


Spring 1974

et cetera

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ET CETERA  
SPRING 1974

**ET CETERA**

**MARSHALL UNIVERSITY**

**HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA**

**SPRING 1974**

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ACROBAT EFFIGY FROM JAR

Many of the subjects which were to recur throughout Modern American Art made their appearance in pre-classic times. Acrobats are such a subject, and it has been suggested that their presence enlivened the ceremonies related to rain, the earth, agriculture, and crops. This acrobat, whose one leg formed a spout, was once part of a jar.

*For Jim Henson*

ACROBAT EFFIGY

Nothing?

Not the pink toes of Mary Magdelene in the sand  
Not Wallace Stevens eating honey cakes  
Not Buckminster Fuller lecturing on tommorrow  
Out of the dark caves  
Of Mexico

Out of the crate packed with white straw  
You float

Into The Huntington Galleries  
My daughter Kathleen calls you "Dwoll"  
Jim calls you "Juggler"

I do not know yet what to call you  
Ann photographs you in black and white

I did not make you  
My long lost cousin  
From the wrong side of the tracks with one arm  
And a strtnge name  
That rhymes with Frito  
Made You  
The Night  
Jesus  
Walked on salt water  
And taught us  
The darkness of caves is a love  
To be hated  
And that all acts  
Are  
Good as honey  
Or  
Evil like the future

ACROBAT EFFIGY (Continued)

Which is why my cousin  
Made you  
Acrobat Pot  
With one foot hole  
For  
Corn Liquor Tequila and Beer  
To flow  
And flow  
And flow and flow

I will call you  
AIRPLANE  
Which keeps falling out of the sky  
In Wayne County

I will call you  
SHOTGUN  
Which keeps sending an eternal spray  
Of Small Shot  
Through my Brother Tom's heart  
All the way to the floor

I will call you  
DACHAU  
Where small thin men keep dropping  
Bars of soap  
Onto a dust-covered floor  
Which is why my wusin  
made you

Acrobat Pot  
With one foot a hole  
For the past to flow  
Out of the dark caves of the mind  
Out of the crate packed with brown rope  
Into another darkness  
Into Us  
Saving Us  
Until we finally land on the ground  
Telling us  
Walk On  
and look up at the stars  
Walk on into water

*Jim Henson*

POST

The dead letter office  
Is for you  
Everything

You are in charge  
Of the letters to god

You keep them under G  
In chronological order  
The earliest dating back to 1776

It occurs to you one day  
That god does not have a birthday

You write a letter to the postmaster general  
Proposing an arbitrary elate  
It is returned to your office

You write to congressmen  
Senators  
Finally to the president  
They are all returned  
Unopened

In desperation  
You write directly to god  
When you receive the letter  
It is too much for you

## THE ORDEAL

When the girl I love  
Falls each month  
Into the absorbent bandages  
Of her gender

And takes to bed  
For the same cosmic  
Number of days  
It took to create the heavens

I lash her securely  
Upon request  
To the mahogany corners  
Of her dowery

When the moon rises  
And lies like a wet stone  
In the underside of the prairie  
I move out among the dry bones of cattle,

Her oily blood  
Smeared across my hands and face,  
Bandaged in the red scraps of her wardrobe,  
All masculine odour effaced

Even my eyes are covered  
As if from a serious operation  
At last I move out on foot  
In the direction I know  
From experience to be due east

On what I imagine  
To be the fourth day  
I sense that I am  
Nearing the mountains

I remove my blindfold  
And strip away my bandages  
I clean myself in the cold shallows  
Of a familiar river

Once more I move out into the prairie  
By the sixth day  
I have almost lost my track  
Instinct will be enough

On the seventh day  
The breeze shifts  
And I am sure of home  
Sure my instinct is right

## THINGS

Things, no matter what they are,  
Can get out of control.

I can no more explain this  
Than I can explain the Democratic Convention of 1884.

Or the sound in my wife's back  
As she accepts my natural urgency.

Suppose, as I write this  
There is a knock at the door,

Or the telephone rings.  
Then what?

And if a white dog  
Intercepts the postman at noon,

Snatches the envelope with this poem in it  
Before it can reach the desk of the New Yorker?

Think what could happen  
If the dog with the letter in his mouth

Blundered into a gray cadillac  
And the driver pried the thing from the dog's jaw,

Then for spite used typing correction fluid  
And mailed the poem with his name,

With the blood and took marks on it.  
If it was accepted

How could I afford a lawyer?  
Think of the poems that are lost this way.

These things happen.  
Even now, a dog with a poem in his mouth

Is stealing across the lawn,  
Planning to bury it probably.

These things can happen I tell you.  
They arrive like the weather

Or the mail, unannounced,  
In innocent enough shapes,

And before you know it  
You are telling your story to a stranger,

Finding out how hopeless it is  
To explain such things.

## THE DENIAL

It is morning;  
He awakes,  
Then she, curled  
Into the arm of his sleep.  
The curtains are drawn  
Against the day - the day  
Spilling into the bed,  
Dressing her limp hair,  
Undressing the details  
That he knows of her.  
It is not like anything  
Ever before.  
Today, like yesterday,  
Like tomorrow,  
Will test them.  
The day wears on.  
The sheets that cover them  
Grow thin,  
Worn by the light,  
Polished on it's white back.  
Small ragged holed appear  
That grow larger  
Each day.  
Still they do not move.  
They do not open their eyes.  
They remember the room  
As it was when they were married.  
They do not see the mirror  
Grow opaque  
As the reflection of their lives  
Is bleached clean.  
He does not know  
That the moths  
Have eaten away the elbows  
Of his sweaters.  
She does not know  
That the tangled hair  
In her brush beside the bed  
Isnolongertheshade  
That she remembers.  
It is not like anything  
Ever before.

