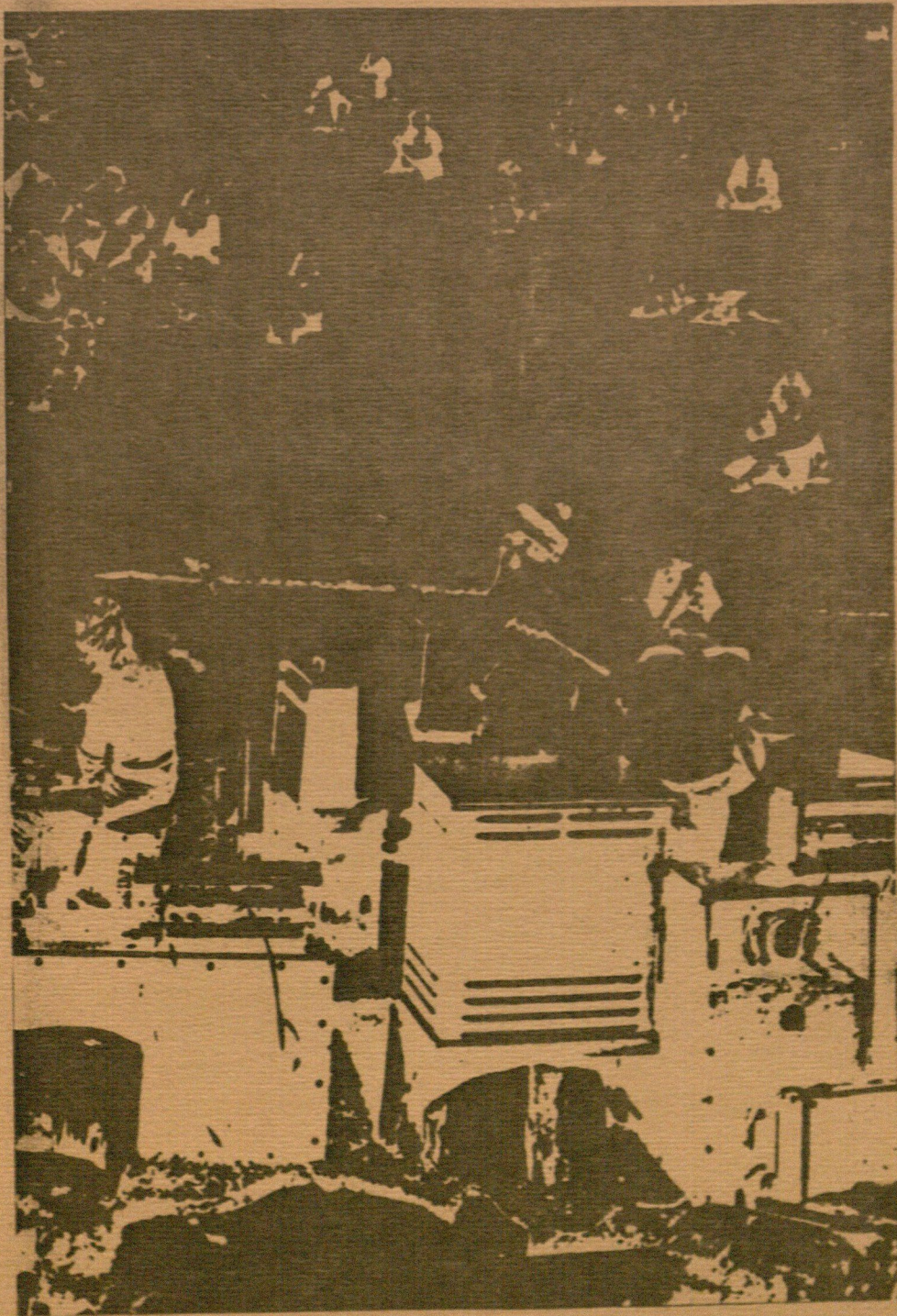


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the rich are different from you and me alright

by  
Seamus Finn

Naturally I've not a foggy as to how I'm to post this bit of recklessness. I ask only that you conceive of the pertinent detail vaguely introduced here. Namely, something is up. And I am bound to it. How I manage to write this is up to you. I can't do everything, you know. I'm in enough trouble already. Who among you would untie me anyway? Those of you who are deliriously coupled in bed must find that smashingly funny. Well, untie yourselves and help your fellowman at once. My number is up. I did not say member. Remember that.

