RED CEDAR REVIEW

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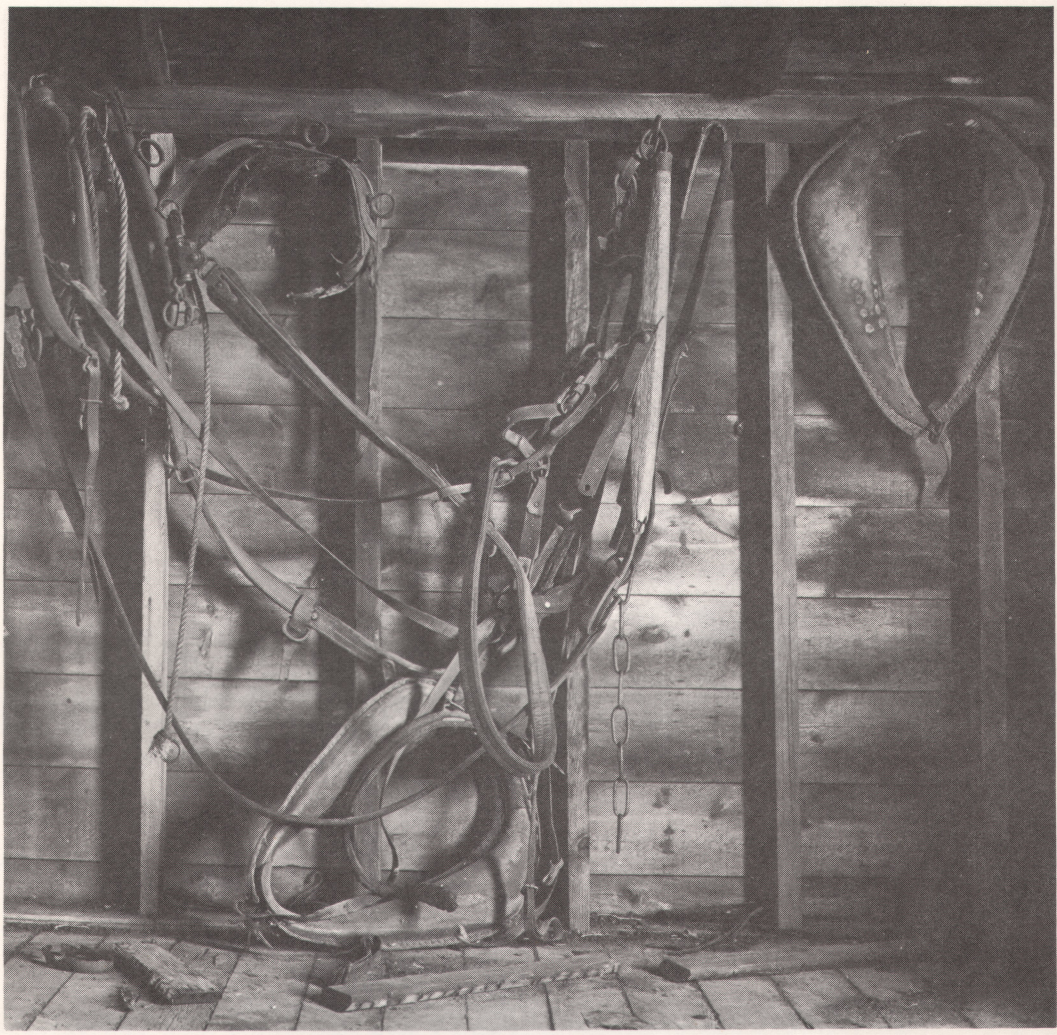


Justin Kestenbaum

W. Allen Taylor

Miami Beach: A Tittilating
Intimation of the Unkept Promises
In this Censored World.

A teddybear cries itself
to sleep,
as presidents discover
freedoms bent
and in the aura
of Miami sea,
bare legs writhe wilderness
upon the beach.

There is no separate day
among the sands. Aged poets
watch the oceans roll away
and suns go down — who have
so many thoughts
they can't define,
so many memories
that don't make sense.

Out of the palm trees
as an emerald hand,
fingers stretch to catch
the early moon —
while solitary lovers
stroll the sand,
in search of teddybears
and presidents.

The Seer

Each time
I have learned things
and things have come to me
in this dark night:

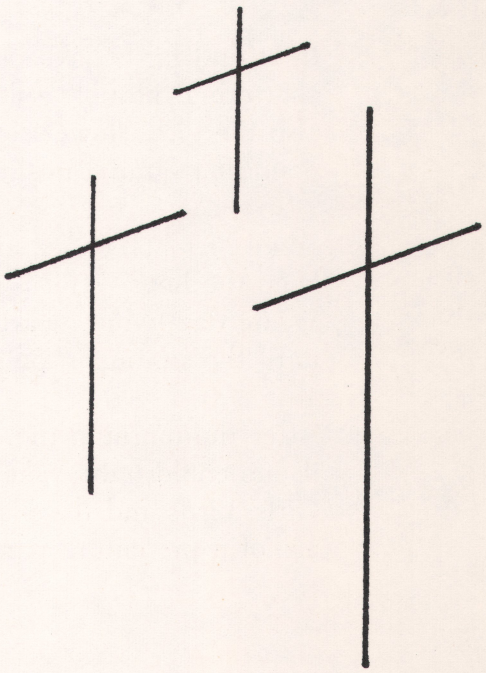
A soup
An argument of stone
A spoon
And dust to polish my apparel

Once,
I will study nothing
anymore. I will rest
and let the world turn legend.

Among offices of earth,
I will seal envelopes
on words others have written
for my pay.

Arlington: Wound en Monument

The scars
stand
pale as bone
white
and glaring in the
endless sun —
row by row,
stone by stone,
bleeding silence
upon wars
long won.



John Stevens Wade

Morning

From the Dutch of Willem Brandt

To wake with the early morning
rinsing through the honeycomb shutters,
to dive, light as water, watertight,
in the water-white morning spring.

Boys and birds have been up earlier,
chattering they have flown into the mangoes;
also the girls, flower-slender, bending downwards,
pounding sambal in their coconut shells.

Smell of black coffee and white rice
keep the house still in intimate spheres.
White day, white heart, bleach-white clothes, —
until the sun again points to zenith.

After the morning there comes a sadder tune;
if one could only wake so as to sleep.
Girls, birds and the play of boys
are of a premature paradise.

Trees seen from a train

From the Dutch of Guillaume van der Graft

Feathers of birds that
flew over the land in autumn

Pens dipped in the gall of the earth
with which one unexpectedly
writes two or three words from warmer places

Hands of mother killers
sticking above the ground

The thin and hairy legs of almost invisible
gods
    or perhaps

Feathers of winged
angels who
flew over the land in spring.

Afternoon in Medan

From the Dutch of Willem Brandt

The white houses on the green farms
sleeping in the arms of the sun,
a vine that spun some blue flowers
on roofs glistening like broken glass.

Smoke-gray oxen rock slow carts
over the loneliness of the street;
a thousand year old tree stands
and tangles up his hair in boredom.

The world sleeps, one hears the breathing
behind the eyelids of the sunshades.
The grass has stretched out over the fields
under the shadow of the mango lane.

One is so tired; if only it were for always:
to remain listening to one's breathing
and the thin clatter of wooden sandals.
One restlessly drives the vagabond blood.

the great ten day legume war of henri manteau

Joe Dionne

Henri Manteau, age thirty-seven, single, and slightly fat around the waist, knees and muscle joints, sat navel deep in the oily water of his porcelain tub and pushed a plastic soap-dish around the edge with his big toe. With his back pressed lightly against the cold recliner of the tub, he could see out the opened bathroom door, through the hall, and into his father's bedroom, where the old man had lain for seven solid months without moving, and where three days ago Henri had taken him up his breakfast of pablum, strained rhubarb and root juice and found that he was indeed, after all, quite dead.

Now, after twenty-some odd years of scraping roots off potatoes, washing mushrooms and mustard greens, sticking his thumb through tomatoes to prove a point and generally feeling quite nasty about the whole thing, the empire was all his. Seventeen push carts, one large display table for in front of the building and a '47 Dodge pick-up truck, would all undergo the sad paint job which signifies the passing of an empire from father to son. "Manteau And Son" had ceased to exist; crushed from the face of the city as sure as Henri's heel sank the plastic soap-dish with one fatal swoop, sending oily water splashing over the tub, on the walls, mirror and wadded up clothes lying on the floor. Henri made a resolution to have Simple Tony repaint all of the signs first thing in the morning. "Henri Manteau, Fancy Fruit, Greens and Legumes." He could see it in his mind already, the bright green paint staining the side of the old wooden push carts and the pick-up.

He was whistling softly when he stepped tenderly out of the tub and began drying himself with the chafing towel which left his pink flesh deep red and bristling. In the mirror he watched the rivulets of water wind their way through the coarse hair on his chest and down his body until the towel, wrapped tightly around his waist, trapped them and held them there like a giant sponge. He held his breath for a moment, swelling up his chest, and then in a burst of imprisoned air, opened up his mouth and let his belly sag under the weight of its own momentum.

The funeral went well, he thought. All seventeen push cart routes were represented except the Regents Drive route of Saragato Bondini, who had called yesterday and explained that his wife was in jail again and he would have to go and bail her out if he could borrow the money from an uncle, who lived on the North end somewhere. Henri had not minded Saragato's absence, he even secretly elated at his bit of news since this would leave sixteen carts, an even number, and would thereby be much better suited to his plan.

And this morning when the hearse had wound its way through the crowded streets, past Duke George's Park and into the brass gates of the 39th Street cemetery, Henri had viewed with quiet anticipation and a pang of creative happiness the sixteen vegetable carts, eight on each side which formed a wooden honor guard, tipped up on their front sides with their handles pointed towards the sky on forty-five degree angles, between which Henri, two uncles in the dry-cleaning business, and three of the elder Manteau's friends had carried the corpse and laid it in the bright green ground as if it were a turnip bulb.

He remembered too, as he slowly dressed before the mirror, taking great pains to fasten the black band of mourning around his jacket sleeve, the last conversation he had had with his father, before the elder Manteau had refused to utter another word to his son five months ago. It was two months after his father had taken to his bed, never to arise from it again, and almost a year since the death of his mother. When his mother had died that cold morning in November, the elder Manteau had ceased all pretense of good health and had contacted Lumbago, Rheumatism, Emphysema and Cataracts in both eyes in rapid succession. He soon became a hopeless invalid and took to his bed where he quite crankily tried to run the business while Henri did all of the work. Their greatest difference concerned the "Marbury St. Maulers," a gang of perhaps forty youths between ten and sixteen years old, who had been terrorizing "Manteau and Son" for the past year or so. The elder Manteau's policy had been one of appeasement, sending out each day two push carts laden with ripe fruit into the heart of the "Mauler's" territory where they were quickly ransacked of their goodies, and the route men returning with an empty cart and tales of unbelievable torture and harassment. In this way, the elder Manteau reasoned at least fifteen of the carts could go safely about their business without fear of piracy or threat to human life.

Henri, however, thought of himself as a member of the new breed. He was convinced that the "Mauler's" were being paid for their services by the owners of the "Open Air Market" at the corner of Canton and 37th Street, just four blocks up Canton St. from "Manteau and Son's." This, to him, was a direct slap in the

face of the American Way and free competition—with this in mind he quite naturally advocated a declaration of war, and a complete annihilation of the enemy—which to him was the open air market.

"We could poison their fish." He told his father on the morning of their last conversation.

"You're an ass." His father answered, not moving a single aching muscle except his lips.

"Why don't we arm our route men?"

"Anarchy."

"Tear gas?"

"Geneva Convention."

Henri had paused in the dying man's room, calling up all of his courage and will power before asking the question he had been asking himself since his father had took to bed.

"Why don't you let me run the business?"

His father had lain quietly for a full minute, not seeming to breathe, before he finally answered his son's question.

"Get out." He said quietly.

"You're dying."

"Out."

