

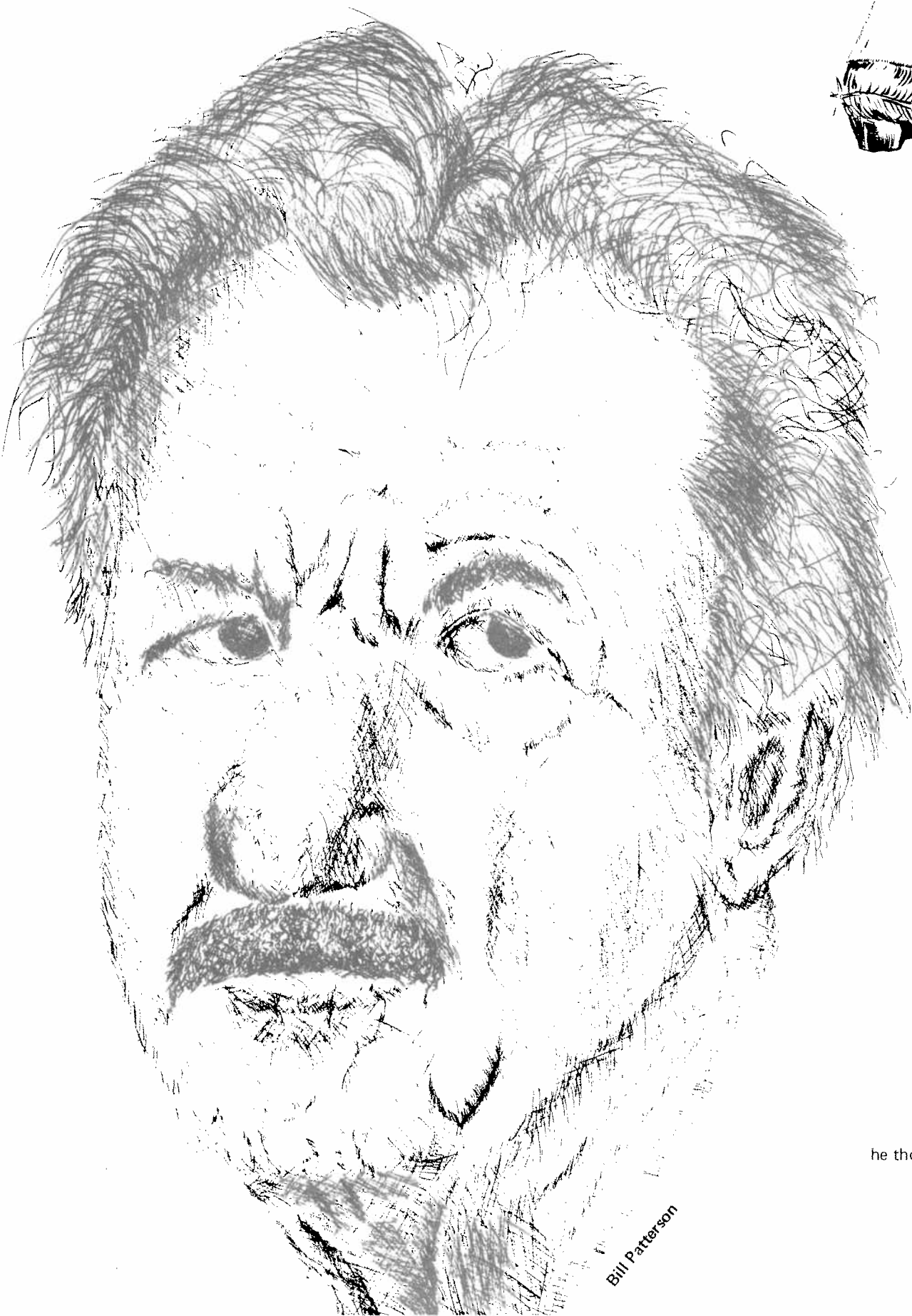


Come gather 'round people wherever you roam
And admit that the waters around you have grown
And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to the bone

THE WILD WEST OF THE PAINTED PAST

It's hard to live now
And think then
Sure women were women
And men were men
But what's important
Is women are women
And men are men
Say it again
I know what yer thinkin, lady
That yer years erz a little bit shady
But damn it a bit
You better know it
The year isn't 1880
The wild west of the painted past
Like reflected clear water
On a dirty pane of modern glass

Ron Federighi



The feeling of cold struck and
would not leave off.
even the zippering of his coat and
the squeezing of his fist
created tiny vacuums of cold air, which
caused him to scoff
and begin to form the outlines of
a stillborn wish.

Turning on his side he realized his
leg was asleep,
shaking it he lay on his back and
stared at the sky;
Placing himself on the light side of
moon, he pondered how to keep
moist in an invironment so incredibly
dry

Eyes circling the clearing, he dipped
further into his bag,
while tightening the notches on his
all-weather gloves,
he thought of gathering wood into burnable fags,
but settled back and thought of
speedy arrival.
this melange of sensations churned
as some cock began to sing
and he smiled at the outset of the
end of his trial.

Paul Clemons

Greetings From A Disgusting Old Bastard

I'm a disgusting old bastard. I spend my time waiting for fate to change my life. I sit in my rented room and watch television and drink whiskey all day. At night I walk the city streets, hoping to run into some young girl who is foolish enough to enjoy a disgusting old bastard like myself. I never meet any young girls who are that foolish. I never meet any old ones that foolish either. I never meet anyone that foolish. It doesn't matter though, because I wouldn't know what to do if I did.

Sometimes I go to the library and look at medical books. I read all about the thousands of diseases there are. I read about them and then convince myself I have them all. I can't understand why I'm still alive. I go to the doctors and try and convince them that I am plagued with every affliction known to man. They try to tell me I am healthy for a man of sixty-eight years, but I know they're only trying to hide the truth from me.

I used to think it was an honor and a privilege to grow old. I imagined becoming a dignified gentleman, with wonderful memories and wisdom to impart to everybody. Relatives would always come and visit me on holidays, bringing me wonderful gifts like overnight denture holders. We would sit and talk about the old days, remembering only the good things. I did not realize I would become a disgusting old bastard. I did not know my relatives would avoid me because I wore Salvation Army clothes and reeked of cheap whiskey. I did not know that people have no use for stupid old men and their memories and wisdom.

So here I sit in my rented room and wonder just what do old men do with all their wonderful memories and wisdom. I never find an answer to this question. I never really try and find an answer because I'm afraid of what it will be. I'm afraid that old men with wonderful memories and wisdom do the only thing they can. They die.

**He lived all alone
Within a house
Within a room
Within himself
A most peculiar man**

I don't think of this though, instead I sit in my rented room and watch television and drink whiskey. Today is no exception. It is now midafternoon and I have been watching television all day. I have already consumed enough whiskey to choke a horse. The room smells of stale farts. It is 2:30 and time for my favorite show, The Dating Game. I always watch this show, even though it has been the source of a recurring nightmare for me.

I sometimes dream that I am one of the contestants on this show. I am seated behind a partition with two other people. They are both young, well groomed and eager. I sit there in my Salvation Army clothes, reeking of whiskey. On the other side of the partition is a beautiful young girl, asking us questions. You can't see her but you know she is beautiful. Her voice is like honey.

"Number two, what are you going to do when you get old?" she asks.

Number two. My God, that's me! I fumble for words. I am suddenly aware that I have a tremendous hard-on. Some people in the audience are starting to snicker and point.

"Number two, are you there?"

"Yes." My voice sounds like a file grating on rusty metal compared to hers.

"What are you going to do when you get old?"

"Uh, I suppose I'll drink whiskey and watch television."

