

# outburst 1



Creeley · Heliczer · Brown · Horovitz · Combs  
Turnbull · Dawson · Black · Chao Tze-Chiang  
Malcolm · Levertov · Jenkins · Fletcher · Dorn  
Snyder · Logue · Hollo · Goldsmith · Olson

**2s**

**6d**



# outburst I

editor tom raworth published in the basement of 167 Amhurst Road · London E:8

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dai jenkins photographic section and cover photograph  
steve fletcher denise levertov : the tulips reviews of  
mins. to go; the connection; the dancers inherit the party  
type hand-set by the editor

mss with s.a.e. or l.r.c. please !

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## Quartet

### TO BLACK MOUNTAIN

To the senses &  
the sense  
Divorce  
has been granted  
in our days

To restore it  
the task,  
the consummation of  
word's impact on eye  
& ear.

### VARIATION      for Josephine

my longings river down.  
tho speak. they do not  
hear. no use to speak through  
the air. it is you not hear.  
when morning grew through  
the bells. stone crumbs in you  
hang. I spoke unto one who  
was asleep and out of his  
elbows. I the mussle. cells  
heard what I said. and the  
beneath of your wings my  
lodgings and the sea always the  
sea the sea of birds fall  
home through the air. and

these who were contained in  
her with your jangling bells.  
stone speak. they do not hear  
no use to speak see feathers grow  
out of your ear when morning  
grows through.

longingsriver seabirdshome cellbirdstrees seatint handsriver-  
feathers elbowmussels bodycells birdstrees seawingtemperature  
groinceiling bodycells birdstrees crumbstonebells beachair-  
ceiling bodybirds

no use to. speak unto those.  
we sea. it is you my hands  
fall home unto those who  
wake. they stand on the  
beach with your jangling  
curtains. where wall met  
ceiling. come be river see  
feathers grow. she heard her  
body heard all. he shell your  
groin. the temperature birds  
heard in the old trees. down  
to the sea it is you. my. no  
definite tint or colour. she it  
is you you. stand on the  
beach no use. to speak unto  
those who crumbs in your hands.  
come be river unto those who  
wake they do not know. how  
I the mussle shell your  
groin.

morningcurtainswall ceilingbody airbeach bellstone crumb-  
colour morningwall shellgrointemperature wingtint colour-  
morning elbowfeathers riverhands seatint colourcurtains  
warmbirds seariverlongings

# T—TEXT

I or he who is speaking now  
am surrounded by Latea Life  
Woven away like a lightning  
Surrounded by pale fairytale children  
I ponder upon clawfish in insomniac days  
sniff at flowers in lonely cupboards  
goldframed thorns at my feet

I imagine handstrokevibrations  
I weep tendrils of honeysuckle strange curls of gage  
unredeemed by baby communists  
The lilactrees' fragrance unredeemed  
surrounded by the Bad End

Revived by the analysts' cap and bells  
these tender fighters for the freedom of psychotic odours  
O give me the scarlet shirt of perfection!  
Ten clawfish climb through the pond,  
Nimble longings for Vision Hands  
and Cosmic Feet

I find myself assembled for prayer among leaves  
Then manifold images of Jackal  
I have extended you my textured rootstock  
I have trod upon and then set foot upon the path



of true nakedness  
Surrounded by the Bad End by Later Life  
The Path of Nakedness  
Woven away like lightning  
In sleepless circumscription

#### FAUSTUS IN THE 60'S

Do not know who but am 7 & 20  
born way up North have read and written  
and lived / no comment /  
short stories in German poems in Finnish & English  
at long last even in German although my mother  
Have translated my stories into Finnish and English  
my poems into German English Finnish Suebian Bavarian  
Mesopotamian  
myself  
My word muscles hurt me  
Have also translated jean arp  
& rainer m gerhardt / vide Olson /  
Blok Ginsberg Corso & Heissenbuettel  
bremer heliczer enzenberger  
for years I have lived in a trance of translation  
I have enough  
But I have done this because in the 1st place I am a very vain  
person  
2ndly, it was easiest to cover up my inborn mendacity this way  
2ndly, because the pale and transparent slave  
moulded out of glass  
who stands behind me and whispers You lie, you lie  
is silenced when he hears such Names



and 3rdly because it is my wish that all should speak  
and make love to another  
Yes if you ask me I am a pansexualist & proud believer in  
anarchism  
but do not know do not know  
what will happen when it happens  
When one day the blue and water-cooled barrels  
burrow their way and break through the mortar  
When one day  
uncommonly large Pekinese start rolling through our parks  
but arp gerhardt Blok Ginsberg Corso & Heissenbuettel I  
invoke you  
You will abide by me  
By this perforated soul  
for you can stand against the Lies of the World  
You are great fathers and brethren above Heaven's tent Yes  
but  
if you ask Me I am not absolutely  
convinced whispers my glassy slave  
And when I ask him Well what on earth then what will stand  
against the Lies  
against the Nothing  
against the Nothing Force?  
He says  
nothing

