



BACHY

TWO
JULY 1973

A READING EDITION



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TWO · JULY 1973

Papa Bach Bookstore
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Bachy is a semi-annual journal dedicated to the discovery of previously
unpublished artists
of worth. We are interested in all literary and graphic art easily

reproducible in black and
white (no color). Poetry, prose, cartoons, music compositions, plays,
costume and set design
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A READING EDITION

THE MAGAZINE

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ABOUT THIS EDITION

— This is a complete reading text of the second issue of *Bachy*, published in July 1973 by the Papa Bach Bookstore on Santa Monica Boulevard in West Los Angeles. It was made from a scan of the copy held by the UCLA Library, transcribed page by page from the page images. The page follows the magazine's own arrangement — the contents set as Papa Bach set it, the heavy display face of its section titles, its habit of spelling page numbers out in words, and its Bach device, lifted from the masthead of this very copy. The reading text departs from the original in one respect: *Bachy* was composed in Helvetica, and this edition is set in a serif, which carries verse better over a long sitting. Each poem begins on its own page.

Words in teal brackets are editorial reconstructions — a character or word that could not be read from the scan and has been inferred from context, from the facing page, or from the magazine's own back matter. There are 0 of them. [?] marks something illegible that could not responsibly be guessed. Everything in black was read directly off the page.

The UCLA copy is tightly rebound and will not open flat, so on many pages the inner margin runs into the gutter. In this issue almost every such character proved recoverable under magnification, which is why there are so few reconstructions.

Bachy was a magazine of pictures as much as poems — portfolios by Lisa Larry Weiss, David Cary, Sushuela Goodwin, Meyer Hirsh, Jane Fusek and others ran through it. The artwork is not reproduced here. In its place, each image is described in an [editorial note set like this], so a reader knows what stood on the page.

Eight leaves are missing from the scan this edition was made from. Two leaves were photographed twice and two were skipped, so printed pages 109–110 (Gary de Galla) were never captured, along with pages 69–72 (Bruce Cook's portfolio) and 81–82 (Linda Haas's photographs). Six of the eight were artwork.

Printed typos, eccentric spellings and compositor's errors are kept as they were set. Beyond the bracketed reconstructions, no editorial matter appears once the text begins.

This edition was set from the UCLA Library copy in TeX Gyre Pagella, with contributors' names in Bonum after the magazine's own display type. The Bach device is the magazine's own, taken from the masthead page of this copy.

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THE ARTWORK

——— *Bachy* was a magazine of pictures as much as poems, and none of the pictures is reproduced here. What follows is a list of the 48 images the issue carried and where each one stood, so that this reading text can be held against the object. Page numbers are the magazine's own.

- Front cover** *Printed front cover on dark grey card: a stylised woodcut-like head of J. S. Bach in his wig, scowling, repeated in two columns down the left half between heavy vertical rules, with the title BACHY hand-lettered in bold caps at right. A pencilled library note, "v.2 #1", sits at the top. Full bleed.*
- Scan page 11** *Larry Weiss*
- Scan page 13** *Pen drawing inside a ruled rectangular frame: a continuous meandering line that gathers into a profile face with a spiky eyelash, then unravels into loops, spirals, zigzags, dotted trails and lollipop-headed stalks. Signed "Weiss" at lower centre. Fills the frame, which fills the page.*
- Scan page 14** *A teeming pen crowd by Weiss: dozens of bug-eyed, grinning creatures — frogs, lizards, spindly bald homunculi, a dangling foetal thing — piled into one heap around a central toothy face with splayed hands. Signed "Weiss" bottom left. Ruled border, full page.*
- Scan page 15** *Another Weiss carnival in ink: a hanged man swinging at top right, a woman in a tiered crinoline, skulls, a dog on a hat brim, a man carving a face on a platter, and a bank of leering heads at the foot. Signed "Weiss" lower left; framed, page-filling.*
- Scan page 16** *Sparer Weiss line drawing, two vertical rules slicing the sheet: a huge grinning head with wiry hair sticks out its tongue at a topless figure whose arm ends in a cannon muzzle, while a foetal baby floats above and a solid black hand rises below. Unsigned.*
- Page 10** *Section opener for the photographs, the name "David Cary" set large across the top. Below it, a kaleidoscopic octagon: a huddle of players in numbered jerseys (30, 33) mirrored eight times into a pinwheel of legs and crowd texture, printed as a dense black-and-white halftone.*

Page 11	<i>Halftone photograph, David Cary: the skeleton of a wrecked pier — three weathered pilings carrying a heavy crossbeam — standing in flat still water, driftwood snagged at their feet, a low dune and a tiny distant boat on the horizon. Occupies almost the whole page.</i>
Page 12	<i>A mirrored nude study by Cary: a crouching figure doubled along the spine so that two heads of dark curly hair meet at the top, arms and folded legs resolving into a symmetrical, almost insect-like shape against pale seamless ground. Grainy print, page-filling.</i>
Page 20	<i>Sushiela Goodwin</i>
Page 21	<i>Brush-and-ink contour drawing of an Indian dancer: turban with a flame-like plume, hoop earring, one bangled hand lifted to her chin, heavy sleeves and swirling skirts trailing to bare feet. Drawn in one confident line over a grey tint block. Signed "Sushiela 7/71" at lower right.</i>
Page 22	<i>High-contrast cut print: a girl in a pale shift walks out of a forest of slashed white trunks, a bundle balanced on her head and an infant held against her chest. Everything reads as white gouges in a solid black ground. No visible signature; the block fills the text area.</i>
Page 23	<i>Brushy black-ink print of a naked woman sitting cross-legged, head bowed, a black cat curled in her lap and her hands resting on her thighs. The figure is left white against a ragged splash of black. Unsigned; centred, covering roughly two-thirds of the page.</i>
Page 24	<i>Linocut in stark reverse: a kneeling woman with palms raised in prayer beneath a tree crowded with white doves, one bird perched on the ground beside her. Gouge marks scatter the black field like snow. Unsigned. The block runs nearly the full height of the page.</i>
Page 25	<i>Cut print of a woman in a white wrap pounding grain with a long pestle in a deep mortar, hair loose over her shoulder, a bundle at her left. White figure and foliage bitten out of solid black. Unsigned; the block fills the printed area.</i>

Page 26	<i>Single-line pen drawing printed sideways over a grey tint block: two sprawling figures with rubbery, elongated limbs, one clutching a barrel drum, the other a slim pipe or stick, their bare feet flung to the edges. Unsigned; occupies the whole page.</i>
Page 45	<i>Opening page of the photographs, headed "Meyer Hirsh" in large display type. Beneath it, a photograph taken from directly overhead: two figures walking hand in hand across cracked pale ground, their bodies foreshortened to nothing and their long black shadows doing all the work.</i>
Page 46	<i>Hirsh photograph looking straight up a battered wooden ladder toward a blazing white open hatch in a plank ceiling, the boards streaked and peeling. A hard-edged white disc, moon-like, has been dropped into the black foreground. Deep, nearly lightless print filling the page.</i>
Page 47	<i>Photograph printed on its side: a column of six window sashes set in a blank white wall, five of them black voids, while from one a woman in a light sleeveless top leans out on her folded arms. Cool, geometric, almost abstract; nearly page-filling.</i>
Page 48	<i>Extreme high-contrast Hirsh print: a bare shoulder and the curve of an upper arm burn out of an otherwise solid black field, a clenched hand and a fall of hair just readable at the top edge. Two-thirds of the frame is pure black. Fills the printed block.</i>
Page 56	<i>John Rose</i>
Page 57	<i>Brush-and-ink portrait: a stony-faced figure in a buttoned jacket, a wedge of solid black hair swept across one eye, small bared teeth, both hands flat on a table edge. A single spoon-shaped form hangs in the empty space at upper right. Unsigned; page-filling.</i>
Page 58	<i>Pen caricature of a man standing full length: an enormous square head with drooping lids, a lolling tongue, a scribbled black necktie over a sagging belly, skimpy shorts and bare legs ending in clumsy shoes. Scratchy line, lots of white paper around it.</i>
Page 59	<i>Ink drawing of a spindly loafer in a floppy scribbled cap and wraparound dark glasses, hands jammed into his pockets, dressed in baggy trousers and standing on two vast clawed shoes. Nervous, hatched line; the figure runs the height of the page.</i>

Page 60	<i>Loose pen sketch: a wide moth-like head with two antennae and two mismatched eyes tapers to a small grinning mouth full of teeth; below, a slight body in a collar carries a heavily scribbled black cross on its chest. Quick, unsigned, centred on the page.</i>
Page 68	<i>Bruce Cook</i>
Page 89	<i>Wilton David</i>
Page 90	<i>Pen-and-ink drawing by Wilton David, filling the page within a ruled rectangle. A frontal standing figure in a hooded robe, hands in pockets, its face carrying one huge central eye and four smaller eyes ringed around the hood; every surface packed with dense diaper, scallop and concentric-circle patterning.</i>
Page 91	<i>Pen-and-ink drawing by Wilton David, a tall bordered panel occupying most of the page. A one-eyed figure in a buttoned tunic stands hand-on-hip against a lattice of ornamental tiles, wading in banded striped ground, its body strewn with pale floating discs. A second eye peers from the lower right.</i>
Page 92	<i>Pen-and-ink drawing by Wilton David, a bordered vertical panel centred on the page. A half-length figure with a single boxed eye stands in a patchwork jacket of grids and paisleys, backed by interlocking circles filled with rosettes and hatching; a rosette-scattered path recedes below.</i>
Page 98	<i>Jane Fusek</i>
Page 99	<i>Brush-and-ink drawing by Jane Fusek, hand-titled "CLOWN" in block capitals at lower centre and signed "J.72". Bold open outlines build a symmetrical totem-like figure — squared shoulders, looping tendrils, a crescent mouth and a spiked sun-head above. Nearly fills the page.</i>
Page 100	<i>Ink drawing by Jane Fusek, signed "J.71", captioned in pencil-like script "answers" at lower left. A dense black cluster of flame-edged curves, spirals, checkered triangles and a spiked eye-disc floats in the upper half of an otherwise empty page.</i>
Page 101	<i>Fine-line pen drawing by Jane Fusek, signed "J.72" and hand-lettered "trying to be brave" beneath. Wavering contour lines coil into amoeba-like forms with small dot-eyes, crossed by long straight strokes and a scatter of tiny flags and stars. Fills most of the page.</i>

Page 102	<i>Ink drawing by Jane Fusek, hand-lettered "Conversing with All Time" across the top. Ribbon-like striped and spotted shapes, jigsaw fragments and a spray of small glyphs interlock into a floating mass in the page's centre; wide white margins all round.</i>
Page 103	<i>Brush-and-ink drawing by Jane Fusek, signed "J.71", hand-lettered "cradled by the Night" at lower left. Thick fluid strokes form a single reclining face — heavy brows, one open eye, a swooping cheek — over three small linked discs. Sits high on an otherwise blank page.</i>
Page 104	<i>Ink drawing by Jane Fusek, signed "J.71". Zigzag and arrow-shaped black forms swarm outward from a spiralling eye-knot, with stars, crescents and a spoked sun to the left. The words "Union with TRUth." run vertically through the middle. Occupies the right two-thirds of the page.</i>
Page 109	<i>Black-and-white photograph by Gary de Galla — a duplicate, misfed scan of the same plate as page 115, with a dark curled leaf obscuring the lower left. Bare arms lift the opened chassis of a hospital monitor on a wheeled cart; paper tape streams down.</i>
Page 111	<i>Full-page black-and-white photograph by Gary de Galla. Two bare arms raise the hinged, opened back of an electronic console on a chrome trolley, exposing tubes, coils and a serial-number plate; loops of paper tape spill to the floor. A seated figure is lost in shadow.</i>
Page 118	<i>Euripides Toro</i>
Page 119	<i>Woodcut by Euripides Toro, printed as a solid black rectangle filling most of the page. A gaunt white figure leans in from the left, head bowed, mouth open; a domed shape with a small tree sits on a thin white horizon line above, and a pale hand floats at right.</i>
Page 120	<i>Woodcut by Euripides Toro, a bordered plate centred on the page. A bearded, long-haired head in three-quarter view stands before arched, tomb-like structures, flanked by broad wings or drapery cut in coarse parallel gouges. Printed on a lightly toned ground.</i>
Page 121	<i>Two small woodcuts by Euripides Toro, stacked on one page. The upper shows a pale column of figures between gouged black</i>

wings; the lower, a hooded white shape against a black field, is inscribed in the block "to MS with love."

Page 122

Lithograph or crayon-drawn print by Euripides Toro, filling the page. A long-haired figure with a dark shrouded head sits frontally, torso ghostly pale, framed by a heavy crayoned arch; a striped black bar runs down the right edge and a shelf-like horizon crosses the top.

Page 123

Print by Euripides Toro, a black-bordered plate bled off the left edge. Loose brushed lines sketch a standing figure with outstretched arms against a pale ground, with scribbled black masses below. Hand-lettered in the plate: "ma[kes] / the world / go round".

Page 124

Woodcut by Euripides Toro, a black rectangle on the page. A standing female nude is drawn in thin white gouged outline, a haloed disc behind her head and a white horizon line running the full width behind her shoulders.

Page 138

A dark grey-black card printed with eight identical line-engraved heads of J.S. Bach in periwig, set two across in four rows and separated by thick vertical black rules. A blind-stamped library number, "1031", and faint pencil marks sit in the right margin.

Pages 171–175

Deborah Eddy's portfolio, five pages. These leaves were not captured in the scan this edition was made from, so the work cannot be described; the contents page is the only record of it.

James Holmstrand

Shadowgraph for *The Children of Ishmael*

(scenario for Dwarf and Lady #23)

Scene One

The Dwarf follows a Minister and his Wife home.

Scene Two

The Dwarf climbs the wisteria. Peeks through the upstairs window, the one beneath the rain gutter clogged by a robin's nest. Inside is a bedroom. Greta Garbo is kneading Noxzema into her incredible shoulders. She is young. Can we stand her in front of a full-length mirror? Miss Garbo is fully clothed (in what?—a brass candelabra perhaps) except for those incredible shoulders and a clavicle that just won't stop. Her head is twisted and neck swan-looped like a Franz Marc horse. To watch her slender fingers knead in the cream, squid-like.

Scene Three

Our Dwarf joins the church.

Scene Four

At the reception. The Minister's Wife is plump and soft as a puppy, but blonde of course. When it comes time for the punch, she has to bend over to fill the Dwarf's cup.

"In the words of a famous Scotsman, when you find a woman in whose womb you would gladly spend nine months, marry her," the Dwarf repeats.

She does not respond.

"I take it, then, that you are not familiar with our order," he says.

The Minister's Wife politely affirms this. When the Dwarf inquires about Miss Garbo, he receives a strange look. He does not persist but when he crushes an ice cube between his teeth, the Minister's Wife blushes.

Scene Five

The Dwarf stops by the Minister's house on his way to a game of paddle tennis. The Minister is in shirtsleeves mowing the lawn. He is a robust man who favors short-wave radios. They chat for awhile. Eventually the Minister flicks off the lawn mower engine with the toe of his oxford and invites the Dwarf down to his basement. As they are about to enter the house, the Minister's Wife comes out the side door and climbs into a Ford Pinto. She is going shopping at Albert-son's, wearing a sun dress that is too tight under the arms. Watching her, the Minister chuckles to himself.

Scene Six

In the basement. The Minister pours out two tall glasses of limeade and sits down in front of a bank of short-wave radio gizmos. They cover one whole wall. On the opposite wall is mounted an antelope head with a rubber lizard garroted on one of the prongs. The Dwarf brings up the subject of Greta Garbo.

The Minister turns to him and says, "Have you ever watched my Wife un-dress?"