Now here is my problem. Three weeks ago I responded to an ad for general handyman services at modest remuneration, room and board, and decent working conditions. And exceedingly benevolent human treatment too. You may gather I got the job as well as assume it and me are what this is all about. One hundred percent for you!

A little old lady in Pasadena took me in. Be gore! did she take me in. Seventy-two and wiry and knotty muscled. Welcome, handy man. Thank you, ma'am. Don't mind if I do. Care to see your room? Love to. Positively love that. Follow me.

Away we go. Into the room. Click. We're in light. You'd figure that, right? Wrong. Only one of us sees the light. Did I mention the cane? Well, human error is



here to stay, you know. She lets fly anyway. And I? I get the benefits of instant dark. Some of us get it forever. I certainly feel I've had my share at least. Being up against it. Scrounging and all that.

So here I am all tied up. Been like this for two weeks. They say the old get over the plague of youth. Sex. They say they get sterile or impotent. Or they say what some I-never-got-my-jollies leagues call wisdom. Let me tell you now. This little old lady is a pervert and as vigorous as a very unladylike ox. I omit the details. Some folk are still squeamish over blood even if it isn't their own.

This however isn't the difficulty of my situation. And just between you and me, the old lady grooves pretty good. Skinny wrinkly bones and all. Fact is, the difficulty is someone with a bullhorn has ordered me to come out in five minutes or they will throw everything they've got at me. All this because I said,

I'm sorry, but I don't love you.

Trifle with my affections will you, you fiend!

So she calls the law and screams rape. Now get this. As soon as the bullets and tear gas start flying, she pushes this little button on this gadget she carries. A signal is picked up by this receiver. This receiver is a mechanical dog that has a single strand of my rope in its mouth. The dog pulls the strand, the rope comes off, and the dog beats it down the hall, jumps into the furnace chute, and goes up in smoke. Leaving me up the weirdest god damn tree in history.

That is why I dashed off my little note. I know it will do no good. I know what's going to happen. This is



all a diabolical plot and no one believes in them anymore. Okay. But just the same it is and there's more. I'm sure of it. My trial will be short and one sided. Her side. She will forgive me. She will reform me. She will fight to see I get mercy. The law will hear none of that. She is too sweet. Too kind. Just like a little old lady from Pasadena. I will go to prison. Get transferred to the minimum security farm branch facility. And one night she will break me out. We will return here and she will say it again. And I will say,

Yes, I love you. Anything. Everything. I give up.  
Good! Then let's get cracking.

Common decency compels me to end this now. I know how people are in America. They just can't stand to see a grown man crying. But I can't help it. I am.

---

.....

#### WORLD AFFAIRS

Gaily, the Lords blow trumpets. Gaily, the lads lay strumpets. Gaily, we eat our crumpets.

How the Hell do I know what time it is?

-Eric Cashen



## SIGHTSEEING

- to see the haze in a summer sky
- to see wet summer heat absorb the dry summer day
- to see headlines misspelled on yellowed aged newsprint
- to see empty parking lots full with fancy new chrome
- to see shopping centers inundated with a sea of white faces
- to see store windows primed with the clutter of a dying democracy
- to see American flag decals emblazoned on backs of car bumpers
- to see gum machines shackled to steel posts in shopping plazas
- to see old women carting aluminum carts down cracked tile lanes
- to see old men let young wives carry shopping bags
- to see endless expanses of concrete glut with pigeons eating waste  
in open gutters
- to see burnt fumes of automobile tires melt in the leaden sky
- to see young women comforted by illusions of conformity
- to see stunted trees subsiding on a vernacular sea of human want
- to see tired eyes of a dying American attired in a dream once  
young and fertile
- to see young men dying in a useless war
- to see Death laughing while waiting for a bus

Wilson Stapleton



### THREE CHILDREN ON A DARK ROAD

The three of us had sung  
our Jesus Loves Me's with  
our customary defiance  
before we escaped the church.

We took the short road home  
to our Aunt and Uncles house:  
past the Gillis's pond  
and through the Dirkson's woods.

Skipping at night was friendly  
and we joined hands in the dark,  
a country dark so dense  
the trees were bands of black

on black. No stars, no moon,  
a dark so choking close  
our tongues could lick the sky  
and pools of saliva rose.

