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Third Issue

This is an occasional magazine. It will appear at the whims of the gods and Dale Hart. Address all communications to:- Apartment 20, 1116 Georgia Street, Los Angeles 15, Calif. Free to members of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. Ten cents a copy to others. Letters of comment desired.

LITHO COVER

"The Escort"

TRIN F. BONN.

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS:--

Robert-Peter Aby is a teacher of French and a writer, mostly of poetry.....Dale Harding Exum is now dead, but he left behind scores of poems very fit for book publication--and criticism of his work is especially wanted.....Richard Holt is a local poet who attends the Univ. of California at L.A.....Marijane Nuttall is a frequent contributor to several small magazines.....George Ebey writes both whimsical-serious and serio- whimsical poetry, as well as composing plainly profound stuff---as well as serving in the Merchant Marine.....Dale Hart is merely the editor.

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THE INTEGRATIONS OF HARMONY

A Lyric Suite In Seven Parts

I---Ouverture: à la française

(1)

Begin with but the element of verse,
Rehearse with avid recognition that
Remote oracular perception, terse

And florid at desire: Chrysanthemum,
Come flaunt your feathers at repining fate;
Relate your hymning harmonies, (to some

Preposterous exactitude obscure,
Impure with all the lust of camouflage),
Across a brazen function of allure.

(2)

Away beyond the edges of remorse---
Of course! a panoply of paens sung
Again in octaves, pampered, hoarse

With endless iteration, unsubdued,
Imbued with all the magic out of wrath
And perjury seduced, reviled, pursued,

Enticed and always hitherto alone;
O! moan for dear dead dogs and little birds:
Your hidden hell in mystery atone.

VI---Menuetto 2

Within their calloused manners these persuasive
Contrivers of self-satisfied conceits
Renew realities outmoded...

The Poet sang before my time, O
That I might never taste his melting tongue
Nor swoon among his shyly burning songs.

Consistent in its mockery
The pallid maiden moans the past
And spurns the living lark.

Curled in her calloused mansion the evasive
But logical logicienne feeds her tinsel.
While wine is ripened on the vine.

VII---Finale

Wreath daffodils across the dewy garden;
Strew dandelion, marigold and blue
Forget-me-not upon the lawn, where sadden

Those evening moments unendured yet mobile
With effervescent lust to be at least
Emotion; guard them well, lest febrile

Easy efficacious regret, renouncing
In splendid polysyllables the high
Distress of joy, the wild climactic dancing

Out of invisible bonds, rebind in wastrel
Meshes of despair the olden, oft-told
Dissipation of delight. White petrel,

Savage, feathered being, sing loudly now thy
Affirmation, proclaim rejoicing, swing
Leggiero flight into a flippant sky.

-----ROBERT-PETER ABY.

C O N T E N T M E N T : A PARABLE

Two men sat under a mango tree in Hawaii. They were drinking liquor distilled from sugar cane.

One was very wealthy. He was a poet, by chance. His companion could have been a poet, too, given financial security. Economics decreed that he haul pineapples to the cannery. This man was intelligent but poor.

The poet was in a philosophical mood induced by the drinks and the mellow weather.

"I want the contentment of all inanimate things. I am a restless soul, and I am content nowhere. Here in the islands, East meets West in a conspiracy to drug the mind. However, I cannot succumb, when succumbing is the easiest thing to do. I remain master of myself so as to strive for peace of mind without anaesthesia of the brain. Contentment is a state which never palls if it feeds upon the direct sources of life itself."

The hauler of pineapples nodded comprehensively, and the poet continued.

"I want peace, I tell you, the full contentment of a mango ripening in the sun."

As the last word dropped from his lips, a mango dropped vengefully upon his philosophical head.

It had grown tired of ripening in the sun.

-----DALE HART.

THE TALE OF THE FRIGHTENED STARS

The talking stars to me did tell
Of where the stationed billows swell;
Of golden moons and trembling forms
That haunt a fallen city's streets;
Of ghostly glooms and howling swarms
That rise from hallowed hidden seats
Of darkest glory, built of stone
About which sickly waters creep---
Of ghastly liquid souls that moan
In awful mourning all; they weep
With sickly woe for days of glee
When once a splendid city stood
Beside a brilliant shore-lit sea
That now is but a chagrined flood---
A marble-stagnant, icy pond,
Below which crawls a fiendish frond!

