

# \* ICHOR NO.2

These are the fruits of science in the e days,

This is an occasional magazine. It will appear at the will of the gods and Dale Hart. Address all communications to:

Apartment 20, lll6 Georgia Street, Los Angeles 15, Calif.
Issues free to members of the Fantasy Amateur Press Assin; ten cents a copy to others. Letters of comment solicited.

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Thanks to E.E. Evans for assistance with the mimeograph.

NOTES ON THE POETS:

Sidney Johnston is working on his Ph. D. at Columbia U. this summer....Harvey Gross is a June '47 graduate of the U. of California at Los Angeles...George Ebey will be romembered as the co-editor of "Sappho"....Rual Askew, Jr. is working on a book of poetry....Robert W. Lowndes no longer is in sympathy with the early poem presented on page six....George Crane is a local writer and college student....Alex Chorney formerly edited "Scop," the literary magazine at UCLA, and is doing graduate work now.....Robert-Peter Aby is engaged in preparing French poetry for American publication, with the suthorization of the poets....Redd Boggs is the co-editor of "Tympany."

• I-C-H-O-R PAGE TWO

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Illurado do mescos Lilo di etalpopo fereiros de telescos -4 CSC IENCE TO LAURENCE TELEVISION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PRO

The arc of shells in calculated flight, The dread torpedo in its oily wake,
The crushing strength of tanks in engined might, And gas that rots the flesh off, flake oy flake--These are the fruits of science in these days, The votive offerings to the dog of war--Proof science is no deity to praise, But only human as all humans are.

Science pends low before the greed of men, Serves strongly in the cause of fear and hate, Is ample helper as the ranks go thin
Before grim rampant death, insatiate. Yet science still is man's one hope from birth, His only chance to make a home of Earth.

---SIDNEY JOUNSTON.

(Sonnet written before the first Atom Bomb)

of odd to beauting

<u>CONCEIT</u> An earthworm's not a lovely creature, For he has neither face nor feature, Nor any eyes to see--He has no hair with darling curls; He has no shining teeth like pearls; His life's no jubilee.

Yet he has perfect symmetry, And does not work for a degree,

But eats dirt merrily,

And thinks: "A foolish creature, Man--Who says that he is better than
A high-class worm, like me?" A High-ctass worm, Tirks me.

---SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

### SONNET

(For Those Who Would Apply the Methods of Science to Art)

Gaunt philosophers live in narrow rooms,
Gray minds extracting meanings so profound;
Their sticky webs of tangled thought confound
Our poetics in ten thousand tomes,
Weaving, weaving on their dreadful looms
Melancholy maxims which propound
That the apple falls, the world is round,
That dead men sleep forever in their tombs.

Upon the sterile table of their prose
Lies the Ariadne of our art;
Like necrophilists they defile the rose
Which would grow inviolate in her heart.
Fiendishly they lift her garments, and disclose
Her tender nipples and her virgin part.

---HARVEY CROSS.

#### apostrophe to freud

to see the thought behind the thought to know the man beyond the man to split the skull and probe the brain and pick the patterned neurons out

he sought beneath the fiction of appearance what is held beyond our seeing revealed with his surgeon's knife the subtle singing cord of all our being

the filching lanthorn consciousness
dims the moon of dreams
spider's spittle cannot spin
threads to sew these seams

this is writ in the hornbook of night in designs of most intricate fire

harvey gross

#### UNVERNAL REMEMBRANCE

Though she,
Even in death,
Dark hair netted with unvernal leaves,
Is here in pale-simulated life,
She cannot assume a form that will press
Less sharply my breast.
Her bones
Are cold hung in my arms
And the leaves muss my clothing.

Though I,
Who would cold-chisel her name on the Capitol steps
While a million patriot Americans watched,
Am mindful ever of the tender sentiments
Given faithfully,
I cannot remember our duality at all
In languid days of the world's vernality.

--- ALE HART.

