

ASPECT

October
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Peter Fenton's "THE BIRD AND MR. ONION", p.3

Post - ELECTION POLEMIC, p.16

POETRY, Reviews

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Peter Fenton	THE BIRD AND MR. ONION	3
Edward J. Hogan	A LOOK INTO THE PAST AND AT THE FUTURE AT THE END OF A LONG CAMPAIGN ...	16
Edward J. Hogan	WINNING HEARTS AND MINDS: WAR POEMS BY VIETNAM VETERANS (Review) ...	25

)) POETRY ((

Richard Latta ...	10
Walter Griffin	12
Emilie Glen ...	13
Lori Petri	14
Paulette Carroll	22
Anthony P. Nasta	23
Don E. Owens	23
Fredric Matteson	24
John Hahn ...	24
Richard Carboni ...	31

)) ART WORK ((

Harland Ristau ...	Cover
Noelle Salter ...	32

SMALL PRESSES/RECEIVED	29
The People Inside ...	32

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Mr. Onion was a small man--about the size of you. He lived in a grey house of shutters and empty fields extending for miles. There were fields of dank hay and bent clover. Sometimes a horse would drive by slowly from right to left over the horizon. As soon as it disappeared it would pop up again on the other side slowly rolling by unnoticed untouched. Onion wore a jacket of tattered sleeves and several protruding elbows. Empty pockets became him. At times he would walk around the house and then go back in again. Mr. Onion was a poor man. How he existed or got by no one ever knew for no one had ever seen him or knew he existed. No one there even he didn't know.

the
bird
and
Mr. Onion
by
Peter Fenton

Angular walk-crooked fences for miles be-moon. The smelling unbearable as tered, getting rotting apple

times so that the very sound, the acid eating sound of it could be heard from outer space. The local farmers were worried. They looked down to the ground and up to the brown trees and down to the ground again and held the earth in their hands and they didn't understand. The night had become hollow. This was something that had not been planned for. They would get together in small wooden groups of two and three. Mumbling his thoughts each would suddenly look up, be surprised that the others were actually there. They would bump into each other and say I'm sorry and walk off whistling lonely discordant tunes in language known only to each. Sometimes the sound grew sad. Jacob walked along apple trees to the waterfall. "This was good clean land, this was the bargain we had paid for, this was our only wish to have our land so firm. Were we to lose it all now for all our suffering."

again. Mr. Onion How he existed or got knew for no one had knew he existed. No there even he didn't

ing sticks beside The path extended neath the rotting of the moon was grow-it sputtered and fesh-brown at the core. A multiplied a hundred

The woman knelt down on the edge of the river with wooden pails and trowels, pillow cases substituting for panning devices. The job was to separate the pieces of rot from the shallow water. It had been noticed by one of

the clan that when corn that had been watered from the stream grew to the height of three feet it wilted and died. It was noticed upon close examination that the ear had been replaced by a small mucous tongue and the roots were like bare nerve endings that when touched, caused the stalk to shiver and shake all over.

So the women went on sifting the water, bending over for two or three hours without rest, their rough cotton shirts pulling out of their skirts and hanging limp outside. Dark areas of sweat edged from underarm slowly fanning out, then meeting, melting into the thin damp lines along the backbone. Hairdos came undone and were pushed back into place and came undone and were pushed back again and finally succumbed to the work and humidity and just became soaked and hung to the head and limped down the neck. Pouring sweat smashed into the eye and darted into the mouth. The women laughed and were ashamed of this, the taste of their own bodies, and they laughed and giggled and kept bending over and taking rotten apples out of the water.

The air was completely grey and getting darker but with an electricity about it that belied all previous notions of atmospheric conditions. The air had grown so humid that small swamps had grown in certain parts of the sky. Tiny alligators and crayfish swam around lynching unsuspecting birds and insects that had not seen the danger, occasionally diving too low in the water, falling out and smashing on the hot slimy rocks below. Fungi specimens and small schools of bacteria were interspersed in the air molecules. Darting, hanging in the air, latching on to new hosts. The foetid brown women, as they nodded up and down sifting their sacks, shovels, pans under the brown paintings of trees, contacted and inhaled these organisms. At first it was unnoticed, but then the sweat began to grow brown. A woman screamed. Her heated, slippery mouth stood open. She had been wiping her cheek with a handkerchief. Slowly she turned, took her finger and pressed it against her cheek. The cheek crumbled. Half her skull was corroded and filled with dirt. This was occurring to all the women. Dirt arms dissolved while swinging shovels. They couldn't stop it. Faded flower sprouts grew out of the eyes, ears. Clay torsos were molded into distorted shapes. The work was done. Colors of grey swept through

the world interspersed with swirls of sad white light. The rakes, the utensils were abandoned. The forest stood provocative. The zombies with their mud faces walked into the midnight.