The Dwarf tries to change the subject but the Minister is fiddling with the dials. Soon he has found a station in Manitoba and invites the Dwarf to join the choir. There's an opening.

Scene Seven

Back upstairs, evening. The Dwarf is waiting for the rest of the choir to arrive so he can be introduced. They are going to have a potluck supper. The Dwarf is alone, propped up on a pale blue sofa.

Suddenly the bathroom door opens and out comes the Lady in the organdy gown. We've met her before, often, so you know what to do. She is fluffing out her skirts, as before in the novel beside the dead goat on the beach. The fluffing isn't as good as when she hoists her skirts but we've already done that twice, once on the beach and once in the infirmary. Let her wear the same high-heeled satin pumps, red. The fluffing is classic in its own right and after all, the light is still on in the bathroom through the open door. As long as we can keep her associated with toilet seats and, eventually, nuns the audience will eat out of our palms.

The Dwarf folds his arms in a parody of his kind. "I thought I'd be safe here," he says.

The Lady in the organdy gown bends over him and straightens the handkerchief in the pocket of his blue serge suit. He notices once again that her armored breasts, though lilac scented, call up unutterable memories.

"I'm the only thing you have," she smiles. "You're my little brass boned boy, though a naughty boy you are."

The Dwarf scoots off the sofa. Just then the door chime rings. The other choir members are arriving—the first, I believe, is an Englishman with formless trousers and grey hair balding in the back—but there's no point in going on. The Dwarf gives his little bow to the Minister's Wife, fondly storing away her plump folds of skin—especially those in the crevices of her arms—and saunters through the door.

Scene Eight

Outside, on the porch. The Dwarf drapes a stole over the shoulders of the Lady in the organdy gown, who is standing on the lowest step. Together they walk off down the darkened street, fragrant with dogwood and honeysuckle. The Dwarf turns for a last lingering look at the upstairs bedroom window of the Minister's house where a light glows domestically behind the lace curtains.

The Dwarf lets the Lady in the organdy gown slip her hand under his arm even though it means he has to walk hitched up on one side. "Buy me a root beer float," he says.

"I don't know why I let you use me so," says the Lady in the organdy gown, "when I have plenty of boyfriends who are très gallant."

Conclusions

We should work a church proper in here somewhere, but apparently the converted Town Hall, following so close on the heels of the Monastery, was one too many. At least we got an authentic minister this time. As for Miss Garbo, we'll just have to wait until her ghost is laid to rest.

Ted Pejovich

Bird-Chested

Are quail really aloof?
You shoot them with .22's
or shotguns
You turn your head
 I shoot
Your eyes stare back
 like pellets
neither gun-shy nor exact
 but shot
 gray, locked
Velocity has been more than effective
You have never been
 this tired
 Not blinking
 you sit, you fall
 you quail
 keep something
 (Was it of me?
 Yes. Yes. YES.

Blue-tufted,
 I have shot you
 out of season.

The Name

You have a name
a bone a bone name
it burns quietly at the bottom
of the fire you can't pick
it up with your fingers
You kick your name
it won't start it stares
back you wish you could eat it,
knash it one day when it wasn't
looking it is always looking
The name has an appetite
like a flame it eats it stays
It burns at the sides of your body
It only appears to sleep
It is growing like a baby
You starve yourself but it won't quit
You cannot isolate your name
It grows fat and intrepid
It will live after you
You are jealous of your name
You want to marry your name
You want your name
Your name wants out
It hurts you say, take it
Go ahead
Use tongs.

Home On Leave

Army boots, Ronnie polishing them on leave
His fat step-mother, her veins exploded
in the hospital*** She could walk in the Fifties.
The pepper tree stayed, the gray house was sold.

I watched the boot-dye sink in
I tossed baseball cards against the wall
The old grandfather went blindly to the john
He used to bring cherry chocolates. .
The candy stopped dark sockets.

The pigeons kicked in the coop
The wrens were held captive
The Commies yelled from War Comics
I scuffed brown shoes in hard backyards,
One sister in each backyard, one mother
in a shoe-box.

I watched the boot-dye sink in
I listened to Adlai Stevenson
I waited for the Southern Pacific Railroad,
For my father to come home at seven,
For my sister to walk me to school.

I waited like a monkey
The shoe-box opened:
The box car screamed and closed.

I waited for the dye to sink in
For the railroad to fail
For the State Hospital to close down.
For always I have waited with great expectations,

Almost, almost
Like a perfect gentlemen.

Sandra Tanhauser

This Light Sees Through Clouds

this light
sees through clouds
and stones
silent as the water
under earth
it lives through
the deep eyes
of fish
that part the water-walls
but never leave a mark,
and on the lips of
children long forgotten.
this light
is a pole
that points
with certainty to stars
somewhere
in our primal core
we know this
our fingers clutch
the fragile threads
that carry our vision
farther than we dare
this pure
conversion
to air
this tongue that consumes
its own body
dies to illumine

a single face in the world

Parasite

Giving your life to
someone else to live
your eyes and mouth
stuck to the rim
all your minds flattened
indistinguishable from
the walls and
within, the hollow rattle
maybe no one will notice
that you don't exist.
while she lives
you grow and fold yourself
to dress her body,
perch like a clutch of pigeons
in her hair,
from her smooth lips repair your
mangled cock
you crow
as red
as the blood she left
snatching back the dreams
on which you sucked
suddenly you resemble
the shrivelled skin of someone
who will never come again.

Pedro Montez

Confidence

The elbow is the joint of light
when it swings out it is an angel
singing, beating on a tambourine,
and you are in his shadow. two
angels, one to a side, and you
are their shadow inbetween. they
kick, their hairy legs smell, their robes
make patterns dodging around like
the sun on water through the trees,
like the money in both your pockets,
whispering while you are still,
hardly moving. and when you run
all three side by side, finally leaving them behind
wait on a dusty hill perhaps
your arms tucked in as they
float across the plain toward you
nodding, holes mending in their lean bodies,
tossing their sweaty hair, not missing a beat.

Lover In A Foreign Land

Like hooded snakes his shoes take him
down the trail, away from the cabin
where the cooks sing, elbows in grease
and the girls look out from the patio,
until there is no trail, only the forest
with its trunks going down, where he
is superfluous. and finally slipping past noon,
down beside the slick waterfalls, sits late,
his hands two stones, the flume still plunging
into a curdling pool. feels Indians watching,
beyond the tight blood fist, the bloodless heart of Mexico.

Bonita Hearn

FOWLER SUMMER

Because it is yours,
I pretend to know this dust,
vineyard dust
leaving its mark
as I kneel before the yellow
strawberry vines—a soft stack
of leaves, much like the chicken feathers
a dog left neatly piled
last week. Only the tomatoes,
the squash and the strongest weeds
withstand the heat of a Fowler summer.
You told me that when I brought my
newspaper-wrapped vines to you,
when standing in the dust
you tried to explain to me
the dangers of transplanting.

Robert Eaton Kelley

"Mr. Duck Emerges"

Chairs are the root of all evil and if it wasn't for the Furniture Lobby the world would know that by now. It is perplexing that it doesn't anyway—I mean the Chairs are so obvious. But it all could be so tragic—and horrible—that I shudder. I'm afraid I'm the only one of all living things that knows this. (Apart from that, it's difficult for me to speak because the Landlady might appear at any moment, and if not her then Alice.) Such is my day.

Sometimes I get so depressed I imagine the whole world—other than me, that is—is the FL. There are moments when I actually come to believe this. That's foolish, of course, and I'm such a well-balanced person with so much intelligence that those moments don't last long. But they're so terrifying, those moments. I guess that's because I'm so perfectly an idealist-realist. I can see with my lucid, brilliant intelligence—except for the FL—how grand the world could be, how grand it *really is*, except for that one little thing. It makes me cry—often—with joy. I'm quite well aware of humanity's heroic, noble, beautiful past and equally aware of its limitlessly brilliant future. It's so wonderful. But this Chair business is not something new—I've known about it since I crawled out between a pair of fat and rather rigid thighs (I have no doubt that FL was after me even then, even before. Actually Alice reminds me of that moment, which is disconcerting. It's because Alice has big thighs, too, though I don't think they are rigid, which is a difference.) I therefore cry with joy at what is technically fiction, at glorious man, the glorious world, at the might-have-been and the all-but-is.

Up to now I haven't informed the world about Chairs. It's not because the FL has prevented me. I haven't really tried to say anything yet—I'm waiting for the right moment. (Sometimes I wonder if the Landlady isn't preparing me for that moment, even though she

knows nothing about it.). Time isn't of any consequence because as soon as I do tell the world—everything will have been, will be now and in the future, beautiful. In my lucid moments I know this. I've had my stops and goes but as yet the day hasn't dawned. There are a few whom I have informed of my power—that I have it, not of what it is. (Alice and the Landlady, not included.)

I look and look and see beauty, remembering and forgetting that it is and isn't. The FL knows I'm thinking and looking, too, and that gives me pleasure. Perhaps they know that and perhaps they're foolish enough to think they can stop me, are stopping me, have stopped me. By coming to my room I am everyman, which I intend to be until I speak. The FL believes I am here because I am depressed, because I am overwhelmed, because I am defeated. The FL always thinks that. They refuse to believe it every time I leave, and every time I return they think they have pushed me beyond everyone. Their logic is bad if they think that because I haven't told the world about Chairs it is because they have prevented me from doing so. Except for those moments of depression, those moments I spoke about, I laugh at them and wait.

My knowledge is marvelous, though. All the while I can look at the beautiful world that isn't with its beautiful heritage and promise and its beautiful people and bide my beautiful time, thinking: perhaps I'll tell John the Grocer next Friday or Murray the Tailor today—and perhaps I won't.

In man's imagination
it is a magnificent world.

In his dreams
it is beautiful, in his nightmares

it is imposing.
It's entertaining and witty
in his musings,
exciting and stimulating
in his fantasies.

Oh the beauty of it, of circumstances and people, of houses and streets, of food and water. Even of where I am now, where the FL thinks it has put me—beyond its Chairs, where, in fact, I am only because I have not yet decided to speak. In one sense I am beyond Betty and Harry and Tom. Technically I'm not with them now, I don't see them and haven't for a while, but I can change that in a moment. (As a matter of fact, I have done so frequently.) And I can think of them, I can remember them and I do because I'll probably start with one of them, tell one of them, which is all it will take. I just haven't decided which one will be the chosen. Meanwhile I supposedly eat oatmeal at six in the morning just as I am about to do right now, in a few moments, today, this morning of all mornings.

It's not of oatmeal that I think now, warm, stringy, perpetually heated from last night, but of Betty. I can find her anywhere and right now. Often I have walked down many streets, thought of her,

To follow a mind—that's about all—the pangs,

until it goes out—

really, anything can happen, no boundaries

and walked into the nearest bar knowing she'd be there beside an empty stool. In a sense, then, she's always with me and anyone else, and she's so beautiful, she's so understanding, she's so helpful. It's a beautiful world. She makes beautiful love affairs. She wears a sign that says, "Put it here," with appropriate symbols. She's always out to cheer everyone and frequently I have to wave her off as I, of course, need no cheering.

The Landlady brings me this oatmeal every morning because she says I don't eat right. She says I'm undernourished and need energy for the vigorous life I lead. She's crazy, of course. Not only am I a beautiful physical specimen. (Why does she think I'm undernourished?) I also lead a leisurely life. I spend most of my time waiting and as a consequence I rarely go out. She says I keep very bad hours—which is ridiculous because she has no way of knowing that. (How can she say I come in at three in the morning every morning?

She's crazy.) I don't eat her oatmeal anyway. I give it to Alice across the hall, just as I expect to do shortly. Alice eats it because she thinks I'll eventually sleep with her out of gratitude. I know I won't. She wants to lose her virginity—she's thirty-five—and, naturally, chose me as her first because, as I said, I'm a perfect physical specimen. She knows. She's seen me in the nude several times. The shower is down the hallway and I have to walk by her door to get there. I wear nothing—I don't even take a towel—because I'm not at all self-conscious of my marvelous body. Alice stands in her doorway drooling oatmeal, watching me go and, dripping, come. She thinks that if she could only give up the oatmeal there would be a consummation.

It's not that I'm cruel that I deny Alice, merely that she will be taken care of in the future. If you're thinking that she is part of the FL's plot to get me, to prevent me from speaking, to silence me and thus let the world go on its technically imperfect way, you're wrong. Let there be no suspense about that. It's unimportant that she may be used, I think.

Old values destroyed, torn down

Now a period of limbo

Thus the necessity to be suspended,

to be hooked, on anything that puts one in a state of not having to do anything. The walls in this place are interesting. I suspect that such a fact is dangerous to me. If I get too involved with the walls that will take my mind off the Chairs (makes you think of unsticking a piece of dried gum). I, of course, don't really have to suspect at all.

A face of which one cannot tell what it expresses.

I only have to think about it and I would know if the

FL

is behind it. Men or people moving around furiously—much activity—and then they stop and look out—gray, weary, ashen, empty figures & faces—devoid of animation, meaning, of memory or marks of what they were just doing.

But the walls *are interesting*. There is no beauty no matter where I look. The walls are white, limitless white. There is no point in putting paintings on the walls because I would be forever looking beyond them. I look beyond one wall and I see Alice, Alice and all those empty bowls, empty of oatmeal. Pretty much sums up her life, at the moment. She never had oatmeal as a child. She was pretty baffled when I gave her the first bowl and told her not to tell the Landlady.

Nothing really happened in life
Nothing really happened to people
People were the same—they didn't change
Events did not amount to anything; they did not
account for anything.

I told her that the Landlady would want a bowl, too, and that there was only one bowl a day to go around. Why make trouble, I said. She was touched, touched that I should want to give her my only bowl of oatmeal. It was then that she started to think about her virginity. Her virginity for a bowl of oatmeal. After about five bowls she said I didn't have to. I said I certainly did have to. No, she said, it's not necessary. It certainly is I said. No, she said again, chivalry is dead, I didn't have to stand on ceremony in this age of honesty. Pretense was not what was called for but direct, forthright, bold action. She let me contemplate that for a while and went on eating the oatmeal. After so many bowls she was hooked. She became quite fond of oatmeal and every morning she was outside the door looking as though she'd been up all night waiting. I'd open the door and hand her the oatmeal. Shortly after I'd be strolling down the hallway and there she'd be standing in her doorway.

Psychological time, sequence—becomes a question as to just what the situation, the state, the time is.

And so I open the door, oatmeal in hand and Alice there as always whisks it away and the first step of our drama is complete.

Names imply commonness. Common names—so the horror of realizing the character of individuals is unexpected, steals upon one

slowly and thus becomes all the more horrible.

Off with my clothes (they get pretty wrinkled after an all-night sleep) and off to the shower, again I open the door. I don't have to see if Alice is there because I know she is. Hello Alice, I say, how's the oatmeal today? (I always whisper some little endearment.)

I've been through all that now,
 completing the walk to,
 the water,
 the walk back (It's raining today, Alice.)

But while it's gripping involvement for Alice (and who knows—I do not bother to reflect on it—perhaps the Landlady is following our drama, accumulating evidence to convict us with, sending her four cats in relays purring but spying. And why shouldn't she, it's her oatmeal. Interesting old lady that I've glanced at from time to time through the same wall that I see Alice.)

A man of no characteristics

I am not really a part of it, the actions—

the oatmeal,
the endearments to Alice,
Alice,
the shower,
the nudity,
the walks,
the doors—are not mine, I will have something else to do.
". . . a face bearing the traces of a life intensely active
 but inwardly empty."

As I said, I can't forget the Chairs for the walls. The FL tries everything, pathetic creatures involving the unsuspecting, like Alice and the Landlady.

In contemplating it one can be despairing and horrified if one forgets that

it is irrelevant and actually nonexistent. Why horrified? It seems that the basic—and only important—reason is that one's existence is threatened.

