

haravec

57



h a r a v e c

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EDITORS

Maureen Ahern Maurer & David Tipton

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H A R A V E C
1968

THE STARVING MAN'S RACK

From between my own teeth I come out smoking,
shouting, pushing,
pulling down my pants...
My stomach empties, my jejunum empties,
want pulls me out from between my own teeth
caught with a sliver by the cuff of my shirt.

A stone to sit down on,
isn't there even that for me?
Even that stone that trips the woman who's given birth,
mother of the lamb, the cause, the root,
not even that for me now?
At least that other
that passed crouching through my soul!
At least
the calcaretic or the sick (modest ocean)
or that no good now even to throw at man,
that one, give me that one, now, for me!

At least the one they found in the way and only in an insult,
that one, give me that one, now, for me!
At least the twisted and crowned, in which echoes
only once the walk of erect conscience,
or, at least, that other, that flung in upright curve
will drop by itself
professing true center,
that one, give me that one, now, for me!

A piece of bread that too denied to me?
Now I no longer have to be what I always have to be,
but give me
a stone to sit down on
but give me
in Spanish
something, in the end, to drink, to eat, to live, to let me sleep,
then I'll go away...
I find a strange form, my shirt's
all ripped and filthy —
and now I have nothing, this is horror.

César Vallejo

A man walks by with a loaf of bread on his shoulder.
I'm going to write, after that, about my double?

Another sits, scratches, gets a louse out of his armpit,
cracks it. How dare one speak about psychoanalysis?

Another has entered my chest with a stick in his hand.
After that chat with the doctor about Socrates?

A cripple walks by arm in arm with a child.
After that I'm going to read André Breton?

Another shakes from cold, hacks, spits blood.

Another searches in the mud for bones, rinds.
How write after that about the infinite?

A bricklayer falls from the roof, dies, and no longer eats lunch.
After that innovate the trope, the metaphor?

A merchant cheats a customer out of a gram.
After that talk about the fourth dimension?

A banker falsifies his balance.
With what face to cry in the theater?

An outcast sleeps with his foot behind his back.
After that, not talk about Picasso?

Someone goes to a burial sobbing.
How then enter the Academy?

Someone cleans a rifle in his kitchen.
How dare one speak about the beyond?

Someone walks by counting on his fingers.
How speak of the not-I without crying out?

5 november 1937

PALMS AND GUITARS

Now, between us, here,
come with me, bring your body by the hand
and let's eat together and pass life a moment
to two lives, giving a portion to our death.
Now, come with me, please
complain in my name and by the light of the tenebrous night
in which you bring your soul with your hand
and we flee on tiptoes from ourselves.

Come to me, yes, and to you, yes,
in step, to see the two of us out of step,
to mark time of the goodbye.
Until we return! Until the turn!
Until we read, ignorant!
Until we return, let's say goodbye!

What are the rifles to me,
listen to me;
listen to me, what's it to me
if the bullet's now circling in my signature's rank?
What are the bullets to you
if the rifle's smoking now in your odor?
This very day we'll weigh in
the arms of a blind man our star
and the one time you sing to me, we'll cry.
This very day, beautiful, with your in-step
and your trust reached by my alarm,
we'll come out of ourselves, two by two.
Until we become blind men!
Until
we cry from turning turning!

Now,
between us, bring
your sweet way by the hand
and let's eat together and pass life a moment
to two lives, giving a portion to our death.
Now, come with yourself, please
sing something
and strum your soul, snapping palms.
Until we return! Until then!
Until we part, let's say goodbye!

8 November 1937

César Vallejo

THE WRETCHED OF THE EARTH

The day's going to come; wind
up your arm, look under
your mattress, stand again
on your head to walk straight.
The day's going to come, put on your coat.

The day's going to come; grip
your large intestine tight in your hand, reflect
before you meditate, for it's awful
when your wretchedness hits and sinks
on and on in you a tooth.

You have to eat, but I keep telling myself
don't grieve, for grief and graveside
sobbing don't belong to the poor;
pull yourself together, remember,
confide in your white thread, smoke, check
your chain and keep it behind your portrait.
The day's going to come, put on your soul.

The day's going to come; they pass,
they've opened up an eye in the hotel
whipping and beating it with a mirror that's yours
are you trembling? It's the remote state of the forehead
and this recent nation of the stomach.
They're still snoring... What universe puts up with this snore!
How your pores hang on, indicting it!
With so many twos, ay! you're so alone!
The day's going to come, put on your dream.

The day's going to come, I repeat
through the oral organ of your silence
and urge you to move further left with hunger
further right with thirst; in any case
stop being poor with the rich,
poker
your cold, for in it is mixed my warmth, beloved victim,
The day's going to come, put on your body.

César Vallejo

The day's going to come;
morning, sea, meteor
pursue your weariness with banners,
and through your classic pride, the hyenas
count their steps to the beat of the ass,
the baker's wife thinks about you,
the butcher thinks about you, fingering
the cleaver in which steel
iron and metal are imprisoned; never forget
that during Mass there are no friends.
The day's going to come, put on your sun.

The day comes; double
your breathing, triple
your rancorous goodwill
and elbow fear, link and emphasis,
for you, as anyone can see in your crotch the evil
being, ay! immortal,
you've dreamed tonight you were living
on nothing and dying from everything.

(End of November or the first week of December, 1937.)

(translations by Clayton Eshleman)

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haravec: palabra quechua que significa trovador

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industria publicitaria,
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de hoy

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FOUR AMERICAN POETS

DOUGLAS BLAZEK

Brandy's Fugue

Let me touch your perfect body
with my hand—

 a certain kindness is offering;
isn't that the least one can
do to still be human?

I ask, why is it that
your memory rests in the obituaries?
 why, that solutions are no more than
 keeping the lifegraph rolling—
 instead of tearing graphs
 the way black bears tear into honeytrees?

Solutions, but nothing that works.

It doesn't make sense. it's something
I can't get used to.

 this business of standing under
 the sun with
internal psychic/passions coruscating

 going to waste;

 calling to you
 in the vacuum of my dreams;

Having to rake, sift & strain memory
going thru products of a crematorium
 a forage for the nucleous
 of my mind's abstractions,
 for the image that is your
 tenement of flesh,

& at the same time
 coaxing my brain for excuses to endure.

Douglas Blazek

Black Antagonism to the Torch

I'm 6 foot 1
they will need a large casket

they will also
need a fire extinguisher

my flesh is not
put out easily

I am not for hire,
Death

this is no advertizement
this is a poem

but no poem
will ever help a man

who has learned
what death really is

I have learned
in fragments

which are just enuf
to keep the flesh burning

Douglas Blazek

Portrait of my Neighbor as I watch him thru the Window

The lump in his head
gags him like a thousand
telephone wires crossed up
like a thousand tongues
split down the middle
each half dangling, clucking, spitting—
he is puzzled by his being Human.
Human? Human? the word recalls
the cold calamity of the dictionary,
of an icicle, of power lines fallen
into peach trees.
his hunched shoulders form a
question mark (?) what is it like
to be human?
what is it like to hold cold milk bottles
& KNOW what you're holding?
what is it like to open the flap of a
mail box & suddenly stop when you
notice the *sun* has become HUMAN & is
messing you up — turning your blood
to lava, turning your eyes to cherry juice,
turning your body to a fifty-million story
building that shatters
flinging debris in every musty corner
of the world.
what is it like to notice a flower
& the fucking thing looks more like a broom
or the intestines of a rain drop?
what is it like to smell the bacteria of
sleep in your nostrils?
what is it like to be in one spot
on one day & know that spot is where
you are at & the way you are depends
entirely upon realizing what it means
to be standing in that spot — the body
will act in accordance with everything else
& its depth will be equal to the distance
around the earth.

CLAYTON ESHLEMAN

Today I have set my crow
bar against all I know
In a shower of soot & blood
Breaking the backbone of my
mother.

15 November 1966

Slowly we learn to take others on
their own terms. The hand (again)
of a blindman crossing Taegaro in Seoul.

