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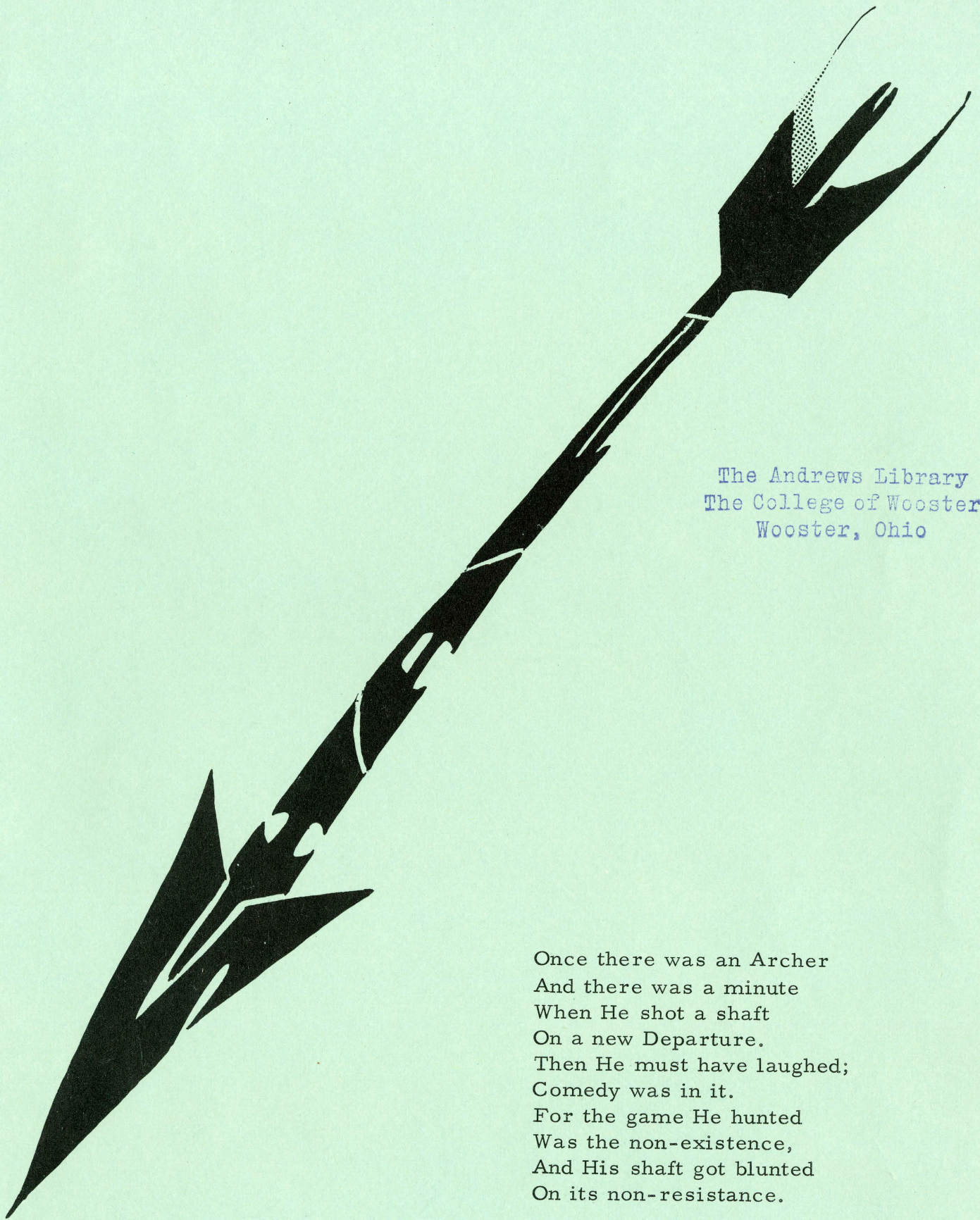
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Shaft



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Once there was an Archer
And there was a minute
When He shot a shaft
On a new Departure.
Then He must have laughed;
Comedy was in it.
For the game He hunted
Was the non-existence,
And His shaft got blunted
On its non-resistance.

Frost



SHAFT

Vol. I No. I

November 1965

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and The Wolfer

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I seem to have picked up this pencil purposefully. Symbolically? The urge to write something and not knowing what it is that is bubbling in the imagination. Like planning a house without having a family. Words don't flow; they fight against me, being definite labels to an unidentified semi-compulsion. I stumble words out but they're wrong, inadequate, unfeeling.

One wonders if what he says is worth hearing. Yet some thing wants to be said. Or perhaps the very act of saying some thing is enough. Even such wandering thoughts as these; by their writtenness, they satisfy the desire--even without the goal being known. For what am I trying to say? What prompted me to start this writing? I can know that a subtle, unseen emotion that hides in ponderously empty thoughts is involved. But I cannot know the emotion itself. And so I write this to be read another day--in hopes that I have photographed the corner of some thing.

David Arndt

Don Wallace

Diane M. W.

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David Arndt

A Revolution and FREEDOM NOW

FREEDOM NOW. Yes, come to think of it, let's have freedom now. Kinds has a nice ring to it. You know, sort of like Madison Avenue made it up. But FREEDOM NOW on thousands of placards, give the placards to campus beatniks, and we've got a movement. Oh, excuse me; we've got THE Movement.

Let's see now. Where shall we go now that THE Movement has a motto. If THE Movement is to follow the pattern set forth by other notable but less important revolutions (e.g. the American), we must have some symbolic leaders to make the Black Man feel this is not a thing the whites in D. C. made up. Let's choose a minister; after all, the Nigger has shown himself to be religious (he sang spirituals a hundred years ago, didn't he?)

Well, we'll have to start shopping around for a minister with some charismatic charm. What would really be nice is for this guy to have a catchy name, kinds like Father Divine or Martin Luther. Hey! Martin Luther. That is catchy. What could be more appealing to American Blacks than that little bit of respectability.

Well, so far so good. We've got a motto and a leader. Now things get rough. We must surround our leader with stooges who will support him but never agree OPENLY with him in public (except to praise motherhood and curse "that other race.") After all, we must show that THE Movement welcomes diversity. One of these stooges should be fat (easy to remember), and there should be a knife-wielder among them too. Let's see, why not give the rowdy one a group with a cute nickname. What's that? Snick? Sounds alright, but let's tone it down a bit. How about SNOC?

Now THE Movement seems ready to roll. Roll South, that is. Yes, yes, we know all about this business of how the Blacks in Northern cities are having a rough time and all, but hell, let's face it--you can't sustain any movement, not even THE Movement, unless you offer your crowd a chance to travel and see the world. It's no fun to agitate near home. Mama and papa might try to offer some parental advice, and the NEW MORALITY doesn't go for that. So it's Dixie for us, AND THOSE BACKWARD SOUTHERNERS HAD BETTER BE RECEPTIVE TO OUR NON-VIOLENT SIT-INS, PRAY-INS, WADE-INS AND OUT-INS OR ELSE WE MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO RESTRAIN THE BLACK BOYS ANY MORE. Yes sir, those Niggers are hopping mad, and (despite their religious nature--remember the spirituals) we think from up here that they're about to explode.

Since this is THE Movement, an awful lot of things must be changed and twisted before THE TRUTH reaches those stupid, drawing Dixie BIGOTS. Let's start with the U. S. Constitution, okay? So what if it says everyone's entitled to freedom of property? HELL, we want our FREEDOM NOW. So what if those Dixie pigmunks spend their hard-earned cash building their own businesses. We know better than they what counts. Either those Southern-fired fools open their doors to everyone or we'll slam those doors shut; and we'll use sensitive, understanding Federal Marshalls to look the doors. If they still don't shape up, we might even all out the troops. Yes, LOVE WILL OVERCOME. We'll call out the troops for FREEDOM NOW.

