

THE GREAT MEGA

1

LITTLE



VOLUME: 1
NUMBER: 1



This first issue of THE LITTLE mag contains a wide variety of work. Some of the poets here are seeing their work published for the first time. Others are frequently seen in the small magazines. One is author of several books of poetry, short stories, a novel, and is a Guggenheim Fellow(1964).

here it is. read. enjoy.

THE LITTLE mag volume 1 number 1

Edited by : Larry Coleman

THE LITTLE mag appears three times a year.
Single issue: \$1.00. FOUR issue subscription:
\$3.00. Manuscript submissions not accompanied
by a self-addressed-stamped envelope cannot be
returned. Send submissions to: THE LITTLE mag,
406-74th Street, Niagara Falls, N.Y. 14304 USA.

THE LITTLE mag
is published by
TABLE ROCK PRESS
Niagara Falls, N.Y.

extermination

it's a bad scene;
they are dying like
flamingoes
diving from clouds,
like Phoenixes
falling into their own ashes
and collapsing;
the seaboard
are littered with their feathers
though inland and the larger cities
travellers say some survive,
invalids of benevolent
institutions. . . .

at dusk
you can hear chokes
and whispers
from their small white throats
rising over the swamps,
while a frog
fat on his haunches
goes ompa, ompa.

Peter Wild

Today

Today I feel like I'm going to die.
it's in the lungs,
 thin as empty wallets;
books I hold slip
 and collapse to the floor,
 fine wood ash. . .

the sky is full of light
 but my breath comes in lean;
 beyond the orange groves
cars crowd the freeway,
 racing south. . .

through the static gasp of noon
 blizzards
 of stiff paper wings
fall about my ears.

Peter Wild

imbrication
(Balboa Island)

the sun rose
and clapped us on the face
like wings;
along the shallow warf
boats bumped and jostled
untwisting their riggings. . .

the town gawked out
from its mounds.

that beaked man
covered with feathers
lifted his arms over the hills;

palms wilted
churches sneezed,
storefronts
exposed their awnings. . .

a stone Indian
spit juice in our faces;

we saw the white heels
of the last wise rabbit
disappear.

Peter Wild

these chicks in
patent leather legs
walk by
and he says
 that chick
yeah but tough broad
"she melts at 98.6"

Nancy Gilbert

"before the storm"

The light was
 1/2 seen
 thru
high clouds
And
 not quite grey
grapefruit tasting
 and
 cold
like frozen ices

Nancy Gilbert

this lady C
was sitting in a balloon so
i
knocked on the door
& she opened the window proclaiming
the beauty of roses from afar

proclaiming (from afar)
the beauty of roses.

Nancy Gilbert

A graveyard in the heavy
damp dusk after rain
the grave stones stand
dark
among the damp tree trunks
that lift their loads
of autumn leaves;
sunset sun escaped
just catches the tree tops
turning leaves to molten autumn gold
and reds warm alive
capping the grave scene
like joy above the shades of life.

I feel the light
electric air of life
the wet day wind
threatening rain again.

Stephen Ingraham

The Sea

Hair hanging half way to the waist
taste of dark fine liqueur
liquid
bathing face
hers
touch
brush away
mine
fine fine dark sea of silk
I drown
I drown
I want to drown
my eyes
closed
dive beneath the soft soft sheen
silk sea to find the neck
the neck
her neck
beneath the soft soft sea
drunk with the liqueur hair
hanging
half way to her waist.

Stephen Ingraham

Sleeping Dogs

Let sleeping dogs lie
down with you, you'll
come up with spiders
and be caught in webs
you never spun, and
dance in halls that don't
swing, the way the old
ones did before their
teeth were lost. Wars they
called them, happy times,
when wives and lovers
were still sane. They mumble
in their soup, and drag
their legs, and rise up
but to bite.

Michael Perkins

CASSANDRA

O sorrow, sorrow of my city dragged to uttermost death.

--Agamemnon

this insane web of firescape
architecture blinds my eyes to the
sky/lost am i and cannot find
the old paradigm of sun sea stars
by which i found my way or told
the useless time hymning it to
myself while scorpio's tale
lashed against the long
atlantic moon

the tale of brick tenement is sad
sirens calling us to vicarious death
singing their mournful litanies
of disaster flamed out red lined
streets/even while tied to the lamp-
post i will break my bonds and
run to their song

o cassandra! bound by
the gods to tell the awful truth/seeing
disaster looming in the black sky
even before the sun crawls into the gray
wall of morning/wrenched of all heart
to tell us the story even as it
unfolds

blind us!
tear out our eyes before we go mad in
this antique graveyard where lost buildings
lean like mourners over empty graves/
cassandra is reality
but dreadful clytemnestra is presence!
the destroyer who rips reality from its raw
screaming socket and dashes it to the
fiery street/

follow us cassandra
into the great hall within the temple/
we shall remove your royal robes that once
were wet with apollo's tears and give
your heart back to the gods.