A swamp's chorus to our right,  
our mother's haunting at left,  
we skipped through the dark  
hanging tight as webs.



## THE FALL HUNTER

Bill Meissner

of rats  
tiptoeing over the tires chairs  
that don't sit the beef  
stew that smelled bad  
eyes in the narrow night  
air needles through cloth.

it's too cold for burning  
dogs would turn home hungry.

he knows all this  
gasoline is quiet as ice  
blackbirds  
on his shoulder  
he walks stiff  
(as if poison were  
setting in).



Richard Latta

just watching you  
sleep,  
your litany of  
breaths like  
beads on a rosary  
pray in the  
silent room,  
kneeling into your  
dreams  
i watch you fold your  
hands and  
i wonder how far you  
are from me.

\*\*\*\*\*

shh,  
we're in a field of corn  
and the ears are listening.



# HAIR OF THE DOG

by Geoffrey Clark

The frame, the frame, the goddamn frame. Northway was only partially sentient as the words sluggishly wormed their way through the various slots and corridors of his consciousness. He sat up violently in bed in an attempt to shed the fog that cloaked his mind and the movement caused his heart to commence drumming through his head the dismal message that he was greatly hungover. He brought a hand close to his face and delicately picked at some encrusted granules in his eyes before he reached for the chair by his bed where he kept his glasses. His fingers wriggled tentatively, like antennae, over the chair's seat. Gone. He felt a twinge of panic that wasn't entirely dissipated when one of his hands, making fumbling, random movements over the tangled sheets, encountered the glasses; the panic became gloom as he realized that now he must move from a sort of tolerable limbo into the real world of perception and thought and anxiety.

The frame, that was what had tubed him, what had sparked his binge last night: screwing up that single exam question on that frigging frame had surely dumped him from the A slot in his graduate seminar in eighteenth century English literature into the B slot, thus neatly harpooning his chances for securing the Obergammon Fellowship he had to have next year if he were to retain his standing as a professional student. Though most of his mind was still befogged, Northway could recall the exact words of the question, couched in Dr. Paap's rather baroque prose. Fairfax Paap was still glutted with details from his recent Ph.D studies, and he missed no opportunity to lard his exams with likely obscurata: "In the discussion of the era and temperament, as well as the literature, of the time of Addison and Steele, it was remarked in class that one of the curious affectations of the times, a fad, in fact, was a device which was thought



by some of the intelligentsia to favorably alter one's perceptions of one's surroundings and to give a new perspective on the old and familiar. Describe that device." What did I say? Christ, I can't remember: opium, snuff, hash, laudanum, Jesus, it sure wasn't a frame. And probably there went my A and they'll never give me the Ober-gammon if I only pull a B in that goddamn thing.

For a moment, however, the despair of failure compounded by somatic wretchedness was alleviated by a picture that ground through Northway's mind's-eye like a dirty film on a creaking projector: he saw for a mad instant a gaggle of loony, eighteenth century Englishmen in frilly, foppish dress, cavorting in the verdant English countryside, mooning through simple metal frames, something like magnifying glasses without lenses, at the most mundane and prosaic objects: "I say, Percy, most astounding, the spectacular reality of that cow, what?" "Algernon, old boy, it does so put the world into orderly perspective, doesn't one think so, Chauncy?" "Oh, rawther."

Stanley stood at the door of Northway's room, looking in with a bemused smile. "You sonofabitch, you crapped out last night and missed it," he said.

"What? Whazzat?"

"Man, like we had an orgy here last night. In our living room."

"Here? Orgy? Arrgh. Gimme a cigarette."

Stanley was lean and dark and predatory-looking, with long sideburns and black hair sleeked back so that he reminded Northway of some hardy northern animal.

"Yes indeedy, my man, an orgy for the rushees, like I tried to get you out of the bag for the festivities, but you were passed out, like totally out."