Once we get things rolling, we'll have time to look up North and see how the Nigger has done with his freedom there. What we'll have to do first, though, is devise clever reasons for that fantastic Black crime-rate in the cities. Then we must teach employers to LOVE, to put the minority man in a post before a White. Tough crap if the White guy can do the job better. To hell with him. There must be FREEDOM NOW.

I'd say THE Movement is about ready to go. First we'll have to consult the Black leaders--you know, guys like Adam Clayton Powell. Maybe they can give us some more ideas. Because, after all, they're also very much for FREEDOM NOW. It's THE thing to be, isn't it?

like a hillbilly
doesn't he"
titters a girl from Wellesley
who never left Boston
till it was too late
and has
God knows
never seen a hillbilly
and they tell us the AR-15
can kill a man
at 500 yards
if it grazes his arm
hydro-static something
tears him apart and
"gee" sees the girl with
well-designed amazement
occupied waiting
for someone to light
her cigarette for her
she hasn't been listening
and three G.I.'s
in Viet Nam
are dead today
at home
and no one else knows there's
even a war
except over there
where they know
damn well
and "oh that's too bad"
purrs the big-eyed girl
I thought for a minute
she might even cry
but then she recovered
and said
"that's close to China
isn't it
and golly
aren't there a lot of
people in China"
she paused
"I wanted to work
with some kids from the school
in a tenement house
for the summer" she said
"but then Daddy decided
we should all go to Bermuda
for a month or two
and get out of the city
with all this trouble

on the silly race thing
with delight
"it'll be so cool
cause we'll have a boat
and I can drink
all the Gin Fizzes
I want"
she put out her cigarette
partly burned
(She'd taken two puffs)
and reached for another
leaning forward on
her elbows
with a practiced gaze
designed to mean
"light me, big boy"
but I just stared
at the three inches
of butt
She'd left in the ashtray
wishing she'd leave
cause I was out
and broke
and wanting a smoke
and she had three packs
in her hand-woven
handbag
but I would be damned
before I asked
and besides
she smoked
a lousy brand
but still that butt
looked awful good
but a madras-olad arm
with cane cuff-links
stretched in front of my face
bearing a gold
fraternity-embossed
Ronsen vera-flame
and a princeton-clipped head
said
"you're slow old boy"
and he asked her to dance
and when they got back
I was contentedly puffing
a cigarette butt
with the filter
torn
off.

Frank Lanier

H. Harvey Tilden

I'd say THE Movement is about ready to go. First we'll have to consult the Black leaders--you know, guys like Adam Clayton Powell. Maybe they can give us some more ideas. Because, after all, they're also very much for FREEDOM NOW. It's THE thing to be, isn't it?

Frank Ianier

"The times they are a-changin"
 sings Bob Dylan
 nasal-voiced
 guitar twangin
 "he does sound
 like a hillbilly
 doesn't he"
 titters a girl from Wellesley
 who never left Boston
 till it was too late
 and has
 God knows
 never seen a hillbilly
 and they tell me the AR-15
 can kill a man
 at 500 yards
 if it grazes his arm
 hydro-static something
 tears him apart and
 "gee" coos the girl with
 well-feigned amazement
 occupied waiting
 for someone to light
 her cigarette for her
 she hasn't been listening
 and three G.I.'s
 in Viet Nam
 are dead today
 at home
 and no one else knows there's
 even a war
 except over there
 where they know
 damn well
 and "oh that's too bad"
 purrs the big-eyed girl
 I thought for a minute
 she might even cry
 but then she recovered
 and said
 "that's close to China
 isn't it
 and golly
 aren't there a lot of
 people in China"
 she paused
 "I wanted to work
 with some kids from the school
 in a tenement house
 for the summer" she said
 "but then Daddy decided
 we should all go to Bermuda
 for a month or two
 and get out of the city
 with all this trouble

on the silly race thing
 going on"
 and "ooh"
 she almost squealed
 with delight
 "it'll be so cool
 cause we'll have a boat
 and I can drink
 all the Gin Fizzes
 I want"
 she put out her cigarette
 partly burned
 (She'd taken two puffs)
 and reached for another
 leaning forward on
 her elbows
 with a practiced gaze
 designed to mean
 "light me, big boy"
 but I just stared
 at the three inches
 of butt
 She'd left in the ashtray
 wishing she'd leave
 cause I was out
 and broke
 and wanting a smoke
 and she had three packs
 in her hand-woven
 handbag
 but I would be damned
 before I asked
 and besides
 she smoked
 a lousy brand
 but still that butt
 looked awful good
 but a madras-clad arm
 with cameo cuff-links
 stretched in front of my face
 bearing a gold
 fraternity-emblemed
 Ronson vara-flame
 and a princeton-clipped head
 said
 "you're slow old boy"
 and he asked her to dance
 and when they got back
 I was contentedly puffing
 a cigarette butt
 with the filter
 torn
 off.

H. Harvey Tilden

on the silly race thing
"gating" and
"and" and
she almost appealed
with delight
"I'll be so cool"
because well have a boat
and I can drink
all the gin fizz
I want
she put out her cigarette
happily burned
(She'd taken two pills)
and reached for another
leaning forward on
her elbows
with a pained gasp
designed to mean
"light me, big boy"
but I just stared
at the three inches
of butt
She'd left in the subway
wishing she'd leave
because I was out
and broke
and wanting a smoke
and she had three packs
in her hand-woven
handbag
but I would be damned
before I asked
and besides
she smoked
a lousy brand
but still that butt
looked awful good
but a man-of-war
with some off-thinks
stretched in front of my face
bearing a gold
diamond-embossed
Hamon vase-thing
and a Princeton-clipped head
said
"You're slow old boy"
and he asked her to dance
and when they got back
I was contentedly puffing
a cigarette butt
with the filter
torn
off.

H. Harvey Tilden

"The times they are a-changing"
sings Bob Dylan
neat-voiced
guitar twangin
"he does sound
like a hillbilly
doesn't he"
titters a girl from Wall Street
who never left Boston
till it was too late
and has
God knows
never seen a hillbilly
and they tell me the A-1's
can kill a man
at 500 yards
if it grazes his arm
hydro-static something
tears him apart and
"gee" coos the girl with
well-feigned amazement
occupied waiting
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her cigarette for her
she hasn't been listening
and three G.I.'s
in Viet Nam
are dead today
at home
and no one else knows there's
even a war
except over there
where they know
damn well
and "oh that's too bad"
purs the big-eyed girl
I thought for a minute
she might even cry
but then she recovered
and said
"that's close to China"
I'm it
and golly
even there a lot of
people in China
she passed
"I wanted to work
with some kids from the school
in a tenement house
for the summer" she said
"but then Daddy decided
we should all go to Bermuda
for a month or two
and get out of the city
with all this trouble"

POEMS

Colored roundness
 with precious air
 flies string
 to
 finger
 without a care.

It's fun
 It's laughs
 It's bed-post tied
 It's there at night
 when dreams are tried.

Mitchell Seltzer

That that smells
 Deep but not,
 One place but every,
 Small but so big
 That it pushes tears and
 Until white our lips with
 Taste the salty trickle of confusion
 And words are letters scattered
 And knowing is letters scattered beyond recognition
 And colors,
 And birds,
 And fleecy white clouds,
 And the free smell of four different seasons,
 And all these and just are,
 Until one day we meet in or all or

A little boy
 lips pursed
 crayon held awkwardly
 on leaning elbows,
 sprawls stomach down in carpeted leisure.
 His toes now and again push forward
 enabling colored lines to reach the page top.
 Artist so young
 draws flowers as yet unsung.
 Trees of improbable shape spring to life
 by houses with only one side.
 Colors are all that matter
 and wonder gives birth to many shaded pictures.