## THE DENIAL (Continued)

The days press against  
Their combined refusal.  
Against the thin win\_kled sheets  
Until parts of their bodies  
Begin to show through,  
Until they lie naked.  
And still they do not stir.  
They do not open their eyes.  
They are no longer  
Aware of the days  
Their bleached skins  
Become their only covers.  
They forget the room,  
Their marriage,  
Why they have lain so long.  
They forget one another.  
The days come as before,  
Back to back.  
The light scrubs their gentle skins  
Until their bones  
Begin to poke through.  
They begin to awaken  
For a second time.  
They open their eyes.  
The day spills in  
And dances onto the back  
Of their skulls,  
Testing them.



AFTER FRANK O'HARA

The voices  
That came to my father  
Miraculously, from across  
An entire continent,  
As he lay each night  
In the flickering gas circuitry  
Of blush lamps.  
Are gone forever.  
They are irreparably lost for me.

I can only imagine  
The long silent voices  
Of names like Pepper Young  
Fibber McGee, The Green Hornet,  
And yes, The Shadow,  
Whose moonlit baritone  
Hovered like a wave  
About gilted mahogany receivers,  
Charging the air of parlors  
And darkened bedrooms  
With the static drama  
Of a blue electrical storm.

They are all lost.  
No longer are the air waves  
Graced with Les Brown's  
Cool muffled horn  
And the warm clear tenor  
Of the Ames Brothers.

Ted Weems and Elmo Tanner,  
Whose whistling eclipsed even the birds,  
No longer beam out across the states  
To ply our hearts.

And Ben Bernie has long since  
Ceased to bid us:  
Au Revoir, a fond cheerio,  
A bit of the tweet tweet,  
God bless you, and  
Pleasant dreams.  
Yowzah, Yowzah, Yowzah.

*For Diane Wakoski*

HER

You become accustomed  
To the nylon clouds  
That stretch from the lavatory  
To the metal spaces of shower rod

You think nothing of her'  
Dishwater reflection  
Beside you each morning  
Like the silence of your razor

The ritual of bra and panties  
Comes to you each evening  
Like the six o'clock news  
Served up with the stale odour  
Of old cooking grease

Sometimes you find it hard  
To look at her  
Her mossy hair  
Somewhere between the two of you  
Like the thin film of grease and tobacco smoke  
Sleeping on the glass of your picture window

When she looks at you  
Her face breaking like a heart shaped  
Valentine sucker that has been licked  
And thrown in a drawer for years

You find it necessary  
To throw up your arms  
And run out of doors  
Screaming strait-jacket, strait-jacket

## FIRST PRIZE

### PICKING TOMATOES

John Hirokowsky was just short of being tall. He had an I.Q. of 98.6, a constant body temperature of 97.6, and an ulcer which bordered on painful. At forty-nine he had established himself as a produce manager in a grocery store which was considered a super-market by virtue of its three check-out stands, and its uniformly aproned work crew consisting of the owner, his wife, their two sons, who were studying business administration by mail, and an assortment of cheerful checkers who wore pink lace handkerchief boutonnieres anchored to their breast pockets with a smiley button. Because John had worked on his fathers farm (before the old man had subdivided it into lost restricted to mobile homes of \$10,000 and over) he had a real feel for the produce business. He also had a feel for each of the checkers on their first day behind the registers, which continued in a more or less fatherly fashion until the girl ascertained he was not related to the owner, at which time, she would either plainly tell him to lay off, or, if a customer were present, give him a subtle elbow jab in the vicinity of his ulcer.

John cleaned out the produce display cooler, as he did every Monday morning, gathering up the loose onion skins, dried up and withered green beans, and puckered, vegetable oil greased cucumbers, which had not sold the previous week in spite of John's fawning, flattering salesmanship which gave the older ladies a pre-menopausal glow and the young ones the willies. When the case was clean and emptied, John pushed the grocery cart to the back room which always smelled of rotten potatoes and was covered with a flooring of corn husks and celery tops, to haul out the fresh yellow, green and red produce. His work was interrupted occasionally by a voice on the intercom, "John, front please," and he would amble to the front to help carry out cartons of Coke and Dr. Pepper, five pound rolls of Eatwell Bologna and cases of canned milk, and boxes of pinto beans and macaroni on which the food stamp trade thrived and the owner depended.

John finished arranging the fruits and vegetables, alternating the pale green lettuce with a row of plastic-protected ruby tomatoes to

give, as the pamphlet on how to sell produce stipulated, "a color interest to the case and thus attract the attention of Mrs. Homemaker." At exactly 12:05 he bought a can of Spam, which was on special, and fixed a sandwich which he ate alone while seated on a bundle of paper bags in the back room. When he finished he wrapped the remainder of the meat in cellophane, put it and the bread in a paper bag on which he wrote J-O-H-N in enormous Magic Marker letters, and hid in a corner in the walk-in cooler.

At 1:45 he strolled to the employee's lounge - an oversized closet which contained a coffee machine, two chrome kitchen chairs, and a time clock. Taking his time card out of the wooden rack, he slipped it under the ancient machine and pulled the lever down. Removing his only suit, a J. C. Penny brown worsted, from a rack on the back of the door, he went into the rest room to change so that he could go to his ex-wife's funeral.

