

Les

Nouveaux

The Literary Magazine
of the

CREATIVE WRITING

Class

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love

love is a fat-cheeked freckled dream of
a youth of a windless day
of a mind blown over a valley
seeing around and everywhere
the same green.

love is a trauma of despair,
the nowhere-ness,
a livid nothingness of a pain of
a rainy day of a mind blown over
a liver blue valley
dark and dead.

love is a twosome thing:
a bit of death
and a whiff of life;
a dream of a fat-cheeked freckled youth
of a windless day.

John Perazzo

There's a silence outside coating a fear
So apprrrent and so shunned.
A reality is not being faced
By those alone in dark pre-sleep beds
With sons and daughters and no tears because
The mind is exhausted and baffled
By the silence.
There is self pity in quiet noice
And hunger, disbelief in intelligence.
There's a yearn for yielding and following children
As time is tugging at sleeves
And hurrying, muffles the truth.
A silence pervades the seagull song,
A silence of prelude
Portentous quietude.
Cold lips quiver in discontent
Breathing incoherent madness-
A steady flow of autos with 'drivers'
Delving into shopping centers
Merging into corn flake counters,
Ignorant of truth standing by the cashier
A chill is sneaking through sterotype communities
Which, kissing comfort, avoid distinction
No one being colors his breath,
Fearing criticism.
There's a silence in seagull dung
And Mr. Tieclip shovels it into plastic garbage cans and shuts the lid,
Snubbing the smell.
A crescendo silence accuring diversions,
Covering its presence:

presence which chases our movements
shuffling over the erratic shadow
crashing into closing doors and
ripping its whole apart in iron zippers
that hide the raw skin, the sore skin,
the skin of deceit and inconsideration,
the skin clinging to unkind phrases
which inturn tears apart the potential love
of youth-
the ivory bleached clorox pimples skin-

A sporadic noise is being smothered in backyard incinerators
As pages of trouble add to pollution-
There's silence in the collision of cars-
Not a sound is sought in pledge of allegiance-
The policeman is inaudible rationalizing a summons.

Our minds are reeking with improbabilities
Our hearts hide from sight of emotion
A fear lingers on and on in the sooted throat
Our intelligence refuses to open
Denying a place for the silence,
We all reek with cowardice
We all smell of TV and race riots.
The silence is tapping the window
While confusion clouds the eyes
And silence screams
In between platitudes of 'good morning'
Its wailing sound overwhelms
Its incessant beat obscures window view
The sun wrinkles and shines in strips,
Sitting on its beauty.
And still an opening is prevented
Indeed, presented as cleverness and accepted
By metropolitan life insurance.

If the silence could seep, wash
In upon the intellect
Without consent,
There is no time for consent
There is only something to do-
A chore
And then another thing isn't done.

Does the window weaken?
Is the glass reinforcer growing weary?
What color is that just beyond the silence?

Carl Nardiello

VERSES IN EARLY MARCH

In their ritual dream dance,
the primitive trees
Are practicing all of their lifts and their swings
For when who-wishing air
of a cloud-hurried breeze
First whispers,
Then sighs,
And finally sings
The hymn of the coming of spring.

David Walz

The Three O'Clock Noise

Gus sat up in bed. It was three o'clock in the morning. He was all alone in his shack which was situated about 300 yards away from the farmhouse. The noise that had awakened him, was the same one that had interrupted his sleep for the past eight nights. He reached over and lit the old kerosene lantern. Gus got up and looked out the small window next to the door. He could see nothing. He walked over to the old easy chair and picked up his jeans. While putting them on over his long-johns, he decided that tonight he'd find out what was making that noise.

After buttoning up his work shirt, he sat down on the bed and laced up his boots. "What inarnation could be makin' that awful noise?" he thought. "I'd better take the lantern out with me." He picked up the lantern and moved toward the door. As he opened the door, he could feel the moist, chilly air of the early autumn morning. He stepped outside making sure to close the door without making a sound. The early morning mist prevented him from seeing very far. He walked very carefully on the grass so as not to step on a twig or make any sound that would frighten whoever or whatever was making the strange noise. As he walked along, the eerie glow emitted by the lantern in the thick mist, the slippery, squishy sounds of the crushing of grass plus the effect of this unnatural weird noise made him very uneasy.

