

EVERY DAY

And so the body sleeps
to renew its energy,
just as the night comes
to change the creatures
that thrive in the day
or in the night.

And then the dawn
brings light and heat from the sun,
which I join
with my energy and warmth
(derived from the night)
to do
what I have to do

again.

JAZZ HAIKU

Coltrane rises up

as a skylark rises

to sing

Richard Downing

AUTUMN, SULLY-BARRY

Stinking iris
grinning red,
cliff trees & bushes
wind-shaped

Smell of seaweed,
smell of salt
*like a lover's
licked skin*

Low tide on
the jumble-slab beach,
fishermen
all in a line

yet each alone
with tripod & line
each bent
to his task

like a lone gull
like that small boat
out on the
misty water

The line *like a lover's/licked skin* is
stolen from Trezza Azzopardi - 'The smell of
the foreshore, of a lover's licked skin',
from THE HIDING PLACE, Picador, 2000.

SUNDAY MORNING, OUT TO SULLY

Sunday morning, out to Sully
in thick mist, down the slipway,
waterworld, heaving seaweed,
anguished screams of unseen shorebirds,
water and sky seamlessly pearlescent,
gentle waves forming out of nothing

- the air so still.

Phil Maillard

NOT YET OR WHEN?

Not at the end of time -
Not now for us to say -
But in our perception, close.

All normal from my balcony,
The valley, sky rising, a clear
View over St. János Hegy.

For now, it goes on prettily,
Perhaps: not much difference
Day-to-day; a red squirrel

Scutters over a rooftop,
Male and female blackbirds
Scour the lawn, dogs talk.

Casually, I watch all this.
And what's amiss? Oh,
Nothing you could put

Your finger on, not now,
In a fine spring midday,
Not here and now.

It is perhaps the stillness
Of something that has to come
To pass we knew about

But thought would never,
Somewhere out there,
Under the horizon,

And it seems not here yet
As a pressing presence,
As what would make us

Reconsider the way, for
Example, we chuck away
Cigarette stubs - you know,

There you are, the bus comes,
You ditch the stub in the gutter -
Nothing seeming in that;

Just what everyone has always done,
A flick of the wrist, just like that,
So quick, who cares? So slight,

The difference immeasurable
But in the finest balance,
As you know what you've done.

And that bears in as you look
Out here on this calm view,
On what you always saw

As its endlessness, its always
Paradisaal ground and lift into
The sky out west where all

Light falls, but where the fall
Of light shows its own end
Even as the blackbird gives

Its evensong; where
The astute scientists say
We're past amends.

=0=

Jeff Morsman, Budapest 2009

SLOW BURN 8

(FOR BILL WYATT)

BANG - GERRENG, time of knock 'em down storms
NAGUL, unpredictable last storms before the start of
the long dry in May

Far out in the Arafura Sea a lone cyclone running
west
back from lunch drenched to the bone
pouring water out of my tennis shoes
umbrella dry and comfortable on the porch

lizard talk
snakes in the high grass
homestead out of sight

long sausage clouds making their way east
if I had a ladder I would climb up and stroke them
nice clouds nice clouds wanna a biscuit?

rising moon, translucent shadows on the Antarctic
ice flow
dark chocolate leaking thin volcanic sweet orange
onto the edge my plate.

continued overleaf

ctrl+alt+del

brief experimentation

'Carshalton MOB' special edition

beneath the underground

In the early 60s the core of the Carshalton Mob emerged from Elmwood School, Beddington, embedded in the sprawl of SW London Where it blended into suburban Surrey. They met regularly in the Spanish Bar of the Greyhound Hotel, Carshalton, mostly on Friday nights, discussing jazz, blues, books, birdwatching adventures, parties. They swept up Bill Wyatt from a jazz gig at the Star, Croydon. They found Chris Torrance lurking in their bench in the Spanish Bar. The people I met first were Phil Gill, Barry Taylor, Roger Yates, Dick Dyke, Don Bodie, Mick Collins, Tony Corner & John Wood.

By 1963 the Mob were publishing ORIGINS DIVERSIONS, under the editorship of Dick (Michael J.) Dyke, launching each issue with a reading & sometimes an exhibition, in the process coming into contact with many other mags & poetry activist of the burgeoning underground of the time.