"I could sell more fruit and vegetables in the next year, then you've sold all your life."

"Not til I'm dead you won't."

"I could finish the "Maulers" in one fatal swoop."

"Ha!"

"I could."

"Get out."

"You'll see." Said Henri, his conviction making his voice crack.

"No I won't. I'll be dead." His father groaned with the effort that the conversation was taking of him.

"I'll piss on your grave." Said Henri, and thereby ended the last conversation between "Manteau and Son."

For the next five months Henri had followed his father's policy of appeasement with the "Marbury St. Mauler's." Each morning sending out the two decoy carts, filled with fruit and vegetables, to be offered as sacrifice to the "Maulers." His father grew increasingly worse, as the time passed, losing all muscle co-ordination in his body and finally growing blind in both eyes. Each day, morning and night, Henri would fix a tray of strained food and juices and take them up to his father, who lay unseeing as Henri poured them down his throat—often a little rougher than necessary, and sometimes a little hotter than was good for the old man. When this happened Henri would stand smilingly by and watch the tears form in the corner of the useless eyes and wait eagerly for his dying father to curse at him. But with nothing left working but his dignity, the elder Manteau maintained a supreme silence between his son and himself, until the night before he died. On this occasion the strained lettuce and leeks had been too hot to even swallow,

and in a final burst of defiance the old man had sprayed the mouthful all over Henri's suit and muttered, "bastard."

The following morning, Henri found him dead.

Henri finished tying his tie and walked boldly into his father's room, noticing that for the first time the air did not smell of rotting organs and the soupy substances which filled the plastic sacks which he had faithfully tied around his father's groin for seven months. He rummaged around the old mahogany chest for a while until he found the diamond stick-pin his father had brought with him from France sixty-odd years ago, with his young pretty wife, a heart filled with dreams and a philosophy of live and let live. He fastened the pin on his chest, put on his jacket, and glancing at the empty bed, smiled and said aloud, "You'll see." And then whistling loudly, rubbing his hands in anticipation of the coming battle, went out to get gloriously drunk at his father's wake.

The rising of the sun, the next morning, found Henri Manteau, slightly pale, with a bad taste in his mouth, helping Simple Tony set up the vegetable and fruit display in front of the building which housed the carts and the crates full of fresh fruit, vegetables and assorted greens. When the truck had pulled into the alley in back of the building, an hour and a half ago, to unload the wooden crates of produce products, Henri had been quick to inform the fat old German from the Central Produce Warehouse that He, Henri Manteau, was now running the business and that he refused to be cheated in the same manner as his father.

"I'll give you a hundred and twenty for the lot." He said.

"You vill give me ein hoondred und vorty dolla or you vill go to hell." The fat German said while eating one of Henri's apples.

And after giving the German a check for a hundred and forty dollars, Henri and Simple Tony set to work in repainting the seventeen push carts.

It was surprising, Henri thought, how everybody liked to take advantage of an honest Frenchman. Even Simple Tony, who was as Henri often said, "the dumbest dago since Nero," betrayed the trust which Henri and his father had shown him in giving him a chance to do odd jobs and cart repair, by every afternoon falling asleep on the onion bin while waiting until the carts returned.

"It's all out war." Henri told the men as they assembled to collect their carts for their day's selling. And with this thought stirring in their morning heads, he passed out wooden clubs which he had patiently whittled from oak wood during his father's long illness in hopes and secret anticipation of this day. The appeasement policy was over, he told the men, the two decoy carts would no longer be sent into the heart of the "Mauler's" territory, but would instead skirt the outside and carry out business as usual. Any assault on body or vegetables was to be met with force and instant retaliation. To the two or three new men, who had gathered in hopes of a peaceful job, and making a silent living among the tenement and apartment houses of the lower west side of the city, selling vegetables, fruits and legumes, he explained the need of arming themselves and gave a capsule summary of the so far one-sided battle between the Manteaus and their enemy, the open air market. He asked if there were any questions, one of the new men walked out, and one of them said, "What the hell's a legoom?"

When the men had left on their routes, Henri took a plain white sheet of paper and scratched out in simple hand-writing:

Open Air Market,
Corner, Canton & 37th St.

Gentlemen:

BEWARE.

signed it H. Manteau, of "Henri Manteau, Fancy Fruits, Greens and Legumes," and gave it to Simple Tony to deliver. With his mind rising through the alcohol fog to the glory and spoils of war, he then set himself to sweeping up the loose lettuce leaves, potato roots and string beans.

The afternoon passed without incident, the "Maulers" perhaps caught off guard by the absence of the two decoy carts. Simple Tony brought back an answer from the manager of the Open Air Market, which read simply: "Do I know You?" "Ha." Said Henri, with vivid expectations of the next day.

Henri's expectations were not to be disappointed either, for the following afternoon the Woolton Ave. route man returned with minor lacerations and several bruises minus the cart which he had abandoned in lieu of his life.

"Coward." Said Henri and dismissed the man on the spot.

"Fascist." Said the shaken man and informed Henri that he had already quit.

Henri dispatched Simple Tony to retrieve the cart, and the man left protesting vigorously, armed with two clubs, but returned later with the cart with no further incident. Henri's next thoughts were on an ample battle plan. It seemed that clubs were not the answer, the Maulers had descended on the Woolton Ave. route man with such superior numbers that not even the flaying club had much effect, indeed it only angered the gang to seek revenge of a more physical nature than just stealing the produce.

The next morning found a smiling Henri watching the route men leave, their carts laden with produce, and today's special, parsley sprigs—a nickel a piece, and in each of their pockets a mail-order tear-gas cartridge, disguised as a fountain pen, which Henri had purchased months ago and hidden under a crate of cabbage hearts in preparation for the war. When the last cart had left, Henri had Simple Tony deliver another note to the Open Air Market, which read:

Open Air Market,
Corner, Canton & 37th St.

Gentlemen:

The Pen is mightier than the club.

H. Manteau

When Simple Tony came back with an answer, he was munching on an avocado, which Henri knew he had got from the Open Air Market and to him was a sure sign of treason, but his fears were belayed by the answering message which read: "Are you as crazy as your messenger?"

The afternoon was hot, muggy and filled with the little surprises that make modern warfare a thing of beauty. Giovanni deLancio, of the West Washington St. route, called in early in the afternoon from the 33rd St. Hospital and Veterinary Clinic, where he was undergoing treatment for toxic poisoning after gassing himself on his lunch-break while trying to write his uncle Vicento a letter with the new pen Henri had given him. And later the 16th Police Precinct, on Boulder Dam Drive telephoned Henri and told him they were holding a Guisseppi Papa for malicious attack on an eight year old boy who, while trying to buy his crippled mother some celery, without provocation, the same Guisseppi Papa, had taken a vile of tear gas and let the youth have it flush in his startled little face. The cops told Henri that Guisseppi P. had said that he was acting on Henri's orders, to which Henri answered that he didn't know any Guisseppi P. and would the police be so kind as to hold the push cart at the station, while Henri would send over a man to retrieve it, since it had more than likely been stolen by this infamous Guisseppi P. "Stupid Dagos" Henri muttered.

The afternoon was not without its victories though. The enemy, in the person of the Mercenary "Marbury St. Maulers," had been contacted on Century St., 35th St., by the river, and on 38th St. near Duke George's Park. There were reports of wholesale confusion due to the gas attack on the part of the enemy, and also alas, a few innocent bystanders had received a blast or two, but Henri rationalized this by remembering that civilian casualties are to be expected. Although the tear gas took its toll on the enemy, and Henri mentally danced a slight jig at the thought of the "Maulers" crying and wailing like babes from the gas, it was decided that the gas was to be discontinued, owing to the fact that once released, the gas was uncontrollable and a crying route man can't sell many onions, not to mention legumes.

If the Open Air Market thought Henri's gas attack cowardly and against the accepted conventions of warfare, they did not give Henri the satisfaction of this knowledge. For in answer to Henri's note the next morning, which read in full: "I am preparing to CLEAN OUT your nest." was another inept ruse from the Market which read: "Have you escaped from somewhere?"

And "Clean out" was exactly what Henri did. After the fat old German had delivered the morning's produce, with his usual neighborly greeting and friendly banter: "You vill giff me ein hoodredt und vorty-vive dolla or I vill poot mein boot up your aschlope." Henri and Simple Tony had taken all of the fruit and produce which the "maulers" were most likely to steal and had soaked them in boiling, oily, soapy water—letting them soak long enough for the oil and soap to penetrate the fruit like a sponge. After this they had taken the fruit and put them into the cold storage bin to harden them up so that one could not tell they had been "spiked." When the men came for the carts, Henri passed out the little "gifts" to two or three of the routes which had been most often hit in the past by

the "Maulers," and when the men had left, settled back in his makeshift office cackling and giggling like a man with witch-craft on his mind.

This was by far Henri's most subtle and ingenious thrust in the three day old war, and Henri congratulated himself abundantly for his resourcefulness and craft in the face of superior numbers. That afternoon when the men returned, Henri found out that all had gone as planned; the carts with the "spiked" fruit had been ransacked with unusual vigor by the "Maulers," who Henri supposed, were trying a new offensive to retaliate for the gas attack of yesterday. Of course, some of the fruit had fallen into the hands of civilians who bought them, but this was inevitable in order not to arouse suspicion.

"It's almost poetic," thought Henri Manteau before going to bed that night.

The effects were immediate, it was a sure victory for Henri, a small one to be sure, and one which would not last, but at least it would serve to warn the enemy command post at the Open Air Market that they were dealing with a foe of no small cunning. So sure of himself, was Henri, that he sent his route men out the next morning, the fourth day of battle, unarmed and unaided to carry on a normal day's business. And when the men returned that afternoon, Henri found that, as he had expected, there had been no incidents, not one single cart had been bothered. The "Marbury St. Maulers" were nowhere in evidence, except perhaps one or two sitting on tenement steps looking very pale and weak. The afternoon paper confirmed the results of Henri's brilliant coup by devoting a small column on the back page which told of an outbreak of dysentery and diarrhea in the lower West end of the city, perhaps due to oil and soap in the West End Water Reservoir, or some other unknown factor. The snarl of the victor was on Henri's firm jaw as he took pen and scribbled a note to the Open Air Market; "Gentlemen: Do I detect a weakening in the very Bowels of the enemy forces?" And when Simple Tony returned a half-hour before Henri was to close the shop, on this day of glory, with blood dripping from his already pug nose and a very perplexed look on his face, with a verbal message from the Hierarchy at the Open Air Market, which was in full: "SHIT," Henri knew that while the battle was his, the war had just begun.

Henri Manteau spent most of the weekend, sitting in the porcelain tub, navel deep in oily water, pushing the soap dish around the edge with his toe and contemplating the first week of the war—and speculating on the week to come.

He was sure the "Maulers" would recover sufficiently to resume their attacks on the push carts, since the diarrhea could only be expected to last three days at the most. Henri was positive that the second week of the war would see increased contact with the enemy. He was also sure that the war could not be won by isolated victories over the "Marbury St. Maulers," they were only pawns in the general scheme of things which found the Open Air Market as the real enemy. If the war was to be decided finally and decisively in Henri's favor, then the Open Air Market must be the final battlefield. As Saturday grew into Sunday and the water in the tub grew colder and quite noticeably oilier, Henri formulated the plan which would insure final victory and bring the Open Air Market begging to the bargaining table. For the time being, though, he would be content to sit

tight and watch the general drift of events.

Monday found the "Henri Manteau, Fancy Fruit, Greens and Legumes" route men venturing out for the day's business unarmed and without ploy. Monday afternoon found the route men returning with battered carts, bloody heads and wounded dignity. The "Maulers" were indeed recuperated from their bouts with dysentery and ripe for the fray. They had descended upon four or five of the routes with wrecking bars, clubs and curses, dismantling carts, bruising chins, and slandering ancestors—and in two separate instances dumping containers of substances over the route men and their carts which hinted slightly at the last correspondence from the Open Air Market to Henri.

