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Return to Homes Past - A Collection of Poetry

I

Return to Homes Past

Come with me, come with me please
On a brief journey,
To homes past and homes remembered.
Come and meet the people I've known
Meet Mr. Stevens, meet Mr. Robbins.
Stop at Joe's place for a drink.
Visit the old church.
Visit Veranda Place.
See what I've seen, as I've seen it.
Linger where I've lingered.
I don't ask you to like it
Only to come,
Only to return with me
To homes past.

II

Veranda Place

Ghosts of blurred memories still reside
Silent ghosts of yesterday haunt the home
Where I lived many years before
As a child living with past people
Mr. Stevens was there and Mr. Robbins
They all lived within crying distance, laugh-
ing distance
They affected me one way or the other way
While the house did the same
With its recurring echo of happiness
Coupled with the cold whisper of death
Its sometimes shady rooms brought me visions
Of large terrifying ghouls draped in dark gowns
Ready to steal me away to their dungeons of horror
While at other times the rooms had good and gentle
things to offer
Like the sunlight on a summer day
The comfort of watching snow fall safe from the
elements
Or the feeling of breathing which suggested life
within the walls
Which arrested any feeling of loneliness when alone
All this the house did for me
It frightened and spared me from the world outside
But houses contain people who live in them
They build the house after the contractor's finished
Or destroy it ahead of the demolition team
Here come some shapes now
They shape their houses in either way
Meet them: Mr. Stevens and Mr. Robbins

Return to Homes Past - continued

III

Mr. Stevens

Mr. Stevens kind, dear man
Sells his candy next to the
 We'll-accept-almost-anything store.
With his flowers and sweets, Mr. Stevens is his
 trade.

Casting a hand to a child who needs it.
Asking for nothing, except to be kind.
He lives from day to day
In the hope that someone will need him.

He sees Mr. Robbins and tries to hide his pity.
Languish is a familiar face
And Mr. Stevens has seen it, known it.
But now he can laugh at it unafraid.
His weaknesses protect him
His love of children protect him
From the fate that befell Robbins.

IV

Mr. Robbins

He's tired of trying, bothered with living
Mr. Robbins, neither forgiving his memories.
Caught up in his longings for peace,
He seeks relief in a bottle of wine.
Bottle of wine - nectar of the Gods
The Gods have denied him.
Denied him the riches to seek relief.

Work the whores, work the pimps
Work the pushers all of them.
There's your staff for godly riches.
There's your key to greatness.
All those lousy whores and bitches.
Work them work them all of them
Whispers the voice of doom.

Work them I did, answers Robbins
Work them I did those thieves and butchers
Work them I did those pimps and pushers
Work them I did he says to his bottle

I am Robbins! I am King!
King of what? I can't imagine.
King of shit! the gods all whisper
From the bottom of the bottle.

Mr. Robbins - Continued

But the bottles are not one
They are many of different sizes
And shapes
Each containing its own spirit
And the bottles too are contained
Contained in great number at Joe's Place
Which is right around the corner from here

Joe's Place

Now's the time to stop for a drink.
To stop for a drink and pause to think.
There's the corner; there's the entrance.
Read the sign, Joe's Place, that's right.
Next block from desperation row,
It's open almost all night.

There're some drunken men swaying to an
old time tune.
They're feeling drowzy, sentimental, and
sometimes kind.
But don't forget, it's your show:
A story a shot
A penny a pimp
A dime a pickup
Then what?

Talking about priests and children, war and peace.
"You gotta be quick," says a senile whore
"You gotta know what you want in life."

But now don't say anymore
Cause it's almost a quarter to four.
The lights go out.
The bouncers bounce.
The drunks go home to their families

Lonely men sleep with lonely women.
The pimps give instructions to customers.
Someone vomits on the sidewalk.
An unfinished drink is fed to a flower pot
Containing weeds and an underfed rose
The door is being closed.
Good Night.