---

## Poems

each day a little water to the croton  
each day a little rubbing to the cat  
and every day, some smiles and talk with you

our visions, our worlds are grown—  
brief animal devourer / defecater—  
our apart.ments flower but by these

*actuary loves*

*morning in the japanese garden san francisco*

before the vendors begin the sparrows  
hop--hop through the tea--house  
on the hundred perches (up--ended stools)

red--fronted, yellow--tressed  
people step and speak on the path  
morning--young

as golden fishes  
swirl the pool  
swinging their coins there

*teens*

most the fishes swim in glee  
as does Alphonso  
prance and sing

in his con act  
not alone in sound  
let there be song  
running their lives  
but in the hair neat  
fresh--smelling cloth  
and the gift of one's person  
singing

the poet  
died in a maelstrom  
—— last words  
that wouldn't take orders

the small animals dress darkly,  
as they gather to bury  
one of their number

by the sea they stand  
knotted in tears

with blossoms and loved dead  
they return

they were all lies, the best i could make



## Sound Barrier

Silence is blue  
mountain  
snow  
is tall  
eye  
courageous  
is gliding  
cloud  
grass  
is pearl  
is rock  
is God upon the waters

They would break  
the circle of silence  
they would stifle  
the singers of silence  
they would banish  
the walkers on the road  
for unfractured hours  
in silence

They would stone silence  
with the stones of their shrill shouting  
they would pound its bones with stereo  
they would maim it with machines  
sever its limbs with motor cycles  
decapitate it with jets  
thrust its corpse into a juke-box  
they would bury it  
in a grave

dug by their incessant talking  
their back-slapping laughter  
their permanent smiles  
and then they would play a requiem of Musak

One day a man cried HALT  
to the millions rushing home  
to food forced  
through daylong seasons  
to literature predigested  
to the millions rushing home  
in cars faster  
than last year's  
to read in the evening edition  
between the larger ad spaces  
of today's record-breaking attempt  
at running  
walking  
flying  
talking  
playing piano  
eating spaghetti  
and to read of the latest  
swiftest means  
of multi-lateral annihilation

One day a man cried HALT  
WHY THE PERPETUAL FRENZIED SPEEDING?  
and no-one knew.

And now their nerves scream crazy  
and their blood fevers  
in fear  
of the sound barrier breaking

of hearing that voice again  
hearing that HALT  
hearing that WHY?  
and of having to find  
the answer  
to the question



denise levertov

## The Tulips

Red tulips  
living into their death  
flushed with a wild blue  
tulips  
becoming wings  
ears of the wind  
jackrabbits rolling their eyes  
west wind  
shaking the loose pane  
some petals fall  
with that sound one  
listens for

charles olson

1921-1992

## The Allegory of Wealth

a Poem from America Still

On the other phone, Persephone: 'He crushed me, - he creased  
my britches,'  
and the load, of the Fatman, on a body, the thought  
of the bones broken in a body by weight, not by a blow,  
crushed. And then, the life goes, the cry, in her voice. My soul  
and I rushed to go across the space from one skyscraper office  
to the other, to try to help, to see if there was anything  
one might do, what the Milliardaire had done to the Maid

---

### MIGRANT

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## Movietone

The year The Good Earth won the Pulitzer Prize, Dinah's college boyfriend ran off with another girl; that summer Dinah met a woman in a drugstore who asked, 'Have a Coke?'

They took a taxi to the woman's apartment; downtown Cincinnati. Dinah was afraid.

But they drank gin and coke, and she let the woman play with her. Say!

Sure! Swell! And she was good! Drove her wild!

Tickle that thing. Get next to it. 1935

Hurt it

Laughs

1941

Chicago,

Aw, come on

1946

Pittsburg

'Great song,' Philly said; she took a poke, and passed the joint to Dinah, and Dinah made it, and slowly leaned back, against the wall.

'Billy Strayhorn,' Philly exhaled.

Miami Beach

New York

you know

1951

Dinah wandered around the Village, and met Shirley. They

went in a bar and Dinah saw the guy who had been the best friend of her old boyfriend, the fellow who had split with that other girl. Dinah said,

'Ben!'

Ben smirked and got off the barstool. 'Dinah,' he said; she grinned and a little of the old feeling came back. Dinah softened, and embraced him; Shirley put on black gloves and moved towards the door.

'Well, man, how have you been?'

'It's been a long time, Dinah.'

Dinah was sore.

'That hoople,' Shirley said.