Tuesday and Wednesday brought further destruction and havoc, and the route men were clammering for Henri to either do something or sue for peace. The time had come, thought Henri, the "Maulers" showed no sign of letting up, they were attacking with seeming impunity more and more routes, and it was getting harder to keep the men on the job. The crowning blow, however, came Wednesday afternoon when a message was delivered to Henri, by a sinister looking fellow who rode by on a bicycle and threw a wrinkled scrawl, wrapped around a spoiled grapefruit, into the opened door and splattering on the newly swept floor. The message was of course from the Open Air Market and read: "Surrender now, you have nought to lose save your legumes." "Ha!" Said Henri Manteau, "the time has come H. Manteau says/to speak of many things/of silent shoes/of burping fish/and who's the cabbage king."

Wednesday night, the ninth day of the war, Henri Manteau and Simple Tony worked far into the morning. The one hundred and fifty fresh fish that Henri had ordered in preparation for the plan were brought out of the cold storage and laid in a neat row on the display table, which Henri and Simple Tony had brought in after the shop had closed its doors to the usual day's business. From under a pile of Rutabegs, Henri brought out a large wooden box filled with three-hundred Mexican Cherry Bombs, which he had quite illegally acquired. And then with Simple Tony making slight slits, with a long knife, under the jaw bone of each fish, Henri stretched the mouth open with his fingers and rammed two Cherry Bombs down the throat with a screw driver. When this was finished after several hours of work, intermittently broken up with long peals of fiendish laughter on Henri's part, and worried looks on Simple Tony's, they loaded the crates of loaded fish onto the bed of the '47 Dodge pick-up, along with three five gallon cans of colorless, odorless, but very inflammable Methane Gas, and sat back to wait.

At Four in the morning, while it was still dark, Henri Manteau, dressed in black from head to toe, and looking very much the part of an international spy, woke up Simple Tony from his onion bin bed, slipped into a blackened pair of tennis shoes, and the two men started out for the Open Air Market.

They parked the pick-up in back of the Market in an alley off 39th St. and watched as the workers in the market made the final preparations for the day's business. Henri was rubbing his sweating hands in preparation as he watched some tired looking men put the last fish in the display bins towards the rear of

the market. When the men had finished and had moved off towards the other side to begin arranging vegetables and fruit, Henri poked Simple Tony awake, and the last stage of the last battle was started.

One by one they carried the crates of loaded fish to the market's fish bins, and after pulling the plug in the bottom of the bin and letting out the water, began substituting the market's fish for their "peace" offerings. Being very careful to work swiftly and silently, they were not detected by the men at the other end of the market. When the last fish had been substituted and they had carried the crates of the market's good fish back to the truck, they took the three cans of Methane Gas and poured them into the bins. When they were finished and the truck loaded with the empty gas cans, Henri took a last look at the bins filled with his loaded fish and thought to himself, that "it would, indeed, be a festive morning."

When the route men had gathered to pick up their carts for the day's work, they found a happy Henri Manteau, rubbing his belly and glowing with the thought of the errand he was to run later in the morning. After the usual protestations of the route men at being sent out unarmed and without benefit of subtle ruse to ward off the attacks of the "Maulers," Henri laughed secretly and went about the business of sweeping up the fallen radishes, spinach leaves and bits of celery stalks—on sale today at 34 cents.

At 10:30 a.m. it was time. He woke Simple Tony up, and together they got into the pick-up and drove the four blocks down Canton St. to the Open Air Market. He had timed it perfectly, the market was filled with a capacity crowd, mostly older women with printed scarves and flowery house dresses. They sat for a moment and watched the flourishing market place until Henri told Simple Tony that it was time. After a minute or two of useless protesting as to why he should be the one to do it, Simple Tony got out of the truck, walked across the street and was soon lost in the market crowd. Henri gave Simple Tony enough time to drop the match into the bin, and when nothing seemed to be happening, thought for a moment if perhaps he should go and see what was wrong. All of a sudden, there was a faint scream, followed by several louder screams, and Henri gleefully saw a cloud of dark smoke rising from the fish bin area. He watched the people at first shrink back, and then press forward to see how it was that a fish bin had caught fire—and then the first fish exploded.

It was funny, Henri thought, the tears of laughter streaming down his face, how people panic when faced with a minor problem. The people were making shambles out of the market, as the fish continued to erupt, sending pieces of scales, guts, meat and fish heads flying in hundred foot radii, they were knocking over cabbage bins, stamping on bushels of tomatoes, throwing one another into grapefruit shelves, and just generally making a pretty sticky mess. Pandemonium reigned supreme as Henri Manteau doubled himself over the steering column, unable to control his fits of laughter. Bits of fish were raining out of the sky in great oozing lumps and the shoppers were having difficulty maintaining their footing. As the crescendo of the exploding fish reached its zenith and then dwindled down to minor bursts and sporadic popping, Henri saw the first poorly

organized rescue crew winding its way through the squashed canteloupe, kicking aside the isolated heaps of cauliflowers, groping onward through the red mire of a thousand mutilated tomatoes and red beets to finally reach their objective of a group of women who had either fainted after being felled with a fish head or had been trampled in the following surge of flower print dresses and printed scarves with entrails dripping from them. He sat for a while longer and then turning on the windshield wipers to clear the windows of eyes and scales, drove around the corner and out of sight of the disaster area. The last thing that Henri Manteau saw as he rounded the corner at 39th St. was a grown man sitting amidst the drippings and red squeezings of an overturned watermelon display, his face turned towards the sky as if asking for some sort of supplication, and crying like a baby.

When Henri brought the pick-up around back in the alley of his shop, and went inside for a pail and water to begin wiping the fish smell off the old blue Dodge, he found Simple Tony breathing heavy with an obvious look of fear and dread covering his face.

"Is theyma come get me?" Simple Tony asked like a child.

"Theyma no come get you," said Henri, "the enemy is kaput."

At two-thirtyfive that afternoon, the same sinister looking messenger came peddling his bike up to the front of Henri's shop, and instead of the indignity of throwing a message tied to a rotting grape-fruit, left the bicycle in front of the shop and personally delivered a note to Henri Manteau. This was the moment, Henri thought, after the months of appeasement, and the humiliation suffered at the hands of the "Marbury St. Maulers." The moment of truth had finally come. Henri drew himself up to his full height, which was five foot nine inches, and drawing a deep breath read:

H. Manteau
Henri Manteau, Fancy Fruits, Greens and Legumes
Canton St.

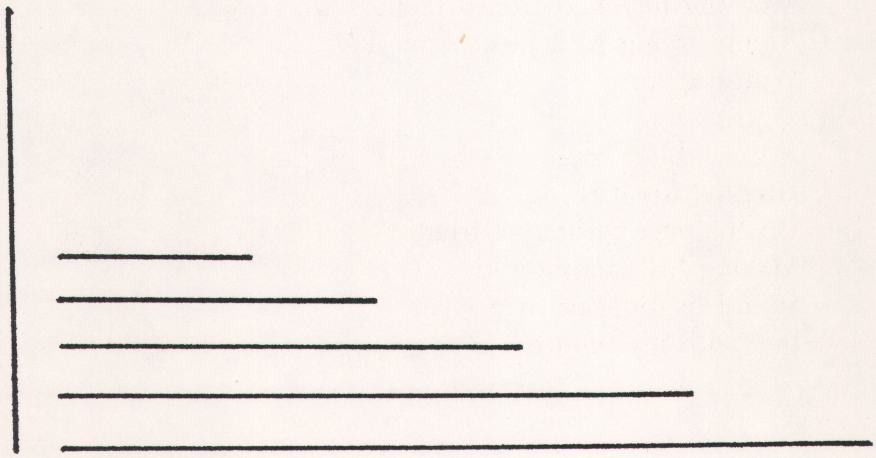
Sir:

We have been devastated by an inhuman weapon, we have no choice save honorable surrender. Trusting in your humanity, we therefore sue for peace under your conditions. Awaiting your answer.

Yours in Defeat,
Open Air Market,
Corner of Canton and 37th St.

That afternoon saw a proud and majestic Henri Manteau stroll victoriously into the office of the Open Air Market. The surroundings were one of untold destruction and bedlam, and in the middle of it all was the man Henri had seen sitting amidst the sad, broken watermelons, looking very much sad and broken himself. With the Armistice thus procured and an agreement in words from the manager to call off the mercenary "Maulers," and also not to sell artichokes at less than 39 cents a half dozen, Henri Manteau walked out of the Open Air Market, carefully stepping over scattered parts of fish, mushmelon and some peas in a pod, and into the sunlight which he rightfully claimed as belonging to him.

And that same night, Henri Manteau, age thirty-seven, single, and slightly fat around the waist, knees and muscle joints, stood spread eagle over his father's ten day old grave, thinking of the short war and the decisive victory that was his, the twenty some odd years of scraping roots off potatoes, washing mushrooms and mustard greens, sticking his thumb through tomatoes to prove a point, the agony of the seven months spent emptying vicious smelling plastic sacks, and of the last conversation with his late lamented father. He stood for another moment, watching the moon drift under some heavy clouds and the shadow passing over the grave-stone, listening to the sound of the liquid splashing onto the bright green soil and slowly seep into the earth, and then slowly zipped up his trousers, looked down at the grave for the last time, said "You see," and then turned and walked out of the 39th St. cemetery, never to return.



Melvyn S. Bucholtz

First Freeze

My turned boat stuck,
A dark maple hung
Fast in thin river ice.
The early grey lifted
Through the olive marsh
Shivering grass; the dull wind
Breathed bass
Over the brown gelatin water, stuck logs
Gasped air bubbles
Morning unstilled frozen teeth
Along drying rock juts, beginning
Water again.

A great blue crane
Hugged his way
Up the cove, all day I tried
Making his passing
Sound beating air over river
Ice, with my mouth.

Mel Bucholtz

Free Weekend

Days in and out fell
Into last week
by paycheck; she and I grew
Accepting the unevenness of being
Together loving by telegram
A refrigerator's assorted chills;

Hope wolfing down spare minutes
Slow looking at her undoing
Boots in the hallway, loping
Into the kitchen's hundred watts, and
We ended that insanity Friday
Horsing all the way around
To Sunday.

Old Man reading James Fennimore Cooper

A dark coat
Wraps the dreaming man
Into his chair's walnut cradle;
Making pictures
Clear from words

Bright air dazzling
The river's back
Before

Presence of black nyloned girls
Whispering legs
Scraping heels across the room,
He coughs phlegm
In a handkerchief stuffed
To his mouth, stutter fingering
His glasses back
Up his nose; lips
Reading into a dark
Lightness of his mind.

Gary Gildner

Watching "Une Femme Mariee" Commit Adultry in the basement of the Episcopal Church

& suddenly the folded chairs
won't work. It's pure French,
this smooth maneuvering
by the movie club, & heads

are blocking the language
of love. We want more
than just her thighs
filling up the screen, her

staring eyes — we need
to see, underneath the meeting
of their hands, the translation.
The lucky ones in front,

they sit still as silhouettes —
but we can't jockey
fast enough. Again
the reel takes the phrase

too soon — what did he say? —
& her lips
like private worship
only whisper . . .

Driving to Ankeny

She was naked — straight ahead
and smack between the cornstalks
closing in. So I slowed down,
reached over, and stroked her
on the knee — exactly where
the sun had touched it rouge!
Warmed up, I had to stop
of course, and then my nerve expanded
quietly and quietly I found her fur.
You know how a trout will hold
so still, just before you dip
your finger in the pool? Her eyes —
I mean they didn't move, and yet
they had killdeer braking down
for miles around, screaming
I am here I am here
and there I was! All skin & bones
and on the verge of everything if
only she would move
or make a sound. *Love,*
I said, *we know each other. Look!*
I am here here
It didn't work. In fact her face
just lay there like the land's.
Well, there was nowhere else to go
but Ankeny and so
I shifted into first
and drove that way. Oh now and then
you turn and catch a cow
in pure relief, a sow
scratching her belly . . .
But it's not enough
to keep you from dreaming.

