

December 21st, 1992.

Director: Prof. PETER RUSSELL

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(Tel. & Fax still out of order

but may be restored soon)

ON NOVEMBER 1st I SENT OUT NEWS of the torrential rains here and of the knee-deep flooding of "La Turbina" (Oct. 21st) and the total isolation of the house due to extensive landslides (Oct. 29th). Apart from the general damage, much of the material collected for future issues of MARGINALIA is now soaked with muddy water, and most of the reprints I laboriously made, during the summer, of original editions either lost in the Revolution in Iran (1979) or in the big fire here (1990) are irreparably damaged and quite unsaleable.

Two months after the event the house is still quite uninhabitable -- ankle-deep in sticky yellow mud -- and the last half mile of road to the house impassable except on foot. I continue to live in a small room in the local Priest's house. My fourteen-year-old son is boarded out with a local family; my dog, whose kennel was totally buried under rocks and rubble, is also boarded out -- in a public kennel called "Lucky Animals". He is indeed a lucky animal to have escaped with his life! As for the house itself, it is sopping wet, books and clothes all covered with a bright green mildew. Each time it rains more water enters the house either through the doors or through the roof, many of the tiles being smashed by the force of the storms. So far, neither the Landlord or the local Authority has bothered to inspect the damage.

In my circular of November 1st I announced the publication in September by the University of Salzburg of four new volumes of mine, and invited old friends and the public in general to buy some of these new books, partly in the hope that people would be interested in the new texts, and partly in the hope that money might be forthcoming to continue to print and post MARGINALIA to you.

The response has been very encouraging. At least one in a hundred of the people addressed has responded with orders varying from fifteen to one hundred dollars. Of the other 99 let us not complain -- they have their excuses: "I have bought a field", "I have married a wife", "My second motor-boat needs repairs" (this is the standard reply from Canada!), "I have borrowed a million from the bank". Life is tough as we all know! N.B. These good people *did* reply. *Alas*, many others did not!

I am quite content to appeal to a few tens of people (units as the sociologists call them), in a world of six billion naked apes. I've spent these two long months finding ways and means of reprinting copies of the nearly forty titles destroyed. *And reducing prices.*

I'm not sure that living in Italy is the answer (to what?). Italy is not getting any better, but at least it *is* getting more Italian. Only yesterday I took a dozen letters to the Post Office only to be told to come back "in a day or two" as they were "very busy now". For the past month it has been impossible to buy cigarettes or cigars due to the strike of the Tobacco Monopoly workers. Not a fag to be found in all Italy except from the Mafia at twelve dollars a packet. This will delight Feminists and the politically correct but it infuriates the Editor of MARGINALIA.

Poetry, good or bad, seems to have ceased to have any place whatever in the modern world. It's no good getting black in the face about this -- the only thing for an obsolescent unit like me is to keep in touch with the remaining few dozen people who care; after 170 years Peacock's *The Four Ages of Poetry* remains incontrovertible. We are left with the *deaf hens of poetry*. What living poet could legislate a flea?

## FOUR SNOWMEN AND A FIFTH

## I

There are woods and trees, dead sticks, and snow, and it is damp;  
 Against the dark background of the forest a man is walking,  
 He is tall in a long grey coat, and stalking, he slouches up,  
 He has a reddish nose, his tongue lolls like a swinging lamp,  
 His hat is black, and the mouth on his white face like a moustache is turning grey.  
 He is a rogue, or the Archangel, or Baudelaire, or God --  
 There's a red glow spread on the white of his face, and a pipe in his clay mouth,  
 Or perhaps there is not; a clod, I am alone, *yet we are four*  
*Irritable children sitting on the nursery floor.*

## II

This rogue or ruffian, tramp or beggar or God  
 Rolls like a drunk Russian, a vodka spirit by day,  
 Into this scene on the dark stage stark staring from winter's page  
 And sidles into the middle, shouts in his Irish rage:  
 ' *I tread on the white, the Light; I tread on the black.*  
*Sand and the rivers, blow! Summer and sun come back!*'  
 And the pools in the woods shine silver, the beech and the birch and oak, --  
 Red biddy the dawn has spoken: *What does it mean? We are four*  
*Shivering full-length snowmen square on the forest floor.*