(from a journal, 1964)

Ancient Idol

the pleasure of fresh
cool water to the mouth
having draped
the lower body in sperm

1 November 1966

Now the leaves

Now the leaves all green come green
True color squares and rectangles
Heart above the the grassblades specific
on the seacoast some miles from Perth Amboy

That is strange but so the Caribbean wedding
on the beach at Coney Island a place into name
into myth a large portion of my childhood
mixed with the colors of the loop the loop

Luna Park Steeplechase great monster Smile
the shoot the shoots and horses
Dragon's Gorge and yellow yellow
corn and a great green belt now
on one side the blue and white aquarium
past that the grey Atlantic boring
all the distance out to Europe

Air for Owen & Branca

Well, if they are hungry

then they are hungry

It is an honor they wish
to swallow, some shadowy recognition
by the rich and famous

Successful,
"Who at the age of, Was awarded
"The Eccellenzissimo Medallion
"With emoluments unto his Heirs
"Totalling
"&c, &c, &c

songs of purple montaines majestic
fingers crossed as children cross
them when they are faking on a promise.
Nobody can make

Gilbert Sorrentino

The starspangled Banner
sound good except at a ball game

I love that roar so soft
easing off the final note dissolving in sunshine

SAM ABRAMS

1

days for others

saturday

crazy mixed
up dick
you can
now can
you boast

i am at a loss i
have nothing but
poetry

nothing but poetry a
program for players
why

is there nothing
& not something

sundayfatherdayfatherstdayneardayheredayrealdayfeelday
but satur day
a misture satyr
a tzimis of goat & man

nothing but poetry
this monster
everyone is staring at us
in this scary 1/2
deserted city

Sam Abrams

sunday

corn king
1/2crazy old maid & a
professor throwing
knives at trees "he
could cut a throat at 20 paces"

3 days 7 i sit
in my study there is
no rhythm i have in common with these people

we go in different
directions "the stairway
in the dew the footsteps
shine" but who's to go
thru the snow with these nuts

from every shire's end
up the pike to ski
country it is

the best we have it seems
the young as brightly as
anything

monday

i
am a much better poet
than lover this is
no boast

these
girls are hot after their
own fashion

but i
need learnd hands & subtle
mountains

i
have established themes which
will contine my
turths & lies have
become my past

Sam Abrams

i cannot talk with these
crazy people & the sane ones
donot talk to me
we understand one another

wednesday

on wednesday we made love not war
on wednesday we made the working class
who are always less elfdelusory
than the bushwazee

on wednesday we made marks on papers
on wednesday we made judgement
on wednesday gave advice

go buy a car read
play until you are 30
have fune stretch your

on wednesday we were afraid
on wednesday we watched the beloved iceskater on peacock pond
on wednesday we gave what gifts we could

friday

on friday taunton massachusetts is an inland city

the river runs
the silly damn river
does not know

on friday taunton massachusetts is an inland city

the last of the multimasted schooners was built
frozen fish ugly goes up
coast & down gothic our monuments

we reel thru the streets of taunton massachusetts

kicking jack williams what shall we do
for the sake of these crazy people
shall we freeze our own guts

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Casilla 68 — Miraflores

Lima, Perú

AUGUSTO TAMAYO VARGAS

Los Sueños Vida Son

Dicen que el sueño
sueño es.
Realidad tangible,
plena,
del ojo adentro
la existencia fluye
cual rama abierta,
totalizadora.
Viendo, sintiendo,
auscultando,
padeciendo,
su propia muerte resurrecta
— una y mil veces —
con el ser distante, como venido
pupila abierta a la armazón textil,
el hombre la concibe
en flor o araña,
angustia sola en estirar la mano
hacia el objeto siempre trasmutante:
la piedra en mesa;
el libro en ave;
la razón en sexo;
el cielo en un sollozo
(verde, azuloscuro, claro);
y el pulso tenso
en la montaña,
presto a estallar
en la caída,
tan absoluta,
tan profunda,
tan de raíz al fondo.
Tangible realidad.
Cosa real y cierta.
(Aun siento que me caigo por la borda,
de mi primer ensueño trágico, en el aire,
y no he llegado, con toda mi razón prendida en ello,
a la materia fría, sólida, final, del agua que me espera)

P E R U

AUGUSTO TAMAYO VARGAS

Dreams Are Life

They say that dream
dream is.
Tangible reality,
full,
from the inner eye
existence flows
totalizing
as the open branch.
auscultating,
Seeing, feeling,
suffering,
its own death resurrected
— one & a thousand times —
& the being distant, as though here,
a pupil open to the textile framework,
man conceives it
in flower or spider
lone anguish in the stretching of a hand
toward the ever changing object:
stone on the table:
book in bird:
reason in sex:
sky in a sob
(green, dark-light blue)
& the tensing pulse
on the mountain
about to burst
in the fall
so absolute
so deep
so rooted to the core.
Tangible reality.
real & certain thing.
(I feel I'm still falling over the edge
still through the air,
of my first tragic reverie,
clinging to it with all my reason,
& I haven't hit
the water that awaits me. cold -solid-final.

Augusto Tamayo Vargas

Cosa real y cierta
aquí en el brazo
que se duele al golpe;
en el pecho,
que se inflama en orgasmos;
en la garganta,
enronquecida de gritar sin vigilia;
en la noche,
que se hiende de un tajo;
en el vientre;
en el mundo.

(La carrera se detuvo en abrazo;
hubo hierbas y árboles,
faroles cabalgantes;
la casa es hoy un túnel
donde avanzan vampiros
convertidos en barcos
navegando hacia el lecho)
El sudor es auténtico;
y la mano convulsa;
y los dedos crispados;
y el calor que electriza la médula;
y ese frío que viene de los pies a la nuca;
y los ojos abiertos
que cerrados los ven.

(Cómo siento temblando
esos sueños despiertos
de palabras extrañas,
que circundan ilógicas,
de inconexos mensajes
que nos llegan
indescifrables.)

Acaso nada más real que la amada poseída en el sueño;
que los padres redivivos
tomando su ración de leche, pan y diario
en un desayuno con nosotros.

Acaso nada más real que el deseo imposible cumplido;
que el defecto frustrado;
que la llaga del rostro curada;
que caminar,

viajar,

llegar,

oler lo que uno quiere.

Augusto Tamayo Vargas

Real & certain thing
here in an arm
that aches to the blow;
in a chest
that inflames in orgasms;
in a throat
hoarsened from watchless shouting;
in the night,
that cleaves from a slash
in the belly;
in the world.
(The race stopped in an embrace;
there were grass & trees
lanterns in calvacade;
today the house is a tunnel
where vampires near
turned to ships
sailing toward the canopied bed.
Sweat is authentic
contracted hand
clenched fingers
heat that electrifies the brain
chill that creeps from foot to nape;
& the open inner eyes
that see although closed.
With what trembling I feel
those wakeful dreams
of strange words
that circle without logic
from unconnected messages
that reach us —
undecipherable.
Perhaps nothing more real than the loved one
possessed in a dream
than parents restored to life
drinking their ration of milk, bread & newspaper
at a breakfast with us.
Perhaps nothing more real than the impossible desire
fulfilled
than failing fault
than the healed sore on a face
than walking,
 traveling,
 arriving,

Augusto Tamayo Vargas

Tal vez si nada más concreto que la imagen
y el tener amigos y enemigos soñados;
y el poder ser humano, animal, planta, tierra o piedra,
por segundos.

(Nada más lejano que el día.

Mas de pronto llegamos a una playa,
sobresaltados;

y aún seguimos sintiendo el bambolear de la ola,
la cavidad en que estuvimos sumergidos.)

Ello,

lo que vivimos,

caracolea,

está en nosotros,

íntima, inescrutablemente

fijado a nuestros huesos,

al pelo que blanquea

soñando;

a la arruga que se abre

soñando;

a la glándula que se activa

soñando;

a la vida que vamos viviendo

soñando.

Dicen que el sueño

sueño es.

Tangible realidad

de capilar en capilar,

en sangre que golpea

sobre el tiempo.

Real, real, la vida que soñamos,

tal vez si ella

permanezca muda, fija,

penitente,

agridulce,

entre las sienas,

cuando aquélla,

la nuestra eternidad

se venga de bruces.

Augusto Tamayo Vargas

smelling whatever one wants.
Perhaps if nothing is more concrete than the image
& dreamed friends & foes
& the ability to be human, animal, plant, earth
or stone
for a few seconds.
(Nothing more distant than day.
But suddenly we come to a beach
tensed
Still feeling the sway of the wave
& that cavity in which we were submerged).
That,
that which we live
snail - swirling
is within us,
intimate, inscrutably
stuck to our bones
to the hair that greys
dreaming;
wrinkle that forms
dreaming;
gland that quickens
dreaming;
this life we go on living out
dreaming.
They say that dream
dream is.

Tangible reality
in blood that pulses
from capillary to capillary
above time.
Real, real the life we dream
perhaps it does
remain mute, fixed,
penitent,
bittersweet,
between the temples
when
our eternity
comes
falling
headlong.

(Translation: Maureen Ahern Maurer)

FRANCISCO BENDEZU

Designio

Buscaré un manípulo.

Y abriré el portón
del garaje condenado.
No habrá enredaderas ni luna.
Sólo el aire destrozado
como un viejo vestido.
Y piedras grises. Y toneles
que almacenan la lluvia.