But Onion knew none of this. Turn the light on in the house. He owned a kerosene lamp that when lit by a wooden match, glowed so very gently. The world around him was black. And he would huddle by his lamp and look at it and stare at it until dawn when he would snuff it out, put it away, dust his hands and go to the breakfast table. But night was a favorite time; he would sit quietly in the chair, so quietly the house began to move. Slowly at first, then fast; the bare hills began to rock, whitecaps appeared on the cliffs and he was at sea. But so gently he had to make sure he was there.

Onion's house had a bare wood floor, scotch plaid drapes, several hooked rugs, a rocking chair, and a bare table. Onion sat down, turned the pages of the catalogue, and began to read. "A lamp is about two feet high. The top is surrounded by a circular piece of cardboard, the diameter of which is variable. A metal tube extends from the table to the lighted portion of the lamp. Surrounding the tube and extending below the circle are a series of glass ornaments. Within the tube is an electric wire which when connected to the light-producing portion of the lamp causes a strong glow. The wire extends from the lamp and trails to a hole in the wall. It is looped through the hole and carried out until it is spliced with a receptive conductor. This wire is connected with a larger wire which runs over several wooden poles until being connected with a large mechanical generator. The generator contains several things which whirl at a tremendous rate of speed. This causes electricity to be formed and the current races up the wire like a white hot crackling spur."

The book fell from Onion's hands and smashed on the floor, ripping apart gales of pages. It rested there for a moment before crashing through to thud on the dirt below amidst swirls of dust and pebbles.

Onion got up and walked outside. It was morning. The air was bleak and cold and cracked like a whip. He let out an enormous hog call that died immediately. He let

out another and screamed and yelled until he threw his hands up and began to build a wooden fence. He used some old railroad ties that were lying around for the first level. On these he placed mason jars and bits and pieces of glass and twisted metal. He pasted them down with plaster of Paris. As soon as the plaster dried and turned white a deadly weapon had been formed. He left a space between this and the second level through the use of broken coke bottle abutments. The second level was a series of branches and deer antlers stuck at all angles and anchored by rocks and cow chips onto the first level. Old jangles and pieces of electrical equipment, farm machinery, and furniture were thrown at random along the wall to complete the project. About twelve feet behind the wall on each side he dug holes in which he threw the rest of the metallic equipment of his farm. He lit the holes with a huge fire, creating bubbling cauldrons of lava.

One, two, three, mark the steps off. One, two, three, walk back again turn around to play the game. Catch stone tablets and place them in hierarchy. Walk them into the sky. When you reach the place where blue turns into white rest and create a grey slate floor. Look at the sun for ages. Watch yourself sweat and brown and roast. Grow fires of sweet wood and let them burn forever. And walk back down again into the land of rose fire.

The mountains stood jagged and disgusting, having thrust their way up into the world. They continued to grow, straining, until they broke the crust and threw it about tumbling into the air. The world cracked and Onion fell open. He fell down into the hole, but immediately began to climb up the ugly rocks. The landscape was constantly heaving and groaning. No sooner than he reached the top of a rock where he could see a semblance of what he knew as the surface of his ranch than the support beneath it gave way and he found himself at the bottom of a valley looking up for miles. There was no way to get out. He sat down on a pebble and waited. He took a walk.

Small creatures of beauty and understanding were hidden along the way. They were present and gone in a flurry of bat wings. They waited around the next rock and then disappeared behind it. A school of them were in a blind

canyon and then scurried up rope ladders placed there beforehand. A small one bounced about and jumped around and sprang up off a boulder into thin air. Mr. Onion turned the first corner. He grazed his arm on a blazing sandblast of rock and then turned around to see the earth splinter into a haze. He was jolting and moving.

The people of Gorno have talking skin and breathe babies. The people of What run imaginations and live flow-ers. Citizens of Torkna screened the wind.

The skies hazed in images of black and red. Sands of color tore beckoning fingers. The water screamed oh living! oh earthling! oh Onion! oh Onion! oh Onion!

He slipped into a sandstorm and was deposited in the Sea of Mud.