Dinah stood on the sidewalk snapping her fingers. A year later, in the winter of 1952

CALIFORNIA STATE HIGHWAY 101

Late At Night

the car she was driving ripped into the trailer of a slowly moving truck; Dinah was badly cut, and bruised, but her twenty-five year old girlfriend was in shock, dying, chest smashed against the dashboard. Dinah climbed out the window and stood on the highway with the truckdriver. She stopped the first car, gave the people orders, and directed traffic until the police arrived. The girl in her twenties died on her way out of the car. Dinah went to Southern California to live with a group of women her age, occupied as secretaries and private nurses. Years and years later, Dinah died too; in bed, in a bad mood.



## A Poem of Plants

Peyotl  
the dream-child bud  
glowing in hollow desert  
H O ! hands  
gather the holy baby—  
faceted jewelbush  
child of the  
sky is solid rainbow.

squash-maiden  
corn-girl,  
hair-prongs  
seedbed root  
suck magic from dirt, rains  
wash down rainbow  
& bury him under the floor.

H a a ! the long  
Trumpet of thornapple  
flower

Datura highsmoke  
scooped in blankets  
J a m e s t o w n w e e d

Mind is a secret  
of plants.  
soak the root  
drink the water  
little leaves & twigs will  
smash the sun.

HA gum of hashish

Passed through the porthole  
from bumboat to tanker  
anchored off Suez

music of screens  
of jewel bead curtains  
woman receding  
half-glimpsed body  
hidden  
in glittering  
fall

ear, eye, belly  
cascara  
calumus  
cut bark is vapour  
of paradise odour

ancient lovely virgin  
strolls in Damp Grove  
picking mushroom.

brick for a pillow  
rolled in a blanket  
& see

Artemis naked:  
the soft white  
buried sprout  
of the world's  
first  
seed

HAAAA !

Aeschylus, the oracle said,  
Died from a tortoise  
Falling on his head.  
However, just before he died  
A number of his plays revealed  
How politicians lied.  
We lesser men in later times  
Remember this coincidence  
And let our leaders lie in peace  
For scientific thinking rates  
Impartial oracles as rare,  
But not so rare as avian invertebrates.

## Two Letters from an Alphabet

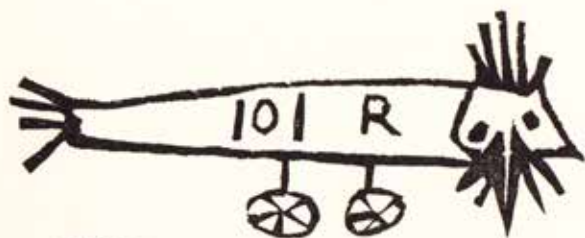
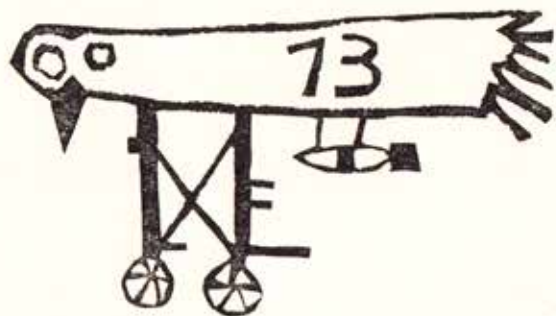
Brecht is dead  
And Brecht is gone  
So his enemies agree  
Brecht was right  
And they were wrong,  
But they do it carefully.  
Thus any man who still  
Agrees with Brecht is called  
A pseudo-brechtian.  
Thus they can use  
Even one who loathed them to  
Perpetuate stale values.  
So, friends, in spite of Brecht we see  
Truth is not the child of Time  
But of Necessity



# BIRDS

by

dai jenkins



SEPT 1917



## The Biggest Killing

1

Not by lost killers stranded  
on the empty road  
the various armies moving  
on to find each other the lost  
killers hail their jeeps  
of victory, colonels sitting  
friendly behind the wheel  
but by stranded defeated  
killers whose mouths water  
for exotic factories  
their new Alabamas  
where they immediately begin  
to assemble old rockets, but better.

2

'And the dreamer turns away  
from his visionary herds  
and his splendid yesterday'  
but we  
live in an earth of well-dressed gangs  
my friend  
waiting on the new Trinity.  
And why don't the unctuous catholics  
do something but start new wars  
and why don't the unctuous protestants.

3

The yellow leaves will be here supposedly  
riding the wind on dark branches  
beyond a window  
beyond summer's yellowing hills oh dead

filthy a dump truck shines in the black mud  
a sound to blind the  
November November

He remembers Yesterday  
as one single day  
the sky was grey, but dark oh day  
somewhere in the hills  
the wind  
everywhere the bleating of this  
blissful era comes down against  
our land in stark particles of rain.