What else could it be?

The Newsman is another one. He's at the corner. He blares today's headlines and always gives me yesterday's newspaper. If I were malicious I'd tell him what tomorrow's headlines are, though I haven't thought about it. If I did that I'd ruin him, wouldn't I? I'd drive him insane and run him out of business. He'd wait with dread every day, waiting for me, for my smiling face. He'd announce the day's headline boldly, he'd bellow today's stunning story for his eager customers. Then he'd see me approaching—the closer I got the lower, the less confident his voice would become. He'd be whispering as I leaned against his newsstand, whimpering as I looked with contempt at his offerings. I'd chuckle and he'd groan, I'd laugh and he'd cry. And then I'd lean over and whisper in his ear (maybe I'd even slobber on him) tomorrow's headline, even next year's. I'd tell him he was a fraud and leave.

—one acts like another
—comments usually made about one
are made about another
—circumstances of one given to
another (background)

Of course I could give him a chance. The conclusion would be foregone, but until it had passed he'd have a chance. I'd bring a chair with me. A folding one, of course. In rapid succession he'd call out the day's happening, the day's promise, the day's dread, the likelihood, the transpired. And I would follow with tomorrow's, next week's, next year's (I would even slip in yesterday's—who would know I had cheated?).

INVASION!—DEFEAT!
WAR DECLARED!—PEACE ANNOUNCED!
INDICTMENT!—ACQUITTAL!

CONFERENCE CONVENES!—CONFERENCE DISSOLVED!
HURRAH!—BOOOO!
BILL PASSED!—BILL UNCONSTITUTIONAL!
CONCEPTION!—ABORTION!
HE IS!—HE ISN'T!
ELECTED!—IMPEACHED!
COLD-BLOODED MURDER!—COLD-BLOODED INSANITY!
STRIKE! APPOINTMENT! SCHOOL OPENS!—COMPROMISE!
RESIGNATION! SCHOOL CLOSES!

Oh! How glorious! What would the people do? What would he do? (He'd froth at the mouth, scream, pull hair, run, scramble—and eventually go insane and go out of business, as I said.) The long lines of old people would become confused; they'd waver and begin to moan. They'd lie on the cold pavement (Winter?) and quickly freeze. Their nightgowns and caps and longjohns would hardly protect them. They'd be difficult to move then, of course. Bulldozers would be needed to clear the area. It would be my duty to notify the city and the bulldozers would arrive just in time to greet the long lines of young people who would be dancing and singing and laughing. That's undoubtedly what would happen and it would certainly serve the Newsman his due, it certainly would. Of course when I speak nothing of the sort will happen. It's interesting, however, to speculate about these things that never will have been once I speak, when the world which technically isn't quite beautiful now, will be.

Man & Times

I expect to start a Campaign, anyway. A Campaign that will roll the ages into one. It will proclaim beauty as everyone's share and man as the creator of it. The FL is, of course, against that. They care for nothing but the manufacture of Chairs. My Campaign, after which I will speak, will expose them. They will be revealed to the ages as nothing but nail drivers. Book binders. *The Complete Poetry of W. B. Yeats*. What a joke. All Chairs will crumble. That one little thing will

be changed, as if it never was and glorious man will be. I could do it now. But I must wait.

Comic Figures—serious business
grand business
sweeping business
revelatory business
sacred business

For Alice to eat her oatmeal. For the Newsman to give me today's (and tomorrow's) newspaper. And for Tom to build his bridges. He goes around building bridges so that people can always and everywhere get from one point to another: From A, say, to B—and so on. The last time I saw him I said, Tom, How's the bridge building and he said well I built one yesterday from A, say, to B. After Tom builds a bridge he waits. He sits down at one end, enjoys the scenery—no matter what it is—and waits for people to cross. They cross, he shakes his head and leaves. He comes back again each morning, seven times, and waits for the people to cross. He talks to many of them, Tom does, and some of them he takes for a drink, sometimes he brings a bottle with him. He knows many people. On the seventh day he waits and observes from morning till late at night. Every one he has talked with, drunk with for seven days waits with him; they accumulate, they drink together and wait and observe. Every time Tom builds a bridge he asks me to come, he asks me in my room. Someday I will.

Walk forty miles
To the post office.
To silver nude-mood movies
and red garter belts—
to bus stations where they
move and move and loiter
or steal on the buses at night

to watch light above with black around, stockinged legs brushing seats; Flicking light on print, bobbing heads and burning cigarettes. How nice.

Alice has eaten her oatmeal and poked her head through the door and is staring at me. She usually does. I suspect she'll stare for an hour. I look at her and she looks at me. We say nothing. Usually. Today I tell her about Tom. And Harry, who's been trying to garner the peaceful sources of the world. He misses no opportunity. For his position of authority he wears a purple uniform and a black cap. He has stitched a map of the peaceful world on his chest. He knows that I have something to say and I have sworn him to secrecy. We talk about his garnering and about his map. Why, I say, why, Harry, if when I speak everything will be as it should have been, as it isn't now? Why do it, Harry? We have coffee together every morning—I go out the backway. The Landlady never sees or hears me leave (Alice does. She wants to meet Tom and/or Harry. Either one.). Harry and I report, unexplicitly—I, my mood of the day (Am I to speak today? Or not?), he, his progress in garnering. He believes I will speak, I haven't told him when. We're old friends. I go to see him shortly. Yes, Alice, I go to see him shortly, to tell him *how* I was going to tell the world *once*. About never you mind Alice. About there's this man I'd managed to contact despite the FL—you see the FL is wasting its time—who was going to print what I was going, am going to tell. Serializing seemed the way, mass serialization like Dickens in the nineteenth and Mailer in the twentieth—I mean they did it and so what if their messages and mine differ a bit—of course I decided later not to. I was going to supplement it with blimps and helicopters and streaming messages—you couldn't tell where it would be, it was going to be everywhere—which is what bothered me, that it might have been, would have been, too obvious, you know, like you eat it for breakfast like athletes and see it and read it in grammar school textbooks like children and hear it at sporting events and religious times, observances, wakes, funerals, holidays.

Shall we swap histories?

Which is what bothered me, but I'll tell Harry anyway because we're old friends.

See the arrangements as one will and they're neither there nor not there.

As I said, It's interesting to speculate and Harry and I have had some great times.

The arrangements of the selves, the eyes, the intellects, the imaginations.

Before his peace garnering days or rather before I knew what he was doing. He knew I had something on my mind even then, though I didn't tell him until later—that I had something on my mind.

Some arrangements are recorded, more are not; there are arrangements yet to come. But he knew when he first saw me, when I was walking to the country and he was driving around in an old truck disguised as a pig farmer. He stopped and picked me up without my even asking and I asked him what it was all about and he said I'm a pig farmer. Pigs taught me all I know. It was a warm day and we just meandered or at least Harry did. How's the pig business I asked him and he said it was good—again—pigs taught me all I know. Warm weather then.

In so far as; in the capacity or character of; as when the panting stops.

We drove around. From town and city to town and city and, of course, many beautiful things happened, in a sense.

Detect that minimal self-aged voice.

We'd cover every street, every road everywhere and wouldn't leave till we had. Sometimes we'd stay over for reasons like going to a stadium several weeks in a row. We'd approach it different ways. We'd arrive early before anyone else, before there was even anyone to let us in,

silence . . . alone . . . and yet a dream
and let ourselves in. Harry would sit at one side and I at the
other,

just a couple of specks and we'd talk—trying to maybe hear each other—and we'd wave. A beautiful feeling. The wind would blow and the sun would shine and sometimes it would rain. Soon we'd run toward each other and it would take a while and we'd meet and run up and down the field, sometimes together, sometimes not. Perhaps we'd view each other through a ray of sunshine or stand together shoulder-to-shoulder, in a puddle, in the mud, in the middle of the field.

Hard to believe in what's already past—what do memories tell—really happen? Can think back and rearrange them. Trying to chart existence or something—includes lack of vision, egocentricity, hopelessness, or imagination.

We didn't need to but often we'd wear certain costumes so we could identify each other. We'd run up into the stands, sit, and Harry would turn to me. Mr. Duck he'd say and I'd say, of course. It mattered what the weather was, how the stadium was constructed, who was there. We were very sensitive to all conditions. At times we'd stop the truck outside the stadium and wait for the people to show and enter. Then we'd look at each other, leave the truck and go in opposite directions, entering the stadium at opposite ends. I would sit in the middle of the crowd and roar frequently, though I could see nothing but the shapes around me. The FL undoubtedly thought I was hemmed in, trapped, but with every roar they must have thought differently. My mighty roar, supreme, wonderful—heard by Harry as I heard his shrieks of ecstasy.

We always left after a while. We'd leave and go back to the truck. Harry would get in first. It never failed—as soon as we were both in the truck the windows would steam up. We'd leave the town immediately. There was not always the same ominous sequence, there were slight alterations. Betty leaning against the right front fender on a day of rain.

Different aspects of different types
Hazy figure to the eyes, at times

And maybe a colored figure.
Different effects on different types
At the same time.

Neither Harry nor I had ever seen her before. I arrived before Harry and there she was holding, twirling her umbrella. Marvelous woman. I had to wait for Harry, for him to arrive and get into the truck first, and I promptly decided to walk around the truck a few times. Every time I passed Betty I tipped my rain hat; I'm Mr. Duck, I'd say. The first couple of times I passed her she just showed me her sign. I'd nod and make another trip around the truck, wondering where Harry was. The rain I didn't mind; I, of course, love all weather. After about my fourth trip she said come with me and I said, well, I have to leave Harry a message and she said, well, leave him one. Dear pig farmer, when you get out of that crowd and find me not here don't go on to another town and city for we shall have more great times together. I'll be back shortly after I go with this marvelous woman, somewhere. Keep the truck warm.

Conclusions at different times
And more conclusions

We always left after a while. We'd leave and go back to the truck. Harry would get in first. It never failed—as soon as we were both in the truck the windows would steam up.

Have to know the details

We'd leave the town immediately. There was not always the same ominous sequence, there were slight alterations. Betty leaning against the right front fender on a day of rain. Neither Harry nor I had ever seen her before. I arrived before Harry and there she was holding, twirling her umbrella. Marvelous woman. I had to wait for Harry, for him to arrive and get into the truck first and I promptly decided to walk around the truck a few times.

No one true observation(s), just competing loyalties, as one will

Every time I passed Betty I tipped my rain hat; I'm Mr. Duck, I'd say.

The first couple of times I passed her she just showed me her sign, I'd nod and make another trip around the truck, wondering where Harry was. The rain I didn't mind; I, of course, love all weather. After about my fourth trip she said come with me and I said, well, I have to leave Harry a message and she said, well, leave him one. Dear pig farmer, when you get out of that crowd and find me not here don't go on to another town and city for we shall have more great times together. I'll be back shortly after I go with this marvelous woman, somewhere. Keep the truck warm.

Yet, too, and then, too, and, of course.

It was not for me to concern myself with whether or not Harry would guess what I was thinking, whether I was going to speak to this person this marvelous woman, to tell her what I knew and thus obliterate all, change all. He was probably more concerned

dissembling, assembling, reassembling

with his peace garnering though he might have been worrying about his identity. I was, of course, a threat to that. With a word the all but beautiful Harry would be no more, Harry the mighty adventurer. I was hungering for Betty no more than I hunger for Alice at this moment. I'm leaving in a moment, Alice, and I'm delighted you seem to have, once again, enjoyed your oatmeal. There'll be more tomorrow. That's right, Alice, no matter what happens I'll be back.

As we walked away, Betty talked. Life is fruitful, she said, think of what we have before us. I'm sure it will go on. With that and without thinking about it, I had to wonder if Betty, as marvelous as she seemed, was not of the FL or at least another unsuspecting creature put in my way, being used to prevent me from speaking. If she wasn't there seemed to be a good possibility that I might speak to her at an appropriate moment. Despite her beauty, despite the fact that she would be wherever I wanted her whenever, for any man, I was to see

that she was not a simple creature, like many I would have to deal with, like many I know. Like Harry and Tom.

Little stories

That first day, the day I left Harry a note, we walked a short distance and I saw where Betty lived at the moment.

Put down the notes
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Harry and I had chosen a town and a stadium near where Betty lived. She lived in an FL stronghold.

Pieces throughout

They affect everything and are everywhere but they do have their strongholds. We went to her room, she entered first and closed the door. As the days passed I came and went.

'Without history one is lost in the dark.'

Harry was not disturbed and had waited for me. We continued our ways, driving around to town and city, always ending at Betty's room where Harry would leave me.

Symbol . . . Abstraction

Betty would be lying on a bed when I entered and I would lie on the bed beside her. Betty with her beauty (long hair that covered her face but not her nudity) lying on the bed as I enter the room. I lie on the bed beside her. Night passes. Day passes. Another night. She says things, off and on, and I come and go. Three windows in that room, one at the foot of the bed and at the two sides. Actually there was a fourth but we didn't look at it though there were things happening there. No, Betty, we certainly don't have to look at it. Betty, hard and cynical one day, murderous another and always beautiful. Coy, prim,

luscious, quiet, talkative but always beautiful. Glowing woman. A radiance unaffected by the present, surrounding, permeating FL.

half-finished segments, half begun

They were always moving by, filling the streets day and night, though their ritual was to carry their Chairs at night—all different types, different styles of Chairs for a variety of places and times though they were basically the same.

noise and movement,
sound and gesture

They weren't secretive about it because they didn't have to be, only I could betray them and they were always busy working on me, trying to subvert me however futilely.

Why horrified?

Different styles and types for different times and places though I could hardly see the point of it all, for though the Chairs seemed more in evidence—they always do in an FL stronghold—they are apparent everywhere and it strikes me as superfluous, then, to talk about times and places, to place myself in one rather than another and so why the different styles and types for different times and places? Seems to me they outdo themselves, needlessly. I will not, as you can see, delude myself.

(If I don't leave soon to see Harry—I will ask him of his progress and he will keep his eyes on me, questioning, as usual—the Landlady will be bringing me her special hash. The special hash appears second today on her menu, right behind the oatmeal. I, of course, have to eat and despite what I said about the oatmeal I always eat something of what she brings in the course of a day. Neither do I protest when she brings me my health menu. Besides the fact that I am accordingly enabled to prepare myself for what I decide to eat on that list I avoid any possible squabble by not protesting. She varies the sheet quite a bit anyway.)

Variations

And even with those different styles and types for different times and places the Chairs are always changing shapes. I'm not sure why, whether it has something to do with purpose or motivation or grand design, or whether it's just plain function that is involved. I will admit that they vary with night and day. (My clothes are always laid out, too—how she gets in I don't know, but I have to wear clothes and am not fastidious. Oh, yes, Alice doesn't think I should have to wear clothes.)

There were times during those days

Perspective

when Harry found it necessary to isolate himself, to reflect on his findings and as I had not yet decided to speak it made little difference what I did.

permeate and become a part of

I spent the days inspecting the FL stronghold with Betty. I needed to find out nothing so our tour was not to gather information. Neither did I have to be secretive or to disguise my movements. I knew the FL, they knew me. Nothing could be hidden, everything was there, in the open. Though I told Betty nothing she acted accordingly, as she should. We usually began with the main, store-lined street. Chairs were. as always, in all the windows. As such we stopped at every window and

Different ideas, various approaches

Betty would admire

Discussed (ideas, variations)

and talk

whether one's just met them
or whether one's known them
for a shifting of time
of the latest fashions,

Either don't comment and
merely look
or stare or speak
of other things
of the moment

asking my opinion and testing my reactions. Did I like exposed thighs? Should the bottom dominate or the breasts? Asking all, casually, slyly noting my reactions, always subtly testing me. It was necessary, of course, for Betty to assume various poses—one had to in order to gauge all possible effects in all situations, particularly the dramatic, the unexpected, the advantageous and rewarding. The striking of poses always brought the store manager out to assist. Betty did several quick changes in the street while I smoked, calmly. You bastard, she'd cry, as she fell violently and helplessly to the pavement with thighs apart and exposed, with pink panties revealed. Up and down, up and down as the manager expertly went through the motions of handing her all colors and cuts of panties and she went through the motions of trying them all. You bastard, pink ... you prick, blue ... you beast, red ... you miserable cock-sucking mother-fucking ohhhh, black. The colors were apparent, there was no question about it, and they played their parts perfectly. (The store manager did nothing else. He didn't even bother with a three-hour lunch.) Their timing was perfect, their hands never touched; the give-and-take, the back-and-forth was fluid.