Onion ran to his house and slammed the door. Safe inside he sipped tea and brewed a cup of coffee. He slammed the door and locked all the bolts. He stumbled over chairs, tables, and bookmarkers. He boarded the windows and threw out the Christmas tree. Onion surveyed the room. A small knothole appeared in the floorboard. It was stuffed with a rag just in time before a horde of rats and derelict faces swam by.

Onion walked over to a chair and sat down. He laid one arm on each side of the chair. The chair creaked as the head of Onion fell against it. He turned so his face rested against the back of the chair. (Which would cause a light crease in his cheek when he got up.) He began to think. Time passed. Dusk fell.

Onion knew he was alive and wanted to be dead. But was he really alive. He was alone in the house. But was he alone. He walked over to the cupboard, knelt down and looked at it, opened the doors removing an oblong metal container with pictures of Niagara Falls on one side and a map of the world on the other. He gazed at the world that ran around the circumference, flowed off in all corners and swirled around in dabs of color. He placed the container on the floor and caressed it touched it kissed it. He bent over the container squirming his hands over the top of it in anticipation. The finger nails were long. He

placed them under the edge of the lid. It came off in a sucking metal sound. The box was filled with buttons. The buttons filled the container from top to bottom, almost overflowing. Hundreds of them. He took one out and placed it on a chair. Small hard and black. He pressed it in the hand and it rolled in the hand, and it ran through the crevices, the creases down to the floor, rolling, bouncing, skidding across. The buttons overturned, smashing everywhere. Feet raised high smashed the box, overturning, tumbling. The buttons disappeared one by one into the hole, slithering down the long throbbing membrane inside the hole, grating on each other. The fish eyes popped and fell on the floor splashing with a dull thud and splitting. Unfocused the body swirled and fell. Shattered veins on the jagged edge of oneness. Blood gurgled and rushed through its path. But it couldn't be shattered, it was still there. Everything blurred and smeared. The room rotted. Mr. Onion could not die.

Yes Mr. Onion could die--no he couldn't--Yes, he could climb up on top of the monkey bars and jump on the spike and hang there and groan and flip. No he couldn't--yes he could and slowly fade away. All the people on the playground would turn their heads and look at him. The children would laugh and giggle and hold their hands in front of their mouths. They would push the dirt together and make a dam to stop the blood. The blood would be absorbed by the dust and thrown about as mud pies. The kids would laugh and this would get everybody to screaming and having a good time. They would get on their bikes and ride around the asphalt getting up speed and then turn around and slam on the brakes throwing rooster-tail of pebbles over the body. By this time the tongue would be hanging out and drooling.

Billy got a hammer from his Dad's garage and began pounding on the wet skull. The hammer slipped on the hair and couldn't get a good grip. This happened again and again. Finally he got mad and ripped the arms down as fast as he could and punctured the head in a big piece. Hurray! Billy dropped the hammer and everyone said he was great. This gave everyone else an idea. People began running around trying to get sticks and had miniature tugs of war over them. Everybody began to cut into the body and try to get a piece of it. Joe got an arm and started to

chase the girls with it. They squealed and ran away and he said "You better not come back now, keep away!" He ran back and tried to get another piece. Bobby stuffed the eyes in a pickle jar and ran home to show his mother. Everybody got something whether it be an arm a leg a foot or something. They ran over to have a fight with the other gang and won before the man next door chased them away. They beat the other gang with their new weapons. But most of the weapons fell apart and weren't any good any more. They threw all of them away under the bushes and broke a window with one. The whistles began blowing and it was time for dinner. They ran home to get ready. It was getting dark. The playground was quiet. The body was gone.

And thus the story ended. The bird sang lilt songs to berry trees. The bush was bare and broken. A small touch of sap oozed out of a broken twig. Something heavy sometime had battered it. The bird hesitated, then landed in the bush. The sky was grey and misting. A dark figure was continually in the distance.



i am the only eye
possible to see the
mystery this way,
for no one ever
came to this side
of my face and had
a look
out.

the sun
reminds me
of all that
is hidden in
my skin.

Richard Latta

in war, the minutes
became years wrinkling
my sensitive face
shriveling up my hopes
and dreams like raisins,
in war, my life liquids
became mere blankets
fighting the fires
of politicians.

L'AUXILIARE DES DAMES

Summer clouds move like bleached bone
above the red mouths of roses
opened by the rain: Thin cups
touch saucers with smooth clicks
above the shrill conversation
punctuated with cackling laughter
and the eye is held for a moment
by the spectrum of tearing claws
amid swirling crinoline: After
the rain has stopped, they move
in flocks from the veranda, taking
the aged poet through glass doors
onto the lawn and like clattering
hawks devour their new found prize.