Gus looked back to see what was behind him and he could see the same thing he could see in front of him, nothing. He stopped. The noise had changed from something unidentifiable to that of a shrill staccato laugh. Gus moved forward with a cat-like walk. He stopped again and put the lantern down. It wasn't doing him much good by carrying it, and by leaving it there he could use it as a marker. Gus started moving again. All of a sudden the ground beneath him gave way and he tumbled down into a hole. Shaking off the momentary fear and bewilderment, he stood up and looked around. He could see nothing for it was pitch black. He ran toward a wall and touched it. CONCRETE! "Where the hell am I?" He soon discovered that all of the walls and the floor were made of concrete. He tried climbing out but it was no use. The hole seemed to be about ten feet deep and ten feet square. He became very still and listened. The horrible sound that had awakened him had stopped. The only two things he heard were his heart beating and the sound of his breathing.

"Help! Help!" he cried. "Someone in the farmhouse has to hear me," he thought. "Help! Help!" His screaming was stopped by the trembling of the ground. "Oh no! It can't be! IT CAN'T BE!!!!" The walls of this terrible pit had started moving. They were coming closer and closer. He screamed louder than before. The walls were now about 2 feet apart. "Help! Help!!" He heard a door slam! "Help! Help me! Hurry!!" The walls were now about 1 foot apart and still moving. "Is that you, Gus?" a voice called. "Yes! Over here! Hurry! Help me!" "Where? I can't see a thing!" The walls were now about 6 inches apart. Gus was pressed to both walls, he couldn't move. "Help!" "Keep yelling, I'll find you by your voice." And the walls came closer and closer and closer and closer . . .

A DIALOGUE TO INFINITY

I came,
I saw,
I conquered. What?

Another town was all,
Another costume ball,
Another rotten pall,
Where's the toilet stall?

I think,
Therefore I am. What?

I was young before I was old,
I think.
Yes, I was young before I was old.
Therefore I am
I think.

To be,
Or not to be. What?

That is the question.
Without any question
That is the question
To be,
I agree
not not to be
but be.

I see.
What?
not to be.

I see.
Workers of the world
UNITE!
What?

The world needs uniting,
There's too much fighting,
The fighting's a bore,
Unite and start war.

THOU SHALT NOT KILL
What?

Me.
I think
I came
To be
Seen, conquered, killed or not to be.
THEREFORE I AM!

Oh?

PART II

Life is but a dream.

Why?

I sleep at night
So help me,
tictictic
I sleep at night
So help me,
I dream all day
I do,
I dream all day
toctoctoc
I do.

LET THEM EAT CAKE!

Why?

That's food for thought.
for the cake's sake
eat cake.
cake.
Layer upon layer
Let them eat layer cake.

I have never
Offered
Anything but
Blood
Tears
Toil and
Sweat

Why?

I am lazy all day,
I am busy all night,
When I wake up each day,
I say goodnight.

Blessed are the meek
For
They shall inherit the earth.

Why?

Life is but
Blood
Tears
Toil and
Sweat and
Blessed are the meek
for
I have never
Offered
Anything but
A dream
that
Let them eat cake
and
They shall inherit the earth.

Thanks, God.

A DIALOGUE TO INFINITY II

The pen is mightier than the sword.

When?

I
want
To write
books
for
a
But I am always cut/

A stitch in time
saves nine.

When?

I ripped my coat the other day,
I sewed my coat the other day,
Before nine o'clock,
at eight fifty nine.
at nine

I left it in stitches.

I think
I shall
never see
a poem
as lovely
as
a
tree.

When?

I climbed a tree,
I read a book.
It left me stumped.
I climbed back down,
I closed a book.
I left it stumped.

There was no joy in Mudville that day.

When?

I had a ball
at the bat,
Hit the ball
with the bat.
Then it flew away.

Time and tide wait for no man.

When?

I think that I shall never see
A stitch in time
Mightier than the sword

that made

the pen
as lovely
as
a
tree

in Mudville that day
waited for no man

which

time and tide
saved nine.

as

Hmmm.

Give me liberty or give me death!

No.

No what?

No question.

What???

Not what,

Not anything,

Death.

Witt Halle 1967

For Sue

Hello little one
love child
flower eyes, but black
like your hair
in mounds and waves
and falling down your back

You speak of love
and acid
and seventeen long boredom years
and the freaky people
you so want to be a part of

come closer
I'm not old
and yet
perhaps I am
and your costumed age is
shown as trickery by your eyes

a kiss
perhaps
and love
at least a learning time
for both
or maybe
just a dreaming kind
of loneliness

Jack Smith

Pleasing thoughts of dreams once a reality passed unnoticed far beneath the waste infesting experience and commitment. The faint taste of bliss is embittered with each swallow of life. Beside existence, lament has secured infinite protection, who selfishly harbors her son, and stands armed with negation and abdication. Beyond the sphere of innocence, in which virtue was born and lives 'til eternity, the spectre of truth stumbles, and caresses the earth grateful to expire, in a strange and forsaken land. Coroner's examination revealed causes of death as unknown, but honestly, can coroners be trusted to tell the truth.