Roma, 1964

Aim

I'll look for a maniple
And open the door
to the forbidden garage.
No vines nor moon.
Only the air torn
like an old dress.
Grey stones. And vats
to store up the rain.

Rome, 1964.

(Translation by Paola Pomposinni)

CARLOS HENDERSON

De los Poetas Surrealistas Aprendimos

De los poetas surrealistas aprendimos
a palpar los sueños
Y con esto ellos se oponían al burgués
en la vigilia de un mundo cínico
que nos presenta
la putrefacción envasada
en la industria publicitaria, en las conservas
en las etiquetas brillantes de los dentríficos
en los túneles iluminados
con luz de mercurio y señales de tránsito

Pero nosotros
consideramos real a la amada poseída
y no tan sólo el deseo a la amada

Y menos consideramos
imposibles
los actos que se hacen lúcidos
oponiéndose a un mundo cínico

We Learned From the Surrealist Poets

We learned to palpate dreams
from the surrealist poets
And with it they opposed the bourgeois
in the watch of a cynical world
that presents us with
packaged putrefaction
in the publicity business, in cans
in shiny toothpaste labels
in tunnels lit with
neon & traffic lights
But we consider the loved one possessed to be real
not just the desire for her

And neither do we consider
impossible
those acts that become lucid
opposing a cynical world.

LEYLA BARTET

No Es Lo Mismo

A Pablo Emilio Rojas.

No es lo mismo
decir:

“es fácil renunciar”
que abrirse la piel
hacia la vida.

No es lo mismo
decir: “mañana”
que decir “¡ya!”
y construirse un muro
de plomo y coraje.

Es fácil, no es lo mismo.

con olor a noticia malhabida
que tomar sangre
de mártires
en vez de desayuno.

No es lo mismo soñar.
No es lo mismo.

Soñarse héroe
qué romper las montañas
con las uñas y los dientes,
que arrancarse el presente,
que deshacer el tiempo
en la mañana.

No es lo mismo leer a Debray
todas las tardes
que levantar la torre
de las torres,
que arriesgarse a subir
la escalera de leche
cuyo segundo piso, informe,
reniega realidades:

Es fácil ser cobarde,
es demasiado fácil tener
la lengua larga.

Es todavía más fácil decir:
“fracasarán” y voltear la cabeza
y negar la promesa
y olvidar el final ineludible.

No es lo mismo cantar
en las mañanas,
saboreando un diario

Corredor de Espera

Algo debe quedar
Del sonido de estos gongs
Que tanto nos alarman,
O quizás nadie se dé cuenta
De los que miran de arriba abajo,
Al lado derecho,
En su peculiar manera de cerrar los ojos
Para no ver y no sentir,
Las voluminosas lenguas
Que van del ajetreo al grito
Del laberinto a la clemencia.

O quizás nadie se dé cuenta
De la alborada algún día
En la manzana carnosa del sueño:

O de las lenguas de fuego
Que se lanzan tras nosotros
En este ángulo giratorio
Donde ustedes son los ases
Que abren todas las puertas
Sin medir los portazos.

Ah, pero Ah!
Ya es bastante saber
Del miedo que sienten
Del lento corredor de espera
En la parte final del comienzo
O de la tercera parte del principio.

ARGENTINA

ARIEL CANZANI

Son necesarios
Algunos tiempos de dolor
Incertidumbres
Extrañas zozobras
Navegando en los ojos
Dudas crecedoras
Que penetran
Hasta la raíz
Del hueso
Y de los cantos
Y allí agudizan
Aún más el oleaje
Que cubre nuestra piel
En acecho.
Son necesarias
Amorosas esperas
Impacientes esperas
De sueños que no llegan
De seres que no llegan
De caricias, de flores
Que no llegan.

Son necesarias
Varias vidas
Para saber exactamente
Ganarse exactamente
Ese saber que no se toca
Y silenciosamente dice:
Continúa en tu canto
Hombre libre del mundo.

Océano Atlántico, agosto de 1967.

C U B A

NANCY MOREJON

los heraldos negros

a César Vallejo

alto potro y resaca doliente están entre las manos
calladas tuyas temerosas de arrebatar la sangre
de la raza
y nutriéndose el polvo hacia la suerte
y nutriéndose el ave entre tus hombres desmedidos

ásperos como meseta exhausta
duro dios se agiganta en los ojos audaces
duro dios que empaña la sonrisa tranquila
a través de los árboles
y póblandose el mar con el ocaso de tu rostro
crecido todavía pleno de nueva estancia

—oh lastimado hombre
sol sobre la frente del potro matutino
una pálida mueca un temblor de raíces—

sobre la frente
otro golpe daría la estrella entre tus manos
entre los ojos que acostumbran al viento
entre gemidos
que recogen los juncos
o la pechada se corta en esta raza
como amor andino que es templo digno
marchito corazón
y vena desmedida

que es suerte valerosa
que es piedra de la raza aplastante
a los pies negros
de la noche
la noche numerosa

*(primeras estancias del extenso poema
inédito del mismo título)*

ECUADOR

RAUL ARIAS

Así, —solo— soy yo.
Tengo un cajoncito sucio
y unos cepillos
que hurté a unos dientes.
Y tengo unos brazos
como todos los niños,
y unas plazas inmensas
donde el sol cae como toro salvaje
y unos señores
que las pasan corriendo,
altos como chimeneas
y a veces se paran ante mí,
y los tengo.
Tengo una carita de tinta
y sé decir: ¿le hago brillar,
señor?,
y me ayuda el sol que es mi amigo
y se pone en los zapatos
cuando
no tengo
betún.

COLOMBIA

ZAHUR KLEMATH

Poeta Azú

Te asesino con mi dedo pulgar
para crear un silencio
regocijarme en la soledad
Te asesino con los instantes
igual que mis pulsos

Déjame volar muerte
de lo contrario te anularé
Las fronteras están cerca
Déjame cruzar las puertas
yo iré con mi figura elástica vidente
Quiero mostrar lo que hay
Déjame transitar por la neblina
será lento el caminar
en una gran llanura
tachonada de espumas
habrá luz no vista aún
por ningún vidente

Has muerto por mi dígiles sentidos
qué feliz se siente el poeta

Ya no cantaré lo mismo
me remontaré a los aires
viajaré por las tinieblas
vendré fiel a mi misión

Como un rayo que surcará la nada
iluminaré el taller oscuro
esculpiré mi canto
y fundiré la gran boda del hombre
con la luz y la oscuridad.

NELSON ORORIO MARIN

Nubes De Niños y De Moscas

los días pasados.
 por las armas o los bares
con las vísceras derretidas
 regresan
 golpean
en palmadas secas.
cruzados
los buses urbanos
por rostros sin fisonomía casi,
parecen
de lo no hecho
el remordimiento internacional
de todo lo aplazado
porque a esa hora
de lo irrecuperable.
cuando nos llamaban
 y pedían
nuestra lengua
nuestros pensamientos
la joven fuerza nuestra,
 toda la gente
 sin fisonomía casi
nos pedía... nos llamaba.
 ...pero
las cervezas
un long play
y la mirada hembra
tan cerca de los pantalones.
nubes de niños
 de moscas
riendo sobre pasaportes en blanco
porque tenemos pereza
 miedo
 vida fácil
 disculpas siempre
y las dejamos hacer
 chupar
 degollar
nubes de infancia.

TWELVE POEMS

Antonio Cisneros (b. Lima, 1942) had published two small chapbooks, *Destierro* (1961) & *David* (1962) before he was 20. In 1964, while studying literature at the University of San Marcos he published *Comentarios Reales* which won a national poetry prize. He later taught at the University of Huamanga in Ayacucho & in early 1967 left for England where he is now a lecturer in Spanish at the University of Southampton. In January of this year his manuscript, *En memoria*, was the unanimous choice for the First Prize in Poetry in the annual competition for all Latin America sponsored by the Casa de las Américas in Havana. These poems will be published in a large edition under the title, *Canto ceremonial contra un oso hormiguero*.

The 12 poems that follow, translated for the first time into English, are a representative selection taken from the superb *Comentarios Reales*, from no. 1 of *Amaru* (Lima, 1967) & the last from the new awardwinning manuscript. Another selection of Cisneros's poetry translated by the editors of *Haravec* will appear in the Fall 1968 issue of *Tri-Quarterly*.

Antonio Cisneros

PARACAS

Since early morning
the water has been rising between the red backs
of the shells

& fragile-footed gulls
chewing the small tidal animals

until they're swollen like boats
spread out beneath the sun.

Only rags
& skulls of the dead tell us

that beneath these sands
our ancestors were buried in droves.

