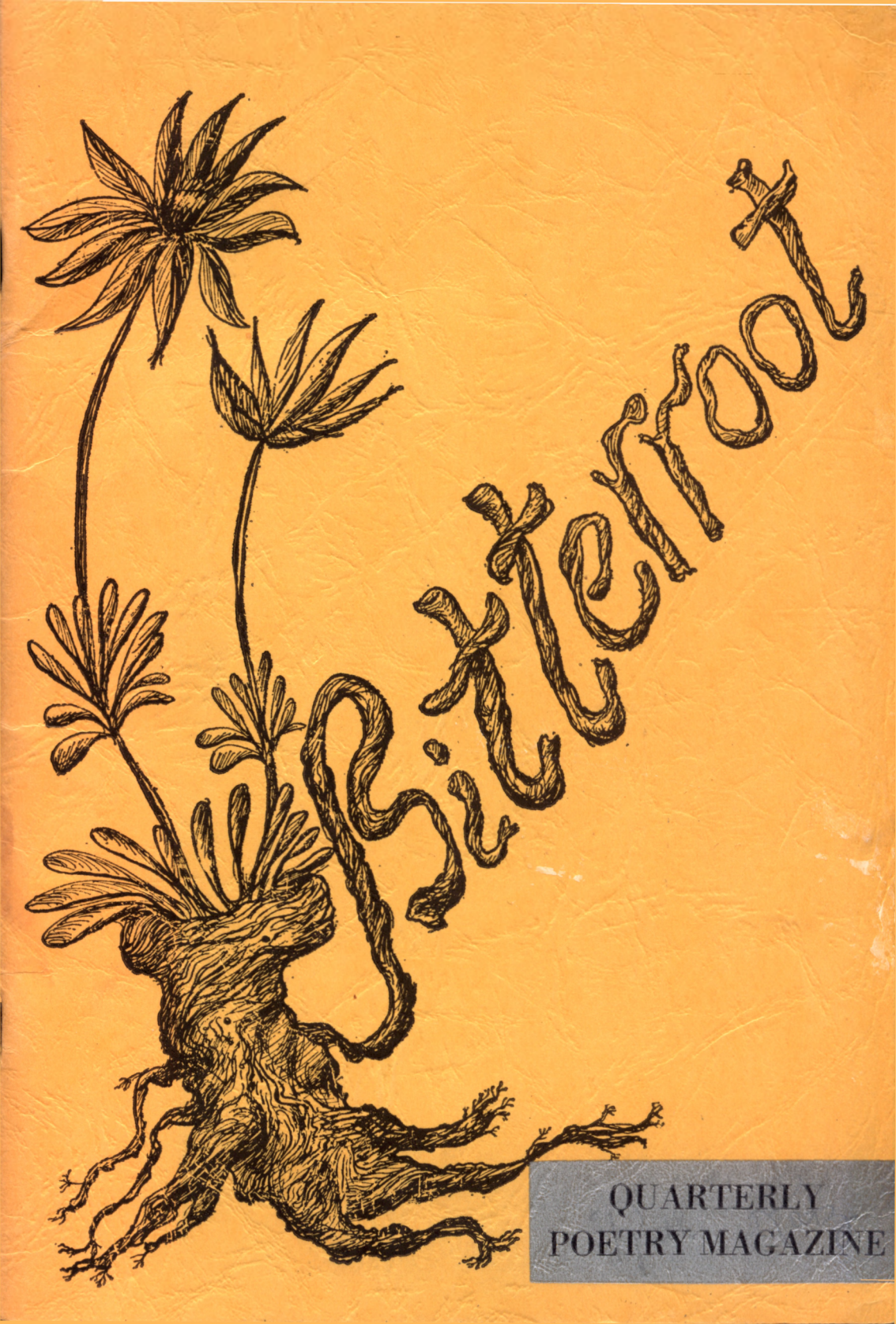
Bitterroot
QUARTERLY
POETRY MAGAZINE

B I T T E R R O O T

A Quarterly Poetry

M a g a z i n e

5229 New Utrecht Ave.

Brooklyn 19, N.Y.