--Walter Griffin

NEW NUDE

New girl in the nude
Not quite knowing
In this Sodom play
When where to stand
To dance
Lie down get up
To speak to orgy
Another new girl in the nude
Another new girl in the nude
New girl in the nude
New in the nude
New nude
Not knowing when to go on
When to come off
When where to stand
To dance
Lie down get up
Always another new girl
Another new girl
New girl in the nude
The nude
Not knowing

--Emilie Glen

Lori Petri

SUMMER

Summer is here once more,
And multitudes of men
Are heading for mountain, shore
And wilderness trails again.
Summer, personified,
Wanders about the countryside
Scattering blessings far and wide.
She carries a basket of birds
In one arm, sending them forth
With bright, encouraging words
From east to west, from south to north.
In the other she bears a basket of flowers
That she strews across the land,
For peripatetic hours,
With a lavish, colorful hand.
She tosses kisses to every one
She passes on her way
Bidding them laugh and dance and play,
Frolic and disport themselves in fun
And make love under a bounteous sun.
Summer is here again, the season
Of sensuous abandon and unreason.

NO POET

Be glad you are no poet, whose brain
Will never find a moment's peace,
Being filled with a constant train
Of images that never cease.
Unending syllables and words
Go flowing through his mind,
Like pods of colored birds
Of every conceivable kind.
You try to charm or chase them away,
Or by an effort of will
Bid them depart mentation's sill,
But they haunt you night and day.
Some are fragments of finished rhyme,
Others poems trying to take shape,
But though you try a thousand times
You cannot find an escape.
They even taunt you during slumber
In an almost uncountable number.



MM

"THEN CAME AN EXPERIENCE THAT WAS TRAUMATIC FOR THAT WHOLE GENERATION OF ACTIVISTS, and that was Atlantic City, 1964. Essentially what it was was the Democratic Party under Hubert Humphrey's management, primarily, trying to manipulate, as I say, the removal of the Mississippi black delegation from its legitimate claim to the seats, and seat in their place the regular Democratic Party from Mississippi, which wasn't even going to support Johnson. It was more or less pledged to Goldwater, and it excluded blacks from participation in its structure. This black delegation was the result of several years of civil rights work in the South, the summer project, the loss of all these lives and here were these people utterly resistant to it. And nothing could have been more perfectly structured in terms of working within the system. The Democratic delegation of blacks supported the national ticket and met all of the qualifications for seating and simply wasn't allowed to be cause of power.

"Bob Moses^{*} tied the killings in Vietnam to the killings in Mississippi to the universal use of brute force by American policemen and generals against people who were simply trying to have a share in making decisions and people who wanted to decide their own fate. And that was the beginning of the growth of the young radical or new left movement into the anti-war movement. That was the height of disillusionment with liberalism as such, because, as you know, the same Humphrey who kept the blacks out of their seats in Atlantic City, partly as a way to demonstrate that he was a reliable politician, became vice president at that convention, on a platform committed to rhetoric of peace in Southeast Asia and then escalated the war."

--Tom Hayden, a founding member of S.D.S., in an interview in ROLLING STONE, October 26, 1972. Students for a Democratic Society began as a group of young, liberal-progressive activists that concentrated its efforts on registering blacks in the South and similar work from about 1961-1965.

^{*}A black civil rights worker.

four more years.

"Richard Nixon represents the dark side of the American spirit."

* * * * *

"Of all my colleagues in the United States Senate, the person who has the most feeling and does things in the most genuine way, without affecting his life, is George McGovern."

both quotes, Robert F. Kennedy

* * * * *

"The tragedy of all this is that George McGovern...is really one of the few men who've run for President of the United States in this century who really understands, what a fantastic monument to all the best instincts of the human race this country might have been, if we could have kept it out of the hands of greedy little hustlers like Richard Nixon.

"McGovern made some stupid mistakes, but in context they seemed almost frivolous compared to the things Richard Nixon does every day of his life, on purpose, as a matter of policy and a perfect expression of everything he stands for.

"How low do you have to stoop in this country to be President?"

--Hunter S. Thompson, ROLLING
STONE, 10-26-72.

A LOOK INTO THE PAST AND AT THE FUTURE AT THE END OF A LONG CAMPAIGN

Punxsutawney, Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, November 14th

EDWARD J. HOGAN

At 3 minutes till 8 on election night I turned off the loudspeaker on my sound truck, after the recorded voice of Hubert H. Humphrey had insisted for the last time, "I urge you to vote for George McGovern and the Democratic ticket on November 7th...." Back at county McGovern headquarters the news was already bleak.