R. Wolter

AUTOMOTIVE TURNOFF

Very days, the binding
inside. Tell you of light,
but the lips you present,
not an answer to fall in beside,
giving warmth & hope
to the few. It is as if you have grown
from out of my body, grown
from the poisons, the complex
inhibitions of my voice.
It's good in the dark, thinking
of life the way that we see
in the flame. First, the trembling
vibrations of crossing chartered
knowledge. The second, a glimpse
of unknown. I say some primitive
rite, going back before religion
burst. You notice the quiver we are
when together. I ought to be well,
enjoy without the guilt
of the killing. Some "body" lamed
in my head. It is my vision
of death into light that has broken
connection, the words. Memory
only, written flowers
like gems. But the first glance
of direction, the force
too great like the rupture shown
on the screen. I have my desk
submerged beneath these packages,
your name carved within
the surface skin. Don't ask me
the reason of doubt, the birth,
the end, before. To term it all
in a breath, I cannot write it
in a single stroke, but pass
the only observations
that are found.

Paul J Green

IN THE LINE OF VISION

day, not light, is
buildings drawn
through common
ground

rise
from the window
a painting
that I
determine

the rough
shape
of
the
sky

Paul J Green

HAVE YOU

ever thought
of eating the
pear
before it
dies?
If you
tried to
it might taste
like a
voice
in a moving
tree,
restless
as light
and just
as delicate.

Brown Miller

WAKE

We have wandered stunned across
the days of sun, opening our heads
with the silver of sound.

My eyes have followed your running
thoughts, our names drowning
in each other.
The green sight of trees.

We are listening
to the magicians inside us,
falling with the rain,
gathering light
to wrap our kiss like a gift.

The red song clings
to its black bellied rhythm.

We are gently frightened
by the leaves of grass that shimmer
as we touch their kingdom. We float

toward the night moons
and wait for death
to mold us in its trance.

The sky moves
through a dark velvet dance.

Brown Miller

HOME

-- for Alta

The
noise
of the universe
is strange.

You light
fires
with your hair
&
let me sprawl
on top of you
like a couch.

The noise
of the universe
is not so frightening
when I am living
beneath the skin of your love
& your lips
so tightly clam shells
keep me from falling
to the floor.

Douglas Blazek

I DON'T BELIEVE IN SPACE

-- for my father

Strange, isn't it,
how I write you poems
and send them to you
as if you were thousands
of miles from here--

I don't believe in space
because I know that if I
walk down the street
I will find you
looking at some ties
in a shop or something--

In fact, I think I will go
and walk down now,
you have never been
far from me
but
it is
really
strange
how I don't
remember
exactly what time
you said
you'd be there
and I don't
really
recall
any tie shops
on this street.

Douglas Blazek

IN THE FINE PRINT OF BIRTH CERTIFICATES

I watch my old dog
pace around
waiting
learning death
without knowing death
ravishing each lazy moment
but
waiting
waiting for the
spade's last coronation
& the tamping foot--
it is not easy
even for dogs
to live
because of the undercurrents
of death
that often erupt
into gysers.

Douglas Blazek

Biography II

you hated my old dog Rip
'old and smelly' you said-
'just sleeps and eats' and Rip

that last summer just
kept following the shade
through the day moving

oblivious to hate
around the pear tree heaving
to his feet
as the edge of sun
light caught up with him

that summer lived out its span
the pears dropping
overripe to ground
where under the probe
of wasps and blowflies
their flesh melted away
exposing skeletal cores

and Rip also wasted in his cir-
cular route merging
into the shade he followed
thin old dog stumbling
through the pears
till the day his hindlegs fell
out from under him
and he dragged himself slowly
out behind the shed to die

I took the 22 rifle from behind
the door and went after him
the 22 is a small caliber rifle
the shot made a noise
not even heard on the next farm

that night after supper
you threw the porkchop bones
into the yard like always

and now two days later
you look out only the blackbirds
and the bones turning white in fall rains.

E.R. Baxter III

A FOND REMEMBRANCE

It was not long ago the image slammed
itself across my brain.

Four horsemen chasing the
dark side of the moon like comets.

A special significance now that he does
not enter my room like a father. Now that
his hands tremble under the weight of their years.

It was not long ago she let her body
empty into mine. Expressing a similar deed.
A life for a life.