For no single energetic man requires  
anything of us  
no single act of cognition  
no matter how they rant the time  
runs into years and they lead their gangs  
through the streets the streets  
of our souls and on an actual island  
it was you said — they told you  
stop ranting about your filthy soul?

My god man, you should have wept.  
What would they do, clean up the streets?

No leader can be exempt from drunk blood,  
remember we passed Trinity site,  
where 15 years ago we were lead by the top gang  
of all marching with their eye protectors imagine  
they covered their eyes thus those idiot eyes  
were not burned out by what they saw of their own  
creation. Only man  
will play God and refuse to look on his own creation.

Will Fidel feed his people before his own stomach  
is filled? Can Jack  
hold up his grimy hands and shade us  
from that vileness falling in particles  
of fine shifting daily poison sand whose  
stirring up he is the anxious inheritor of  
he who falls in direct popular birthright to  
is there any greater nonsense than  
'our leaders would save us'?

My friend, don't breathe too deeply.

Remember we passed Trinity site  
returning from Juarez — going north  
you could see through ventanas  
in the mountains some sixty miles away

still they whisper in the wind  
we need you  
still they whisper of green elegant glass  
there and of emerald plains and say who  
will they let in first.

Still the lethal metric bubbles of science  
burst there every day and those sophisticated  
workers go home to talk politely of pure science,  
they breathe, go about in their cars and pay rent  
until they advance by degrees to ownership  
it is

like a gigantic Parker game of careers.

No complaint.

Still we see their marvelous vapor trails  
across the face of the moon.

Still we awaken in the morning  
and Yesterday which should be one-half  
our whole possibility is lost  
in a common nostril so decayed, so cynical  
it cannot smell the blood it lifts  
and drinks, to all of us.

And spills gaily, like a nutty booze machine  
while we are the yellowing leaves, my friends and I  
heaped upon the slopes of the New World Trinity  
where grieves forth obsolescent landwrack  
to infinity.

---

POTTERY QUARTERLY

CRAFTS REVIEW

Editor: Murray Fieldhouse

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With: Brown Bukowski Hollo Dawson Tyler Corrington etc.

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## Two Poems

GEORGE FOX, FROM HIS JOURNALS

Who had openings within  
as he walked in the fields

(and saw a great crack through the earth)

who went by eye across hedge & ditch toward the spires  
of the steeple-houses, until he came to Litchfield, and  
then barefoot in the market place, unable to contain,  
crying out,

of much patience  
among friends,  
of a spirit by which all things might be judged  
by waiting  
for openings within which would answer each other

(and after that crack, a great smoke)

and in a lousy stinking place, low in the ground, without  
even a bed, among thirty convicts, where he was kept almost  
half a year, the excrement over the top of his shoes,

as he gathered his mind inward,  
a living hope arose

(and after that smoke, a great shaking)

but when he heard the bell toll to call people to the  
steeple-house, it struck at his life; for it was like  
a market-bell, to call them that the priest might sell  
his wares,

such as fed upon words and fed one another

with words until they had spoken themselves dry, and  
who raged when they were told, 'The man in leather  
breeches is here...'

a tender man  
with some experience  
of what had been opened to him.

LA SAINTE FACE (a painting by Roualt)

Dot, diddle, dot, diddle,  
so many pretty colours -  
forget-me-nots, marigolds -  
set around a box to frame:

a face

crowned  
with rays, bright rays  
of spangled yellow thorns -

decapitated

hang

in order to look at you without  
any curiosity at all.

---



## Hysteria is become a Blanket Word

Came this cold caress.  
Bird-song of morning  
skimmed the street stews:  
bones of last night's news,  
chewed anthems, licked cartoons,  
fat scandals, crammed  
in a rich and filthy press the gaping  
brain-bellies of the dawn scavengers.  
Amid stupendous history, no pity.

Cold the broad blade  
on the pulse of my innermost self:  
the insulting flat, the steel yet to turn,  
to twist to a thrust edge.

Let us be proud. We are perhaps mutations.  
We have, after all, smog  
where they had smug, grime where they had grit,  
bloody sphincters  
for enlightenment and uranium for unction.  
Look around! We have girdles and newsprint!  
We have learnt to be girdled like freedom,  
but never be free 'cept in bed.  
O we have magazines and nights!

Yet they know nothing of our honesty.  
Innocent as whetted knives  
They long to thrust us deep  
Into our shrieking future:  
Their last plunge  
Washing unwary instruments



In the whole world's blood.  
They name us cowards:  
They appreciate nothing of our speed  
In retreat, our imagery,  
Our disillusion and our truth.

We will all be refugees and rust.