Everybody laughs uproariously. They all think I have given a very clever and witty answer. They have no idea that's what I really do with my time. It is at this point that I realize most people would laugh at the way I live. All I have to do is tell the truth when I am asked questions and everybody will take me to be very clever and witty. I do this, and when the game is over the beautiful young girl with a voice like honey chooses me for my wonderful answers. As I come around the partition she sees my Salvation Army clothes and smells cheap whiskey. Now she knows I wasn't simply being clever and witty, and she turns and runs. Nobody has any use for a disgusting old bastard like me. I might as well die with all my wonderful memories and wisdom.

On the television the real Dating Game is in progress. A beautiful girl with a voice like honey is asking questions of three young men. The young men are all spruced up to look their best, you can almost smell their after-shave.

None of them have a hard-on. There are no old men in Salvation Army clothes reeking of cheap whiskey on this show.

The Dating Game had run its course. I got up and turned the television off. I had to lay down for a nap. That was another thing that made getting old so painful. The constant naps. Sleep never comes during the night anymore. It comes whenever it pleases, in short pieces intermittently throughout the day. That's one reason why I spend my evenings walking the streets looking for young girls foolish enough to enjoy a disgusting old bastard like myself. Another reason, probably the real reason, is that the thought of finding a young creamy skinned body with a voice like honey is very appealing to me. It's that way in the world too. Nobody gives a damn about memories and wisdom, they're all interested in enjoying their beauty while it lasts. There's no place for old people in this world. They just have to sit in rented rooms and drink whiskey and watch television until they die.

When I awoke from my nap it was dark outside. With some effort I raised my dried old body up from its resting place. Every time I get up from a rest I feel as if I'm climbing out of my grave. I feel as if I was meant to just go on lying where I was, forever.

I looked out my second story window at the street below. A light rain must have fallen, for the ground was damp. The street lamps make the pavement glisten. It was time for me to go out looking for young girls. This was the ritual I performed every evening. I never really expected to find any. If I did I might not go. It was just something I felt I had to do.

I struggled down the stairs like a mechanical man. Each step was excruciatingly painful. At the bottom of the stairs I had to stop and catch my breath. In a rather large dining room off to the right Mrs. Hallstrom, the lady I rent from, was sitting down to dinner with her family. She was a widow. Her husband was killed several years ago in a fire. I remember when I moved in she told me how nice it would be to have a man around the house again. She never tells me that anymore.

"Going out again tonight Mr. Newghast?" She always reminded me of a peasant woman in Russia. She had a figure like a tomato.

"What's that?" I said.

"I say, are you going out again tonight?"

"Yes."

"Would you care to join us for a bite to eat before you go?"

"Thank you very much, I wouldn't mind if I did." I began to regret my acceptance of the offer almost immediately. I don't usually eat with the Hallstroms, because I feel very uncomfortable around Mrs. Hallstrom and her five children.

I seated myself at the table and nervously fumbled with my napkin while Mrs. Hallstrom dished out my food for me. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the children looking at my rumpled Salvation Army clothes, then look at each other and giggle. Mrs. Hallstrom glared at them angrily. One of the older children, a boy of about ten, was seated next to me. I saw him get the attention of the other children and then pinch his nose and mutter, "P.U!"

Unfortunately for him, these antics were witnessed by Mrs. Hallstrom, who grabbed a heavy handled butter knife by the blade and struck him very hard on the knuckles.

"Edward!" she shrieked. "You go to the kitchen and don't come out till we have all eaten."

Poor Edward tearfully left for the kitchen like a dog with his tail between his legs. I couldn't help feeling as if I was the cause of all this.

"Mrs. Hallstrom, perhaps I better eat a little later on," I said, making a motion to get up and leave.

**He was a most peculiar man
That's what Mrs. Riordon says
And she should know
She lived upstairs from him
She said he was a most peculiar man**

"Now you sit right down there Mr. Newghast and enjoy your meal. The children must learn some manners sometime."

She meant this last remark for the children more than me. They were already behaving like little angels though.

"There you are," said Mrs. Hallstrom, placing a plate of navy beans and dark bread before me.

"You know, it's so nice to have a man around the house again," she chortled. This made me feel uncomfortable, as she hadn't said this to me in quite some time. She had

apparently already forgotten about poor little Edward, as she was watching me eat like she was my own mother. She made me feel like an idiot, beaming at me like a child on Christmas morning.

"Did you happen to see that wonderful nature show on television about the Amazon the other night Mr. Newghast?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't watch television at night."

"It was the most fascinating show you could ever imagine. Why, did you know that some of the natives down there put big plates in their lips?"

"You don't say."

"Why, it's just the craziest thing I've ever seen. I wonder what makes people want to make themselves so uncomforttable like that," she said as she adjusted her bra.

It was a very comic thing to watch a big buxom woman like Mrs. Hallstrom adjust her bra. It reminded me of a teacher I once had in elementary school. She looked like a Russian peasant too. We used to joke about her figure behind her back. We would call her bra an over-the-shoulder-boulder-holder. You could say that about Mrs. Hallstrom too.

"And do you know what else, Mr. Newghast?"

"No, what."

"Most of the land down there is so bad for growing things on that they had to have the Japanese come in and do the farming."

"How about that."

"Those Japanese are wonderful that way, they can make things grow anywhere. They make the best gardeners."

"Yes, I know."

"It certainly is wonderful what they're doing down there. Why, some of those people are actually risking their lives to help the natives."

There's so much good in the world if we only look for it."

"You're certainly right Mrs. Hallstrom."

I wiped the bits of navy beans and dark bread away from my mouth with my napkin. I tried my best to thank Mrs. Hallstrom for the meal, and then bade her good night. I made my way unsteadily from the bright dining room into the dark hallway, groping for the door knob like a blind man.

The air outside was very crisp and cool. It was almost too much for a man of sixty-eight. I felt as if ice was forming in my lungs. The streets were deserted, they looked like everything else in my life. There were probably people out here a minute ago. They must have smelled me coming and left. I felt like the harbinger of death walking down the street.

I slowly made my way along, one foot in front of the other like a machine until I found myself in front of a large display window. It belonged to a Drug Store, and even though the store was closed there were enough lights on inside to let you peek at all the medical supplies they had. There was a large cardboard display showing a product which promised to relieve the pain of hemorrhoids without surgery. I have hemorrhoids. I also have a thousand other maladies, some which I doubt are even known to medical science.

I walked on, this time with even greater effort, due to my reawakened interest in my failing body. After struggling on for a few blocks I halted under a large street lamp. There was a soiled piece of paper lying on the wet sidewalk before me. Almost unconsciously I bent down and picked it up. I stuffed it in my overcoat pocket and continued on my trek.

I walked for what seemed an eternity and saw no one else. I was beginning to think I really was the harbinger of death. Then I saw a figure about three blocks away. I hurried my pace. I almost wanted to shout, as if I had been lost and this was the first human I had seen in years. As I came closer I saw it was a beautiful young girl with creamy skin. Her legs looked as if they had been sculpted by Michelangelo. I tried to go faster till I was as close to running as my brittle toothpick legs could get me. I flailed wildly at the air with my arms. I was only about fifty feet away when I tripped on the curb of a small alley and struck the pavement with a dull slap. I lay there stunned, motionless for several moments, wondering if I was still alive. I looked up, my chin resting on the wet pavement and saw my dentures sitting innocently before me. I thought about the denture holder my relatives would have brought me had they ever come to visit. I looked past my dentures and saw a pair of shoes coming down the sidewalk towards me. My heart started beating like a jackhammer. In those shoes were feet which were connected to a pair of legs that had been sculpted by Michelangelo. They were going to descend down upon me like

If your time to you is worth saving then you'd better start swimming or you'll sink like a stone
For the times they are a 'changin'.