#### PIERROT'S PATTER

I felt the moonlight lave across my face
And dreamed I drowned within a wash of light;
Leaving no flake of foam or silver trace
I felt the moonlight lave across my face
Like some lost love's last delicate embrace;
Enraptured in that crystalline delight
I felt the moonlight lave across my face
And dreamed I drowned within a wash of light.

---GECRGE EBEY.

### THE END OF A DILETTANTE

The tinny piano near the par had purgeois notes only, Else the player did not choose to rise from the purgeois just for the delectation of one customer.

The young man of the heavy-lide eyes

did not expect Brahms

But he hoped for the lighter moments

of Tschaikowsky.

He got neither Brahms nor Tschaikowsky.
He got a wheezy version of The One O'Clock Jump,
Although the time was two-thirty in the afternoon
of an intolerable day.

The effete gentleman left quickly,
with distaste but without ostentation,
for the privacy of his quarters.
Unworldly to a painful degree,
he realized, suddenly,
that he should leave the world.

Which he did, shortly after reaching his bedroom. The bullet was commomplace, and his last concession to convention.

In death, he represented an overburdened art fallen of its own weight.

The coroner, something of a litterateur, Remarked that decadence is its own excuse for being.

Like some enormous puppet, he collapsed

---DALE HART.

To quench our Salrete? The

From "Trilogy For This War"

Why should a single voice sing when the world has been shot through the windpipe?

---Rual Askew, Jr.

FAGE SIX

### RENUNCIATION

What need have we for Life? The common multitude can live...
Aye, let them live and feast upon the world's illusions. We
Care nothing for the world: always before our eyes we see
The moving shapes and shadows backstage. What could this world give
To quench our thirsts? The wells of paradise, the lakes of hell
Alike we know for shadows. The herd sins. Once, we sinned; then,
One day the veil was lifted, and we saw the world of men,
And that which lies behind the world, and from our minds the spell
Of life was lifted. We have known all things that were, and all
That shall or can be on this starry stage with life imbued.
And we have seen the light called Lucifer set up against the heart
Of chaos known as God. --- Aye, we could enter in the feud
And see the light disrupt the darkness tyrannous: the fall
Of God. But--this: to blast the seed whence life-impulses start!

---ROBERT W. LOWNDES.

## HE

He was not yet fifty when he saw
The fat becoming adipose around
His heart. He knew his mind was quite as sound
As ever, for it served him like a claw

To lacerate the rock of opposition, and fascinate the rich and vex the poor. No acrid fever dazzled his volition. His solemn heart was blind to every lure Of the starved and dying.

Only once,

corns belifyther a ob. of from

Like some enormous puppet, he collapsed
Among the perfect blossoms of his garden;
His singing cry of terror burst and lapsed
Unheard, like privacy, and simple pardon
Came to ridicule his warring sons.

---GEORGE CRANE.

(Used by permission)

#### POEM IN TWO PARTS

#### I: death is a dream of darkness

the flame of resinous trees
which have fallen across
volcano craters
it was amaze coming
of electric darkness

attenuate-drawn
without placidity
thought was sucked
through the hollow tubes
of the senses into
a common reservoir

i am a busy man the coroner said

#### II: heaven is a far country

a porphyry column
slightly truncated
he stood among the Greek ruins
of torchlit nights
and fell when the nights and days
were pulled away to be stuffed
into the hole they dug for him

planet-precisely
he orbited carelessly
toward a limited cosmos into
a perfumed cancellation

give me a corner lot in hell he used to say

---DALE HART.

#### FROM AN OLD FAERY TALE

Mountain and swampland -- and which to choose? The little girl ran in her red-hot shoes. Behind her followed red disaster, And the child ran fast, but the shoes ran faster. Past diamond castles where wizards screamed, The red shoes danced and the child's eyes gleamed. The world rolled up in a little plack pall, And nobody, nobody, saw her fall. Down, down-deep down, where Proserpine Yawns over goblets of mandrake wine, Choked in a capital bath of clay, She suffocates until Judgment Day. But the little red shoes are dancing still: I saw them dance in the wind on the hill. How brightly they shone in the red moon's light, Twinkling hells in the red moon's light... I think I shall try them on -- tonight!