The Chairs were, meanwhile, changing shapes in the window and behind those changing Chairs was the usual group of FL figures engaged in activity. The 'usual group of FL figures' but, naturally, there were different groups for different stores.

Arbitrary notions—of time, place
—psychotic fantasy, of course.

This group was dressed in gray. The men or people were moving around

furiously; there was much activity which bored me even though I was aware of the menacing influence that was being exerted. Often they would stop and look out—gray, weary, ashen, empty figures and faces, devoid of animation, of marks of what they were just doing.

Alice is still deviating from our usual routine, talking sporadically, opening and closing her thighs, thighs that have not always been as big as they appear to be now. (She's obviously been exercising them for some undisclosed purpose.)

Man is something, really.

There's a new boarder, she says, and she intends to introduce him to me. She is strong on community relations. She believes we have a community here and she believes in promoting sociability, likes to instigate intellectual and cultural conversations, has abiding faith in time-proven gentlemanly and civilized atmospheres.

have shifted through forms

All this she can do, she tells me. Yes, Alice, I heard you, his name is J. T. H., affectionately and familiarly speaking, or John Theodore Hinley. She apparently doesn't know, after all these years, through all these ages, that she can't reach me in the way she wishes. These are time-proven methods, she says, for life's age-old problems. It could be that she is now trying to make me jealous, community relations aside. Ahhh, how do you do, J. T.

away and beyond,
Variations.

I'm cognizant of the fact that Alice has always been around, but what was I to do with her? It's possible we might have had more together. A rather eager person. However, I've always known that she'll be taken care of and besides life has always had unlimited

promise with a beautiful setting and I've tried to impart that knowledge to Alice since she was a puny little thing, since we ate apples out of the same tree.

Artificial woods of what is and has gone before.

The commonness of the Chairs in the window, the frailty no matter what shape appeared, only made me increasingly indifferent and as I did not choose to exhibit arrogance at this moment, during our tour of no object, I acquiesced when Betty decided, after much enthusiasm, that—I don't wish to wear any of these panties. She was rapidly changing expressions—I'm murderous, I'm beautiful, I'm tender. We don't have those colors, said the giggling store manager losing control of himself. Marvelous woman, Betty. The store manager went inside and we moved to the next window.

Offshoots

J. T. is walking around the room. Pushing and pivoting off his right foot he makes ninety-degree turns and continually stops, looks over his shoulder, pushes his spectacles onto his nose and peers down at me, looking—depending on what I say—with shock, amazement, disgust, bafflement and surprise. Often he is unbelieving. Huumph, he walks on. How dare you, he walks on. A cad, he walks on. I am looked down upon. I am a cur. But he stays for longer and longer periods of time and returns often, without Alice. Man is not to be blamed, he says, he is to be understood. If I mention Betty he becomes furious or indignant or embarrassed, or pretends he doesn't hear, though his face reddens. Often he changes the subject. Later he begins to discuss her, later he is no longer furious. He giggles.

Harry he speaks of with awe. He gossips with Alice (undoubtedly about me) and obeys the Landlady. He is appreciative of Tom. And, of course, he knows nothing of the FL, though in his daily walks he often passes Chairs.

Later, amusement, sometimes uproarious laughter, replace the shock, the amazement, the disgust, and the bafflement (his glasses fall from his face or become perched on his forehead, tears appear, his face whitens and a shrieking cackling begins, his entire body shakes, his arms and legs jerk spastically and a white handkerchief appears). He is only occasionally surprised. We begin our show, acting with predictable results. We enjoy ourselves.

No satisfaction on the point—one's question, itself, to go to pieces. The smash of one's question as complete.

Obedient as he is, J. T. often waits outside my room before entering. He waits, as he thinks proper, for the Landlady to bring me a report of my previous day's doings (of which she knows nothing), complete with recommendations, admonitions and prognostications. In she rushes and before handing over the report comments on my health, my attire, my sleep, the company I keep, food, water, all my habits.

Consecutive, parallel, appropriate.

I, of course, exploit J. T. and he, knowing it after a while, continually sets up my opportunities. Gesture, reaction/overreaction, word/gesture, one-on-one. J. T. is a headless horseman.

If I didn't think about it I wouldn't know what J. T. H. is, does, would be, has been. He would look at me, shocked, his mouth open, his glasses on his nose, peering over them. He'd march toward me, on his heels, and tap me on the shoulder, clutching a pencil, chopping downward with it, chop, chop, chop, indicating, pointing—directing with pursed lips. I, of course, would humor him, act intimidated, obey his every command, a truant before him.

Atonal
we grew out of something

J. T. is of the current world, however, and will definitely never have existed. What I do with him doesn't count. He might as well be a phantasy, a phantom—no, hardly that. All his painfully, slowly

acquired mannerisms, gone. When the moment arrives. At the end of the Campaign.

Leland Hickman

TIRESIAS I:1

RAIN RAIN TIRESIAS BLIND WORD-RAIN
inside clouds black wrap me rain
Tiresias witchman shapeshifter shaman
 slurp up
wordpour scare up your lifesong out
from your god-dead birdgut vision Tiresian, blow-
job-grum Tiresian word-rain/ up, rise
up/ your snakesplitting stick erect
high over memory snakebed: Blue
 peppertree flies haze
shimmer down secrets I want to
see what you look like under your
levis under your shorts I want to
see have you got hairs where I have let's
climb this peppertree naked together
shout out cries of sunburnt weeds
sprint with hard-ons over the bluffs
speed on bicycles no hands
& give the finger to skies with both
hands as we go Youth-green
eyes & all that time & again I
I come from the ground on change-scent
never enough for me never enough
see me lap it up it is blood it
 is to be living again, a little a-
 live, no
 matter how, no matter how
brief life life again Fuck me
I've come to your bare room it glows now

twilight outside weed-heavy rain
no sound of the city I've come to
revive you at cycle-hush Come
to say to you look outside
the hospital yard on bloomfire
you're not going to die grandma you're just
not Your hands slide over me hot
summer rain in them

What are you whispering I
do not hear not too near to

you You never expected cunt to
to pulse with the pulse of rainfall

What are you
whispering grandma oh dying's not——
Pulse, flux & mindsurge dweller in
earthlight

rain thru the window

I've come to
burst the deathskin off you fuck
me.

TIRESIAS I:2

NOW, TIRESIAS
see that far back chug
of an old black car packed full of women
gasoline leak into earth stops
beside cleared ground where tough
men with my young father heft
the rainsoaked rafters into place
the women urge
them on: build it squat tarstained ugly
like us forever unfinished death's

shack I see that far back Soldier over-
head bunkboy your sex rage as this
barracks' gunmen sleep shakes
our snores off it's night go to it fist
wrapped hard tight solo go go to
your sky in your lonely sheet toward
the dancer under your lids jack let
your noises wake them so each bunk
trembles each hand grasps each his
good cock speechless in
a rain of rustling under company moon &
hear nightlong storm of gasps you've started
quick privates quivering in their dreams single
handed raising the creaking roof &
listen to the progress of the shudder bunk
9 bunk 5 bunk 21 & 12 everyone comes
then dawn comes be lulled by lapping of
whitecapped hisses between white teeth I
see again muscles building it windy

cursing each other's work
& the hard warped timbers:
Tiresias, grow here (& there will be
hunters under my house snakes &
black widows) I'm high so I'll tell you
I remember my ancestor fullblooded Cherokee
his breath in my ears as he holds me
Go down I love you I love you go down
by sea under stars it
is summer goes down on us I see
his black eyes lined face
as he holds me, a baby
as he whispers soft to me wild I'm high so
I'm telling you Our feet in cool waves
our bodies in sand Later they told me

he'd been dead for a century Spanish
music over the harbor, the town's
neons shine on the water go down go
down Isn't he part of me
ghost, breathing my breathing I hold to him
holding me safe safe &
I've never told anyone Now see
that far back memory that begins me
old black car chugging uphill where
angry men hammer where men hammer

TIRESIAS I:3

AT THE BASE OF MY SPINE NOT DROWNING
floating his boneless arms snakes
in the water his pleading lips
mumbling silences I peer
down the spine tunnel I turn him
with my stick I learn loathing.
she lies on her back the air-cooler hums
her hair is wet on her forehead
she presses my hand to her belly
he flails with boneless gestures
swells her with words without marrow
I lock the spine's tunnel close down
eyesight but he kicks within us

alive thru all changes My
wife my sons to protect them
pistol beneath my pillow I sleep
with his death to protect them screw
your sick world over your eyes brother you
say you see us you don't see us your
eyes seek your eyes This in the shack

my father built these are my brothers
this is my mother born without hands
this is the axe my father chose those
were our hands Canal by the railway
it swims thru me child swimmers gone
dusk is in the water She's gone she's
gone forever yes close the door I
want to sleep yes here's money Warm
waters slipping past deep mud as
soft as powders tall velvet cattails
screen my body from trains swim up-
stream strip out of my suit it
sinks behind me my skin the
water bends my stiff cock backward the current
tugs at my balls None of
you boys have loved me I don't
know how but I've failed you Polluted
canal I am your current I am your cattails
erect along the rails I cling I sink in-
to you Somewhere along the line I
I don't know where I went so wrong tell
me help me On my back floating
slowly falling the polluted waters
flow over my face touch silt & sink
in it sink in it You won't answer me
will you so get out get out Surge over
my own chest & thru my lungs His arms
underwater writhe towards me lock
the spine's tunnel close down
vision he does not drown.

TIRESIAS I:4

LIKE A MAN HE SMASHES SOMEONE'S MOTORCYCLE

against a curb like a man screams
lands on his ass back-broken paralyzed
makes his little pool of piss like a man
white cast chest chafing naked crotch like a
man he whines for soup overalled
he plants the plum you dropped thru her front
not her gruntybig hole like a man
bangs the hammer on his thumb like a man
tries to enlist 4

F & crashes the car against truck's
side he brings mother home
she's bleeding in her face & fainting Watch,
Tiresias that young man's ass rising & falling
firm white flanks rippling over that young
ass lifting upward toward that
young man's prick plunging slowly in & out
out & in slowly that dark head sucking
that yellow head's ears & neck those
shoulders crushing that prone young
man whose thick legs spread wide are
tan against the sheets those pale flexed legs
of the fucker as he just tips just edges
in then slides fast down that gut click hear
it that yellow head's exhalation that
resistless moan Watch we're
alone in your room & I undress for you
jacket tie shirt shoes socks & undo
my belt Okay kid look: this
window's a mirror there's the guy he
can't see you're looking now you
make him confess I take off my trousers look
at my body no, you can never touch me So
when we take you to him don't say nothing
okay kid say hi but what we want to see is
what the freak does when he sees you Your

eyes strain to touch me freak how you
reach for the real Don't be afraid
point thru the mirror's back behind

the back of tenderness at
the slumped back of the accused In
some icecold moment you'll cry out you'll
try to touch me Confront him kid, show him
you're the one who fingered him Your cry
your fingers fall thru me my beauty
is all silence & nothing Whose love
spat back clamps iron bars around him
These hairs on my body bristle in my sweat
tho I don't move & you don't touch.

TIRESIAS I:5

HERE EVERYTHING SNAPS IN TWO, TIRESIAS:

broken woman red lips & brown
eyes of chaos auburn hair of chaos
broken woman breaking
my eyes breaking hot glare stab
of sunlight on stone where you lead me:
breaks off in your name in
unborn consonants of your name
splinters of salt piercing our eyes
glitter & glitter into the brain's
smallest hardest seed Gravel
path sunset I kiss the girl but
beyond her bra-strap catch your gaze
you'll
get dust on your housedress pressed
to the shut screen door
or moths in your auburn hair not a

flicker of eyelash not one tic
of your right nostril not even
an uneven breath not a word yes: some
tears that are meant to disturb us we
tremble so what the bird abandonment
flaps against my face but see
I jerk my head frightening it
back into auburn shadows of
 orange grove & smudgepots
 & dead sunsets Abandonment
pecks at my skin its droppings blur

my freshman peace poem downstairs
does some secret brilliant boy
ease his 2½"-wide veincluster
deep thru her teenage smile? Command
that tiny Pfc snap to! when
was the last time you had a haircut
soldier? Lucky the tortoise-shell cat
purrs on my bird-splattered page downstairs
do tongues meet? & does he lick
his streaks of gyzm from her teeth? Dis-
missed! I tuck my chest-hairs in I
halt him order him softly come back come
back salute me blue-eyed private sa-
lute me salute us salute I stare
at his shineless boots & feel
 shifting of half-light
over the neat white bricks Front door
squeals hot rod laughs she kisses
 me now as the smells
of his bones & his armpits whip me
bound & gagged with her hair Squeeze your
chaos into my open mouth morning glory
tendrils twist your words of salt that

milklike drop on the tongue the salt
that falls from your mothering lips
blooms thru all pores & fingertips
the hate under our nails is also you
is you, Tiresias, broken broken
woman of breaking.

Michael McCarthy

The Cell . . . A Reflection on Night and Suicide

The cell never changes, from prison to prison, one man or two: the desperation of loneliness and forced isolation pervades . . . eats away every moment. The cell is a tomb: an emotionally carnivorous den--coldly, brutally, and with "professionalized" indifference, designed to confine; to control and to isolate to the maximum extent.

The bunk grows clammy on those nights; your feet cold, entangled in sheets wet with the sweat of anxiety and fear of facing another night alone--another night when you know that there's no way out--no way to escape. You've got to live out the night knowing that not a goddamn person gives a fuck about you. Every moment the scream for some indication of caring; some sign of affection, builds in your chest and throat, threatening to choke you to death.

Turning over, opening your eyes; clenching--unclenching your hands, is no relief. Getting up to look out a window, or through the bars on to the tier only emphasizes your isolation. A cup of coffee; if you've got hot water, if you can afford the coffee, is tasteless shit--it goes down, only to keep you awake hours

longer. Books are useless; you're so preoccupied with self-pity and desperation that the usual, artificial means of escape--music from the earphones, sexual fantasies, plots of revenge--have no meaning. "Tomorrow" is never . . . a worthless alternative.

These are the hours then, when death has conquered so many. When the time is no longer bearable; when all the excuses you've conceived; when all the rational alternatives you've so tediously created, succumb to the reality that surrounds you.

It is in these hours when men move from their bunks, dressed only in tee-shirts and undershorts, and sit almost catatonically for hours on porcelain toilet bowls. Then, with a calmness second only to death, slice into their grey-skinned wrists; through their pulsing veins and arteries with State issued razor blades . . . The head slumps down on the other arm as the last flash of colour in their lives leaps and splatters, coating the aseptic-painted, cement floor a crimson hue.

These are the nights when so many of us slowly and calculatingly wrap the brown plastic wires of our earphones around our necks; tie one end to the ventilation grating, and with inexplicable patience and discipline, strangle ourselves to death.

It is these nights which capture our cells so; making them what they really are: Coffins for the condemned.

And it is with equal terror, as we come out of those same cells, on those next mornings, that word of another victory for the State is brought to those of us who have survived another 24 hours in the Dachaus of America.