It is sad that I can not admit
to myself the wisdom of such tragedies. The
terrible progressions of time.

The image is a fact.
The four horsemen will never capture
the dark side of the moon.

It is not possible.

Harvey Tucker

DYING IN THIS MOVING MADNESS

Once his swift-struck words could measure
how her nylons tugged a curving line to grace
and emphasized uncovered flesh;

but now he only jots impressions in his book
and fails to find the living thing.

That woman too, ignores the
savage song she begged him sing. Would comb
the hair of dolls her youth caressed
in softer shades.

Until it is confirmed, the ink has dried
and sighs now tend to recollect.

The flannel form best compliments the yoke
that sinks the neck in sagging strain.
A trembling touch that does not want to
find where passion fled.

Like any poet pressured by the sight of
strange-clad ogres in his brain,

the man denies the gift and settles for
its passing scent;

claiming, as the aged do, one has to
comprehend the shadow if he is to love the light.

Harvey Tucker

from THE NEW GIDEON MUSIC
forthcoming from RETINAL PRESS
vancouver canada

side 20 — NPS.2

night is
dark . the
sky is.
full of
dreams . only
you can
answer

answer

thoughts lost in
you . visions
placed on the
wall . i
call

its so
very lonely . youre 2
thousand light years from
home

david w harris

this day has
come so far
so far beyond the
beginning

i want so much to
take you to my bed
now so empty

be bonnie &
clyde starring in
your own film

cold sweat
part 1 & 2

kissing you by
the door i
want to say you
leave too early
the window
above us is
dusty names written
there

david w harris

a day
today
the wind is
cold ive
walked thru the
window

jan (6) in the kitchen making
popsicles to sell for 5¢ each
its a racket i said she made
30¢ that day gave away half
of them was the neighbourhood
attraction all afternoon
later got out the big book i
read her a story she fell
asleep to become cinderella
selling dream candy

the wind is
cold there is
no place for me to
go ive been
sold out

david w harris

2-4-68

the long wind
 stretches its shadow
draping the new year

 motors of cough and death
grind and fall

the steel cools first
 explosion
 then the smell
 of damage
ripening
 a dusk of throw away times

the sun turns black and cools
unnoticed
 the business of waste

 the fire darkens

Kent Taylor

9-27-67

if the old fire

it isn't supposed to be this way
 if the memory
 stinging
 could relive
 could awaken

the books don't explain

 like the way the day
suddenly cold with winter clouds
 changes
 and yesterday was summer
and now its almost yesterday
everything eludes reach
 the old jacket is at last
 finished
 thoughts tangle in the wind
the miles between living
 and what we dreamed

Kent Taylor

He was an old shooter
knew when to stir
the coffee to be
polite.

(ring: Hello, Roger. Don't
blow it! this is \$40
talking.
no answer.)

His star studded gaze
the house smiles....
all in an
instant.

glazed.
walking beside Thompkins Square Park
Bach still dripping
from the walls.

sliding on ice
we flew into hallways
up the stairs
saw mirrors held in each hand
a different reflection
of the man 's
hands
drawing
.pictures

,of himself.

Stanley, how're you doing?
i never wrote you back.
would they forward a letter
now?

richard krech

Raga #5

"this can
protected
by crazy horse
hell's angels, oakland"

the
haight/ashbury free clinic
will
re-open
in fact
already did.

thanks to
donations
& the grateful
dead. . . .

the hurried faces
on the dance floor. eyes
& teeth

shining. the resurrection
in the sky.

nirvana
in a clump of dirt.

-the roads

to the wakeful state

are many. they all

need to be

traveled."

richard krech

Super-8 Movie Camera

we must super-impose the image;

get the facts correct
yet relay more
information
than just the objective truth
implies. combine
the exterior vision
with the interior vision.
expand sight.

press the button carefully:
examine your subject, strip
off layers of clothes, worn out
circumstances & locale.
single-shots. fast,
in sequence. animated puppets,
we pull the strings
invisible behind
our new eye. choose what we shall
see to be the truth.

& in our choice
control it.

richard krech

UNCLE CHARLIE WAS ARRESTED LAST WEEK
FOR SEVERAL MISDEMEANORS INCLUDING:

tipping his hat at passersby

patting children on the head

purchasing two pounds of Mullen's salt water taffy

donating twenty-five cents to a salvation-army-singing-on-
the-corner-group

sending two (2) dollars to the easter seal people

wearing a green tie on St. Paddy's day

sending christmas cards with a picture of a church on the front

giving a wino a dime putting flowers on aunt mary's grave

taking off his hat when the anthem was played actually

hanging up the calendar the newsboy gave him the first of the

year subscribing to readers digest buying a thin volume of

w.b.yeats and being a general nuisance to the public.

