans

jane

quite

close

span

incidentals : VI. III, IX

NO 160

You might

final orgasm

many pages

2-5-73

begin
so

to

and each

the heart

is always drunk

NO 62

broke the mirror.

shoot the breeze.

IN OUR NEW YORK MARRIAGE, YOU WERE THE ONE

Nonalcoholic, with the showery knees, white Irish sweaters, birth control pills.

Who slept late.

With a flair for violence, & Mexican food, with good teeth, who almost died in asthma attacks.

With 2 pillows & 6 purple raincoats:

Brilliant, alert, witty, bilingual,

good at getting jobs.

You had speed & grass, you were classy, you always impressed everyone, You

Who chose our apartment & furnished it
& loaded the drawers with flowering panties,
didn't like mirrors or makeup, taught me
to kiss

and cook. You showed me the sights
of the Russian coast, threw out
your bra at an early date, loved
to sip brandy in rainy motels.

Had a way with words.

Who threw a big party that nobody came to
but me, and I kept disappearing.

I envied you, with all that
contempt for glitter,
an endless repertoire of entertainments,
your Azuma ten-speed & your Nikon camera, & your
disinterested attitude towards being photographed
while I was a ham.

You had French shades & a modern scarf.
Your mouth was shaped right.
You had the up-&-coming shape & style.
I thought you were perfect.

Who finally in the hallways of Eureka
had to pack up everything & leave while I
bounced off motel walls drunk.

-Michael Creedon

MEAT CRISIS

In Safeway what is red is brown
in Alpha Beta; even in corner markets all fingers
are brilliant. Is my liver green?
I am reduced to kidneys & spinach,
Oh blue me. Every day I touch
my wrists and temples
with eau de ptomaine.

I am sympathetic to the average shopper
and to the butcher. My hands too glisten
with blood. My skin is transparent
as the sheerest membrane. Inside my face,
above the cheekbones, you can see
the price of meat. All cuts
as per marked. I am queasy
in favor of the sale of horsemeat.
I do not believe in this struggle
but I'm in it just the same.
Fingers get blue with months. bone
shows thru. Like victims
of rabies we rip foam tongues
and tear with teeth an frantic dodging entrails.
-And Miz Donner will get et,
that heart of hearts. This
is no longer a game, Chicago.
We all thought
we was already at
californy.
Where is we then?

-Michael Creedon

CONFUSIONS

Coffee coffee coffee

Wondring how my actions seem to others.

More coffee. Cigarettes. More cigarettes.

Annette's room. Car. Yellow light. Sarah's room.

Car. The bridge. Yellow lights. Berkeley.

University Avenue off ramp. University Avenue.

Stop go all the way. Get there. Thinking.

Thinking up how why when to what leave while we kiss.

Steps. Drive. The stretch. Dirty pretty water hair.

"The Bay." 50 cents for toll person. The bridge.

Bay. San Andreas fault. (no quake yet.)

Yellow light. Sliding off ramps. "Streets of San Francisco."

Eureka. Parking spot. Steps. Yellow light.

The bridge. Yellow light. (actually) Orange light.

Yellow light. Sarah's hallway. Stained glass curtain

in front door window. Inside. Living room

to the left. Stephen. Hallway. Mary's room

to the left on down. Perfection of Mary. On down

to the left, bathroom. David's room

to the right. Is he here? Good. Perfection of David.

At the end of the hall, Sarah's room (yellow light)

to the left, kitchen & pantry, porch, etc.

to the right.

Sarah's room. Immense perfections. My imperfections.

But I fit in. Still. What light?

What color light?

Taking Sarah across the bridge in daytime.

The wind. Water. Our talk.

The way she is. The way I am.

Us driving across Oakland Bay Bridge

in daylight, numbness tiredness thrills anticipations

lonliness ambivalences yellowlight VACILLATIONS!

Worries about the way I act.

Annette's place. Up red steps.

Hoping she's alone. She's alone. Tea? No.

Coffee. More coffee. Cigarettes and coffee.

Strange visitors on other doorsteps even as I show up on hers.

Guys from New York. Exclusive New England colleges.

She opens the door. Her in the door.

The way she looks. Bodies. Intimacies. Tears.

All the things that "can't go on like this

much longer." Bed. Food. Confusion.