Bryce Conrad

angels from heaven, and the creamy skinned young girl that was connected to them was going to hold me in her arms and soothe me with a voice like honey.

"Help me," I gasped when the shoes were only a few feet away.

"Goddamn drunks," said a voice like honey as the shoes went right on by.

I lay there like the disgusting old bastard that I am, feeling very stupid with all my wonderful memories and wisdom. I peeled myself off the sidewalk like cheese on a hot grill, and brushed the dirt off my dentures. I noticed some flashing lights reflecting on the ground where the girl had been standing. I made my bruised and broken body carry me down there.

He had no friends

He seldom spoke

And no one in turn ever spoke to him

And he wasn't like them, oh no

I stood before a large neon sign, my arms wrapped around a lamp post for support. The sign screamed its message in flashing colored lights: THE MECCA TWIN THEATRE — AT THE MECCA TWIN YOU GET MORE SKIN, SKIN, SKIN! NOW PLAYING — TEENAGE LUST. NEXT SHOW TIME: 8:45.

I glanced at my watch. 8:30. I bought a ticket and went in, sitting in one of the back rows near the aisle. I was surprised to see I was the only customer in the theatre. I looked at my watch again. 8:35. It was at this moment that another old man in Salvation Army clothes, reeking of cheap whiskey came in and sat down next to me. He was greasy and unshaven, not to mention a good deal drunk.

"Gonna see the girlies tonight, eh?" He said this very loudly and then slapped my leg.

"I guess so," I said.

"Yea, well what else can a couple of old buzzards like us do, eh? Nobody gives a damn about old people, but you mark my word, if it weren't for old people and their memories and wisdom this world wouldn't be nothing."

"You certainly have a point there."

"Damn right I do."

I was beginning to feel very nervous sitting next to him. I just kept fidgeting in my seat, waiting for the movie to start. I put my hand in my overcoat pocket and withdrew the soiled piece of paper I had picked up off the sidewalk sometime earlier. He glanced over at it.

"What's that you got there?" he asked.

I held the paper up to the light. There were words printed on it. I read them aloud.

"Do you know the warning signs of cancer of the prostate? Pain in this area and reddish urine are warning signs of this disease. Cancer of the prostate is almost invariably fatal. If you have any of these symptoms, consult your physician."

"You know what the prostate gland is don't you?" he asked demandingly.

I just stared at him blankly. He poked his finger in my crotch.

"It's up there."

"Oh."

It was at this moment that the movie began. The screen became a whirling mass of flesh. Eager young men and creamy skinned girls, all wrapped around one another. The girls all has voices like honey, and you could almost smell the young men's after-shave. Every so often my neighbor would lean over and punch me in the ribs.

"Ever see any old people in a movie like this?" he would ask.

I wasn't concerned about whether there were old people in it or not. I wasn't concerned about the movie at all. I was thinking about cancer of the prostate. I was sure I had it. I was sure I had every disease there was.

I glanced over at the figure in the seat next to me to see why he hadn't poked me in the ribs in the last few minutes. He had his pants down. He was jerking off. I got up to leave.

"Hey, where are you going?" he called after me.

I didn't look back, I just walked out into the restroom in the lobby. I had to piss so I could see what color it was. I was sure I had cancer of the prostate.

I stood there waiting in front of the urinal. I did not piss red. I pissed whiskey. I think whiskey is all I have pissed for the past twenty years.

I walked out of the theatre and towards my rented room at Mrs. Hallstrom's. I was somewhat relieved to find out I did not have cancer of the prostate. Then again I was somewhat upset to find out there was at least one disease I did not have.

Some writers and critics who prophesize with your pen
And keep your eyes wide the chance won't come again
And don't speak too soon for the wheels still in spin



Marc Meyer

Moving

Very

Slowly

Moving very slowly; stopping frequently to nibble on some woman's well tended violets; and all the while letting everyone know that the one that did it was the snail. And taking just a single bite out of each and every leaf so that not one full one is left on the entire plant, and all the while letting everyone know that the one that did it was a snail. He wouldn't want a sloppy cat-epillar getting credit for so thorough a job of destruction so he leaves his calling card behind wherever he feeds so that everyone will know that the one that did it was the snail; he leaves a very sticky trail, sticky, sticky, sticky.
Aspersa Helix

An Early Occasion

White blossoms, prune and plum,
soft pink of peach,
all explode to see what has arrived hastily.

Dry, green blades underfoot in midday,
moistened by dew nightly.

Two wheels to every participant in this early occasion,
see the caravan of chugging people glide around the silvered swimming hole.

Draughts and doobs are in order for these unexpected days,
while banjos, harmonicas, and rubber rafts fall into place.

And finally, the snow retreats,
causing mixed emotions.

But won't the blossoms and stave racers be suprised,
when April,
the thundering symphony of winter decides to reprise?

Jan Sluchak

Road

Shadows falling like feathers
and sunlight filters down
between dusty redwood forest trees
to the snaking road.
Early morning dew
the air, cold,
excites my mind
through sea-weeds of skin-feeling
touching my chest
like cold fingers underneath my shirt
touching here and there
on goose-bumping flesh.
Extending, projecting
feelings of freedom
on a road of no beginning
to where it will end
I will end.

Don Ellenberger

Make-believe?

A dance on the green
Of worship, or perhaps love,
With my President, my Premier,
The sweet immortal sun.

Fantasies of paths of Alice, or Gretel,
Meeting each eager step with surprise.
Crisp green leaves as big as me,
And ancient redwoods my very size.

Gliding through the picture,
A giraffe of grace,
Running primitive,
Charging the ivy and ferns.

Oh! Please don't scare!
Do stay right there.
I'm just a bird,
Or hadn't you heard?

A prop on a stage,
I understand my me
As vital as the tiny bumblebee.

Yet I cannot escape the fear
Of those squinting Homo sapiens' eyes,
Sucking me back into disguise,
A sea shell on the dusty shelf.

M.L. Boyd



Marc Meyer

Too Late

*In a breathless balance
teetering on a fine wire
an empty breath of hollowness
blows across the distant reaches
a glancing light, a hollow gust of darkness
the wire trembles, but the balance regained,
a moment lost,
a face turned to its own reflection.
The time was a possibility
when the wire trembled
and the knees shook,
when the universe turned
a possible love
of eternity
into oblivion
escape to neither.*

Don Ellenberger

All To Dying

<i>Knowing</i> the pain of wonder to burn our bowels and spear our inards	<i>Of living</i> to kick death in the ass and feel the nakedness of your own hand reaching
<i>Speaking</i> to delight in our defiance and rip our tongues to shreds	<i>Loving</i> close soft full lips and hands in secret places
<i>Sorrow</i> tearing pain of flesh of stinking, burning, peeling soft clear flesh	<i>Touching</i> to feeling the eyes of another turned reflecting your own
<i>Madness</i> the final contradiction to cast our lives into oblivion	<i>All to dying</i> our sacrifices rejected in our total nakedness we can never go back home

Don Ellenberger

Ode To Bodily Deterioration

It's my body that doesn't
Work so well
Not my memory.
I can still remember my
Youth and my school friends.

It's my eyes that don't
See so well
Not my insight
I can yet see myself
In more tomorrows.

It's my limbs that don't
Move very fast anymore
Not my life itself
I can still walk to the store
with my government food stamps.

It's my facial features that
Don't make me look like yesterday
Not my personality
I still am not ready for
Our Familys' Crypt.
It's my past and all the things
I have done in life
That make me want more of the same
For all the Faith in the World
Doesn't guarantee a better life.
AFTER DEATH.

Brent L. Anderson



e senators, congressmen please heed the call
t stand in the doorway don't block up the hall

The Solo Voice (or The Earless People)

When the earth was formed—
during the great becoming process
the greater silence prevailed.
Although there were many movements
there were no first noises.