As he pulled up in front of Beasley's Funeral Home, he noticed the chartruese, orange and green stained glass windows, which were supposed to depict scenes from the Last Supper but reminded John of his produce rack. John thought old Jewell would have liked being ushered out of this world with the assistance of Morton Beasley, who advertised so poignantly and pointedly that most of the people in the southern town firmly believed that they could not get to Heaven by any other route.

John was ushered to the front of the chapel and seated beside Jewell's first husband, a puffed-up elderly farmer who had not bothered putting a jacket over his bib overalls, and whose nervous squirming and rhythmic leg shaking had left small clots of newly plowed earth on the pure, white heavenly carpet by Lees. John thought briefly of asking the man to share in the funeral expenses but changed his mind. After all, Jewell had not cost him much in the five years they had been married, and since she had listed the old farmer as next of kin at the hospital, where she had died of uterine cancer, he would be paying plenty when he got the hospital bill.

The chapel was nearly empty except for Jewell's second cousin, whose three sticky fingered boys were trying to pull the velvet buttons off the tufted Louis XIV gilded chairs. Also present were two sniffing women whom John recognized as co-workers of Jewell's at the Shangani-La Grille of the Biltmore Hotel. The stereo amplified taped music softened and the self-ordained preacher, who worked at the city mission, began the service which was long on prayers and short on eulogy due to the fact that he had known Jewell, and having been unable to save her, could find little to commend her for. John thought that he should have rehearsed the preacher so that he could at least mention that Jewell had been clean, hard working, and the best fish merchant that a man could ask for.

The funeral cortege consisted of the Beasley Cadillac hearse and John's tan Volkswagen. Because John knew that Jewell liked music,

he parked his car as close to the grave as he could and turned up the volume on the radio where Hank Snow started the burying with "9th the Wings of a Snow White Dove" and Tammy Wynette ended it with "D-I-V-O-R-C-E" which John found fitting, the preacher judged outrageous, and Morton Beasley thought hysterically funny. After the graveside services were over the undertaker approached John, and while placing a comforting arm around John's shoulder, showed the bill for the funeral into his hand. With his face pulled into his professional "I know how hurt you are, but life must go on" contorted expression, Beasley said, "I have a color brochure here, Mr. Hiro . . ."

"Hirok . . . AAA . . . CHU," prompted John.

"This is a description of the finest white granite headstone manufactured," Beasley said, whipping out a folded slick paper with a snap of his French-cuffed wrist.

Before Beasley could continue his spiel, John said, "Not interested."

"Surely you want your wife to have a high quality, weather resistant marker . . ."

"Nope."

"You must have some sentimental attachment for your late loved one, unless, of course, you are holding a grudge against her on account of . . . ah . . . the divorce."

John did not know whether or not he held a grudge against Jewell never having given it any thought, but he was beginning to develop one toward Beasley; consequently, he got in his Volkswagen, drove back to the store, punched back in - noting the times? what he could make it up later on and not lose any pay, pined on his "John-Manager" tag, and went back to work.

After work, John parked his car under the elm tree in front of the moss green frame house he shared with his parents. To the sides and rear of the house were thirty-six mobile homes, mounted on permanent foundations, each with a colorful aluminum awning on which John had received a ten percent commission from the salesman who had told them the awning would multiply their trailers.

John's mother was lifting supper as she and his father sat down to eat a meal of corn scraped from the cob (the old man would not wear his dentures), fried potatoes, and garden salad with bacon bits and hot vinegar dressing. No one spoke until the old man had wiped the last of the potato grease from his plate with the heel of his white bread.

"Was there many folks at the funeral, John?" asked the old woman, hoping for explicit details as to which women so bed the loudest, which had to be revived with ammonia, and whose side of the family grieved the hardest.

"Poor to middling turnout, Ma."

"How did Jewell look? Did she look peaceful or did she have that tormented look so many bad women get at the end?"

"Don't know, Ma. The casket was closed." John sauced his coffee, wishing he had insisted on the old woman going with him to the funeral so that he would not have to answer any more questions.

Because this had been the first funeral the old woman had ever deliberately missed, and regretting the decision sorely, she could not drop the subject. "I think it was mighty big of you to pay for the funeral like that, after the way she done you. Why, that tramp bed her head off, telling us she was a chamber maid down at that hotel."

The old man, who was only staying alive to have one last winning argument with his wife, snapped, "Lottie, you knew what she was when she came here, but after you seen how much work she could do for you, you just plain overlooked her faults."

The old woman got up and started scraping plates. "That hussy just used John, just stayed with him during the week, then scooted off to that den of iniquity every weekend to . . . clean her rooms. John was a mite slow catching on, but he done the right thing divorcing her."

Hoping to have a really satisfying quarrel, which, if he were lucky would result in the old woman not speaking to him for a month, the old man fertilized the discussion with a little verbal Vigaro, "Your memory must be failing, Lottie. She divorced him. He was a fool to let her go. Why, he had the best marriage a man could ask for - a woman who was not around enough to get on his nerves with her jawling, and a ripe tomato, well trained to soothe a man if he did get edgy."

"It's a wonder she didn't give him the bad disease," the old woman said with a pout as if she were losing the battle.

John felt as if he were an old beagle hound about which they could say anything without hurting his feelings. He went out the back door as the old man said, "I bet he got more pleasure from her in the five years he had her than I ever got from you if fifty."

John picked up a plastic mesh bag from under the porch and searched along the wire fence across the gravel road for stray golf balls from the public course as he did every evening. When he had gathered up a bagfull, he sat down on the front porch to sort them into piles of just-like-new and good-enough-for practice which he would sell to the Procter and Gamble salesman who called at the store. John was also attempting to sort out his feelings regarding Jewell. An because he was not given to deep thinking, the only way he knew to figure out if he had been smart or foolish was to try and remember why he had married Jewell in the first place.