[Cont.]

CONFUSIONS cont.]

The bridge. Yellow lights. Annette
in the turquoise 66 VW. Complaints
of coffee smells in the car. Too cold
to roll windows down. Wind on the bridge.
Bug bus roars in Treasure Island tunnel
so I can't hear her talk. Her
green velvet jacket.

Arrivals in SF. Chinatown. Up and down.
Coffee coffee coffee.
Discomforts of all types.
Decisions not to make. Coffee. Her hair. The bridge.
First cigarette in the morning. (Lucky Strike)
Life being too much.
Sarah Annette. Coffee
and car.

and
Sleeplessness. Mandarin orange slices from can.
Writing in underwear. Cigarettes.
(Lucky Strikes) Yellow lights. Views
of the city. Water color distortions.
How my actions seem to others. Feeling
wanted. Fearing loneliness. Cars
outside. Confusions of cities. Memories
of jobs, interviews. Insomnia.
Finally waiting for telephones.
Telephones.
Jerry Lewis. Cigarettes.
Coffee.

-Michael Creedon

GUITAR

Guitar,
I will tell you when to sing;
meanwhile, be seductive

You will make people's teeth ring,
Guitar; on second thought,
no, you won't

There is nothing anti-Semitic about you
unless such a song is played
on your racist strings

No others cradle you,
Guitar, making you sing;
me, I'll play the piano

-Peter Frank

SPECIAL DIFFICULTIES

found poem

instead of talking
instead of eating
before thinking
before dying
without studying
without working
without having fun
after writing
after leaving
after losing my money
We began by having lunch
We ended by finding the solution

-Peter Frank

NOSTALGIA ELEPHANT

To forget the Autumn tenor of our lives,
the legato contemplation-- not without its satisfaction,
but still, however delirious, a melancholy--
that's been compared to Brahms,
we have exchanged shyness for a subtler disease,
something along the lines of little monks' songs,
no doubt we deserve it, though the evocations
suggested are the painfulest yet, I mean
do you remember what the future will be like?

-Peter Frank

MEDLEY

for David and Lindsay Shapiro

The planets by themselves, quick clustering
of great atoms into sparks:
and when we think of this, or any of
several musics, we think, canonically, in barks.
The rope seems happiest when taut,
or when learning how to sing.
Violence is suggested by the slightest action;
the hum, perhaps, of a moistened violin.
The crime, perhaps, of a hundred dumb punishments,
preference for a litter's runt,
can warp your diction. I'd watch out
if I were you. I'd at least take the hint.

-Peter Frank

PARIS FEET

for Stewart Lindh
and Beresford Hayward

Escapable sky.
The city speaks to its shopkeepers
in a whisper.
The warm streets fit perfectly.
A reaching for purity
sensed in the atmosphere,
earnest and gracious,
as if Cezanne were having his way
and
as if we were thwarting him
at every turn.
The world slows down its flâneurs.
The city hurries its.
Time for the music of women
and the river.
Toute est achevée.
Time for lunch.

II

Où se trouve...?
And I lied when I found it.
Seeing them undress in so many languages,
I broke apart in the rain,
the necessary rain.

III

What are you waiting for?
What are you thinking?
Why is this garden not filled with steel?
The percussion of anguished men
goes on endlessly through the sunshine.
The confused rooms
are filled with hunger.
Buildings die in the wind.

-Peter Frank

Paris
July 29-31, 1974

ONION COUNTRY

for Juliet Green

Words form themselves beyond the window
leaving burns on the senses of the face.
Some pieces of this landscape bristle with hair.
A man reads a newspaper, the kind
that sell like hotcakes here.
His son is threatened by a scream.
Something catches in my throat.
It is the knowledge of the ancient sages.
They read even the funnies with absurd intensity.
Do not tell me if you were born in Wales.
I never know how these things turn out.
Beer is keeping its secrets from me.
My senses tell me one thing, one thing alone:
this is onion country.