The flow of the lava and hotland into itself
made no burbling proclamation.
It was a time when the earth possessed only one voice.
And it was listening to itself
with as much intensity as it was speaking to itself—
so it made no sound.

During the cooling period—
the cooling and hardening—
when the waters and rains ran over the forming ridges
and divides there was no hiss nor splatter or rising steam.
And there was no man there to hear it.

Time became time
and lands rose up and sank back down.
Seas filled and evaporated and filled again.

Soon to come — the voiceless **animals**
who were listening to themselves
with as much intensity as they were **talking** to themselves—
so they made no sound.

Time forgot time—
the harmony of all species singing one voice
and making no sound.
Each doing his or her spontaneous work—
speaking to themselves
with as much intensity as they listened to themselves—
making no sound.
Each and all lay entwined and time had forgotten time.

And then time remembered itself for some reason—
and the first people were born.
They were born listening to themselves
with as much intensity as they were speaking to themselves—
but they didn't know what they were saying.
And so they made horrible sounds!

The silent cry of their birth soon gave way
to the sounds of plans and constructions
to build a world where all could live as happy as they were born.
They did not know the world was like that already
and set about to move things — to arrange and rearrange.

And so that they could do the work
they had set out to do — they cut off their ears.
And generated people again with no ears
who would not hear the sounds of their work
for many and many generations.

And for many and many and many years
the people of the earth had no ears.

And they made no noise—
not because they were listening to themselves
with as much intensity as they were speaking to themselves —
but only because they had cut off their ears many years ago.

They were making the most awful clamor and commotion
noise and disturbance — ever thought possible—
even by the first meditative gasses.

II.

It was the job of the earless people
to transform the earth into the world.
This is what they had set out to do.
This is the job they were cut off for.
And this is what they had been doing ever since they began.

The labor has spanned centuries of centuries—
and still persists
although many people have grown ears in the process.

it was the PYRAMIDS
it was the IRON AGE
it was the arrangement at STONEHENGE
it was the founding of ROME

it was the GREEKS bringing the ALPHABET to ITALY
it was ALEXANDER THE GREAT
and the GREAT WALL OF CHINA
it was the HUNS
and the roaming POLYNESIANS
it was WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR
and wandering NORSEMEN
it was the RENAISSANCE and the AZTECS
it was the PRINTING PRESS
and the crossing of the ATLANTIC a second historic time
it was the SPANISH and the INCAS and the AZTECS
and the PILGRIMS and SHAKESPEARE and GALILEO's time
it was the STEAM ENGINE and the INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION
it was the AMERICAN REVOLUTION, the first one,
it was the TELEGRAPH and NAPOLEON
it was the CALIFORNIA GOLD RUSH
and the EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION
it was the WRIGHT BROTHERS and WWI
it was the end of the CZAR in RUSSIA
it was AUTOMOBILES and MOVIES and TELEPHONES
and TELEVISION and WWII and SPUTNIK
and MONKEYS and ASTRONAUTS and COSMONAUTS and MONKEYS
it was the GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE
it was HENRY FORD'S HORRIBLE DREAM
it was the STEEL INDUSTRY
it was the LITTLE ATOM
and it was the CANCEROUS WARS
and it was the STAGNANT WARS
and then it was TECHNOLOGY like SHERMAN to the sea.

next it was the BLACK RIOT
then it was the POOR RIOT
then it was the YOUTH REVOLT
and then it was the RED, BLUE, and WHITE RIOT!
it was the FCC and the FTC and TV
it was LUMBER making deals with FORESTRY!
IT WAS THE NOISE! IT WAS THE NOISE! IT WAS THE NOISE!
IT WAS THE NOISE!
it was YOU and YOUR FRIENDS and ME
it was all because we could not listen to ourselves
with as much intensity as we spoke to ourselves.
it was because we could not hear ourselves.
And it was all because of our horrible noise.

III.

The earth has now been
successfully transformed into the world.
There's not much we can do to make it back into the earth—
so thank God it's over—
only He is too busy listening to Himself
with as much intensity as He is speaking to Himself
so He makes no sound.
Wordsworth whispers and the world is too much with us—
only not enough people have grown ears to appreciate that fact.

And so the decibels climb
And so the decibels climb

And it is so loud that even the earless people
are beginning to feel strange sensations
on the sides of their necks—
in the smooth spots just above the neck
and below the hairline.
There is so much noise that the earless people are growing ears!
They will have one on each side just like all of us.

And that is why almost everyone you meet
has a pair of ears now. One on each side just like the rest of us.
But there is not enough quiet to hear anything.

A silence now in deference to everyone with ears.

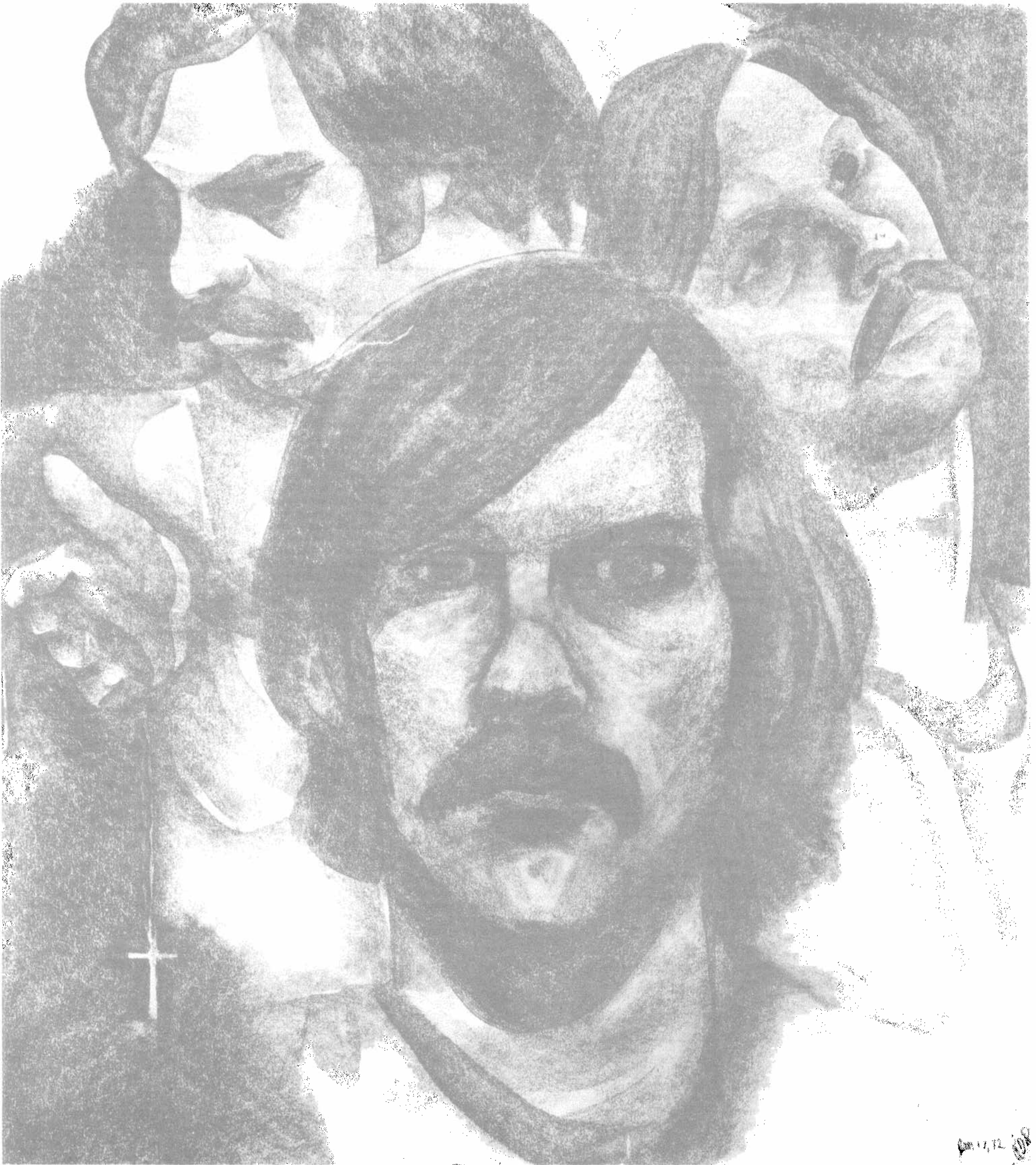
IV.