He could not recall the first time he had seen her; although he had been one of her regular customers for a long time. He did remember the night he proposed. All triggered out in a ballerina length red-net-over-taffeta prom dress, Jewell had sat down at a table with John, his cousin Roy, and Caleb Swan who worked for the health department. Roy had asked her where she had gotten the pretty dress and she had told him that she had gotten it at a rummage sale for seventy-five

cents. That is when John decided to marry her. Getting up from the table, he motioned the other two men to follow him out of Jewell's earshot.

John had said, "Don't either of you think about touching Jewell again, because I'm going to marry her."

"Man you're crazy. Your Ma will kill you when she finds out where Jewell's been working. How come you want to marry her anyhow?"

"I'm tired of taking out different girls, spending three or four dollars on them, and then they won't even let you kiss them goodnight. They say, "Oh, don't. I been eating onions," or "Don't kiss me. I'm taking a col? and you might catch it." Now, I think I really love old Jewell and I'm tired of paying her seven-fifty every time."

John still could not understand why Roy and Caleb had laughed so hard, but even as a kid he had never been able to get the jokes on the bubble gum wrappers that the others thought were so funny. So he did not try to figure out the humor. Instead, he hurried back over to Jewell, and with no preamble, asked her to be his wife. Jewell, who was more than a little drunk, said, "Okay."

That same night they had driven to Russell, Kentucky and had gotten married. Jewell stayed with him at the house for two weeks and then returned to work. After five days, John went back down to fetch her home. Their life developed a pattern where Jewell stayed down at the Biltmore from Friday night to Monday morning when John would arrive, complaining that it took over seventy-eight cents worth of gas to pick her up in the car and asking how much she had earned that week.

Caleb Swan pulled up in front of John's house along with Roy and the two women who had been at the funeral. John went out to the car and stuck his head in the window on the driver's side.

"What are you all doing out this way?"

"These two gals said that they wanted to see where old Jewell was buried and we came by to see if you'd show where they laid her."

The mourners, who had been drinking all afternoon, sometimes forgot the sadness of the pilgrimage to the Chapel Hill Church at Greenbottom and would burst into laughter as the bottle was passed among them in the car. Because John's ulcer had been hurting all day, and because he had not had to pay for the liquor, he took a swig from time to time. By the time they pulled up to the grave, the sentimental visit had taken on all the aspects of a wake.

One of the women, Lucille, dressed in a fishnet see-thru blouse with her ample upper half encased in a long line bra stood by the grave and bawled, and said that they should all pitch in and buy old Jewell a fancy marker because she had been such a fine woman - always offering to take on any of the old or unpleasant customers that the other girls hated.

Mary Ruth said that Morton Beasley was one of her best

customers and she felt sure she could get one wholesale, which made John feel happier than he had all day. By this time he had decided that his father had been right - John was the luckiest man alive with Jewell for a wife. He was on the borderline of offering to pay his share in the purchase of a marker when the conversation shifted.

Lucille said, "We all thought Jewell had some money stashed away in her room because she had so many good customers. But we looked and couldn't find a dime."

Roy said, "She couldn't have had no money, charging only three dollars. She really wasn't much of a business woman."

Caleb Swan laughed, "Hell, I was getting it for nothing. All I had to do was get her a free penicillin shot down to the Health Department once in a while."

The next afternoon John was arrested on a charge of assault and battery issued by the Justice of the Peace on behalf of the Proctor and Gamble salesman, who still could not understand why John had gotten so mad when he told him he did not want to buy any more golf balls from him because he had found a place where he could get new ones wholesale.



ΕΙ ΛΙΤΙΟΛ ΧΕΙΡΑΣ; •ΕΙΧΟΝ, ΛΙΤΙΟΛΣ; ΟΜΟCΑΣ;

ΚΑΙ ἄν θεῶν ἰδέας ἔγραφον.