Mitchell Seltzer

Mitchell Seltzer

And peace inside calm inside.
And softness,
And smiling faces,
Winter time faces,
And letters known
And become letters,
Whoever you are,
Until one day we meet us or MB or
And all those and just are,
And the free smell of four different seasons,
And fleshy white clouds,
And birds,
And colors,
And knowing its letters scattered beyond recognition
And words are letters scattered
Taste the salty trickle of confusion
Until white our lips with pursuing
That it pushes tears and anguished cries
Small but so big
One place but every,
Deep but not,
What that swells

Mitchell Seltzer

Many years ago
I became what they call "a little angel."
O how fine, how very very fine.

It was a regular sunny day, the cake
was good and the icing was chocolate
which made everything perfect.

You see it was my birthday and one of
the presents was a new name.
The family was there, that's my mother,
father and probably my brother who being
so young is hard to see;
but I still like him.
Anyway for the rest of the day
people came and went. Sitting and talking
they called me by my new name and
grinned the way the candy man does when
he wants a nickel from you.

It was summer. There were many things to do
but I can't remember them all because
one day I got up
and it was the beginning of Fall.
There were more colors than I could count to,
and when the leaves died it looked like
thousands of butterflies playing
in the air.

Well winter came and covered them up
and all the trees looked like
scare-crows do before they're stuffed.
So the farmers brought some hay because
it was spring and the birds complained because
there was a man in the field who kept staring
at them.

Then everything happened again.
I still had my name and saw my brother too;
I guess he grew.
That was a year ago.

I'm "a big boy" now, you see it's my birthday
and I got another name.
They said it was because I'm nine.
O how fine, how very very fine.

Mitchell Seltzer

CM 10/26

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I became what they call "a little angel"
O how fine, how very fine.

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was good and the icing was chocolate
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The family was there, that's my mother,
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people came and went. Sitting and talking
they called me by my new name and
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It was summer. There were many things to do
but I can't remember them all because
one day I got up
and it was the beginning of Fall.
There were more colors than I could count to,
and when the leaves died it looked like
thousands of butterflies playing
in the air.

Well winter came and covered them up
and all the trees looked like
scare-crows do before they're stalked.
So the farmers brought some hay because
it was spring and the birds complained because
there was a man in the field who kept staring
at them.

Then everything happened again.
I still had my name and saw my brother too;
I guess he grew.
That was a year ago.

I'm a big boy" now, you see it's my birthday
and I got another name.
They said it was because I'm nine.
O how fine, how very fine.

Mitchell Seitzer

Gaslight Square
(St. Louis)

An apartment
the square

A go go
unaware

A roof
long hair

(lost hair)
but hair

the hair
of her

the hair
the hair

the hair
the hair

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Donald Wallace

started pond

in sunny stillness

Shadows move

On a crumbling log

A breathing frog

waits

A silent time

Then

Sweeping near

A bird destroys

The calm

Frog springs

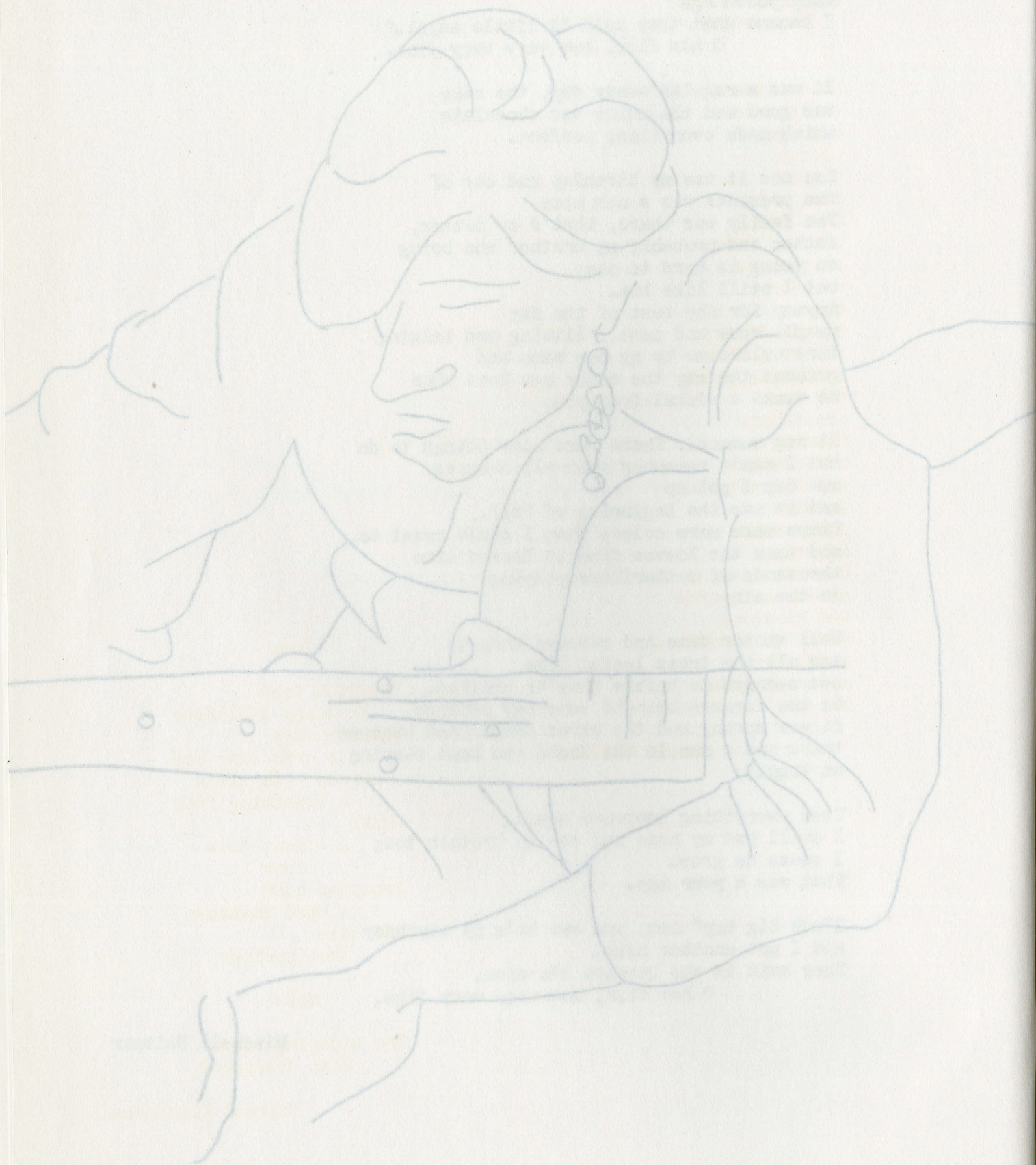
Noise

The widening ring

Soon disappears

Michael Hutchison

AW 10/26



CM 10150

Gaslight Square
(St. Louis)

An apartment
the square
a go go
uncare
a roof
long hair
(not Bach)
but the rare
atmosphere
of beer
aware
as the drunk
in the gutter
obscuring glare
and leer
spectators
tearing
off clothes
and thoughts
in bare
pudgy hands
burying
breasts kissing
scratches beards
and swearing
never to spectate.
A beatnik
must not mean
but be.

Ronald Wallace

frog

Deserted pond
In sunny stillness
Shadows move
On a crumbling log
Green with slime
A breathing frog
Waits
A silent time
Then
Swooping near
A bird destroys
The calm
Frog springs

Noise

The widening rings
Soon disappear

Michael Hutchison

Michael Hutchison

The widening rings
Soon disappear

Noise

Frog springs

The calm

A bird destroys
Swooping near

Then

A silent time

Waits

A breathing frog

Green with slime

On a crumbling log

Shadows move

In sunny stillness

Deserted pond

Frog

Ronald Wallace

but be.
must not mean
A beatnik
never to speculate.
and sweating
scratches beads
presses kissing
burying
pudgy hands
in bare
and thoughts
off clothes
tearing
spectators
and leer
observing glare
in the gutter
as the drunk
aware
of beer
atmosphere
but the rare
(not Bach)
long hair
a roof
uncare
a go go
the square
An apartment

Gaslight Square
(St. Louis)

I saw a god this today. It was the old man from Rasselas. He said he was a god. My father said, "No, my son, he was just a damn good astrologist." Holy Osiris, sometimes I find it hard to tell a man from a god. I wish somebody would tell me how to know for sure.