ANCIENT PERU

with *huarango* branches
they scared off the flies
that swarmed
above the breasts of the dead.
On the temple stones
old chieftains made love
with the widows & a red sun
scorched
their children's bones.

(Translations: Maureen Ahern de Maurer & David Tipton)

Antonio Cisneros

THE NOVICE

My city, city of
abundant temples & big talk
& rich in
figtrees, pinetrees, mulberries
all gone to rust.
& they asked me
from what tree would you
hang the bishop?
& to tell the truth
I couldn't really say.

TARMA

Sun on the walls, the roofs
soaring in among branches
of the furze tangled in my shirt
blackbirds in my shoes
The high streets & paved eucalyptus
pull away toward the hills
& still
the flies & the dead
don't need
fig trees or furze, this shadow
of the willows drawn tight.

(Translations by Jerome Rothenberg)

Antonio Cisneros

AFTER THE BATTLE OF AYACUCHO

FROM A SOLDIER

After the battle
there was nowhere to pile up
the dead,
 so dirty & holloweyed, scattered
over the grass like leavings
from this tough fight,
the swollen & yellowed heroes
littered among the stones
& disembowelled horses
were stretched out beneath the dawn.

I mean that dead comrades
are the same
as any other edible meat
after a battle, & soon
a hundred brown birds
flocked upon their corpses
until the grass was clean.

FROM A MOTHER —
AGAIN

My sons & the rest of the dead still
belong to the owner of the horses
& the owner of the lands, & the battles.

A few apple trees grow among their bones
& the tough gorse. That's how they fertilize
this dark tilled land.
That's how they serve the owner
of war, hunger, & the horses.

(Translations by Maureen Ahern de Maurer & David Tipton)

Antonio Cisneros

WORKERS OF THE WORLD
FOR THE SUN

Though they
knew
the sun

could eat
no, not even
one

piece
of
green corn

they avoided
the fire
the shaft in

under
their
ribs.

WOMEN OF TAHITI
PAUL GAUGUIN

they were used to
not washing

their faces,
to sleeping

with the river
on a bed of

grasses &
apples

would tie up their
hair

in the sea

(Translations by Jerome Rothenberg)

Antonio Cisneros

ON THE DEATH OF THE BISHOP, WHO WAS
TRULY OF YOUR ILK

Lord, your accomplice
the bishop is dead.
Some old women
are weeping
among muted bells
& his debtors
observe joyful
mourning.
Lord, he was truly
your friend,
& at the business table
you worried
about his deals.

In the old days
you stuffed your chests
with Abel's things.
I also suspect
you knowingly
sent Jesus
to the slaughter-house.

(Translation by Maureen Ahern de Maurer & David Tipton)

I'M GETTING OUT
& GOING SOME 30 KILOMETRES TOWARDS THE COAST

I'm getting out
& going some 30 kilometres towards the coast
where one day I saw tall dark grass
reaching to the sea, & my only joy
will be that grass brushing my ears,
my only comfort those easy waters
I'll just stretch out on the wet sand, shoeless,
close my eyes, & shut my heart
like the saltwater snails,
the hard red ones.

THE SKULLS IN AYACUCHO AIRPORT

"Keep away,
syphilis has been lurking in these skulls
since the ninth century A.D."
(These death's-heads in the airport
have smooth & yellow bones.
Odorless, without weight,
their jaws are scarcely dusted
by the huge planes taking off.
Here — no further from the Great Nose —
they suffered various couplings
hunger, commerce & thirst, & finally
all died, scattered
over this country which is not mine.

(Translations by Maureen Ahern de Maurer & David Tipton)

Antonio Cisneros

KARL MARX, DIED 1883 AGED 65

I can still remember my great aunt's old house & that pair
of etchings:
"A gentleman at the tailor's," "Great military parade in Viena"
Days when nothing bad could happen. Everyone carried a
rabbit's foot tied to their belts.
My great aunt too — 20 years old in a straw hat for the sun
scarcely worrying about more
than keeping her mouth shut & her legs closed.
The men were of goodwill & kept their noses clean.
Anarchists could only be found in the music-halls, crazy & bearded,
wrapped in scarves.
Those summers. Those autumns.
Eiffel built a tower that said: "man has reached this height."
Another etching:
"Virtue, Love & Zeal protecting decent families."
And yet it was less than 20 years since old Marx had been put
six feet under
grass — tough & stiff, fit for golf courses.
The wreaths & coffin rest'ed 3 times at the foot of the hill
& then he was buried
next to the tomb of Molly Redgrove ("bombed by the enemy in
1940 & rebuilt").
And old Karl melting & grinding different metals in the pot
while his children jumped from the towers of Der Spiegel to the islands
of Times
& his wife boiled onions & things didn't go well & later
they did & then came the Place Vendome & Lenin & a whole lot of revolts
then
the ladies were scared of more than a pat on the ass & gentleman
suspected
that the steam-engine was no longer the symbol of universal happiness.
'That's the way it was & I'm in your debt, old spoilsport.'

(Translation by Maureen Ahern de Maurer & David Tipton)

CLAYTON ESHLEMAN

book of niemonjima

second movement

And Yorunomado stood in the howling bay, waves
lash & wail into the booming caverns; he looked
to where the ovens were great lit walls & the Men
of the Sepik-Delta worked in flaming reds & blacks;
O Gladycy enter! he cried to the shadow at his side,
Enter the ovens & be transmuted to my wife. Or forever
die, no longer plague me with what I can't see, for

I cannot
worship the root, I cannot carry the tare through the
lines

of relation. No longer is there earth-mother,
but there is woman enfibered in my veins, a hot
wet in my hand that I have been told, that I recall
is you. And here you stand a writhing molten red, a
beckoning mush to maintain me always to the fork
& spear, in housemother loveliness, while the victims
trembling hand in hand naked bend over encircling the
blazing center,

a double fireplace; Slaughter on Tenth Avenue is picked
from the shelf;

where a pin was fixed through a sweated breast
in moonlit flames & caressings the victims
chatter; the semen begs release snuck out
in the crematorial lavatories it sobs to witness
the flames; the time of rites deep-frozen
now becomes a seedbed of horrors; the hi-fi needles
are lifted; the lights turned down; the corral gate
bursts,

the Men of the Sepik-Delta shoot out bouncing & roaring
from their brides; only a few are not broken;
I shout to you from the dust of New Ireland
"O generation, image of regeneration!" —the virgin-wife
discovers in her bridehood the spur-marks in the
forehead

of her bride! She exults in secret fury. Enter O
Enter the ovens that I may love you! Be transmuted
to my kind, invisible; for I am in great
error and must go to Eternal Death. Even as I speak
the Men

Clayton Eshleman

dress up in swastika red & gather grinning to my left,
the artist comes with clay, he waits patiently to my right,
the horseshoe crab has not changed for 400,000,000 years—
last night I felt a terrible omen in its eyes— we get
exactly what we desire, & I desire you with all my heart
O mother born of the Wabash, to devour & compound you!
O! That Niemonjima were burned forever! O great hand
putting my mother onto the shelf in flames of fury
and delight!

The shadow broke down weeping, a little heap of dirt
on the shore. Yorunomado saw a grave, he
shuddered, he was married to Gladyce. He turned round
and round looking for a place to lie.

I see a tree in Bloomington;
it is the world-end tree,
a reared snake quartered frozen in its many-parted droop.
It is the tree of my childhood, then a tuber,
Bergman saw this tree in *Wild Strawberries*,
it is the tree of memory where we are led
to a clearing, to watch the rape
of our first beloved. In memory we are
the actor, the wind does not
pass through, we must watch ourselves
perform the violence memory is.
Such is this tree.
It is the end of a world,
a judgement.

“Whenever any Individual
Rejects Error & Embraces Truth, a Last Judgement passes upon
that Individual”.

Yorunomado rose from sleep;
he walked puzzled along the beach. Where had he heard
that dream before? Most certainly the tree was there,
hovering before him, a vision on the ocean shore.
How had he gotten himself to this point?
It was the first time he was alone.

He walked along, kicking sand, looking to the cold
horizon. The sea. At last he had reached the sea.
But that it all should pass. Eternity

Clayton Eshleman

is to my left, he said, & gesturing to a pine,
apocalypse to my right; I stand between. Alone.
A friend to this (picking up a grain of sand),
a friend to that (tossing it at the surf), & so did he
name

for the millionth time the creatures, the boa
& the eel, various sea-birds scattered
before him as he walked. He was divine,
for he felt the presence of another at his side,
a terrible dark shadow becoming a man,
outside creation a friend in time
wanting to drape the Gull-robe about his own shoulders
& spread himself a glandular butter
throughout Yorunomado's limbs. In dark horror
Yorunomado continued walking along the shore,
for in time the shadow was a friend,
but in creation a stone head,
an overseer. Thus were the homosexual
and rational one, a fear of this own life
energies to create what he saw & was.