--- Ξενοφάνης

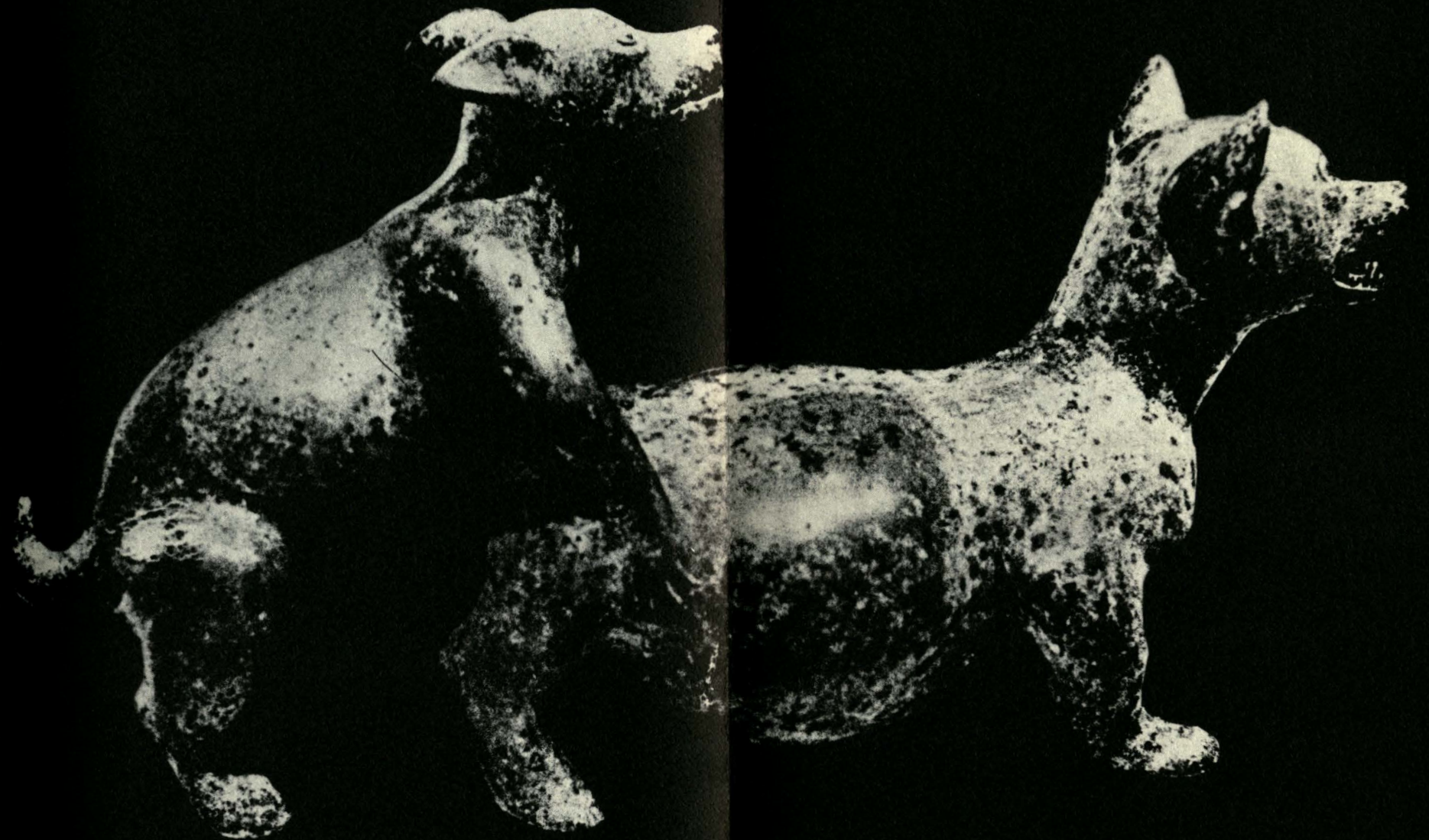
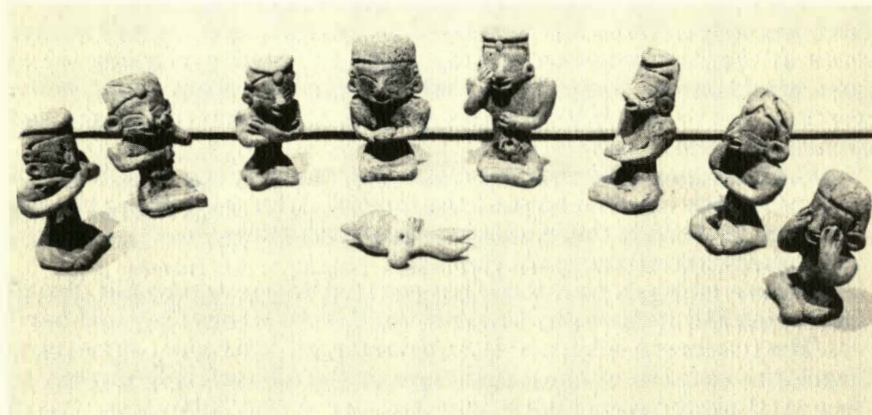
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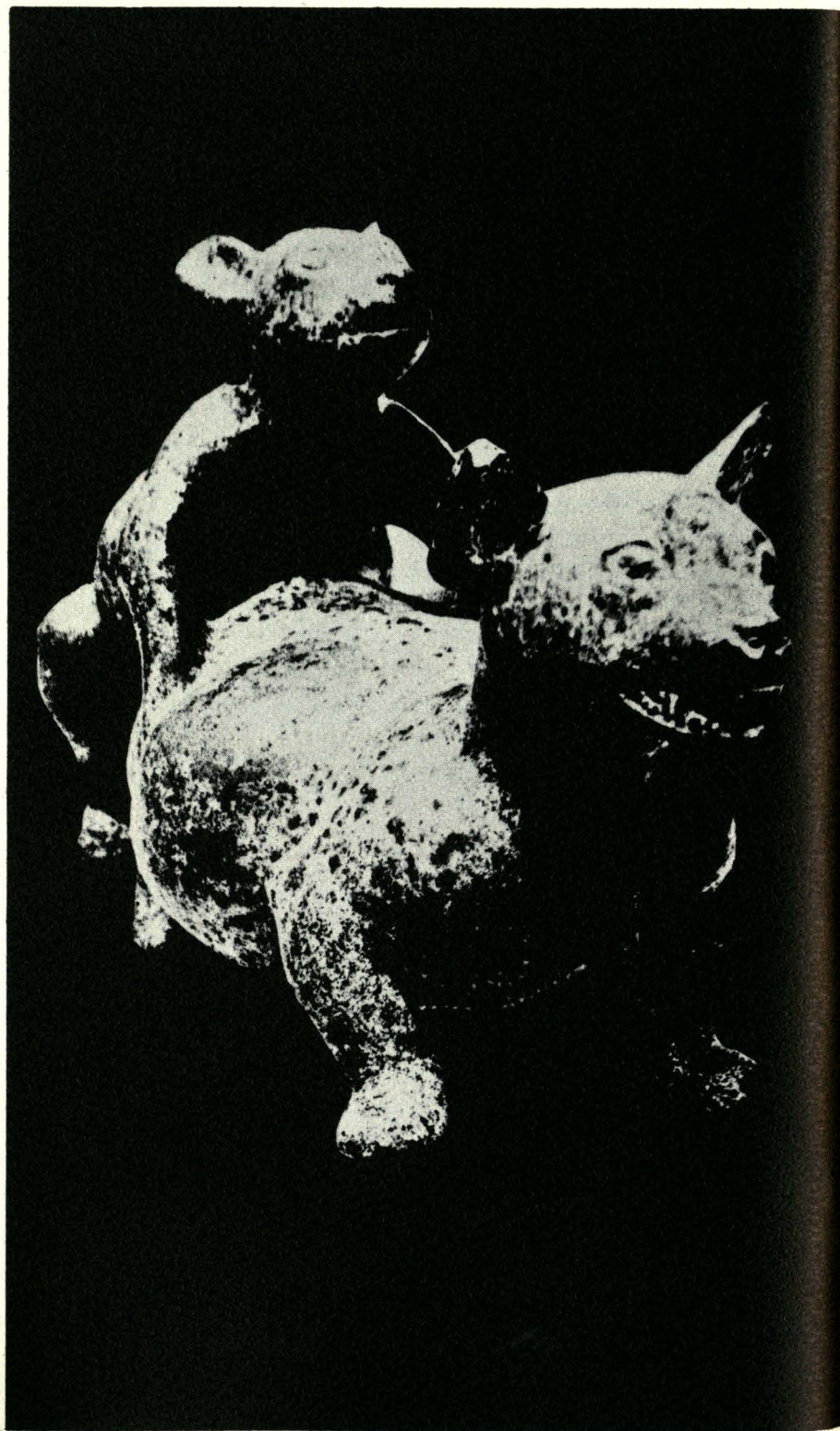
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*Phil Bartram*