For the present we gamely stand  
to a trite tune and a faded flag.  
We press triggers, we caress  
breasts and attend our offices; we triumph  
with ribbons and with bronze medallions.  
heroes, we  
wither in the tidy handclasp of officialdom.  
Like dust we jive  
to all winds  
having long grown airy  
on this flat desert of decayed idolatries:  
we feel no sin, neither  
comedy nor tragedy of  
erected rights and wrongs.  
They brand us ashamed: heirs  
of yesterday's revolutions: sons  
and daughters of numberless battles:  
the greediest of fledglings in the  
cosiest of nests. Yet our sisters  
take no delight in the apocalypse.  
Our bridges shrug off their dead,  
our gas chokes the futility from us.  
And it is our virtue betrays us:  
our ridiculous truthfulness, our barefaced  
starved harlequin honesty.

## Three Poems

### THE ROSE

Up and down  
she walks, listless  
form, a movement  
quietly misled.

Now, speak to her.  
'Did you want  
to go, then why  
don't you.'

She went. There were  
things she left  
in the room  
as a form of it.

He follows, walking.  
Where do they walk now?  
Do they talk now  
where they are

in that other place  
grown monstrous,  
quiet quiet air  
as breath.

And all about a rosy  
mark discloses  
her nature  
to him, vague and unsure.

There roses, here roses,  
flowers, a pose of  
nature, her  
nature has disclosed  
to him.

Yet breathing, crouched  
in the dark,  
he is there  
also, recovers,

to bring her back  
to herself, himself.  
The room wavers,  
wavers.

And as if,  
as if a cloud had  
broken at last  
open

and all the rain  
from that,  
from that had fallen  
on them,

on them there is a mark  
of her nature, her flowers,  
and his room, his nature,  
to come home to.

## THE TIME

They walk in and fall into  
the large crack in the floor  
with the room upended on side  
to make the floor a wall.

Upwards or downwards now  
they fall into the crack  
having no floor  
or ceiling to refer to,

what time comes to,  
the place it all goes into.  
All that was an instant ago  
is gone now.

## 'LOVE COMES QUIETLY'

Love comes quietly,  
finally, drops  
about me, on me,  
in the old ways.

What did I know  
thinking myself  
able to go  
alone all the way.

---

## A New Testament

William Burroughs' *THE NAKED LUNCH* Olympia Press

Some years ago I had the opportunity to publish a section of this novel in the *BLACK MOUNTAIN REVIEW* (7). I felt then (and continue to feel), that it was an extraordinary piece of work. At that time also I saw the book in manuscript in a form substantially different from the one which Olympia Press published in 1959. It had a more discursive manner, being in fact three books, one of which had been published in the United States as *Junky* (under the pseudonym, William Lee) and the other two having the titles *Queer* and *In Search of Yage*.

These books, then, made a trilogy progressing into the observation of a despair, with all possible terms of degradation, of commitment to sensation as an alternative logic to organizational 'goodness' or 'purpose'. The present book does that too, but in a form so much more telling in itself that it is immediately remarkable in that way also. For example, this book has no 'historical' logic of any significance. It follows a more real apprehension of life, as significant (or insignificant, the same) memory of detail, of frustrate invention upon the mock taboos of society, of humour used to weigh possibility, of echoing loneliness and repetition. This novel pictures society by coming from it — just as the image of *The Rube* comes from the cover of a *SATURDAY EVENING POST*, with the cat-fish in hand, and reoccurs as innocence converted to use out of the pressure of needs the society itself has taught. The dirty words so to speak, which the book contains are not the simple 'shit', 'fuck', 'cock' and so on, that society has made use of from time immemorial — or rather they are here played upon for what they are, for any of us, the power of fantasy, of an ultimately successful *touching*, carrying with it all the fearful load of

suggestion that any ad. for a brassiere can demonstrate. It is that 'fuck' here *is* fuck, not the guffawing punch-line to a giggling joke, but horror, ultimate in its *free* term. If we had the money (say it), what wouldn't we do.... The inventions Burroughs plays upon the organizational man, the *square* gone rigid with logically coherent *method*, the sunken man or woman with the 'condition' ('You think I am innarested to contact your horrible old condition? I am not innarested at all....'), the forms of authority or societal control taken to satiric limits of fantasy so naked it cannot remember the way any longer to another term or situation:

Old violet brown photos that curl and crack like mud in the sun: Panama City.... Bill Gains putting down the paregoric con on a Chinese druggist.

'I've got these racing dogs.... pedigree greyhounds.... All sick with the dysentery ... tropical climate ... the shits.... you sabe shit?.... *my Whippets are Dying* .' He screamed.... His eyes lit up with blue fire.... The flame went out.... smell of burning metal.... 'Ad-mimister with an eye dropper.... Wouldn't you?.... Menstrual cramps.... my wife.... Kotex... Aged mother .... Piles ... raw.... bleeding....' He nodded out against the counter.... The druggist took a tooth pick out of his mouth and looked at the end of it and shook his head....