The itinerant spirit of perspective but recently asked to evaluate the depredation of moral and virtue in Byron's parlor. Insurmountable evidence seemed destined to destroy further nourishment of flower seeds. Mothers picketed outside and the tears of vanished virtue dropped upon the heads of the arrow figured magistrates.

Richard Basceth

BENCHES

In a small and silent blank-walled chapel,

girls are sitting, staring

at the whorled and knotty ancient wildwoods,

tortured into uprightness

Save one

whose heart shouts, loud and strong

now the sap has started dancing

irrepeatably gay brook tunes,

measure - reckless songs.

David Walz

Boulangier House

Alfred T. Hinch, Chairman of the Board of Directors of Hinch, Squire and Rhodes Construction Company, has just adjourned the meeting. He picks up his hat and coat from the huge sofa that faces the picture window of his 36th floor executive office and proceeds to his private elevator. The cute, blond elevator operator receives his wink with a light pink blush on her cheeks. Arriving at the 1st floor, he leaves, winking again and gets into his gold Rolls-Royce. "To the Boulangier House, Arthur," he commands his driver, with the firmness of a drill sergeant and the gentleness of a nursery school teacher.

At the club he is escorted by a hostess to his table. Friends gather 'round and they all sit and talk for awhile. After a few hours of drinking and talking, he signs the check, gets back into his car and leaves for home.

When he arrives at the estate, his beautiful wife meets him at the door and greets him with a kiss. "How did it go, Dear?" "Usual," he answers. "I'm going into the study for awhile. I'll see you at dinner." Alfred Hinch's study is a major library within itself. It contains many volumes of rare works. He sits down in his big, brown leather chair and relaxes. He feels himself dropping off to sleep.

A loud noise awakens him. Alfred T. Hinch rolled off his cot and shut off his alarm. He pulled on his overalls and put on his T-Shirt. First thing was to take out the garbage cans and then check to see that the front door of his building was open. "Darn it," he said, "some day I'm gonna finish dat dream!" When he leaned down to tie his shoes that would complete his janitor's uniform, he found a pack of matches lying next to them. It read: BOULANGER HOUSE.

Bob Lazarowitz

Return to homes past - Red Hook

Broken windows, decorated with childrens' blood
Grace the pavement of my home.
Female cadavers dance in the streets
Lifting their dresses for all to see.
And while a rodent samples a sweet;
A child rats the dust of tyranny.

Harry Shaw - 1967

Telegram

All through life Arnold Prescott dreamed of money. When he was a kid, all his friends were rich, while he was poor. When he was a teenager, all his friends had plenty of money, while he worked for only a few dollars a week. Then he became a middle-aged white collar worker with enough to afford a few luxuries but not enough to make him satisfied.

One morning while getting ready to go to work, he received a telegram. It said that a rich old aunt of his had died and that he was mentioned in her will. It was going to be read that morning in a lawyer's office in a building downtown.

Mr. Prescott called the office and said he would be late. "Jean, Jean," he called, "take a look at this." Jean Prescott came downstairs from the bedroom where she had just finished cleaning. "What is it dear?" "It's a telegram," her husband said. "Read it." Jean's facial expression changed from that of a tired housewife to that of a child who had just received the biggest lollipop in the world. "That's just wonderful darling." They hugged and kissed. "You'd better hurry dear or you'll be late for the reading," she warned. "O.K.," replied Arnold. "Listen," he said, "get a babysitter for the kids and we'll go out and celebrate tonight." He kissed her again and left.

Mrs. Prescott sat herself down at the kitchen table. She couldn't believe what was happening. She had spent the first half of her life as a poor child, never having enough money for anything. Then she got married and spent the second half nagging her about not earning enough. Her wish had finally come true. She got up from the table and started preparations for that evening.

Arnold Prescott was driving downtown. This was his biggest wish in life. MONEY! He was planning how to spend it already. He parked the car in a "no parking" area in front of the building. "What do I care," he thought, "when I come out of this building again, I'll be able to buy the Police Force."