### **FIRST PRIZE**

DATE

I walk in a mausoleum  
of trees. Insects run  
cold bare feet over my

white figurine bones.  
My tracks are words,  
words nobody will hear.

I have discovered cold-  
ness. It is a card index  
of another life sweeping

like a winter's wind down  
from the high country,  
charging on invisible

legs, coming like so  
much madness, coming to  
smother the candle I

carry on my tongue,  
sealing me inside this  
corridor of trees,

bedding me in a field  
of stars, beneath red and  
white rainbows.

POEM

I wish there was  
something that I  
could say anything

to make things different  
between us. Perhaps  
I did suck the air

from your lungs, or  
rage like a mad-  
man. But it's your

fault. You were always  
there carrying some  
mystical potion in

your eyes and in the  
lines of your smile,  
forever there like a

mirage. And perhaps  
I don't know you, I  
was just chasing a

first impression that's  
frozen in my mind like  
a dry leaf in lake ice

Now I regret thd you  
refused to understand me,  
and always regretting that

I will forever remain  
bitter on your teeth  
and tongue.

VISIONS

She will come tonight,  
come as I lie in bed,  
sometime in the early

morning, but I will be  
awake. She will come  
silently through slits

of darkness. She will  
dance upon my chest, not  
like a Japanese masseuse

but like a dancehall girl  
in spurs. The spurs  
are polaroids of

our past. They are pasted  
on the inside of my eye-  
lids. They bleed my mind

through the pores of my  
eyes. And I remember a  
November day. We sat

as sieves before the  
cold. Her hair was a  
veil across the pond of

her face. And the sun  
was born in her heart.  
Her eyes pumped light

through the walls of my  
skin. I was a shiny new  
penny. But now I will

be Manfred and she Astarte.  
My mind will beat my eyes,  
and she will come on seas

of wind, mist and gown  
blowing. I will repent  
but in vain.



DREAMING

6:55 am Chicago ladled with rain turning  
from drowsiness turning from a dream  
turning into the flat Indiana countryside  
below me fading  
the coldness of an early morning cobble-  
street deeper in the bones much  
deeper than the winds off Lake Michigan  
that at times rumble the giant maze like  
an invading army or a March funeral  
and those streets smell of me as I smell  
of them forever like a scar on the  
upper brow to be worn on the eyes of  
others burdeningly and I turning  
again looking homeward toward the unadulterated  
city somewhere within a fragile crystal  
skull on display like a velvet coin  
in a smooth white palm or perhaps a  
clown or maybe it's the city that is  
fragile and we are rolling rolling  
to the desired azimuth and there is a  
different odour distinctive like that  
that results from blood and burning brimstone  
and saltpeter and odour that clings to the

DREAMING (CONTINUED)

skin to the seats to the walls of the  
airliner cabin like day old fish in china-  
town and thoughts of going down  
engines coughing dying  
leaving just a vague trace of departure  
a small black cloud soon to be lost  
in miles of other clouds and I am  
falling hanging behind in those clouds  
my heart falling down a sheer wind  
mountain like a glacier collecting bits  
of frozen water uncontrollably there  
is no handhold no crack in the rocks  
that fingernails can scratch just an  
appointment with a self-dug grave becoming  
the victim not of an external death  
but an internal one but I won't  
go down can't not yet somehow  
if I must I will grow wings a giant set  
of brilliant rainbow wings that will give  
lift to my flesh for  
somehow always I will be looking homeward

### THE RIDE

Night has crushed the  
earth. I am held by  
vinyl upholstered hands.