Any thing we say shake move rattle or roll
we must take care before we begin
that the sounds will either be
the cause or result of beauty
and then in themselves they will be beautiful.
As a hush is light for the eyes
and the eyes give sight to the ears
nothing but the most beautiful words
and the most astonishing songs should appear.

If I could be a molten rock
I would flow and would not talk.

Ron Federighi

For he that gets hurt will be he who stalled
The battle outside ragin' will soon shake your windows
and rattle your walls
For the times they are a 'chargin'.



Leonard D, Rodger

bobby hutton (killed April 1966)
my brother was shot
in the land of the free
because of courage
he could not hide
but just two words
are left in memory;
"justifiable homicide".
preston l houser 8/70

i've grown weary of revolutions,
of people who celebrate the birth of struggles,
or of those blinded by the light of gods.
those who are familiar with tears.
have learned to find their beauty,
not how to scar them with chants.

(your laughing is that of spiritual termites!)
i can't make-believe that i am anything else
than what effects me.
if i am angry
it is because you've mistaken your dreams
for the illusions you've invented in their place.
preston l houser 12/71

And there's no tellin' who that it's namin'
For the loser now will be later to win
For the times they are a 'changin'.

Death As A Social Event

C. G. Powell

Today no one talks about death. It's as if it doesn't exist. The emphasis is on youth, life and sex—never death or old age. We seem to push death aside or look at it as happening to someone else, never us. When I was a child, no one talked about sex, cancer, mental illness or epilepsy. Ah, but death was a very real thing and a respectable subject. It was also, quite often, the number one social event in family life. Perhaps the reason was because family activity, insofar as social functions were concerned, was centered in the church and the church's function was to prepare you for life hereafter.

I remember the funeral of my grandfather. I was eight years of age when my uncle, the one Grandad lived with, came into town early one summer morning to break the news of Grandad's "departure." I recall the shock and horror on my mother's face as she fell into a dead faint. I couldn't understand why she was so shocked because he was ninety years old, but later I realized that this was part of the social event; it was expected of her. Everyone was

It's been a long time comin'
It's goin' to be a long time gone.
And it appears to be a long time,
yes a long, long time before
the dawn.

rushing around screaming, crying, putting wet towels on her forehead and rubbing her hands and feet. I thought for sure she had gone to join Grandad because it seemed she wasn't going to rally. When she did, she let out a scream that should have awakened the dead for miles around. She cried and carried on for what seemed to be hours. Then she just cut the hysteria off and asked my uncle if he had had breakfast. He hadn't, so she "turned in" and prepared fried chicken, hot biscuits, cream gravy, sliced fresh tomatoes and cantaloupe with plenty of fresh milk and coffee. While doing this, she dispatched each of us kids to the neighbors to spread the tragic news. By the time breakfast was ready the neighbors were arriving with more food, and they continued to bring food for two days. With the arrival of each neighbor and relative the whole story was related again and everyone had a good cry together, following which they were invited to have something to eat. At this point all sobbing ceased. I guess a person can't cry and eat simultaneously. At least I don't recall anyone doing both at the same time.

By this time Mother was the center of attention and no longer in the kitchen, being elevated for the first time in her life to the most comfortable chair in the living room, where she sat holding court as neighbors and relatives arrived. At the same time she made decisions as to what would be worn to the funeral and where the out-of-town relatives would sleep. She no longer had to worry about the food for the women in the kitchen were unbelievable. They were constantly cooking and cleaning and so efficient and quiet about it that one hardly knew they were there.

The actual funeral arrangements were made by the men. I remember the man who made the coffin. At the time I thought, "What a great man this is to be able to build such a beautiful box in such a short time!" Of course I didn't realize he had to work fast. They didn't embalm in those days (or at least there was no law saying one had to). Some of the ladies upholstered the inside with feather pillows covered with some kind of white material. I don't know just what it was, but I'm sure it wasn't satin.

Along about sunset they brought Grandad's body into town. They brought him to our house on the back of dad's truck. Dad and my uncles had bathed, shaved and dressed him. The coffin was set up on two carpenter saw horses in the living room. They placed the body inside the coffin and instead of putting the lid on they draped a thin sheet of cheese cloth over the entire coffin. This way one could still see the body but the flies couldn't bother it. His body was to remain in the house until the next afternoon, at which time it would be removed to the church at the other end of the block. Believe me, when Mother was deciding who was to sleep where, I was thrilled to know I was to sleep at a neighbor's house. Although he had been my loving Grandad he was now something from beyond this world and I wanted no part of him. I felt a little more superior and sophisticated than my folks for I had seen Dracula and Frankenstein at the movies;

therefore, I was aware of the "living dead" and their indiscriminate ways of evil.

Supper was served after which it was decided that the men folk would sit with the body. (This confirmed my belief that he would rise from the dead for why else would they stay awake if they weren't just a little bit suspicious.) The women and children were sent to different neighbors and relatives to spend the night. The only ones remaining to sleep in the house were my mother and aunts.

The next morning they began serving breakfast at daybreak and continued until mid-morning. Breakfast consisted of unlimited amounts of bacon, sausage, ham, pancakes, biscuits, jams, jellies, cantaloupe and fresh strawberries with lots of fresh cream. Immediately afterwards they began bringing in food and preparing for lunch.

By this time more out-of-town relatives were arriving and the story of Grandad's departure was related over and over in the most minute detail. Each time the story was told it became more polished and more dramatic until it was as good as anything one might see in a Tennessee Williams' play—especially my mother who could turn the tears on at a moment's notice and shut them off just as quickly to give some directions about serving the guests or making some very important decision such as who would ride in the limousine to the grave yard. The hiring of the limousine and the hearse was the only extravagance they could afford.

Lunch was served outside. By this time there were so many people that they set up make-shift tables under the trees in the front yard. It was the custom for the men folk to fill their plates first, and then the women would help the children with their plates and seat them somewhere out of sight. Children were not heard and very seldom seen.

Following lunch everyone dressed to go to the church. The children were bathed in the back yard with the water hose. Oh no, we weren't nude! We had on overalls. This way it wouldn't embarrass the ladies who helped to get us ready. After the bath we were rushed into the house to dress. I wore my Easter clothes: a pair of wool pants, a long sleeve shirt that Mother had made, and shoes that I hadn't had on for two months. The pants were too short and too hot, the shirt uncomfortable and the shoes hurt and burned the bottoms of my feet for I had no socks.

People began leaving to go to the church. Finally everyone left except relatives which meant we still had a sizeable crowd, about seventy-five men, women and children. Some were third and fourth cousins, but nevertheless they were kin and entitled to their share of glorified sympathy and self-pity.

Turn, turn any corner.
Hear you must hear what the
people say.
You know there's something
that's goin' on around
here, that surely won't stand
the light of day.

The pallbearers carried the coffin from our house to the church. Following behind the coffin was my mother, aunts and uncles. With each of the women there was someone in attendance helping them take each step. The closer to the church the heavier they would sob. They were really building up for their grand entrance into the church.