ITS A GOOD THING THAT THEY DIDN'T FIND OUT THAT HE WAS A

REPUBLICAN.....

g.d.silverthorne

portrait of adolf hitler as being alive and well in cleveland ohio

and wearing horn-rimmed glasses.
he explained to his colleagues
that neo-buddhism
in amerika today
is just another front
for jewish communism.
& by pretending association
with an ambiguous religion
that is older than our country
he sed
the commies can manipulate our youth
into doing their bidding.

i made his scene
with a droning red OM
softly,
very softly.

rjs / cleveland
February 1968

walking
in the garden
among roses.

.a reality,
startled at my presence,
scampers across the path
and hides in the bushes

rjs / cleveland
February 1968

Colors
shoot like
shivering sparks
from your

Diamond Eyes

and

Rainshine
flowers

are born
in the exstasy
of my fingertips

touching
your hands
as you
write
flesh
sutras-

willie 1/67 s.f.

1948 AGAIN

knocked out
in my
humble
little
hotel room
the red-green neon
thru cutains
of lemon organdy:
christmas with
Bing Crosby at the
blue Decca record
factory.

o radiator blow me a tune
like Miles
or
at least
not
like
the rain
outside
beating
teardrops
on
the cold
winter panes

well,
its 3 a.m. &
the radio plays
Jazz at the Phil...
i forget the cigarette
that burns
my hair...

willie

GRADUATION

i was drinking wine
on the day of my funeral.
the people came round
looking for my last face
but were thinking only
of hamburger stands afterwards.
they had assumed the finest suits
to cover their blemished skins
they had taken out their eyes
& inserted insidious cat movements
to make them look more human
the tape loops in their
throats were cat cries
that sounded almost human
their tongues reached out
to lick my brain
as i was drinking my wine
looking at Time
magazine wondering
what country is it i am in
earth?
& earth it was & that made me laugh
as the people paraded by
pressing tear buttons
ranging from whimper to profound
the tears came from just beneath the eyes
because its not comfortable to cry
with contact lenses
on your eyes
cat or not

willie

barefoot & running
we pause by the river.

sun-soaked & drenched
from early morning dew
your eyes
swallow my innocence.

Diane Parker

breath heard over Fitzgerald—
"Fly Me to the Moon"
while you on top of me/fumble with
human restrictions.

naked in the dark
you, dampen desire, deepen affection
while i, humming softly, think of
motherhood & children.

tranquility restored/we blanket our pleasure
(Fitzgerald silenced)& talk of delicate things.

Diane Parker

tomorrow is a raindrop
cascading over city streets.
today your eyes
tell me they love me
& silently
(cursing the thunder)
i wait for the storm.

Diane Parker

tired
wishing sunday into monday
waiting at places
forgotten with time & a million
tomorrows (already passed)
weary of looking at stars &
chasing those rainbows
of crying night into day

nowhere

able to hide my face.
i knew love once in the eyes of jack
or was it jim

Diane Parker

pieces

The car
moving
the hill
down

which yellow
leaves
light forms
declare

•
One thing
done the
rest follows.

•
Not from not
but in in.

•
Here I
am. There
you are.

•
Again
and again
now
also.

•
— it
it —

Robert Creeley

EXCHANGES FOR NO. I ... Readers are urged to purchase sample copies of these magazines before submitting to them.

AVALANCHE - published by The Undermine Press, 2315a Russell Street, Berkeley 5, California. Richard Krech-editor. Appears four times a year. Year subscription:\$1.75/50¢ single copy/75¢ outside of California. offset. fiction, poetry, art, photos. 'Anything out of sight welcome.' The Undermine Press also publishes various books. Payment:copy.

BLACK SUN MAGAZINE - 70 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. Harvey Tucker-editor. Appears four times a year. Year subscription:\$2.50/75¢ single copy. mimeo. poetry, reviews. Payment:copies. Publisher of Black Sun Books.

COPKILLER - Box 2342, New Orleans, Louisiana 70116. Rbt Head and Darlene Fife-editors. Appears four times a year. Year subscription:\$3.00/75¢ single copy in New Orleans/\$1.00 elsewhere. mimeo. poetry. Payment:copies. -harmless.

FREE LANCE - 6005 Grand Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio 44104. Casper LeRoy Jordan-editor. Appears two times a year. Year subscrip: \$2.00/\$1.00 single copy. offset. poetry, fiction.

IT - #8 University Village, Platteville, Wisconsin 53818. J.D. Whitney-editor. Appears six times a year. Year subscription: \$1.00/20¢ single copy. offset. Poetry Only. Payment:copies.