## III

' *I tread on the white, the Light; I tread on the black.*  
*Sand and the rivers, blow! Summer and sun come back!*'  
 And the white snowman in the top left corner of page  
 Droops, and he crumples a little, an old man grey in his age;  
 And the one on the left of me, (I'm on the bottom right),  
 Falls on his elbow, twists, -- gyrates, -- a rotating stick,  
 Dripping and dropping, deliquescent, sagging -- a blubbing old statuette,  
 A white grey ghost on his elbow, a dying Gaul with the sweat  
 Running in blue grey ripples off brow and shoulder and back;  
 And I feel like a sack collapsing, older, dwindling away... *We are four*  
*Dissolving ghosts in a puddle, wetting the nursery floor.*

## IV

The white of the glistening forest fades to a frosty graphite grey --  
 The top right-hand snowman has rolled on his Roman side -- away,  
 To a pool in the mud and sticks, a pearly patch in the wove  
 Of a frayed old Turkey carpet we played on, just fifty years ago.  
 But strange, -- like the dawn, -- there's a shimmering roseate glow  
 Bleeding across the forest tinting the sky and the snow,  
 That turns to the red of blood, sweet wine that sticks to the paws,  
 Pink cheeks and shoulders, bare knees (all prone), -- *Of course! We are four*  
*Bodyless babes that smoulder, -- seeds on the nursery floor.*

## V

It seemed that our nanny or someone had played us some schoolmistress trick  
 Forcing us infants (poor kids!) to join in some giddy goat game,  
 A vacuous dumb-show for tumblers who leap to a lifted stick,  
 A fatuous ring-a-rose nonsense, meaningless, always the same.  
 I groaned like a lump ground down, a weight on my shoulders like lead,  
 In squid-like invisible arms that twisted me slowly around  
 In a downwards expanding spiral, a sundial in autumn covered with leaves pale and dead,  
 Faint trace of the spinning aeon, the scattered hand of a clock...  
 Unresisting, sodden, I felt myself succumb -- heard the voice of a ruffian mock,  
 An insolent Rimbaud intruding, a sneering and poisonous sound:  
 'I is another, you is *you*, -- *contemptible imbeciles four,*  
*Wrestling and flopping defeated, fouling your nursery floor.*'

## VI

Fury, impotence, hysterical rage seized me then --  
 A formless deposit deprived of muscle and brain-power I writhed;  
 Recalling that action, -- that *action*, prerogative owed by men  
 To their very nature was due, -- 'We *are* not grass that is scythed!'  
 I struggled in vain, a handless and armless trunk, for sword, or for ink and for pen,  
 But no! Was I drunk? -- only screaming, and icy and colourless wind, --  
 A frosty monotone pitch in my guttering eardrums sang;  
 Jaws locked, speech frozen -- tetanus-speech, -- and then the telephone rang:  
 The forest a livid vermilion, -- the dawn wind lifted my hand;  
 And somebody said: 'Is it you?' 'Help me' I said, 'I am four  
*Sprawling slimy abortions spread on the nursery floor.*'

## VII

The blood-red flame of the forest had paled to sickly green --  
 The voice on the line was pleading: 'I want to see you now.'  
 But how could I, -- no more than a liquid vomit -- a stain on the carpet, be *SEEN?*  
 Then words not my own, words thrown up like a meal, where my gullet once had been  
 Oozed from my mouth and took form: 'Meet me at twelve o'clock,  
 Noon midnight, equinox solstice, at the crossroads outside the town, --  
 I'll be there, don't be late!' and I put the receiver down...  
 And the sky was an apple-green, Earth a bright Angel, and -- *zooks!*  
 The soiled carpet a meadow in flower, in seed and in fruit, *and we four*  
*Four tall golden stooks in the sun* (and the threshers, gathering, come  
 With their ox-hide, winnowing fans and their flails) -- *where there'd been but a nursery floor.*

Venice,  
 1972

Reprinted from *A Garland for Peter Russell on his Sixtieth Birthday* edited by Dr. James Hogg (University of Salzburg English Studies, 1981). Pages 54-127 of this publication contain a structuralist-semiotic commentary on this poem by Prof. Anthony L. Johnson of the University of Pisa. I consider it to be an exemplary model of how to interpret a somewhat dense poem. -- P.R.