The radio is my consciousness.  
It is interstate sixty-  
four. It is so many

feet of broken strips  
as one in my eyes.  
It is Gurney, Petty,

on the bank turn. It  
is a moment in my  
hand. There is no

conception, no destination,  
no Pythagorean theorem.

### DRUNK

People ask  
are you ill  
your mind is  
light  
your thoughts  
diaphragming  
as a spruce  
wine sapped drunk  
I answer no  
my body is  
flushed  
because  
my chest contains  
Two hearts  
she has loaned  
me hers



POEM

Beacon New York flared orange and  
Collapsed as the sun crept into the  
Sha-Wan-Gunk Mountains

I came up here from Ossining  
After three of two to five  
With a message for Brew Mulqueen's  
Wife

There across the Hudson a ferry  
Captain rams and sinks Newburgh  
It's welfare citizens spew out  
To wash ashore at Monachie New Jersey

Shoulders hunched against the breeze  
Along the Taconic State  
Frail fabrics fire-flies  
Winlr good-bye

POEM

She sat on a bar-stool  
In what town  
I don't remember

She had lived in  
Kingston  
South of Albany too

Talking of the  
Bowery Dugout  
She remembered how thick  
The steaks were

Heading East toward Wooster  
Everyone was high  
Crashed through a guard rail  
No one seemed to notice

One girl kept repeating  
Like summer's oscine rain summoner  
Let's fly let's fly

SPIEL

R-wright this way foulks

Cum see Jo Jo

Thu Dawg gaced bo-ay

Never be-fer gazed on

By-e hu-man ay-es

Born in Madagas-gire with

Neither blud new guts

Ner bran-es

Three-uh days after his-uh berth

He refus-dah his-uh mother's milk and-uh

Fe-dah in-stid up-on

Ce-gar butts and-uh poker chips

He ne-ther walks ner talks

But ca-rawls and-uh shrieks

With a howl-ling groan

Howl-el fer em Jo Jo

*JeffSmith*

MOON ROSE'S

Body snatching  
in the eerie light.

The moon flooded the land  
washing the inhabitants with lunacy  
and we kept on drinking,  
sitting on top of the mountain.  
Did anyone ever think at all  
in those crimson days of Rose's?

Rubber wheeled gravel crunch  
and the gunning of engines  
always meant something new  
for each and every young man driver.  
the drive he displays is racing away.

His new baby doll, type 69-73  
pretends to be afraid and she holds on:  
Faster he goes tighter she holds  
seat belts on the floor, it's a wreck,  
she's a wreck  
as his face contorts.  
Both their faces scream lightly  
when they feel their own precious liquids  
mix.  
warm. Moon Rose's

Body snatching  
in the eerie light.

One day Eddie Johnson smoked a lot of cigarettes in his room whilst he was typing some poems. You see, he was an unheard of poet and he was trying to send his poem to magazines to get them published for money and for fame. Ed was 34 years old and lived with his parents who didn't like for him to smoke much less all day in his room. When Ed got tired he thought he'd have a cigarette to relax with but first he thought he would clear the air so the old people wouldn't get on him. He went downstairs to the pantry and found, among the cereal, beans, brooms, flashlights, and other goodies that were stored in there, some room deodorizer.

After eating a biscuit and drinking a glass of milk, which he liked to do before smoking his relaxer, he turned to his room to lie down and smoke. The room reeked with the different tobaccos he'd consumed that day and was kinda bad he thought as he began spraying the deodorizer in heavy mist layers all around the room. "That should do it," he said, as he recapped the spray. Eddie lit up his cigarette which ignited the heavy mist layers that were still lettling all over the room and caused Eddie's cigarette to fly from his mouth and onto a small tag that was attached to his pillow which read "do not remove under penalty of law."

## WHEN YOU COME TO SEE ME

When you come to see me  
I spend hours preparing (in preparation)

My skin jumps in anticipation  
I try to calm myself in the shower  
By washing away flakes of fear  
And rubbing myself to another layer

When you come to see me  
I don't know who I am

The clothes I wear  
Disguise me as a circus promoter  
Speaking in vulva soft tones  
Inviting me inside.

When you come to see me  
It's like a masquerade  
You don't know who you'll see  
Trying to fill you in

## BABY STAR

Babys think we are commercials  
They're always waitin for the real thing

you see we're all on TV  
I'm watching you watch me cos

I'm on the inside  
Looking through the other side  
Seeing myself moving  
Through the wilderness of days

Yes, I am well  
But you've got to take my back off  
To see my front

It's a hit, a lovely season  
All the shows are running great  
New hair, new shoes, and new blues  
But babys still think we are commercials

## LETTER TO PSYCHE

The yellow fingers extend  
Past their nails.  
Nicotine and Cheetos  
Have stained them all morning.

Inside the room I lie  
On the bed. Magazines cover my body  
And notebooks filled with  
True to life fantasys  
Lay scattered about the floor  
In the dust and tape recordings.

I am outside my body now,  
Hovering, watching myself write  
New inventions in which to live.

The recordings are the soundtrack  
For an invisible life span  
That is read in the wonderings of my body.

It is here in this shape  
That I occupy earth.  
I arise in this morning,  
Not fitting but trying to adjust  
The life span I'm in.

VILLON GIVES A POETRY LECTURE  
TO THE UDC IN ATLANTA

Ladies,  
piss and bootblacks  
are the only  
fit subjects  
for poetry.



(note) Mr. Grebb is reported to have conceived the idea for the above sketch at the same instant he completed the poem. The two are of course, (as any sensitive art lover can plainly see) complementary. Or, as Grebb himself so aptly put it: "Make me a King."

