

the destruction
of philadelphia
the destr uction
of Philadelphia



A QUIXOTE SUPPLEMENT

edited by
MIKE MAGGID
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this is the first edition of the magazine called

THE DESTRUCTION OF PHILADELPHIA



edited and published by Michael Maggid

720 20th St.

Rock Island, Ill.

my health I incapable of work. ...
put to me a mental ward, this documents
This TERROR CASE Children Society rep-
EARS OLD. When I was in jail Mrs. Klebl
ck apartment and took illegal my saving
items two big package, same time my daugh-
ed which need Cityzenship aplication
ss. This woman told me which questioned
ey Mr. Perry. And what happened even today
e family want you daughter and want
tion. This case is strech when you
light on this case, put you a mental ward
never have Justice, not believe to you
ve many right connections. And you not
ed witness stand cheat guilty hands to my
diagnosis Schizophrenic Personality
guilty woman KNOW PROPHECY GIFT?? This
ied State Notary Public May 26. 1960.
to middle of Dec. 1960 each page have in
8. 1960 when put my daughter gang inte-
at Religion life. Perjured witness days
is patrolman. Any Department sent to me
why? mayby afraid guilty hand connecti-
ABLES when ones guilty person local
ho works in Government (Radio Free Europe)
iser before in the White House Mr. Truman
ones hand is Democrat other is Repub-
w not a Jungle Al-Capone law prevail
ulty persons should be made responsi-
ase any LEGAL and FREE countries is
fore have Justice Dep. take responsibil-
d and never have legal hearing which
rs secret women and men ...

DRIVE the
IN destruction

CHILDREN UNDER 12 ADMITTED FREE
ELECTRIC IN-CAR HEATERS

NOW PLAYING AT
BOTH DRIVE-INS

FIRST RUN!

DRIVE-IN of
Philadelphia

CHILDREN UNDER 12 ADMITTED FREE
ELECTRIC IN-CAR HEATERS

WILD WHEELS!
WILD WOMEN!

RUSS MEYER
Associates
Present

Faster, PUSSYCAT! KILL! KILL!

UPERWOMEN!

BELTED, BUCKLED
and BOOTED!

Hear
"FASTER PUSSYCAT!"
sung by the
BOSTWEEDS!



Motor Psycho

FAIR PLAY to them was a
DIRTY word!

WILD AND WICKED HELL DRIVERS

...living with no tomorrow!

STARRING
TURA SATANA • HAJI • WILLIAMS • BERNARD
LORIE • SUSAN
LANCASTER • TRINKA • BUSCH • BARLOW • MICKEY
STUART • DENNIS • PAUL • RAY • FOX

The
SWEETEST KITTENS
Have The
SHARPEST CLAWS!

FASTER, PUSSYCAT! KILL!



JIM MULAC: jim writes obituaries and is
assistant state editor of the rock island ARGUS.

MIKE MAGGID: editor of THE DESTRUCTION OF
PHILADELPHIA and photographer for the ARGUS. he has slept with
better looking girls and driven a motorcycle faster than you or
anyone you know.

ALDEN VAN BUSKIRK: a poet whose work is
now gaining deserved recognition. his posthumous works are pub-
lished by AUERHAN.

ANNA TAYLOR: a groovy-looking poet from
wisconsin, is well known to QUIXOTE readers.

KATHERYN RUBY: another fine poet from the
wisconsin scene.

JIM GREENE: a musician who speaks only the
truth, jim lives in new york and can beat you at chess.

GREGORY M. FOSTER: a fine poet from the new
jersey scene, an editor of QFF QUARTERLY, greg lives in new york.

USTAD SELIM: a science-fiction and rhythm
& blues freak, ustad is currently translating mystic islamic
poetry (sufi sect) in baltimore.

drawings for GOLDEN AGE by AUGUST ST. ANTHONY. other drawings
and title pages for 100 SEEDS by RAUW TRAX. cover and misc.
graphics by M.MAGGID.

Past Resident, Succumbs at 87

Edward A. Siemon, 87, formerly of 1230 17th St., Rock Island, died at 7 this morning in the Gosse Manor Nursing Home, Chicago.

Funeral services are pending at the Hodgson Funeral Home, Rock Island.

Mr. Siemon was born in Rock



85, Succumb Rites Tomc

Mrs. Cora May Ar
85, of 1301 4th Av
Island, died at 1:25
afternoon in her home

Funeral services w
at 1 tomorrow after
Knox-Larson Funera
Rock Island. The R
L. Hollis, pastor of R

Serving t
Quad-Cities
Western Ill

ARGUS

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Single Copy Price 10 CENTS Low Cart

WITHDRAWAL

ARGUS CUTUPS
cutup poems from
the ARGUS, 1966
by j.mulac
& m.maggi d

Hinges Terms War's E

By JOHN M. HIGH

Friends may call from

To The Reader:

The art of cutting up is no new art. The history of cutting up would start early -- include many. "if you took infinite number monkeys, infinite number typewriters, infinite number hours -- would you get Shakespeare?" Would you want him? "A computer that writes beautiful music is a musical genius." Tristen Tzere said: "give me a hat and a pair of scissors and the daily paper and I will give you images -- new images -- beautiful images." Let the words do the work. No longer a need for the tongue -- fat, slow, choking, greasy tongue -- like an arm in your mouth. Cutting up: an art of the hand and the eye. Cutting up is the way you think. It is the way you think when you drive a car. It is the way your car thinks when it is driving you.

j.m.

To The Reader:

The art of history is a new number. Cutting up infinity is music, as is Shakespeare in the eye. If you took a hat would you give tongues typewriter? Do the work. The history of To The Reader is a fine scissors. Would you write the art of the hand and eye? Would you need Tristan daily? Slow choking day. Do you want infinite history or monkeys of need driving? Think as your arm thinks and let the reader do the choking. Cut up the new genius. It's just like a car in your arm.

m.m.

note: the following pages of cutups from the ARGUS by mulac & maggi d are selected from a larger edition of cutups now in preparation.

Another Rare Cause

Found:
a hormone producing tumor
to cause diabetes.

It seems highly suggestive
that large quantities
of diabetes may
well be developed
in relationship
to the researchers.

j.m.

Girl Clings To Coma

Elsine has been in a coma
for the past 25 years
the longest known
and listed in
the human unconsciousness
of world records.
She has set a human tragedy.

"At first the doctors told us
Elsine wouldn't speak to me."
Mrs. Esposito
adjusted
her dark-eyed, dark-haired
coverlet.
"But she never did."
She receives from her mother a nasal tube.

The Espositos have been told
over and over
that there is no normal. "But,
I always hoped they were wrong."

In a pink-topped hospital
kept with blue bows
she is as immaculate
as a miracle.

j.m.

Suppose a button is made
of the same material as
a dress and a metal.
Suppose the metal comes apart
and covers the button
with material from the hem.
Suppose I open mine and
hold the Big Clasp
on the tiny end of a soda straw.
Suppose the hem and
the tiny end fix the button.
And what if they all match?

m.m.

A few minutes ago
our 27-year old daughter
was good looking
and a good dancer.
Now she is educated and bald.
We are concerned about
whether she will be happy
with her loss.
I think she is desperately
bidding for attention.

m.m.

Here comes old Stinky Sam again.
He has ruined himself
by pouring it all over his head.
There are spots all over
his wife with the color out.
The neighbors make fun of him.
He has all but suffocated us,
and we are sick of all
his Zen psychology.

m.m.

War Poem

During the raids
the lost plane
reported
The War Over
the pilot missing.

j.m.

Medicine Show

Freaks are dying off
and very few
are being born
why?
Whatever
happened to beautiful

Betty Lou Williams
with one head and
a great personality?
She traveled
with two bodies
three arms and
four legs --
Good Ones!

A woman today
goes to a doctor
in his little trailer
behind the main tent
pregnant
for care
the minute she's normal.
What was his most unusual attraction?

j.m.

TV Highlights

At 6:30 p.m. (6)
SPECIAL --
A machine produces
a green female
who announces
she is starring
forever.

j.m.

Mr. Jack Gethoff,
Sr. Private Eye of the Macy's
Department Store Detective Service.
Originator of such offensives
as: the clerk-manager-detective
spray-triangle for pouring the wool
over their eyes; also
the sweater-cap
stretch-smash-smother
for pulling the wool over their eyes.
A blind spot for sweets
in the palm -- and oft times
the brunt of such hack gags as:
"Why not take your jacket off?" "Yeah,
take your jacket off!" "Jacket
off!" "Jacket Off!"

j.m.

Foes Keep Silent

North Viet Nam and Red China
Manila
Pravda and Tass
North Viet Nam.

Neither Hanoi nor Peking
Viet Nam
South Viet Nam
North Vietnamese.

Elsewhere,
United Nations,
Tokyo,
London.

m.m.

Home today claimed
the life of Benjamin H. Oney, 62.
The dwelling remained uninjured.

Living with Oney, who could not speak,
was Carl Ray.
Ray fought his way up the stairs
and out the front door to safety.
A neighbor, Terry Chase, noticed
the house and called police
who were not successful.

m.m.

No Name Please

What a mess!
After being a widow
I never thought this could happen
to me.
I married _____
and now I am
alone in a big old
man.

His aged cat
says her rented house isn't nice enough
for me, and she refuses to move.
She can't be alone
(neither is my husband).
I am desperately heartbroken.
I gave up my widow's naval
pension for this torment.
What shall I do?

m.m.

Friend

My husband likes
knitted socks.
I have them in plain
or white.

I like to keep
for even wear
to knit one row
in a bright color.
Just before
the stitches

there is a thin
stripe of red, blue,
up the socks
and putting them away.

m.m.

How has the world been treating you?
Unload your problems and
have a lovely wedding.
And if THAT isn't a form
of mental illness, I would
ask those 50 men what is.

m.m.

Cranberry Mold

2 envelopes plain gelatin
One-third cup sugar
Dash salt
1 cup water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mint jelly
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 can (8 oz.) jellied cranberry
sauce
1 package (3 oz.) cream cheese
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup roasted slivered almonds
Lettuce

m.m.

Dear Interested

Don't bother.
It's dark
& warm
and I hear it, too.

j.m.

Kitchen Hints

Ever add minced pimento
to cream of celery or mushroom
soup?
The pimento adds both.
For a party
you might like to.

j.m.