O Paul, what has been lost? The Book of Paul;
is that not a kingly title? It was not,
for so engnarled were personality & title
with divine friendship, all beauty
of his friend's name was lost. Never
must the fear to speak be used as covering,
for cover is image; image most
revealed is God. Yorunomado knew
he had found his wall, for looking down
he saw his thighs emblazoned moons,
his ankles suns, a starry midnight—
blue painted as if on clay across
his gut. He felt his universe flex
as he moved more covered across the beach;
he had taken upon himself self-enclosing
the divine attributes; on North Jordan
he had passed judgement on a girl from Anderson,
in Chapala had mocked a woman hungry for marriage—
but how not mock? The natural sexual
activity has become anathema to man;
who he faced across the sand was none
other than himself in any other woman

Clayton Eshleman

or man, & to act upon them was to act upon himself, a vicious self-perpetuating doubt, & in the arm of the Men of the Sepik—Delta he felt the vein of Gandhi, a pure stream in India, but he could not mock the presence with whom he lived.

And he remembered the words spoken in Annandale: the source of life is a good companion."

He looked hard about him at the beach, the sky, the sea. Were not all these grains placed by abstinence? Was not *all* sand, the tree, a house, a friend's lips, a bird, a sunbeam, when truth is overruled by creation? There is in the life of every man & woman a moment in every day of truth, & that moment settles upon its various pins, it may be at any place & must be taken there! It cannot be measured out for it is the very presence of God in every woman and every man!

So did he attempt to digest the judgement, the passing on of the runner's stone he had found in his own hand. Now he knew the intorsions of seppuku, that who he fought to emerge was not a spectre! Gladyce wailed in the cry of every passing gull; she was not his enemy, for only he could be could be transformed in the coastal ovens. White birds circled back & across the tree; they were the color of snow in the stellar clear; they disappeared; they were most surely a sign!

You cannot go to Eternal Death in the body of another man, O Generation, image of Regeneration! So was the formula fixed; the lie formed. Woman's Love is Sin; Man does not have to comingle

with his kind. I am in darkness,
total darkness & despair...

Forgiveness & self-annihilation were
surely a sign, but in what act? He con—
tinued walking. The sea. The sand.
The sky. No thing lived or moved.

Distant down the beach he saw a bench,
or a raised structure behind which
something moved; on 2 x 4s a box,
yea, a casket from which a tattered
windingcloth fluttered. He approached
fearfully for he knew who was in the box
but not who moved behind it, he approached
the casket of Vallejo as a book is closed,
by the sea, seeing a man crouched
toward the heavy box of flesh blowing
moving behind who he feared was himself.
Leviticus stood in black armor behind
the casket of Vallejo smiling at Yoru—
nomado; he put his hand upon the beaten
lid as the wanderer approached, smiling
for he alone knew where Yorumomado
must go. He stepped back as the wanderer
bent by the box in dignity. In prayer
to Vallejo. Leviticus stood & watched,
& Yorumomado saw how those who weep in
their work cannot weep, how those who
never weep are the weak, the false
sufferers. To be a man. That suffering
is truer to man than joy, that music
is of the spheres, already into re—
demption when begun. These were
the lines in the heavy pocked face of
Vallejo, a trinity of intersections &
heavy lines, a village of nose & eyes;
this was begged for; the clench was still
in the lines & Yorumomado sobbed when he
saw how all this had been torn from the
grip of Vallejo as he lay dying, this
was the agony in the lines, the fullness
& the dark beauty of the face horizontal
to sky, long black hair flowing back
into the sand, a slow growth of forty—

Clayton Eshleman

six years to the contoured apex of death. Men die. And Leviticus likewise moved bent & wept, all bent, to the fierce & flaming profile contoured to the horizon. And their tears flowed from Vallejo's eyes denied of family as he lay still in death.

How long had he been left here? Yoru—nomado stood & with Leviticus helped it off into the sea of Language, that the eyes of the sea might, as the eyes of the earth, receive the heavy burden. Again appeared the tree & the white birds; how long Vallejo had been here! How very long! His windingsheet was entangled with digging sticks that went back to stones! They set the raft on fire; flames rose in a tall incense They waded back to the shore & their hands were streaked with flesh their legs covered with veins, in the hollow of their crab-like chests a heart was hung, genitalia swung between their thighs. They knew what Vallejo heard.

Beating beating beating the seas of misery beat upon the shore
& the roll in is a woman trying for a man
& the roll back is a man escaping from a woman
& the million grains are children the waves beat upon
& the men walk in the women & the women walk in the men
but this is hidden to mortal eyes
& the sands gleam in the sun!
Each sand is an eye Yorumado is an eye of God

& every day every man ascends Niemonjima
for Niemonjima is the arising the going forth,
& every night every man descends Niemonjima
for Niemonjima is the hill the walking down to sleep.
And Yorumado is the space between Vallejo who is time

Clayton Eshleman

through which the eyes of God run, a tuber,
a pillar of fire, a hive in the multichambered sun

Thus does the bagworm descend a silk of courage
that men might make the true connection through their
imagination,
thus is Niemonjima an island shaped a woman bent in
despair.

And Yorunomado prayed: be patient with me, my friends,
nothing is held back.
I speak true to all you women.
I speak true to all you men.

CORTESIA

DE

ASCENSORES SCHINDLER DEL PERU S.A.

COLEGIO SANTA MARGARITA

Monterrico

DOUGLAS LIVINGSTONE

6. *The Conquest of the Nether Regions*

Alright, I will utter her name

—Ereshkigal—

the Goddess of Hell;
some talk about King Nergal,
well, judge for yourself:

Nergal, young, dashing, hotheaded,
invaded the subterranean world
to free the souls
of captive gods and kings, he said.
The official historians are silent on the point
but he probably rode a white onager,
carried a banner of golden lilies
perfumed by maidens tears,
his sword consecrated...
you know the rest.

Being not altogether naive
he took along fourteen daemons,
evil genii hatched, some believe,
from the bile of Ea
— an anatomical implausibility
you will agree.

Nevertheless, the old story transpired.

The Lady Ereshkigal met him; served him
cordially with song and liquors;
lured the flushed young god
between the sheets and that was that.
The crusade, as they say, crumbled.

Being deities they had to legalise it,
you know, as an example to the nations.
As her husband, he has the rum
of the palace: she has allowed
him to keep his consecrated sword.

The genii are all quite tame now:
they have raised several litters;
she, SHE, she is as powerful as ever;
the captive gods, subjected kings
are lost anyhow:
still there, unspeakably embarrassing.

9. *In the Street of the Professions*

A certain rich foundry owner,
a trifle bent but well related,
presently acquiring a reputation
for Moral Rectitude,
who will be later translated
becoming, one supposes,
the god of the metal workers when dead,
used to enjoy sexual intercourse
with Sumerian strumpets
in an inlaid coffin.

The two squashed bulks
struggling mightily
with barely room to breathe
in the large black box.

He kept the hinged lid open
leaning against a copper gryphon.

One day the lid fell
delivering a considerable welt
about the size of a buckler
to the back of his head,
and a goodly belt
(which some say was overdue)
to the bulbs of his buttocks.

The girl lost all her breath
but soon regained it
and had to be paid double
to lose it again.

He now patronises
(with the same regularity)
a variety of chiropractors;
if you wait here
you will see him limping past.

VIRGINIA SAUNDERS

Doors

No
more complete
than graves laid end to end
these doors
that close on roads
no meeting parallel,
Paupers'

coffins
(how did the widow later
shut the dogs out)
should they lead
somewhere?

Who'd think
he was carried out on a door
remorseless
between
putting and taking off
the sheets
so sleep
is more complete
in another

country.
A melon in her lap
missing a front tooth
and hissing at the draft
the widow
planted
sucks starch off her fingers
and dreams of abortion.

I think
doors are no doors
but a symbol only
no hole in a wall
free-standing parallel.
You can buy them
and plant them anywhere
they'll grow
woods is a word
we've perfected

but
that goes nowhere.

Who'd try shouting Asile
that knob. I know
fingers in the dark
will rattle at anything
apparently doorlike
wood steel stone
anything. Like killing plants
they've a knack at it.

.....

STANWOOD K. BOLTON Jr.

Clay

We are solid in a manner of speaking;
I do not think of pieces crumbling;
clay sheds an intrusion of softness;
it dents under dull thumbs.
I have been in a place named Clay
where there are red roads
and the fields are red.:
Who knows if this town's immortal
echo is its founder,
history's hero,
or the transience of an ice age?