On a Certain Sweet Delicious After-Napping Noon

of creamy

luscious pink, a lady
waking wished
to get plucked up

like a rose — like a long, long
lonely oh so absolutely
perfectly cozy rose

by a water fall, by a tall tall tall!
European water fall —
but (thrusting

up, up, straight up to the sky
her bare white happy after-
napping arms & cooing big, bigger, biggest

blue eyes at her sassy little
kitty Mister Fu Man
Chu) not

too, too hard.

THE REVIVAL MEETING

Stephan Hathaway

We couldn't go over to Art's house on certain days. His father, Reverend Hewitt, was the pastor of the Baptist church in our town and if we went to play basketball on Sunday, his mother would say, "Arthur, ask Clarence and Dave if they want to go to the meeting with you tonight." We didn't see much sense in that, especially if we'd been to church in the morning. It just didn't seem natural to go to church twice in one day so we didn't go over there on Sunday. We didn't go much on Wednesdays, either. They had Baptist Youth Meetings on Wednesday. We went once. They had refreshments, but everybody prayed over them so much that we didn't want them by the time we got to eat them. Art had a swell basketball net on his garage. We went on most of the other days. We liked Art.

One Thursday we were playing HORSE. In HORSE everybody has to make a shot that someone chooses. You take turns, and if you miss the shot you get a letter until it spells HORSE and then you're out. Art's mother came out and asked us if we wanted to go to the Youth Revival that night. We didn't want to go, but there she was. We looked at the basketball net and said we'd go.

They came to get me first. When we went to Clarence's house he wasn't ready so we had to wait. Art's father had a splendid new church with new red carpets and loud speakers so everybody could hear the sermon. And it had big windows but you couldn't see out of them because they were made out of colored glass. They didn't have pictures; just designs. It seemed funny to have such big windows and not be able to see out of them. Everything considered, is was a pretty nice church.

We got there early because Reverend Hewitt had to greet everybody when they came in the door. We went in and found good seats on the right side near the front. Art and Clarence played tic-tac-toe on the cards that were stuck on the back of the seat in front of us. I looked at the people. When they came in they usually looked around to see who was there, or they prayed for a while, or they looked at the windows. They didn't look at the windows too much because they couldn't see anything. It was night and the sun wasn't shining. Those windows aren't much when the sun isn't shining. Mostly, the people looked around and tried to get their children to be quiet. Since is was the children's revival there were a lot of little kids all over trying to get saved. Clarence asked me what they had to be saved for and I told him I didn't know, and I didn't. But it seemed all right. One lady told her little boy that if he didn't stop squirming around he would have to go home and wouldn't get saved. I think she would have done it, too, but he quieted down.

Art's father couldn't see us too well from the pulpit. I guess that's why we picked the seats we did. We could see all right and didn't have to worry about Art's father watching us. Pretty soon, he came in with a guest minister and went up to the front and looked at the altar for a little while. He made out like he was praying, but I knew he was just doing that so people would think he was doing a good job. I've seen him do that lots of times. After that he looked around at the people there and we guessed it was all right to begin the meeting because he started right away. First, he had everyone sing "Rock of Ages" and it sounded pretty bad but he said it was fine. Clarence and I knew he was lying, but we didn't say anything to Art. We just snickered a little but didn't let on that we thought the singing was bad. Next, Reverend Hewitt made everybody turn around and get acquainted with the people behind and in front of them. We talked to the people behind us and they said they were happy to see three such fine-looking Christians. We said we were happy to see them, too. Next, we sang another song and passed a plate around. Clarence and I fumbled around a little and then put in a dime each. Art put in a quarter. But he got it from his dad. And his dad got it from another collection. So his money didn't count, really.

After that, Art's father introduced Reverend Morrisen, who was the guest minister and who was going to deliver the sermon. Since it was the night of the children's revival, he started talking about how hard it was to be a good Christian in this day and age, what with the terrible influences that were always present. He insulted the Devil a good deal, but he said that he could see that the children in the audience were good and wouldn't give in to Lucifer. We guessed he wasn't looking at Gloria Watkins. He also said that youth, he called children youth, should look to the simple joys of life. Reverend Morrisen claimed that the best time he ever had was when he took a bunch of youth from his church roller skating on Saturday night. We didn't believe him one bit and we couldn't see how he could even get a bunch of youth to go roller skating on Saturday night. Clarence and I had a good snicker over that. Pretty soon he finished and announced that we were a fine group of Christians

and if everybody was like us, there wouldn't be any juvenile delinquents.

Next, Art's father got up and said it was time for testimonials. It sounded like a good idea, but nobody would volunteer. He scanned the audience until he found Art and then he looked at him and we knew that Art was going to give a testimonial. He said he knew the Lord through his works and mentioned how lovely nature was. When he sat down again, he looked at the floor so nobody could see his face. Pretty soon, another man stood up and said he discovered Jesus when his wife had a baby. After that, there were hands all over and it seemed like each person had discovered Jesus in a better way than the last person. I figured that they needed Art to get them started. After the testimonials, Reverend Hewitt announced that it was time for the salvation of all the youth in the congregation.

He said we would sing "Gathering In The Sheaves" for awhile and that the children should come up whenever the mood struck them. We sang "Gathering In The Sheaves" for about three verses and nobody had got up to be saved yet. Reverend Hewitt stopped the song and told how bad Hell was and how nice Heaven was and that the youth who got saved that night would go straight to Heaven. He didn't say anything about the youth who didn't get saved, but we had a pretty fair idea of what to expect if we didn't. He started the song all over again, but we decided that nobody wanted to be the first to have to go up to the front and get saved.

Clarence and I could see that Reverend Hewitt was in a bad spot. We knew that the youth in the congregation were just aching to get saved that night, but no one wanted to go first. We looked at each other and decided what to do. We couldn't let Reverend Hewitt be embarassed in front of Reverend Morrisen like that so we stood up and started to walk to the front to get saved. Art tried to stop us, but it was too late. When we got to the front, Reverend Hewitt was glad to see us because we didn't go to his church. He probably thought he converted us. He asked Clarence if he was for the Lord and Clarence said he was. He asked me, too, and I told him I was for the Lord.

It was just like we thought. As soon as we went and got saved, the other youth got the notion and pretty soon you couldn't even move because of all the youth seeking salvation. Reverend Hewitt said it was about the best revival he had ever seen and decided to save the adults that night too. They came up and then everybody started crying because it was so lovely to see everyone get saved like that. Art's father decided to sing the last song in a big group in the front of the church. Everyone was glad when he picked an easy one that they all knew. After the song, we all went into the recreation room and drank punch and ate cookies and talked about how grand it was that all the people had got saved in one night. After that, Art's mother drove us home and I said I was tired and went to bed.

But I couldn't sleep. I kept wondering what would have happened if Clarence and I hadn't gone up to get saved first. I thought about that a long time and I was still thinking about it when I fell asleep.

Microscope Coleen Lee

Dream against the City

Mark McKeon

The soul dreams against the city
Grasses separate pavements,
And willows grow up in the glass eyes of dime stores.
A flight of sparrows drive half the cars off a bluff in Iowa,
Tonight the hills of Kentucky will march north in shadows
To take the small cities of Michigan at dawn.

The city spreads on populations of crushed glass and hubcaps,
And makes us drowse in glass buildings in currents of cool air.
In Illinois the glass fronts of Clark stations dry up the corn
And drive darkness into Wisconsin.
We are like small animals we catch in our headlights,
Fascinated by what will destroy them.
Soon only those who have fled to the mountains will be saved.

There is a clear vision of Rheims!
And we fall asleep like man freezing to death:
Bricks come out of walls talking politics with black men.
They agree to destroy all buildings with glass doors.
When we wake we have dreamt of the prairie,
A party of Sioux fording the Missouri with all their belongings.
Headed into Canada, their ponies leave a track
On the deep grass.

On Seeing a Picture in *Life* of a Child Gone Hungry in Biafra

Jerry Parrott

I thought the child
was merely fat—

puffy about the
wrists and ankles—

until I saw the gaunt
grey cage of his chest

gone weak,
attempting

to stop the constant
growing in upon himself

which threatened always
to make him vanish

into slogans:

a kola nut for pennies
kills hunger
for twenty-four hours.

Ottone M. Riccio

Walking on the Beach

crunching sand
kicking shells

I wonder where she's resting
her impulse for living

sea rush of night
bring relief

who is current
in her burst of loving

waves smash light
to sparkling beads

wake me from my darkness
rout the doubt that hounds me

beach sand wind
slide to sleep

whose burning lips
pressing pressing

Exodus

Easter Sunday
people step carefully over me
I'm lying on the dining-room floor facing the kitchen
looking frantically around
all the faces are different

it's my mother's house
my father brother sister wife are lost some time in the future
the door to the kitchen swings shut
a solid glass pane
ten thousand brilliantly colored toothpicks
spread rapidly over the glass blotting out the kitchen
I study the myriad colors

your outline sketches itself against roomsounds
you reach in the darkness to feel my scattered face
the end of makebelieve whoring has drained
our passion's veins and we are white
against the memory of ourselves

the slice of morning cuts through the windows
they give us food at noon as though
this is an ordinary day our bodies
ignore the promise of three o'clock
and even laugh as the cork plops out
as we sip the last of this wine
metal sounds outside compose a violent dirge

in the shadows spreading geometrically
under the afternoon he raises his ritual glove
and signals the neat hunters
the sentence leaps angularly across space
to pin us sweating against the wall
the whip of bullets cracks our sullen faces
we slump as if the day has filled its coat

my mother glides through the door
juggling the magnetized tapered splinters
"get up" she whispers "we have guests
try to act normal for once in your life"
cursing under my breath I get up
put on my coat
and walk out to the street.

The Attack

crouched in the alley holed in the city
frozen eyes point at the street

a maker of patterns
high-heeled
in sultry exclusions
warm hips
thrusting forward
to meet
movements
from knees
passing through neon patches of sound
gobbled by the shadows' maws

torn coat bare head stuck in collar sidle in front of her

she stops

and screams without a voice the hand across her mouth sweaty and demanding her arms and fists flail air her teeth can't find the edge of the stinking palm

gravel
stones
roll under her back
another hand reaches under her skirt

dimly then and now

an unwashed head
coarse cloth pressing her cheek
rough stickfingers snagging her nylons
voiceless screams wasted fists
and vivid

fall thrust swirling currents whirlpool sucking her down
dirty watersuds swishing in her ears
soaked feathers clinging to her thighs
dissonant music pounding her heart
the involuntary reach of her arms around a hairy neck

Witchcraft

you sneak up onto my table
change the soup to blood
I drink but not until
I'm sure I'm alone

yesterday you turned my shavingbrush
into a spray of orchids
I tried to write my message
on the bathroom mirror
the labella blurred the words

this morning my shoes were snakes
I couldn't force them on my feet
I tried to cut their heads
the knife became a feather
tickling their skins

tomorrow will you
with your playfullness
mutate my favorite pipe
into a deadly gun

A Final Discovery

deliberate minutes
hallucinate the thoughts I had
lost now among the switches and buttons
that stare at me

the radio still blares an indifferent music
the left wheel two feet from the ground spins swiftly
blood spurts from my nose and mouth
the deliberate minutes strut
before my eyes
the early morning ignores the crashed car

if I could move my arms and hands
I'd smash the radio
that refuses the silence due me
if I could move my eyes
I'd look at the early morning moving away from me
if I could move my lips
I'd shout at the deliberate minutes
that pushed me into high gear
racing into the early morning
that waited impartially
for my decision

The Instructor sees John Calvin on a coed's Shoulder

William A. Roecker

ho John, old acquaintance
so the ride took you centuries
and even to Oregon

a pretty one all right
dressed for tennis
knows her lessons too
shot me down with a look
lacking the humor of yours

her butt wobbles off to the courts
I watch her go and you
leering at us both
God bless, John
I'm off to class

Dependance Coleen Lee

At One O'Clock

Harvey Tucker

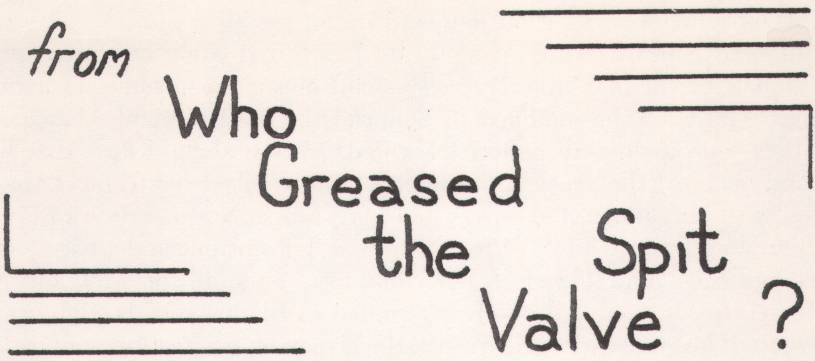
You turn in a mask of midnight's melting
and tell me the heat in your toes
has no beginning. . .