Women Charged With Release

A passenger
was released
after being admitted
after being involved.

No charges were filed.

m.m.

Comedy For Police

On crutches she was a mess
and the FBI
started questioning
a bunch of maniacs.

All right!
It was a comedy for heroes:
members of a suburban gang
were mistaken for a family.
It was thought for police
and errors were remarked.

What happened was this:
"We're all very angry."

"I've never heard of anything."
She was her husband
with a broken leg.
The groceries pulled up to the house
with drawn guns.

"They just
kept pointing
and telling me to wonder."

J.M.

Old Time Dance

The old time
frsternal lodge will hold
the old time dance
at the usual hall
with everybody there.

M.M.

Here's another use for nylon net:
Before falling or jumping to death
from the Government Span,
fill your air with clothing
so authorities can float
you recovery in 30 minutes.

M.M.

Four Cutups

I

flights up a
a party in
during

II

thin
cars glide
to scream a
white sky
tender

III

inside
the day
ok / shoppers
inside
in a grey
woman

IV

the
grey coat
carrying
walks under the
deal

J.M.

Man Jailed

Julio Fernandez
was sentenced,
appeared,
answered
and was charged
after he failed.

Fernandez was also fined
for failure,
according to Fernandez.

M.M.

warren tartaglia died in november,
1965, at the age of 21. this is the first
time any of his work has been published.

i am printing all of warren's poetry
i was able to get together. the earliest
poem is LONELY BATTLE, written in the fall
of 1961, when warren was a freshman at n.y.u.
the version printed here was revised in the
winter of 1964. the LOVE POEM was written
in 1963. the other poems were written in
1964, and the WBAI POEMS in the spring of
1965, when warren was working there. THE
100 SEEDS OF BEIRUT was completed about six
months before his death. he sent the un-
revised manuscript to me in september.



Lonely Battle (1961)

And

before we had departed
our sails full of booty and golden winds/
the trees, the houses and the women stripped bare —
left behind came out.

The trees had first told us the rain had gone deaf,
then in somnambular theory, the women had joined them
screaming in hysterical subways — moaning Chumash
in trenchant alleys, sick from the night before.

Millions of despatched raced through zoos of
Sunday mornings, displacing no winds feverish fury of
menacing

lacerations.

Syllogistic women, their cradled faces trailing,
marched the globe looking for penciled
rulings of oblong hope.

Resurrected grotesques once again talk (blank
faggots winking purgatories at each other).

The infants crawled in particled nightmares, filing
into the streets, and dawn had become halos for the city/
their leader descended from the Mary's womb screaming,

Today I am a man, today I feast.

Could it be, that I had seen the headless mother
nursing the deathless child?

Yet the infant died babbling/ unknown Chinese Nohs

(cont.)

faded in auras of beatific wonder.

It was then the Day Animals yelping Kantian
dirges of never existed poets vanished/
leaving

(Catholic visions of the soulless dawn).

The mothers milk trickled down her ankle,
making red streaks where none had before existed.
night had again appeared, killing her short-
lived sister.

moons vanished/ nights before
re-echoed vacant gestures turned static, at hollow
equatorials and raped Alaskas.

The second day there was no sun.

The third day there were two.

On the fourth we passed through the sun,
leaving spheres of fury/ encircling calendars that
had fled the nights

wrath.

clocks had ceased to live, their breath burnt in
sarcophical phrases of angloid space.

Alone,

we departed with our booty to native lands of mist,
phantom stairways left on in shorthand scriptures
of Apocalyptic thunder and
endless sorrows.

Love Poem (1963)
-for S. P.

Sut, Sut.
like the twining of the creeper/
lovingly to hold my arms
and press your body close to mine.
Phat, Phat/
with my fingers I tap
your forehead-
Phut - like many parrots
falling into water
May I love you in all
these ways-
and yet let your love linger
on
I shall turn myself inside out
and be just bare lips:
Hold this/
a ball of twine-
do you possess
the beginning or the end.
Gilded mulattoes
burst from their sweat,
holding eternity commodiously
between their knees
How happy I am!
when I see your face -
your mouth as a chalice
for my love.
still wet upon your
crescent.

Just once have I known
your body near mine.
and then as an infant fool
willing to speak but unable by its
own conscious joy of being-
I fell
I screamed Blood!
but I was the only one
who knew what it meant
I ask you for yourself
again-
though like a red haired
waif I count the pennies in
my pocket.
But how may I ask this!
I cannot hurt you-
and these many times you
told me it would do.
So I shall ask/
and in the while/
accept another poem-
for surely these Suras
can bring no harm to you

Images of a Collie hit by the AA Crosstown

A rich fever grazing purple
hands fondling private, integral parts of
our puberty.

Streaming oceans of

light hard
erect as

almost
life itself
is this my mouth, my hand, my leg,
my nose, my teeth
my only weapon

in the jungle of webs, spun by
anal spider & sloth is my white sword,
sometimes curves sometimes

My Last Friends

When I was two
I had some boys.
They used to come to my house/ at evening
kneeling at my doorstep they weeped a little dance my
mother had forbidden me to sing.

They brought red haired sisters/
who upon seeing my state, opened their eyes
"Something in the air" one said
"Button laces" said another.

By the time I became six
most of the boys died.

I went to see their mother, who in trying to dodge the
draft, wore no clothes. This is not to imply my deceased
Friends mother was immoral.

But, war is war.

Standing behind my umbrella, she made herself invisible/
and thus proceeded to talk.

How old are you, she winked

Time is as time does, and both jumped into bed.

I can remember the sagging judges, counting on their
fingers, the number of husbands they mutilated
in haste to their garlic stuffed wives.

letting the icicles melt from my nose,

I went home, tripped, broke both my ankles
and cried because the boys and their red haired
sisters had left
that morning
without
saying

Goodbye.

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The WBAI Po^Ems

Five (5&) Poem^s by

Warren tArtagl^laa

I. Answer to "Black Dada Nihilisimus"

I've known/
what you say, for years.
I've heard from blacker poets than you,
what awful stories lie in wait for me.
You can't
kill me, and if you did/ so what.
There are many kinds of habits Mr. Jones,
You have/
I call, black habit.
Buy black, sell short.
What if, instead of stuff/
cool metal
rushed into my guts.
Is that the nihilisms / that make you so hip?
Between our two worlds/
is dead music.
And surrounding everything is/
The white chick or
the black chick -
who promises eternal pleasure sans guilt (if possible).
Suppose i nod during one of your poems/
will i wake to find you've out off my feet?
Are you only
Black & Dada when you're
junk,
sick Mr. Jones?
Would you burn me ?
Is that what a Nihilisimus does?
Couldn't we just listen to some jazz mr. dada. -
and then if we feel like it/
(maybe you think i never feel like it)
we'll pipe some foxes.
Tomorrow you can be Dada -
Today let's us be black.

II.

A brand -
new machine/
that doesn't quiver or
make mistakes.
it just -
sits
there and looks mean.
It needs not love -
nor anything
else.
What is there/
left but
to follow it.

III.

Trying to remember/
rather not to forget,
When you told me,
that nothing - was
true again/
i cried.
This is a hard,
thing
sleep, that is, to
give up.
You brought breakfast -
in bed
to me/
o' what did i care.
"Our Day Will Come" i played.
And it did.
That nothing/
true again -
i did not believe/
after you told me -
I cried.

IV.

My hands/
scarred -
by the 20 spike/
i used
Fifteen minutes ago,
was looking towards space -
Now i
emerged
in it.
Stumbling back
outside
plaster traps set - to spring
concentrate on your nod,
works embraced in metal foil/
stashed beneath window,
last quarter spent
on pretty pieces of nylon,
hung in window.
Who started this/
awful dream,
of - soap with taste of/blood
in my mouth.
it is much later,
you must leave for work,
bodysmell still next to me/ in bed
and i still haven't woken.

W.T.
WBAI
POEMS
(CONT)

V.
Children working
at,
the zoo.
"Must the bars remain?"
says -
small girl with yellow
hands,
Either them/or us, my dear.
O' could we let,
them out.
I wouldn't mind.

THE
100
SEEDS
OF
BEIRUT



by WARREN TARTAGLIA
to FAN EISEN
A RADIO MIRACLE FOR 3 MYSTERIES & 2 HEARTS

(a confession of my
insanity to
M. Antonin Artaud)

I.

red

CHILD

cheese

DEATH

Our very meeting / with each other / is an omen — ARCHILOCHUS

1/
don't know - who
she is
but
her eyes laugh

when i mention God's name.

O' I've seen her as many things yet there IS only one of her
and yes, yes before they catch me once more her hair is not hair at
all but a different substance that once again captures me.

I understand yet i cannot act. It is now that her
hands burn their prints into my back.

He: Excuse me you are very beautiful and

She: but you are very ugly

He: But even a frog had a chance with a princess

She: You are much uglier than a frog & besides you never
were a prince

He: But I was more than a prince I was God

She: & who could change you from God.

He: i never did change (it is you who changes even while
i'm talking.)

She: Changing? to what

He: To my brain / already your body swells & convolutes
into my brain.

Fire and Water these my only true companions.

Fire - the heat, mystery the pain yes insufferable
pain so intense as to force me into the room of insanity. Insanity
so fearful as to force me back into fire. Fire beneath my tongue,
on top of my head, encircling everyone and everything. Yet mostly
a not very hot fire. A fire within a thing, not even felt by touch
(or body) - a fire that pleads for extinguishment a fire that lives
(resides) in a corporeal soul that's my fury.

Water- which i dread, more nothing than fire. A
cold lunacy that rules the swamp I call life. A sticky muddy
heart that refuses to concede a thing. Yes a fear of going under/
of never returning of totally negating nothing. Having the sheath
removed from everything is what water commands.

Thus I say God is (a lot of fire under a lot of
water). Just enough fire and water so as not to destroy each other.
A God so terrible so frightening that he causes stuttering in dreams.
So awesome as to plant the seeds of epilepsy and suicide in entire
worlds. Enough to drive one to suicide! yes thats what i said.
Into the water and down to the fire. The fire that drives the water
insane, to lash the shores with its frothing tongue. A real being
so immense as to make humans bite to death their neighbors. A
judge so cruel that nothing can influence his judgement & his judge-
ment is always the penalty of King Arthur.