The Mob expanded rapidly, sucking in rampant bohos, mods, students rockers, radicals & bodhisattvas from the surrounding areas of Wallington, Sutton, Cheam, Croydon, Chessington. New poetry stars such as Dave Cunliffe & Tina Morris, Lee Harwood, Peter Bland & Allen Barry guested at the readings & joined in the fast & furious discourse.

Dick Dyke & I made several road trips to visit other writers, editors & activists, including to West Hartlepool to do poetry & jazz with Alex Hand & Alan Turner, who ran ICONOLATRE magazine. We also visited Jim Burnd in Preston (MOVE), & David Cunliffe & Tina Morris in Blackburn (SCREECHES FOR SOUNDING, POETMEAT, GLOBAL TAPESTRY, THE GOLDEN CONVULVULUS).

As the magazine & the readings went on, I began to get invited to read at other poetry venues. Sometime in 1965 I did my first paid gig with Mike Horovitz (NEW DEPARTURES) plus Lee Harwood, Spike Hawkins & Pete Brown, powering up to Notts University through the rain in a leaky GPO van. I got paid ten shillings... Vital contacts. I sent work to Brian Patten (UNDERDOG) who wrote back emphasizing clean & tidy presentation of the material. I'd obviously sent him poems on scraps of paper.

My most influential mentor & friend was Lee Harwood, who, working then at Better Books in Charing Cross Road, was able to steer me to all the most exciting non-establishment poetry that was appearing at the time, not the least of which were the succession of anthologies he published with titles such as NIGHTSCENE, TZARAD, THE AUGUST. Lee was in touch with just about everybody else on the underground circuit, & knew most of the New York poets as well.

It was Lee who put me onto Andrew Crozier, & I soon started to write for his poetry & correspondence mailout, THE ENGLISH INTELLIGENCER. This publication revealed to me a whole bunch of new writers, mainly students of J.H. Prynne. A few years later, Crozier's Ferry Press published my first collection, GREEN ORANGE PURPLE RED.

In the meantime, It all got huge. The proliferating Mob merged with all the other later 60s activity, alternative lifestyles, the drive of British R&B bands into the avant pop arena, student ferment in the art colleges, & all that eventually became psychedelia & the hippie thing (Croydon Mobster Del Dettmar ended up playing with Hawkwind). The magazine folded up after 13 issues, & people diffused outward across the heaving, writhing skin of the post-atomic planet.

Now we're coming together again.

One or two of us have died since those heady days. Barry Taylor a while ago, & now, recently, Don Bodie. This issue of ctrl+alt+del is dedicated to him, & the Mob. Thanks to Rhys Trimble & Andy Garside for making this space available to us.

This issue of ctrl+alt+del appears in conjunction with the 3rd poetry & jazz festival BENEATH THE UNDERGROUND, to be held at the Hen & Chicks pub, Flannel Street, Avergavenny on Saturday 1 August 7-11pm. Admission free.

(Chris Torrance. June 2009)

more info, downloadable PDF version and folding instructions available at:
WWW.GAD.theabsurd.co.uk
ctrl+alt+del
THE ABSURD

SLOW BURN 8 cont.

(FOR BILL WYATT)

a bone coloured candle stashed away for years is lit and splutters into life memories of

shining diamond of compassion guide us in your beneficence never been a better time than now, never ever will be and here under a sky blue sky together passing through all that we are

four great sneezes followed by obligatory sniffing. listening to Vivaldi after 3 glasses of Margaret River Shiraz, not bad for a Saturday night both cheeky little numbers the Vivaldi leads you a merry chase up and down cliff paths tipping into the sea, great cloudscape backdrops, then out of breath, disappearing abruptly into a field of corn. the Shiraz from West Australia, a soft ascending high, sitting well on the pallet gently nudging you on to another glass and then another and another, hence the sneezing.

For the monk who does as he pleases, this moment so long in the making I raise my glass to you with much love.

David James

Two Poems for Don Bodie

THOUGHT

Things do matter, proclaim love, hold together, for that is all there is.

One day truth will find us, sooner or later empty and detached we will be disentangled.

WHERE TO NOW?