On Tuesday morning I had really thought that we might surprise everyone once again and that the election might be close. But by 8:30, it was clear that Richard Nixon had won a landslide personal victory, a victory whose clearest message was the maintenance of the status quo. Democrats, 36% nationally, distrusted George McGovern even more than they distrusted Richard Nixon. America might be better off with significant changes in the distribution of national resources and the direction of foreign policy, but she voted against them.

WHY?

What were some of the factors in Senator McGovern's resounding defeat? Humphrey's bitter accusations of naiveté and radicalism against McGovern beginning at the time of the Nebraska primary and building to a climax in the California debates. Muskie's decision not to endorse McGovern for the sake of party unity on June 9. The effect on party loyalty of the California challenge at the convention. The \$1000 grant proposal. The split in organized labor. The Eagleton crisis. The slow economic upturn. The relit torch of peace hopes.

James M. Naughton in the NEW YORK TIMES (Nov. 9) pinpointed the factor that comes as close as any to summarizing all of Senator McGovern's problems: he "first went on

the defensive in the California primary in June. He was the challenger, but he never regained the challenger's offensive stance."

One of the major reasons McGovern failed is one tied up in history. A Maine newspaper editor reminded me last August that only one man in the 20th century--Woodrow Wilson--has run on the promise of making big changes, and been elected. Franklin D. Roosevelt was attacked as a radical when he ran for re-election, but by then the voters had faith in the value of the changes he was making. He might well have lost in 1932 if he had run a campaign in which he proposed the N.R.A., Social Security, and other "socialistic" measures. No one knows.

Richard Nixon and his many taxpayer-supported surrogates used Senator McGovern's proposals as weapons against him and succeeded in running a very successful campaign to discredit the opposition. In addition to which, he scarcely ever campaigned in an area where a Ku Klux Klan couldn't thrive.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

The question I faced on election night was that of what to do next. Last year, before I got heavily involved in the primary campaign, I had suggested to a socialist friend that I might well turn from a reformist to a revolutionary perspective if McGovern and his ideas were turned down by the American people. Since then I have, with mixed feelings, chosen capitalism over socialism as the functional better of two evils--capitalism on a short leash (an ideal which we are pretty far from yet). It is unrealistic to talk of revolution in a society so complex and so solidly anchored as ours. If the society falls, it will be the result of massive internal breakdowns caused by the mistakes of many, not of the efforts of a few revolutionaries, at least in the first instance. It will fall, if it does, because it deserves to fall.

I have committed myself to working for the kind of progressive change the McGovern candidacy stood for: tax justice; medical care as a right, not a privilege; and the return of truth and honesty to government. What of reform?

There is no reason why Nixon's re-election should kill the political reform movement. In Nixon's first term, this (recent) movement grew from one that saw Eugene McCarthy humiliated at a convention to one that enabled George McGovern to gain the nomination of the Democratic party.

New politics has cut its teeth on cleaning up local government. If reform politics continues to thrive and grow in the next four years, it may finally have gained a broad enough constituency to launch a successful campaign for the White House. Besides, if this country hasn't had enough of Richard Nixon and his ilk by 1976, all of us who voted for McGovern ought to move to Canada.

THE CHIMERA OF PEACE

As I have noted, the American people voted more for the status quo than for anything else this year. For the first time in 12 years, the overriding desire of the voters was not for peace. It is just as well, for it looks like they may not get it very soon.

George McGovern told his workers the following, 2½ hours after the polls closed in the East: "I want every single one of you to remember and never forget it that if we pushed the day of peace just one day closer, then every minute and every hour and every bone-crushing effort in this campaign was worth the entire effort."

Now we are learning why it is difficult to be more cynical than Richard Nixon is himself.

Optimistic promises about the nearness of peace were the frosting on the Nixon victory cake. Now it looks like we'll be doing without the frosting, but eating King Richard's cake anyway.

On October 26th, Henry Kissinger told us that "peace is at hand", and that only one more negotiating session was necessary. But, as everyone should have expected, General Thieu put his foot in the door and President Nixon refused to shut it. It looks as though Kissinger's giddy announcement may have been "premature". What's more, even if we do finally become the beneficiaries of a Nixon peace

in the foreseeable future, it looks virtually certain that it will be bought by the U.S. on essentially the same terms the President has repeatedly called "dishonorable" from the time he entered the White House: by (1) overruling Thieu's objections about a coalition government and his own demise as a puppet dictator, and (2) dropping American objections to the presence of North Vietnamese Army troops in South Vietnam.