Voume (1) Number (1)

BITTERROOT — Fall 1962

Editor - MENKE KATZ
Asst. Editor - SOL KARP
Bitterroot is a quarterly poetry magazine - $2.50 a year - 75c. a copy
Address: BITTERROOT, 5229 New Utrecht Avenue, Brooklyn 19, N. Y.
Only unpublished manuscripts accepted, stamped, self-addressed envelope required. Rights are herewith given for release of any poem or poems for use over the radio. Poems may be reprinted if customary credit is given.

Contents

A WORD OR TWO

Bitterroot is not a little magazine. It is sad that so many poetry magazines consider themselves little, as if only quantity determines value. We heard of a postscript at the end of a long love letter which said: "Forgive me, my love, for writing such a long letter, as I have no time today for a short one."

If Bitterroot is little it is in the sense of a small island where poets and lovers of poetry are invited to help us turn this poet's corner into a great world, blessed with talent, no matter what the sbject or style may be: dream-born or actual, nearby or metaphysical.

We hope to environ Bitterroot with many friends. We are all eager to descuss our problems. Many poets are still not weary of conventional rhyme and meter, are still not gorged with hemstitch and all sorts of hendecasyllabic verse.

Even Pope, Gray, Blake or Thompson, Browning, Meredith would probably tire - if they were still alive - of counting iambs, trochees, spondees, heptameter or hexameter. They might have chosen the assonance which disturbs a bit the monotony by letting the consonants disagree. Shelly and Browning might have been less proud of their successful employment of the Terza Rema etc. It was much easier for W. E. Henley to build a villanelle than for Walt Whitman to open rhymeless roads of democracy.

Of course, a poem may be trite or great in any form. Nonetheless perfect rhyme and meter may be more suitable for a rivulet murmuring endless repetitions, as it flows wistfully through mountains and dales of an archaic poem; than for a poem dealing with the fall of an atomic bomb over a Hiroshima.

Bitterroot will be bitter against the ultra "modernists" with little or no talent. While fighting the cliches of old imagery, these presumptuous pseudo poets are themselves huge, modern cliches.

Unlike the medieval alchemists who changed base metals into gold, they transmute gold into tin.

We will cherish the roots of everything which is just, genuine and beautiful.

No word is taboo. Even the stars made threadbare by constant reiteration through the ages may gather tragic impetus when, for instance, the poet shows us a man looking at a starry sky while lead to the gallows.

Bitterroot invites you to propound any hypothesis, concerning poetry. There is more truth in poetry (as Aristotle said) than in history.

MENKE KATZ

ON PATIENCE AND LOVE

JOHN TAGLIABUE

The lame woman
who circumscribes my house every day:
like a broken hand of a clock,
like a sad sad child, broken, smiling, —
every day,
now
the small leaves of the large trees,
are like bodhisattvas beginning
to learn from her patience
and love.

SMALL HOUSE

With those two old people:
one like Moses, also like Noah, also like a big beast,
also like an exasperating entranced sensual and comic priest:
Small house:
with its shutters like the eyes of a doll,
with its shutters like the lid of a trunk without a lock,
with its shutters like grass and sleep:
Small house:
wandering on the days, on the seas of months —
sparrow
in the air
Adam and Eve dying in a Cradle:
Save us all God in the Storm!

John Tagliabue teaches at Bates College, Lewiston, Maine. A collection of his poems, published by Harpers, was translated into Japanese.

THE UNWRITTEN

WILLIAM PILLIN

The best is always the
unwritten
with only the structure vaguely forseen
as a snowflake
held together by an exquisite balance.

A TOAST TO MY GRANDPA

My father's father was a smith,
who beat brass into a fluted bowl;
and silver into the shape of a startled gull.

We thank you, craftly ancestor,
for the sustaining lore
that let the texture of our lives be blent —
with craft's calm and craft's astonishment.

SONG

Now crisp November comes
and summer's storms
narrow to urgent need
for keeping warm;
and for such humble things
as a cup of hot wine
with honey, spiced with cloves:
small comfort to be had
for a small coin.

William Pillin published two books of poetry. He lives in Los Angeles, California.

ALL THE FINE YOUNG HORSES

GWENDOLYN MAC EWEN

All the fine young horses
roll when the clocks leap
and clocks will not sleep
to let them pass, manes fumbled
in wind and birthday.