-Peter Frank

Paris
July 23-27, 1974

AN ADJUSTMENT FOR WINTER

The best thing to feed pigs is garbage, supplemented with a bit of foraging in the woods about the place. If you plan to sell the meat, it has to be steam-cleaned garbage; that's a law. We had friends with pigs, which they were raising for their own use, not to sell. They just didn't seem to have much kitchen garbage -- not enough to keep the pigs fat and growing. They got garbage from a few friends, but, really, people prefer to throw their garbage away. After the first year, however, they made an arrangement with Bob's Redwood Room, and in exchange for the fat trimmings off the pigs, which the Redwood Room could render and use for cooking, they got all the garbage their pigs could ever eat. They did their own slaughtering, even made their own hot dogs.

One of the children writes:

I once had a pony his name was
Sunny one day he died. I cried.
My Dad went to bury him but it was
too hard so he had to go get
somebody to help him. I had a
little goat. One morning we woke
up and could not find him we
looked under the house and
found him. But he could not walk.

When I was a child I was very fond of the man who worked for my grandfather, a man named Fenten Silvey. We spent the summers in the country with my grandparents, and every day except Sunday I followed Fenten about the place, helping him, as I thought, at the time. One morning he caught a bat in the barn. It had been hanging from the rafters above the rakes and shovels and hoes. Fenten spent most of that afternoon building a cage for it. He told me the bat would eat insects, and he gave it to me, finally, in its cage. Two days later

[Cont.]

we had to return to the city and a new school year. My father gingerly deposited the bat in the cellar at home, explaining that it would prefer the dark. Perhaps it did. Yet its presence frightened me there. The impossibility of catching the insects necessary for its food, and hence the inevitability of the bat's death, haunted the cellar. I was terrified, each day, by the anticipation of finding it dead. Finally, of course, it did die, and I buried it, ashamed, in the backyard.

In Brookline we lived in a large brick apartment building which ran along two sides of a block and neighbored another L-shaped apartment building which completed the other two sides of the block. It was possible to look into the cellar of our building by crawling through a hedge and peering into one of two dusty windows, which the children on the block did, particularly in winter, when the furnace was fired and blazing. One of the children told the others that what they beheld there was Hell, and that they were doomed to burn there someday. Many of the younger children believed it.

And whether it is that, for the child, the animal bears more reality than the man, or less, it is hard to know.

-Lyn Hejinian

THE ILLUMINATION

Cosmo-politan
streaming. That these are such
and the mulch of
peasantry
meet at light with,
when the milk of moon in a jug is

so placed
with calendula
vased, a sheet
of paper
that is, no less,
the window

and everything a gathering of
matter brought to
a spine, Never mind whose

sits down, the very
clear sunlight
amid such order of color and form
the body is the reason
for its own outpour.

From this chaos centuries since,
from this blasted world as cellar,
from this room as cell
or kitsched and kitchen spirit-chair
where all my degrees are thirderd
and the answer hangs
garrotted in the electric air where
night night gotham night,
night night unconscious night
is the libido albedo
and orpheus punctured across
a fermament of leather,
victory is these leaves
that have flown in as birds
change the forms of their inspiration,
now are before me, clearing
the seasons of their eyes,
are white to be written upon,
never mind by whom--
I who said I am not I,
he who came down from the law
to glow
also is not exactly who
moves across the constellations

[Cont.]

THE ILLUMINATION cont.]

spaced so.
But all from their
to now, which
to the rising
dawn is

nothing separate,
sings through fingers that find

the rose of the winds
a kind and
kinder poem,

the blinding prism open at the breast
of the ikon--

weaning heart, vermillion
and poverty-struck
oil of mellifluous
gold.

-Jack Hirschman

The future holds forth a quantified isolation. Just imagine
processing of particles of brain tissue into a nearly instantaneous
transfer of consciousness, mythology and all. Of course,
the passage of data will be frighteningly polymorphous, hardly
logical and obviously not without sexual overtones: consciousness
collected from one mother and generated to countless daughter
cells. The daughters in turn give birth to new daughters.
The severe ingenuity of it!

N. Llabmik, Scientific American

SONG FOR DIVISION OF CORTEX

Come
And even
Or rather

And even
Or rather

Dial me over

And even
Or rather

Dial me
Through a creasing of myths
Feeling fast unmeasurable

Ecstasy
Ra is in the foyer

And even
Or rather

And even
Experienced women
Feel the bitters leaving them madly

Or rather
All hippogriffs and wands live here
Behometh's fossils swastikas of light

Kennedies Krishnas
Egad Vos jolts through
Her blood

Or rather
My lust
The halt of my lust

[Cont.]