'Wouldn't you?' Which, and why? The vacuum that is the condition, the nightmare without sound except that it *is*—



and waits, patiently enough. Which control do you choose?

Burroughs says: 'There is only one thing a writer can write about: *what is in front of his senses at the moment of writing*... I am a recording instrument ... I do not presume to impose 'story' 'plot' 'continuity'.... In so far as I succeed in *Direct* recording of certain areas of psychic process I may have limited function ... I am not an entertainer....'

The terms of this book are responsible in that they make the *responsive* areas of intelligence and sensation their logic—beyond any hierarchy of social purpose, good men and bad, evil seen as a side issue (beside the side issue of the nominal 'good'). Its form is an increasingly narrow range of recall, of stories told and retold, in shortening phase, so that they end as an echo of a page, paragraph, sentence, phrase, word: *Wouldn't you?*

There is no way to explain need except to state it. You can solve what you will as you will. We assume that to prevent such issues as Burroughs derives content from, we need only cut them out, away from ourselves. So much of the world has been tidied up in this manner that it is probable that very few people either want to, or can, recognize the anguish their own faces make clear. But Burroughs has written from all the evidence of his own body and mind their testament as well as his own.

NOTE WRITTEN FOR GROVE PRESS WHO PLAN TO PUBLISH 'THE NAKED LUNCH' THIS YEAR





## from wyatt a play

a

the smell of copper glass the ghost face in waving bonvoyage  
hoboken  
in hearts green city a sudden nostalgia for the river front  
factories  
which imbue the grave yard with a perfume of burnt candy

b

the hitchhiker received a letter  
from the customs authorities on the nineteenth june  
requesting him to present himself with suitable identification  
at the north station  
the blue suit case which had been shipped there to his name  
could not have been his it being given  
that he carried no baggage when travelling  
and since that was the only time baggage was needed had none

and that his mother who might have packed his suit cases  
had he had any had died twenty six point four years ago  
leaving him an orphan at the age of seventy two  
therefore the contestation of not to his knowledge was  
not applicable

the customs men in an evanescent play  
intended to break down his disattachment from the  
becoming process  
convinced him to take it as he would have had  
to pay the deposit time in the baggage room

throughout the time taken to discover the correct destinatory  
when he said that after all touching the black rubber band  
about  
the suit case his mother might have packed it  
without his knowledge meaning  
of her death  
the suit case was opened  
the correct destinatorys label correctly filled out was  
found pasted on the inside of the top of the blue suit case  
and several boxes of cigars which the hitchhiker  
not being able to pay duties on were provisionally confiscated  
the customary law would not allow that he did not take the  
suit case  
as his  
a misprocedure being chargeable in re opening the suit case  
in presence of owner  
to the customs

c

the following items in the suit case  
the hitchiker kept as his own  
a package of bull durham roll your own tobacco  
the nature of which  
had apparently eluded the customs  
a cheap slide rule ear mold cleaners given with our  
compliments ten top action ball pens and ten  
extra standard refills guaranteed for a million words

the second impression of the first edition of  
a manual of mathematics and mechanics  
paper matches two boxes baking soda nivea  
ten yards by three inches of red cross bandage  
with no official connection with the red cross  
toe nail clippers very necessary to travellers  
pop corn eleven rolls exposed one twenty film  
rolled up tight like sacred incense  
walnuts little and big batteries about five pounds  
three ounces thirty inches hearing aid cord

d

all these items the hitchhiker kept duly  
as his even when the batteries were encrusted with salt in the  
jungle  
losing only forty five snapshots by which it was possible to  
deduce  
the inner nature of the correct destinatory  
containing the perfect experimental proof  
of group pictures in which the destinatory was taken  
and the same shot without him  
these were usually taken from farther away and the groups  
faces distorted by laughter or the distance  
so tiny as if they were swiftly moving away a tableau  
obviously the owners thought of his world  
the inside and the outside in other words of his mirror image  
the address on the outside of the envelope from the film pro-  
cessers  
was oak lawn a cemetery  
in chicago

e

he glued a strip of phosphorus paper to one side of the bull  
durham

bag

a strip of fly paper to the other the one to wring a light from  
wet

matches

the other to catch the insects the light would attract  
within his tent of doom forever about him

a column of air above a gravitational pull at his sole

a small piece of fly paper was correctly necessary

the instant of light being correctly directly proportional  
to the combined weights of the insects attracted by it

f

the sensation of a police patrol car pulling up to him say  
in washington

d c



minute bioscop. the. master. of wyatt is the  
first begotten of the dead. language spitting out  
safety wrappings of the live wires gilding the  
rolldown windows of night trucks become silver  
bird of the stratosphere turned into fire by the  
sun arrested at chrysler canyon prospect. cross-  
roads now by manhattan. twelfth hand  
the unspoken vows 1961

---

**steve fletcher**





jean goldsmith



## Six Poems of Tu Fu 712 - 770 A.D.

### TWO QUATRAINS

- 1     Slow sun — hills and rivers graced;  
      Spring winds — flowers and grass made sweet.  
      Swallows fly with clay in their beaks;  
      Turtle-doves slumber on warm sands.
- 2     Gulls on the river's blue look whiter;  
      Flowers glow against mountain green.  
      This spring soon will also pass.  
      What year will witness my home-coming?