Clay is fact to an engineer,
resistance enough for a farmer,
but I shake clogged boots,
spill words I don't mean seriously
and look toward the skyline with hope.
Clay, testing without reason,
holds the beginning of fossils
in close possession
to be sliced, to be dug, to be formed
into squares of construction.

Stanwood K. Bolton Jr.

It is likely
that earth is a symbol of mother
but I find language most inexact.
My mother is clay.

Try making a statue of clay,
leave a hole in her belly
if that is the acceptable thing,
be real or suggestive;
but I want your life and my life
to handle easily
without dust.
I want you to be original
without judgement
to carry the thin crust of yesterday
into today.
I slither down a hillside
holding a hand made for forming.

A river cuts time
leaving oxbows and eddies;
caves form under roots;
otters find slides
greased by their splashing;
sparse soil covers redness
with the cycle of summers.
A temptation to clothe cool surfaces
and hold the moisture of life
is the essence of being.

NINE BRITISH POETS

NATHANIEL TARN

Two poems from Wales

1. *In Such a Wind*

The walls of the earth hold us in.
Towering legions of rain
marching along the valley
stoop just a little like soldiers satisfied
after a conquest.

Hail follows after in their capes

You say: let nothing be born in such a wind.

Something is born:
in mail of peace.
His mother's hindlegs run
with rusting blood,
a copper mine still gapes under her tail.
She nudges at the woollen spider,

her lamb born in this wind and hail.

The baby struggles to oppress the earth.
Forelegs collapse, then hindlegs buckle
while mother nibbles at the rocking fleece.
So love and work are born together
where weather fails to sunder them.
Let everything be born like this,

let everything be born in such a wind.

3. *Homing Bones*

Between our flesh and this landscape
far too much flesh.
The hills wear bones like jewels
from a stone age
and the taste for bones, for spinal vertebrae,
some winged, some fisted,
grows with a magpie's appetite,
or hawk's*
glimpsed in the dawn-drenched orchard
before he rips the valley open for the sun.

Nathaniel Tarn

Sheep wear string tails for ease of excrement,
grass turned to mud and mud to grass,
lambs skip beside them, flies in their brains
suck them to bone as they run battering
to mothers' udders.

All turns to bone:
the sun itself pressed white between the clouds,
thorn thickets in a searing wind
suggesting foliage not so much as nets
of black veins bulging in the snared ram's eyes.

Between our bones and this landscape
far too much flesh.
The children play with corpses —
a fox in his cold stream,
a sheep, hide sketchy on her skeleton,
a lamb the winter got before his flies.
Bone of our lives weds wood and stone,
the lineaments of earth — even the houses melt
so willingly in rain that we must abdicate,
walking transparent in our own live light.

as do the dead in their perfected states.

LEE HARWOOD

Memories of Times passed now

It's so hard playing games all day
with the kittens playing at my feet
Playing games on the lawn in summer
What is the sun doing shining on those large yellow flowers?
& the yellow flowers in my arms
The yellow shirt & blue waistcoat
Now when the shadows are long across the lawns
beneath the tall trees the turf is so damp
Do you understand? It's so hard
wearing the yellow shirt & avoiding the gardener
& every house-guest. There has to be some make-believe.
to sink my head into

*How absurd it is
to greet you with a formal kiss*

alternately reading

Takuboku

and thinking of you

(sparrow
chirps in the white
cherryblossom yellow

wallflowers
wilt in the sun

such a drunken afternoon
yesterday sitting on a bench
in the midst of people walking
dogs children lovers asleep
your song painting the square
with words

under a copper sun. ecstasy

seen in the flight
of three white doves this morning. How absurd it is
the flowering trains of couplings
to greet you with a formal kiss.

April 1967

WES MAGEE

An observation of Love

To begin with they root
peacefully
Above the quiet river
Snouting tree bark, ploughing
The soil, turning the field
From green to shining black.

We lean, foot-scraping the
Swing gate, swishing sticks,
Jokes furrowing our faces.
Then the pigs take slow urge
At the truffle within
Themselves and the boar stud
Scutters his trotters on
Her coarse sacked flank and
Cork screws his love in the mud.

We cackle that "this is
Better than 'sem'nation"
And watch a girl idle over
The hump bridge in the distance
While a flash of fish belly
Rolls an ariel arc and
Spreads its message across
The heavy width of water.

Scuffling straw we slope back
To the white farmhouse for
Rashers and eggs, as the boar
Shakes an isolated hen pen
angrily
Above the quiet river.

Objects that move

To escape, days into blacks
of marvellous color.

Car moves. Wheels inch
the space between
the buildings.

The package suspended, the points,
like air, continual motion.

Lines connect, broken,
to the distant hills.
Old pictures gritted onto
the pathway.

Urgent demands in the park.
The car banging, turning into
cul de sacs I do not know.

This old season, a new night,
so full of distortions, surrounded
by your clored clothes.

Flesh to come, the first hour,
openly caught on the card.

Then, at the point of completion,
the bodies (a close up) eject
their secret love.

My writing, faded, now
outdates its offer
on the walls.

JOHN CLEMENT

Manure

I am turning over the soil with my fingers
 looking for stones, and
 airing the slugs.
I am cultivating all that is natural.
I am corrupting the slugs with promises, and
 the stones with property.
My fingers are numbed and scaled skin
and the soil is mud, rubble and soot at random
 the slugs are slime and gullible
 the stones are rough and poor.
The method and the reason are stolen
the stones are robbed of their confusion
the slugs tricked into confidence.
My fingers do not feel, they claw and probe and organise
and the soil is roughened and requisitioned
 the slugs are burnt live or bartered with the birds
 the stones are cemented and engineered.
I am planting lush green prosperity
 in even rows
 each seed I choose, and
 the shoots I woo.
The roots squeeze and suck the soil
 strangle and choke the slugs, and
 gush up their greedy goodies to the air
 blooming in flowers and fruits,
which I confiscate and lock in my stone treasure house to rot.

Adjustment towards the Light

Dawn—
the first burst of a bird
puffing its feathers
to conduct a symphony
the click of a camera
almost catches the mood.
The palm of this hand
stretches indefinite fingers
perception lies wanting.

Down on a birds breast
the strand of hair
on a pillow
the imprint of a body,
mist rising from a bed
our colours change.
Sometimes I think mine
is the saddest movie of all
and you?

I want to
touch you
touch you
my fingers ache,
outside trees
hold the wind silent
held for my coming into you,
and that later moment of calm.

One step from the cave
and all the traps are apparent
I need a bridge,
a new face that blends in
outside the doorway
a change of ideas
to meet the rushing day,
and whatever sun gazes
I want to write
big Truths about it.

Derek Telling

You and I
find the sun often
we form a triangle
the only doubt
is its equality.

KATHERINE SORLEY WALKER

The Old Men

Sometimes old men look at me in the street —
no, not the way you think, though that also happens,
not lecherously, calculatingly,
measuring up possible or impossible pleasures,
but with the enquiring eagerness of boys
as if, because I am younger than they, a woman,
walking somewhere on high heels as if with a purpose,
I know some secret they had always hoped to know,
and might yet, with a little help, discover
before the time of ashes, earth and problematic immortality.

Alistair Wisker

Black Ocean (3)

Tree-pieces wound
into the nest
— the birds sing —

A straight line
inbetween their song
and the meadow bellow
to memories —

the soldier
his chest scratched
on the badge-strap —

the minute's act
sculpted.
Citizens walk
to the fair

still
newspaper reports
still —

the stain on leaves
has meaning
the ignorant aspidistras
just grow

WALKS by Clayton Eshleman (Caterpillar X)

Eshleman spent a year in Lima in 1965/6. He came to meet people who had known Vallejo, to complete his translations of *Poemas Humanos* against the background, the place from which they derived, & to obtain copyright for their publication. This book, *Walks*, is a personal record of that year. It contains impressions gathered walking around a city & its suburbs — accurate hard description:

...*"The hill is
the skeleton of a hill. A woman's breast
suckling as we climb looking for a
way to climb, to penetrate shacks
ringwormed straw nailed into dry dirt
bolgia upon bolgia up
dead child doll tossed eyes me..."*

and,

*"Unpainted houses from distance
gangrene hill up close worse shouts
dust — a hill of burning sand in winter
dank under clouds as if bombed made
bombed..."*

But the book is far more than just a collection of impressions. It seems to me to be a probing into, & an analysis of the sickness of a society. And as such is both bitter & truthful, disillusioned & accurate.