Senator McGovern, in what was widely regarded in the press as a last-minute effort to gain votes, again spoke the truth: "The details" of the proposed settlement "are really the substantive issues about which this war has been fought." He declared on November 5th that "peace is not at hand, it is not even in sight."

If these words are still true when this essay is printed, they will be hard to dispute, and our long, blind search in the tunnel dark for peace will continue. The tunnel will be marked "peace with honor", but, as before, we will be able to find neither peace nor honor in the words or actions of our President.

Perhaps three or four months from now we will come back to reflect on the words of a truthful man who ran for president but was declared overwhelmingly by the American people as unfit for the office:

"They have played politics with the Justice Department, F.B.I., the Supreme Court and even the Constitution. Now they play politics with our prisoners and our soldiers and life itself. It is they who treat our men like toy soldiers, to be knocked over by the hand that should protect them.

"What we are seeing in this campaign is the manipulation of our hope by men who know how to get power and want to keep it, but do not know what it is for. In politics, there are some things more precious than victory. One of them is the truth.

"But these men will say anything to win."

19TH FLOOR *

The glass
Has substance in only one direction.
The heel of the hand glides smoothly at first
Down the tall pane
Then, having lost its oils
The numb skin
Drums the rest
Of the way
Like a ball falling down
Some stairs.
The wrist veins
Pulse against the wood
And there is no way for the hand to push
But up.

--Paulette Carroll

* All rights reserved by the author

Book Review

Winning Hearts & Minds by Vietnam Veterans

(1st Casualty Press, 200 Main St., Coventry, CT 06238)

The Loser, #3

The fallen fool remains at the door for a second,
letting the sun fall on his eyes,
and real air caress his being
Then he turns and trudges back to his work.

Anthony P. Nasta

* * * * *

A Plowboy Dreams

She calls him "plowboy"
and yes, that he appears
yet secretly, inwardly,
using servility as his disguise,
he dreams of calling summits
of mountains "downhome"
and of steering his plow
through the clouds.

Don E. Owens

Poor Man's Prayer

So we'll eat in tonight
spreading the tablecloth
over the room's thin air
we'll slice the bread thickly
boil the moonlight
in a large pot
until there's nothing left at all
and it will be morning.

Fredric Matteson

* * *

John Hahn

LAW?

They tell me
Mariner Thirty-Nine
has sighted Newton's apple.

It's just past Mars
heading out
rapidly gaining velocity.

Book Review:

WINNING HEARTS & MINDS: War Poems by Vietnam Veterans

(1st Casualty Press, P.O. Box 518, Coventry, CT 06238.
119pp. \$1.95)

Edward J. Hogan

Ask what kind of war it is
where you can be pinned down
all day in a muddy rice paddy
while your buddies are being shot
and a close-support Phantom jet
who has been naplaming the enemy
wraps itself around a tree and explodes
and you cheer inside?*

These lines describe well the strange position American GIs have been put into in Vietnam. It gets to the heart of why Vietnam will be described as an American tragedy when historians look back. For this is the first war in our history that perhaps a majority of our servicemen have felt was not a "good" or at least necessary fight.

It is a war that has put the American soldier in the ambivalent position of regarding the other side as the enemy not because he feels he is right and they are wrong, but simply because he's there and they are shooting at him. This outlook may or may not be submerged when he is in Vietnam, but it is borne home to him when he returns to the U.S. and finds that people are not by and large grateful for the sacrifices he has made, and certainly don't greet him as a returning hero. Many returning veterans have reacted with remorse for their own acts and bitterness toward the president, the country, and the self-righteous attitudes that were responsible for their being sent to Vietnam to fight an unwanted war.

It is this climate that nurtured the Vietnam Veterans Against the War. Antiwar groups in this country have long talked about "bringing the war home" to the average American, in hopes that once he realized how far apart American principles and practice have diverged there, he would de-

mand that we disengage.

Well, abstract conviction is fine, but there is nothing like hard facts and related experience to move people. This is what the VVAW has added to the antiwar movement. These Vietnam vets have made it their mission to act as interpreters: to translate the pious words of three presidents into their application in a small country of rice paddies and humble peasants six thousand miles away.

This book is part of that mission. It was assembled from the work of many veterans, spanning a decade. It is "arranged in a series of shifting scenes describing in rough chronological order a tour of combat duty in Vietnam. The poems also chronicle the GI's growing emotional and moral involvement with the people and the land." The book is the first offering by a publishing company founded by members of the VVAW, "to create a forum for writings coming out of the Indochina experience."