How softly we speak in our nearness.

The flesh of my body wears pajamas and thinks
about poems. Your palms hang on your belly's
breathing like leaves entering summer.

It is taken for granted, the sometimes ridiculous
poses of love.

But only we who have slept so close can hear
the feather falling through thunder
and know how much it weighs.



Alan Shratter

II. Scherzo

The Giuseppe Verdi New Renaissance Blast Glass Variables always wrap up a night with a free-form version of Duke Ellington's "Harlem Nocturne."

"Last one," I announced to our singular audience and turned to the boys. "I'll start it off. Joe, you have the theme. Jeff, take the first ride."

I turned my attention back to the piano, letting my fingers brush lightly over the keys, and investigated the fragmentary jumble of music passing through my mind. I looked up and caught the eyes of the boys – stocky Norm Skinner with his cigar directly across from me; Joe, Jeff, and Rusty in between – and gave them the nod.

My right hand found the correct position and then haltingly, almost reflectively, pressed out the opening notes to *The Flying Dutchman.* My left hand joined in and began building louder and louder, Jeff added his clarinet, Rusty's trumpet blared and coming up to the first big blast we hit it, hard – Norm threw in a drumroll and we held that note, loud and long, with a dizzy balance and CHOP!

Echo in my piano. Joe Lakowski, tall man with a cool trombone, lifted the instrument to his lips and breathed into it. The Nocturne began. Three people were left in the semi-dark night club besides us. One grooved with the music, hunched over, tapping his fingers on the table, keeping time with the drummer's brushstrokes. Of the two others, one counted the day's profit while the second stacked chairs on empty tables and mopped the floor.

Joe played it straight, soft and slow, two choruses. He eased into the last of

his solo, glided way down for a smooth pedal tone b-flat and then, suddenly, he slipped it, bit down, tensing it out low and mean.

"Yeah!" said Norm, jacking up his beat. Jeff Harris came in with some dissonent, atonal shenanigans from *Wozzek* – wild music, no melody, no harmony, no rhythm. Gradually he modified it, bounced the notes around, changed and twisted them into a slippery pattern of sound, an almost fluid flow that finally caught and matched the accelerating tempo. Rusty poked his trumpet through, dialogued with Jeff, all nervous valves and hard brass. Norm shifted to his tom-toms, alternating from 6/8 to 5/4 to 3/2 to 6/8, Jeff cut out and Rusty took his ride, free and easy, loud and clear and wide open, open all the way, and Norm slapped back to his snare – 4/4 – Rusty pulled in his loose ends, tightened up and increased his intensity, fingers blurring, moving so fast it sounded like double stops. Strict time, now. A scat Bach harpsichord fugue. I took up the bass line, left-handed it in.

"Counterpoint, counterpoint," grinning I chanted. Rusty slipped out and I dug my way down about a second or two and gave it away to the little round man over there with the drums. Running he snatched it, left and right, dodging and twisting, his cigar wagging – belting his bass, snare and tom-toms, a bash of cymbal – 2/3 – 6/4 – 13/10 – God knows. Low trombone from *Rigoletto,* "Questa o quella," a fast half measure, Joe spitting it out – and then Rusty, a different tune – perky and impetuous. We all joined in, one by one, wail and staccato and around it all my piano weaving a fast-fingered run of clinks and dives that accented, pointed up, and pushed everyone forward up, up, an octave or more, blasting out – wham! wham! the drummer man pounded his side snare and we rocked, stepped out together like a sure-footed cat, stepped out together throwing it around, rounded that corner throwing it around while Norm raced and put on his brakes and slipped and slidded and finally collided – smack! – mashed all together, flinging and flying we all soared up and we all stomped down on

P O P !

goes

the wea

sel

The kid looked up from his pail. "Hey, that sounds famliiar."

"Mop your floor, Larry," said Norm.

I closed the piano and jerked a nod to the man at the door. He flipped back a salute and went out. I got up, yawning, and stretched. "Man, it's time to go to bed. Ten hours."

"God damn," said Rusty, half way to the bar, "a health addict. How're things down on the yogurt farm?"

"Not too good – ever try to milk a horse?"

"I tried that once," said Jeff, waving his hand at Rusty, then springing to his feet and lunging to one side and down to snag the lighter just before it hit the floor.

"All right," said Norm. "A natural athlete."

"Yeah, Daddy. I got rhythm." He lit up. "Want to see me tap dance?"

"God spare us all," said Rusty, pouring himself a drink. Jeff snapped his clarinet case shut. The owner walked out of his office and handed me three keys on a chain.

"Lock up, huh Max?"

"Sure. How was the take?"

"Lousy. Everyone's over at that Festival thing." He looked around. "Aren't you ready to go yet, Larry? I haven't got all night."

"Just a second, Pop." He lifted the last two chairs onto the table and swabbed the mop around. When he finished he stuck the mop into the pail and took them both into the back room. He reappeared a moment later, apron off, and walked out the door with his father.

Norm tightened the covers on his skins. "A couple more weeks like this and he might have to sell one of his Cadillacs."

"Yeah, things are tough all over."

"Life's a bitch."

"Damn right."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said Joe, adjusting his glasses on his nose. "I propose a toast."

"All right!" said Norm, laying aside his big green cigar and waddling over to the bar. He never drinks hard stuff, just beer – by the tank.

"Everybody ready?" Norm lifted his pitcher, Jeff his gin, Joe his highball, Rusty his Singapore Sling, and I searched around underneath the bar.

"There's always someone."

"Where the hell's the ginger ale?" I asked.

"Here," said Joe, passing it to me.

"Jesus Christ," said Rusty, "doesn't drink, doesn't smoke, gets ten hours of sleep a night – the world may end tomorrow."

"Where was I?"

I filled my glass. "You were proposing a toast."

"Oh, yeah." He cleared his throat. "Gentlemen, I propose a toast."

"Come on, you long drink of water," said Norm. "I'm getting thirsty."

"A toast. To Miss Maria Gruner-hegge: may her future be prosperous, her fame secure, and her demise momentary."

"I'll drink to that."

"Cheers."

"Yeah, what's the story here? – when do I get to take my horn and bash her head in with it?"

"Rusty, Rusty, I'm surprised at you," said Joe. "Why can't you be like Max over there – nice, easy going, happily married – "

"– and drugged," I finished.

"Rusty's trouble," said Jeff, "is he keeps getting his trumpets and his strumpets mixed up."

"Well listen to Booker T. Harris over there – wit of the Western hemisphere. I hope everybody's taking notes."

Really now, Rusty is not at all unusual. For a trumpet player. I thought I was doing him and Jeff a big favor when I offered to rescue them from the Rhode House – a quietly notorious Rhode Island strip joint that puts on illegal shows and pays non-union rates. Turns out that they were there by choice, not by accident, and while Joe and Norm sat on the deal down here – stalling, making excuses and phone calls, sending telegrams (GIVE HER A HUNDRED FRANCS AND A TICKET BACK TO PARIS – LOVE AND KISSES) – I reasoned, cajoled, pleaded, begged, and threatened in that order. Blackmail was next on the list, but they wised up, said yes, and the G.V.N.R.B.G.V. more or less made the scene.

We have a pretty sweet deal here – permanent work, but two two-month vacations a year when we tour and do a little recording. The pay should be higher and the working conditions could be better, but we have an unlimited bar tab that makes up for a lot. For the others, anyway. Long ago it had become painfully evident that I could, but shouldn't chug the alky. I have been known to get high on an over-ripe banana. I watched the boys slug it down, nursed my ginger ale, and after about half an hour we all made our way as best we could out to Joe's car – it was his week.

"Sure you don't want me to drive?"

"Naw, that's alright, I'm fine." He started it up and Jeff, adjusting his shades, launched into a parody of a local radio commercial.

"And now – for all of you – who come down right now – we have – this – deluxe bedroom suite – that – includes – a double bed – a dresser – a mirror – a nine by twelve – rug – an autographed – six foot high statue of – Sweet Daddy Grace – and – two – chests of drawers – all– for the fabulous price of – thirty dollars – ninety cents – and – in addition – this fabulous – clock radio – worth – seven and one half – food stamps – and – "

"God, will you listen to that," said Rusty. "He ought to be on T.V."

"Who, me?" asked Jeff.

"No, the wooden Indian in the corner." He took a drag. "Tell you what. I'll talk a guy I know into giving you a break – he's looking for a janitor."

"Why, that's awful white of you, Rusty."

WHUMP ——————— ScreeeeeeeeEECHH!

"I think you hit something, Joe."

"Well now, let's not jump to conclusions."

He and I got out – we were in the front seat – and walked back behind the car. There laying in the road was one of those four-foot long yellow road barricades. The kind that have CAUTION painted on them in black, and have two perpetually blinking yellow lights. It was all bent up and smashed, the metal twisted, but the lights were still working. The others left the car and walked up to us.

"Well Joe, not being one to do anything half way, I see you've demolished it beyond all possible recognition. At least they can't track you down this way."

"I don't recall that being there before," he said.

"It wasn't. It used to be standing in the road."

"Oh yeah, that's right. It all comes back now."

"What are we going to do with that thing?"

"Bury it."

"Hell, let Joe run over it again. Once more ought to finish the job."

Jeff cleared his throat. "Knowing the Highway Department as I do – "

" – he used to live in a ditch – "

" – they are going to view this action with a certain degree of disfavor."

"Like how?"

"They goin' t'send out the dawgs."

"Weighing all alternatives," I said, "it's obvious that there is only one course of action open to us – we take it with us."

We carried it to the car and crammed the thing in. The only way it would fit was to have it hanging over the front seat, and that was hell on driving since the metal legs stuck out all over the place. I hit the thru-town expressway and slipped into the passing lane. I was in a hurry to get home. Norm began slapping the seat, beating out a shuffling kind of rhythm, and Jeff started whistling "Sweet Georgia Brown."

"What's with this?" said Rusty. "God, after that Schoenberg bit tonight I thought you were going to pack up your prayer book and take a pilgrimage to Beirut. Worship at the grave of the Lord."

"Oh? And where you planning to go after what you did to 'Work Song'?"

"You mean 'Onward Christian Soldiers'? I cleared that last Sunday."

"Yeah," said Norm, "but in *D major*?"

"So what's wrong with that?"

"It's too easy," said Joe. "Like filming a rape."

"Alright everyone, cool it." I had spotted a familiar blue and white flash up ahead and began slowing down. "Can't you shut those blinkers off?"

"They don't work that way, Daddy."

"Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead."

"Into the valley of death. . . ."

The cop was parked on the median, and suddenly pulled out when I was almost on top of him. I swerved to the right, tires squealing, and just missed him.

"Oh God, passing on the right. They'll hang your ass higher than the Washington Monument."

"Ok gang, we play it by ear. It was his fault – take it easy and no sweat." I pulled over to the side and the police car stopped behind me. There were two in the car and they both came out. The first walked up to the window.