When I first read the manuscript in 1966 I thought that as a whole it exaggerated. I thought the disillusionment stemmed from the poet's experiences in Lima; that some dream of Peru had been shattered by its actuality. To an extent this is true. Enough to say that Eshleman came expecting a positive response to the seriousness with which he had undertaken the Vallejo translations, and was met, in the main, by an attitude of cynical disbelief: *Vallejo was untranslatable*. This from Peruvians who were in fact unfamiliar with Vallejo except in terms of *the Poet* as a national monument, a jealously guarded myth. Their proprietary rights were threatened by an outsider — one who clearly saw the significance of Vallejo to Peru. This negativism of the literary groups in Lima plus some personal experiences of an embittering sort coloured the whole of *Walks*, I thought, but now realize that their insights probe beyond this; that the personal experience is but a microcosm of the general & illumines some basic truths about Peru. It's

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not coincidence that Eshleman's dissection of a society's canker has points of similarity to Salazar 'Bondy's in *Lima la Horrible*.

Melville wrote: "Lima has taken the white veil," and he surely meant this to have greater imaginative significance than simply a romantic image for *garua*. It is this 'white veil' that Eshleman's poems tear away; the deceits, hypocrisies and *lisuras* of a city. That the poems stem from anger only adds force, jells then into a unity. That too the time in Lima was significant to him intensifies the emotion. His son was born in Lima.

...*"I have never been so angry
so
without means
with bare necessity
subsistence*

*mind flames resolve
 a child will be born
this anger denies nothing
welcomes birth..."*

Beautiful lines that come from these poles of anger & joy.....
Insights from the anger at what he saw. A beggar woman with a child slung to her back:

...*"Automatic world in which I have
wine & she is diseased
At birth man is over..."*, lines that reoccur throughout the book & stay with one.

& ...*"art a repercussion 10 layers above starvation."*

After climbing through the *barriada* that sprawls up San Cristóbal, to the Cross at the hill's summit:

...*"At the top of the world are pigs
rooting in human garbage..."*

& ...*"To be
on top see that Cross
lit nightly over killer Lima..."* & that last phrase is exact, a statement of fact.

'And the Spaniards came' — the land & its women were raped. But

Peru is not Nazca, not Mochica nor yet Machu Picchu, it is the offspring of this rape, and it's no good dwelling on the glories of indigenous civilisations, or perpetuating the gloomy European God, the soldier-priest & his inquisition. It is to come to terms with this actual rape. To accept it. Thus Eshleman concludes his poem based on a visit to the museum to see some of the fantastically beautiful pre-Incaic pottery:

*"Cult of the dead
Agricultural divinity
Two pumas frontally fucking..."*

The essence of what Eshleman is saying however is made absolutely explicit in the middle section of the book, in his open letter to Cesar Calvo, a moving & deeply sincere document. Only quotation will do it any justice. About Vallejo's relevance to Peru in 1966: *"I'm thinking that maybe your dead friend Javier Heraud is closer to him (Vallejo) than any of you, who went to Cuba maybe somewhat the same way Vallejo went to Russia, only that Heraud came back to Peru, at his age he could not see Peru in a world or mind perspective, thus died for Peru, that Vallejo after sitting in jail in Trujillo a hundred days decided wasn't worth the pain, and returned to Paris, to his mind, to what he believed was happening not in a jungle or poet's award panel but in the world."* And again, questioning Calvo with reference to the 'distinguished elements of the intellectual community' in Lima, *"... is Heraud's act THE ONLY ACT FOR AN ARTIST TO COMMIT today in Perú, or can you explain to me the shoddyness, the grease & muck of which that old viper seems to represent the moon, in glory over the darkness of Lima, in any sense that we might be able to call it a city?"*

With regard to Vallejo & the ICPNA censorship of a magazine (Quena) which they were paying Eshleman to edit: *"the ICPNA had no objections to my printing 6 translations from Poemas Humanos the author of which was at least name a Communist for 10 years & whose poetry's intellectual axis is revolutionary in all the violent implications of that word. Of course the answer here is simple & sad enough: no one at ICPNA knows anything about Vallejo either. They take him as they take Lincoln or Frost, safe since dead & famous, or I shd really say here dead, for they couldn't take Heraud whose blood you can still smell in the barricadas or in the sun on Jiron Cuzco..."* and concludes a paragraph in which his thoughts had ranged from the sexual conflict of this generation; of himself & Vallejo; to the Vietnam war, with the lines: *"and North Americans are paying the price for exactly what they suppress, we are writing some of the worst & best poetry in the world — how can that mean anything to you? The sexual must be cleared as*

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it always shd have been & now that the Institutional traitor sky God is, has been, I mean your Catholic prince, dead for years, who in a GREAT prison lies, we no longer as human beings have any excuse but to live at the limit of our HUMANITY." And begins the last paragraph of the letter... "Given widows, crass monuments, the division of sex from love, given what you must feel to be the surrounding darkness, is there a way out? What does one do?"

Walks is a deeply moving and honest book. In parts the poetry has a beauty which comes out of this honesty & the truths it elicits. Besides, this, it ranks with Salazar Bondy's *Lima la Horrible* & Vargas Llosa's *La Ciudad y los Perros*, as one of the most accurate portraits of Lima, & its malaise, that I have read.

To conclude I'd like to quote the whole of the last poem in the book, which — if the *open letter to Calvo* is the meat — is the marrow of *Walks* & perhaps its finest single poem.

David Tipton

For Carlos Germán Belli

among the Lima dead

You begin with Surrealism

*yet it wont cut the crucifixion, small, bronze, your
mother's hung on your den wall. You dont*

*know why its there, or
why you're hung
aging, at forty, in*

*birthday parties for your wife's
daughter's friends. The white
frill is upon you, lichen, you're*

*dead in Lima, Carlos, among the greater
dead of Mochica, Chavin, Nazca, those your
little doubled Christ is*

*momento of,
& the Surreal is a laugh.
You are a pathetic man.*

*You struggle, you wind archaic
Spanish tighter, the clock never explodes, the days
flash down Ica, Puno, Lima's Kechuan street names thru*

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*the city you'll never leave, you grab
for a girl's hand, you collapse
in the gutter, yet*

*you're the best I
met there, you are kind, there is a sweetness
in you screams like the tiger_lily*

*a hundred yards from the sea blue
blue against the desert you're
always leaving*

*& suspect me of being a spy.
O poor Carlos with a tie
in a suit buttoned up standing before the great*

*San Martin Plaza looking up at the mammoth
General on the mammoth concrete horse swerving
north, below which, writ:*

*"From this day on Peru is free"
The force that holds you is your release, & yet
Mochica, Chavin, Nazca.*

*the force is always the present
& the act you decide, against the furrows
of a slant of hall light as your daughters race*

*is your God
& as such will never
dear dear Carlos disdain your mother.*

16 Jan 1967.

Clayton Eshleman

CONTRIBUTORS

DOUGLAS BLAZEK is an American poet living in San Francisco who edits the magazine *Open Skull*. Previously he was editor of *Olé*. His poems have appeared in many magazine in the USA & Britain...

CLAYTON ESHLEMAN is a regular contributor to HARAVEC. He is editor of the magazine *Caterpillar* & Grove Press have recently published his translations of Vallejo's *Poemas Humanos*. A collection of his poems should be appearing soon under the title, *The Gattime*, from Fulcrum Press, London where he'll be for a while this fall

...GILBERT SORRENTINO was born & lives in New York City. He has been widely published & has just completed a new novel, as yet unpublished...

SAM ABRAMS lives & teaches English in New York City. His poems have been widely published in little magazines in the USA...

AUGUSTO TAMAYO VARGAS is a distinguished member of the Peruvian intellectual community who has published many volumes of poetry among others, *Paisajes de Ternura* (1961) *Cantata Augural a Simón Bolívar* (1964) *Nuevamente Poesía* (1966). The poem translated in this issue is from his new book *Arco* presently in press & *Haravi* No. 12 (July, 1968) features others. Dr. Tamayo Vargas has lived & taught in Brasil & the USA, has been Dean of the *Facultad de Letras* of the University of San Marcos and presently holds the Chair of Peruvian Literature at the same institution. He also recently published *150 Artículos sobre el Perú* (Lima, Universidad Nacional Mayor de San Marcos, Facultad de Letras y Ciencias Humanas, Instituto de Literatura, 1966) & a new edition of his *Literatura Peruana...*

MAUREEN AHERN DE MAURER translated his new poem in collaboration with the poet; she is presently Chairman of the Dept. of Foreign Languages at the Universidad Peruana de Ciencias y Tecnología in Miraflores, (Lima) & is working on an extensive anthology of Contemporary Peruvian Poetry in English translation in collaboration with DAVID TIPTON...

FRANCISCO "PACO" BENDEZU is a dedicated fan of Dixieland Jazz who is also twice winner of the National Poetry Prize for *Los Años & Cantos* (now in press). The poem published here was written during a stay in Rome; he now lives in Lima & is full time Professor of Literature at the University of San Marcos...