It is morning, in the distance a man rises up stretches himself, stands and slowly walks into a garden.

He enters by a hidden gate in the wall that only he knows.

He can be heard laughing and talking with others, conversations drift up into the blue mixing with clouds causing a rain shower that falls onto a garden.

There has been some talk of a man by a gate and a walled garden.

It is morning. In the distance there is a rainbow. It has been raining.

David James, Darwin 2009

FOR DON

The perfect spring weather is embroidered clouds

& elegant flowers Don passes away

I pass away eventually we all pass away into the Golden Eternity When shall we meet again?

The white clouds enter the valley embracing a lonely rock

The bright moon circles the mountain The sky is vast without end Birds fly far in to the distance

The perfected person knows where to go & the brightness begins to be realized in the Golden Eternity

Bill Wyatt

DON

has passed away go moan for Don writing poems on my kitchen table 1964

go moan for Don my beautiful bluesman & exciter of early awakenings

poems written down without hesitation ni ifs or buts no tricks or fancy syllabics

just maintaining a fine groove of consciousness already tuned to infinite jazz on a battered 12 string

so Don is dead go moan for Don the hippest of the hip the prince of warm cool so casual relaxed **&free**

we were all struggling for our freedom then, freedom from home, from school, apprenticeship, dole Q conformist suburbia **duty**

the excitement, the frisson in the air, the frinite ruckus you had to be there, frinite

I had to be **there**, frinite in the Spanish Bar, early watching the door from the back pew "faces" manifesting

barley bodhisattvas cramming in smoke drifting, a glass lifting amber laughter as the darkening night drew chaos closer

Don's gently sneery slightly cynical lipcurl, tiny scar on cheek, delivering stories off a lean hip - fabulous stories - (we were all bursting with them)

Don who gave me my first-ever outdoor sleeping bag, an old US army one, with tiger stripe down interior

starman of star posse gradually you moved away to London & I began my move West

years later - over 40! when I met you again I heard: 2 marriages 4 kids & you were playing bass for a rock band in North London

-turned out you were a cricketer as well never missing a match for the Highgate XI

now its over but not all ended your poems floating free in our minds

intoxicating & dangerous like the age we lived in nuclear confrontation mutually assured annihilation

a world of deadly poisons & rigid roads intoxicating & dangerous like the North Beach bohemian you sometimes resembled

go moan for Don its prayers & amen your final frame Don film tapping the canister

the beat lives on your beat lives on

go moan for Don

Chris Torrance

fold 2

LAST YEAR'S POEM REWRITTEN

I, Understanding nothing Believeing always Blindly In a summer to come, More beautiful than any before, Have, (in my stillchildhood) Observed...alone... The strange dream pattern Of a fantastic peronal Autumn. Yet have acquired Of synthetic winters Such knowledge of darkness As to be Beyond Imagination And (now) Fear (only) The remembered legend Of a long awaited summer That Does Not Come.

Poem

How dare you tell me that my perculiar body excites you (so!) Drunk like you are Only beautifully (so!) In these velvet rooms Dreamworn but empty Wrapped up (warm) In your lothousememories Your dark eyes transformed the night To summers In my head. Held tense Delicate Fingers touch my face: Soft rain on my eyelids How dare you whisper Such strange words of poetry, Fan the perfumed air With your gentle hands.

Don Bodie

BEYOND THE BORDERLAND

(FOR DON BODIE)

Beyond the borderland (In half remembered cities, On empty streets, The dogs barking)

Or down a dirt-top off the interstate highway, On past the last signs: Bradbury County, Roling, wooded country.

You passed though there once Seeing scraps of newsprint blow by Or sitting by a country road in the sun Waiting for something strange to come along.

There, way down the road, on the far side of the hills, The sea fled away with the sun. (A day in October 1962 Kennedy on a red telephone, A fire burning, On the Beach, Formanterra)

It is ... and Arthur Rimbaud, too, On his knees, sweating, in a green mist, Donw along the river among young hazel trees Drinking from a yellow gourd ... It is

And when the stones of the road spoke to us in the dawn The gods fled before us. Sick as we were Exhausted by the night, dirty, mortal The gods fled before us in the dawn. And our fists are still clenched On air.

Roger Yates

fold 2