SONG FOR DIVISON OF CORTEX cont.]

There a scream here
A scream there
A scream here

A scream there
A scream here
A scream here I am

A scream here I am
The automatic clone of the Antarctic

Now overhead
Her shadow for slippers
See it in a reflection

Of reflection of her reflection
Easier to relieve a swan's loneliness

-Jack Kimball

VAMPIRE POEM

Deepening inanimate unfairness
I hear them singing

-Jack Kimball

XYLOPHONE

4AM

Tide out

There she was

Her arms

under, your honor

Beginning to feel the rocket

Brain leaks before

inner shedding your honor

yes

The brink of rare formation

On top potato up

Shredded toes

Diced long slaw

Ping

yes

Hurry up

Too soon

Top potato

Long dice

Ping

she

Slow slaw

Legs

wing

yup

Up

Too soon

She

She

Too soon she stream

sperm lob

I'm disinished into a remote man

gate

Gong nowhere now

No matter

A big hunk fell out

redface

For half an hour

floating

dots

domino

Dark wolf fit snug inside

so long twenty dollar

sunshine

Through leaves

are falling

cut

cut

cut

cut

-Jack Kimball

SWANS

for Doug Lang

Dinner was still going on as we emerged from a stone passage, which connected the gunroom with several larders, into a dining room dominated by sharp authoritative chatter. Rosy did not give a hoot about the priority of the helical theory and, as Francis prattled on, she displayed increasing irritation. The most important problem was to decide whether the stars were fixed in the sky, as had always been supposed, or whether they had individual movements of their own. To control the universe was no longer easy. All things were of equal value and of equal size.

If one lived a harmonious life, one might expect more harmonious future lives and perhaps . . . No. At the end you did not know to what you were hurrying, or with what aim in view: "After lunch I was not anxious to return to work, for I was afraid that in trying to fit the keto forms into some new scheme I would run into a stone wall and have to face the fact that no regular hydrogen-bonding scheme was compatible with the X-ray evidence." All secrets became congenial to him, for secrets gave strength; the first fascination of symbolism was that it did not altogether disclose those secrets upon which its use depended. One day he wants the symbols to be comprehensible

only to him, and a few days later he feels that they should be interpreted to the public. In his clumsy myth, he reconciles tradition with his own conscience: each action he initiates seems ironically patterned to destroy him. The locus classicus: he begins as tyrannos, ruler of the community, but not at one with the people, and ends at one with the community but no longer its ruler; an exile, in fact, blinded and groping his way directionless up or down the side of the sacred mountain. He lived as he said on tiptoe, and was continually on the verge of physical collapse.

[Cont.]

SWANS cont.]

There is no matter. There are only relationships: We had a really lousy relationship. I wanted to tell him about my last relationship. We sat for hours, discussing our relationship: having made your most of my genius, my will power and fortune, you required in the blindness of an inexhaustible greed, my entire existence. You took it. The will to union and the will to separation. The will to self-extension and the will to abnegation. The impulse to communal feeling and the will to power. The external world's importance could therefore be reduced to the role of stimulus

upon the self: a couple of dark-haired girls chatting in Hebrew at the next table; the sound of an old man jerking off in the next stall, his belt buckle clanging on the tile floor; the empty-headed exuberance of a hit tune on the PA at work. Like all poetical natures he loved ignorant people. He knew that in the soul of one who is ignorant there is always room for a great idea. But he could not stand stupid people, especially those who are made stupid by education: people who are full of opinions not one of which they even understand. He used the dark and chilly days to learn more theoretical chemistry

or to leaf through journals, hoping that possibly there existed a forgotten clue to DNA. He refrains from active involvement in life, and seems to admire particularly those persons of his acquaintance or about whom he has read who seem to have constructed their own personalities, who have, so to speak, made themselves up. There was a long struggle between the supporters of Cartesian vortices and those who favored Newtonian attraction before, eventually, the Newtonians triumphed. At Glasgow we found my sister Elizabeth, who had flown

[Cont.]