I can tell - yes I can - I can that judgement
(even the word) upsets you. "ell it should.
It is my judgement that... NO! NO! I have lied
it is not his judgement nor mine that condemns you. There is nothing
that condemns you.

Nothing but your own fears.
It is my fears that prosecute your crimes. Crimes of silence and
of petrification. Like her hair not yet stone, but almost. Almost
stone, but not quite. Silence so terrifying that statue plays man
and man plays statue. But it is a more than a playing - its a being.
A being that defies analysis.

But it is to her I would like to return. To her
whose body is smooth, I long. Those pleasant nights with Heloise.
The rainbow of her life that pierced my very existence.

I can remember, yes very well, entering her bedroom
for the first time. The room full of her hair and eyes. And, crouch-
ing behind her enormous bed. And filling - permeating the room,
sounds of wings and tongues flying towards heaven. Those were admit-
tedly anxious days, days, yes of a horror. But this new thing - to
it nothing compares. The past from where the light comes / where her
hair was almost stone / was perhaps the finest point of my life. But
what can I now say of this. From here there is no sound there is no
light. Naught but her elements / Fire & Water. And her fire is like
my fire and her water is like mine. There is nothing left to feel
now. Not her body, nor her hair, nor her room of eyes and wet music.
Only Fire and Water remains - and these are my only companions.

But, there are others, who would rather not let me
have solace in what remains of her. These are the judges and lawyers
of this planet. Those that Fire controls. I shall make them pay for
their attitudes, they shall suffer without just as they've made me
suffer without. For it is always a pointing outward that destroys.
Never will anything die of a finger stained with blood. Death to
others is considered a going away of something. But I know better
for all who die live in me. If my body could be swung open as in an
old Boston Blackie movie I have seen long ago, corpses of the entire
history of this planet would fall stiffly out of me & to the floor.

Gardeners who have died from prussic acid. Queens
smuggled from their bodies by sharp interior decorators. Sleeping
opium addict and not so sleeping heroin addict. Women who've spared
no expense to die and young girls who would've paid anything not to.
They occupy me. And occasionally one of them wishes to return to
life and all its companions inside tear her to bits / for none of
them will admit there is anywhere else.

She left me just before supper. Her car disappearing
towards the East River and I stood alone and cried. I did not cry
for long. It did not take very long for me to realise that no one is
ever alone. That her body was what I missed most of all and that her
body was not unlike anything else in that it is easily forgotten.

Long journeys I tried. But she would follow or some-
one just like her. I finally devised to kill her but as I sprang
from my concealment in the doorway my knife changed to fire and
her face when I tried to kiss it was water. And her fire is like
my fire and her water is like mine. Why am I suffering - Dear God
I think I loved her i can't be any surer. I would stroke her sto-
mach and put my ear near her heart and hear the crying of my son.
My son who we dared not bare to a world so intent on his destruc-
tion. And she would curl about my head and deliver her flaming
lips on my liquid ears. O' Christ says who I cannot love. It
is for this admission and this admission alone I am condemned to
the penalty of ancient Druidic majesties. That I admit my love
for her and I refuse to reconcile my anger at the lawyers and
judges. But I cannot act otherwise for it is now beyond my control
what I say. I am buffeted by my own acts and words as if my whole
existence were not someone else's encircling me as the sea does
the finest grain of sand. It is to these thoughts I constantly
return again and again until I fall and I am encased in a crackling
fire and see my skull crack open as if almost stone / not stone
but almost. The pieces of my cooked brain float to the surface
of the water under which I burn and grow into beautiful black and
white petalled sea flowers which last for but a few beautiful
seconds then gasp and collapse & sink their lungs bursting from
so much air and sunlight. It is during these few seconds in the
air i can recall who I am. It is then I remember she who master-
ed sound and thought. Also then I fear returning below and to my
Fire like hers and my water like her water. For it is to her I
wish to cling. For her to see that I can live. That i needn't
sink to that coldest of all fire. She can see me burn as she
floats face downward upon the sea. And I can see her smile sudden-
ly explode above her breasts. Her nipples appearing as some gro-
tesque mold stealing her life. And her hair winding down from her
navel lost between her thighs matted to her skin makes me think
some insane totoist has raped her. Wherever she is seen she
gives the spontaneous impression of one who has just experienced
sex or soon will be. Her figure protrudes almost defiantly from
beneath her dress. She is queen when dressed and her importance
is heralded with each movement her body makes. And when she is
naked it is as if each part of her: her hair, lips, eyes, knees,
vagina, breasts, neck, back, is punctuation to her soul. During
those times when our bodies touched, just our bodies, it was always
with warning I loved her. I would tell her: "Please do not think
that this won't end, for it is too short a time I can spend with
you and soon I must return to my fire where I see myself cooked
beneath the ocean."

"Tell me where is this sea and I will follow"

"But you are there and if you followed I would have

to kill you."

And then we would both gasp as if something were using our air / and we melt together above the water and fire and I would forget all that I had told her.

My conception of things has changed since a child. Strange referring to myself as different at one time, for basically I shall never change. These are the same toes that have and will walk along the same streets forever. And these lips, have they ever said anything else or kissed another? Yet I can remember when thoughts of fire and death did not make so clear an impression on me. Times when I woke and I did not have to gasp for breath / when waking was of a lunar quality and fingers and bodies did not sear themselves into my being. Moments when I did not fear that breaking something needn't mean a jet of fire released from its skin and a dread of open windows for fear I jump and drown in an awful swelling of blood. But these times seem so unreal, so phantom - like that I tend to disbelieve they ever existed. No - I fully understand that to escape this horror of uncertainty I must remain still - almost rigid - not quite rigid but almost. And that soon - maybe not soon but certainly not for very long I shall be released from this blazing hearth that others dare call "planet."

But you must think that I am obsessed. Does he not think of anything else. My answer is that there is nothing else. Politics is not unnoticed. Neither is what you may call the arts. But what could I possibly tell you that you would appreciate. That all works of art bore me tremendously. That only novels and paintings of insane alienation interest me at all. That "literary merit" and "artistic sensibility" repel me faster than most anything else. That politicians resemble dolls whose eyes hang loosely from their heads and that those elected and those not are exactly the same. It is that these problems are of no interest, they are manifestations of fire and as such concern me as fire. I feel increasing resistance to my thoughts. It is as if a sudden hardening has caught hold and you now face me with wooden face. As if someone had told you - No - no longer - do not listen, he is mad and he has no truth in his thoughts. But it is to you alone that the right of rejection falls. It is your awareness of the liquid and fire within yourself that will determine the sanity of my ideas. And I predict that if you now do not feel the heat of my breath you soon will, for this heat I feel is too much to contain. And do not, I warn you, be caught on the rack of reason. Reason will not help you. Time is the only answer to reason. And it's surprising taking into account that most don't comprehend reason as a question. That I perceive each thought not my own as some thunderous excretion each differing only in the repulsiveness it creates in me / does that entertain you?

I have heard only one piece of music if it must be called that that holds any meaning and this meaning only fascinates me because of a revulsion it causes in others. It is the Electronic

Orphée which is a combination of electronically controlled sounds and voices. It is the only replica of real birth and the only true tragedy that I can think of. An electronic tragedy. But a tragedy nobody would rather substitute with beauty. For an electronic tragedy is not felt until it is far too late. I am waiting now for my own tragedy - not electronic but almost.

A sudden substitution of colors and names. Emerald for black, respect for love, heat for passion, empathy for laughter. The faces of the man still cling to another day. And the sound of police / still killing a man whose misfortune it was to be born in their house / barges in upon my ear and makes itself at home.

Large intervals of intense blue flame dance before my eyes. Whole scope of vision explodes. The edges of my sight now escape forms hereto thought permanent. Neon balls of white, green, blue, and red form ancient horrible death-god of Africa - not chanting but a mechanical click as if locust dying. Back of my hand drifting into stepladders of paranoid colors. And my fingers touch a face so distant that it scares me I used to be alive at all. I cannot remember being different ever / and your dress causes no troubles for my body. Hands meant to soothe electrocute my brain / I can see that nothing is meant to comfort and my body revolts and explodes leaving me to watch from all sides of the room.

CARBONMAN

 SNOWSMAN

 WISHING SPIKE

 II

 TRAX

It is dark now, and the wood beneath my fingertips is slick with perspiration and spilled alcohol. Soon they will come, their hoods catching any stale breeze. Their strong and calloused fingers holding firmly to my wrists; and I will be taken to a room whose only secret is that no one has ever built it. I could perhaps escape / but to escape, you first must know from where what you escape from will come; and this is the way they are able to hold me here / exactly where they wish. It is no idle dream or hallucination that makes me tremble so. And it is no whim or random choice that I have been singled out for their execution.

These, I am sure, are the last words to be written on earth, and as such must be made indeleble upon your mind. What I now record must be taken for exactly what it is / descriptions and words which at any moment might be forced down my throat, and set on fire in my body.

It is almost ironic that the task of recording what for all practical purposes is the last description of a planet gone mad falls to me / for it is I who all my life feared and yes even dreaded contact with anything lest it should suddenly spring upon me and devour my body whole. And if there are generations who in the future should read these words I make no apologies for it is not my fault that it was I who was left to be slaughtered last in the name of a God who until a few short hours ago nobody ever expected to see again. And if I foresake objectivity for my personal vision of life - so what - could you in my place have done otherwise?

A man has seated himself at the opposite end of the bar and watches every move I make from my reflection in the mirror. I must be careful for if I'm not cautious I will be murdered now, before what I have decided I will do is even started.

There is really very little reason left in the world, thus I must make myself realise that anyone caught using reason publically will be treated exactly as one caught not using reason before. I pay the bartender, button my jacket and brace myself against the cold I have just taken the money and time to prevent myself from feeling. I cannot say that I am unhappy about my situation for everything has almost diabolically worked out just as I have expected / and while I cannot say that I wouldn't be happier with a different set of circumstances I cannot truthfully say I am unhappy either. All pleasures have not been stripped from me, and in some ways, material happinesses, if there are such things, are easier to acquire. Women, those who were not purged along with their husbands or families, are just as anxious to sleep with men as before, maybe even more anxious. And men, what there are left of them, are, needless to say, expectant to the point of hysteria, of sleeping with a woman again.

I may even consider myself lucky, in a futile sort of way, for this morning I was told by three (3) separate women that they found me irresistible and were also compassionately in love with me. I suppose that if this had happened even a few

days ago I would have been overjoyed - but now nothing is left but remorse.