Peter Wild

Sailors

If he smokes too much
the insides of his mouth
 become the walls of a cave
spreading with moss agate.
his molars rise from the gums
 like sailors miraculously pushed out
 of the waves which have almost drowned them.
yet salvation is painful;
 they are not yet saved.
and they must tumble wide-eyed
 losing their belts, their rope soles
in the stream of blood, a bubbling hand
 curving down from his tongue,
 calling for their mothers;
the birds snatch them from the flood
 like crumbs,
 bear them off lamenting
 the cathedrals of his nostrils
to the desert islands.

Douglas Blazek

SEGOVIA & MY DOG

I have Segovia.
he is playing guitar somewhere
on a clairvoyant glacier in Russian.

I have a pail
full of rocks found by
the ocean — they remain at an
arm's distance & as hard as my feet.

I have a pair of slippers
creating peacefullness or at least
they are sitting still & not by
drug or by law or by desire.

I have a landlady
who has given me a month's notice
& I have hundreds of
other landladies who
refuse me rent because
I have a dog &
they don't like dogs, probably
because dogs are better than them.

I have very little,
which is not a complaint—
I still have plenty to write about.

I have blank paper, real
old stuff carried 2000 miles from Illinois

each one of those miles a year.
I use it the way Caruso used trees.

I would like to give
those landladies Segovia
the pail full of rocks &
pair of slippers.
I'm sure that if they had them
they would want my dog too.

Greg Kuzma

The Lucky

We are lucky at hopscotch now
and later we will be lucky at love.
The lucky know no ropes but those
they climb, and they climb up into
waiting arms or down into getaway
cars. Let storms break down the
roof, the lucky will be warm in
the fireplace, having become
the coals. Let the days get
mixed up the lucky can wait
for the music of forgetfulness
to take its toll. Strangers will
come and go, taking their money.
The lucky will live off the land,
stealing its poise and fat.
The lucky survive the blasts
of the holy. The way to the
hill of martyrdom is paved
with the lucky eating their daily
bread.

And we are the lucky who know it
and who know nothing. Gifts open
themselves to us, astonishment
lives in our vowels, each devil
inside us sleeps his convictions.
From us the weapons of anger roll
like water. We are the good
for whom sorrow has failed to find

the combination. We are the
deathless, the preserved. Life
stings in our faces.

Lyn Lifshin

Monet's Les Nymphéas the long curved room the walls

starting to
shimmer breathe

a chinese girl
sitting on the stone
bench next to me

dazed smiling

the lilies moving
into both of us

Harlow House 2
in the long room
white plaster

heavy beams gunstock
posts of oak
and jack pine

arrow marks near
the splicing hats
on a hook

stained where the
hair touched

straw in the plaster still

shadows
caught on ice

Harlow House 3
waiting for bread,
the smell of maple
leaves shadows

strange words from
the north shore. 4
o'clock. branches
like claws on the
hot bricks. Both
of them hung, the
girl her lover

the fire turns to
initials. For no
reason she knows
she feels one burn
thru her clothes
sew itself to her
skin. Not even

dying fish lose
their color
like this

Harlow House 4
deep shadows in the corners

sea blowing thru the house

smoke ashes her
finger greasy
from the wool

the 3rd wife

imagining
his hands

other thighs
growing under the
earth pale roots
they reach under the
floor boards

the 13 children
like herbs
she's never cooked with

Harlow House 13
the smell of fish oil

boiling wax, bayberry
skin in a room near

the shed. All the
linen for her

life in a
box since she

was 10 crushed
roses in the

folds Now in the

dark cocks grow

like candles

in her blood.

50 dips

each time bigger

Henry H. Roth

The Traditional Way

Summon up the bridge table, cover the chipped surface with plastic lace and make the day festive and life style traditional. Candles can be lit by anybody with a maternal thought; in this case a benediction in clipped tones by our banker, a short, paunchy man, crewcutted to defy age and mock baldness. Silent most of the time so he couldn't be tempted to hiss out the excruciating despair of his life; plenty vocal now, studying our collated income, he swoops down like the American Eagle, no longer in danger of extinction but shadowing the world with ferocious wing spread. "We'll vote on your mortgage application fella." He sneered, "Next week you'll have our answer pal." Leered at my wife, groped for my children and lit the candles but not attracted to me. A cup of wine is needed for each table setting; you drink four times to remember the head man's promise to set his kind of people free. Joints can be substituted for wine—more liberating really and even my future looks sanctified. If you feel funny about fingering tradition then back to Paisano. I idly wonder if I ever made a bumbling promise about delivering any family from bondage. The Haggadah is a favourite with some children—it's a narrative of linking hands and voicing songs and thanksgivings. After the meal more songs, lots of fun, so how can I compare the Haggadah to our puny daily papers, all lying, telling nothing, omitting everything; even the comics appear seedy and dirty. Matzoah is eaten because there was no time to bake and liven up the dough. Because they had to eat on the run we now must suffer. Part of one matzoah is stolen though returned later in the evening when it is successfully ransomed by a rich uncle. Children have come a long way from being paid off for returning kidnapped unleavened. Z'roah is shank bone off the Pesach lamb which was once sacrificed to only one God. Passover of course denotes when the commander in chief nailed only Egyptian

first born, saving the Jews for future programs. Bussing this season is opposed by most Jewish residents who are a true cross between uppity WASPS and snarling, low-class whites united in opposition to Blacks. Period. My neighbor told me his ideas; he's running on the Liberal ticket for Trustee and is involved in another election for School Board. He believes in smacking down hard on the disruptive child and really looking into welfare and sterilization. Wish I had a friend, even a God. Beitzah is the roasted egg, a symbol of mourning for the destroyed temple, just another symbol, but a tasty one this time. I long for additional Beitzahs, more delicious symbols of mourning and sadness . . . Maror is horseradish (to prove the suffering under the Egyptians) eaten in between two matzoahs—the ultimate Jewish hero. The banker demands someone co-sign our mortgage bond, claims he's behind us; that's what scares the Charoset out of me. Charoset is an artless blending of chopped nuts, apples coated with sweet wine meant to resemble the mortar used in building things for the Pharaoh. The intelligent will soften the Maror with Charoset and suffer less while wondering what the main course is going to be. The bank is putting real pass rush pressure on us to raise my life standard. The banker calls every evening, "Renew your teaching license, teach high school English once again. Paint on weekends and in the summer." "Dreams," he sputters. Hangs up but calls right back. Karpas is parsley, again a symbol of the sparse meals ladled out during slavery. Dip the parsley in salt, taste the tears of generations. God is not dead, we have found Him alive and He will lend us the downpayment and will co-sign. I applied for a job, if I cut my hair eight thousand dollars will be mine. I call my banker. The cup of Elijah is one cup optimistically filled hoping the famed prophet will show and announce the Messiah. School begins tomorrow. The bus schedule was printed in the county paper today; my family seems to expect my name listed under the bus stops. If my people are so great, why did they bug Moses so much. Why did they worship false gods and really hurt him? Frankly on such a rank holiday I ignore the candles

the cups of wine
the Haggadah
the Z'roah
the Beitzah
the Maror
the Charoset

the Karpas

but reach for the cup of Elijah—he doesn't have to put in a special guest appearance because I already possess the next best possible symbol. My banker and I have heard and understood all traditions and we two are higher than any Martin King mountain. We share the same muse, the same siren melody. To really validate my cup of Elijah the next day brings acceptance. *We are landowners.* My wife sobs, my children shout out "no more rent." *We are landowners.* My front door is open but there will be no more prophetic visitors. My youngest boy, the one who is supposed to ask questions but knows only answers, spies the opening and kicks it shut.

Dennis Johnson

higher up

An old Indian woman sleeps
naked,
in the long grass
of Darcy Meadow;
alder-leaves cover her breasts
and the scars
on her brown legs.
Under the cottonwoods
a cougar is dying,
his body an arched half-moon.

Were I younger,
and more sound,
I might return
the clear song
of the white-crowned sparrow,
who has fashioned his nest
inside a willow-thicket.
Tonight I know only
that I am standing,
head down,
under an emerald moon,
and that somewhere
above this meadow
snow is falling
on the necks
of huddled eagles.

If I were home

in L.A.,
I would be sitting
in my living-room
drinking whiskey,
leafing obsessively
through photograph-albums
and watching the sun-spiders
circumspectly navigate
my ceiling,
my walls,
my cold, still floor.

J. Krusoe

Peking Poem

Peking, red pools of perfume, feathers in the bird's wing.
Dream flowers bloom, red petals in the spring wind.

Their stalks are like bones. One pictures none.
You ask: do they have wind? Birds? Bones there?

Birds are cooked with plum's meat, made into rhymes of porcelain,
Of course: bones under feet, and in book spines,

of Sung vases, yellow as parchment, empty, waiting.
singing bright as parachutes full blown.

The dancer moves, he lifts a finger, so is held apart Peking.
Watch: water swirls: a fisherman floats a feather, remote.

John Harris

THE NIGHT OF CANCER

*"The paradox is that land limbs
were developed to reach the water,
not to leave it. "*

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

1

Solstice

Kindle of stars

Flood tide bucking the shore

Ghost of the Gemini sun in the river

rising out of which

my ancient uncle Salamander

knits gills into lungs

rips fins into fingers

that I might face this passage

My oldest uncle Freeman said

Will don't go back

the war is coming we are aging

But my father said

Amelia and I and the children

are in a war already

it is called Armageddon

So we go back to China

and the place where I was born

is tentmeeting fish flies

It is oilcloth shantung dung

and I am a stranger there

2

Lamp glow on the Big Sur River
the stench of excrement drifting out of the woods
I go by starlight to a spring
where we camped in a butterfly season
I find a midden of bones
where we started a fire
I put my lips to the ground
Through the earth I feel
the shudder of cobble on a beach
In my skull I hear
my heartbeat clocking my blood

I count the ribs of salamander salmon
I go back the way I came
I pass a coast and it is the Yellow Sea
The tent is falling
Fish flies rise like a plague
I lie in the fire
I leave my blood
My footprints lead into the surf
and when I awake
I am far from sight of
anything strange

3

And when I surface
it is summer in a strange land
There is a girl in a bathing suit
black itchy wool like mine
There is a mound on the sand
Chou Cheng Uncle Joey our amah's man
who couldn't swim but had to
Safe in the arms of Jesus my father says

but all I see
is a grave
and a girl with prickly skin

And I dream three times of drowning
of footprints leading
into the surf
and not out again
It is hard to live like this
Father you deceived me
I am not your son
I am drowning
and you cannot stop me
For every soul you save you lose a skin
I will rip lungs into gills
go down into water
I will kiss the springs
It is sol-fa
It is silence

4

So we go back to China
and six days at sea out of Seattle
I lock the cabin door from inside
while everyone is at dinner
Even in Chinese
they can't explain how to open it
The cabin is steel
the hinges are welded on
So my father
climbs down the hull of the ship
toward the cabin
No one will even hold a rope
so he

climbs down the cleated plates
and when I see his feet at the porthole
I go out to meet him
I hug his feet
They slip but he clings to the hull
between railing and keel
He gets stuck in the porthole
drops his trousers into the Pacific
works his hips through the circle
and we are safe

So I am told
I have no memory of this
and when I dream it
I meet my father in the water
and I say
papa forgive my solitary sin
He holds me in his arms
and I say
papa forgive the prickle in my bone
We watch the ship
sink into the Pacific
and we are happy
together
in the water

5

Under the morning moon
a stipple of dawn
beside a creek that turns toward Asia
I watch a shoal of salmon
turn from home
Those fingers of flesh remember
They will return

to the creek the very riffle
where they began
They will return and be extinguished
My stream bed is missing
I mark where it was
but it is gone
Water show me a sign
Fish give me the bearing
The fish descend the river
The sun begins its transit of Cancer
On this very scrap of paper
over the watermark
the perfect footprint of a salamander
perhaps the one
I worried in the woods last night

Salamander Salmon Father
I have made too much
of this matter
The water takes my bones
with barely a ripple

Tristine Rainer

Anäis Nin's Diary I (1931-1934)

The Birth of the Young Woman as an Artist

In her writing as in her life, Anäis Nin has escaped conventionality and chanced the leap to creativity. Her novels have often been misunderstood, because they have the unity of poetry rather than the traditional elements of setting, plot, suspense and characterization, which, surprisingly, are found in her diaries. Her sense of time is an Eastern one of suspended flux rather than the Western sequence of events. Her concept of life is her own; it begins with death and moves always toward birth.

For Anäis death and birth are not part of a traditional seasonal pattern, but, rather, a timeless process discovered deep in the human psyche. Birth does not occur sequentially before death, nor death before birth. Although polarities, death and birth are the same process; they occur simultaneously, death making way for birth. They are both the same forward surge of energy which is eternal.

It is this psychic concept of death and birth which informs the first volume of her diaries, giving it the richness and artistic unity of the creative unconscious. The theme of the first diary is Anäis' escape from conformity into creativity, from death into birth. Her imagery, symbolism, and characterization all relate to one of two polarities: death, introduced at the beginning of the volume, or birth, emphasized at the end.

The theme of death is one which she could hardly have ignored in the company of Michael Fraenkel, Walter Lowenfels, Antonin Artaud, and Henry Miller. Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*, written in 1931, begins, "I am living at the Villa Borghese. There is not a crumb of dirt anywhere, nor a chair misplaced. We are all alone here and we are dead."¹ Anäis recognized this Spenglerian decadence, as she

understood Artaud's *L'Art et le Mort* and his shocking enactment of dying in "The Theatre and the Plague." She writes, "For him the plague was no worse than death by mediocrity, death by commercialism, death by corruption which surrounded us. He wanted to make people aware that they were dying. To force them into a poetic state" (pp. 192-193).²

Nin's first diary contains a similar awareness of death, but unlike Miller and Artaud, she rushes forward in hope of transcendence. Diary I begins, "Louveciennes resembles the village where Madame Bovary lived and died" (p. 3). The passage continues as an extremely skillful example of topographical symbolism, wherein Louveciennes comes to represent the womb of sheltered security and conformity from which Anäis struggles to be born. The description sweeps, as if with a camera lens, over the peaceful land and village, haunted by historical and literary figures of the past, and comes to rest on the beautiful two-century-old house, with the fountain that "emerged like the headstone of a tomb" (p. 3), where she lives with her family and stares at "the large closed iron gate" (p. 4). In this comfortable world of bourgeois grace, delicacy, culture, security, and monotony, Anäis recognizes that "hibernating becomes dangerous and might degenerate into death" (p. 7). But she recalls that as a girl, she (unlike Anna Karenina) escaped being crushed under a train's iron wheels, and she promises, "Unlike Madame Bovary, I am not going to take poison" (p. 5).

Consequently, the house in Louveciennes is opposed to a more creative polarity in Nin's life, topographically symbolized by Henry Miller's kitchen in Clichy, the bohemian center of irresponsibility, experimentation, passion, and chaos, "a few pans, unmatched dishes from the flea market, old shirts for kitchen towels" (p. 62), the smells of food cooking along with emotional scenes and hard work writing, streets, drinking, whores, adventure, and art shared and lived rather than refined and preserved. The contrast of bourgeois and bohemian settings represents the polarity in Anäis' personal development and

corresponds to the character contrasts which recur throughout the diary.

For example, Nin repeatedly places Henry as a foil to her family, particularly her father. "My father encourages a restricted life. He is driving Maruca's mother around, to movies, a bourgeois life, bourgeois ideals. Henry is the egotistical artist. He is a better example" (p. 260). She repeatedly associates her father's perfectionism and propriety with death and Henry's abandon and energy with birth. "Henry breaks all the molds, all the forms, all the shells, all the edifices of art, and what is born is warm and imperfect. It is human" (p. 259). But, eventually, she realizes that her father and Henry represent projections of her own self. She writes, "How often I tried to kill the 'ideal' self, assassinate the critical self. Lose myself. That is, one of them" (p. 264). Anäis says she began the diary as a letter to her father, in order to make him understand and accept her, but more and more the father is seen as her own repressive super-ego, from which the real Anäis must break free to be born. Her diary becomes the very means of freeing herself. The diary is the search, the quest for self.