Someone gets loud as I go for the door
The flower pot lies smashed on the floor.
Joe who always is tidy and neat
Throws the particles out in the street

Return to Homes Past - continued

V

A battered rose feeds the remembered street
Chalked up by children seeking relief
From real things which are the greater dangers.
Candy stores next to pawn shops
Soda fountains next to liquor stores.
Mr. Johnson talking to children
Mr. Sweeny talking to pimps.

The park is a million miles it seems
From upset children seeking sanctuary
From angry parents wanting to be childless.

And while a beggar bums from another
A little girl sings to her doll
Happy songs - about God and goodness
Happy songs - about mothers and flowers
Happy songs - that died without her knowledge.

Still she sings unafraid of the final closing
Door to those who aged to the death of adulthood
They can enter the cage of reality
While she and all like her
Sing to their dying dolls
The song of forgotten childhood
And looking on is the battered rose
Slightly dying each day too.

VI

Rainbowed rays of solid brightness
Penetrate the red-hook rain
Pavements are like stepped-on steel
Mirrors showing clouds' explosions

This I watch from my front window
Many raindrops visit me
On the pane they start their dancing
Graceful, flowing, all for nothing
All for nothing they are free

On the street are people fleeing
Grey-white clouds exploding now
Gangs have hidden in their ratholes
Pushers won't push dope today

But poor old Stevens kind dear man
Cannot sell his goods today
Cannot talk to lonely children
Cannot care for battered flowers
Has to flee lest he would die

VI Continued

Both have fled - the dear and ill
Except the rose that doesn't mind
The loneliness of falling rain
The days pass as the rain clears
The holiest day of the week is here

VII

Garbage flies on a sunday afternoon
A child cried, for its face is bruised
By the neighborhood bully, exercising his fists.
Who hurls a strawberry colored switch blade
into the sun.
And proclaims himself God
To all the crying children
He beat up.
Then three more of the same,
Beat up on him.
And soon the neighborhood bully lies slain.
Murdered by his own knife.
And under him, lies the child he's beaten
Crying louder than before
Later he'll walk to the drugstore.
And not buy the crucifix, for \$1.29.
He'll just look at it,
And wonder what it's used for.
It has no meaning here,
Not even on sunday.

VIII

A haunted house - it was sometimes called,
The old church, composed of bricks and age.
A child, I wanted to explore it,
To happily see its dark corners,
Corners similar to all churches.
My church is a dominant master;
Who demands rigidity from me.
No talking except to mumble words.
With the crowd there present all the time.
Have mercy on us, have mercy on . . .
I wanted so much to be alone -
To be by myself in the old church.
But the door was nailed closed bolted,
Because no one prayed there anymore.
What did I do or say in my church?
I sometimes prayed meaningless prayers.
I mumbled along with the crowd there.
But I sometimes thought of the old church.
This time without its forbidding door,
Or this church, my church, crumbling slow.
With me alone happy inside it.
Then I could explore and be alone.
Then I could be at peace and maybe
If He exists, I could be with God.

Conclusion

We're coming back to the present.
My stay at homes past helped me see what I am.
I am those places and I am a robber.
I stole the people there and made them me.
I saw the events and wrote them down
in the diary of my poems.

My homes helped me see and hear, touch and be touched
By beauty and horror, order and chaos, life and death.
With me is the certain knowledge of my own uncertainty,
The consistency of my own confusion,
The consistency of all confusion
And it must be written.

Poetry is the uncertain photograph of life.
It is the negative of the positive.
And I am the photographer of blurred images
For life is the unknown picture.
I am the poet of myself and life.

But pictures are made to be shown.
The photographer shares his work with the world.
World, share my work with me!

END

Harry Shaw

Bastard Child

What good are raven locks
and cells lumped
to form a form of
some distinction
When that inside is rotten
and reeks with the stench of fear
Inadequate to not be injurious to thee
Lie in wait for that last judgement
Finely featured face
and oneway mirror eyes
turned inward
to find only
this bastard child

Lydia Milite

if she were a True Servant
would she have indeed stayed
with him
after all,
disregarding the handsome young oak
growing in the garden
whose branches would encompass her and
lose
its leaves
in her hair.