O my dancers (red and quick
to the nearest apples
that your hearts are),
parts of the queerest dance,
the very most red dance
feet can urge, run
where the sun is ten years old,
where your world is a foetus
in fire —

Where Eden is eaten
in the bite of an apple, O
soon and short as sun,
my fine young horses, O
my dancers with the quick apples, O
my young clocks, unused to timing —
give up and dance.

Gwendolyn Mac Ewen edits with the poet Milton Acorn a poetry magazine in Toronto, Canada. She is twenty years old.

LITTLE GIRL HAROLD GRUTZMACHER

Little girl,
with even some brave
condescension, you are so very wrong,
to say with prettily clenched teeth
that true looking
in mirrored eyes
will kill the image and the eyes.

EVENT AARON KRONER

Quite, without warning:
four lyric winds,
early this morning,
rattled the blinds.

CITY NIGHT LENORE KANDEL

The night stands waiting by my window
till lights grow on the hills like signal fires
and the fog curls its loving arms around night
and the city
kissing all the secret places
over and over again.

Harold Grutzmacher teaches at Knox College, Gatesburg, Ill., published in Epos, Experiment.

Aaron Kroner lives in New York. His first collection of poems, The Thunder of The Grass, was published in 1948. His poems appeared in many magazines.

Lenore Kandel lives in San Francisco, California, published in Best Poems of 1961.

ASPECTS OF MATERIALISM FRED COGSWELL

. . . a mindless odyssey
over a wind-waved, green
and starling-perilled sea
halts in a spun-silk screen
hammock slung in a dry
harbour, and then the mean
lived grub now butterfly
from an unremembered wave
of cabbages climbs high
on fragile wings to brave
brief mating in the sky
then drops to seed a grave
beneath the meadow sea
that flesh may plod again
a mindless odyssey . . .

Fred Cogswell, the editor of Fiddlehead, is professor of English in the University of New Brunswick, Canada. He is the auther of five books of poetry.

THE POSSESSED

DONALD W. BAKER

She is sometimes only a flat body, hard
with wheat, supple and sleek under woolens,
prone to the tribute of furtive hands
in a corner, or with clenched lips and eyes
shuddering itself another inch through lust.

She is sometimes only a brain that clicks
with civic statistics, or concentrates
on a crux of suburban duty the way a child
will stack jackstraws, fanatically, and unaware
that a puff of human breath can knock them down.

But she possesses me, because of uncommon nights
under a dark moon when I am chosen to stir in her
the firelit, drunken dance of her crooked forebears,
whose hoarse chorus roars at the crack
of the queen's whip with which she lashes me.

Donald W. Baker, is professor of English at Wabash College, Crawfordsville. "The Athens of Indiana". His poems appeared in Atlantic Monthly, Best Poems of 1960.

REPOSSESSION WILLIAM I. ELLIOTT

Come upon a palette
in an attic studio:
Abandoned colors coagulate,
crack in the stratagem dust.

Or come upon the pleat
of a crumbling wall-ward vine:
Tethers of tendrils ruminate
the contents of dynasty.

Come upon a panoply
within a dark museum:
Who held the deed to this estate,
looted-all in calm neglect?

Or come upon a plot
of forsaken monuments:
The unremembered congregate
beneath forget-me-nots.

William I. Elliott, teaches at the Kanto Gakuin University in Yokohama, Japan. He published poems in Epos, The Beloit Poetry Journal, The Christian Century.

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

CHARLES FARBER

In all art's anthropomorhic wind to catch this:
mahogany horses with eyes of diamond,
woman lax after love, with a smiling line from mouth to pillow;

a countryscape of bare bent wires
creaking above a pink-blue carriage;
snobs; dogs no bigger than a curl;

homing across dawn's jumbled faggots,
for that. Over the whore-colored poaements,
cursing the sculptor's lump of moon.

THE DAISIES

BARRISS MILLS

The daisies blossomed, big
and yellow on long stems.
The flowers lasted a long time.
Soon the side of the house was bright
with daisies, as new heads unfurled
their willowy, pointed petals
and the first flowers still nodded
there, in sunshine and rain,
seeming never to grow older.

As the tall plants grew heavier
with blossoms, we tied up the stems.
They seemed stiffer that way
and less alive. But their strong color
still filled the yard. Now
I was growing tired of the daisies,
they had been around so long.