A CHILD'S SONG

*for Kathleen Raine*

*I have secrets hid away  
Like the relict of the night  
Invisible by day.  
Call me moonstruck, call me fey,  
I have secrets hid away.*

When I hear the tolling bell  
That robs the world of warmth and light,  
At the end of garish day  
In subtle swarms the mysteries play.  
*Call me moonstruck, call me fey,  
I have secrets hid away.*

When the midnight demons howl  
And post grey spectres round my tomb,  
Then I hear the little owl, --  
Athena's bird flits in my room.  
*Call me moonstruck, call me fey,  
I have secrets hid away.*

When the dawn comes, rosy red,  
And night and stars in morning's ray  
Vanish, and I quit my bed,  
I feel fresh secrets fill the day.  
*Call me moonstruck, call me fey,  
I have secrets hid away.*

I have secrets hid away,  
Swift as lightning, strange as Her.  
World won't listen, world won't stay --  
World wants nothing but go play  
With stupid counters; world won't stir  
To ask and so be happier  
Night and day and round the year,

Searching eagerly for Her.

*Call me moonstruck, call me fey,*

*I have secrets hid away.*

You may ask, but who is She?

That's the secretest for me.

*Call me moonstruck, call me fey,*

*I have secrets hid away.*

Neumarkt, Austria

9th October 1992

## DEVASTATION

Sometimes I'd like to be a stone

Frost cracks, winds hone.

The stone-breaker comes with his hammer --

I'd feel nothing, neither groan nor stammer,

Silence in time my grammar.

Spirit, if spirit be, once lent

To a lump of clay, a heart is rent.

Body and soul, an ill-matched pair,

Each other's company can't bear.

The eternal and the fugitive

Cross on their paths. Neither will give.

The wind blows, let it blow out

This flame of life which, undevout,

Burns everything away but doubt.

freely adapted from Abd'l-'Alâ'l-Ma'arri

(A.D. 977-1057)

Text in ZDMG, Vol.31, p.474.

Venice,

7th October 1982

PSYCHIE'S SONG

Perhaps it doesn't matter now --  
 You've gone away for good;  
 I wouldn't snatch you back again  
 Even if I could...

You were the perfect poem, -- the Dream!  
 Perhaps you don't exist.  
 I *saw* you, -- at least I made you *seem*, --  
 D'you remember if we kissed?

Stay far away and far away --  
 You always will be near;  
 For I am just another day  
 And I am never here...

1973  
 previously unpublished

NINNA NANNA (*First Version*)

Sleep, o my wisdom, sleep  
 Amongst the endless words;  
 Seed that has slumbered, reap!  
 Song itself, -- shut in the eggs of birds  
 Waits through long weeks to cheep, --

Then, --  
 Breaking its prison doors  
 And stumbling into Light, --  
 Leaps and arises, -- soars!  
 Its breastplate girds aright, --  
 In motion sets -- whole Universes' Laws.

1972  
 first published in *Littack*  
 (ed. William Oxley) in a longer version

## FOUR POEMS BY OSIP MANDELSHTAM

191

I have come back to my city, familiar to the point of tears,  
 To the blood in my veins, to my childhood's swollen tonsils.  
 You have come back here -- so swallow up quickly  
 The cod-liver-oil of the Leningrad river-lamps:

Quickly make up your mind to the short December day  
 When the air is a mess of egg-yolk and evil tar.  
 Petersburg! I do not wish to die yet:  
 All my telephone numbers are with you.

Petersburg! I still have addresses  
 By which I shall find the voices of the dead.  
 I live on a black staircase -- wrenched out with the flesh  
 The noise of a bell strikes in my temples.

And all night long I wait for welcome guests  
 Stirring at the fetters of door-chains.

1930

197

For the rattling valour of future centuries,  
 For the highborn tribe of people,  
 I am deprived of the cups on the pyres of my fathers,  
 Of their pleasure, of their marks of esteem.

Like a wolfhound the century leaps on my shoulders,  
 But my skin is not the skin of a wolf.

Stuff me rather like a cap into the sleeve  
Of a yellow sheepskin coat from Siberian steppes, --

So that I see neither cowards, nor shallow dirt,  
Nor the bloody bones on the wheel,  
So that the blue foxes in their primitive beauty  
All night long may shine at me.

Carry me off into the night where the Yenisei flows,  
Where a pine tree reaches up to a star,  
For my skin is not the skin of a wolf  
And my mouth is not twisted with falsehood.

*No date. Widely attributed to Mandelstam  
during his Siberian exile.*

225

Oh how we love to pretend  
And how easily we forget  
That in childhood we are nearer to death  
Than to our riper years.