She was
every inch
A Fine Handmaiden.
but every night
after she would meet her lover under the arbor
she would
sneak
to the brazen young oak and
run her hands across his trunk,
and kiss his leaves and,
occasionally,
would sit on his roots and pour out endearments,
sad and forlorn
of her unrequited love of the: red maple.

the oak
in turn
would-wrap his leaves
About Her
and Flower
all over the lawn.

One night,
under the light of the moonless,
her human lover offered
his hand
in marriage, and she took it up
lifting it with the utmost of care,
and put it in her pocket.

That Very Night
when she saw her
demon-oak,
he lifted UP a branch
and wh
ip
ped it
acr
oss
her
face!

"Treason!" she cried!
the branches encircled her
and the
leaves smothered her
until a nearby farmer came
with a pair of
pruning shears.

never.
she never went back to the
tree
after that,
but if she had she would have seen
that the yard was

filled with sap
and dead
leaves.

the roots of the old oak
were dry, the trunk peeled off.

she never married
but lives in the forest with a
pink magnolia

and has
two illegitimate blossoms and a
small
sapling.

and sometimes
she takes the
sapling upon
her
roots

and sighs.

Andrea Jay

I never denied the wet slap of a ball
bouncing at waters' edge
nor
the children's laughter vibrating in sympathy
with the heat of the day.....
I never shied away from confrontations
of innocence
hurled across my room--a curve dropped
off a table's edge---

I strove mightily for a moment of involuntary immersion
an immersion holy, descended from John's gentle hands.

My gaze always turned inward
failing sight held me captive
as the moments of truth moved quickly by
signs to be read as my car sped on
a summer night along the Belt Parkway...

All these verities
immutable?
or shifting endlessly--a Braque-like dream--

The siren's song dances by windows open halfway
to the night
shifting chrysalis shimmers in quarter tones of reason

I never denied realities' song
rumbling atonally, assaulting twelve-tone
eyes.....myopic ears
I only affirmed what was seen
stood fast
whispered good-bye to my youth
remained constant in universal reason.....

Donald Eismann

TOBAY-JUNE 7, 1968

Years had passed, their movement
 only now discernable by
the different sounding waves
 slipping slowly over the same sands....
Graceful Unicorns still drank and
came away tasting brine
 bitter on delicate tongues...
Seasons registered their changing
 as unchanging indentations
over which now strode the Unicorns...
 COULD THE NORTHERN STAR SHINE....ANymore?
Our beach never changes yet
 always alters lying
 crowded
 baked
 dying at day..

Unchanging-----Alteration
 Beads of fire
dripping molten silica fusing
our yesterday tighter to sorrow.

Where have we gone in our brief absence?
 Not travelled over moonbeams
never glimpsed the Grail
 no conversations with Godot..
sitting we sipped our sherry
 oversaw the laying of the stone
nodded once.....and left.

 We were only passing through
passing dune high
 a last look then on...
But now, who has seen Xanadu
 felt in an instant the years slide away
flowing as the grains do white underfoot
 who returns smiling
when the only Unicorn left no longer even drinks..

Donald Eismann

DAVY CROCKETT GOES TO WASHINGTON

Down a green stream a b'ar wades,
Slowing the flow of the bullish water,
Forcing shanty eyes in the meadow
And cellar mouths in the ghetto
To cry for one more famine drop
Before dying in the dying, circling, meandering, river
Rheumatically sewing its way through the forests,
Setting the pace for history.

But from the forests a hero comes:
(The King of the Wild Frontier)
(Ole Betsy panting on his shoulder,
And Micky Mouse singing in his mind
Thoughts of animated Fantasyland,)
Davy Crockett slurs magical paints,
Reflecting buckcoonskin honesty
("Be sure you're right, then go ahead.")
To shanty eyes and cellar mouths.

And from the cartoon depths of his elocution
(The King of the Wild Frontier)
The image of the b'ar clouds the wind,
And the faces of the masses are splashed
By the image of the green stream,
And the voice of Davy Crockett is changed
To the image of a snarling b'ar,
Until, frenzied beyond the fear of famined water,
They elect the hero to conquer the b'ar
And rejuvenate the meandering river.