PAOLA POMPOSINI speaks four languages fluently altho she has lived most of her 18 years in Lima she has been an editorial assistant of *Haravec* since January of this year; this marks her first published translation...

CARLOS HENDERSON is a young Peruvian poet who has published *Los días hostiles* (1965) & *Palabras al hermano que me habita* & has a new ms. completed. See the anthology *Los Nuevos* (Editorial Universitario, Lima, 1967) for an excellent presentation of his & other young Peruvian poets work & opinions...

DOUGLAS LIVINGSTONE is living at the moment in South Africa. His first book, *Sjambok* was published by the Ox-

Contributors

ford University Press in 1964 & a selection has recently appeared in the Oxford Paperback Series with Thomas Kinsella & Anne Sexton. A bacteriologist, he is at present employed on marine research at Durban... VIRGINIA SAUNDERS has appeared in *Haravec* before. Her poems have been published in a variety of magazines in the USA recently... ANTONIO CISNEROS contributed to *Haravec 2* but this is his first representative translation to English... NATHANIEL TARN is an editorial consultant with Jonathan Cape. His recent books include, *Savage/Young City Where Babylon Ends*, *The Heights of Machu Picchu*, translations of Neruda & a selection in Penguin Modern Poets No. 7... LEE HARWOOD was born in 1939 in Leicester. His poems have been published widely in England & the USA & a new book should be out soon from Fulcrum Press, entitled, *The White Room*, while a second book, *Landscapes*, is due out at the end of the year... WES MAGEE is a young English poet whose poems have appeared in a variety of magazines including *Tribune*, *Inconolatre*, *Flame*, *Arts in Society*, *Solstice & Prism International* CHRIS TORRANCE was born in Edinburgh in 1941. His poems have appeared in many magazines & a collection was published recently by the Ferry Press in London, entitled, *Green Orange Purple Red*... PAUL J. GREEN has published his poems in many magazines in England & is himself editor of *Euphoria* (formerly *Target*)... DEREK TELLING has published poems in *Inconolatre*, *Euphoria* & others. He is co-editing the Bristol magazine, *imprint* with JOHN CLEMENT, another young English poet from Bristol... KATHERINE SORLEY WALKER writes for *The Telegraph*. She's written a book on ballet & is presently living in London... ALISTAIR WISKER is studying English & American Literature at Essex University. His poems have appeared in a number of magazines & he edits *Flame* which is shortly publishing a booklet of translations of some Peruvian poets... JEROME ROTHENBERG lives in New York where he founded & still publishes the Hawk's Well Press. Fulcrum Press has just published a collection of his poems, *Between*. 4 of his translations of ANTONIO CISNEROS appear in this issue of *Haravec* & we hope to publish some of his own work in a future issue. DAVID TIPTON has just returned to Peru from England & is at the moment co-editor of *Haravec*. Recent poems should be appearing soon in *Evergreen Review* & others. Some translations of Peruvian poets, in collaboration with MAUREEN AHERN DE MAURER are appearing in *Tri-Quarterly*, at the end of this year. STANWOOD K. BOLTON JR. is a new contributor who is on the staff of *Premiere*... The cover photo is by JESUS RUIZ DURAND who is Art Editor for *Cuadernos Semestrales del Cuento & Universitas* & in addition has just exhibited paintings in the IAC gallery in Lima.

LOS COLABORADORES

AUGUSTO TAMAYO VARGAS, distinguida figura de las letras nacionales, ex-Decano de la Facultad de Letras de la Universidad de San Marcos, y Catedrático Titular de Literatura Peruana de la misma, tiene también una larga trayectoria poética: *Ingreso Lírico a la Geografía* (1939) *Poemas de Muerte y Esperanza* (1944) *Camino de Poesía* (1949) *Estación y Extasis* (1957) *Paisajes de Ternura* (1961) *Cantata Augural a Simón Bolívar* (1964) *Nuevamente Poesía* (1966) y en prensa actualmente, *Arco Harauí* ha dedicado su Nº 12 correspondiente a julio de este año a nuevos poemas de Tamayo y acaba de salir la nueva edición aumentada y corregida de su *Literatura Peruana*... MAUREEN AHERN DE MAURER es Directora del Depto. de Idiomas Modernos de la Universidad Peruana de Ciencias y Tecnología en Miraflores (Lima); en colaboración con DAVID TIPTON ha completado una selección de poesía peruana en traducción para *Tri-Quarterly* y tienen en preparación una antología de poesía peruana contemporánea en traducción inglesa... FRANCISCO BENDEZU ha publicado *Los Años* (1961) y tiene en prensa *Cantos*; dos veces ganador del Premio Nacional de Poesía en 1957 y 1967 respectivamente, reside en Lima donde enseña literatura en la Universidad de San Marcos... Poemas de CARLOS HENDERSON han aparecido en muchas otras revistas limeñas y en la antología, *Los Nuevos* (1967); ha publicado *Los días hostiles* (1965), *Palabras al hermano que me habita* (1966) y tiene terminado el poemario inédito *Concierto estos días y sus desesperanzas*... JORGE PIMENTEL nació en Lima en 1944 y ha publicado en *Harauí* y otras revistas limeñas... El poema de LEYLA BARTET es su primera publicación. Tiene 19 años y escribe poesías desde hace más de 2 años; piensa viajar pronto a París donde seguirá un curso de Periodismo... NANCY MOREJON nació en La Habana, Cuba en 1944. Sus poemas han aparecido en muchas revistas en México, La Habana y París y ha publicado *Mutismos* (1962) *Amor, ciudad atribuida* (1964) y *Ricardo trajo su flauta y otros argumentos* (1967). Trabaja en la redacción de la *Gaceta de Cuba*... ARIEL CANZANI es director de la conocida revista internacional de poesía *Coroman y Delfín*... NELSON OSORIO MARIN estudia en la Universidad Nacional de Bogotá donde reside y ha publicado el poemario *Cada hombre es un camino* (1964) ... ZAHUR KLEMATH de 24 años, es originalmente de Pereira, Colombia, donde dirigía la revista poética *Azú* (el hombre infinito); ha publicado un poemario del mismo título y tiene inéditos *Desnudo Frente al Mar*, *Poemas Térmicos para Niños Electrónicos* y *El Monstruo de los Mangones*... RAUL ARIAS es estudiante de Periodismo de la Universidad Central de Quito. Ha publicado en *Pocuna* y *La Bufanda del Sol*; el poema que publicamos aquí es de sus últimos escritos inéditos. La foto de la cártula es de JESUS RUIZ DURAND, quien tiene a su cargo la diagramación de *Cuadernos Semestrales del Cuento y Universitas*. Acaba de exhibir en el IAC de Lima.

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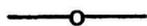
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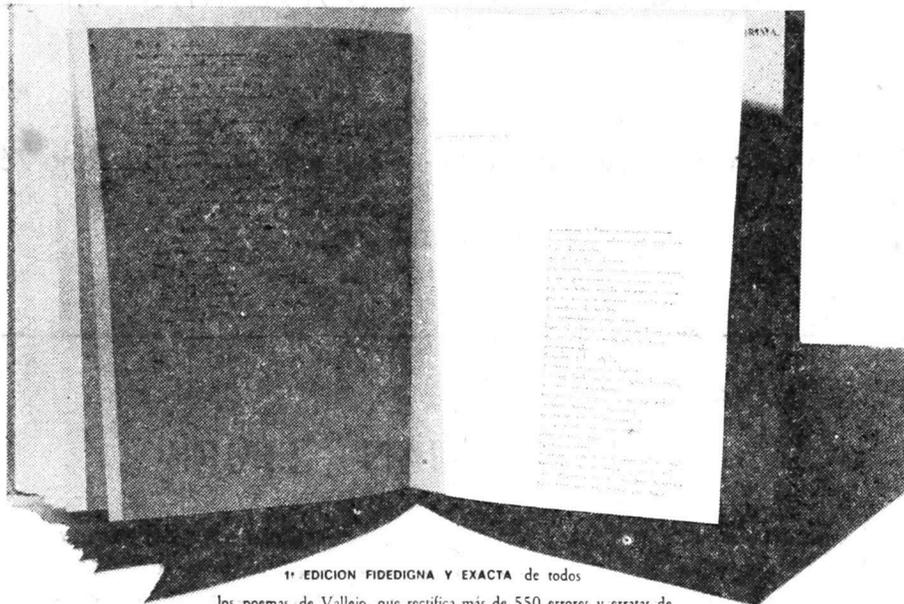


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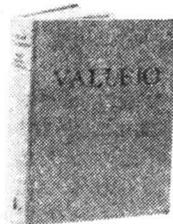
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