Yet the child who has not slept enough  
Pushes aside the dish;  
But for me there is no one to sulk at:  
On all roads I am alone.

*1932*

translated by Peter Russell (1958)  
Reprinted from *The Malahat Review*,  
Victoria, B.C.



The stream of goldenish honey flowed out of the bottle  
 So long and so thickly our Mistress had time to exclaim  
 "Here in sorrowful Tauris where Fate has carried us off  
 We will not pine at all" and over her shoulder she glanced.

Everywhere Bacchus's Rites, as though there were none in the world  
 But watchmen and dogs -- you come, you do not notice anything --  
 The peaceful days roll by like heavy casks.  
 Far off in the hut there are voices -- you do not catch them, can't reply.

After tea we went out into the great cinnamon-coloured garden,  
 Dark blinds were let down on the windows like eyelids,  
 We went past white columns to take a look at the vineyard  
 Where the sleepy hills were bathing in glassy air.

And I said "The vine is alive like an ancient field of battle  
 Where whirling horsemen struggle in intricate ranks.  
 All Greece's learning is here in stone-covered Tauris, and here  
 Row upon row of noble and rust-coloured acres."

In the white room now calm like a distaff is reigning.  
 Aroma of vinegar, paint, fumes of new wine from the cellar.  
 Remember -- in that Grecian household, a woman beloved by all --  
 No, not Helen, another -- how long she stayed at her embroidering?

Golden Fleece, ah Golden Fleece, where are you now?  
 All the way the long-drawn waves of the sea had been sounding  
 When leaving the ship whose sails he had worn out in the seas  
 Odysseus returned sated with space and with time.

1917

translation by  
 Peter Russell (1958)

W.G. Shepherd

## HOMAGE TO QUINTILIUS STULTUS

*Quintilii Apocalypscôs Fragmenta*, by Peter Russell (Agenda Editions, £1.50)

I will grasp the nettle by the horns and say right away that in my opinion Quintilius does not exist, has never existed. Notwithstanding the great good humour and scholarship -- not to say length -- of Mr. Russell's notes on *Elegy at the Winter Solstice* (one of two poems 'of Quintilius's madness') included in his *All for the Wolves, Selected Poems 1947-1975* (Anvil Press, 1984), one cannot long entertain seriously the proposition that c. 400 A.D. one Quintilius made his way from the southern French to the western Canadian seaboard, by way of Byzantium and the Baltic, and accordingly incorporated Germanic, Scandinavian and Amerindian gleanings into his Greekish Latin! But I am too rational. Quintilius does exist after all, in reality if not in actuality, for Mr. Russell has transmitted to us in English a corpus of Quintilian poetry which, with its particular sensual and intellectual dandyism, could not be anyone else. So let us proceed without delay to consideration of *Quintilii Apocalypscôs Fragmenta*, which is not to be confused with *Fragmenta Quintilii Apocalypscôs* -- Quintilian studies are a minefield! -- a highly erotic piece of our author(s) to be found in *P.E.N. New Poetry I* (Quartet Books, 1986).

But first I must mention that the first six Quintilian poems to be retrieved, plus an interestingly bad Greek elegy which Mr. Russell is unable to attribute *confidently* to Quintilius, were collected in *The Elegies of Quintilius* (Anvil Press, 1975), a fascinating, delightful volume. Here the poet's pleasant style and likeable 'persona' are already fully fledged, as is also a certain prickly waywardness which may account for his surname, Stultus, 'a fool', and for occasional sparkles of what the translator has called 'sheer buffoonery'. But in spite of his humour, Quintilius is essentially a serious commentator on the world he knew: apart from the 'mad' poems, all the Quintilian work known to me, including the latest *Apoc. Frag.*, provides plausible, vivid and pithy views of public and private life in the declining Roman Empire. Then is the enjoyment of this poetry reserved for historians and classicists? No: if Quintilius was a fool, he was a wise and observant one, and human nature has not changed.