KAYAK - 2808 Laguna Street, San Francisco, California 94123. George Hitchcock-editor. Appears four times a year. Year subscription:\$3.00/\$1.00 single copy. offset. Particularly hospitable to surrealist, imagist and political poems. Does not pay its contributors.

LATITUDES - 6102 Sherwood, Houston, Texas 77021. Robert Bonazzi-editor. Appears four times a year. Year subscription: \$3.00/75¢ single copy. offset. poetry, art, photos, reviews. Payment:copies. Also publishes Latitudes Press.

RUNCIBLE SPOON - P.O. Box 4622, Sacramento, California. Irreg. publication. \$2.00 will put you on the mailing list for 'things' as they come.-Also publishes various books and magazines. Editors D.r. Wagner and Barbara O'Connelly want to hear from real people. Payment:copies. -worth checking into.

WORMWOOD REVIEW - P.O. Box 101 & 111, Storrs, Connecticut 06268. Appears four times a year. Year subscription:\$3.50/\$1.00 single copy. offset. poetry, art, reviews. Payment:copies or the cash equivalent. Edited by Marvin Malone.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD - 129 Lock Street, Lockport, N.Y. 14094. Appears twelve times a year. Year subscription:\$2.50/25¢ single copy. mimeo. poetry, short stories. Editor David Edwards likes book reviews. Volume 2 No. 1 contained a review of that old favorite: The Caine Mutiny.

MANIC PRESS — (publisher of THE WILLIE) looks down the Yahoo Road for the words of its lost travellers. The itch & anguish of HITCHIKING is being covered in forthcoming hardback. Send yr stories, poems, journals, yr memory in its illuminated piggy bank.

EXPERIENCES: back country road visions of bacon & egg angels a 1000 miles from the nearest flop; consciousness shooting in all directions in timeless bliss of NOW.

..send yr trip (thumb or rail) whenever you feel you've caught yr muse crying...MANIC PRESS — 120 Siena — Long Beach — California — 90803.

dp productions
1431 Robson Street
Vancouver 5, BC
Canada

forthcoming books from FLEYE PRESS:

TH TABUL MOVES - bill bissett - collected graphics - \$5*
SUM WITH A BROKEN I - ruth m cranston - drawings - 75¢*
7 THE TRAINS TOO - david w harris - love pomes - 50¢
UNMAILED LETTERS TO ED PEDERSON - d.a. levy - \$2*
WM & GERRY - wm hawkins/gerry gilbert - pomes - 75¢*
THE COMING OF DAVID - pamela reeve - high trips pomes - 75¢*
COOLING IT - Irene Schram - pomes out of new york - 75¢*

also the following are almost out of print & selling as sets:

SPANISH FLEYE #1 - bissett levy coleman lane copithorne - \$2 ea*
LUV #1,2,3 (5&6 out of print) - \$3 the set
GRONK #1,2,3,4,5,8 - \$6 the set*

forthcoming from RETINAL PRESS:

THE NEW GIDEON MUSIC - david w harris - revised & extended*

*printed offset ... Those interested in seeing these published & having seen past FLEYE PRESS publications send a letter of support to Naim Kattan, The Canada Council, 140 Wellington Street, Ottawa 4, Ontario, Canada — Checks or money orders should be made payable to: david w harris. USA prices apply to orders outside Canada.

CONTENTS: Front cover by Larry Coleman
Inside back cover by E.R. Baxter III

- 3 Peter Wild, Irvine-California
6 Nancy Gilbert, Buffalo-New York
8 Stephen Ingraham, Buffalo-New York
9 Michael Perkins, New York-New York
10 R. Wolter, Wilbraham-Massachusetts
11 Paul J Green, Peterborough-England
12 Brown Miller, Daly City-California
14 Douglas Blazek, San Francisco-California
17 E.R. Baxter III, Buffalo-New York
18 Harvey Tucker, Brooklyn-New York
20 david w harris, Vancouver-Canada
22 Kent Taylor, Lakewood-Ohio
23 richard krech, Berkeley-California
26 g.d.silverthorne, Albroom A.F.B.-Canal Zone
27 rjs, Cleveland-Ohio
29 willie, Long Beach-California
32 Diane Parker, Buffalo-New York
35 Robert Creeley, Buffalo-New York
36 exchange magazines
37 advertisements

THE LITTLE mag needs subscribers NOW.

Patrons for this issue: Russell G. Coleman
and Kent Watson

THE LITTLE mag pays its contributors with copies.

LETTER DIRECTORY

TORN



E.R. BAXTER III