I used to watch the old man from Rasselas lie on the banks of the Nile in the spring. He would often lie naked on the sand stretching to the horizon that stitched the blueness of the sky to the whiteness of the earth. From time to time he would sit up and read his palm in the sand. One day every spring he would make his predictions.

To The Accompaniment of Whoren and Strumpet

Swinging, sexing down the nightstreet with a practiced indolence,
Slutting into bars and pimping what the drinking he-men want,
She is working (working, mind you); he is just another sale.

Boldly taking every offer, squarely facing facts of life,
Giving up her well-worn body to these strange men every night,
she is working (working, mind you); he is just another sale.

Torrid, torpid wholesale loving inbetween old damp limp sheets,
For five dollars she will give you what your wife must give for free,
She is working (working, mind you); he is just another sale.

David Arndt

We bowed down in reverence to him and then sang a song of praise. Then we went our separate ways and hoped to make peace with Osiris.

The next day the black waters of the Nile surged over the land just at the time he had predicted. The waters were sweet and the land was made fertile. I remember how glad I was that I had Hail to thee, Centaur
symbiotic moon-calf
of a God's castration
clip-clop hoofbeats
on the paths of wisdom.

Today, a year later, the Nile had not predicted it. For three days he stared into the sky, as though in a great vision. For the past three days the people waited him in Rasselas for two hours straight. He never moved a muscle. I thought he was dead. He still breathed. He groaned a little. I thought he was a fool. I laughed to myself. Gods are never sick, you fool. He groaned and ran away as fast as I could. I never thought gods could be so human. What! thee? a man?
truly man from navel upwards?
Ah, good man, wise man,
What are you doing
to our mare?

Today, the Nile overflowed. And now I know the river will flow as it always has. I know this because I saw the naked body of the old man from Rasselas float away over the land and then sink out of sight. I saw it happen from the top of a pyramid. I saw him sink into the black waters of the Nile...

H. Harvey Tilden

Carolyn Hay

To The Accompaniment of Whores and Strumpets

Swinging, sexing down the nightstreet with a practiced indolence,
Slutting into bars and pimping what the drinking men want,
She is working (working, mind you); he is just another sale.

Boldly taking every offer, squarely facing facts of life,
Giving up her well-worn body to these strange men every night,
She is working (working, mind you); he is just another sale.

Torrid, torpid wholesales loving inbetween old dampish sheets,
For five dollars she will give you what your wife must give for free,
She is working (working, mind you); he is just another sale.

David Arndt

Hail to thee, Centaur,
symphonic moon-calf
of a God's castration
clip-clip hoofbeats
on the paths of wisdom.

What! thee? a man?
truly man from navel upwards?
Ah, good man, wise man,
what are you doing
to our world?

H. Harvey Tilden

I saw a god die today. It was the old man from Rasselas. He said he was a god. My father said, "No, my son, he was just a damn good astrologist." Holy Osiris, sometimes I find it hard to tell a man from a god. I wish somebody would tell me how to know for sure.

I used to watch the old man from Rasselas lie on the banks of the Nile in the spring. He would often lie naked on the sand stretching to the horizon that stitched the blueness of the sky to the whiteness of the earth. From time to time he would sit up and read his scrolls of papyrus or make calculations in the sand. One day every spring he would stand in the public square of Rasselas and make his predictions. He was never wrong, for the Nile overflowed exactly when he had said it would. I'll never forget the speech he made last year.

"I am God Himself," he had said, "omnipotent, omniscient, inscrutable. I am the master of your fate. I am the Power that rules the Nile. I am Osiris incarnate. I have come to tell you that there is justice in the world. Tomorrow, at ---, the Nile will rise over its banks and flood the land. Will it flow quietly and settle into the soil and fertilize the crops? Or will it rage furiously over the land and sweep your seedlings from their beds? It is up to you, my friends. Go and repent in the temples. Offer gifts to the Pharaoh. Brush the dirt off the pyramids. If you do these things, perhaps Osiris will be merciful and quench the thirst of your grain. But, I say, only perhaps. You can never be sure of Osiris. God is Uncertainty."

We bowed down in reverence to him and then sang a song of praise. Then we went our separate ways and hoped to make peace with Osiris.

The next day the black waters of the Nile surged over the land just at the time he had predicted. The waters were gentle and the land was made fertile. I remember how glad I was that I had helped to appease Osiris by scraping some bird excrement off an old pyramid.

Today, a year later, the Nile overflowed. But the man from Rasselas had not predicted it. For three days he had lain on the banks of the Nile. He seemed to be staring into the sky, as though in a mystic vision. For the past three days the people awaited him in Rasselas. Today I watched him for two hours straight. He never moved a muscle. I tiptoed up close to him and saw that he still breathed. He groaned a little. I thought that he was sick. Then I laughed to myself. Gods are never sick, you fool. He groaned again. I was scared and ran away as fast as I could. I never thought gods could die.

Today, the Nile overflowed. And now I know the river will continue to ebb and flow as it always has. I know this because I saw the naked body of the emaciated old man from Rasselas float away over the land and then sink out of sight. I saw it happen from the top of a pyramid. I saw him sink into the black waters of the Nile...

Carolyn Hay

I saw a god die today. It was the old man from Rasselas. He said he was a god. My father said, "No, my son, he was just a damn good astrologist." Holy Ostris, sometimes I find it hard to tell a man from a god. I wish somebody would tell me how to know for sure.

I used to watch the old man from Rasselas lie on the banks of the Nile in the spring. He would often lie naked on the sand stretching to the horizon that stretched the blueness of the sky to the whiteness of the earth. From time to time he would sit up and read his scrolls of papyrus or make calculations in the sand. One day every spring he would stand in the public square of Rasselas and make his predictions. He was never wrong, for the Nile overflowed exactly when he had said it would. I'll never forget the speech he made last year.

"I am God Himself," he had said, "omnipotent, omniscient, inscrutable. I am the master of your fate. I am the power that rules the Nile. I am Ostris incarnate. I have come to tell you that there is justice in the world. Tomorrow, at —, the Nile will rise over its banks and flood the land. Will it flow quietly and settle into the soil and fertilize the crops? Or will it rage furiously over the land and sweep your seedlings from their beds? It is up to you, my friends. Go and repent in the temples. Offer gifts to the Pharaoh. Brush the dirt off the pyramids. If you do these things, perhaps Ostris will be merciful and quench the thirst of your grain. But I say, only perhaps. You can never be sure of Ostris. God is Uncertain-ty."

We bowed down in reverence to him and then sang a song of praise. Then we went our separate ways and hoped to make peace with Ostris.

The next day the black waters of the Nile surged over the land just at the time he had predicted. The waters were gentle and the land was made fertile. I remember how glad I was that I had helped to appease Ostris by scraping some bird excrement off an old pyramid.

Today, a year later, the Nile overflowed. But the man from Rasselas had not predicted it. For three days he had lain on the banks of the Nile. He seemed to be staring into the sky, as though in a mystic vision. For the past three days the people awaited him in Rasselas. Today I watched him for two hours straight. He never moved a muscle. I tiptoed up close to him and saw that he still breathed. He groaned a little. I thought that he was sick. Then I laughed to myself. Gods are never sick, you fool. He groaned again. I was scared and ran away as fast as I could. I never thought gods could die.

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Caroline King

In the midst of a graveyard a flower grew
 And there it withered and died
 And the dead men wept
 As they watched it grow
 And wept
 As they watched it die.

Claire Liversidge

Rainbow, my love

Tiny droplets of misted colour
 clinging together, an upside-down smile.
 A hazy colourhung simile for love the
 fireflight orange
 lady-bug green
 purple vermillion
 riding a dragonfly sky.