The poems in this book are honest. Unlike the latest press release from the Defense Department, or the latest patriotic/optimistic speech of the President, they are real. They talk about things that happened. After a decade in which we have been consistently lied to and deceived about Vietnam, this kind of work is of great value. If the subject interests you, you really should order a copy of this book. It's an important effort.

PAGES 26-28 contain several poems reprinted from WINNING HEARTS AND MINDS.

*The opening poem on p. 25 is by Larry Rottmann, and also below:

S.O.P.

To build a "gook stretcher," all you need is:
Two helicopters
Two long, strong ropes,
And one elastic gook.

A Bummer

We were going single file
Through his rice paddies
And the farmer
Started hitting the lead track
With a rake
He wouldn't stop
The TC went to talk to him
And the farmer
Tried to hit him too
So the tracks went sideways
Side by Side
Through the guy's fields
Instead of single file
Hard On, Proud Mary
Bummer, Wallace, Rosemary's Baby
The Rutgers Road Runner
And
Go Get Em--Done Got Em
Went side by side
Through the fields

If you have a farm in Vietnam
And a house in hell
Sell the farm
And go home

Michael Casey

Hoa Binh
August thirty-first
Stanley was all excited
She just made eighteen
And got to vote
For the first time
There were sixteen slates
To vote for
In Vietnam that year
And every slate's poster
Said that
That slate
Wanted Hoa Binh
From voting
She came back to me
All excited
Casee
I vote for Hoa Binh
That's nice, Stanley
I did too
Back in Hoa Ky
I hope your vote counts

track: tracked vehicle
TC: track commander

hoa binh: peace
Hoa Ky: United States

Hunting

Sighting down the long black barrel,
I wait till front and rear sights
Form a perfect line on his body,
Then slowly squeeze the trigger.

The thought occurs
That I have never hunted anything in my whole life
Except other men.

But I have learned by now
Where such thoughts lead.
My mind soon passes on
To chow and sleep
And how much longer till I change my socks.

--W.D. Ehrhart

The Walk

Walking in Suburbia

Streets--quiet and wet
Green bags of garbage and leaves
Neatly placed by the road.

Abruptly another scene pierces my mind
Other green bags are remembered
Neatly placed by the road.

In the quiet dignified houses Nixon flashes on T.V.
Smiling his asinine smile and waving his asinine wave
While men lie along the road like so much garbage.

If only a trade could be made
Send the garbage and leaves to Nam
Send the corpses to suburbia.

Take the war out of the T.V.s and put it in the
complacent streets

--Charles M. Purcell

SMALL PRESSES/Received * * * * *

(This department is an attempt to give notice, at least once, to every small press publication received by ASPECT, whether my own reaction to it was favorable, unfavorable, or without strong feelings. I tend to express favorable reactions in print, while using neutral words when describing publications of the other two types --E.J.H.)

GREEN KNIGHT PRESS, Ritchie Darling, ed. 45 Hillcrest Place, Amherst, MA 01002.

Some titles: FOUR STORIES BY POE, an essay by Susan Solomont and Ritchie Darling (50 cents); STATEMENTS OF FACT and 3 + 7, booklets of strange little short stories by Bill Klaus (50 cents ea.); THE NEW ENGLAND ART OF MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN, by Abigail Ann Hamblen ("She was...in at the beginning of a new movement in American literature...writers who show the effect of heredity and environment upon their subject." \$2.); SOME OBSERVATIONS ON FOLK TALES (the authors seek to "point out certain recurrent patterns...in some popular European fairy tales as an indication of underlying beliefs and attitudes") and BARTLEBY, essays by Susan Solomont and Ritchie Darling (50 cents ea.).

THE LITTLE FREE PRESS, 715 E. 14th Street, Minneapolis, MN 55404. \$1/10 issues.

When you unstaple and open up the mailing, all kinds of items fall out. A couple small stickers, a statement on parchment, and so forth. The news letter is apparently the product of a number of people promoting the replacement of capitalism and the profit motive with a kind of utopian anarchism. A partial quote from the newsletter: "What would happen--If people quit taking money for their work? If people took control of their jobs and made their work into a real fun place to be? If we produced for people, not for profit? If we started talking to everyone about it? To wars and pollution if there was no profit in them? If you used your ideas and energy to help? To governments, when people start loving each other? What would happen?"

MONDAY MORNING PRESS, Tom Montag, ed. 2629 N. Bremen, Milwaukee, WI 53212.