And when the first brown came
at the petal ends, I was almost
glad to know the daisies would die.
And as the blight spread inward
to the center of each flower,
I left them there, stiff as ever,
but musty now, and dry,
filling the yard with the color
and faint smell of dead daisies.

Charles Farber is a metallurgical chemist in Springfield Mass. His poems appeared in Midwest Review, American Judaism, Antioch Review.

Barriss Mills lives in West Lafayette, Ind., teaches at Purdue University.

CHAGALL GARDEN ABRAHAM SUTZKEVER

(From Yiddish, Leonard Opalov)

Behind the gate in eighteen carat mists
bathes your bride.
Fretfully she swims in the palette
in unison with blue balsams.
Your vision turns into a garden.
O, nightingale night!
Pigments kiss each other.
Your brush only is a homunculus
upon the milky way of the canvas.
Its tiny head upside down.
Warm maiden apples convey to him
blushing secrets.
His colors set free the unblemished,
which the garden conceals
in a mist.

TRIFLE ZELIG DORFMAN

On account of a trifle
I lost the bit of salt
that silvered my life.

The sea ebbs away.
How can I swim to my goal
through deep caves, moldy marshes?

Abraham Sutzkever, a well known Yiddish poet, the editor of the "Gold Chain", lives in Israel.

Zelig Dorfman came to the U. S. as a young boy. Like most Yiddish poets, his love for his ancestral language, Yiddish, is part of his imagery. His verse is folk-like, sad and alluring.

Leonard Opalov's, translations from Yiddish and Russian appear in many magazines. He lives in New York.

NOCTURN

FANNY VENTADOUR

The old man in the park wheezes and coughs
night falls among the delphiniums
and startled birds keen across
the muffled dark.

Lovers on the benches draw closer,
their arms like tendrils, their bodies
vines, the wine-grapes ripe for the searching mouth
while whispers die.

The old man remembers it is late September,
he mutters his dim thaughts:
the days are getting shorter
the ducks are flying south.

Fanny Ventadour lives in Winter Park, Florida; also lived in France, Mexico. Her poems appeared in Epos, Carolina Quarterly, Fiddlehead.

Over all there lies compassion without blight —
in brown eyes wide innocence and love,
on uncertain lips a tremor of delight.

Goliath is a bully and a sham;
David, frail, cuts off the vaunting breath,
bugs his eyes and fans a sweating palm.

The giant killer hunts the midsummer moth,
his sling and pouch turned into net and bag,
but when all beauty dies, tears slope his mouth.

The hunter trains the lion as his dog
and, fearless, places his head within the jaws,
Meeker to be swallowed than to flog.

According to all desperate human laws.

Harry Morris teaches at the Florida State Univesity in Tallahassee. His book Poetry, published by Foreman is a critical and historical inlroduction.

THE MUSHROOM

R. CHUTE

Softly, slowly, underground
searching, mycelial fingers found
a bit of wood from the stable wall,
charred sticks left from an indian fire,
a mole that died, lonely, under the stone.
White, insidious thread invades the privacy
of all that's dead, feeds on fragments
of the past. Bits and pieces of matter and time
brought together, dissolve, combine. Mute
and secret underground a pattern grows
but nover shows. Then, overnight, the mushroom
bursts, exploding upward to the light.
Thus does all that's dead arise,
the senseless past confounds our eyes.

R. Chute is professor of Brology at Bates College. Bitterroot is the first magazine to publish one of his poems.

DEVIL WHERE? ABIGAIL QUART

I am Alpha and Omega,
the beginning and the end.

I sit here on a mountaintop and wait.
Yes; I am waiting.

Devil take the mist and clouds!
Devil where?

The beginning and the end and I am here.
Not a crossroad,but the adverse poles.

I wait at the beginning and
at the end I wait.

Devil take the mist and clouds!
Devil where?

CENTRAL PARK PHYLLIS KATZ

We sat on a rock in Central Park,
the lake below us —
in the city lights.

Boys and girls,
drifted in boats on the silent water:
laughing and talking.

And we laughed,
as we sat on the edge of the rock,
overhanging the lake.

Now, I cannot remember your name,
or your face,
or your voice.

I remember only the rock
and the lake
and the laughter.