As the muddy brown tongue of the bottom sucks at his heels,
Davy Crockett wades into the stream,
("Be sure you're right, then go ahead.")
Grunts once at the growling b'ar,
Then kills him with Ole Betsy.
(Chalk up another climax for the ole one.)

The bullish waters return,
Flood the meadow and swamp the ghetto,
As Davy Crockett rides towards the setting sun
In search of Santa Ana and a new river,
In search of a New Frontier.
("Be sure you're right, then go ahead.")

Witt Halle

Bottled up
within my mind
scenes of emptyness
merging with patterns of what is known
You were fluid grace
sinuously sliding past my years
now you jump
 stacatto movements against my eyes
I cannot comprehend nor
place in context
your nowness with
 my yesterday
Vision unkinetic
a new numbness falls
over our lives
revealed---the chimera
of moments shared.....

Donald Eismann

BILLIE'S CLUB

WILLIE SUTTON STOLE A BOOK,
 ("SING, SING," DID THE ANGELS SEND HIM?)
BILLIE'S CLUB WAS BOTHERED,
AND INCARCERATED HIM,
AND CONFISCATED THE BOOK,
 THE BODY OF EVIDENCE.

THE BOOK NOW LIES IN THE CEMETARIUM,
 (PART OF THE CATHOLIC MULTIVERSE)
WHERE BOY-GAMES ARE PLAYED BY MEN,
WHERE THESE DEAD-WATER BARNICLES SPIN A WEB
OF ABSTENTION AND DOGGED DERISION
OVER MEDITATIONS OF CONTRADICTIONS,
WHERE NERONORMAL ENERGY AGITATES
THE INSTILLMENT OF DISTILLMENT
SO THAT ALL MIGHT WITHER IN THE FIRE,
WHERE PROVOCATIONS ARE REVOCATIONS
OF RESTIVE ADUMBRATIONS.

THE BOOK LIES BY ITSELF,
 (HAMLET IS SECOND ONLY TO JESUS)
COMMITS FRATRICIDE ON ITS PEOPLE,
CALLS IT EUTHANASIA OF A STEEPLE,
YET THE CHARACTERS REMAIN:
 Jay Christian healed the blind,
 And became blind himself,
 Luke Matthews wrote on him,
 Mark Johnson did likewise,
 Gospel gossipers both,
 Jay Christian they did bethroth.

PAWNBROKER TETZEL READ THEM,
IN HIS INDULGENCE SHOP,
BUT HE OVERINDULGED,
DEMANDED TOO MUCH,
SO LUTHER CHEAPSON QUIT,
AND OPENED HIS OWN SHOP,
DROPPED NINETY-FIVE FECES,
THEN FELL FROM HIS PERCH,
WHEN HE CRAVED PURITY
AT AN ORGY FOR WORMS.
 (HERE HE STOOD,
 HE COULD DO NO MORE.)

BUT CALVIN PRICE QUIT WITH HIM,
WITH A JUSTIFICATION
OF PREDESTINATION,
WHICH FOUND ITS STATION
IN THE CATHOLIC MULTINATION.
 (SAVONAROLA SAID:
 " THE ASS ALONE SAW ANGELS.")

(cont.)

BILLIE'S CLUB

THE BOOK LIES,
SO IRONCLAD RAMS HOLD CABINET MEETINGS
INSTEAD OF MASSES,
AND A FREE-SOIL MACHINE
INDULGES THE GRIMY LIONS OF CITIES,
UNTIL WILLIE SUTTON FINDS A KEY,
AND STONES BILLIE'S CLUB,
WHERE THE ICON LASTS UNTIL ICONOCLASTS.
("JUDGE THE FATHERLESS,
PLEAD FOR THE WIDOW.")