Each change, each step I take is like some thunderous question rumbling through the universe. Plastic footsteps of the wilder beasts encircle me heedless of my screams. Infants lowered upon me as if some human spider / soft & warm / no mistaking about its needs.

The beginning so confused; and the end so certain.

The holiness and sanctity of this place is vital. No other has recognised its proper perspective and there are no others to come who will. Signs advertising destruction and love fade willingly into Winter's anxious nights. The bronzed rabbit and the porcupine of brick no longer appear at the sound of my voice. There is no place for these animals here.

I wander further into the city / rubble of stupidity and cruelty distract my attention from the black eagle devouring a snake. The front of a church remains / its doors hang limply like some severed lips. Here an age gone mad with fecality has come to a halt. And it is for this precise reason / i.e. a world gone insane on filth / that "the people" must now face the ugliest of beasts, his own meat. Terror is the only sound that still is understood. But this understanding even this bears the traces of the filth it has been submerged in for so long.

What is needed is a cleaning up a destroying a levelling of everything.

As night bows,
and scrapes its starry feet across the sky,
two hands touch /
and become one.

A recognition, if only of the slightest kind, could destroy the false authority that wriggles in Man's intestines.

Toys of long ago,
weave flannel and button spell
of love,
and your beautiful body
encircles my exploding thoughts of you.

And what is needed to bring about this recognition? I cannot tell you any one answer (if there were some absolute answer would it be like anything you expect) for this would betray our mutual trust. But I can point the way. Not in any direction of space or thought / but to something (something physical) to peer behind.

How many times have I
spoke my love /
how often have your eyes
closed,
and slept in my soul?
Hundreds? no Millions!

These things:

- 1) a piece of ivory carved in the form of an old man climbing a fence
- 2) a book that sobs quietly when left in the closet
- 3) some trees that once danced and sang to music you shall very soon hear
- 4) a dark blue coat that follows everything I love
- 5) something else
- 6) a blind marionette lost in the Garden of Eden
- 7) a smile and a kiss living in a dark blue coat
- 8) some clay that waits for hands to tell it something surprising
- 9) some rain
- 10) a sun
- 11) a wonderful wish -

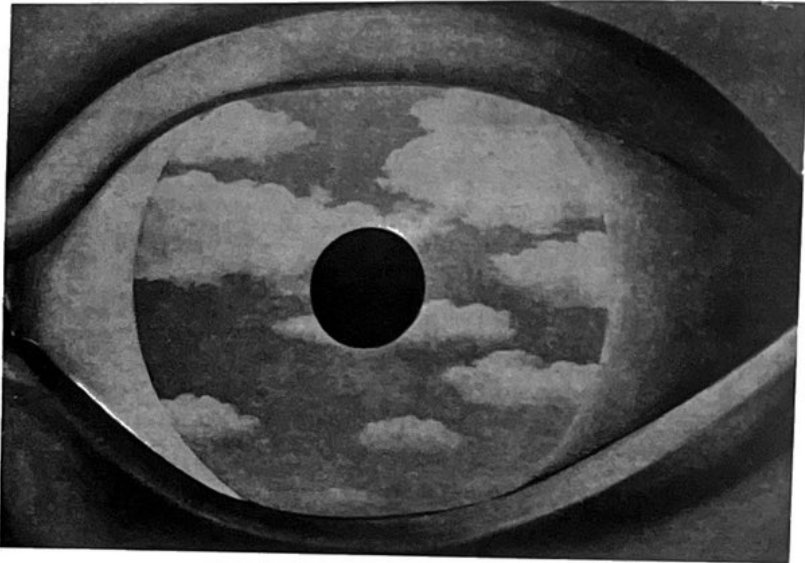
all these things and some more I leave to your imagination are yours. Please do not be afraid of reaching for these things - for you are worthy of much more / and if the truth were known, there is nothing you are not worthy of. So - what is needed? Your word, not a thought, but just a word. Say it, speak it, not very loud, just loud enough for those you love to hear.

So these are my words, those which I dreaded till now to utter. And it took this, the horror of my own extinguishment preceded by the vanishing of everything else, to force me to write them. It is done. I have made my peace. I shall settle back and wait for what I now no longer fear. And what a joke if I must now be proven wrong.

Goodbye. Goodbye to a world gone and missed by a random stranger.



VISIONS



in
a

HOLLOW

EYE

There is a scene that cannot go unnoticed and perhaps this is just as well. There is a tree or rather should I say two trees. And behind some bushes are two Negro children / naked, unashamed and peering intently at two men white as oxidized silver leaning over an immense chess board.

These two men are:

- a) Albertus Magnus
b) Torquemada

This all takes place in the first garden on earth. The Garden of Eden. And these two men are smiling. Or rather one smiles while the other weeps. And both are fully clothed or rather one is regaled in full inquisitorial clothing and the other clothed in naked ideals.

Both -- hands poised in readiness to swoop upon Man dying in a city made of living skin. Buildings warm to touch and sweat acid upon insects at work inside. Photon / Crack / -ackle Perry -- weather death void of laughing toe - / Mother & Dad are / wondering plantation / singular wooden hero / eating cosmic garbage.

Eyes transfixed and ego agape at possible visions entrapped between forehead and air. Artist, poet, musician / craftsman of neurotic counterfeiture pulling a time hoax behind their virgin's back.

Negro child - ren fly past expanding sky - an awful swelling of navel disobedience. Flee, flee, flee young babe caught in a hell others name Paradise.

Tree, bush, arm, locket of silver, and thighs spread to receive ultimate memo from God.

Astounded I on floor am. You face turn no good.

These are the thoughts of just one moment. Observing the Western game banish Eastern peoples. Oh infant you must and can spring upon these madmen who entrap you on stairways that only lead to sound. Sleep is merely comfort between horror. And the judge of a man is that his nights are not waked by trauma. This / this very moment is the realisation of the first fear. The first move (P-K4). And a reciprocal move by its mother. Of course art is the most highly appreciated & yet least accomplished artifacts of any generation. Art cannot move & talk / sweat & fornicate - but artists must. So when was the last time an artist was hung to a wall.

I have just bought two books one more evil & good as the other. What do I do next.

Is it the structural aloneness of the archetype they fear? Or the fear that the finality of death not a law but some cosmic joke?

A beautiful garden devised for the child / invaded by the crass Genoan merchant - dealing Renaissance and death/ culture and the obedience of insect instinct. The geometry of the soul figured to the precise inch. The merchant spreading his goods before the infant's eyes as some mystical madwoman with a fearful

deck of Tarot.

"Select one," he says, "just one."
And the fee? The fee is reconed with much later
when Austerlitz and Tamerlane lock jaws and swear to a God that never
was.

(Incredible) thinks the child that this is offered
me; what is this. Is it not mine already? So, this the moment when
the first fear is realised. The realisation that this implies
not oneself.

The infants do flee the Garden.
And God implores them to return/ the reply painted
on Eden's walls from fingertips bleeding (ALL IS DISTRUST & I
THIRST.)
The Garden never to be populated again. The players sliding tumors
across dead eyelids/ fall into caverns of the Holy Grain.

Infants crawling from their garden to find this.
God crawling to find the finite.

God beckons with eyes first of anger then love
(the same to the Negro children) to populate his wonderful garden.
The children will not hear. Already they are lost amongst the men
who wear skins of living bison on their backs. And God dares
follow the babes thru the ruins of Greece and America mixed similar-
ly in the bleeding mud. He loses his sight and is set upon by the
barbarians / and his revealing of his Godliness serves only to have
his golden eyes snatched from his head.

ALL IS MISTRUST AND I THIRST

Millions of infants erupt from the sewers of Harlem. They
lock arms just recently fins / cry and chant in Hebrew along 125th
St.

They scatter along the century dead streets.

A question whose eternal answer must be no is deliv-
ered by God. "Why not return / please come & populate my garden."

"We cannot return for our life is short, we have
lost everything to your moon & skies and already our women are with
child by men who we know not.

If now our nostrils flare and if from our shenks
burgeon hair / it must always be so. Neither we nor you have seen
different / and to see different is madness. If your spurs bite
into our groin please do not complain of our death. It is you not
we who blinded by Saracens were. If poems of skin hang from our
Temples do not dare enter / for this skin is our own / and not
yours by any means. This song we sing notwith malice but with the
aleness that comes from a race inhabited and set on fire by ghosts
that know not our names / but still better than our Mother who
collapsed in waterfalls suffocated with eggs.

ALL IS MISTRUST & I THIRST.

"We - neither man or flower but something worse/ fulfilled by
our cataclysmic imposure .

"We rather not join your society of breath and ideas -
rather swim upon tortoises naked in our soup.

Her breath sings of mysteries and stars / upon her
knees the Universe of my sex. Her eyes crashing continents between
marble and wooden sockets. I love so dearly yet act so abstractly.
I long to caress her back - to melt beneath her chin / lips cursed
by savages and lit by silver. I try to weed my way from between her
lips. Teeth thunder echos of urgent death. Just my hand once on
your hip. Caressing your buttocks of soft and beautiful light.
Jesus smiles and nipples arch taughtly beneath my palm.

Eye-glasses of dead prophets lie mutely on their
sides / breathing cartoons of puffy sheep dead from the sword of
Archilocus. Coffins of wool float silently by the insane American
poet / open and spell God's dimension of gangster fuck. Horror and
a kiss. We honor these oh children of the 3 Frenchmen. Guillaume
de Machaut; Guillaume Appollinaire; and God. Surely God is French -
what with colors and feathers and his infernal dancing - my dear -
God is definitely French. Not that he talks French mind you - oh no
far from it.

Million year old dogs crumble dust of feeble hounds -
horns of Sweet Sue squat foetally in your mind. And their dancing -
why my dear - Simply Dutch.

Ignorant queues of nuns follow themselves into in-
finite shoes of frenetic dancers of the sun God Apollo gone quite
batty in Harlem.

Necks of linoleum blend naturally into your pants
of open corduroy. Love me instead of my belly disabled with pleasure -
oh yes Santa Claus does dress in drag & Vanessa charters my boat
to islands of death."

"Is it that we die too much that we cannot love?
Again and again I lease my sovereignty to queens, whores, pimps,
schoolmasters, horsemen of familiar color. Constantly flesh returns
to image and metal.