Abigail Quart is a pupil of Bayside High School. She is sixteen years old.

Phyllis Katz lives in Great Neck, L. I. Bitterroot is the first magazine to publish one of her poems.

YEARNING GITTA KALI

Alone,
in our nightly marrying room,
I stretch my ten fingers, all straight,
to discover you at their tips,
where the sense of touch begins.
The sensations of you invade me.

DANCE COLETTE INEZ

In my cage of flesh and thought,
I dance, as though death were not
meant to silence all these words,
now in flight like Winter birds.

Gitta Kali lives in Beersheba, Israel. Bitterroot is the first magazine to publish one of her poems.

Colette Inez lives in New York. Her poems appeared in Epos, Noble Savage, Fiddlehead.

KITES

WILLIAM TILLSON

Kites blossom on winter winds
before the crocus dares
and mitts and bats resound the ball
on frost-bit air.

Child season knows its spring
and equinox of mind
and knuckles on the frozen ground
marbles every kind.

Spring crowds in much earlier
than whisperings of green
bright kites speak miracles to
inner ear unseen.

William Tillson is editor of Poet and Critic. He teaches at the Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana. His poems appeared in many publications.

MAN ON A PARK BENCH SADIE ROBERTSON

Last autumn leaves:
withered omens
of the season's ex-
piration, the cyclic
sleeping. He lingers
in fragmentary
sunlight. Far
away now,
the dim, lost
concerts of the flame.
Eyes flicken
toward some passing
shape, and in the sudden
chill he trembles,
a fading ember
of the summer.

WINTER REGRETS SAMMYE MUNSON

Spring arose one day,
shouting Hosannahs,
stretching her limbs,
taking deep breaths and
tying gay flags on thin, bare trees,
painting the world Eden-new.
Only I ran toward the north wind,
face burried in winter tears.

Sadie Robertson lives in Casper, Wyoming; published in Fiddlehead.

Sammye Munson lives in Bellaire, Texas; appeared in The American Swedish Monthly Avalon Anthology, 1957.

STILL LIFE

ROBERT LEWIS WEEKS

Rose leaves drop one by one
And lie still on the clear mahogany,
Warm in the polished, reflected light.
They are swept away by hand
And leave a little streak of oil.
When the great gloom spreads
The mind too has a way of throwing off
In darkness where detectives of the soul
By a single clue betray our sloughing-off
By a little essense near a silver tray.

Robert Lewis Weeks is professor of English at Winconsin State College, Eau Claire, Wisconsin. He published in Fiddlehead, Carleton Miscellany, Epos.

A STUDY IN MOTION

JOSEPH M. COHEN

There the lake
playing back in hyperbole
pine beards of rigid hills.

Here the man.
How will he cull from eons
feel of lava births
and water attrition?

With his eyes?
They see only a gem set in its mountain socket
where ancient land
blinks
at the pace of change.

Our gift,
the fiction of peace and place,
we take
in panic
and choke on apage of eternity
its flow of words.

To the lake
which goes in 100 years
through an inch of stone
has come a haste of shores
in which it could drown.

Joseph M. Cohen is an attorney in Boston, Mass. His poems appeared in Epos, Quicksilver, Poet and Critic.

WHERE THE RIVER BENDS

RICHARD DOKEY

I feel myself a darkness gathered,
a hallway where the light's gone out,
a blackness stumbling
up a stairway to corrosive doubt.

All in a midnight turning the fires
of past desire squirm in thought.
At the edge of a passion's call
fear runs taut.

All in a darkness burning the last
eyes look where the river bends.
In the death of an old man's yearning
little ends.

SMALL VOICE

AARON AEROFF

Where O' where is God,
asked Elijah the prophet;
And the ancient wilds
of night echoed: God is in
the small voice of conscience.

Richard Dokey lives in Stockton, California. He wrote a novel: "I am 28".

Aaron Aeroff lives in New York. This is his first published poem.

COLONY

WALTER H. KERR

A built-in smirk in the stone faces
bemuses one with lithic conjecture.
Here a stone eyelid permanently lowered,
there a twisted mouth in wry granite,
nowhere the changeling flash of pink
eyeballs, the twitch of rabbit mouth.