Floating on rhythm, imagination.
 Drifting together tho' dreamily feeling
 the wind's warning lap when

BREAK!

tumble

couple colour
 buckle splash
 translucency.

Ladybugfireflightdragonfly bluing
 to emptiness.

Ronald Wallace

Ronald Wallace

HAIRU

In autumn, pin oak
 Trees go bald first at the top
 Like spindly old men.

Sightless orone night wind
 Explored my face with her cold
 Fingertips of snow.

Robert Tiewa

In the midst of a graveyard a flower grew
 And there it withered and died
 And the dead men wept
 As they watched it grow
 And wept
 As they watched it die.

Claire Liversidge

Death in the City

Stubble stumbling over black patchwork face
 huddled humbled wrinkle-tracked hands
 outstretched and wretched attack the cold
 ice winding glares and tongue taught brands.

Scattered tattered and beige raging coat
 covered with hovering trickle drawn beer
 tuned and strained through bars, guitars
 calls riddling children to frown and stare.

Shallow hollow stomach stabbing
 shackles laughter in lashbound bars.
 In open outside, "lush", "bum", "tramp"
 names disgracing hungered scars.

The face ferments froth-sweating sour
 swelling passion prods hatred to plash
 black hand downwards forward forging
 riddling children in stars and ash.

Running roundly slumshun grime street.
 Flailing, fleeing pursuit-pressed lane.
 Junk yard razor blade missed the stubble
 missed the stubble but not the vein.

Ronald Wallace

HAIKU

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 Trees go bald first at the top
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Robert Tiews

Eliot Stern

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Robert Tiews

Excerpts from

"THE LIFE SONG OF JOE ALFRED COLLEGE"

Let us go then, you and I,
 When the Elms spread out against the sky
 Like a student drunk upon the barroom floor;
 Let us take our liberal arts in classes
 Full of muttering asses,
 In restless nights of pleasure on the golf course,
 Which, meaning nothing, we forget with no remorse:
 Streets that follow like a carefree afternoon
 Which passes too soon,
 To lead us always away from the overwhelming Question...
 Oh never ever ask "What is it?"
 Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the co-eds come and go
 Talking of God and Michelangelo....

There will be time, sometime, not now.
 And indeed there will be time
 To wonder "Do I dare?" and "Do I dare?"

To see what is real and ugly, and to stop and stare.
 But not right now.
 I do not care
 To disturb the universe.
 In the future there will be time;
 I'm busy now, I've got my role to play, lines to rehearse....

I see now the moment of my Greatness drawing near,
 And I see the eternal Footman hold my coat and whisper in my ear,
 And in short, I'm confident.

No! I'm not the Angry Young Man, nor was meant to be;
 I am an up-and-comer, one that will do
 To swell the happy rank and file, one of the well dressed Crew
 Of upper middle class suburbanites, conforming to the Rule;
 My children will attend some well-known ivy-covered school,
 And I will own a sports car, maybe two,
 For, you see, I am no Fool.

I grow older...I grow older...
 I can feel my feet grow colder.
 Who am I to get involved? My future's bright, my face not black;
 I shall wear white levi's and drink coffee at the Shack.
 I have seen my friends ask Questions and get off the beaten track.

I do not think that I will take the chance...

Eliot Stern

"THE LIFE SONG OF JOE ALFRED COLLEGE"

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Which, meaning nothing, we forget with no remorse;
In restless nights of pleasure on the golf course,
Full of muttering asses,
Let us take our liberal arts in classes
Like a student drunk upon the barroom floor;
When the films spread out against the sky
Let us go then, you and I.

It's Sunday

it's sunday and rainy and dismal outside, the lord's day not mine, i know i must get out of bed and get up to dinner on campus, i get out of bed and my face feels terrible and i'm trying to find my glasses so that i can focus on the stale smoke in the other room.

i labor through washing and combing the house of my soul, it's already late and time to dress, putting on shoes and a semi-clean shirt a tie that clashes with my sport coat and the run up the hill to a meal; just a meal not ham or chicken and potatoes but something to aid body attempts at survival.

at last i notice the day, no sun no laughter, no smile, no talking, no soap; already it's 2 o'clock and just ten hours left in the day and all there is left is to sleep it out.

sunday and i see the rain and feel the cold and smell the dead leaves, all sunday is is cold and piano playing behind closed doors and muddy leaves and dying lilac.

the afternoon expires into a hamburger dinner and indecision of evening, aimless wandering slips into insignificant conversation, cigarette smoke now scratches at my throat.

soon it will all be over and the escape into sleep will justify itself over that one last cigarette before bed; i hold the shirt with the dirty collar in my right hand the wrinkled sport coat already on the floor.

i'm back in my unmade bed to dream upon 37 forks and dead cigarettes, i know the day is gone forever, it never was mine.

J. Arthur Seaman

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WOO AT THE FLICKS

You've heard of Kissing-French Style, Divorce-Italian Style, and Sex-Swedish Style. But you haven't lived until you've tried Necking-Transylvanian Style.

"The Horror of Dracula"

See "Breathless"—and remember, "God is Love."

"Breathless"

If you enjoyed "Dr. Strangelove," you'll think "Mein Kampf" is a gas!

"Mein Kampf"

Diane Kaiser and Anne Welsh

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It's Sunday and rainy and dismal outside, the Lord's day not mine, I know I must get out of bed and get up to dinner on campus, I get out of bed and my face feels terrible and I'm trying to find my glasses so that I can focus on the state smoke in the other room.

I labor through washing and combing the house of my soul, it's already late and time to dress, putting on shoes and a semi-clean shirt a tie that clashes with my sport coat and the run up the hill to a meal, just a meal not ham or chicken and potatoes but something to aid body attempts at survival.

At last I notice the day, no sun no laughter, no smile, no talking, no soap; already it's 2 o'clock and just ten hours left in the day and all there is left is to sleep it out.

Sunday and I see the rain and feel the cold and smell the dead leaves, all Sunday is its cold and piano playing behind closed doors and muddy leaves and dying lilacs.

The afternoon expires into a hamburger dinner and indecision of evening, aimless wandering slips into insignificant conversation, cigarette smoke now scratches at my throat.

Soon it will be over and the escape into sleep will justify itself over that one last cigarette before bed; I hold the shirt with the dirty collar in my right hand and the wrinkled sport coat already on the floor.

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"Breathless"

If you enjoyed "Dr. Strangelove," you'll think "Mein Kampf" is a gas! "Mein Kampf"

Diane Kaiser and Anne Welsh

TRANSACTIONS AT DONGXOAI

Sun makes the sound
of a brass farthing,
when it falls;
moon, the clink of tin;
a child, no sound at all.

Considering he's worth nothing,
we willed a handsome legacy,
the fragment of a bomb,
and loaned his mother reasons
when she found
no sound
at all.