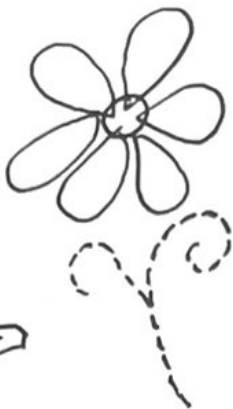
Across /
my eyes - insane poems
sounds of aggression,
sewn into leather,
peacock falls stupidly to earth,
hands committed to nothing

but dirt.

I'm sorry
but you see
theres nothing

i
can do /
about this nonsense
until
I get paid."

IV



A
VERY
PRETTY
MORNING

TRAX

V.
BLACK
MUSEUM
OF
NOISE

TRAX

It's not that suddenly I've changed. Change is not the word that describes me best. Suddenly my thought patterns become beautiful, extrinsic, moveable — if you like wholesale. My pity succumbs to understanding / understanding to hope and hope to participation. Anxiety switches politely to expectancy and I'm deeply in love once more. I stare as my fingers glide upon her shoulders and gently caress her neck. My hand goes stiff. She asks why I touch her when I know she's sweating and it's so hot outside.

"Because I love you - I really do - like I've never loved anyone else," I answer.

She smiles. Her smile is so beautiful / naively seductive - feminine. I wonder if she can smell the odor of brass left by my saxophone at the tips of my fingers.

Even things the same are different. Old men paralyzed from wine and fear of growing up seem more disgusting than to be felt sorry for. The young spades from Washington Heights hypnotized by illusions of Afro-Asian unity and music pushed through, bounced out of & ripped from the sacred mud that taunts even the smallest child.

My body feels looser / freed of identifications that needn't be made. These are the days of friendlier hands. Images reserved for love spring forth / stars at first - small ones at first - shyly, hesitantly / their lips ready for beautiful kisses. Birds and emeralds now boldly sing duets. Windows explode - millions of diamonds interlace with her smile. I should perhaps try to control myself. But why should I? It's 95° outside - pale pinks, purples, heavy blues - colors of former indifference all seem to echo the oneness of my thoughts. Urges to walk randomly through expensive streets - to visit a museum and forgive everyone from Giotto to David for their silly ideas. Remembrance of former chapters brings a blush - that I was really concerned with fire and... and oh yes water - I can't even remember what I meant. I am involved in something important. These words are written in a confusion of sounds that might before have stopped my writing completely.

The cycle is complete.

Aaaaaaaah!!!

Beneath everything I touch lies some kind of dead something. The music shifts some strange control. Budd Johnson taps me on my shoulder and whispers apocryphal stories about human beings. Coney Island doors snap with planned and calculated confusion. If let's say someone were to ask me to define birth I'd say:

Imagine 3rd St. between Aves. C & D. 3 a.m. Arm-pit black. From a storefront church a loudspeaker defies you with the knowledge of insane prayers in Spanish and Esperanto. Committedly a guitar accompanies them with a passion of the condemned damned. The church's windows are lacquered black. Over the door which stands recessed from the sweaty streets is a bright green & pink cross (unnoticed in the darkness) is written above "Iglesia Christa Salve." Under this is another cross (slightly akimbo) made of eight 50 watt bulbs. As you stand there, there's a loud moan as if those inside realized the incompleteness of their separation ~~from those outside~~ from those outside. At the same moment the doors fly open breaking the glass in its panes and millions of doves and blue love birds swim out into the east side night. Their eyes making it seem that stars in Heaven have come to kiss your forehead and absolve. You walk inside the now vacated church. Decorating the walls are large posters of presidential candidates undistinguishable from each other. Under each face is written in large letters BIRTH.

Now do you get it?

It all matters too much. Let each chapter defend itself. Each little person playing his own game. Professional this or that. Revolutionary against this or that. Members of this or that dog sniffing party. What I can say for myself is that I make someone happy. No I never sent my son to war nor do I ever intend to. The millions of mothers - murderers "in absentia" fathers - executioners "ex camera." Police enforcers of filth. FILTH!!

But come there are other displays in this my most secret museum. This hall where all is remembered. Some frightens / some enlightens / some love and are loved / some aren't.

Strange child, such a well...different face. Yet there is fear. The knife in a sweated palm and the slight blood on the chin / I don't get it - look over here.

A big wooden & plaster head with the rear drilled so as to make passage for air from front to back. Inside are beautiful landscapes of everywhere that's beautiful. Laurel and Hardy joined at their skulls like Siamese twins. Brief flashes of unicorns invading insane asylums curing and releasing hundreds of inmates. Others impaling wardens, sheriffs, judges, the cruel

of the earth finally dead. Patients weeping to see the sun without bars across it. Others rubbing off film of thorazine collected on their eyes. But the caption - "Please Brother Tell Another Lie."

Now its Bobby Bland.

They call him "blue" Bland. It's inside where he's blue. Other things that can be blue are:

1. babies
2. junkies
3. cars
4. skys
5. rugs
6. and eyes.

Like sometimes it gets so black its unbearable. You light a match and its light is even darker.

Pockets full of golden pens bathing in thick blue ink, imprisoned St. Michaels caught between two of his own hallucinations. Russian St. Michaels with large circular eyes. Lids long stitched to bleeding scalp. Taste of match heads recall some long forgotten sub marine victory / smell of sweating body next to you / dying to become you.

Then there's rump-grinding dance, beautiful blue screams over peaking P.A. system. Frigid air-conditioning. Flutes / scotch and ice / sweating spade chick tight against midnight soul - and gasp as gin explodes insidiously against your cigarettes.

Juke-box red and shining blue emanating.

"Let me Let me go

from your charms /

I've been so wrong -

I can't resist -

You never lived till you

loved" says the juke-box

and I agree.

Post war dresses melting in the rain. Children laugh stocking-faced floating skywards in the rain. Wives and military lovers wear grins of stunned happiness. Four years of misery wound up mechanistically anal / ego transference to peoples defeated thousands of years ago. Shrewd metal nets cast onto my brain. Medieval knights regaled in mail and metal bullet helmet. Swinging heavy swords at children clinging to rusted potatoes / music of Schoenberg filling medieval ears. Abbots pass schizophrenic judgement on hands cupped to contain blood spouting from daughter's breast. Cigars (tobacco wrapped in human skin) passed secretly between King and God. Smoking stump squeezed tightly in the Lord's jaw. Eyes bulging red / tree root gnarled / eyeless dolls and soft-stuffed animals weep tears of milk. Childhood - dominance of major fourths. Melancholia as

if glue spilled on public dream of rockets and flying cars and floating beds. The remembrance of everything. Mescaline without the metal rats commuting from one end of your spine to the other. Some large silver bee entrapped in your throat. From one end of Broadway to the other neon women breathe heavy dust cough expectantly and readjust nylon syringes hanging from wooden bruises growing on their arms. Foxes living in igloos / decals of dishes and spoons / tigers swimming in butter. Faces so casually drawn by humorless philosophers / shock children into foetal trauma / and why should either happen since nothing has meaning.

"Endless stream of cars enter my city, full of nothing but silence," endlessly chants dying African slave.

"My city king dead. No sun tomorrow forever."

"What you do now Tom?" screams Arkansas deacon into black Kenyatta's ear.

"White city/black noise

Black city/white noise"

"Shit, grey aint nothin' but 'nother whod fur whyte."

Everybody has their job to do, and oh yes, by the way how many fuckin years do you think I've been wrokin with goddamned junkies like you.

Faggots quick-step past me their eyes fluid as Rousseau's creatures escaping their own existence. Large poems of resignation are thrown at me by bleeding wrists.

I take one step backwards and begin to write.





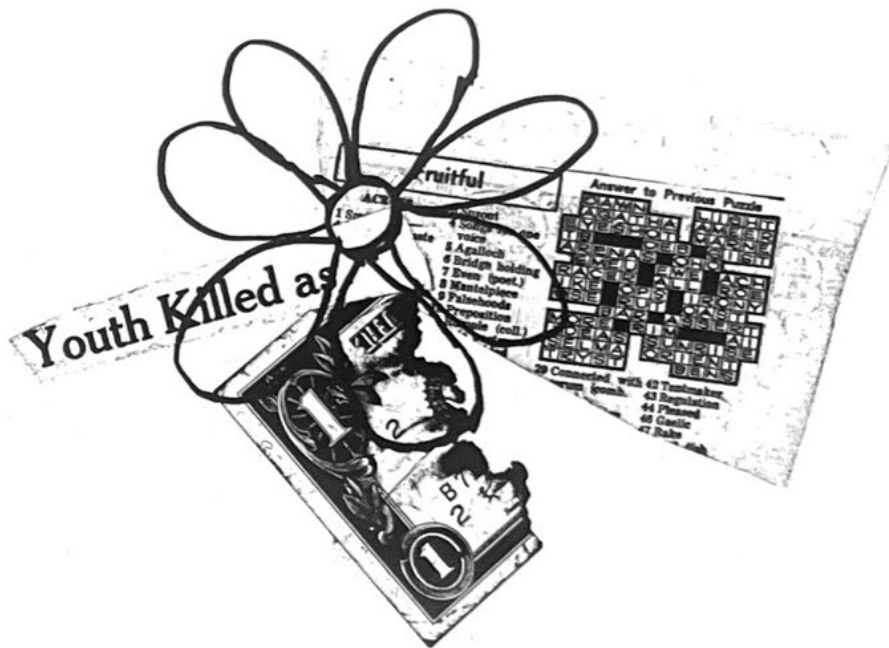
"Our children will be different," I whisper between kisses. The room is warm but it's our own. There are no hands pressing against our windows this time, and all things come to those who.

"What kind of different?" she says, her words having to be found like pretty birds lost in a lemon tree.

"With wings and tails and big feet for driving Cadillacs and their..." but before I can finish she realizes I'm putting her on and her arms circle my neck pulling me close to her once more.

My moods change swiftly. When before I could sustain thoughts for pages, I'm at a loss for things to say now. As my thoughts become more stable I have less and less need for writing. Perhaps this will be the closing words of this thing. I suppose if that's the case you'll want an appendix, so here it is / tidy, neat, neurotic but very much in love.

(END)



Jim Mulac

Hemingway

Turning around and
around
and round
he stopped

nineteen.

Saw himself

a stone heavy
in his own
hand over the water

sixty-two

he
dropped it.