The coffin was placed at the front of the church with the lid removed. Flowers were placed around the altar and the coffin. The flowers were all home grown and arranged by the neighbor ladies. The minister was at the entrance to the church to offer his condolences and to escort the family to the pews at the front of the church. By this time Mother was really giving the audience what they had come for—a great performance. She and her sisters could hardly make it to the front. They kept staggering crying and sniffing spirits of ammonia to keep them from fainting. Finally everyone was seated and the church quartet stepped up front. One of them had a little pitch pipe. He asked the pianist to give him a "C" and then he blew on the pitch pipe so that each

of them, the bass, the baritone, the tenor and the soprano had their key. (This to me was one of the highlights of any funeral. They acted as if they were rehearsing for a performance at Carnegie Hall.) They sang "The Old Rugged Cross," "Closer to You Lord" and "Rock of Ages."

Speak out, you got to speak out
against
the madness, you got to speak
your mind,
if you dare.

The services began with the minister asking everyone to stand and bow his head while he prayed. It was an endless repetitious prayer and it seemed even longer because of the Oklahoma summer heat. The only breeze was made by cardboard fans with the picture of the Crucifixion on them and at the top in bold letters was "Donated by Brown's Funeral Home." Mother couldn't handle hers so someone had to fan her to keep her cool.

The minister began the services with "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away." Then he said that Mr. Muncy was taken away for some reason that was beyond our understanding. (Hell I was only a child and I could figure out the reason—he was ninety years old and had been bedfast for over a year.) He said the Lord works in strange and mysterious ways and that he had called Grandad home to be by his side. This brought heaving sobs from the family and "Amen's" from the congregation. The minister expounded on Grandad's virtues and all the wonderful deeds he had accomplished during his life.

My, God, by the time he was through praising Grandad I wondered why they were carrying on so and going to all the trouble of the funeral. Surely if he was as good as the minister had said, he would be back with us in three days. This, too, was part of the social event—exaggerated praise of the deceased was expected of the minister.

After the eulogy the quartet sang "Just a Closer Walk With Thee" and then while the pianist played the funeral march, the mourners filed by the coffin to look at Grandad's body. One could hear whispers of: "I've never seen him look so good," "My, he looks so natural," or "He looks as if he was only sleeping." These same comments were used at every funeral, no matter what age or what the cause of death. After passing the coffin they waited outside the church while the family bade their final farewell before closing the coffin. It was expected of each member of the family to go up and kiss Grandad (an honor I relinquished). Some of them especially Mother, would grab hold of him and hug him and have to be pulled away and given a sniff of spirits of ammonia. After they put the lid on the coffin they carried

it out with the family following behind. As the family came down the steps outside the church, the mourners were standing around watching in anticipation to see if anyone was going to faint. Fortunately no one did. (However, I came close. Wool pants with no undershorts on an eight year old boy on a summer afternoon in Oklahoma can be very chafing—if not fatal).

Mother, her sisters and brothers rode in the limousine behind the hearse. The remainder of the family rode to the grave yard on the back of Dad's truck and what cars were available.

When we arrived at the grave yards, they placed the coffin beside the open grave and everyone gathered around. The minister had a few more words to say and another prayer. Then the pallbearers took three pieces of rope, slid them under the coffin and each took hold of the ends lifting the coffin and lowering it into the grave—at which time another loud scream from Mother. I fully expected her to jump in after him. The minister then picked up a handful of dirt which he slowly let slip from his hand into the grave while he repeated those well known words "For dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." Each member of the family was to put a hand full of dirt into the grave. As I pointed out earlier it was a large family so I don't imagine the grave-digger had much to do after we got through. Mother and her sisters were carried back to the limousine and taken home.

I rode with Dad in the truck and when we got home Mother was seated in her chair waiting for the mourners to return. Waiting for us, too, were those marvelous old ladies with homemade ice cream, cakes of every kind and gallons of lemonade. It was late afternoon when

The darkest hour is always
just before the dawn.
And it appears to be a long,
appears to be a long,
Appears to be a long
Time before the dawn.

David Crosby

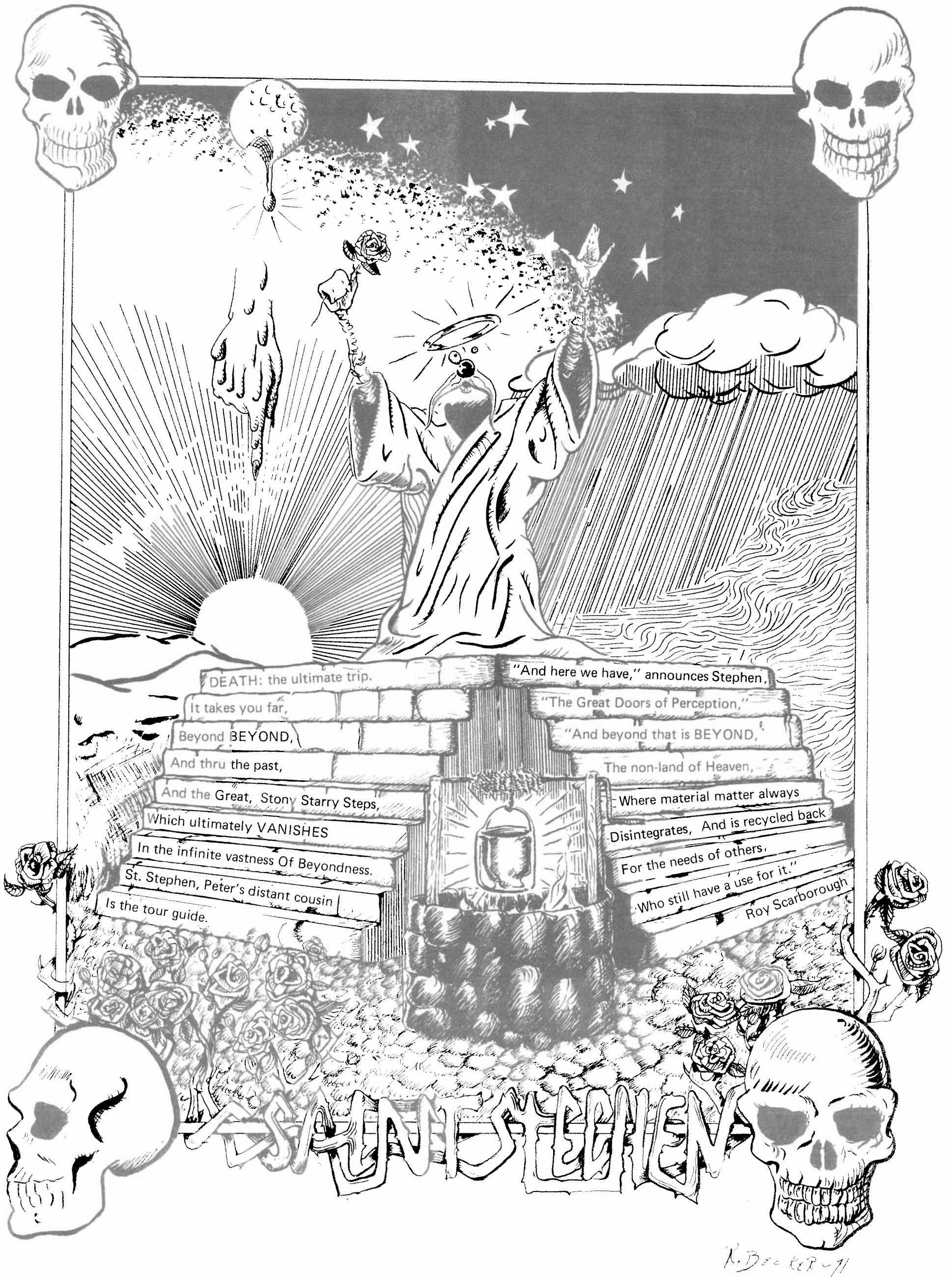
everyone had eaten the refreshments and time for everyone to start home. The ones who lived too far to make it home before dark had to stay over. This meant more food and different sleeping arrangements. All the neighbors had left and only the family remained. The crying had stopped completely and everyone seemed to be in better spirits. The talk that night concerned the depression, the drought, crops, livestock and politics.