The frightened stars have talked to me,
And whispered what the frond shall be!

----DALE HARDING EXUM.

BEWILDERMENT

Like a gaunt grey wolf that stalks thru brush,
The skull-faced moon slinks through the clouds,
And yelping star-things nip her tail.
And I have heard this evening's hush
Descending on the slow-paced crowds,
Bewildered, fretful, feeling frail,
Unheeding what to me is plain:
The vampire hours are here again
To sip like leeches every brain.

----DALE HARDING EXUM.

PURPOSE

We stand in dark humility
(perhaps pretended)
And watch with no obvious suspicion
The angles that the book makes on the shelf.
We feel the shadowed thought,
At first only a vague suggestion
That molds and forms with just precision
Its fingers and its laxness
In the formless pattern
So that none may know its real intent
Toward the white glass horses
Which rest calmly,
Unaware that their shattered pieces
Will lie strewn in mass confusion
On the red rug.

----Richard Holt.

MOON-SET

Luna lets down
 Long moon-beam hair...
Like Rapunzel in her fabled tower
 Crying for lover
 From lofty bower...
And I...lost in the shimmering waves...
 Climb high
Toward the diademmed webbing in the sky.

But ever, with the way half-won,
Comes the mocking shears of sun,
 Tumbling illusions one by one,
Clipping tresses 'til you find
 Me wandering the thicket-world,
 Struck blind.

----Marijane Nuttall.

MICHAEL MICHAEL

the lady in the cinema bends down
she says: michael darling hold me close
(people sigh) her hair capes golden down her back
white floss to sequins

the point is kids
life is short people are always dying
(someplace) so let us love and live
hold me michael she says in a kind of symbolic way
michael is holding her symbolically and i think

well suppose he let her drop
just let her drop that's all like in real life
thud!
well people will go on dying, won't they?
loving and living too

but maybe this is philosophy
golden ladies are lovely and in the flesh
shimmering in sequins and soft to touch
look people:

you are going to be degutted
the birds won't be around to pick your bones
because the birds also
will be dead dead dead pretty soon now
whose teeth is that in my neck

michael michael hold me close
whose scavenger teeth are bending low?
we know all about the golden lads and lassies mike
all buried and embalmed in business suits
(latest thing)

but michael there are a lot of highly polished teeth
heading my way
pretty soon now
and you had better hold us all close mike all of us

-----GEORGE EBNEY-

LOVE : A PARABLE

In a country that does not appear on any map, two creatures met beside a river.

"My name," said the dark-faced one, "is Love."

The light-faced one seemed taken aback. "Impossible!" he cried. "You cannot be Love, for I am Love."

"You lie! I am Love, and I rule over the human heart."

"No, no! I am Love, and it is I who rule."

At this juncture, a creature of light-dark countenance intervened. "Fools! Both of you are Love. I, too, am Love. But it is I who rule; you two merely hold the sceptre."

So saying, he picked up a knotted bough and chased them into the river, where they were severely bitten by water-vipers and died in the most exquisite of agonies.

-----Dale Hart.

ARABESQUE : I

As the slow clouds lagged along the sky
and the wind twirled slightly
among the honeysuckle branches,
I watched the cat eating a gopher.

The snap of the bones in his jaws
was the cracking of faggots in Hell,
and the mockingbird in the honeysuckle
had the voice of perverted souls burning.

-----Robert-Peter Aby.

THE DEAD: A PARTIAL LIST

I: German Soldier

A rather good German artilleryman called Hans died at Meuse from the explosion of a defective rocket.

Uncut hair flying, he lay very still, both hands clutching at the sliver of steel in his throat.

With his long hair and with his fatigue clothes fringed by the blast--- yes, with these accoutrements, he could have been Buffalo Bill dead of a Sioux arrow.

And, beyond the Milky Way, no telegraphy of light blinked, however briefly.

II: American Soldier

Off the coast of Normandy, a Kansas rifleman fell overboard.

Heavy with equipment designed to save his life, he sank swiftly to a bed of kelp, his escaping breath the momentary marker of his grave.

With modern helmet lost in the descent, and with features fixed in death, his Old Germanic lineage came to the fore.

Wotan, the Protector, lay on his back and watched incuriously the keels of many ships come to kill his people.

And, in regions Olympian, no runner fainted toward the heights.

-----DALE HART.