Once the reader understands the diary as the working out of an inner liberation, a story of growth, which is movement away from death and toward new life, the nature of the characterization and imagery become clear. New people appear in Anäis' life as a new side of herself begins to grow, while others seem to her to be dying, as the part of her that needs them dies. At first Antonin Artaud represents birth to Anäis. She writes, "He began to talk flowingly. . . . It gives a strange feeling, as if one were witnessing the very process of a birth of a thought, a feeling. One can see the nebula, the unformed mass moving, struggling for shape. . . ." (pp. 198-199). But later she sees he is dying. She writes, "To be touched by Artaud means to be poisoned by the poison which is destroying him" (p. 234). Similarly, Dr. Allendy at first offers her birth and growth, but later, when he tries to end her friendship with Henry and return her to the life of bourgeois security from which she is escaping, she writes, "I postpone death by

living, by suffering, by error, by risking, by giving, by losing. Allendy has chosen to die quickly, early, for the sake of dominating life. . . . He is dead now, living only through others . . ." (p. 190). Likewise, she initially looks forward to reunion with her father, anticipating the birth of a new relationship with him, but later she sees his "mask of wisdom, control, aging, death" (p. 255).

Knowledge that the diary is not intended to be read as an objective record of notable people living in Paris in the thirties, but as a subjective account of Nin's personal growth in relationship to them, also enables one to appreciate the power of the Henry-June-Anäis triangle in *Diary I*. Anäis' relationship with Henry Miller is not entirely liberating, and has its own limitations, which she comes to perceive. She writes, "(My father's) passion for criticism and perfection paralyzed me. Henry's absence of criticalness liberated me. But when it goes too far, it becomes a disintegrating force, and one cannot build with it" (p. 252). Moreover, her relationship with Henry and June objectifies her conflict between conformity and spontaneity in a new way. In the triad, Anäis develops two intense sides of herself, the woman and the artist, today so beautifully integrated, but at that time, in conflict. As Rank helps her to see, she has held a narrow conception of woman as the mother, whose role is to feed, give, and care. She writes, woman "is taught not to think of herself, to be selfless, to serve, help" (p. 165). In contrast, her closest models of the artist, her father and Henry, embody the romantic notion that the artist has no responsibilities but to art. She observes that Henry "is the man who dodged jobs, responsibilities, ties. He freed himself of all tasks but one: to write, perhaps at the expense of others . . ." (p. 257).

Unfortunately, those around her only increase her confusion over the woman /artist dilemma. Bradley encourages the artist, telling her to live selfishly, only for herself, while Allendy encourages the woman and tacitly approves when she tells him, "I wanted to be married to an artist rather than be one" (p. 82). Fraenkel expresses the doubts of many, "How can a woman of such femininity, such beauty, write a

book on D. H. Lawrence?" (p. 100), as if there were some contradiction between femininity and talent.

In the Henry-June-Anäis triangle, Nin explores this medieval, but still powerful, stereotype of beauty and service as female and intellect and achievement as male. June seems to represent the archetypal woman, woman as object, sunk in immanence, as described by Simone de Beauvoir in *The Second Sex*.³ Henry labels June with all the archetypes, "Venus, the moon, a statue, a queen, a tigress" (p. 52), and Anäis writes, "June simply is. She has no ideas, no fantasies of her own. They are given to her by others, who are inspired by her face and body. She acquired them. Henry says angrily, 'She is an empty box' " (p. 49). Anäis understands June better than Henry does and part of her actually wants to become June, wants to melt into the comfortable immanence of being woman as society has defined her, to abdicate her own difficult role as woman and artist. Yet another part of Anäis wants to be Henry, the iconoclastic thinker and writer. She claims, "He arouses tremendous strength in me. I write against and with him. I live against and with him" (p. 50). And she crystallizes the conflict in one sentence, "I am trapped between the beauty of June and the talent of Henry" (p. 54).

However, Anäis is intent on achieving an integration which retains the virtues most commonly associated with woman: gentleness, generosity, kindness, intuition, and warmth, along with the virtues associated with the artist, articulateness, commitment, insight, perception, and strength. She leaves Allendy because, she says, "he overlooked the deeper cravings of an artist. . . . He saw me as a Creole in a white negligee, New Orleans style, sitting on a rocking chair with a fan, feminine, awaiting light-footed lovers" (p. 282). She goes to Dr. Otto Rank because he has specialized in the creative psychology of the artist, holding that the neurotic is only an artist unliberated. She believes he can "help the writer to be born" (p. 305).

The relationship with Rank is a turning point in the diary. Immediately Rank rejects Anäis' conflict between bourgeois comfort

and wild bohemianism in favor of more creative solutions. Moreover, with Rank, Anäis begins to see the wider social implications of the woman/artist conflict. She begins to understand that women have special identity problems because of their cultural invisibility. Rank explains that man "the philosopher and the psychologist, the historian and the biographer" has written woman's life story and that "Woman could only accept man's classifications and interpretations" (p. 276). Further, he tells her, "man is always trying to create a woman who will fill his needs, and that makes her untrue to herself. Many of your 'roles' came out of the desire to fulfill man's needs" (p. 278).

Nevertheless, Rank himself is not immune from conventional, patriarchal assumptions. His confusion about woman as artist reaggravates Anäis' own conflict over that dichotomy. He tells her, "Women . . . when cured of neurosis, enter life. Man enters art. Woman is too close to life, too human," and later, "Perhaps, . . . you may discover now what you want—to be a woman or an artist" (p. 309). It is a false dichotomy, of course, and Anäis goes beyond her guide, as usual, in realizing that through her own creativity she could be both woman and artist without conflict.

For Anäis, this integration is achieved artistically before being implemented in her life, as in the dream, the symbolism of the creative unconscious often anticipates the life growth of an individual. Anäis metaphorically achieves the integration of woman and artist in the birth story which is the climax of Diary I. In labor with her child, she is most the woman, defined by her reproductive role, creation of life. At the same time she is most the artist, for this surely is the best description of childbirth ever written. The child is stillborn, but the woman artist is born. The imagery of labor, the womb, and birth has run through this volume, and finally it becomes clear that Anäis has succeeded in giving birth to her real self. As the German doctor can only stand by and watch in wonder, while she forces the baby out in her own mysterious way, so Drs. Allendy and Rank have been primarily witnesses as Anäis has accomplished her own transcendence. Yet Nin ends this volume of the diaries with the

observation, "Psychoanalysis did save me because it allowed the birth of the real me, a most dangerous and painful one for a woman, filled with dangers; for no one has ever loved an adventurous woman as they have loved adventurous men. The birth of the real me might have ended like that of my unborn child . . ." (pp. 359-360).

For Anäis birth has been successful; she has become a totally creative woman, as a person and as a writer. She has given birth to herself, to the real self of others, and to two novels, *House of Incest* and *Winter of Artifice*, both about the mystical process of psychic birth. As the birth story poetically indicates this eventual synthesis of the woman and the artist, so it also, in the birth of the dead child, finally merges the death and birth imagery which has run through the volume. Moreover, it takes this imagery beyond the level of the physical, social and psychological, and brings it to the level of the spiritual as well. The birth story ends with Anäis staring at the unfinished foetus of her little girl, and realizing that hers is to be Lawrence's symbolic motherhood, "bringing more hope into the world" (p. 346). The death imagery swells like a symphony to an unparalleled crescendo, and Anäis seems actually to die in her sleep. But the morning fulfills the archetypal promise of rebirth, and she awakens to a cosmic sense of love and unity with the universe. During this peak experience, her temporary death to this life allows her to be born into another, epitomizing the inter-identity of death and birth which has been the underlying movement throughout Diary I.

It should be clear from the foregoing analysis, that Nin's journals far surpass ordinary diary writing in scope and meaning. Like the great Japanese poetic diaries of the tenth and eleventh centuries, they go far beyond the mere recording of daily events, and like those diaries of the Heian court ladies, they transcend the artificial Western categories of fact and fiction, life and art,⁴ in order to discover the power of truth combined with the poetry of fiction. Each diary individually tells a story of psychic growth, and, cumulatively, they read as a woman's *bildungsroman*, a journey through numerous

relationships, places and eras, from, as Nin says, "subjectivity, and neurosis to objectivity, expansion, fulfillment."⁵ Like Ellison's *Invisible Man*, they are not the story alone of an individual, but the collective history of a group as well. Because of their subjectivity, not in spite of it, they chart an everywoman's path of inner liberation. As Anäis herself intuitively recognized in 1931, "It is not only the woman Anäis who has to speak, but I who have to speak for many women. As I discover myself, I feel I am merely one of many, a symbol" (p. 289).

Today her faith that the personal life deeply experienced and recorded would expand beyond itself has been proven true. The diaries, the poetic record of Nin's own birth, are being read widely as inspiration to the free women who are themselves being born. Moreover, Anäis Nin's writing has already begun to fulfill Rimbaud's prophecy, "There shall be poets! When woman's unmeasured bondage shall be broken, when she shall live for and through herself . . . she, too will be poet! Woman will find the unknown!"⁶

Footnotes

1. *Tropic of Cancer* (New York: Grove Press, 1961) p. 1. 2. Citations in the text are all to Anäis Nin's *The Diary of Anäis Nin, 1931-1934* (New

York: Swallow Press, 1966). 3. *The Second Sex* (New York: Bantam, 1961). 4. See Earl Miner, ed. and trans., *Japanese Poetic Diaries* (Berkeley and Los Angeles:

University of California Press, 1969) pp. 4-19. 5. *The Diary of Anäis Nin, 1944-1947* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1971) p.

25. 6. From a letter to Pierre Demeny, May 15, 1871.

Frances Thronson

WATERS

Rise my daughter, the sea awakens,
Hold me, my hair flows for you.
The salt here, and the waves
Have washed me tough and smooth as rock.
The currents are stretching me longer, quicker,
Flailing legs and arms are folded inside
And I have become one silver curve of motion, graced
To my eyes, and ready for you.

Only my hair is left, the long strands of my breath,
Catch them. They hold the drought of earth and clay,
The steady press of land.
Water has eased me of the burden of earth, and of the certainty.
I am free from the ravel of limbs.
Entwine yourself, wrap your slow cold body,
Crush and twist all you can around your fingers,
Closely. We'll begin slowly, circle, circle once,
Twice, as often as you need, then outward.

COMPOST

I need a familiarity with earth;
To cake myself with heavy mud
And break my fingernails by pulling out weeds.
Feel grit sucking the moisture from my skin.

I must make myself at home with compost,
Know its smell as my own
And learn comfort
By pushing my hands
Deep into its sluggish body.

VERGING

I am verging here on the end of land,
And having extended my life to this point
So far south and west, I am touched
By the heat and wind and rush of hurricanes.
I have thought of easing myself into the erratic waters
And swimming until I reach the center of their power.
Instead, so caught within the patterns of receding waves
Riptide lines and spray, I will only await
The moon, and with the long diagonals of broken sea.
Be carried north.

Harry Northup

my daddy is dead

coil stops sperm
is singular in its storage
much as the barbed wire revolves
in a circle around the farmer's shoulder
stretch it around the wheat field
that i set on fire
with a stick match that released
the barbed wire into a threat
QUIT STORING UP
fatty grains around the heart
CIRCLE THE RINGWORM
that blossomed on dry leaves
even if the peonies had snow on them
i would not use the broom
my schedule was the greyhound
that got bit by the rattlesnake
& held the venom in the throat sack
that was absolved & revealed a vision
next to an alfalfa field on the way to denver
when the sun slanted the sagebrush
i waited for him to get through bartending
i had always thought the plywood board
braced his back
i thought his silver dollar was drink
but the purity was thrust by my mother
who blushed when he swore
my monk my maid
all of us on daddy's side
we all have blue eyes

i had so much milk
that when you were tiny babies
 & if you didn't nurse it all
 it would hurt
daddy used to take some of it
 if i had too much
 he would nurse
 and look up at me
but the grain was stored in the elevator
that could only go higher
 if the rods were circled in cement
that could only go higher
 if the rods were circled in cement

Gordon Preston

Cafe

As if on trial
I pay for this breakfast
not knowing my own destiny

a nun takes her
toast and walks
outside where it is raining.

John Stehman

Animal Song

twill o twill be dee dee dawn now
twilite o twilite be gono gone now

harbrew scof scof crech
yazzir

hellobeleu crech

meek

Untitled

all words are my periphery
they speak to me nicely
Sometimes I am able to confide in them

Words grasp me in their immaculate embrace
I will learn to see them as sisters and daughters
and I will leave their blood upon my sheets

Time says we should all lie down
while history invokes us to rise
My beer is getting warmer, that fly

still buzzes under the napkin.
What weight of words
will cause him to be still?

D. E. Steward

One African One Day in Court

All the murmuring is low-keyed gossip, susurrus and shuffling and the prosecutor's briefcase snapping open and thump, a law book out on the table. Like insects on a hot morning, the noise goes on and no variation except a cough now and then or a struggled laugh stopped partway, grumble, grumble, hiss, susurrant gossip. We are like hightoned simians at times like this we homo sapiens, quick birdlike flittings of minds and hands through the inconsequencia of our cluttered existences, nervous yet strong here in a vicious masculinity that goes along with police and courts and things of heavy, secular content that can result in jail or punishment beyond what any one of us would dare contemplate let alone mete out without the sanctions and the power of the state, the Crown, behind us. The prosecutor in that police uniform with the back of his head shaved high and ruddy, a stupidly rigid man, not a modest man, thumping his law books around as though we were all to squirm and be intimidated. Where out of their foggy civilization do they get types like him? This is a bloody, silly mess so what am I doing here, why did I ever let that crafty Mbandzeni talk me into coming? What a bleeding fool I am, but I will sit here quietly until they start and then sit here until the bloody end and what difference will it make. What difference is this ritual of legality, this little drama, going to make to anybody since the Crown only prosecutes here to gain politically necessary judgements anyway. The trial simply means that the lives of some of us sitting here in this room will be changed as mine will be since I'm here as Mbandzeni's man. It will rock my safe little boat so that things will never be quite as easy and brandy sniffed again, no not ever again, not ever the same for me in Swaziland again.

The farce of it all, that's the only thing that stirs me, what impels rancor in my sickly soul, the pure, nettled farce of it all. The Queen's

own justice in multi-racial Swaziland. Let us all partake together. But if it were not for the fact that it is me sitting here for Mbandzeni like some Zulu stooge ready to brave the thumping downblasts of the Queen's own hairy prosecutor, whatever his name is sitting there in his hip-snug uniform with his policeman's haircut and Englishman womanish way of fidgeting about when he scans through his red and tan law books, harshing instructions now and then to that even sillier looking assistant of his, there would be some other foolish bloke instead of me performing the function. Why is it they all seem to be so fulsome in the hips? Flared out trousers of the colonial police pleated and starched they wear, like their jaunty, skirtlike, hiploving tropical shorts, bottoms all tight and pocketless and round and firmed up. Here in Swaziland they've backed their starched arses into the last bastion of all, except for Hong Kong and Fiji. What will their sexual energies be turned to now with no more empire to superintend? Will they be forced to turn it on their women for a change? This one here is so especially perfect, I can imagine him gathering his law books together after another successful day of prosecuting housebreaking illiterates and mincing militarily out to the corridor outside behind the bench to receive a nice, wet smacking kiss right on the cheek from the old rummy magistrate, both of them blushing scarlet from the exchange of recognition. Or a much more manly exchange, a flat pat like they always give one another on the tail during rugby matches?