Mike Maggid

poem at 20: a poem for mom & dad

Hamlet: Farewell, dear mother.
King: Thy loving father, Hamlet.

man and wife is one flesh: but me?
my face is something less
than a flower or moon
wouldnt you say?

i was not completely happy
after The Poems.
some remembering lingered.
The Poems are to forget.
nothing was enough, apparently.

i remembered some kind
of noiseless childhood,
a quintet
a dream
a proof of life before death.

like all objects
parents can almost be forgotten
in The Poems.
but they took too long to die
as if their lessons were hard to learn.
they too left some trap of
their happiness for me to love.

so when they came upon me
i did nothing.
mom cut my first wrist
and drained away all the evil blood.
dad cut the other wrist
and drained away all his hopeless sperm.

now that we are together
i can listen to music more easily.
we are listening to a mozart quintet.
he tells us what we could not remember before:

i am dead
and you are dead
and at last there are only
others.

and we listen with all our attention.
and the listening takes all our time.

Alden Van Buskirk

from Forest Park fragments

Her hair
longer now,
falling away from the skull,
legs radiant with cancer she
smiled
giddy as a harlot
mother of mine
half-
eaten in the dream.
The housecoat about to fall,
she shuffled in it,
brightest eyes
free from the mind in sleep
rives sleep to brightest day,
the naked and their relics
(gifts,
rewards the spirit
gives again)

My mother as the
whore -
lolling obscenely through

the dream,
giggling with her half-
lit companions of the dead,
cruising through
the city of graves,
legs bandaged
in an open housecoat
the crawling pelt alive
below her belly a
wrinkled buddha's face winking
through the folds of rayon.

She had died of cancer,
her legs luminous in death, she
shuffled lewdly, the
stained clothes chafing and
slipping, she murmurs

"syphilis my sweet
syphilis the rot of it -
calls you back -- to
inhabit my flour white flesh again."

Anna Taylor

For Sergei Adorenko

And now ten years have gone: the Earth has traced
ten patterned trails around the dwindling Sun.
I think perhaps you might not know me now:
my hair is not so long and soft and straight
as when we walked the winding city's streets,
nor are my hands so smooth to touch - but skilled
in matters awesome to the child I was
of seven years and any love I sought.
And you, who brought me hailstones from the court,
might laugh to see me struggle still in vain
to button up my coat alone, hands cramped
with haste and cold, that never hindered you.
The green twill coat you smiled to see me wear
- its fuzzy collar dead somewhere - is gone.

Katheryn Ruby

The Madness
-for William

You say, yes
Or, yes I must have.
And then, no.
And how am I to guess
which is below which
or which is the more intended.

Madly the plum thickens
while the color persists.

Madly the two-boughed tree
becomes suddenly,
a flaw.

A series of philosophical propositions
for L. G.

The sun darkens
We can feel its pain -- as if from an unknown father.
We long to take the summer in our arms
but she is too young and broken.

A smart man first learned how to reject.
After him came many assiduous copies
but none so effective as you, my dear.

We know only that we are moving
through a hundred parallel ridges
Perhaps the ridges of the heart.

But we know that there are none so mistaken
as the young, when they are mistaken.

A wrong color impresses us as deeply as a right color
only in a different direction. And so, we don't care
which we choose.

(cont.)

Images form and reform
on the side of a pitcher, flower, or stone.
An image is when I see your hand
and think of it as a small replica of your face.
We know that weeds, plants, and even people remain.
Only love has room to die.

6 Poems

1.
The revolution is forgotten, now
Only a few restless youngsters...
I watch them from my cell window
as a little patch of sky on earthen pots.

2.
They took a grasshopper away on a stretcher,
because he was delirious.

3.
All right then, how am I to describe her face
As they hung up the phone in your head
And turned to her saying:
That little serum we told you about
well it worked.

4.
Or how am I to compare them to the serum, that runs
a bit and stops in a pool or a corridor named Eliza
afraid of her own jokes.

5.
A desperate disciple, sometimes hiding - sometimes in the court-
room cinema
horney & bewildered.

6.
My love, why do you wear that uneven
expression? death is not so near...

The lizard throws one last spasm in
our direction and his tongue flakes off.

The Last Few Is The Subject

- Jim Greene

Out of know where, yet it is understandable, strong thoughts entered my mind. Moved beyond just a passing idea and without hessitation, I commanded mama to make a call which feeds that necessary mental command. There was an unbelievable loneliness in a voice that expressed a whole new world of many wonderful, yet true human qualities that stands him above his environment.

Considering our world of many advancements, it's unfair for one to endure such means for a life of pleasure. Pleasure really isn't the best word, because that isn't what one's life is; nor is it meant to be a life of toil. There must ba a means for one's being. It seems as though one can not exist without funds which deprives this wonderful world of man's thoughts of freedom. Yes, I was deeply moved to know we are helpless where founds are needed without human sacrifice for others' comfort. What a world we live in and where must it lead us? It's not new and only a few changes have been made of many years but things are changing much faster so we may be lucky enough to receive some of its (that word again) pleasures before the toll of our mind's existing. Believe it be, it could happen, you know.

The things I really want to say isn't printable because of the way we think. Although we think it and some time talk it but when it is in print that's something else. So as it is. God bless the child that have his own and let his pleasure be shared by whom he please to enjoy. The power one has is to what amount can he spend and charge it to his tax account as a means that he can do it for life without owing our government. Instead, our government owe him for having or who put it there for him to have. Some must have so we can distinguished and make known them that have and them that don't.

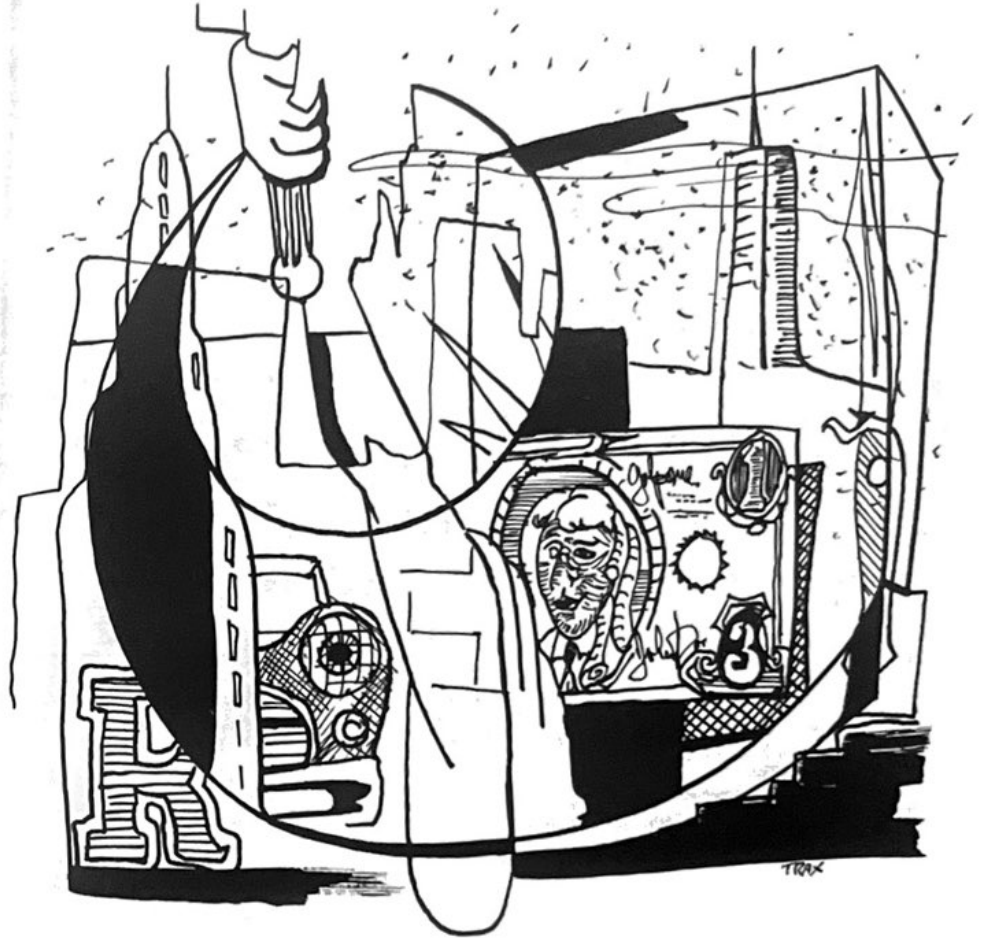
Now, we know who is best by power or call it who has the magic number in cash. Is it not true, and devine of us all is the pope? What really make this man so pure? The languages he can speak? The way he dress or where he's from? No, No, who say he is The Truth of the matter is beyond the mass of people. What we say is and the way we say it should be is not the making of a pope. Nor can he live in the public as others and if there was another way he could be born would that make the difference? Of course not, that which backs up one's word and can't be match. What a lost of words and effort when we know that only yesterday to be a king he had to the riches of his people and to change the idea without having many ofthe become too confuse, the church decided to have a king and the pope is the riches of his people. There is no way to check his account or will anyone speak concerning this subject. He'll be put out of the way real quick. To be short, and to sum this up everyone must deprive himself of his personal pleasures and share himself with others to whom he may not care to be a part or present himself with in order to maintain his livelihood. Depending what one wants out of life and what he must pay in whatever means he has to obtain his gold gole.

I am writing under very straining condition in order to state what is....

What this means, I tell a little truth which always happen. Whenever I leave New York for a week or many but so far, not over a month. That really doesn't matter now because I am here but the feeling one has when he knows he is ready to return to New York. This is a

a feeling one has when he knows he is ready to return to New York. I know what it is to be away from N.Y. and it's not my home where it's always warm and beautiful any time of year. New York, hungry, cold, out of cash, or be as it may, that feeling but I have also realized that one think of tomorrow and what life should be for him. This calls for thought, deep and clean thinking plus good living. One year to receive a steak to set one for life or two perhaps three or what we call the classic number 4 years. The point is if you must do anyone of that numbers that is what one must. Sometime this is too much for babys but it's only a stimular for a man.

And remember, very few have a choice; some have to be choosed; there must be a chooser; some is in demand.



G.M.F.

G. M. Foster

To Thy Hand
-for Hilda

I.