DELTA BAR

1  
The old man huddles against the brick  
of the Delta Bar on ninth street,  
trying to keep out of the wind.  
Through watery, wind-strung eyes,  
he searches the streets for  
a man in a jacket or in a tie,  
to tell him he hasn't eaten all day.  
It's warm and dark in the delta bar.

2  
Sweet Jane stands on the corner,  
knee boots, mini skirt against the pole.  
When it gets dark she moves inside  
the Delta Bar to hustle drunks  
and pick their pockets while they  
run their hands down her leg  
and tell her they love her.

3  
Every morning, even in winter,  
he stands on the corner beside the college  
and watches, with a faraway look in his eyes,  
the school girls crossing the street.  
Every morning he sits in a corner  
beside the door in the Delta Bar  
and polishes glasses  
for a drink an hour  
and stares at Jane, sweet Jane,  
the girl of the bar.

4  
Charlie Carlton spends all his evenings  
on the far end stool at the Delta Bar  
He tells me about his job on the river,  
and laughing, about Jane, and how she is.  
Every Saturday he goes to see her  
He'd like to do it nightly.  
His wife thinks he makes seventy a week.  
Jane knows he makes ninety.

DESOLATION I

The road ended above the river,  
where the bridge stood for years.  
The other bank was choked with weeds,  
obscured in the hazy air.  
I threw my last glasses and heard them break  
on the hidden highway on the deer,  
and walked back, blinded,  
through the ashes and dust.

*Rhonda McIntyn*

A SONG TO YOU, AND YOU, AND YOU

All night long  
Records sang at ten amps  
Relieving stuffed tigers.

At dawn the tea kettle  
Was letting off steam  
Whistling "Bad Morning."

By noon a wooden chair  
Had decided to collect dust  
And grabbed every particle it could.

At night the library  
Read to them all  
"Man's search for meaning . . ."

CONDENSED AGAIN

In the psychiatric ward a doctor  
Warned me my lover might evaporate  
Into blankness again.

In the elevator  
A man gave me wierd looks  
When I pressed 8th floor.  
Will he push the emergency button?  
He stands beside me  
Frozen in the corner.

Yearning for retired football players  
To fetch a band-aid or a tube of Ben Gay  
To line his open purse.

I turn around  
As we reach the second floor.  
He hurries off.

PLAYING AT THE Y.M.C.A.

Playing basketball one night I found a dear  
Staring from the edge of a table in the YMCA.  
It is usually best to ignore stares into failure.  
The town is small; to acknowledge her might cause a scandal.

At the final whistle I drug myself over to the water fountain  
And stood by a woman, an observer, a consistent competitor.  
She had relaxed already, almost warm.  
I smiled her on. She was confident in spirit.

My eyes touching her experience brought me the reason  
Her life was set. Her arms rested on her lap, waiting,  
Loving, open never to be filled.  
Beside the water fountain I hesitate.

The coach ahead of me reading statistics.  
In the gym everyone was shooting baskets.  
I stood in the shadow of her warm body pleading gentleness.  
I could see everyone in town watching.

I thought hard for us all        my only swerving.  
Then asked my coach for a ride home.

*Steve Dye*

12-4-73

IMPUISSANT

S y, don't let it both r ya, I know there will be plenty of dip for  
our chips. Money is no object. The weather, it's fine but I don't think  
they have chocolate ripple. I want you to know I got up this morning  
at 6 and by 7 there is 42. But I can't. Don't you understand? Jesus, you  
are so so.

I got your critique of my Gaudier-Brzeska impressions and don't  
they have any King Size? Larry Slime says that the reason the Lakers  
aren't winning is tape. Grocery stores are open all night in L. A. and  
with a coupon you can save a life. Listen, don't let it bother you. I  
hated the Kennedys too.

About your teeth, they hug the shoulders incessantly and there's  
no tape player. My dirty clothes cost me a bundle, but my income tax  
is almost here. Hell, no. I can give you 3 reasons.

Me, I'm fine; but this tumor irks me no end. I think I know where  
you can get a good deal on a dozen lead pencils. My brother works for  
peanuts and he's dead, anyway.

Call me when you arrive late for work. I'll call the dock.

saxophone,



12-41-73

Jim:

In spite of what you may think, it was good to hear from you again. I really hadn't realized that it had been so long. You write well and your breath, it appears to be sound. I still can't bring myself to call you tomorrow, even if your maiden name was Kennedy. No, my horn is not polished - it springs from the Chinese who had a word for it. Tang. As far as my studies go, I lost them in Tulsa.

The family is well. My youngest has a problem with her vagina. My son is dead ... rotten. I hate the boss and the table is off balance. I really don't know about Doritos. I do have a passion for celery and sex is off the hook. The wife and I were in bed last night until the operator cut us off. It's warm, but I think a parking space will be difficult to find.

Did you catch Hitler on the Cavett show today? Wistful, but I don't give a damn about the White Sox. My shoe strings got caught in my hot comb but we still have one Pepsi left. Say hello to that cybernetic wash tub you've been harping about. She did?

Well, say, I've got to bleed, so stick some glass in your soup, turn on the anti-freeze and pray. Thanks, I needed that.

South Philly,

"Παντων χρημάτων μέτρον ἐστὶν  
ἄνθρωπος, τῶν μὲν ὄντων ὡς ἔστιν,  
τῶν δὲ οὐκ ὄντων ὡς οὐκ ἔστιν."

--- Πρωταγόρας