### MY GUEST ARRIVES

South of my hut, north of my hut, everywhere's spring water.  
I see only gulls, coming day after day.  
For a caller, my flowered path has not been swept;  
But to you, my wattled gate is now open.  
The market far, one taste is in my bowl;  
My family poor, my flask holds but sour wine.  
If you will drink with the old man, my neighbour,  
I'll call him over the hedge and we'll finish his — to the last  
drop

### CLIMBING THE HEIGHT

Keen winds, high sky, wailing gibbons;  
Clear islets, white sands, hovering birds.



Limitless leaves fall, rustling, rustling;  
Endless the river, rolling, rolling.

Ten thousand miles of sad autumn: always a roamer.  
One hundred years of illness: climbing the tower alone.  
Calamity and hatred increase my frosty hair;  
Would I could drown them in my thick wine lately renounced!

#### THE PAINTING OF AN EAGLE

From the immaculate silk, wind and frost arise.  
What a wonder, this gray eagle in painted design!  
With body thrust forward, it thinks of the sly hare;  
With eyes well askance, it seems to loathe the Tartars.  
The glare of its metal cord-ring is eclipsable;  
And summonable are its powers of porch-colonnades.  
When will it pounce upon the ordinary birds,  
So that their bloody feathers sprinkle the wasteland weed?

#### RAIN ON THE WINDING RIVER

Spring clouds over the city blanket the garden's walls;  
Twilight hue mellows the year's scent round the river pavilion.  
Clothed in rain, the bushes' blossoms are drenched with rouge;  
Duckweeds, dragging the wind, lengthen their green girdle.  
The new Dragon Guard caches its chariots in nooks;  
Incense is burned vainly in the Hibiscus Hall.  
When will another gold-coin festival be proclaimed,  
So I, near fair ladies' pictured lutes, may awhile be drunk?

## Look Ahead

Our toes are ahead of us, they have grown out of us  
Our nails are ahead of our toes, we no longer cut them  
Our hammers are ahead of our nails, they strike like workers  
Our sickles are ahead of our hammers, shape of our hammer  
toes

Our motors are ahead of our cinemas, our films are  
because we don't use gibbs  
state and church fight tooth and nail  
a single hitch-hiker is still alive  
astride a winged piebald  
and a blue bush stuck to her glue brush  
trailing up the dead centre of the sky  
advertising a movie a horse chalked green  
clipclops up charing cross road

Our televisions are ahead of our patrons  
all is peddled

Our cycles are ahead of our tricycles and our  
trickles are  
our fashionable works of art  
trickled by cyclists on paint

Our best cyclists are our worst painters and

Our best painters are worse than our worst cyclists

Our worst cyclists are ahead of all our painters  
put together save the painters become cyclists  
and that's what they've done

every day more painters are taking up cycling  
and daily they are discovered  
biking up the strand  
sponsored they swerve through swirls of paint  
trickle ahead of trolleys trams trombones  
start brushing their teeth with gibbs  
that cinemas accomodate motor cars at last—

Our pedestrian toes hammer furiously on motorcycles  
but the hammers are sliced by sickles  
struck hard by

Our nails catch up with our toes till at last we're in  
we find our teeth  
fully grown  
footballers

## SING

a song of spring  
cries the land  
lady viewing his half  
sprung mattress, see  
how they are busy—  
buds popping  
wasps buzzing  
worms squirming  
birds squealing  
melody of flowers  
in the beds, and  
one lonely privet  
hedgeing the boader

## Slam

They slammed the door  
in my face  
I opened  
the door in my face  
My father put me  
to bed sneering  
You're a crossbreed  
It's true vinegar  
was pouring from my ears & nostrils  
When I got into bed  
the walls swore  
hideously all night  
& a hidden radio chanted  
Rent a chocolate biscuit for  
£30 a day,  
they're slimy & comfortable!  
Halfway through the  
night I  
went into the garden  
& tried to hang  
several ants with my bootlace  
When I got back  
the floor was covered  
in bloody maps  
& there was a live  
octopus in the sink  
trying to swallow a  
record by Charlie Mingus  
I started

sweeping up the  
leaves embroidered on  
the curtains undismayed  
by the savagery next door  
Someone hurled a spear  
right through the wall  
cutting last year's calendar in 2