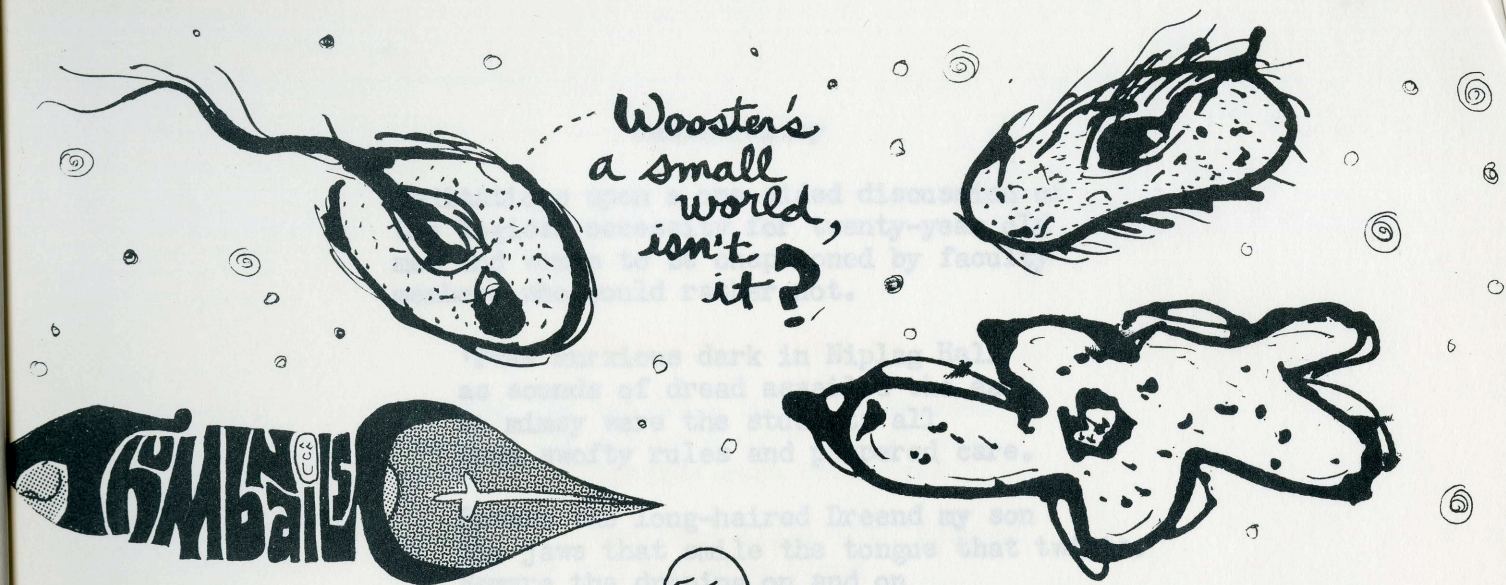
Elizabeth Hearne

TRANSACTIONS AT DONGXIAI

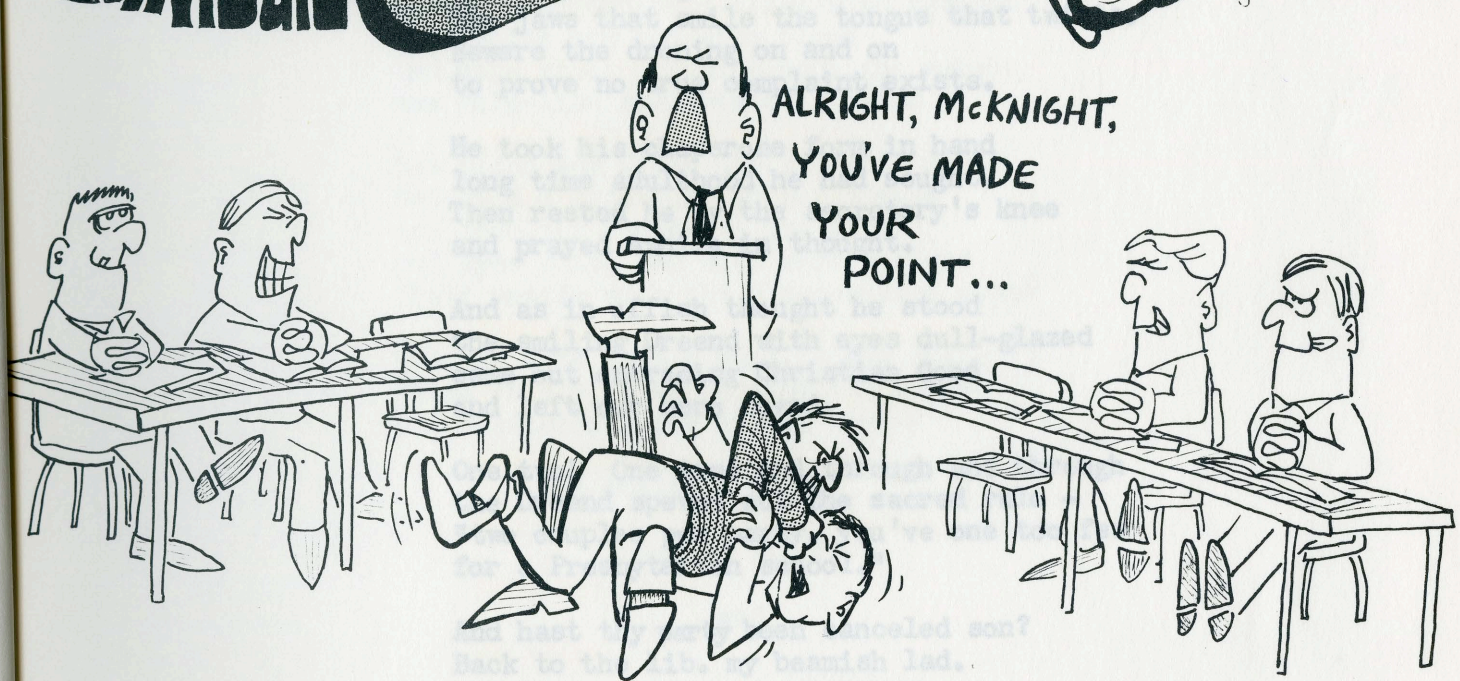
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McMBA

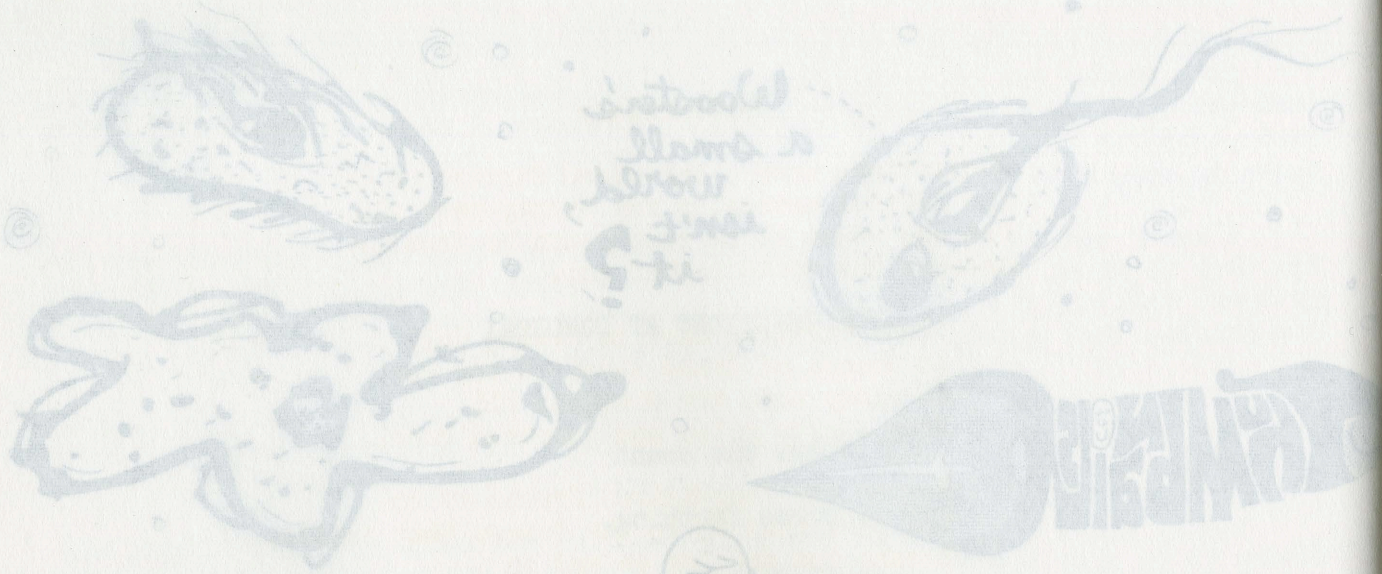


NOW, THIS
MAY
HURT
A
BIT...