His *Quintilii Apocalypscôs Fragmenta* is more learned and allusive than Quintilius's previously translated poems, but only occasional details, nothing of substance, I think, may drive the non-specialist to consult reference books. The poet inveighs here against many things -- greed for gold, universal corruption, political and military weakness, infiltration of the Roman and Byzantine hierarchies by barbarians and eunuchs -- and invokes against them his old-fashioned values. At the heart of much diverting material (the poem occupies fourteen packed pages) is a dispute between Quintilius and an anonymous 'Goth' or 'German'. The latter attacks the poet, with assonantal virtuosity, on behalf of a rationalized, materialist 'Christianity':

Fables and would-be mysteries, impostors and mages,  
 Wizards and dizzy philosophers, deranged antiquarians,  
 Incubations and nightmares, succubae, strixes,  
 Archetypes, personae and Psyches, Manes and Anima  
 Meet in your brain's fevered circus and wrestle  
 Naked with sorcery's nets and gnostical swords,  
 Theurgies theatrical like a trickster deftly performing  
 But always like Orpheus coming back up to earth  
 Empty-handed. What's your Eurydice worth  
 If she's not flesh and blood?

[...]

"You have mythologised yourself out of reality,  
 Stultus" this cabbage cried. I, Quintilius, roared in reply:  
 "I have realised myself in mythology."

Having quit the field in exasperation, the poet opposes, solo, to the Germano-Gothic blether a (hypothetical?) truth-seeker of whom he says:

...From the break of dawn

He will exercise his mind at Heaven's gates,  
 As it were, admitting his lowly ignorance  
 And his faults, not boasting his right to arbitration  
 Of everything from salaries to what God *ought* to do,  
 But rather imploring the gods for a higher understanding.  
 If it be the will of the beautiful and blessed above  
 He will be filled with the spirit of Intellect  
 So that his mortal breath utters maxims of wisdom  
 Which he knows to be not his own, but universal  
 True thoughts that men had forgotten, but now,  
 Grateful, recovered.

(Note the pun on 'admitting' and the distinction between Christian 'God' and pagan 'gods'.)  
 But, as befits a true poet, Quintilius makes his point best in a vatic mode:

A man who boasts of his achievements

Glossy enamel

On a clay pot

Lips aflame

But a frigid heart  
 The diplomat's chatter  
 And the terrorist's taciturnity  
 Are all one

So men's *individual* achievements are merely superficial. And almost immediately follows (with its harshly ambivalent 'true deserts') my final extract where, for English-hearing readers, Quintilius's prophecy takes on an Old Testament yet *Cantos* resonance ('John' is referred to earlier in the poem as 'the Patriarch', 'old John gilt-lips' and 'Bishop John'):

I am thinking again of John and his night fulminations.

[...]

Just look at the fury he's worked himself up into!  
 Must earth be dispeopled, must the rocks be torn from their places  
 To gratify one petulant preacher's ill humour?

The tongue has the power of life and death.  
 Who loves it well will get his true deserts.

Roar lion, growl lioness! The lion cubs' teeth  
 Will be smashed and the young lions wander astray.

He who drums up disorders, disorders will drum him out.  
 Let them he castigates drown in appropriate pots of gold.  
 We are content with our barley, our onion broth...

In an era of 'creative translation' (dating at least from Professor Sullivan's book on Sextus Pound), what translation could be more creative than Mr. Russell's of (the imaginary?) Quintilius?

NOTE: The Agenda Editions pamphlet *Quintilii Apocalypseôs Fragmenta* is a limited edition of 100 (now out of print), but the poem is printed in full in Agenda, Vol.24, No.2 (1986), copies of which are still available. -- W.G.S.

Note: The above review by Mr. Shepherd was written at the request of the Editor of AGENDA in 1986. It was never printed as the book was already sold out. It was only by sheer chance that I came to know of the existence of the review in 1992 when Mr. Shepherd answered one of my circulars. I find him *molto simpatico* as a reviewer, but have never met him.

-- P. R.

from QUINTILII APOCALYPSEÔS FRAGMENTA

Black Krishna, Jesus-child, Ishu  
 Keeps goading me on to be  
 The Apostle of goose-girls

He has sent me through flowery meadows

The old Bull chased me  
 I ran away

Into sheep pastures

The old Ram  
 Butted me

Into the pig pen

The Lord surely will hear the cry  
 Even of the descendants  
 Of victorious soap manufacturers

The goose-girls slip through my fingers  
 The shepherdesses have pelted me with stones

The flower of the field  
 Is crushed by engines

The sheep themselves  
 Trample *Psalliota*

I am an old puffball  
 Grey-green inside

Butter is dripping from the cow-girls' fingers  
 When shall I have issue?

At dawn on Good Friday I have woken up  
 Spattered with mud in the darkness of Gadara

Is it permitted for a mortal to pray to the Gods for soap?