Witt Halle

Not so holy Joan

She is beseeched by thousands
To remain with shouts of
Encore, Encore and shadowed screams
Of "my eyes have seen the glory"

Great Joan descends from the
Glorified labyrinth. Tears of
Ice fall upon marshmallow breasts,
And angels regale their bride
With mosaic reflections of a recent apocalypse.

A barefoot heroine leads her
Own procession. Arching her back,
She tilts her sacred side toward
A visible star, raises her arm
And allows a limp palm to be kissed by the sun.

The narrowing, disfigured streets,
Are richly decorated with
The dancing eyes of potters and
Strawmen, straining to catch
A glimpse of a maiden's prance.

A fair portrait of visions
Walks over whitewashed cobblestones,
Cleansed with the blood of
Three black lambs, owned by an
Old Jew. Her holy feet are clean.

Unselfish, consecrated servant
Of grace is deafened by the
Blasting sounds of trumpets,
Calling her fame. The noble spirit
Rises with each note from heaven.

Helpless, frightened blindmen
And wonted mary janes reach out
With screaming, hysterical hands
To halt the ascent of a witch.

Continued

There is a zoo in the sky.
Joan sits snuggled between
The warm expressions of a
Good Humor Man and W. C. Fields
Who fills his pockets with strange candy.

A fungus-like darkness creeps down
Upon the house imprinted with
Photographic windows. Yesterday's
Friends have come and gone. Today,
The ominous stare of forgotten souls
Frightens them away.

The clouds are sick, but will not die.
The skies, outstretched
Across the cancerous bed,
Wait to witness an execution.

The maladroit archbishop
Secures the double knot around
The lacerated wrists, binds
Her feet to the stake, and
Walks away, his white satin robe
Raised by a crippled boy.

Against the hallowed
Symmetrical wall, the
Silhouette of a magdalen
Slowly burns away.

The only sound that can be heard,
Are the sands of time slipping away
To meet history.

Richard Bascetta

Uncle Harry

Sick, weary, bleary-eyed man, with a bottle of pills he doesn't take,
With a bottle of dreams he doesn't sleep.
Nowhere, nothing to do, except play the tomatoes' role
On the set, called the living stage.

But he is not alone; perverted dreams follow him
The impotent groin has a sick substitute.
Big busted girls covering him, sucking him.
Little boys in bathtubssmiling.
Big boys blushing; all for him they rush.
All for him they rush.

He came to our home running from circumstances.
He changed his name many times; I learned them all
Mr Werner, Mr Otten, Uncle Harry was him who wanted me
But I could never call him father or dad
Uncle harry finally stuck and I called him that

I can sometimes remember some happy times we had
An occasional handball game
But they were rare indeed
I remember the bottles the sentimental drunks
The fear of him when I was naked out of the bath tub
And Fears unknown to me the attempted seduction of my sister
My mother debased and untouchable
And many horrors unmentionable
This uncle harry gave me
This was his gift
Yet he was so pity-full

I have not seen him again

But his memories linger
Forever in my mind

Harry Shaw

"The Reflections of Janet Calloway"

Janet Calloway turned her face from one side to the other while looking in the mirror, glancing at this wrinkle and that one; and then she decided that the hour and a half she had spent applying makeup was unequal to the effort.

Earlier in the morning she had received a telephone call from Barney Plattel, who told her that he would be over at her house around 5:00. She did not question this declaration but hung up the phone with a contented exhalation of breath.

She had not seen Barney in weeks; in fact, she had not seen any man in weeks and the gnawing feeling she got in the pit of her stomach became the cynosure of her recognition of growing age.

She looked again into the mirror but there was still no improvement. She thought it made little difference since she had a wonderful personality. She smiled. Her teeth were turning from yellow to brown, but still--there was a trace of vivaciousness, she thought. She rose from the chair and put her bathrobe over her nude frame. Then she went into the bathroom to brush her teeth for the third time that day.

Janet was 37. She had long, black hair, green almond-shaped eyes, a slightly curved nose and a thin, well-shaped body. But in the past few years she had forgotten that beauty is not eternal and had not taken care of herself. All she cared for was men, a bedroom and a dimmed light. As a result, she had acquired wrinkles on her face that made her look older than 37; she had eaten too many rich foods so that her stomach looked five months pregnant, and she had ceased to brush her teeth. Today was the first time she had brushed them in months. Nevertheless, she still had an aura of beauty and she knew that sooner or later a man would again call her.