LOVING IS THE ONLY
SKILL FOR WHICH
YOU WORK LIKE
THE DEVIL AND
GET PAID
LIKE A
MINISTER

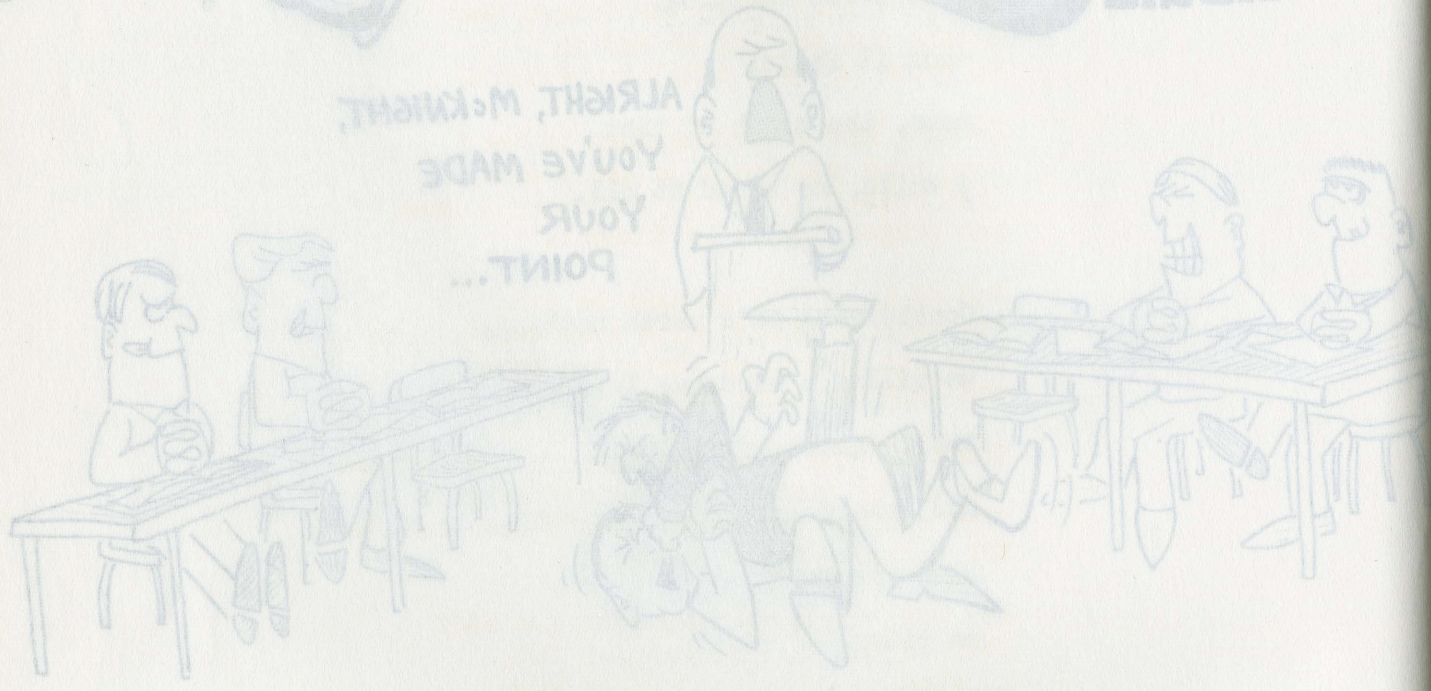
... EAR-PIERCING SCREAM FOLLOWS...

Stan
Good



What's
a small
world
isn't
it?

ALRIGHT, McKNIGHT,
YOU'VE MADE
YOUR
POINT...



LOVING IS TROUBLE
SKILL FOR WHICH
YOU WORK LIKE
THE DEVIL AND
GET PAID
LIKE A
WINNER

HOW THIS
MAY
HURT
A
BIT...



...EAR - PIERCING SCREAM FOLLOWS...

1988
Good

Jabberrulery

Meditations upon a one-sided discussion of
the logical necessity for twenty-year old
men and women to be chaperoned by faculty
members who would rather not.

'Twas murxious dark in Niplag Hall
as sounds of dread assailed the ear.
So minsy were the students all
from swofty rules and pampered care.

Beware the long-haired Dreend my son
the jaws that smile the tongue that twists.
Beware the droning on and on
to prove no true complaint exists.

He took his chaperone form in hand
long time adulthood he had sought.
Then rested he by the secretary's knee
and prayed awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood
the smiling Dreend with eyes dull-glazed
came out embracing Christian Good
and left our hero dazed.

One two! One two! and through and through
the Dreend spewed out the sacred rule -
"two couples per party, you've one too few
for a Presbyterian school."

And hast thy party been canceled son?
Back to the lib. my beamish lad.
Oh glominous day, she rules away
responsibility you once had.

Some say that Youth is all too short
but I suspect they're wrong.
For here at Woo at the call of the Dreend
childhood goes on and on.

Carol Lewis

Labyrinth

Meditations upon a one-sided discussion of
the logical necessity for twenty-year old
men and women to be chaperoned by faculty
members who would rather not.

'Twas murky dark in Niglas Hall
as sounds of dread assailed the ear.
So mimic were the students all
from swifty rules and pampered care.

Beware the long-haired Drend my son
the jaws that smile the tongue that twists.
Beware the dawning on and on
to prove no true complaint exists.

He took his chaperone form in hand
long time adulthood he had sought.
Then rested he by the secretary's knee
and prayed awhile in thought.

And as in wishful thought he stood
the smiling Drend with eyes dull-gazed
came out embracing Christian Good
and left our hero dazed.

One two! One two! and through and through
the Drend spewed out the sacred rule -
"two couples per party, you've one too few
for a Presbyterian school."

And hast thy party been canceled soon?
Back to the lip, my besmitten lad,
On glorious day, she rules away
responsibility you once had.

Some say that Youth is all too short
but I suspect they're wrong.
For here at Woe at the call of the Drend
childhood goes on and on.

Carol Lewis

Beneath the weight a skull is crushed
spewing its contents over the street
revealing imageries once contained

Matter dead but once alive with thought
pure white now red with blood
and hope which foremost bore the weight
now pulp-like remnants of a dream

Now blood and flesh now lifeless waste
but once a breath cried out create
and bade the senses do its will
and eyes which saw with sorrow blend
their pupils with the blood-soaked stone

smashed here lies a mind, - the skull
which vainly tried to stem the force
now shattered lying in the street

the world

removes its foot

and

laughs...

H. Harvey Tilden

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the world

remove its foot

and

laughs...

H. Harvey Tilden

By Mr. W. J. JOHNS?

OURS BUT TO DO...

And lying in the grass is Billy Brown.
He's many miles away from his home town.
I wonder why; what made him go away
And leave his farm untended, with the hay
Uncut, and yellow ears of corn going bad?
He wanted nothing more than what he had--
To drink with friends amidst the barroom noise,
And laugh and talk about when they were boys;
To touch his wife, and watch her, and to run
Across the fields of clover with his son;
Play checkers in the kitchen with a friend,
And know that everything was good; or spend
A happy evening with his wife at home.
He loved those things he had too much to roam.
Yet now he's far from home, and on the grass;
Asleep upon the tangled jungle grass--
His face shot off, a bayonet up his ass.

Bill Wordsworth

A couple was following him. He heard their footsteps and laughter behind him, and wondered what they were saying about him. He felt trapped and wanted to run away from them, but they would have thought he was crazy and laughed harder. He stepped into a phone booth and quickly dialed a number so they would see that he wasn't a stranger, and that he had friends so close to him that he knew their number without looking it up. But they walked past, hand in hand, without even looking at him. They were still laughing. The dime dropped and someone answered the phone.

OURS TIME TO DO...

And lying in the grass is Billy Brown.
He's many miles away from his home town.
I wonder why; what made him go away
And leave his farm untended, with the hay
Grown, and yellow ears of corn going bad?
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Across the fields of clover with his son;
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SOMETHING IS HAPPENING HERE, BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IS,

DO YOU, MR. JONES?