SWANS cont.]

from Prestwick to Copenhagen. Two weeks previously, she had sent a letter relating that she was pursued by a Dane. Instantly I sensed impending disaster. Soon, however, I abandoned thinking at the molecular level and turned to the much easier job of reading biochemical papers on the interrelations of DNA, RNA, and protein synthesis. After breakfast, he invented the technique of the "cut-up," originally to replicate the sensation of having sex in a small dark place with a total stranger, preferably of one's own gender -- the sense of what remains, after you strip the artwork of whatever could have been argued.

Then the old woman in the bed sat up and looked about her with wild eyes; and the oldest of the old men said, "Lady, we have come to write down the names of the immortals," and at his words a look of great joy came into her face. I have explained the celestial phenomena, and those of the sea, by the force of gravitation. I have not yet deduced the reasons for the properties of gravitation, and I have proposed no hypotheses. I began at this time to have some very exciting ideas: that love and knowledge were inextricably linked, and that only by

reaching out to others, to one other in particular, could I come to understand myself. And that by identifying totally with various others, taking over the form of their comprehension if not the substance, I could create a new kind of communication, something as direct and immediate as music, the material components taken from outside the self and gathered in, and the self thus left totally outside the parts of the work and completely responsible for the whole, as though it were a sentence whose only apprehensible element was its syntax --

and all the while fully aware that in doing so I was merely imitating someone, though it was someone I have never known, nor even imagined fully, not as a separate entity, but like two mirrors set up against each other, reflecting each other endlessly; only I'm not, as you might think, caught between them, but am myself a plane surface, calm and smooth as a lake seen out of a fifth floor window, over the edge of a book: a few swans gliding across it, above the air, silently binding themselves to one another. How could an action as intense as this be transmitted across an empty space? It was worth while living to have said that.

-Bernard Welt

comment





Correspondence received from Jackson Allen, Bruce Andrews (see below), Ivan Argüelles, Guy Beining, Charles Bernstein, Carolyn Canon, Michael Davidson, Ray Di Palma, Larry Eigner (see below), Clayton Eshleman, Peter Frank, Jack Grady, Ted Greenwald, Lyn Hejinian, Jack Hirschman, Ruth Krauss, Mervin Lane, Rich Murphy, Michael O'Brien, Ron Rector, and Bernard Welt.

PAST DISCUSSION REVIVED: In the first issue of Là-bas I paraphrased Harold Norse's statement against a poetry that's "poured into moulds," in order to describe the kind of poetry I was seeking for Là-bas. In issue #2 Gene Fowler's reaction to Norse's comment was published. The following letter from Gene Fowler was his response:

Dear Douglas --

...I have great respect for Harold and even his off the cuff remarks will generally contain more sense than non-sense. I picked up this particular remark because it implicitly makes an elbow swipe at the use of form and, indirectly, at the use of human consciousness in poems. Harold, of course, is a conscious poet--but he aims at seeming a "good guy" to the less conscious. And this can seem a "good way to go." There is the unfortunate phenomenon of countless folk in and around the universities who put together forms from tinker-toy sets, figuring they have something to say and stuffing this content into the floppy or brittle "forms."

The enemies of the tinker-toy stuffing attack the making that goes on, identifying it with the tinker-toys, and, unfortunately, eulogize the stuffing.

So, in my prodding, or, if you prefer, my taking up old quarrels, I go back to kicking the feet under such stuffing eulogies as "form is an extension of content."

I think of Pound's discussion of Jake Epstein, the sculptor. Content? A block of stone, in the beginning; that'd be fusion, confusion, pure content. But Jake, apparently, could see the form in the stone. He could chip away irrelevancies. He could bring out the form from within the content. Then, the viewer could bring out content from within the form. A new content each time. A leap frog game.

Even raw human emotion is formal. A red face? A drawing of throat cords? An open mouth? Sounds? Well, together, formed, it's ... what ... human anger? ... an angry shout? First is the forming, the bringing together, the shaping (moulding). A glossing. Then, out of the form, "blurred" by understanding, as the still shots, frame by frame, make a "motion" picture, content is derived from form. There

[Cont.

letter from Gene Fowler cont.]

was no content before the form. And even the elements, say the "red face" is formed out of sub-forms.

Etc. & all this not a real quarrel, after all.

