

**WWHIMSY** Poetry Magazine

Editor . . . . . Robert Voigt

Whimsy invites exchanges with poetry magazines & most art publications, regardless of content

**concerning  
science-fantasy  
& otherwise**

**July 1955**

**Number Three**

WYWHYWHY

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# WWHIMSY

Poems of science-fantasy & otherwise.

July 1955

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# ATOMIC AGE CONSTRUCTION

-- Two Views

Lark Somoth

## I

Erection

Concrete-flesh shivers under drills;  
Rivets as steel neurons.

city i've felt your  
blood-electricity.

Phantom pelvic front-doors;  
Phantom myopic eye-windows.

city, i've walked on  
asphalt sea bottoms.

Skeletons can still die,  
Unclothed in brick blood-cells.

I watch you eat with clamped mortar-teeth.

## II

Distruction

Compact rectangular solids  
First wombed from furnaces  
Transformed equation-wise  
Of blunt weights plus force  
Leaning cone-wise against  
Canyons composed of man's stone  
Portenting vertical to horizontal  
Man to animal.



## VEGA'S SCHIZOID INHABITANTS

Carter Barrow

Projecting fantasies within  
Themselves upon subjective

Screens, they sit content.

Dream-stuff excelsiors existence

why not? if no dark dream intrudes?

Hands so gnarled are wrapped about

Their skinny limbs and tightly, tightly

Folded, each a crouching ball of flesh.

they reach Man's schizophrenic dream,

a mystic trance of self-transcendence.

logic always fails; truth is always beauty.

Beyond this frictioned life

With dreams no mortal ever dreams,

They sit, immortal,

And content.

Note to subscribers:

With issue No. 5, *Whimsy* becomes 15 cents a copy  
& \$1.25 the year. Subscription deadline: Sept. 1, 1955.

## THE TRACK OF MAN

eugene widrick

A dying sun peers  
through a cold sky at ruins.

The trail is long . . .  
From the slime-swamps  
to the caves.  
From the caves  
to the pyramids.  
From the pyramids  
to the forum.  
From the forum . . .

The trail is long  
and lonely.  
Always wandering.  
Always up . . . higher  
into the sky  
well-trod and  
bones . . . covered with  
the bones of the past . . .  
seeking the sky and lonely.

Winds blow over Babylon  
Tyre is empty.  
Little things watched;  
Little things saw.  
Winds blow over Cajamarca.  
Pompei is silent.  
Little things watched;  
Little things inherit.

The dying sun  
peers through a  
cold sky at  
ruins . . .  
The girders rust,  
bricks tumble.

The track of man  
is empty . . .  
and covered with dust.

GREEN VENUS WOMAN by Herb Wales

i thought of you again last night,  
green venus-woman. and saw your smile,  
mint lips curved over jade teeth.

i see again your pale perfumed translucent skin  
a flawless film over pulsing deep-green veins.  
sea-eyes flecked with foam ; tresses like a turquoise styx

and when i touch you now you wither, envy's rose.  
as if at winter's touch,  
you brown and wither.

and when you say all earth, all things of earth  
as poison, i can only shrug and shake my head.  
so, emerald venus-woman, die, by the brown earth-poison;  
crumble into flakes, transmuted  
by death's brown finger.  
earth's disease spreads the brown mold.

i dreamed of you again last night, brown venus woman.  
your dried parched skin,  
your veins of mud,  
your teeth of dirt,  
your heart a dull, dull, clod.

and i saw earth, brown venus-woman,  
i saw earth.



## OUTSIDE THE GLASS CITY-DOME

Barbara Cohn

Now that I have seen your land,  
and felt, in my mind,  
the wind on that jade-swept place  
I know what you have sprung from,  
and why you walk through the  
imitation grass  
of the fenced-in park, on Sundays,  
I have come from a machine land  
where youth is short,  
and skin and eyes and mouth  
also become mechanized and artificial,  
but your eyes were not born  
to be clouded with the dust of smokestacks.  
See, my skin begins to yellow.  
Eventually I will not mind  
the imitation grass,  
I have not known any other,  
and the dry wind  
will whistle through me.



## FANTASY CONCERTO

Below, the sea washed against the wall, underlining the atonal rhythm of piano sounds.

Garth played now for all men, played that which had come out of his mind and life, and no longer wished that others could hear.

Beyond the weaking door they found heavier weights to smash against it, and finally crushed it down, but Garth gave no indication that he had heard. Tears were streaming from his cheeks, as the long strong fingers built towers of brilliance in the room, crashing harmonics that, he reflected savagely, no one else would ever know. This was his epitaph, the epitaph of all men destroyed by the troglodytes, epitaph to beauty and all futures.

His whole being enthralled in this penultimate beauty, Garth thought no more of coming death.

Behind him, poised over the wreckage of the door, the twisted men saw their prey cowering in an empty room. They advanced, to the cadence of the tireless sea.

WILL TIME GO ON?

when the world has died  
and nothing is left  
but the dust,  
when Man is gone  
and has left no trace  
but the dust,  
will Spring still come and go  
without new trees to grow?

will time go on  
when Earth is gone  
and has left no trace  
but the dust?

Phoebe Spinrad

earth's habit

earth has a habit,  
the habit is man,  
she would lose us,  
--she can.

Jeremy Millett.

FREE FALL

Rice Javo

I felt free-fall once,  
Suspended;  
Balloonlike.  
A finger-flick sent me skidding  
Through space,  
Bouncing weightless;  
An unwinged sparrow.

## IMMORTAL STONE

Vincent Gros

Here is Luna's lava stone; frozen in inexorable rims:  
ribbed and corrugated,  
absolute cold tempered with  
lead-melting heat.

Walk in ashen pumice, crushed by alien centuries:  
flaked shroud of stone-stillness,  
and craters, unwinking eyes;  
staring, at unwinking stars.

Listen to the sound which lies lens-like, clear:  
as frozen sounds, unuttered syllables,  
lying tomblike.

Look at Luna's rough stone:  
mute idols,  
of timelessness.

## Telepathy

those chords  
of thought that float  
as tremulous as still-fingered keys  
now vibrate my skull and bone and flesh and skull,  
rose-warm.

Ronald Voigt



## SOLIPSISM

Roberta Haase

The Conscious Supermind constructs a world,  
Then sleeps.

The entity of One flits now among  
The props of shadow being: time-threads  
Woven tightly. Space, it's fabric flawless  
Curves toward rimmed infinity,

Space-time filled with burning suns  
Arises. No more a formless void: reality exists.  
The ingenious mechanism of the non-Self  
Runs smoothly.

Match-stick figures play their roles.

Descartes speaks,

'I think therefore I am.' And then,

The face, the word supplanted as Berkeley's

Concepts, webbed with logic,

Futile experience,

Meshes ego and things-in-themselves

Into one: Reality exists in awakening.

Reality flees

As the Supermind

Rises from encompassed infinity,

Into conscious nothingness;

Again to spin a spawn of worlds

As God.



**Magazines Received**

**STARLANES, 1558 W. Hazelhurst, Ferndale 20,  
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