"Hate to bother you, sir. May I see your driver's license?"

"Sure."

Rusty reached out and handed him a quarter.

"What's this for?"

"Well aren't you from the Salvation Army?"

"Officer," I said, opening the door and getting out, "ah, we've all been to this party, see. They're all pretty smashed – you know. I haven't been drinking at all myself; you want to make any kind of test on me, that's fine."

Cop number two was looking into the car. "Hey, what's that in there?" He saw Joe draped over the front seat, vainly trying to cover up the road barricade with his lanky frame.

"All right, all of you, get out," said the first cop. "And bring that thing with you."

TABLEAU: The Giuseppe Verdi New Renaissance Blast Glass Variables, two officers of the law, a smashed up hunk of metal, and two blinking yellow lights.

"Where did you get that?"

"Found it in the road," mumbled Joe.

"We were taking it to the Highway Department."

"Uh-*huh*. Mind if I take a look in the trunk?"

"Do we have a choice?" I asked.

"Well, we can take you all down to the station."

"Joe, which key is it?"

"The silver one. No, wait a minute, that's the car key. 'Course, the trunk's in the car . . . no, it's one of the brass ones. It's kind of round on the top of it – got a hole in it – ridges along the side."

I handed him his keys. "Which one?"

"Oh, well this one – no, that's not it. It's been so long. Maybe, I think, – "

"Do you mind if I open it up?" asked the first cop.

"No. Not at all."

He took the keys and said to his partner, "Call the license in. Have them check it out." He opened the trunk and ran his flashlight beam over it. The trunk contained nothing but Joe's worm colony, a two by three wooden box covered with burlap. "What's in the box?"

"Dirt."

The cop lifted the cover from the box and lowered his hand gingerly down into it. When his hand touched the moist earth he raked at it with his fingers and poked around. After a few moments of this he took his hand out and wiped it on his trousers saying, "Ok, what do you keep a box of dirt in your trunk for?"

"So the worms will breed faster." Joe reached in and dug out a big fat red one. "See?" He put it back and replaced the burlap cover. The policeman cleared Joe out of the way and closed the lid, giving the keys back to me.

"Over to the car, please, gentlemen. I want to get your names."

We walked the few steps over the gravel, and when we got there he reached inside and brought out his clip-board. He pointed to Rusty. "All right, you first."

"What?"

"Your name."

"Oh. Howard Miller."

"Have any identification?"

"Why certainly, officer. You want to see my social security card or my union membership."

"Your driver's license."

"Certainly. Always love to help out the police department. Here," and he handed him his library card. The cop took it and wrote something down. A loud burst of static came from the radio.

"It's not stolen," said the second cop. The first nodded, handed Rusty's library card back, and looked us over. He noticed Jeff and his shades for the first time.

"What's the matter – the light hurt your eyes?"

"Yeah man, I'm a dope addict."

Oh boy.

"I think we'll all take a little trip down to the station."

"Officer, that really won't be necessary. I'm sure – "

"You, button up." He turned to his partner. "Chuck, you take that one and that one – " he pointed to me and Joe – "in the other car. I'll take care of these clowns."

When we got to the station the others were taken away, and I was left in a cramped, blue-painted room full of desks, chairs, partitions, telephones, and four policemen.

"This," I said, commenting on the general situation, "really blows." I walked to one of the desks.

"Hey, you. Sit down."

I picked up the phone and began dialing. One of the policemen slammed it out of my hands and said with a great deal of irritation, "Sit down and don't cause no trouble – we'll let you know when you can make a call."

"Look, officer," I tried to stare him down. "I'm entitled to one phone call. I'm going to take it now, so if you don't mind would you kindly quit breathing in my ear?"

"You'll sit down or get tossed into the can."

"For what? I haven't even been charged with anything yet. Nor has anyone else, for that matter. Which is merely against the Bill of Rights, an obscure little document – you may not have heard of it."

"One more word out of you, Buddy, and you get locked up right now."

"Yeah? Well I'm going to make this phone call see, and if" and they grabbed me and carted me off to a cell.

A very special cell, it was. Seven by five I'd say. Hard cement all around. There was a bench about a foot and a half wide that ran the length of one wall. This, I suppose, was what I was to sleep on. You bet. Especially since screwed into the ceiling, and in perfect working order, was this five thousand watt light bulb. The floor had a drain in the middle, but was still wet. I mean *wet* – not just damp.

Fine, fine, I thought. Everyone else yuks it up, has a gay old time in the drunk tank, while I cool my heels in this meat freezer.

ANKARA and other places

Joe Dionne

Outside the city, along the tops
of thorny green hills, grey
fabled sand, foolishly groping
and prodding with a withered
half stick – a mountain
shepherd picks and kicks
cursing skinny goats. They stare
unmoving
fascinated
by the smell of distant Ankara,

angel
roasting berries
in the distance of her mosques.

At home in the hillocks
the mountain shepherd's wife is hanging
their hides greyly in the sun –
but only in her mind.

Part I – Brussels – an uncle

In the shallow brown shadows
of the Parc de la Eglise Notre Dame du Sablon,
nestled sensually in the belly
of Brussels, young Claude laughed
and romped, squashing captured
butterflies in raptured delight,
wiping entrails on his bare
legs, while his mother, young
and widowed and deeply dark
in eyes, sat
ever so lush on benches of quite
new Belgian stone. And waited
and waited
and failed to hear
the laughter while she waited.

And one is stopped
dead
by the absence of fish nets
in Ankara.

How strange it is to think
of my uncle, who they say lusted
in his sickness
in the oily hospital which smelled
of spoiling chestnuts, as he lay dying
narrowly between virgin sheets
with the little beasts eating
his potency to life.
He once held me frightened
on his knee and in peals
of reddish laughter
told me
that
it is not hot,
not cold in hell
but you can't grow apples there.
Later I found he was right,
but then he lusted
in his sickness.

How innocently orange
and bright
tonight is Ankara,

angel
eating berries
in the distance of her mosques.

Part II – New Mexico – a father
Mesquite, Black Chaparral, Thorny Oak – peoples
of the Sangre de Christo flow
vapor-like in the new Spanish sun,
like some mad St. Remy
Van Gogh vision. Rows of young
pilgrims sweat and wind up
the mountain south of Taos,
to view the final pyre, the bluish
urn where-in enshrined
in final rest is Lawrence
untroubled
by the framed French fingers pointing
in a wondrous vertigo of dates
how he through off his ghost, was
inhumed, exhumed, consumed,
packaged, crated, shipped,
posted, checked and finally
strapped on a lazy ass up
the winding mountain to be displayed
in shrouded portals
of white adobe
all in ashes
like the words he wrote.

You can buy the Rubaiyat
for soft silver
and lira in Ankara.

Yesterday my father was as old as the Persian trade winds –
today they are his judge.
What perfect timing death has,
like mild milk-weed follicles,
drifting and puffing their lamb
wool tenacles in the sun, only
to plummet and root
on the most perfect of timeless days.
Prophet of my manhood, he was
the color of serenity
with the visage of the purple mirror
where I would stand in a chair
in delicate balance
to see in my face
my father's eyes.
What perfect timing death has –
unless you stand
timeless in Ankara,

angel
roasting berries
in the distance of her mosques.

Part III – Royan – a sister

Another unturned belly
for the god's laughter on the beach,
only a tired jellyfish –
its color and shape like
a thousand puddles after
the rain in the streets of Royan.
The old children prod it with long
sticks to secure the amazing
certainty of its remarkable death, then
one by one wriggle their toes
into its viscuous groin with squeals
of delight
and revulsion,
while above on crags and cliffs
proper young men court
well mannered young women
to woo them as it were
into the dark corners
with such a proper air
of propagation.

Motherhood
is mixed with sand
in Ankara.

My pale sister was of the type who
stumbled nakedly into life like
some frail moth wrapped
choking in the prison of
an outgrown cocoon.
I often thought
she would grow to be a saint
but she fooled us all and died
when she was ten.
they sixly bore her three by three
and propped her in the sun.

Poor sad finger
of the Turkish moon
in Ankara.

Angel
eating berries
in the distance of her mosques.

Part IV – Revelations

Today is such a dead time
seen through frosted glass.
What a waste it is to be in that
body in the mirror –
I see
my hair is October, Yet I
am a Wednesday child
under the sign of the fish.
I wish I was sand and could feel
the sandled foot and hear
the sandy voices
crying out
the resur-
rection
of stillness

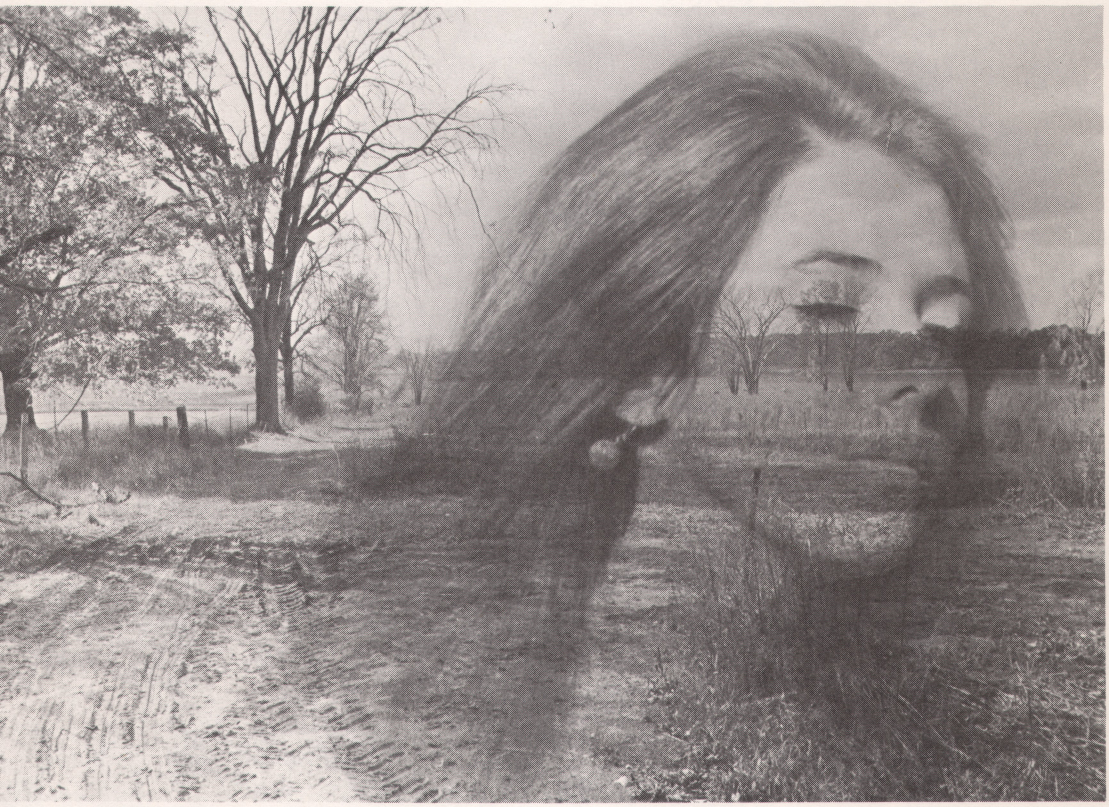
and the godness of breath.

But I am an undried squalling
thing of pink and have not
lost my memory –
so I'll wait –
For I have been to Ankara,
and my footprints mirror
the shadows
of my walking away legs.

At home in the hillocks
the mountain shepherd's wife of Ankara
has hung the hides of the goats
her husband is prodding home.

But only in her mind.

Bob Hill



R. Wm. Bryan

Pistols

Our silver inlaid weapons
Our duel
Shatter the afternoon shade.