She came out of the bathroom and started dressing, putting on, finally, a yellow chiffon cocktail dress which ended four inches above her knees. She was content. Feeling young again in a dress meant for one much younger and with much thinner legs, she thought she could sense the rise of her hidden charms onto her outer frame.

Always, at least through her thirtieth birthday, she had been known for her high, if not perverted, sense of humor. She had been known for her ability to communicate with any level of man, rich or poor, intelligent or moronic (she could not even approach other women much less talk to them); and she was known to exude some undefined quality that made men feel at ease. It could have been her sultry beauty or her out and out craving for sex, yet no man who came in contact with her was sure. But in the last seven years she had lost her charm and this, added to her loss of beauty, had slowed the progress of men to her door. Janet thought this was only due to the wrinkles in her face; she still believed she was the possessor of great sociability.

It was 5:00 and Barney had not yet arrived. She remembered him from a dance about a year ago where they had talked quietly for five minutes and then had retired to her apartment. She saw him only once after that, again at her apartment, when she had come back from shopping and had found him in her bed, undressed and waiting impatiently. Barney was a nice guy, she thought, if only he would come more often and not treat her like some warm vegetable.

She went into the living room and to the liquor cabinet, where she poured herself a shot of scotch. As she swallowed it, the doorbell rang, so she shoved the used glass back in the cabinet, wiped her lips on her bare arms, straightened out her dress and then walked quickly to the door. In the meantime, the bell had rung again.

She opened the door and Barney came in with a quick step and a bright smile. He was about an inch taller than Janet, had his brown hair in a short crewcut under which was a red, scraggy, unshaven face. He wore a wide houndstooth jacket with tight black chinos and a soiled white shirt with an open collar. In his hand he had a burning cigarillo.

"How's my girl," he asked jovially, taking her into his arms and pressing her close. She did not resist but was a bit dismayed by the odor of Barney's body. She kissed him on the neck and answered, "Great, sweetie; where the hell have you been the last few months?"

"Around, baby, around. Made a lot of money."

"That's what you said the last time." She pulled away, walked over to the liquor cabinet and poured two double scotches on the rocks. She gave him one, looked slyly into his eyes, and said, "Cheers."

"Yeah....So what have you been doing?"

"Nothing much. I've been sick for the past few weeks," she lied.

"Nothing I'll catch, I hope."

She smiled and walked to the couch. "Don't worry Barney, the only thing you'll catch from me is what you're after." She laughed at this reply, considering it quite clever and witty. Barney did not laugh but went to the couch, sat beside her and kissed her violently. She could taste the tobacco from his cigarillo on his tongue, but she was too excited to care, too excited even to notice that he had unzipped her pretty yellow chiffon dress and was undoing her bra. Then his large, sweaty hand went to work and Janet lost herself. It was the first time in months and she was not about to let it go to waste. She let him take off her clothes completely and carry her into the bedroom where he immediately turned out the light, undressed, and hopped into bed with her. From the living room where the chiffon dress, meant for a young girl, was lying strewn upon the floor, came loud and breathless pants, rhythmical creaks, whispers loud and soft, and silence.

At about ten o'clock they re-entered the living room, Barney completely dressed and Janet completely nude.

"Drink, hon?"

"Sure, babe," answered Barney, lighting up another cigarillo.

"When did you start smoking them?" asked Janet.

"Why? Don't you like 'em?"

"Not particularly."

"Tough."

"What did you say?"

"Tough."

"That was uncalled for." She put her drink on the table beside the sofa and sat down, still undressed. Barney looked at her, smiled, swallowed the rest of his drink, laughed, and said, "You're getting ugly."

Janet jumped up. "Who the hell are you to talk to me like that? You had fun tonight."