When they did mention Grandad it was happy things they remembered and funny things he had said or done. Then is when I realized that they really did love him. All the crying and carrying on was for the outsiders—this was the custom of our social life.



Marc Meyer

Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command
Your old road is rapidly agin'



Please get out of the new one if you can't lend your hand
For the times they are a 'changin'.

wandering in the hills

wandering in the hills near my home
you do not come to my mind in fragments.
i hear you singing from the trees, leaves
fall lyrically to my feet.

with each stride your memory
becomes more alive in my head
& although i have walked firm
i have not known the full measure of my step.

perhaps you are hiding, trembling in the wood.
i call to the stillness of the stone.
i listen but i cannot hear your song outside
the circus of my voice. you are not here.

never is not such a long time
compared to the waiting of your return.

preston l houser 10/71

Terra

She is small
As large things tend to be.
Lying there, turning,
With ease, and yes,
With grace. She gives
And takes to those
That are her own.

Sores are hers, but not
Of her making, but
Rather of things she
Has made. Aware of
Her plight she turns away
The time, half in light
And half in darkness.
Only time, she knows
Can purge her body of
These parasites. And
They, unmindful of their
Deeds, live what is left and die.
David Hansen

You Are Asleep

you are asleep.
my eyes watch
our separate worlds
revolve. you are near

but something struggles
between our flesh,
our bodies touch every-
where but we are not

near enough. you feel
the friction (no my darling
it is not me).
we cannot fill

the space between us
by coming too close.
what this will teach
only one of us

will learn; the thought
that we shall be each
our own, evermore.

you are adrift
in an ocean that
has no beach,
i try to find

my way to you
from an island
that has no shore.
preston l houser 2/72



*After the silence, — the space amid good-byes,
(Hello's being so much noise) finds me narrow,
lost, my heart quivering like a wounded sparrow,
my body knotted like somethings gonna die.*

*i think i've forgotten the pain of forsaking what was,
but after the silence
though we sensed a common loss,
we could not look into each others eyes.*

*Hello's being so much noise i hate feeling that some-
day i will have to play the leader & the led;*

*("don't tell me your tongue is blue when i see that it is red!")
i remember you
only to forget myself
as free & one.*

*so i listen to a wise but muted moon
say that i must not shrink from the jaws of doom
nor attempt to change what has already begun.*

*(to this i forfeit my place among Hello's
& dance toward a foreign tongue*

preston l houser
winter '71

Two Years In Heaven

Steve Schulz

Ladies and gentlemen of the United States, I'm here today to present an unquestionable defense for the humane tactics, sturdy morals, and foreign endeavors that our military establishment has been so proudly a part of for so very long. I, myself, have been a part of this noble institution, so my report will be of the highest quality, first hand information and non-biased in nature.

Allow me to continue by saying that every red blooded American youth should strive to attain the physical and mental character that would qualify him for military service. You men out there, you Americans, this isn't something difficult or something impossible to attain?!! You just need a down right gutty love for the American way of life and all that she proudly stands for. Oddly enough, in this day and age, there are withering boys among us who have chosen to desert old glory in her time of need, but it is my firm conviction that upon listening to me today, that the withered will ripen with a waring desire and all future doubt as to the integrity of our military establishment will be wiped from the minds of all freedom loving, patriotic Americans. Furthermore can anyone among you possibly doubt that a first hand account of any situation or ordeal is not of the highest quality. . . ?? Speak if you doubt the man standing before you.....EXCELLENT, then having established that fact, I'd like to bestow upon you segments of my memorable two years in service which I emotionally refer to as a visit to heaven. Actually heaven is such an abstract way to define the perfect, blissful existence, which protected, guided, instructed and produced the man you see before you today. This and only this has given me the right to call myself an American, a lover of justice and preserver of freedom!!!!

I am here today to speak for one reason and for one reason only. Our military system has

come under the verbal attack of the voiceful minority and I have chosen to come to its needed rescue. Many of you have become disillusioned over the aims and goals of our men in uniform. Our military builds men, might and machinery and utilizes that gift only to produce peace among infected countries. This peace is in our hearts and we want to give of nothing else. This is your Army, Navy, Marines and Air Force, the protectors of your very souls!!! Bow down in honor of their noble existence and thank the Lord for all they have given you. You men, wish by your bedsides at night in hopes of someday becoming fused to its turning parts. Then once you have gained access to this life of military service, your drill sergeant, a man of integrity, of fitness, a true American will gladly escort you through your basic eight weeks of training. A memorable mind and body experience. Yes, America, the new action Army producers of men, trained to kill for peace in combat, hand to hand, from dawn to dusk, drill, jump, run, shit, piss, Yes sir, No sir, Airborne sir, all the way from four to ten equals, you a fit, well balanced, traditional product of love and understanding. Then if you are tough enough, hard and brave enough, America might ask you to re-enlist. This would be your chance to become a Sir, a big shot, a top banana. Men, think of it, for just two more years of your life, America gives you power, prestige, and a motherly sense of security. This sounds so important and colorful, that once you're there, stay and claim your share of history. Teach those who follow the right to kill, be killed, stay killed all in the name of peace. My fellow Americans, how could you resist such a humane offer???

Brothers, join me in silent meditation for a minute and absorb these benefits of service
POWER, SECURITY, TRADITION, PRESTIGE,

PHYSICAL AND MENTAL HYGIENE, MEDALS, 3 FREE MEALS A DAY, COFFEE DEEP AND BLACK BY THE GALLONS, "ABLE TO LEAP TALL BUILDINGS" oops! and, ah finally RETIREMENT, good old cold hard tax free paid cash to the men among you who remain for 20 years or more. Can anyone out there boast of a comparable life style? OK then, take that step forward, be a man, put your name on the military files in Washington with full finger print accompaniment. Now, before our country's meaningful overseas involvements come to an end. As one of our great forefathers once said "A soldier without war is without proof of integrity" fight for duty, honor and country by crushing, mutating and burning all enemies of distant lands. Again my fellow Americans all in the name of peace.

Overseas assignments and distant lands to the soldier of imagination also means travel, vacation, a chance to get away from it all. Sure America is the best country, but it is not the only one. If you should choose to volunteer your body in the

fight for peace and freedom, a variety of overseas countries can be selected, but actual combat can't be guaranteed. But, if you should be plucked on a random basis from our constitutionally approved draft, Viet Nam will most probably be among the countries visited. You seekers of adventure, lovers of combat, you've come to the right place and M-16 rifles will be distributed upon request. Your average vacation in Viet Nam can only last a year but the sights will remain in your minds forever. How many of you people have ever participated in and witnessed the burning of villages and killing of its occupants??? How many of you have watched tons of bombs tear earth and bodies into unrecognizable splendor. The reality of this vacation and the chance to participate in such peaceful pacification can only be yours if you join the American service today!!