--- GEORGE EBEY.

#### CEZANNE ON CEZANNE

Cezanne! Cezanne! oh, what you said
In this book that I just read!
It has a flavor, idiomatic,
That time will never render static.
It stands alone—it is, indeed,
The essence of the artist's creed.
Sound the trumpets: rooty—toot—toot!
That for the boys in the Institute!
That for Le Grande Academe!
Town with the Philistines—one, two, three!
This is the stuff of a great philosophie:
"No one is going to get their hooks in me."

--- GEORGE EBEY.

#### POEM FOR THE MAN WHO COULD NOT RECOGNIZE DEATH

It was difficult for him to think of dissolution.

He saw death in a broken branch of wild thyme or in the man gyrations of a web-entangled fly but never saw its sullen face in the mirror of thought.

He saw death only as manifested in other things.

In a narrow lane he plucked flowers that opened as years within the vase of his body, smiling when he found snakes of dissolution under every blossom.

--- DALE HART.

#### SITTING BY THE RATIO

In the vast loneliness, in the estrangement, Where waking voices Echo the matelessness no fierce embrace can mend, Tentacles prod And the nerve thrills falsely Flooding its despair.

And we, so conscious of the deep delusion, (Seeking the laugh, The life that is not ours, Seeking a certain pulse in the transfusion), Plug in our hearts, and jerk our arms awhile, Titter and cry
Like small Swiss dolls, and almost look alive.

---ALTY CHOENEY.

(Reprinted from SCOP by permission.)

I-C-H-O-R PAGE TEN :

### THE VAMPIRE

Maul my eyes then, whet your razor teeth
Against the raw cool splinters of my shin,
Dress me in scarlet, furthermore, come pin
Upon my watered breast some badge of this
So gory spite you mocking call your kiss;
I can no longer raise my flesh within
This shell of weary, pumice-shaven skin
Which you have drained as dry winds suck a heath.

Pretending now no longer honking goese
Who raised templar resistance from within
With frightened tempest and night-warning hiss,

I hereby, but not passively, to this Outrageous violence submit. My sin, With thirsty body, needs not you but peace.

--- ROBERT-PETER ABY.

### LOVE'S SINGLENESS

My flesh is torn; the torment of my will
Bares bitter teeth and turns upon my pride
As some same beast might gnaw his very hide
To rend the leperous wound which eats him still;

Though Love's a gory maw, mine cannot fill
The aching emptiness fear burns inside
Its own derision, can do nought but slide
Its slattern tongue along my spine with skill.

Yet must I tend my Love and pat its head,
Feed it on sonnets spiced, for it is mine,
My unique Love, my bastard changeling child

Who is a ravening beast with stricken, wild And sightless eyes, the wallowing feet of swine, The single, boundless mind of one already dead.

--- ROBERT-PETER ABY.

PAGE ELEVEN

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THE MIGHTY FORT

Contentiously his soul abjures the dung of science, rank manures wherein the maggot-worm endures, and ventures into bowels of truth, attacking with an uncerous tooth.

He views an oak one perilous hour, rain-drenched beneath a private shower; his gibbons eyes are hot and sour, while periwinkles fall like sleet into a blank Parisian street.

He contemplates the shaman moon in mirror dreams, and roars a tune tornadic from a wild bassoon, while Fortean volcanoes flare high in the fulminating air.

He glimpses the Ambassador who vanished and was seen no more; he walks the metaphysic floor, then, with Promethean aplomb, he smites the viscus with a bomb.

--- REDD BOGGS.

#### THIS IS AN ALL-POETRY NUMBER OF ICHOR

IF YOU ARE AN EDITOR, HOW ABOUT AN EXCHANGE?

IF YOU AREN'T, HOW ABOUT A SUBSCRIPTION?

the state of . . . . 12 ... 22 ten had been also been a second to be a nd . in the sacration of the