He rode the elevator to the 28th floor and walked into the lawyer's suite. Everyone was there. All his uncles and aunts and cousins and his brother. The lawyer began to read: "I want to thank everyone for being so kind and generous to me while I was alive. As a means of appreciation, I leave to my brother Fred and his wife Clara my house and its belongings, to my nephew Frank, I leave my three automobiles, and to my nephew Arnold, who has been the most wonderful nephew a person could have, the sum of two million dollars." He almost fainted. TWO MILLION BUCKS. Unbelievable. Arnold received the usual piercing glances from everyone, but he couldn't care less. Two million bucks. The lawyer presented him with the check. All kinds of thoughts ran through his head, "No more work. Invest and I could double it. Etc. etc. etc."

He took the check down to the bank. He had an idea. As a surprise for his wife, he would cash the check and take all the money home, then bring it back in the morning to the bank before the story could hit the street.

Arnold walked out of the bank with his attache case in his right hand. He walked over to the car and removed the green ticket with a laugh. He got in and drove. On the way home he could not help thinking about what had happened. Two million dollars. Wow!! But before he knew it he was coming head on to a gasoline truck.

After the fire was extinguished, by the thirty-five or so firemen, the rescue squad straightened the car right side up. All that was recognizable was a metal clasp on the front seat. The fireman picked it up with fire-proof gloves. "It looks like a lock or something from a briefcase," he said. "Whatever it was that was in that must have been pretty important," said the two rescue men as they pulled the charred remains of a body wrapped around a briefcase out of the wreckage.

Bob Lazarowitz

I

We marched 150,000 strong to end the war
It had never been done before
And
we were proud.
Our poets wrote
Our singers sang
While we grew in age and wisdom.
Politicians were condemned as the robots
They had been taught to be by us.
Religion became a thing of despair
Or a personal individual hell
Or a hallucinogen instead of an opiate.
A man who was killed

said

We will have war
until the flower
Becomes as great and as respected
as the mushroom

So we dug our trenches
And
we waited.
Heinlein

Bradbury

Tolkien

Farina

Burroughs

and Pynchon

Were our eclectic bible
And perhaps for some

a little more afraid
and a little less sure

Mao

and

Stokely

were

giants

But that too was frightening.
Between the momentary eternities of debate
The people looked and saw the gap widen
And the new philosophers looked over their shoulders
And saw again a thing of fear
For those who came behind

were not

the same as they

were perhaps

as different

as those who went before

And the gap widened there also.

II

There was a man once
Sent from god
His name was

Mind.

He drew psychedelic designs on his face
And built the new world church
And saw heaven and hell pass away
Making a new reality
By condemning the plastic
that was really only sand in mutilation
While he loved the sand

(Thanx Calif.)

He sang hymns

that told the world

to wear flowers in their hair

if they should come to San Francisco

And to try again another time

(The Pearls Before Swine)

And the fugs

were fearful prophets of doom.

Broadsides worn on buttons spread the gospel

the new good news

like

Support your local Hobbit

and

Grok

and

Where is Lee Harvey Oswald now that we need him

and

If it moves fondle it

But only as many read them

as read the old.

The people searched for being

at be-ins

And Some found bananas

While others lost forever

A man walked through the Newest Jerusalem
Asking
 bearded prophets and
 vestal promiscuøesses
What Have You Seen Today
Most were as blind as the pagans they despised
And many didn't care.
Too bad
 Diogenes-Jones
Something might be happening
if you knew what it was.

Jack Smith

the day that beauty died

the day that beauty died
they came to mourn in long pink cadillacs;
the uninvited watched t.v.,
made idle comments,
noticed

 how fat so-and-so had gotten

and

how old whats-her-name now was.

one woman who had overslept asked yawningly, "who died?"

"really?"

"did i know him?"

while others ruffled t.v. guides
to see how long this thing would last.

reporters and columnists climbed all over each other
when someone discovered a little boy
crying his fat cheeks raw;
"did you

 know him?" they wanted to know;

"what was he really liked?" another asked.

several authors had already begun books.
a well-known pharmaceutical company was confident
something could be synthesized;
and a college professor was quoted
in his determination not to let truth die also.

when it came time to eulogize,
none could think of a clever thing to say;
so loud musak was played while someone membled muffledly
into a disguised telephone directory.

and when the deceased was finally interred,
one well-meaning man
lowered his voice
and said, "thank god, he had no dependents."

John Perazzo