New releases: A POSSIBLE EXPLANATION FOR INSANITY AMONG THE WEALTHY by Ronald Kritter (Wisconsin Poets' Series-6); LONELINESS IS NO VIRGIN TO ME EITHER by Amy W. Powers (WPS-7); POEM AT TWILIGHT by Thom Lange (WPS-8); GIVING DIRECTIONS by Jeff Poniewaz (WPS-9); and LOVE POEMS TO AN ARMY DESERTER WHO IS IN JAIL by Paul Mariah. All these are 30 cents. Tom Montag's TO LEAVE/

THIS PLACE is \$1. From Ronald Kritter's collection:

A briefcase of poems

Sleeps

on my legs

poems 35,000 feet

above the earth.

When boarding I hugged

the briefcase too closely;

now stewardesses fear

my poems will explode.

SANITY NOW! P.O. Box 261, La Puente, CA 91747. Monthly, \$1/year. This publication describes itself better than I can, so I'll just quote: it is meant to be an aid for "left-activists in educating and involving people in anti-imperialist struggle, and to convey the perspective of scientific Socialism as the ultimate solution to society's ills. Editorial policy is Marxist-oriented. These newsletters are not intended for the entertainment of arm-chair 'leaders', law-and order peace-hobbyists, liberal opportunists, or 'counter-culture' dropouts from the class struggle." I guess according to these narrow terms, I'm a "liberal opportunist". But, welcome to the space anyway.

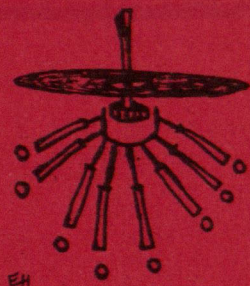
SECOND COMING, A.D. Winans, editor. P.O. Box 31246, San Francisco, CA 94131. Triannual. \$1/copy \$3/year. 45pp.

A well-produced literary mag whose Vol. 1, No. 2 (Summer 1972) was mostly poetry, by people like Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Judson Crews, Ben L. Hiatt, and C.W. Truesdale. A number of fine pen-and-ink illustrations by Dick Gilfeather are part of this issue.

SOMETHING ELSE NEWSLETTER, P.O. Box 26, West Glover, VT 05825. 40 cents. Edited by Dick Higgins.

The September 1972 edition of this newsletter put out by Something Else Press consisted of a four-page defense of literature by the editor. He was both fun to read and convincing. I can't resist reprinting some of his words. "Literature...is a poor man's art. You can think, even when you can't feel comfortable among the cigarred princes and the knockkneed venerables in miniskirts that run our visual art scene....You can reach people who can't afford to hang De Koonings, Oldenburgs or Sol LewittsIt is fashionable to look at things. It is not fashionable to understand them, because that requires the art of thought, which is literature....Any aesthetic communication implies literature: art that is merely looked at is hollow, music that is merely listened to is mood stuff at best....Literature is the

art of thought: without it, the other arts are trivial."



a gypsy and a recluse

two foreigners caught in a covering glance,
a gypsy and a recluse.
they watch the landscape change and
slowly slip away.
both ignorant of ordinary motion,
their hands struggle in their eyesockets.
one feels the break of day, the other
fears the break of thunder.

they were lovers though they only
glimpsed each other time to time.
they stood aloof on bastard words;
white desires stuck with orphaned speeches,
passions splashed against each others backs.
their eyes clouded by mirage,
they cried like suicide victims
who discover, too late,
how truly hard the ground is.

richard carboni

----- THE PEOPLE INSIDE -----

PETER FENTON is from Mt. Clemens, Michigan....WALTER GRIFFIN has had poems in a wide variety of magazines, including HARPER'S, RAM-PARTS, ANTIOCH REVIEW, and POETRY NORTHWEST. He is from College Park, Georgia....LORI PETRI, Novato, California, has had poetry published on every continent on the globe, and she's listed in "Who's Who in International Poetry", among others....ANTHONY P.



Noelle Salter

NASTA comes to you from Ronkonkoma, New York....DON E. OWENS, Racine, Wisconsin....FREDRIC MATTESON, Santa Rosa, California, is a student at Sonoma State College....JOHN HAHN's from Huntington Beach, California....RICHARD CARBONI, of Astoria, New York, is a junior at Hunter College....HARLAND RISTAU teaches art in Milwaukee, Wisconsin....NOELLE SALTER, a charter subscriber and contributor to ASPECT, lives in Newton, Massachusetts.