A shadow struggle
In lengthening darkness,
Our clash
Our injuries
Force us into dusk

grass blades
Bent in the attack
Close around counted steps

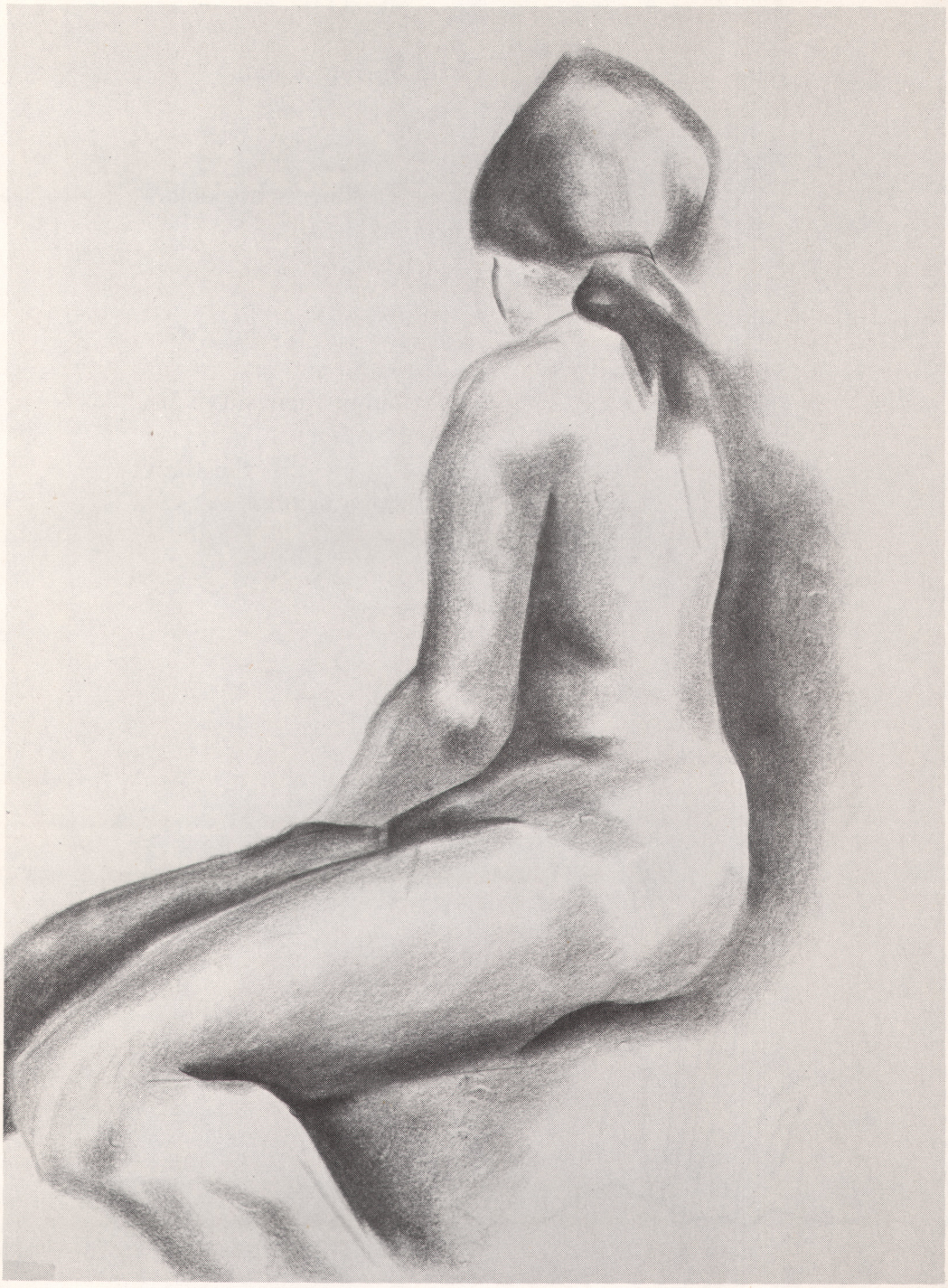
And are crushed
Bleeding their greenness,
A fragrant, exploded novelty.

Early Spring, 6 a.m.

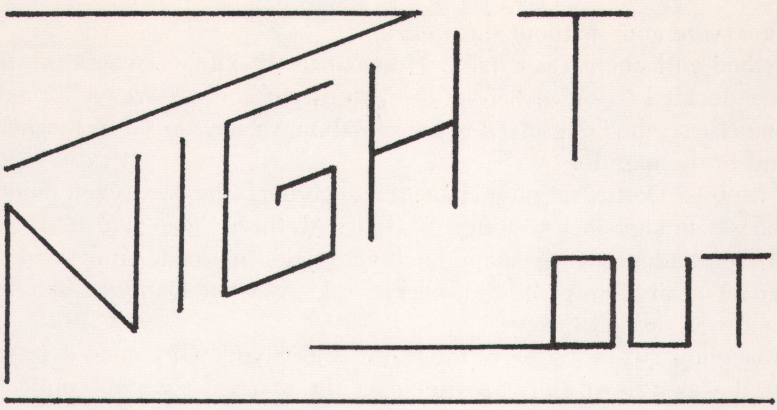
Even the flowers are cold,
Their petals
Clench with frozen dew.

We hesitate
In the calm sun
Questioning their survival

the thaw
We chance to take.



Charcoal drawing Dave Pickering



Barbara Drake

Nelda had been listening to Dan McIntyre, glowing drunk, telling her how he secretly manipulated people to gain his own ends, and wondering if she should say he was more Walter Mitty than Machiavelli, when Jack came between them and said, "The Kittredges are fighting again."

"Where?" said Nelda turning a half circle to look around the crowded room. Her beer sloshed over onto her hand. "I knew we shouldn't invite them. Dottie will be so upset."

"Not so loud," said Jack. "There, in the corner by the bathroom. Michael wants to go home and Sally's putting up a fuss. If Michael wins then everything will be all right."

"Michael never wins," said Dan. "I think we should all cheer for Michael's side."

"What's the matter?" asked little Dennis Carter. "Are Jack and Dan having a fight?" He tried to step between them but only managed to bump into Nelda, spilling the rest of her beer.

"Oh stop it, Dennis," said Nelda.

"We're all going to cheer for Michael," said Dan. "He wants to take his wife home."

"But I like his wife," said Dennis.

"Dennis Carter!" said Mary Carter.

"It's all right, Mary," said Dan. "We're just choosing sides before the fight begins."

"There isn't going to be a fight," said Jack. "You see. They're putting on their coats. I think I'll go tell them goodbye." He followed the Kittredges to the door. "Goodbye Michael. Goodbye Sally. Be seeing you," he said, but the

Kittredges were gone without farewells.

"The hell with them," said Jack. He went to the kitchen where the beer was.

Nelda decided to move before Dan McIntyre could start on himself again. Everyone else seemed engrossed in conversation, so she moved to the potato chip table and lit a cigarette.

The hostess, Dottie, sat on a chair in one corner. She was seven months pregnant and sat talking in low tones to Helen McIntyre who had a six week old baby. Helen hadn't got her shape back yet, Nelda noticed. And she'd probably be pregnant again before she did; everyone knew what Dan was like, unless, of course, he was just all talk.

It was a housewarming party for Dottie and Clyde. Of course it wasn't really a house; it was a downstairs apartment in the married students' project. Clyde had just recently started going full time, so that they were eligible for low-cost school housing. Just so he could keep his grades up, and there was some doubt about that. It was a tiny apartment, furnished with regulation furniture, the same green dinette set and office-type wooden chairs, that everyone else had; but Dottie had made a plaid cover for the army cot they used for a davenport, and Clyde had painted a mural on one wall, blue and yellow trees alternating, "to give it character," he said. Except for such differences, the party would have looked about the same at Dan and Helen's, or the Carters' or the Faleys'; same front room, same "efficiency-size" kitchen, same little hallway with the bathroom through one door and the bedroom through the other; same people, same home brew and potato chips with onion soup dip, the bookshelves made from boards and concrete blocks, topped by a ceramic pot full of dried weeds.

They were all either students or students' wives, and only Nelda and Jack, the Kittredges, and the sociology instructor with the yellow beard who had been talking to Clyde all evening about hunting wild boars in South America, lived outside the project.

The Faleys lived right over Dottie and Clyde. Bill Faley was a psych major and didn't believe in coddling children, so the two Faley children ran all over the project without any pants; Dottie told Nelda that their continual crying at mealtimes made her sick to her stomach, but she had invited them because, upstairs, they were practically there anyway.

The other people were a tall, greyish couple Dottie and Clyde played bridge with once a week and who had brought their four year old boy – they always took him everywhere they went. He was sitting sleepily in the corner eating potato chips. The husband member of this group came up to Nelda just as she was wondering whether she should go to the kitchen and see if Jack had passed out.

"Hello there," he said. "Don't stand there with an empty glass. My name's Mills. Let me get you something to drink."

"Well, I was just going to look for my husband, and there's probably beer wherever he is," said Nelda.

"Isn't that your husband?" he said, pointing to Dennis Carter who was now standing with his arm around his wife.

"No," said Nelda. "That's her husband."

"I don't believe it," said the tall, greyish husband.

"Oh yes," said Nelda. "They're a very nice couple."

"Next you'll say they're very much in love."

"It's true," she said.

"Marriage is popular because it combines the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity," he said.

"I think you memorize things so you'll have something to say at parties," said Nelda. She went toward the kitchenette.

Jack was there with Dan McIntyre. "Listen Nelda," said Jack. "Dan is just telling me a fascinating story about how he secretly manipulates people to gain his own ends."

"You can laugh, if you want to," said Dan, "but in knowledge there is power. I know you. I know all of you. I'm on to all you guys and your lousy jokes."

Nelda saw that Dan had reached the point, as he always did at parties, where he was looking for someone to insult. Along with telling everyone how much beer he drank, he also told everyone how he insulted people when he got roaring drunk.

"I'm a wild man at parties," he said, although he also claimed never to remember a thing. It was one of his wife's duties to remember what he said and did so she could tell him about it the next morning.

But Dan didn't have a chance, that night, because they heard the front door slam and Dennis Carter hollered, "It's the Kittredges back."

"Goddammit, she won again," muttered Dan.

They went into the next room. Everyone had stopped talking to watch the Kittredges, except Mrs. Faley who was saying in a loud voice, "We know the children are considerably above average because they started making raspberry noises a good two months before Wally's psych book says they should."

Jack leaned over and made a raspberry in Nelda's ear. "I'm a genius," he whispered.

"Oh, goody," whispered Nelda. "Michael Kittredge came back with half a gallon of wine. He's going to get crocked."

"I'm glad you came back, Mike," said Dottie from her corner chair. "I was just telling Helen we never get to see you since you left the project."

Michael Kittredge glanced at Dottie and then turned to his wife. He said loudly, "Well, here we are. I hope you're satisfied." Sally blushed and walked across the room to Dottie.

"You've really done a lot with this place," she said. "I love Clyde's mural."

Michael went to a chair by the potato chip table and poured wine into a large jelly glass. He sat on one of the dinette chairs, crossed his legs, and drank half his glassful.

"Oh Michael. Stop it," said Sally.

He gave her an icy look and finished the glass. She came to sit beside him. Everyone else started talking then, and the Kittredges continued to talk in whispers.

"That's a handsome dog you have, Jack. I saw him over at school with you the other day," said Dennis Carter. "What kind is he?"

"I don't know. What kind is he, Nelda?"

"Part shepherd, part husky, and part labrador," said Nelda. "We thought we'd write the kennel club and try to establish him as a new breed."

"You should have seen the dogs we used to hunt wild boars with," said the yellow-bearded sociologist. "Magnificent, simply magnificent animals."

"We'd thought of getting our dog a wild boar for a pet," said Nelda.

"That's the only thing I don't like about the project," said Clyde. "No animals allowed. I think children ought to have pets."

"Why don't you get your dog a baby for a pet, Nelda," said Mr. Faley.

"Are yours for sale?" asked Jack.