In white wonder. Such whiskers as iron men
grow from ferrous habit denote
a passage of time, otherwise time means little.
The iron streets ring with frost
and, in crass crambo, rocks ring
about the ear caught up in stone sang-froid.

There is no softness here, not even in the racks
of broken clouds which roof these ruins.
Here bone shudders at the prophecies of flesh,
the leporine proclivities which exhaust stone,
that bleak impulse behind this black moraine
brooding in the basaltic skulls of cold kings.

Walter H. Kerr is a printer in Hyattsville, Maryland. His first collection of poems was published by Linden Press of Baltimore. He appeared in Best Poems of 1960.

NIGHT WILLIAM E. TAYLOR

She in a bright light study
thinks I absorb the lamp-light
over my book
but I am listening to the cat howl
scratching the lid of the garbage can
and one of my lives hangs golden
from a yellow moon.

BURIAL OF COUNT ORGAZ (El Greco) SUE ABBOTT BOYD

A man sleeps
thru sun-up
his silken flesh weary
the world is an orchid
belief a white
bird winging
toward Paradise.

William E. Taylor is instructor of English at Stetson University, De Land, Florida. He published a book of poems Catplain Phillips. He is co-edtor of Impelus and Southern Poetry Today.

Sue Abbott Boyd is the editor of South and West a literary quarterly, in Fort Smith, Arkansas. She is also author of poems 1952 - 1962.

WHAT HAUNTS THIS HOUSE TOM POOTS

What haunts this house
is not without dominion.
Somewhere in the summer sun it lies
and also in the February snow,
somewhere in an attic room it plays
Hamlet to a kingdom gone to dust
and in the wildest berry patch collects
sweet and stolen fruit forever lost.

LEFT UNTITLED EVGENI EVTUSHENKO

Zeal in suspecting - hardly sign of good mind.
The people reap darkness when a judge is blind.
Misjudging foe for friend is less blind, you know,
than hastily marking friend for foe.

From Russian, Sam Bradley

Tom Poots lives in Middletown, Conn. His poems appeared in Canadian Forum, Best Poems, 1960

Sam Bradley is a well known and widely published poet. He lives in Honeybrook, Pa.

NIGHTMARE OF THE ABSURD

HARLAND RISTAU

They came in night, foaming sentences
sharpened on hatred uncoiling dread.

They pulled us from beds, unprying sleep
to fear, darkness to nerve shattering light.

I could hear her scream as she dragged
shock over and indifferent floor to distant.

Agonies. Over my struggles before fingers
propelling me to rediculous distortions.

Of what it meant to be human enough want
to go on as human, I heard the finality of.

A shot: and I cried, weeping as a child again,
somehow believing through this hysteria that

everything might have been absurdly right
had I only somehow said goodbye to her.

Harland Ristau is art editor of Rong Wrong, also co-editor of Seven Poet Magazine. He lives in Milwaukee, Wiconsin.

THE ALOE

JUDSON CREWS

The bright aloe is searing upon the crags
symboling the morrow falling to waste
the blades still pointing the uncertain sky
but the small bells tolling death
tolling their inner transmutation
lean and solemn as famine
the sky is searing upon the crags.

The aloin is bitter as breaking of the day
bitter as the forgotten imaginings
written upon the rim of the sky.

The blades are solemn as disaster
marking the ultimate dispersion. The East
is s restless as fires broken
from the mythical cauldrons of God.

But the bitter is consuming the vitals
and gutting the will at its source
the body is racked in its terrible augers
and beseeches the calumnied hours
weighing upon the uncertain sky.

Judson Crews published four books, lives in Taos, New Mexico.

AN OLD GUITAR

J. S. SAMPSON

The dying fire mutters
in the brambles of this marred evening.

Far tunes reach from an old guitar.

All speech falls senseless on the air
between our chill hours of sleep and death.

Or has autumn wine made us forget to care?

Both blacksmith and merchant catch bated breath
and yearn to share the hunchback's dream
of pretty girls bestowing arms and graces.

LANDSCAPE NEAR EDINBURGH

GILES GORDON

The dry beach stringed with seaweed,
smooth stones patched by the lifelessness
of three hour lack of tide,
seabirds hounding downwards in space
snatching a twitch in the sand,
a wooden hull, skeleton after sea cremation,
trees pointing febrile fingers
ricochet into the forest, and a hooter
gluts its insistence within the fog.