"Sure, babe, but there's no hiding the facts. It doesn't seem like you're even trying to hide them." He gave her a lecherous glance. She quickly picked up her dress and held it to her frame.

"B-Barney?"

"Yeah?"

"Why did you come tonight?"

He went over to her, pinched her on the buttocks and replied, "For this, babe. You ain't ugly in that department."

"But ain't I nice?"

"Sure, real nice..."

"I don't mean it that way. I..."

"I do, babe. He grabbed the dress from her and threw it behind him. Then he grabbed her and started playing with her. She tried to resist but began aching instead. She knew what a fool she had been made of already but she could not stop. "Please Barney, please. Just one more time."

Barney said nothing but continued fondling until Janet gasped for breath and could only stand by the strength of Barney who was smiling coldly with the cigarillo firmly entrenched between his teeth. She was still pleading for Barney to take her to bed when he let her go, let her fall to the ground in a nude heap of stomach flab, brown teeth, wrinkled face and dishevelled hair. As she lay there he crossed over to the door, looked back and said, as he opened the door, "Thanks a lot babe, I'll be back in a couple of months when I got nothing else. I'll do you a favor and send up some of my friends." He then closed the door behind him.

Janet was still panting on the floor, her legs writhing to and fro. After a minute or so she got up, lit a cigarette and fixed herself another drink. Her mind was numb and she did not try to think, but as soon as she had finished her drink and smoke, she went into the bedroom, turned on the light, looked in the mirror and began to cry.

How ugly, she thought, how terribly ugly. He fooled me, that's for sure. I shouldn't have let the no-good bastard in, in the first place. He defiled me. He DEFILED me! Goddammit anyhow.

She got up to go wash herself in the bathroom. As she started for the door she looked back into the mirror where she saw a reflection of her nude frame. It's really not bad, she thought. It's really good, too good for that no-good Barney.

She decided not to wash herself because she felt so tired. Instead, she took one last look at her profile in the mirror, caressed her bosom for a moment, then turned out the light and entered the warm, sweaty bed. All she thought of was the fact that Barney had defiled her. The no-account son-of-a-bitch had defiled HER. But as she fell toward sleep, she felt quite warm and wished Barney was beside her to defile her again and again and again and....

by Jove

CONSIDER
THE SHOE SHINE MAN
ON THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY

HE DAILY DEPENDS
ON THE LAZINESS
OF THE WORLD

AND KNEELS
TO PRODUCE RESPECTABILITY
FOR A QUARTER

HIS CRY
IS NOT UNLIKE THE ALMSMAN

SHINE
SHINE
SHINE.....FOR THE LOVE OF ALLAH

JACK SMITH

The Riddle

It is whistling again,
Last night it chimed like Big Ben,
Tonight it's like a windy train;
Paradox of whistles,
Enigmas of chimes,
And Tomorrow? And Tomorrow?

There is puzzlement in the quiet noise
--a jingling question mark on The Head-
less Horseman--

And it whistles again;
Ears melt into formlessness,
Voiding even the echoes,
There is a galaxy of silence
Accented by the whistles;

Mary bows on her calloused knees,
Her melted ears listening to silence,
And even she is forgotten;

Do I hear or do I feel?
Is the whistle only real?
And why don't my ears melt?
Is it that I don't care
What the answer is to the whistle?

It is whistling again;
They don't know
And I don't care.

Witt Halle

SEE-SAW EYES
DON'T STAND SO FAR AWAY
SADDENED SKIES
LONELY SIGHS
DRIPPING IN THE BAY
QUIET EYES
 THROWING CRIES
TO PASSERBYS
I'VE STOPPED TO LOOK
HAVE BEEN CARRESSED
AND YET
 MUST TURN AWAY

ANDY FRAENKEL

Witt Halle

Andy Fraenkel

Frances Frederick

STAFF

Sonald Arno Eismann

Janie Freedman





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Richard Bascetta • Jack Smith • Harry Shaw • Andrea Joy • Andy Fraenkel • Donald Eismann • Witt Halle • Lydia Milite • *CONTRIBUTORS*



unitary.