I see by your faces that I have instilled today a patriotic eagerness that demands to be fulfilled by military service. If you should decide to participate and vacation in Southeast Asia, I

feel it only right to caution you in one minor respect, that being able to keep your shit together, to watch constantly with both eyes and to listen always with both ears will help your years in the service to be a memorable one because your Viet Nam vacation may be filled with death breeding visitors from the north who wish access to your vacation lands of plenty, of burned charred forest and dried up streams, the shrapnel riddled landscape and blood soaked mountain majesty. Let freedom ring, finally men, your mission in Viet Nam will be to push back the infiltrated northern flow to a dike on the 19th parallel and insert the index finger of freedom. America says and someday you will proudly say. "Stay there north Viet Nam, we control and vacation in the South. Give us back our P.O.W., catch our 500 lb. bombs, bury your multitude of dead. Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us and lead us not into temptation but deliver us as victors for thine is our kingdom and our glory for us always!!!
AMEN

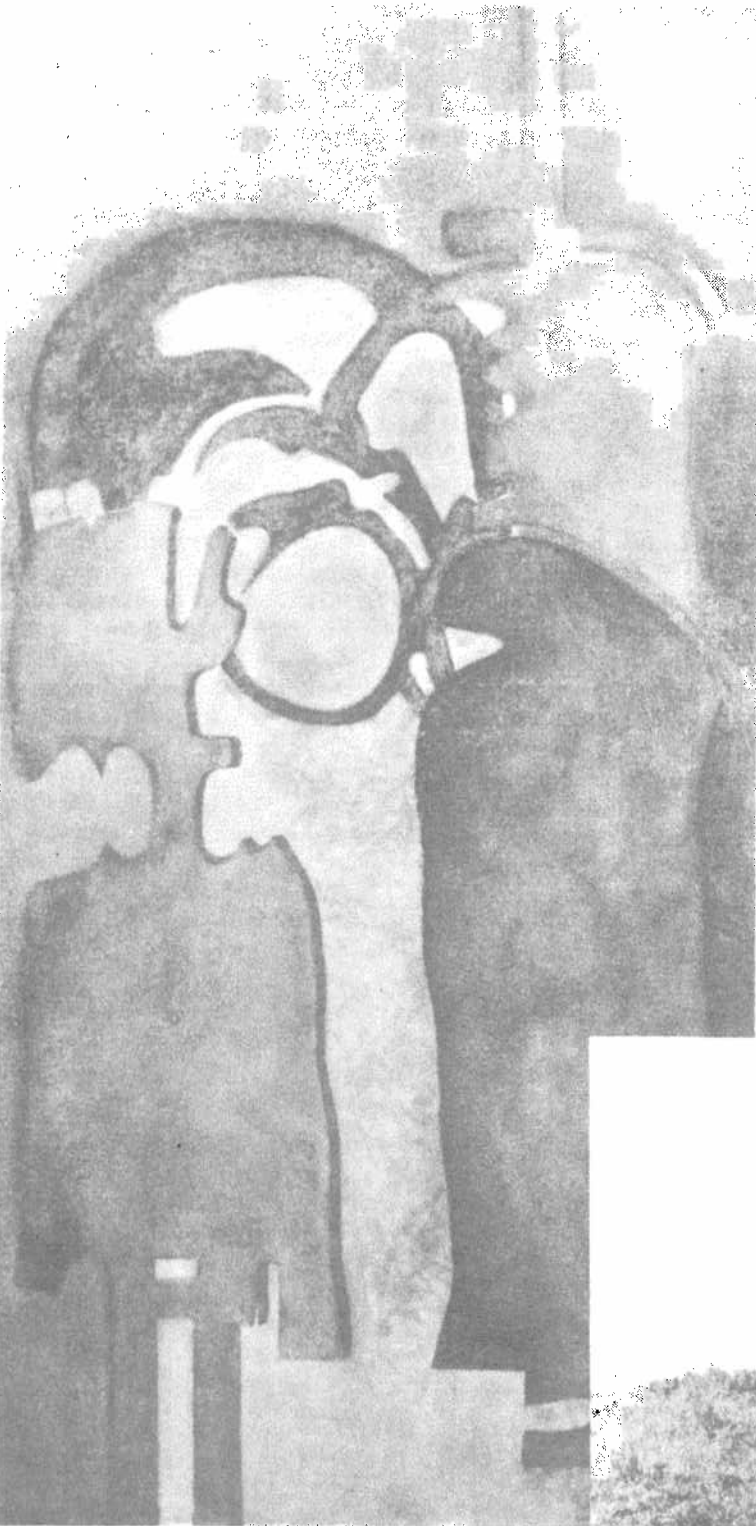


for James Rector
(Killed; People's Park, July 1969)

atop berkeley last year
between ecstasy & despair
(where even birds flew &
helicopters soared) i heard
that someone was killed — but no one
said a word.
“Don't you know there's a war
on?” said a voice
coming from a sawed off shotgun
& other assorted noise. if i be-
lieved for a second my head,—
memory
is old & experience is said to be
worse than living, O la, supposing
that if truth (of the matter) can
bring you pain — fallacy must bring the same.
flowers don't talk they
listen & yesterday i said i thought
someone was killed, but
no one said a word

preston l houser
10/70

As the present now will later be past
 The order is rapidly fadin'
 And the First one now will later be last
 For the times they are a 'changin'.



Rick Cribbins

Bullshit Businessmen

bullshit businessmen brag boldly
 bout bulgin biceps, but
 by bedtime burp bourbon badly,
 buzzing by bathroom buckets
 bound for bubbly birthcontrol bedrooms
 bursting by morning for bicarbonates—
 brashly brushing brick buildings,
 bashing bouncing balls barely,
 back to business' burlesque bathing beauties
 also banded, branded and burnt by
 bankers, bills, buzzers, bells and
 bullshit businessmen—but isn't everyone
 Parlier

Indifference

Indifference
 is the house
 where the cat goes out
 and nobody wonders
 if he'll come back.
 Ruth Fuchsman

Common Man

EVER ENCOMPASSING THE REALM
 A FAMILIAR ACQUAINTANCE
 SAPS LIFE'S BLOOD FROM SOULS
 WITH SUBTLE PERSUASION
 IT CONVINCES VICTIMS
 TO YIELD THEIR DESTINY

COMMON MAN
 WHOSE ONLY QUEST
 IS LIFE
 AND FREEDOM
 AND RIDDING HIMSELF OF NATION STATE.

Sterling W. Oran III

Living Here

living here my thinking is stormy
 but the sun will warm me
 because the sea is near.
 i do not think of my past, nor of my future,
 i listen to my dreams,
 & i long to become whole;
 even if it be only in dreams. for what freedom
 can there be while amid the chaotic trap
 of a free people?
 this i ask the stars (nothing less, nothing more)
 when the sun goes.

living here my love is unstable
 but the rain will make it full
 because the ocean is close to me.
 walking beside the water i find again
 my eyes are so empty
 & my ears so hollow.
 i long to learn of the dreams
 of my dreams, however foreign or far away.
 (the past is my brother who bores me,
 the future is a stranger who frightens me)
 -what is right with my stormy life?-
 this i ask the sky (nothing new & nothing old)
 when the rain comes.
 preston l houser 9/71



Marc Meyer

The Art and Literary issue of each semester is the students' opportunity to determine the content of the Newspaper. The theme for this issue is America/Amerika. This does not necessarily mean radical or anti-American connotations, but rather, that there are two sides to this country, and the sooner both sides recognize each other with tolerance, these ideas brought forward will be less divisive to the inhabitants of this country.

There was no intention in the organization and layout of this issue to place the artists and writers in an unfriendly context, contrary to their own personal beliefs, but to gain continuity in organizing the theme.

Special thanks to Canada's artists and writers and the Newspaper's Larry Strawther, artist; Marc Meyer, photographer; Georgi LaBerge, copy editor; Brian Quinn, Brent Anderson, Lee Zirbel, Harry McMillen, and Roy Scarborough for their creativity and participation; and Cliff Warner, from the Recorder, for his unremitting cooperation.

Terry Wilson, EDITOR