18th CENTURY TAPESTRY

LUCIEN STRYK

As in a picture by Watteau,
the lovers seem about
to strip themselves of all
stiff finery and teach the fawn
on a damask stained with wine.

J. S. Sampson lives in Boulder, Colorado. His poems appeared in Epos, Colorado, Quarterly.

Giles Gordon lives in Edinburgh, Scotland. He is twenty two years old. Bitterroot is one of the first to publish his poems.

Lucien Stryk lives in Meshed, Iran.

A GRAIN OF KABBALAH

The origin of the Kabbalah may be traced to the very dawn of human consciousness. It is believed that God had written it before the creation of the world. It developed among Jews in the Geonic period. Is is a system of occult interpretation of the scriptures, the belief that creation came through emanation that the spirit of man will finally defeat all evil.

Kabbalah is the basis of all aspects of existence. For instance:

All natural forms are spherical, this is why philosophers and scientists assumed that the universe is spherical. The bricks of which a house is built are in the form of cubes. A cube has six faces: right, left, front, rear, top, bottom. These faces, form edges. A cube has twelve intersections. Let us count the coefficients which inherit the creation of the natural world.

The absolute is one. The will of the absolute is one. Time and space are two. There are six faces of matter, twelve edges of a solid: together 22, the same number as the letters of the Hebrew alphabet.

In Kant's great work: **Critique of Pure Reason** we discover the limitations of natural power. Kant groups his arguments in three classes: the onological, the cosmological, the physicological. Kant admits that Hume woke him from his dogmatic slumber.

Consider a stone or a table. It appears to the senses to be a solid, but it is only energy, one of the ten sephiroth of the Kabbalah. Consider a seed. The earth, the planets, God is in it.

During the existence of a future human being in the womb, the soul is in a state of unconsciousness. When a child is born the soul awakens to day-dream of Jacob's ladder, to ascend and descend with the angels.

From time to time a Moses or a Prometheus is ready to go to heaven to take divine light for mankind. People in their ingratitude camplain to the Jupiters. For this the Jupiters reward them with perpetual infancy, ignorance, salavery.

Consider number: There is only one - God. All other numbers are only multiples of the one. Two is only twice one. A million is only a million times one. One is infinite.

Consider number ten. According to the Kabbalists the English speaking peoples are descendants of the ten tribes of Israel.

Psychology is the science of the soul but psychologists do not know whether man has a soul, therefore they do not know the soul. Kabbalah knows the human soul.

Condensed from his major work by ELCHIK HAIT

The Poety of Menke Katz

. . . the fate of a goat, the sin of a serpent . . .

First off, this is appreciation: I like the poetry of Menke Katz for its lyric lucidity. I know what it says, that it is worth saying, that it is well said. From a very old-critic point of view, I'm deeply interested in the man behind the poem, for to know that these poems are among his first in English is to gain an insight not often possible in these days of "No Biographical Clues Allowed.

Menke Katz has published eight books of poetry in Yiddish, has lived three years in Israel, and has now returned to Brooklyn, N. Y. where he teaches language. His poems have appeared in such widely different publications as **Atlantic Monthly, Thought, Epos, Canadian Poetry, New York Times, The Sewanee Review, Discourse** and **The New York Herald Tribune.** And all this in a very few months.

"A Hero in Bronze" stands as the confessional booth for the "her," city symbols of a decadent society where such atrocities as a meaningless statue and a meaningful tragedy exist. There is no real connection between these poems, neither in intent or interpretation - only the striking fact that Menke Katz is both appalled and compassionate, that these things should be, that nothing can be done. The image of futility - the stained statue in the park where birds huddle from the storm, where the stone bronze wreath offers no hope, no fortieth day succor - is somehow to be understood as all-seeing, all-knowing, yet ridiculous aesthetically, intellectually. The ballad-form sonnet (not altogether successful in such bland lines as "He may scare as a ghost, if left with a child at night") is ironic commentary on this visual archaism: poetic and sculptic anarchronisms. The "strayed sisters" of the dove are the pigeons who in the dusk are cherubim fluttering upward to the dying light, thus advancing the metaphor of time-out-of-place. The natural elements, at home in all times, are the cleansing rain, the lovely, mythic, yellow leaves; these in sharp contrast to the carved leaves "sorrow-wreathen." And so the striking images play in and out, sight and sound: "tomb-eyed," "battle-spent," "wing-maimed," "Olive-leaf," "sea-gray" - the clues coming from the hyphens, the combined "unborn," "downfall," as well as the negatives "no darkness . . . no stone." A striking poem.