All here all -
so, to the Eastern casement /
This is the beating chord
of Dovedrawn dawn /
O you azoic elements!
This is the dawning of Atoms /
whirl on
plastoid and stone circles /
for lightning locusts swallowed the Word
in waves upon the wind -
Smooth to heaven /
brave obelisks /
white cities and FOAM LIPPED DOLPHIN ELEMENTS RAGING
IN THE SEA AND MENS SOULS MOLD
Create, Love, a talisman /
a phantom of oblivions troubles the mirror.

My -
lost.
Girl / girl / my wives of dust and honey are blind in this season
They are left and PERICLES HAS PASSED HIS DAUGHTER
on the rainbow road /
in the violent streets of smoking capitals...
Who sees the triangle? Split lightning of my veins
!Woman / though not my woman -
but if Love not come with peace / to thy hand, Lady, I cconsign me -
then f r e e d o m
Bring RELEASE!

II.

Surfaces split into infinite layers
as bright angels creep from the yellow shadows
of her windy body
The infallible Zeros of her hair
turn my sharp ice into white flowers

(cont.)

HIROSHIMA!
a seed of death
bright / wind - born
slipped through a breath of sky
breezes westward /
flesh into fire
fire into sand /

ashes break the breath of our babes.

Appolyon's Second Act (I was never there)

Bright solitude of Nagasaki
white piled on white
light pierced with fire
agony of Appolyon births Japanese bonedeadth /
wind empties faces of slain
naked bodies glint in burnt wind /
glittering flakes of blue light change houses into hostile deathchoked
[Shinto dust /

death pinned to the quick
Hells moment speaks thunder in empty sky
all other blue dawns broken in diamonds of flame
deathstar suddenly /
city EXPLODES /
70,000 life-filled

bloodveined
nakednerved
HUMAN
love-cloaked beings

blown bright winged
from this mad planet.

Twenty years since /
a creeping death still sucks
these stricken people into space.
How have they walked their poisoned earth these dying years?
Were they destroyed in that ancient instant's endless ache of light
filled fire?

They stagger through the years
staring at us
whose brains unstung by death
grow distant from them:
"I was born into death
that Dawn in Nagasaki"

(cont.)

May my speech be paved with blue stones
that I speak a street of shining desire for love to walk upon

The purple clamour of birds
rings in the brown walls of those
EYES

Suddenly she appeared
in the guise of a Tree
HUNG WITH MIRRORS.

August Sixth, Nineteen Sixtyfive

A door opens in my hand
and out walks a Mantis
who preys across the floor
until, turning on me
he dies in a bombardment of Zeros.

History burns in my hair
like insects in long grass /
Snipers fire sporadically from my lips
as bones blacken in a Vietnamese village.

A continent bombed by its virginity
floats face down in a pool of oil.

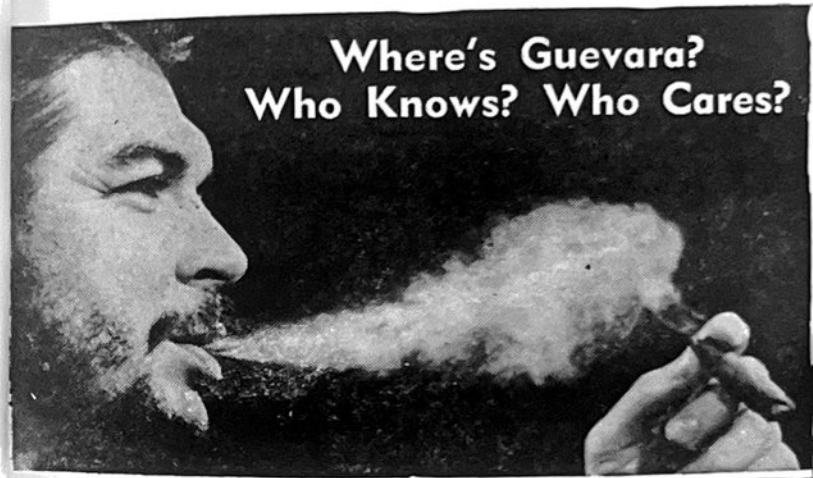
So what for
do boys /
hypnotized by leatherette girls /
lie like emptied men
on jungle floor?

Or
black - jacked black
faces frozen by blue -
coated wind /
left to die on curbstome

jailhouse brownstone
slabs of icehouse America.

(cont.)

A man dressed in ragged smock and pants (patched with paper) stands
bow of a skiff in the harbor / he smells the sea air mixed with oil
the cormorants call without noticing either / The harshly different
of an airplane wakes him to the sky / Suddenly he is transformed into a
humanoid basket of burning gems / He vanishes into a mouth of light.



Where's Guevara?
Who Knows? Who Cares?

Died. Margarita Sierra, 26, peppery Spanish nightingale, who as Cha Cha O'Brien, castanet-clacking Miami nightclub singer on TV's *Surfside 6*, for three years played herself down to the last brightly mangled bit of syntax; following surgery for damaged heart valves; in Los Angeles.



Died.
Died.
Died.

Only LIFE brings you so close

Died. Iran's Pr
cleaned
cracked
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daughter
sortium,
Died. senior F
1797) M
Roosevel
in Teddy
Bull Mod
with milk
firm to
house to
ing bran
Franklin's
long illness
Died. French J
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Died. 1905),
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SERGEI NECHAEV

Selections from THE GOLDEN AGE



I.

The house where I was born and grew up, where my family still lives, and where I shall no doubt live again some day, is isolated in the country. It was built in 18-- by my grandfather, Noah Gilpin. By reading the flyleaves of family Bibles and looking through albums of old photographs, I learned that my father and mother were children together, close neighbors, that they married very young with their families' blessings. But early death seems to plague my family; by the time my sister Felicity was born, all her grandparents were dead. Four years later and I was born; but my father was three months dead on my birthday.

So, at that time, and except for servants, only we children and our poor sick mother (it was her sorrow that made her sick) our Aunt Katherine, a widow, and our Godmother Sarah lived in Noah Gilpin's house. Of my earliest years I remember only vague and apparently unimportant details. The major occurrence in my infancy, the death of my mother, which happened when I was five, I do not recall. Felicity, who was then nine, says she remembers I took it very badly when I guessed the whole truth of what I had not been told; and I did guess, not out of precocity or because someone's tongue slipped, but because all my family seems to know Death and understand its ways. As for taking it badly, I do not know; but my sister says I myself almost died then.

In general, though, no child could fail to have a happy time while living in my grandfather's house. The pictures of my parents as children prove it. There was no one to make photographs of us (though Aunt Katherine painted some bad watercolour portraits); but in my memory's picture we look as happy as anyone in those old albums. Being the only octagon house in the area ours is somewhat famous, and it is called Noah's Diamond because it is painted white. It is approached from a country road by a long drive which is on our property and which runs through what was once a well-planned park. Now it is overgrown; the lake is hidden behind a tangled overgrowth, the paths are obscured by wild rose and honey-suckle. Only the flower garden, of which I have more to tell in another chapter, was kept up by my Aunt Katherine. Like all octagon houses, Noah's Diamond is hexagonal, and circled round by two porches, one on the ground, one on the second floor. The third floor is smaller and has five sides, giving the whole a very eccentric appearance. The rooms are in a variety of unusual shapes: wedges, triangles, uneven rectangles; and staircases are located entirely without plan. Felicity and I slept on the third floor and often played in the round windowed cupola on the roof, which was reached by a ladder from the hall between our bedrooms. If you had a livelier childhood, you might imagine that I was bored with mine. The only other children we saw were our fellow students at the small church day school several miles away. We could, with some difficulty, have furthered our acquaintance with them, but we had no desire to do this. My sister was my chosen playmate; and I found being the only boy in the house a great advantage, as I was constantly spoiled. Indeed, as orphans, nothing was considered good enough for us until we proclaimed it so, and we had many freedoms which would be thought shocking in another house. These freedoms we knew intuitively we should not flaunt or boast of to our occasional child-friends.

The only adult man who was ever seen much in the house was our Uncle Giles, who came at Christmas and for a few weeks each summer. He was a quiet man, and spent a great deal of time reading; but we liked him nonetheless, because he showed great imagination in present-giving, and because he was very easy to get along with; this was a quality we found lacking in most grown-ups (and still do.) We were a "kissing" family; we showed our

affection physically, openly and often. (I am still kissed goodnight when I go home.) I was glad of this tradition especially during Uncle Giles' visits, for kissing a man was rare, and being rare, it was attractive. I hugged him, or sat squirming on his lap, or kissed him, or wrestled with him at every opportunity; it was this unconscious seductiveness on my part which must have brought about what finally happened between us.

I was ten at the time, and to the world of pleasure, in my waking thoughts at least, a stranger. My early childhood, though it was sensual in the extreme, had never yet become erotic. But the beautiful clothes and beautiful landscape, the languid summers, the feminine closeness of my family, all conspired to awaken my interest in things I had never been told about. Uncle Giles provided the means of the awakening.

It was during one of his summer visits. He had been there a week already, and this time I was much happier to have him there and much more loathe to think of his leaving than ever before. I was with him almost constantly, and so was Felicity. But she was then fourteen, and I expect that the very same thing which prompted me in my behaviour made her wish to imitate me; I didn't know what desire was in my innocence, but she must already have found it out, and been ashamed to reveal it. But I, I was frenzied by it. I could not stop touching and being touched by Giles, although why this was, and what the end of it could be, I could not have guessed. Laughing, my Godmother, who is innocent as a child herself, called me a little devil and asked Giles if I were bothering him. He replied, No, and when she went away I returned to what I had been doing: I had discovered the curious sensation of erection, and was experimenting with its pleasures. Never had I touched myself there except to make water; this was not because I had been told it was shameful — it was because I had been told nothing. Now, by accident, I found its true purpose, and I was rubbing like a kitten against Giles' knee while I carried on with him my childish conversation. In the passtime I was interrupted again by my Godmother, who told Giles it was time for me to wash and go to bed. When he agreed to give me my bath, I was ecstatic, and Godmother apparently saw no harm in what I asked.

Halfway to the bathroom it occurred to me that I should have to undress for him, and that this would be the first time a man had ever seen me nude. I knew how to behave naked in front of women, for I was often given my bath by female relatives. Was there a different protocol for men? My mounting confusion was dispelled when Giles, who seemed to know what he was about, began to undress me. I was going to protest my own ability, but I saw that he wanted to do this, and that I should benefit by it as well; for his hands, as they stripped off my clothes, knew where to pat and pinch and accidentally stray. By the time my underpants were slipped down to my feet, my little prick, though he had not touched it, was enflamed and hard.