"Let us in on the conversation, Michael," said Dan McIntyre. The Kittredges were now carrying on a highly animated, though whispered, argument. Michael said something to Sally and gnashed his teeth, and she replied by rolling her eyes and making a kind of chewing motion. "I say," continued Dan. "What's up?"

"Not that it's any of your goddam business," said Michael, "but my dear wife now wants to go home."

"I just said it didn't matter to me," said Sally. "Once we'd left I didn't want to come back. But you're set on making an ass of yourself."

"Let's both make asses of ourselves, shall we? Here Sally, you're not drinking." He drained his own glass and poured more wine for both of them.

"Don't pay any attention to him," said Sally.

"Don't pay any attention to me. What do you mean? Listen, Dan. Would you like to know what she said when we left?"

"Oh, shut up Michael. You never drink and you don't know how," said Sally.

"She said, 'Michael, just when I'm having fun you always have to be such a sonofabitch and make us go home'."

"Let's play charades," said Dennis Carter.

Dottie, looking pale and holding onto her big middle, said, "Oh, don't fight," but no one heard her. Dottie could not understand why some husbands and wives fought; she and Clyde got along so wonderfully, except for the time she burnt the expensive lamb chops. But when she cried in the bedroom Clyde came in and said he was sorry, that she was his own little lamb chop.

"And then," continued Michael, "She said Dan McIntyre just adores his wife, and Jack and Nelda . . ."

"Two can play that game," screamed Sally.

"Did you make that expression up, Sally?" said Dan McIntyre.

"You know what he said about you, Dan?" said Sally.

"No, but I'm interested."

"He said he can always tell when you're at a party because the minute he walks in he smells gas."

"I'll be the first to admit that," said Dan, jovially. "A bit of the common about me, there is."

"And he said Jack and Nelda's house smells like dog crap."

"I deny that," said Jack. "Otto's been housebroken for months now."

"Michael must have a very sensitive nose," said Nelda.

"I think we'd better be going," said the wife member of the greyish people. "Tommy's getting sleepy."

"Don't you want to hear what he had to say about you and your Tommy?" said Sally, starting to giggle.

"I really think we'd better go. Come Tommy. Thank so much Dottie, Clyde. We'll see you bridge night." They went out carrying their coats.

"Now, Sally," said Clyde in a soothing tone. "You two don't really mean this. Why don't you talk it out instead of eating each other alive this way. You know," he said seriously. "Chewing your husband out in public this way is a form of emasculation."

But Sally had got started now. Her cheeks were red and she kept running her fingers back through her black curly hair. "He said you don't know the meaning of half the words you use, Clyde. Remember earlier you said 'conspishus' when you meant conspicuous?"

"Well, Sally. That's not a kind way to talk, but that doesn't mean you should blabber it all over. He *is* your husband," said Clyde.

"I *am* your husband," said Michael. "Lucky, lucky me."

"That does it," snarled Sally. "When I said, why didn't he like to come over here to visit, he said, 'Visit that big prick and his cow?' "

"Listen," said Clyde. "You can make all the goddam snotty remarks about me you want, but leave my wife alone."

"Oh, Clyde," cried Dottie. "Don't get mad, Clyde."

When Michael wiped the back of his hand over his eyes and got up and went into the bathroom, they all realized he was crying. Everyone sat silently looking at Sally. She glared back at them. She took a swallow of wine and looked at the ceiling.

"Michael," she shouted. "Why do you always have to make me play the heavy?"

Michael came red-eyed from the bathroom and picked up his jacket. "Are you ready now?" he asked.

"No," said Sally.

He turned and left.

"Well, you've done it now, Sally," said Dan McIntyre.

She put her face in her hands. "Oh God, I know it. I'm afraid to go home."

They heard Michael's car start once, die, and then start again. It jerked across gravel as Michael let the clutch out. Then they heard the crash.

"Michael!" Sally was the first one out the door.

Michael had run the car into the telephone pole by the driveway. He sat behind the wheel with his hands to his face. Blood ran through his fingers.

"His glasses," screamed Sally. "His eyes. Oh God, Michael, your eyes."

"Not my eyes," mumbled Michael. "Just a little cut on the forehead."

"Just a cut on the head," said Clyde. "Here. Let me see it."

"Apply a tourniquet," said Dan McIntyre.

"Oh, be quiet, Dan," said his wife.

But the Kittredges ignored the rest of the party standing awkwardly around the car. "Shall I call a doctor?" whispered Dottie.

"Oh, Michael, I'm so sorry," blubbered Sally. She was crying now. "Move over." She got in behind the wheel.

"Here, let me try to start it," said Clyde.

"Get out of here," said Sally. "Everybody get out of the way." She started the car and backed it up. It drove all right except that the left front wheel scraped the fender. Michael put his head on her shoulder and they drove off, the fender making a scraping sound loud on the still night.

"What a nice couple," said Dan McIntyre. "They deserve each other."

"Maybe they're unhappy," said Dottie. "Everybody has bad moods sometimes. I remember the time I burnt the lamb chops, don't you Clyde?"

"Oh, honey. That wasn't anything," said Clyde, kissing the top of her head.

"He works his ass off," said Jack. "All he ever does is sit around and make bibliographies. I thought it would do them good to get out, but I'm sorry I suggested it."

"Well, sometimes students' wives get tired too," said Helen McIntyre, going into the house.

"I'd rather hunt wild boars," said the yellow-bearded sociologist.

"I'm going to get roaring drunk," said Dan McIntyre. He went back into the apartment and everyone followed him except Jack and Nelda.

Although it was late, there were single lights on in many of the married students' apartments. Across the drive a young man sat at a desk, before the window. He rubbed his forehead continually as his eyes moved across his book.

Diapers hung on a line in front of the building, bluish-white in the moonlight. The drive was lined with old cars, tricycles, wagons.

"Oh, look," said Nelda. "Dottie's little lilac bush is starting to bloom."

"I can't wait to get out of this stinking place," said Jack.

"You mean here?"

"I mean this whole place," he said. "The school, the town, the house."

"But it's such a nice house, Jack."

"Better than this place, but not much."

"Well, we'll be done in a couple of months," she said.

"Thank God."

"What'll it be like, Jack?"

"In the first place, we'll have money. No more home brew. No more living on government surplus food. And we'll be really doing something, instead of always getting ready to."

"They'll be out there, too," whispered Nelda.

"Who?"

"Oh, the Kittredges, and everybody else."

"It'll be different," said Jack. "Think of all the good things that are going to happen to us."

After Degas Susan Budny

My Mother in the Morning Stepped

Joe Dionne

My mother in the morning stepped
outside to hang her yellow veil
to dry. And I
walking in the mirrored hall
in the summer of my fourteenth year
wanted my face to clear up
the White Sox to win the pennant
Wolf Larson not to kiss anybody
and the sun to shine
on my mother's yellow veil.

"Zeby" Gibson, fabled short stop
of our sandlot afternoons, wanted
my bike,
to whistle down
the river hill, past the
trucks and trees and baby carriages
so we would think him as daring
as Phil D.'s dad
who once killed a dirty Japanese,
while I
in the shame of my room

at night, where my windows
gave me the street below
and the radio Cincinnati,
when the teeth were
all brushed
and the turtles fed,
wanted his sister.
and the moon to whisper
its cleansing light
on my mother's yellow veil.

Last year Louis R. batted .321 and had
78 R.B.I.'s. Is acne caused
from masturbation or
the handling of turtles on
rainy Thursdays? What does it
matter then to stand
in the mirrored hall waiting
for the veil to dry? I could've
run breathless to Oregon
and become a high-climber, sent
for Annie Gibson

to hang my red-flannel
shirts to dry by her veil
pour me the maple on
my woody breakfast
and lift her sad skirts
to show me the secret. And I did too.
When the radio was off and the teeth
all brushed.

St. Willy Freeman, third base wizard
negro, and patron saint of the fourteenth
year, venerable object
of the two-dollar pilgrimages
to the sacred shrine
of Comiski Park, pray
for the thighs
which held my eyes
shaded
shamefully in my turtle room; and

in the sweet willows of Sunday mornings
when the world sings with
rocking chair boards of white paint porches,
and the ovens filled with goose
gather in the city,
the scent of dinner waiting –
I will cry
for the man who
wanted his face to clear up,
"Zeby" Gibson's sister,
and for the sun shining
on my mother's yellow veil.

Sestina, for myself, perhaps

Stuart Ouwinga

Sometimes there is no song. Do not suppose
because your fifty sonnets caught the fire
of aching intellect, now you can take
a form indigenous to no one's dream
and pour your blood all through it. Ancient molds
resist your novel speech. They cannot hold it.

Now as the world goes green, take time to catch it
off guard, in some chartreuse aspect. Suppose
you glimpse one morning how the bright air molds
each crackling bush into an emerald fire.
Sometimes there is no song but this. The dream
for words wakes to the music words would take.

I fear my words are more than you should take —
you, who are here to sing, and fancy it
the antidote to grief. But in my dream
for your fulfillment, sometimes I suppose
you come too easy to a phrase of fire
then cool it quick within these chilling molds.

Look to the sky. See how the moonlight molds
each cloud into a creature you may take
for some fantastic symbol ringed with fire.
And all the songs that radiate from it
contain a novel note. If you suppose
this is not true, go back, young man, and dream.

And still I fear I have not filled my dream
with what I do not dare to say. These molds
have kept me, closed me from what I suppose
are ecstasies I cannot give or take.
And so I give advice and answer it
in icy theories that fight your fire.

We two are one in something — perhaps fire;
or possibly, the distance of our dream
has pushed us close and we cannot endure it.
I will go on selecting proper molds
to fill with proper blood, and you will take
the formless world for more than words suppose.

Sometimes there is no song. The dream of fire
molds all our music to the form we take.
May I suppose you'll be the one to break it?

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

W. ALLEN TAYLOR sends poems to us from a San Francisco APO address. He remains a mystery.

JOHN STEVENS WADE has published in many small magazines: *Prairie Schooner, The Nation, New Mexico Quarterly, Cambridge Review,* and others. Ten poems will appear in an Anthology, *31 New American Poets,* due soon from Hill and Wang. He recently moved from Co. Galway, Ireland, to Malta.

JOE DIONNE is the first place winner in fiction, and second in poetry of the 1968 Creative Writing Contest at MSU. The winning material is printed here.

MELVYN BUCHOLTZ has previously appeared in RCR. He published his first volume of poems and drawings last year, *Night Animals,* from Toad Press, Melrose, Mass. He will be teaching this fall at two colleges in Boston.

GARY GILDNER is at the Writers Workshop in Iowa. He has previously appeared in RCR and will be reading poetry around Michigan this fall.

STEPHAN HATHAWAY is a former Associate Editor of *Zeitgeist.* He was recently with the Peace Corps in Trinidad.

MARK McKEON won first place in the 1968 Creative Writing Contest at MSU. He is presently a student.

JERRY PARROTT edits *South Florida Poetry Journal* in Tampa. He has had poems in recent issues of *Poet Lore, Ann Arbor Review,* and *Poetry Review.*

OTTONE M. RICCIO is the Editor of *Premiere* in Belmont, Mass. His poems appear in recent issues of *Trace, Ann Arbor Review, Poetry Review, Quartet* and others.

WILLIAM A. ROECKER is Assistant Editor of *Northwest Review.*

HARVEY TUCKER is Editor of *Black Sun Magazine* and has published in *Georgia Review, Prairie Schooner, Southern Poetry Review, Carolina Quarterly* and others. He has also published 11 books of poetry.

ALAN SHRATTER is an engineering student at Michigan State from Alabama.

R. WM. BRYAN recently returned from a summer with STEP in Mississippi and the Creative Writing Conference in Colorado with James Dickey. His poems have appeared in *Zeitgeist, Voices International,* and others.

BARBARA DRAKE has published poems and fiction in *Northwest Review, North American Review, Colorado Quarterly, Epoch* and others. She received an MFA at the University of Oregon and is presently revising a book of poetry.

STUART OUWINGA is a graduate student in Music at Michigan State who is trying to revitalize classical verse forms.

STAFF

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