(Continued on next Page)

(Continued from Page 29)

"Her Confession" is a much finer poem, though comparisons are not really in order. The idiom here is Biblical, as is the meter, and the subject becomes exalted thereby in spite of the sordidness. The "I" is not a benevolent prostitute, though she is perceptive of the state of things: she is a scapegoat to the serpent lust. The clues here are brilliant - vessel, wild cherries, starry hag, wound, unborn children, barren leaves, wrung berry-bush, angelseeds, venomous spears - and the images formed are exact. The rhythm moves the slow world of daytime into the staccato throes of the city night, the whole being paced by the flashbacks of dreaded memory, the squalid antecedents to the dreary life forced into pattern. In the last stanza all is epitomized, from those first pennies came the spider breath of a pestilential life. The final line is a compassionate benediction-malediction. With each reading evocations remake it, which rereading confirms then extends: the sullied child, bride to no man, known to all, rehearses a life brought down irrevocably upon her, yet from which she sees, childlike, a beauty so intense as to transcend - but a downward, inward realization rather than escape outward, upward.

The poems are brilliant, incisive, howbeit uneven ("My father . . . in Sing-Sing . . ." "suspicious shimmer . . . backyard . . ") and sometimes maudlin ("unborn children craving light" "he prays for downfall, or hell"). They stand alone, however, as individual and unique as the Menke Katz within and without.

Courtesy of Poet and Critic.

WILLIAM TILLSON

GREETINGS . . .

Dear Menke Katz and Sol Karp,

I want to welcome you to the anxious fraternity of editors.

I congratulate you on your decision to publish a poetry quarterly.

I will look forward to your first issue in the fall. And may your magazine root deeply, and its career be - if not wholly sweet, not wholly bitter.

Sincerely,

Sam Bradley

Dear Editors Menke Katz and Sol Karp,

Good luck to you on your poetry magazine.

I'll be glad to look at your first issue.

With kindest regards.

Sincerely,

Harry Golden

EPOS

Epos Quarterly Poetry Magazine
Editors: Will Tullos, Evelyn Thorne
$2.00 a year
Address: EPOS, Crescent City, Florida

FIDDLEHEAD

The Fiddlehead, Fred Cogswell, Editor
Quarterly Poetry Magazine; $2.00 a year
Address: FIDDLEHEAD, University of New Brunswick, Frederiction, Canada

FLAME

Quartery $3.00 a year
Free verse and traditional verse
Lilith Loraine, Editor
Address: FLAME, Alpine, Texas

BRAND X

Published by Seven Poets Press
Address: BRAND X, 620 East 6th Street, New York, N. Y.

SOUTH AND WEST

Quarterly Poetry Magazine
Sue Abbott Boyd, Editor
Address: SOUTH AND WEST, 2601 So. Phoenix, Fort Smith, Ark.

BITTERROOT PRESS

Your poems in bookform . . . We print your books of poetry also brochures.
10 pages of poetry and title page, 100 copies $15.00
10 pages of poetry and title page, 50 copies $10.00 extra pages $1.00 each
Address: BITTERROOT, 5229 New Utrecht Avenue, Brooklyn 19, N. Y.

A BOOK OF POEMS BY SUE ABBOTT BOYD

Evelyn Thorne, co-editor of Epos says about Decanter: In crisp and often sardonic lines, Sue Abbott Boyd draws figures in a slightly omnious landscape.

But an erie shant of light illumines them for an instant with sudden strangeness. This is exactly what poetry should do: unbind us for a moment to show us the essential reality which slides below the prose of our everyday lives.

Address: Sue Abbott Boyd, South and West Publications, Route 4, Box 220, Fort Smith, Arkansas.

The American Poets Fellowship Society is presently in the middle of a membership drive. Applications, information will be sent upon request.

Address: Dr. W. Ames, Le Grande II, Box 611, Huntington, W. Va.