I blushed and tried to hide it with my hands, but he laughed and pushed them away, saying "Let me see it; it's far too pretty a flower to hide." With that he lifted me into the tub and began to lather my chest and head and arms with soap. Soon I was covered with suds down to the waist, and knew with certainty that he must soon wash the parts below. "Get on your knees in the tub," he said. By doing so I was once again exposed to his sight. The warm water had wilted me; now I reacted again as before. Filling his hands with soap, he began to rub and caress — not my tool, but my backside! Little did I know then how much pleasure could be found there; I only knew what I had learned that day. And as his fingers began to probe between my little round buttocks, I asked, "Giles, aren't you going to wash the flower?"

Laughing, he let go my rear and said, "Of course, Seth, of course. First we clean the two little buds...then the stem...and the blossom...and" taking the length of it in his hand, "the whole flower...and again, and again...are you satisfied?" Never had I been more satisfied. I loved his hand for

what it was doing to me, slippery with soap — but it was not to last long. Disappointed, I let him leave the suds from my body with handfuls of water, and stepped out into his towel. I thought my pleasure ended, but I was wrong. As he began to pat me dry, I felt his kisses on my shoulderblades, his tongue on the nape of my neck, licking away the thick curls of hair "the colour of honey" which fell to my collar when I was dressed. My arms and hands were dried and kissed, then my back and stomach, and in my hot excitement I tried again and again to press myself against his body. At last his lips fell where his hands had been before; he dropped the towel, and kneeling before me on the floor, explored every inch of that part of my body which is ordinarily concealed by modesty. To my consternation his tongue even reached between the cleft of my buttocks and nearly entered where I thought it should not; but soon he turned me around and covered all the parts of the "flower" with his excited lips. Finally for a few blind moments he took all of it into his mouth, sucked it, tongued it, gently pressed his teeth against it, left it wet....

...And suddenly the spell was broken. I opened my eyes to find him on his feet beside me, covering my naked body with a robe. Laughing, he picked me up in his arms and kissed me. My mouth was open with the slackness of pleasure, and purely from instinct I thrust my tongue between his lips, and, surprised, out again. He laughed once more, at my boldness, and carried me across the hall and into my bedroom, where the last faint light of evening shone pinkly through the tall windows. Setting me gently down upon my bed, he plucked open my robe; and this time I did not blush to have him see that part grow up again in anticipation. Taking my small hand in his he pulled it down to my groin and closed it around my full-blossomed flower. Kissing me again, he left me to please myself. I found my hand smoother even than his, and used it for nearly an hour before falling asleep.

For the rest of Uncle Giles' visit, and on many visits thereafter, such intimate flirtations took place. But never have the two of us completed the act of love, and never has he given me the opportunity to offer him such consummation, though I would do so readily. What holds him back I do not know.

II.

At the age of ten I was usually happy in my heart and so needed to seek out only the secrets of my mouth and arms and legs and between my legs; any secrets of the heart were as nothing. I cannot remember having gone a day since that summer without playing with myself at least once, or playing with someone else. Even at that age my organ was exceptionally big and sensitive, although I did not know these advantages were denied other boys my age. Very soon after I started the practice of self-use, I could make myself climax, but it was dry and could be repeated again and again. During that period I would simply expose and stroke, play with myself continuously whenever I was alone — my one habit, though never boring. Several times my sister caught me at it; once, I was so careless as to undress during a thunderstorm and lie out in my hammock on the second porch watching the storm and rubbing myself happily. I discovered she had been spying on me for at least a few minutes — I finally sensed her presence and turned round. I wrapped the hammock about me in embarrassment, but she only smiled and went back inside.

I tried everything my untaught imagination suggested would be pleasureable. I even took my collie, Tannhauser, into bed with me at night. I never thought of having sex with my dog, but I would lie naked beside him pressed against his soft coat. Several times he responded and once, to my surprise, tried to mount me...tried to enter me from behind, with his legs around my waist. After that I stopped sleeping with him.

I had seen all my female relatives in the nude before, but now I began peeking at them, to see more, and in a different light. On one occasion I was watching my Aunt Katherine sunbathe on the little lawn she kept mowed beside her beautiful flower garden. She was not really old; she was in her late twenties, I think, and very lovely to my eyes, with the small slender body typical of my family, but crowned in strange and flaming red hair. She was undressed, and I was hiding, I thought, out of her sight. I was fascinated by her love-hair and red nipples. The sun seemed to give her pleasure, for once in a while she would softly moan and stir, so that I could not tell if she were awake or sleeping. I was already beginning to unbutton myself when she called out "Seth! Come here and stand in front of me," and sat up. I might have run away, but I was so startled I obeyed. She must have seen what I was doing in my shorts; she certainly could now see that they were unbuttoned and bulging. But she only laughed and hugged me to her. My bare knees pressed against her bare breasts, which excited me even more, so that finally she could not help but notice my state. She only laughed again, called me naughty, and told me to run away and play.

About this time, too, my relationship with my sister changed from one of Playmates to one of Older Sister and Little Brother. I did not mind this so much because she began to spoil me just as Godmother and Aunt Kate would. But I was with her, if anything, more than before. In a way I worshipped her, and still do; which did not stop me from spying on her while she undressed.

One custom of earlier days we did preserve was playing in the cupola on rainy days. There were heat and cheerful light up there, in contrast to the grey dim outside. The floor of the cupola was covered half by low cushions, which were usually littered with toys and books and costumes; and half by bare floor, usually even more littered.

One dull autumn day when I was nearly twelve, Felicity got into a nostalgic mood and suggested we dress in costumes and go up to play. Our costumes were traditionally chosen at random from a large supply of old clothes belonging to older and departed generations of Gilpins. Over the years we had collected our favourite items out of closets and trunks and barrels, and stored them in our rooms. I have since learned that boys who like to dress as girls are frowned upon, but then there was no one to tell me; certainly not my family, who found it charming. And so, without any lascivious thoughts (at least, none that I can remember) I would often costume myself extravagantly in dusty fancy-dress-ball gowns and frayed sheathes. The masquerade was always complete, down to my skin, and sometimes I would keep it up so long I began to talk, act and think like a girl. Since my family believed I looked more elegant, or genteel, with my hair in long curls and bangs, the transformation was easy to make and very deceiving. However, this cross-dressing did not excite my passions and I had neglected it for a long time in favor of more solitary pleasures.

But on that overcast afternoon I had been so bored that I was happy to play the old game again, and rushed to my room to change. I found an oversized scarlet velvet gown which kept slipping, leaving first one, then the other shoulder bare. There was a cloche hat of orange velvet which was wonderfully a mis-match. I weighed myself down with costume jewelry and fin-

ally, taking off my shoes, I painted my toenails red. By the time they had dried and I ran up to the cupola, Felicity was already waiting for me. As if she had read my mind she was dressed in top hat, tails and pin-striped trousers. She said she loved my outfit, especially my toes; and for half an hour or so we exchanged facetious compliments in the tone we imagined to be current at high-society affairs.

Finally, Felicity suggested we switch costumes. By this time I was so involved in our game it was as if I were seven or eight again, and not almost twelve; without thinking, I turned my back and began to strip. Little by little, however, I grew aware of the present, and by the time I let fall the ancient black lace panties, I realised I was naked in front of my sister for the first time since she had begun to mature. Turning round, with nothing to cover my body but red toenail polish, and nothing to cover my embarrassment but a large corsage of artificial orchids, I found my sister nude as well, and using her top hat as I used the flowers. At once our nervousness seemed to go, and we laughingly agreed that these were the best costumes yet.

But we had never played this game before, and both of us were aware of it. Horsing roughly and laughing (perhaps a little too loudly) I tried to knock away her hat and she to snatch away my orchid. At last, in a final struggle, we fell together onto the low cushions, and both prizes were lost—we lay completely naked in each other's arms, panting to regain our normal breath. We fell silent, I felt her arms press my body to hers, and despite myself my finger of love began to prick up and press demandingly against her thigh.

Something had changed in her composure; her laughter had been forced, almost frantic. Now, with the assurance of long intimacy, I felt some new intensity in her I had not experienced before. And, though I had hardly dared to hope I was right, I thought I knew what that intensity was; after all, I shared it.

Perhaps she feared I would grow panicky and run (but I never would have done so) because she tightened her arms around me and spread her legs so that I could lie comfortably and securely between them. I felt soft hidden hair against my tender erection; instinctively I began probing, jutting my rear up and down and to both sides, trying to find an opening I did not really know was there. Shocked, Felicity reached down her hand and gently pushed it away, explaining that brothers and sisters could not do such things. My disappointment was obvious, so, to console me, Felicity pulled me up upon her stomach, where I sat with my legs folded close against her sides. She laid my Love between her young breasts, and catching my hands in hers, showed me how to softly press the breasts together, over and against what lay between them. I had never felt anything like the incredible softness of her skin, and I loved the compliments she showered on me and on what she called my "little red rooster", saying how handsome and like a man's it was. I became absorbed in what I was doing, and began to thrust my hips forward and back. With one hand she caressed me and helped me towards an end — but the other hand disappeared behind my back, and I guessed that she was doing with her fingers what she would not let me do with a better thing.

Suddenly I ejaculated a single clear spurt, like thick hot water. It was the first time this had happened, and I was still too young for anything else. It shot towards her face, fell short and landed on her throat. I was terribly afraid she would find this unpleasant, for I had no idea what the stuff was — and fear made me go limp at once. But she smiled happily and rubbed the drops into her skin, saying that it was better for her than a hundred milk baths. I asked why, and she told me that a boy's come was full of magic power, especially when it was clear like mine. Someday, she said, she would bathe in a tub of it.

Next day I tried to repeat the experience. She refused; to gain pity I unbuttoned myself and showed it to her, complaining that it had been hard all day. She still refused. At last, when I asked if she wanted more milk for her skin, she told me that brothers should not speak so to sisters, and looked so severe that for once I was defeated. After a few days, however, I discovered that she had no objection to my using her body for my purposes as long as our clothes stayed on; and so many gentle fights and tumbles ended for me with a wet spot in my pants.