The magistrate enters, we stand. H. M.'s picture up there centered above the bench is askew and the brown rainstain on the compositionboard panel above it menaces her like a stalactite. He sits and we sit.

"Today I propose to hear . . ."

He is a gin-soaked old bugger isn't he. I'd forgotten he looked so feeble. Maybe he'll give out and the whole thing will be adjourned before it gets too boring, yet too perhaps he'll be watching us all closely so I had better not let myself turn around to see how the other chaps Mbandzeni has here are reacting, I know that one he

introduced me to is sitting back there behind me to the right like a sumo wrestler and there must be more of his Congress functionaries scattered about. Mbandzeni runs a smart operation letting other people do his work for him, wonder where he is himself right now, probably at the Central where I should be, sitting out at that one table which catches the sun at this time of the morning drinking ginger beer. Of the three advocates he's hired for the defense I wonder who will put the questions. Probably Alex Lowe. CrantonJones the Englishman looks confused and rather mute. And Matt Ngubeni who makes all his money by taking twenty percent on insurance cases never looks up anyway unless someone is waving a five pound note under his nose. He must take a political case like this now and again out of conscience, or perhaps it's just good advertising, although I imagine that Mbandzeni wanted him as a third so that there would be a black face on the defense.

The magistrate is still mumbling on about what he will deign to hear today. I wish I could go to sleep. No, I wish I had an enormous brandy that I could hold up in front of my inscrutable face through which I would watch him, the magistrate. In riposte he would take off his glasses, put one earpiece in his mouth with the other one in one ear and say something vaguely sarcastic before directing the black policeman in shorts, starched, by the door to clear me out of H. M.'s own Red Cross offices that he uses three times a week for his court.

"So I propose that we move along as rapidly as possible in hopes that we may finish today. Mr. Blunt, you may begin. Bring in the defendants."

Blunt, perfect name for the prosecutor, thumps his law books around and shakes his arse, readjusts himself ramrod rigid and calls them in. Here they come. The Colored chap from Port Elizabeth, blue suit and stiff collar. My, he's the best dressed person in the whole court, red silk tie knotted like a diplomat, where did he learn all that I wonder. And the African fellow, Honwana, from Lourenco Marques. He looks like an authentic sort, tropical and loose. Why haven't I ever

had that mysterious Senghorlike Negritude about me instead of cultivating my fake-Anglicanism, desiccated, windblown and cerebral. I'm a dull sort compared to him, just a schoolteacher from the Rand. Perhaps though the type of the future, the South African ideal, is much closer to the chap from Port Elizabeth, yes, he is the one who has what I unconsciously emulate and he seems the antithesis to the chap from Mozambique. No loose sports shirt, no wary smile, no calm hands at the side, no observant quietude, no, the Port Elizabeth fellow sits there with his crystal glasses above his suit and shirt and red tie with his fingers alertly pressed against his temples, his chin forward as though his appearance and not he is what is listening.

". . . Scheffer, Kenneth Adam McDaniels, and . . ."

McDaniels, that's his name, I'd forgotten, Mbandzeni told me that at least twice, I should have remembered, McDaniels. McDaniels is the wave of the future in this buggered up country of mine, the best of both worlds he has, look at him. I imagine that his watch keeps good time and that he answers his mail too, but me, I can never be that way, yet neither do I have the free wheeling power that emanates from the Mozambique chap. None or nothing of Scheffer is about me, thankfully, no none of his intense Germanic dedication. How is it now that I try to define myself in terms of them, these Congress men whom I don't know, why is it? I think I want to be involved, I think perhaps I want to be involved with this.

(Blunt)

". . . did and with clear intent to violate said regulation, set up a voice amplification system on a van in the said location in order to broadcast political speeches directed against the Government of a neighboring territory, more specifically the Republic of South Africa."

I do wish that I'd gone to hear them, I would imagine that McDaniels must have given a fine speech. Mbandzeni said so although he wasn't there himself. Mbandzeni isn't ever any where which might put him in trouble so what am I doing here in a situation

which will put me in trouble? Still my being here has nothing of the implication of the presence of McDaniels and the others who stand a chance of being deported back across the border into the arms of the South African Special Branch or whatever else Blunt and this bleary old magistrate have in mind for them. Oh why don't they all just go away and leave us alone.

"Objection, Your Worship."

"Yes, what is it?"

Alex Lowe jumped in there like a meerkat. This may be interesting after all. Perhaps I should have studied law instead of English literature. No, but if I were an advocate I'd be merely a cipher like Matt Ngubeni who sits here like some fool at the feet of angels. No, better me, better me as I am, even as I am here still undecided.

". . . in which case it would appear that it is only hearsay that the vehicle and the equipment around it were impeding the free passage of traffic and pedestrians."

"Yes. Blunt, you have presented no substantiation of your statement. Objection sustained."

"Thank you, Your Worship."

Blunt's neck lights up bristly and he shimmies his arse again over the sweat smooth veneer of his chair. Why can't I get interested in all of this? Why can't I get involved? Do I have more of Honwana's Negritude about me than I imagine, am I not as dry and urbane as I like to suspect? But Honwana, from Mozambique, at least he has done things in his observant quietude, apparently he spoke there that day with the rest of them, he stood up and spoke and so faces the possibility of deportation back across to the Portuguese, and in Mozambique the Portuguese political police take malcontents of his variety out over the Indian Ocean and drop them without parachutes. But why can't I even care about what is happening. Oh I am a sorry soul, a weak, vacillating soul seeing the hopelessness of it all not out of lack of alternatives but through cognition and resignation.

Everything I've ever done has been only to survive, I've only sifted through this life of mixed intentions and thwarted aspirations, sifted through the only way I have been able, the only way I knew how, sifted through and compromised so that I could be top boy at St. Peter's and so be sure of being taken on at the university in Johannesburg. Yes, I have made it around all the obstacles, made it quite successfully, so successfully that now I stand on nothing but my high regard for enormous brandies. But I have been there and back and I have indeed survived, so I know too. I know what it is to see the Special Branch kick into Sophiatown midnight houses flashing their torches around like madmen, pulling the blankets off us and jabbing their jamboks at our kidneys, jamboks for souls they have. And most of all I know what it is, I have seen, I have lived what it is, for men who bury themselves under loads of Sophiatown brandy bottles. And those brandy bottles will follow me and bury me too unless I can take them from my eyes and clear away their brown vapor and do and act and be.

James Grabill

BLOODWATER

In the night
The water comes
Dissolving our sounds

Melting ink against the paper
Melting us into earth

Then in the morning
The water scatters

And opens on taut webs
Everywhere
The spheres of water

And sinks the germ
Into hard seed

Forming films
Through the afternoon
Screens to surround the mourners

Until there are small wells
In every room

Each of our pores

Every man and woman
Quietly sweating
Dark perfumes of water

The old men on their diets of pure water

Bodies of water

Flaring on match-heads

Every lake

Every cell

Sun that ignites

Setting

Rising with new blood

Swimming in the water

BURNING FOREST

The night worms eat seasons past forests where leaves
were hand-mirrors. Caterpillars hurry toward new land.
small dogs of trillium bark through intersections of
light and aluminum vapor, their sounds forming wooden
rainbows falling to the ground, into delicate graves,
rims of broken wheel, arrow splints, directions . . . The
dome above the farmland, with transparent paintings of
parts of the life of the single man who was born for all
of us, in all of us, as all of us, keeps rolling against
the vacuum-road around . . . Now Indians dance, surrounding
the oak rising like a spinal column of the sky! Now
Spaniards conquer more gold, digging veins out of mountains,
ships rotting against the shore. Now Mary turns away and
opens her parasol of white skin and bones. Now a forest
burns, a huge flame, each tree a fuse, and a moth with
silver wings of frost is flying from the ocean toward the
center, wings the length of wind, body of pure oxygen . . .
One man looks down and eats his hands out of hunger. An-
other man climbs to the highest charred limb of the forest,
swaying in yellow wind from the huge hotels near the slopes.
Before long, the two-hundred-pound mother-of-flesh wades
into the Pacific, draining down, into salt, secret pleasures
of salt-brine, centuries of warm water . . . Smooth tide.
Woman of ash. Take me back. Gentle balanced spark on the
glacier. Charred forest bones. Mirrored make-up burning
from the face of the lake. Drifting back, through wood,
thin ribs of the beams of stars. Drifting through, to open
cores of rock, layered granite walls, fossil-winged crystals
pure as earth, oils of new atmosphere, summer, sweat in the
room of days returning twice . . . We begin to live more than
once.

Ron Kelley

Celebration of the Wild Fruit

Bouncy young hairs——
that pussy willow gold——
line the trail in a
deep green orchard.
I'm Johnnie Appleseed and
I'm planting a bush tonight.
Above us the moon
is a guiding hole
in the dreary, black night.
There is moss——
an earthy odor,
a fawn nosing the buds
above the last of snow,
a sponge sliding smoothly
along the harness of an oak.
It is Spring.
The water rises and the
willow sucks it to its lips.
A redbreast sings.
An ancient mountain divides
the sky into two great pieces.
A peach begins its vigil.
Fresh rain gathers in
a rich, pink cloud.

Linda King

SLUG LOVE

are we going to lay against
each other tonight like two slugs? he said
we didn't get up until one o'clock
how are we going to keep getting
away with this . . . doing nothing
pleasing ourselves?

you've got it made, I said
and you're going to take care of me
I'll be your mistress

and if my luck runs out?

I'll have to take care of you. .

and what can you do?

lay down and kiss me
don't ask silly questions
I'll do what slugs do

Gail Ocean

Ever laughing
this time nobody's going to get me
and squeezing big teardrops on my
oh, so benign grey image
i thought:
'Twill be that way,
and that way again and forever (i thought)

Perhaps it is safer to feel what never never comes
(or perhaps does,
tenderly,
like a flower which picks itself.)

i have no questions
in the day it's when Night comes
suddenly on pussywillows
that i begin to wonder

(Pen-and-ink drawing below the poem: feathered arrows driven into
a shallow, spoked bowl set on a swelling cloud-shaped mass.
Signed in the plate at lower right: BILA)

Rick Smith

Things That Happen Far Away

In Africa they have worms
under the surface of their eyeballs.
You can see them as a native
shifts his gaze: living in moist
darkness; rotting and spinning.
The worms, fat with blood,
drag their map making bodies
to and fro and snip away
the vision with
tiny dark scissors.

Off The Wall

You come in rattling inside
that pale skin of yours.
You face me like a squat bird
with tiny cement eyes peeping
from your stony metabolism.
I want to light this bunch of roses
and throw it flaming into your mouth
and watch it blow your pebbles
so hard against the wall
that they stick.

Marina Hirsch

Culver City, Nov. 26

(I'm sittin still with the night wind at my ears, the light on. The telephone operator just yelled at me for coughing in the phone. Don't cough into the receiver she said, and I felt like a little kid who'd taken a piss in bed or something.)

I worked all day in a mail order house in Culver City. I woke up at 6:52 in the morning, feeling nervous and coughing. I saw the sun rise for the first time since 1967. The clouds were florid and streaked, underneath sides lit up. I felt vacant. I made 1½ peanut butter sandwiches and put them in my coat pocket and went to work. I walked in, sat down, my desk and the typewriter and the papers, just so, just like yesterday afternoon, the bell went ding, the musak was going full speed, and everything started again. I felt like a clock. I picked up each piece of paper and handled it like a baby, I listened to everybody's problem and typed an envelope for them. I was thinking what a personal thing it is, to type an envelope for somebody, to take their name into a psychic filament and swallow it and spin it out through my fingers, fingers talk to the machine, machine listens and punches and scars the envelope (fingers whip out and lay down, fold and slide and thrust and toss aside, over and again, hour by hour). I felt pissed at all the women signing their names Mrs. Henry Allen Jr. or something and I left off all the 'Mrs.'s. I thought about high school, about the bell and recesses and lunch and gym. I asked a middle-aged worker behind me when the break was. She stopped working and thought, she looked confused and apologetic. She said she got up and went on break when the bell rang. The bell rang in a while and everybody stopped working and flowed in a rush from the room. I went out to the hall, to the cafeteria, to the patio. There wasn't much to do. It was cold and everybody was sittin together with the people they were friends with, the black girls who sat in the back were

together and the black women with straight hair sat together and the middle-aged women sat together and the men sat together. There were only about seven men, young, old, black, chicano, and they all sat together with cokes and frescas held between their knees and stared off. I said hello walking by but I felt self-conscious. I didn't know who to sit with. I sat alone. I went downstairs to look at mail order catalogues in the lobby, I looked at catalogues till the receptionist told me it didn't look right for secretaries to be reading on their breaks in the lobby. She was very hesitant, she asked me to take a magazine with me when I left. I looked up at 11:30, it felt like 4 in the afternoon. My eyes were bleary and heavy, the letters on my desk joined together in blotches of helplessness and indecision. Somebody wanted 15 names on each of the 30-pencils-with-your-name-on-them set and somebody wanted to know about the copier, it said in the catalogue the copier copied 100 copies, and he asked if it did 100 altogether, or of each letter, or what; the slip stapled to that letter, that I was supposed to put in the envelope that I was supposed to type, said: In answer to your inquiry, the copier does 100 copies. Thank you. I typed him an envelope, put the message in and threw it in the box. Some people were pissed. They said the mail order firm was a gyp. Gus from Atokah Okla said he'd ordered a book of dreams and it didn't come and he said, so that's how you make your money. Doreen Mertz was unhappy, Laverne Briggins was hurt, Marlo Mushgin felt ignored. I liked her name. All the messages I put in all the envelopes had a picture on them, the head of a smiling, shiny-cheeked lady with a flip hair style who looked like Betty Crocker. Her name was Jane Reef. People wrote their letters Attn: Mrs. Reef, and wrote, and Jane, I've decided to order this, and I sent them messages 1 through 6, coded answers from stacks and sheets of coded answers, Jane smiling-cheeks, I'm really really sorry, we're all out of what you ordered, I'm really really sorry just write again, I'm really really sorry, I'm sure your order will come soon. All the women in the office were called girls. At break some of them crossed their arms on top of their desks and nested their heads like children, when the bell dinged they straightened up.

My hands moved into liquid movements and it was like a game of hopscotch with no stones, I felt hot and the stuffing seemed better than the typing, it was more textural. I got up for variation, bringing stuffed envelopes to the front. When it was 4:30 I didn't know what to do. I felt like a kid. There was nobody to say good-bye to. At the 4:25 ding everyone had gathered at the door, at the 4:30 ding everyone moved out to the hall and started punching out at the time clock. The musak was playing *By The Time I Get To Phoenix* and the time clock clenched its time teeth over and over on each card. The sun glowed outrageously, romantically, deep sentimental orange softening to gold. The edges of everyone's face were gold and their teeth glimmered. I saw someone looking at me, so I said 'Happy Thanksgiving.'

I went out, where it was cold, it was a luxury hearing the doors close behind me. The sun was giving its all, the clouds were stained and marbled, fleecy, flaming. It didn't seem right somehow, their being so golden and bright, it worried me.

William Mohr

Notes on Books

Red Hill Press, 6 San Gabriel Dr., Fairfax, Calif. 94930 *L.A. Poets*—\$2.88/ *John Thomas*—\$4.00/ *Depestre*—\$2.50/ *Vallejo*—\$2.50

In his introduction to *L.A. Poets* Charles Bukowski talks about Los Angeles with love and admiration. He's not defensive. He doesn't brag. In L.A. you can be alone or with your friends with equal ease. He adds, "Los Angeles has its poets, some of them pretty damned good. We'd like to think that we have gathered most of the pretty damned good ones in this book."