This field at the edge of a dark thicket  
This pinfold of hogs

Is it the Plain of Truth?  
Is it the Field of Er?  
And where is the Garden of the Muses?

What is the map reference of the Resurrection?  
The site of the next Last Judgment?

The learned doctors are still disputing this  
The soap manufacturers' clerks  
Are making out invoices

The Sirens themselves gaze in their magic mirrors  
But can't see their pig-snouts

Nobody seems satisfied with his life

Naked and dirty a little boy is playing  
With daisies as big as suns

And the nymphs and the dryads timid as gazelles  
Are gazing on the child-god's  
Blazing beauty

And an old man with hairy thighs  
Babbling

from *Codex Disco*

1986

(reprinted from TEMENOS No. X, London)

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“Of course one can't expect poets to be serious or to speak their mind coherently but we should be tolerant towards them because they are, after all, the only people who write poetry.”

Professor Italo Cogliome  
on the dust wrapper of P.R.'s *Africa: A Dream* (1981)

RECENT PUBLICATIONS BY PETER RUSSELL (December 1992)

THE IMAGE OF WOMAN AS A FIGURE OF THE SPIRIT. Four lectures originally given at the Carl Gustav Jung Institute, Zurich 1991. "The Muses" and three lectures on "Woman in Islamic and Christian Love Poetry of the Middle Ages". pp.100; post free U.S. \$17.50

THE POUND CONNECTION, in some poems mainly uncollected or unpublished, by Peter Russell. (Records of an apprenticeship to Ezra Pound). pp. 80; post free U.S. \$17.50

POETIC ASIDES. Vols I & II. Lectures and Addresses. pp. 236; Incl. "Vision in the Poetry of Ezra Pound", "Ezra Pound and the Cantos", "Ezra Pound: grande poeta, grande amico", "Dante e Islam", "Kosovo as a Cosmic Symbol", "Tolkien and the Imagination", shorter addresses on poetry & imagination, "Vitalism or Abdication", "In the Tradition: A British Writer Living in Italy" and "Campagna, verde campagna". post free U.S. \$32.50

*The four above volumes are printed by the University of Salzburg and The Edwin Mellen Press, New York. You may order from this address or direct from the publishers.*

NEW POETRY FROM ITALY. An examination of Dana Gioia's *New Italian Poets* (1991). Bilingual edition Italian/English. post free U.S. \$12.50

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TWO POEMS OF RETURN, translated from Quintilius. English and Italian versions on facing pages. Reprinted from *Temenos*. post free U.S. \$10.00

L'ESILIO ("Nel solco di Dante: l'esilio e gli scrittori del Novecento". Relazione per il 1° Congresso Internazionale Dantesco, Poppi 1992). L'esilio come tema nella vita di Dante, Ezra Pound e Peter Russell in Italia. post free U.S. \$12.50

Other titles recently reprinted include PAYSAGES LEGENDAIRES, ELEMENTAL DISCOURSES, PICNIC TO THE MOON (1944), IMAGES OF DESIRE, DREAMLAND & DRUNKENNESS. Enquiries welcome.

Easiest way of payment is by cash in U.S. dollars or European currency or International Money Order. Checks should include \$3.00 for Bank negotiation.

Peter Russell, "La Turbina", 52026 Pian di Scò (Arezzo), Italy.

*SALINAE*

**HORRACLE**

You say that modern man has not the time  
To read this garbage men call rhyme.

What men do with their time, if they but faced it,  
Is "nothing much", -- except of course to waste it.

When I was young we  
were all enthusiastic amateurs  
of verse

Now we are all  
*Pros*

**ALL HUMANITY**  
should hang together  
Says the Rev.  
Someone or other

It's a pity  
they don't

**AITCHES ARE TRUMPS**

for John Heath-Stubbs

Hill, Heaney, Hughes and Harrison!  
In spite of critics poetry carries on.

Harrison, Heaney, Hughes and Hill!  
Heaven's gift it always will.

Harrison, Hughes and Hill and Heaney!  
Sanity's self as mad as Suibhne.

Heaney, Hill, Harrison, Hughes!  
But how do they do it without a Muse?

**THE POETRY PRIZE**

In the good old days  
every village had its  
Prize Idiot

Now it has  
Its Idiot Prize

The Alchemist at last  
has got the stone

Now he can  
No longer  
Even make water

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Peter Russell, "La Turbina", 52026 Pian di Scò (Arezzo), Italy, Tel. & Fax 055/960-674