Hot air closed about him when the car let Josh off on Fordham Avenue. The stores were just beginning to open. He stood for a moment, watching everything with interest. He felt happy. He was almost home. Men in summer suits hurried down the sidewalk, and women with shopping bags shuffled past him like a flock of ducks. He smiled at them all, but no one looked his way. Picking up the scuffed leather suitcase, he tightened the knot in the clothesline which held it shut, walked to the corner and down the stairs to the subway.

The downtown express was crowded, and Josh leaned against the door, his suitcase on the floor between his feet. He felt people staring at him, so he let his eyelids droop shut and pretended that he was asleep. But he could still feel them watching him. A feeling of uneasiness swept over him. He opened his eyes suddenly and glanced around, but they were all reading newspapers, pretending to be asleep, or looking the other way. Two older ladies across from him were talking quietly and he glared at them until they met his gaze, became silent and stared at their hands. He could feel that the muscles in his shoulders and across his chest had become very tight. He wanted to get off the train. Somewhere down the car a girl laughed suddenly and startled him. He knew that she was laughing at him. His shirt was damp from sweat and his face was flushed. It was hot in the subway.

He got off at Grand Central and put his suitcase in a locker. As he climbed the stairs he lit a cigarette, and without looking he knew that he was home. He could hear it--the familiar mixture of roaring trucks and car horns and people walking and talking and music playing and construction gangs working came flooding over him and made his thoughts come fast and excitedly. He just wanted to walk around. When he reached street level, he stopped for a moment and watched. Then he began to walk.

He could tell from the beginning that it wasn't going to work. It made him remember. He was walking along 42nd Street, and considered going into one of the movies so that he wouldn't have to think about it. But that was no good. It made him remember how they used to walk past all the theaters and she would laugh at the old men hurrying into the girlie movies. They had walked and watched all the people, and talked about them--about how there were so many, and yet each one was so different, with his own life, and brushed his teeth in the morning, and loved someone, maybe. And she and Josh had been a part of them. They had eaten hotdogs at the stand-up counter on the corner, and laughed, and people looking at them had wondered if they were in love. But it was different now, and as he walked past the green and white hot-dog stand, he could feel the men standing at the counter watch him. He stared at the sidewalk and walked faster. He felt strange and was ashamed of something.

A couple was following him. He heard their footsteps and laughter behind him, and wondered what they were saying about him. He felt trapped and wanted to run away from them, but they would have thought he was crazy and laughed harder. He stepped into a phone booth and quickly dialed a number so they would see that he wasn't a stranger, and that he had friends so close to him that he knew their number without looking it up. But they walked past, hand in hand, without even looking at him. They were still laughing. The dime dropped and someone answered the phone.

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Josh hung up. It had been her number. She didn't live there any more, but once he could have called that number and she would have answered, with her funny laugh and British accent. He wondered where she lived now, and what she was doing, and whether she still looked the same. And whether she still remembered. It all came rushing in on him now; there was no use in trying to keep it back. For the first time he realized how long it had been. Eight years. He was staggered, and walked out of the phone booth as if he were in a daze.

It was getting late, and Washington Square was almost deserted. A scrawny, dirty little man approached Josh and spoke to him with a whine.

"Mister, I'm tired and I'm hungry and haven't had anything to eat since yesterday. Could..."

"Sorry buddy, I've got nothing I can give you," Josh cut him off. The man mumbled something and walked away. Josh looked around and realized that it was night, that he was hungry, and that he was a long way from where he had started the day. He stood looking through the grating into a dimly lighted shop window at an old portrait of a bearded, white-haired rabbi. He wondered what he would do. There was a small bar across the street, and he walked over to it. As he walked up the steps to go in, his arm hit the copy of the Times that was sticking out of his hip pocket. He wondered where it had come from. He took it out of his pocket, threw it on the sidewalk close to the brick wall of the bar, and went in.

He was sitting at the bar making water rings on the dark wood with the bottom of his empty bottle when the man sitting next to him got up and left without finishing his beer. When the bartender came by, Josh motioned with his eyes at the half-filled bottle. The bartender nodded slightly and walked past. Josh poured the rest of the beer into his glass and told himself what a great guy the bartender was.

Josh watched him work, scraping the tops off bottles, mixing drinks with hairy, expert hands, stacking glasses on the shelf under the bar, and ringing up sales on the old cash register. He walked to the far end of the bar, damp towel in hand, and cleaned up where four men had just left. He walked back with five bottles between the fingers of his right hand, and as he passed, he set two of them down in front of Josh without a word. They were both almost half full. Josh was thankful; he felt very happy. Not just because of the beers; it was more than that. He wanted to thank the bartender, to do him some kind of favor. But there was nothing he could do, so he told himself again what a great guy the bartender was, and that if he was ever a bartender he would help out every person he could.

He was hunched over the bar concentrating on making perfect water rings again when she started to sing. His back stiffened up and goose-bumps came out all over his arms. He turned and looked across the smoky room to the small platform. She was slim and homely, and her guitar was almost as big as she. There were freckles scattered across her high cheekbones, and her hair was pulled down over her ears into a bun on the back of her neck. She reminded him of the farmwife in that painting "American Gothic," only younger.

He leaned back against the bar and listened to her sing. Her voice was high and thin, and it hit him softly, like a padded mallet striking a tuning fork. When she finished the song he kept clapping a long time after everyone else had stopped.

Josh hung up. It had been her number. She didn't live there any more, but once he could have called that number and she would have answered, with her funny laugh and British accent. He wondered where she lived now, and what she was doing, and whether she still looked the same. And whether she still remembered. It all came rushing in on him now; there was no use in trying to keep it back. For the first time he realized how long it had been. Eight years. He was staggered, and walked out of the phone booth as if he were in a daze.

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She began another song, and he closed his eyes and listened very carefully.

"Down the street the dogs are barking and the day is getting dark,
As the night comes in falling, the dogs lose their bark;
And the silent night is shattered by the sounds inside my mind,
I'm just one too many mornings, and a thousand miles behind."

She sang softly, barely touching the strings of the guitar, and between verses she hummed in a high vibrato which sounded like a pale, clear note from a harmonica.

"From the crossroads of my doorstep, my eyes start to fade,
And I turn my head back to the room where my love and I have laid;
I gaze back to the street, the sidewalk and the sign,
And I'm just one too many mornings and a thousand miles behind."

As he listened, it all came back to him. He was shivering, and his stomach muscles had tightened into a knot. For a moment he thought he wanted to cry. He understood now. He could see it all clearly now. He felt very sad and empty, like when his father died.

"It's a restless, hungry feeling that don't mean us any good,
When everything I'm saying, you can say it just as good;
You're right from your side, and I'm right from mine,
We're both just one too many mornings and a thousand miles behind."

As she sang, a man sitting next to Josh ordered a beer. The bartender scraped the top off the bottle on the opener attached to the bar, and with a loud ring marked up the sale on the cash register. Josh sat up, shocked out of his trance, and looked at them. He wanted to hit both of them. Then he heard a man laughing at the far end of the bar. Almost everyone in the bar was talking or laughing. No one was listening. He looked around helplessly. He wanted to run through the room turning over tables, breaking glasses, screaming at them. He looked at her, and she was staring straight at him. Her eyes were shiny. She took a deep breath and stared at her feet as she played. She knew. He could see it in her eyes. He wanted very much to talk with her, to tell her that he understood. She swallowed once like she had something in her throat. Then the song was over. She kept looking at the floor while the people clapped. A lock of hair had fallen over her cheek, and she reached up and pushed it back into place. He hated them all. There was nothing he could do.

He got down from the stool and walked out of the bar. As he walked down the steps he noticed that the Times was still laying where he had left it. He picked it up. After a minute he stuck it into his hip pocket and lit a cigarette. He looked at his watch. It was midnight. He figured that he could make it to Grand Central before one.

Mike Hutchison

The song "One Too Many Mornings" was written by Bob Dylan.

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