Easy,

Gene

A more recent reaction by Larry Eigner to Fowler's original letter appears below:

#3 from you 2 weeks or so back...and alrdy La-Bas en masse is piling up, bulking large. And I think more and more of taking it easy and traveling light on the over-worked earth, as anyway I can see food shortages and maybe even of cars (impending, say) ... but none of poetry (amid the still vaster oceans of words a gulf stream though it be). And it doesn't take much that's beyond daily experience, comparatively, to write/do a poem -- no paintbrush, no chisel, saw, scalpel, stethoscope,, diff.. calculus or bevatron, just a facility with a tongue. As to the medium, content aside. And "form" (anything's a compilation, symmetrical in outline or contour or not, its configuration more or less modeled on or similar to that of something else or unique) -- ok, models are needed or useful to start, from, give focus or direction, and however seldom or often later, to keep on. And, however much or little form is a "by-product" or enjoying it even a whole lot or as much as you can. Though there's not enough time for any pleasure to reorganize or reform the White House, Congress, Detroit, ... or much of anything.

Well, Fowler seems mystic, platonic and theoretically physical and metaphysical enough (also beyond me, also energetically relishing ideas, like where he alludes to Jupiter's mathematical readers), but maybe we're considerably in agreement, as he refers to the writer developing a poem by reading (by feedback). And now windfall has come my way when I've been asleep and have had my eyes shut. And I myself go on by serendipity, never having known much how to work (though back when I believed in it a good deal) or apply effort -- or when Flaubert revised or polished, mustn't he have done something(s) besides search a long time for the right words (to describe whatever content)?

I'm another H Rousseau if not Grandma Moses, evidently.

HOURLASS (honed down or revised)

 tree its fingers
hold blackbirds
 chorus voices spring
further to loom
 heat storm of summer
stolen quickly under
 trick eye of frost
to measure each space
 driving thru
 open levels
 to witness old folk
 on porches
propped up for doom
 their yellow feet
 cold objects now
that had gathered
as if combs
 all this

-Guy Beining

Guy Beining's CITY SHINGLES will be the first in a new series of chapbooks published by La-bas. The series is devoted to long poems and groups of closely related poems. 500 copies of each chapbook will be printed. Anyone interested send manuscripts to La-Bas, Box 509, Hollywood Station, College Park, Md. 20740

SOME SELECTED BOOKS & PAMPHLETS OF 1976-1977 (a continuing list):

- Tom Ahern. A Movie Starring the Late Cary Grant and an As-Yet Unsigned Actress (Treacle Press).
- Bruce Andrews. Vowels (O Press).
- Antonin Artaud. Artaud the Momo, trans. by Clayton Esheleman & Norman Glass (Sparrow 47, August 1976).
- Jean Cocteau. The Crucifixion, trans. by Jack Hirschman (Quarter Press).
- Cid Corman. The Act of Poetry & Two Other Essays (Sparrow 44, May 1976).
- For the Asking (Sparrow 51, December 1976).
- Fielding Dawson. More Tiger Lilies (Sparrow 49, October 1976).
- Diane di Prima. Selected Poems: 1956-1976 (revised ed. of Selected Poems: 1956-1975) (North Atlantic Press).
- Brad Gooch. The Daily News (Z Press).
- Barbara Guest. The Countess from Minneapolis (Burning Deck).
- Gerrit Lansing. The Heavenly Tree Grows Downward (North Atlantic Press).
- Gerard Malanga. Devotion (Sparrow 48, September 1976).
- Pat Nolan. Fast Asleep (Z Press).
- Toby Olson. The Life of Jesus; An Apocryphal Novel (New Directions).
- Charles Reznikoff. First, There Is the Need (Sparrow 52, January 1977).
- Gilbert Sorrentino. A Dozen Oranges. (Sparrow 46, July 1976).
- Tom Veitch. Death College & Other Poems; 1964-1974 (Big Sky).
- Diane Wakoski. Variations on a Theme (An Essay on Revision) (Sparrow 50, November 1976).
- Bernard Welt. Undying Love (Smart Poets Press).
- Terence Winch. Nuns (Wyrd Press).

I have decided to do brief reviews of individual issues of magazines. Issue #7 will carry my reviews on Big Deal, Floating Island, ZZZZZ and Partisan Review. If you are interested in having a magazine reviewed or interested in reviewing drop me a line.

This issue is dedicated to the memory of Edward Dahlberg.