There are eighteen poets and forty-five poems in this anthology. The three editors (Charles Bukowski, Neeli Cherry, and Paul Vangelisti) contributed thirteen of the poems.

"to do a dull thing with style
is preferable to doing a dangerous thing
without it"

—style Bukowski

Some poets, such as Linda King, who interested me didn't have much of a chance to show their style, since they only had one poem in the book. John Thomas and Ronald Koertge impressed me the most. "Omissions are easy," Bukowski admits in his foreword. Obviously. It's hard to believe that poets such as Dennis Ellman, Harry Northup, and Leland Hickman were not included. Los Angeles is so spread out that it's impossible to know every poet, but these omissions are inexcusable. In addition, there's not a single Black or Chicano poet in this Los Angeles anthology.

Rhythmically, there's not much difference among half these poets. It's not that they have a bad ear. It's just that too many of these poems sound the same. Almost nobody is taking any chances.

Many poems in this anthology are about dull events and they are told without "style," which Bukowski says is "a fresh way to approach a dull or a/ dangerous thing." Many of these poems have the style and tone of a diary. By now, this diary method is almost academic, a safe way to approach the daily, common gestures in our lives. Could it be that what's hidden in these gestures frightens even poets? John Thomas is one of the few poets I've read who's willing to meet this challenge.

His first book, *john thomas*, is an exceptional collection of poems. The attractive spiral-bound format of this book accents his unique poems.

"the first thing. to do violence to your myths"

–*Tarquin*

"If you want to make it, kill anyone who gets in your way."

–*The Last Frontier*

Thomas isn't an archaeologist. The spawning grounds are what he's after. These are not poems for wading.

"it's a bloody long way
to the mouth of the columbia"

–*Invocation for a Trip West*

"in the Ur-chasm, the Organza Deep
among anemones big as elm trees
move whole herds of kraken, grazing
on eel larvae 6 ft. long
& at the very bottom, nothing, the mere
navel of the world, bed of primordial slime
boulders of solid manganese
scrawled tracks of great blind worms"

–*Epopeia*

Pizzaro. Cortez. Magellan. Cabeza de Vaca. Thomas doesn't waste any time naming heroes. He goes to the essence of their explorations.

"the volcano they passed in the night, at sea
& the whale alongside that paced the ship all week

scratching its hide against the barnacled hull
prowls along strange interminable coasts
hideous reconnaissance
the march to the interior: valley of dry bones
his friends dying of yet unclassified fevers
fruitless expeditions"

—*Epopéia*

As for one of the heroes he does name, Meriweather Lewis, his "great-greatforebear," well, Thomas makes it clear how he feels about these legends.

"meriweather
young blood young gentleman dead at thirty-five
shot down/murdered by some
lady's i seem to remember
brother
too late to preserve
her honor"

In contrast with these heroes is the Fortney family whom Thomas describes in *Pine Knob Mondo*. There is no sentimentality in this story either. And Thomas arrives at his usual hard-nosed conclusion.

"Maw Fortney drew the squirrels out of the sack
one by one, cracked the skulls with a bonehandled
knife, and sucked the brains out like oysters on
the half-shell. . . . Who seeks
Nirvana? All senses
are forms of touch, says Democritus.
Ordinary mind, everyday life—these
are the koans.
Crack these and the path is clear."

As if to make up for the absence of non-white poets in *L.A. Poets*, Red Hill Press has also published several translations, including Caesar Vallejo's *Espana, Aparta de Mi Este Caliz* (Spain, let this Cup Pass from Me), which is translated by Alvaro Cardona-Hine; and

Rene Depestre's *Un Arc-en-ciel pour L'Occident Chretien* (*A Rainbow for the Christian West*) translated by Jack Hirschman.

Vallejo's poem is one of the best I've ever read and ranks with Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth* as one of those uniquely powerful statements that some people make when their deaths are imminent.

Depestre's poem is also very moving. As in Neruda's *Canto General*, the poem occasionally loses emotional control and becomes in turn less effective propaganda. But on the whole Depestre's sarcastic imagination gives *Rainbow* the energy to travel with ease from the personal to the collective consciousness and feelings of Depestre's race.

William Matthews' *Sleek for the Long Flight* (Random House, \$1.95) shows that he is continuing to develop the sensitive themes of his first book. Bodies sleeping or about to fall asleep, bottles of wine, the seasons of the year, all of these are responded to, after careful examination, with a voice that verges on optimism.

"I lie all afternoon

in dry grass to hear
the insects whir
around me like fish
circling a wreck."

—*Becoming a Woman*

"Intricate adjustments in my inner ears
and the gravitational habits of planets
keep me steady.
It's nothing personal, I know,
but so much basic work is being done for me,
I ought to stop whining."

—*Snow*

He does more than stop whining. His litany to a woman's body (*Praise*) is one of the best love poems I've ever read and *An Egg in the*

Corner of One Eye and *La Tache 1962* are excellent prose poems.

I miss the political poems that were in his first book, *Ruining the New Road*. "Why We Are Truly a Nation," "The Asian War," and "Newark under Martial Law" are very good poems. In that book he observed,

"Governments rise and fall
like co-eds' reputations.
Everywhere life is ludicrous
but absolutely crucial."

—*Nothing but Bad News in the Paper*

However, political apathy has not taken over. His awareness of this planet's physical existence and ecology shows that he is still one of our most observant and thoughtful poets. His fantastic sense of metaphor and simile continue to show us the continuity he intuitively feels between things.

"the earth in its regular
whirl slurring to silence
like a record at the onset
of a power failure."

—*Sleep*

"Whatever has pushed me all these
years from that slime,
I'm still its slow explosion."

—*Marriage*

"Evolution makes us sleek
for the long flight. . . .
and the earth bears in a few places
a few wrinkles in our shapes
for a few million years."

—*Stone*

"people/ everywhere, all of us
unravelling, it's so good
to be alive,"

—*Sleep*

Ted Hughes' *Crow* (Harper & Row, \$2.95) is one of the most important long poems since *Howl* and *Kaddish*. Crow is an archetypal creature whose existence in our unconscious goes much further back than the written word.

"In the beginning was Scream," says Hughes and then Crow goes through the terrifying "Examination at the Womb-Door." From then on Crow takes on all of existence. The most powerful poems usually take place in the Garden of Eden. God, the Snake, and Adam and Eve are his victims at one time or another, although Crow barely survives some of his ordeals. Hughes radically alters our most basic myths through the story and songs of Crow, which include the *Song for a Phallus*, which might be called the "Ballad of Oedipus."

Crow's appearance is not surprising. Hughes' poetry has been developing in this direction for over a decade now. Predatory animals dominate his poems.

"My feet are locked upon the rough bark.
It took the whole of Creation
to produce my foot, my each feather:
Now I hold Creation in my foot
Or fly up, and revolve it all slowly—
I kill where I please because it is all mine."
—*Hawk Roosting* (1959)

D. H. Lawrence's *Hummingbird* is one of the few poems that can equal the brilliant vision in *Crow*. Sylvia Plath's bee poems, which are among the best in *Ariel*, are equally as good. Hughes' perception of nature no doubt influenced Plath, but her vision in writing a small cycle of poems in a similar tone around a single animal takes it a step further. Her bees cover history in a single glance as well as private myth.

Hughes' music is more subtle than off-rhymes and much more powerful. For instance, the final line of *The Contender* is "In his senseless trial of strength." Note how the first letters of the first two stressed words in the line (senseless and trial) are the first letters of

the third stressed word, strength. The accumulative music reinforces the irony of "senseless" and "strength."

Some of the *poems in Crow* ("Crow's Account of St. George") are overwritten, with the language so intense and overwritten that the gestures of his characters become less effective. I wish the overall rhythm of *Crow* were varied more often by poems such as *How Water Began to Play*. Nevertheless, *Crow* is one of the major books of this century and at least a dozen of its poems, *especially A Childish Prank, Crow's First Lesson, and Crow's Theology*, will be read out loud for a long time.

–William Mohr, Poetry Editor

Contributors' Notes

BLAIR H. ALLEN was born in Los Angeles, and is an art graduate of San Diego State. He has had two sculptures displayed in S.D. State Gallery with a neo-DadaSurrealist-Pop group (from a class, 1969-70), a print at the S.D. State Ecology Art Show (1969), an intaglio print show at the Unicorn Gallery in La Jolla (1970), and artwork and a poem published in the first issue of BACHY.

DOUGLAS BLAZEK played first base for the Sacramento King-of-Diamonds last summer and wore out two pairs of pants and one foot sliding into second base. His two main obsessions are defanging his nervous system and writing poems that are viking ships over the edge of the world.

DAVID CARY is co-owner of the Focal Point Photo Center in Reseda.

BRUCE COOK was born and raised on an Iowa farm. He received his degree in Architecture from U.C. Berkeley in 1969, and is presently living in West Los Angeles doing graphics, photography, and jewelry design.

WILTON DAVID received his B.A. degree from the University of Southwestern Louisiana at Lafayette, and his M.F.A. degree at the University of California (Los Angeles). He spent 2 years and 2 months at Central Louisiana State Hospital (as a patient in a mental institution) . . . has done some illustration work for poetry press published works. He is presently working on posters for Cablevision Three TV in Alexandria, Louisiana.

GARY DE GALLA is a Los Angeles freelance photographer.

JANE FUSEK is a student and model at UCLA Art Department, and especially into dance and music. Sun in Gemini, Moon in Taurus, Aquarius Rising.

SUSHIELA GOODWIN is twenty-seven years old with a Master's degree from Utkal University, Oeusse, India. Media-drawing,

serigraphy, paper batik, paper sculpture, cartoons, textile designs, needlepoint, crewel and card designs. Married to James Goodwin and now living in Los Angeles.

JAMES GRABILL is twenty-two years old and a senior at Bowling Green State University. He's married and works as a janitor.

LINDA HAAS lives in Los Angeles.

JOHN HARRIS, a Cancer, was born in China where his parents were missionaries. He graduated from USC and served two years in the Army Medics as a conscientious objector. He has a manuscript, *Climbing*, looking for a publisher. He lives in Santa Monica and works for the Greater Los Angeles Community Action Agency.

BONITA HEARN is twenty-seven and studied with Philip Levine at Fresno State. She works as the director of promotion at a "progressive rock" radio station. She's also worked as a bar-maid and a copywriter.

Leland Hickman presently lives in Los Angeles and is completing his long poem *Tiresias*, of which the five sections included here comprise part of an introduction. #'s I:6 and I:7 were published in New American Review #8. Other poems of his have appeared in *American Literary Anthology* #2, *Hudson Review*, *Manhattan Review*, and *Trace*.

MARINA HIRSCH is 23, currently unemployed, and lives in Oakland. She writes "I have brown hair and eyes. My friends mean a lot to me."

MEYER HIRSH is co-owner of H.A.S. Photo Lab in Hollywood.

JAMES HOLMSTRAND, editor of *Stooge Magazine*, is spending his sabbatical from Papa Bach's in a New Mexico desert where he is finishing a novel of which the *Shadowgraph* is a 'study.'

DENNIS JOHNSON was born in Cokato, Minn. in 1940. He got a B.S. in Psychology in 1961 and an M.A. in English in 1970. He is

married and has one daughter. This is his first publication.

ROBERT EATON KELLEY lives in Iowa City. He has just finished his second novel, *Long Time Dying*. *Mr. Duck Emerges* is the opening chapter of his first novel, *Mr. Duck or Into the Millenium*, and is his first publication.

RON KELLEY graduated from MSU and is now studying film at UCLA. This is his first publication in a national magazine.

LINDA KING lives in Los Angeles. John Bennett of Vagabond Press recently brought out a small mimeo of her poems, *Sweet and Dirty*.

JAMES KRUSOE works with George Drury Smith on *Beyond Baroque*. His poem is meant to be read out loud by two voices alternating the lines.

GREG KUZMA edits *Pebble* in Nebraska. *Apple* used one issue to print his *Harry's Things*.

LYN LIFSHIN gave a reading last November at PapaBach Bookstore. She lives in New York and her books include *Black Apples* and *Moving by Touch*.

MICHAEL MCCARTHY served 7 years in California prisons where he became "a communist organizer of prisoner political collectives, a writer and poet." His work has appeared in various journals. Selections of his writings are being translated into French and Vietnamese.

WILLIAM MOHR has worked full-time as an architectural blueprint machine operator the past two years. He acted in the UCLA and Gallery Theater productions of *Circle on the Ground* and was an inmate in the Oxford Theater's production of *Marat/Sade* last Fall. He now acts with the Burbage Theater and is rewriting his full-length play on Frantz Fanon, *The Weighing of Feathers and Gold*.

PEDRO MONTEZ is still living in Tucson, Arizona the last we heard. He appeared in the first issue of *Bachy*.

Harry E. Northup has acted in three films directed by Martin Scorsese. He appeared in the first issue of *Bachy* and has had other poems in *Panache*, *In- visible City*, *Beyond Baroque*, and *Buffalo Stamps*. He's also published a book, *Amarillo Born*.

GAIL OCEAN was born in Inglewood October 31, 1939. She graduated from San Diego State with a B.A. in Sociology. She died on September 16, 1972, in West Los Angeles. This is her first publication.

TED PEJOVICH appeared in productions of *The Rothschilds* in New York and *Volpone* and *Henry IV* at the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles. He's working on a full-length manuscript called *Nesting*. This is his first publication.

GORDON PRESTON works for a San Diego landscape office and also on a magazine called *Cafeteria*, which is now in its fifth issue.

TRISTINE RAINER "wore black tights and black ballet slippers and would have liked to become a beatnik." Instead she went to USC and UCLA where she taught a class on women writers and writing for women so she could get help with her own writing. She is writing a diary on women's diaries.

JOHN ROSE received his Master of Fine Arts degree from Otis Art Institute three years ago. Since that time he has been painting and working with film.

HENRY H. ROTH lives in South Nyack, N.Y. His stories have appeared in many journals. Lillabulero Press will publish a chapbook of his stories this year.

RICHARD SAWICKI is sixteen years old, and has taken two years of correspondence courses from Norman Rockwell's Famous Artists School. He plans to be a comic book artist. He is currently drawing like crazy every chance he gets.

RICK SMITH is a blues harp player from Los Angeles. He is preparing a book of poems *Exhibition Games*.

JOHN A STEHMAN is studying at the University of California right now. He lived in Seattle the year before. This is his first publication.

D. E. STEWARD lives in Basel, Switzerland. He has written 8 novels, none published. His short pieces have appeared in *Transatlantic Review*, *The New African* and *Beyond Baroque*. The story printed here is part of the novel *All of Us Were Born Here*.

SANDRA TANHAUSER was born in Ohio. She's now twenty-nine years old, the mother of two and divorced. She attended school at UCLA and Cal Poly Pomona in Social Sciences. She's currently employed with the Department of Public Anti-Social Services (Welfare Office). This is her first publication.

FRANCES THRONSON is living in Irvine, graduating from the University of California there, and plans on moving very soon to some place that has weather, especially rain. This is her first publication.

Euripides M. Toro received his B.A. from San Fernando Valley State College. He has worked in Intaglio prints, lithography, serigraphy, collagraphs, wood and lino cuts, jewelry and sculpture. He recently collaborated with James T. Goodwin in the design and crafting of furniture.

LARRY WEISS studied advertising art, drawing and painting at Mt. San Antonio J.C. and California State College at Long Beach, where he received a B.A. in Art Education. He also attended the Pacific Institute of Commercial Art (Los Angeles). He is presently working as a paste-up and layout artist for Sage Publications, Beverly Hills.

PETER WILD lives in Tucson, Arizona and saw Deborah Eddy's drawings in the first issue of *Bachy*. He wrote to *Bachy* about her.

His *New and Selected Poems* will soon appear from New Rivers Press, New York, with some more of her drawings.

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