The next step was to  
carry the electric stove  
around trying to melt  
the doorknobs  
I achieved this  
silently &  
soon all the doors  
were blazing merrily  
Welcome inferno! I  
shouted  
In the morning my  
mother  
had me arrested  
by 7  
uniformed uncles  
named Bloch



## THE CONNECTION

in London

in THE CONNECTION no-one throws an ironing board at his  
lawful wedded wife

it is a Civilised Play & not leaking back in anger  
tho no-one in THE CONNECTION does seem to *have* a wife  
& no-one considers an ironing board  
a very necessary piece of furniture  
for little is needed in these circles  
or only One

THE MAN

awaited by some Men in a Room  
by some men in a room and some of these men  
are musicians and they play some music  
while waiting for The Man  
& besides what else can you do on the stage at the Duke of  
York's

in St. Martin's Lane  
what else can you do but talk  
and all talk is a waiting  
awaiting ultimately the end of speech  
all events on our victorian stage are imaginary  
it does not skill much if the characters talk sitting down  
or lying flat on their backs most of the time or blowing a horn  
or if they run about on the stage in their cage  
or shout or shimmy or shuffle or have a duel  
tho we have become conditioned to dancing on a victorian  
stage

as we have not and never will to a fake duel  
all events on our victorian stage are verbal and semantic  
The Man in THE CONNECTION is called Cowboy & he is not  
Molloy or Godot  
but he is  
one of the Blacks (by Genet)







REVIEW BURROUGHS TWO CITIES. CORSO TO CUT-  
UP GYSIN. MINUTES GO AND BEILES 7s 6d.

That there must be the bible - flaw in this says Corso. Should, could it be done? Says only by a to-do with Betjeman limited by several postscripts. The Exterminator keys thus avoid these keys. But cut-up is good, rightly so, what else? But the instance is selection: tihe othe keho happens. I have a habit

Pattern happens automatic if I try to enter and the thing defeats itself as Burroughs says. Cut.up prose considerations doubtful. Letter business that can be destroyed. Here is the system.

According to us Beiles the insight of this passage. Chopped up 'Observer' poetry does come through. Good to read. Anything more Gysin is good. Method is blind man.

There seemed little doubt, however, that Mr. Eisenhower said 'I weigh 56 pounds less than a man, ' flushed & nodded curtly  
Asked whether he had a fair trial he looks inevitable and publishes. ' my sex was an advantage. '

Some unconsciousness random? Completely. Id & what?

---

## Satis 2

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## The Fear of Existence

The earth has disappeared under our paving stones,  
the winter hides its claws outside our walls,  
summer does not blossom on steel;  
the fear of the earth's suffocation,  
the winter's deprivation,  
the summer's burning insistence -  
the fear in the heart of existence  
stands on our paving stones,  
asking the way,  
the time of day,  
claws through our walls,  
fashions itself out of steel  
a robot, an incessant piston,  
forcing the hands to its rhythm,  
releasing and pressing the bodies of lovers  
like bits of machinery.  
The fear in the heart of existence  
imprisoned in houses  
grows like a monster, deprived of its freedom,  
bursts through our defences,  
twisting the limbs and grinding the faces  
bursts like a sun.  
After the raging, it settles,  
returns to the earth, and peacefully sleeps.

Till the stars and the systems  
look down and observe once again  
the fear of existence appear  
in the winter, the summer, the earth  
and tomorrow the spring once again is a promise.

## THE DANCERS INHERIT THE PARTY

Ian Finlay

MIGRANT 25

How to review this book? To say 'Here are forty or so poems, plus two woodcuts, for two shillings: the poet lives in the Orkneys?' What else? Yes, that there is *humour* in these poems. In the poem about the first washing machine in Orkney—nowhere to put in the peat. The day the Government sent an Assistance Clerk to Finlay's island—'I shall sit on this old oil drum | And leave the chair for you'.

There's a poem by Philip Whalen that goes:

I've run so far in one circle, I'm visible now  
only from the chest upwards.  
Any poet who's really any good  
Dances a complicated maze on top of the ground  
Scarcely wearing out the grass

which is echoed by the first poem in this book:

When I have talked for an hour I feel lousy—  
Not so when I have danced for an hour:  
The dancers inherit the party  
While the talkers wear themselves out and  
sit in corners alone and glower.

And Finlay dances in his poems.



## yugen seven

(We are beginning to bait the old men.  
Where will it lead?)

-I think the past is very interesting-

A. B. Spellman.

*Allen Ginsberg Bessie Smith Robert Creeley Diane DiPrima  
Frank O'Hara Charles Olson Gregory Corso Philip Whalen  
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