Northway remembered suddenly that spring rush had begun, the only time when Stanley noticeably belonged to his fraternity. For most of the year, Stanley paid his dues and went to the minimum number of meetings; he had refused to live in the house after his single mandatory semester there, and he was generally regarded as surly and aloof by the brotherhood. And he adamantly refused to participate



in the autumnal ritual of stuffing chicken-wire frames with countless napkins for the fraternity's homecoming float. Yet each spring when rushing began, Stanley was drawn into the fray as if to a mating urge, and he was a zealous and effective recruiter. Likely freshmen were fascinated by Stanley's worldliness, his knowledge of all matters to do with sex and drink. There was nothing false about Stanley's expertise; the final proof for most freshmen was the libertine insouciance with which Stanley and Northway lived, their apartment frequented by women, their kitchen table groaning on the weekends beneath vast amounts of beer and liquor.

"Four of us had a gang-bang," Stanley said.

"What? Gang-banged what... who? Jesus. HOC!" The hot abrasive smoke sent Northway into a spasm of coughing.

"Maybaleen, you know, that chick."

"What chick?"

"At the Flamingo. Jesus, don't you remember anything, like, you know, you could just about see X's drawn on your eyes but I didn't know you were that juiced at the bar. Don't you remember this skinny chick, she sat by you for a couple of minutes, she got a drink out of your pile of change, she wet her finger and stuck it in your ear?"

"Faah," Northway muttered, and the odor from his open mouth rose in his nostrils. "Arrgh, insidea my mouth feels like the bottom of a bird cage." Through the swirling mists of his memory he did seem to recall some faceless girl next to him the night before as he sat, morose and very drunk, in a booth at the Flamingo; he seemed to remember someone whispering something about the girl to him. But that was all.

"Lissen, this bitch was crazy, really, crazy, like a nympho for anything, she was like hot to trot for sex, booze, you name it, she was on dex, she wanted us to get her some grass. . ."

"Maybaleen?"

"Yeah, May-buh-leen. Man, she's weird. You know, in a way, she's not half-bad, like she could be okay if she wasn't so whipped-out looking. But she's all screwed up. Like somebody was telling me she had this miscarriage a



while back and she's been screwed up ever since. Like she's really borderline, she kept mumbling about how she was going to find herself some hippies while we were screwing her. Like, here Tappet is, planking her, and she keeps saying"--Stanley raised his voice to a falsetto to imitate the girl--"'Oh take me back to the hippies, man, that's where it's at. . .'"

"Ugh. Christ Almighty, you mean this chick is about half out of her tree and here are all you guys humping and wronking away? Christ's sake, I could just about blow my lunch if I had any." Revulsion first flickered, then swept across Northway's plump face like a blush.

Stanley was instantly taut: "Now lissen, man, just don't you get yourself all excited about it, see. Just don't sweat it, like. . ."

Northway was shocked: Stanley was genuinely menacing, threatening, and his lean, muscular arms corded. He is about ready to jump me and pound the living crap right out of me, Northway realized with horror, me, fat and soft, wheezing like some guy with terminal TB, so hungover I can barely see straight. "Well," he began, trying to think of some way, graceful or not, of avoiding getting flattened by this strange roommate he had come, after living with him for two years, to somewhat like. "No, man," he said, "don't get pissed, I mean it just seemed a little grim at the moment, oh my aching head and ass, I'm just totally jacked out of shape." He moaned and rolled his head about on the pillow, continuing the drift away from the disgust that had escaped him. "No shit, man, I wish I hadn't got so juiced, maybe I would have been up to a little nooky myself. But I think I screwed up this test I had to ace to get a free ride next year and I ended up completely snaked."

Instantly Stanley was mollified, relaxed, friendly. He leaned bonelessly against the door frame, smoking.

"Who all was there?" Northway asked.

"Tappet and a couple of rushees." He chuckled. "Man, if those two kids don't sign their bids, I can always blackmail their asses. Jesus, you are really torn up. How's about a beer?"

"A beer?"

"Hell yes, man, a little hair of the dog, hair of the



dog that bit you is the only thing that'll cure you."

"Yeah, maybe a beer and a couple of aspirin might do it. One thing, it sure as hell can't do any harm." Northway imagined cool liquid sliding down his parched, smoke-scorched throat; perhaps aspirin and beer together would diminish the throbbing in his head and ease the worms of anxiety that chewed raggedly at the edges of his consciousness. Who was it, Benchley, who said that the only cure for a hangover is death?

"Here, man." Stanley gave him an icy bottle of beer and plumped a couple of aspirin on the hump where the sheet covered Northway's bulbous stomach. "A little hair of the dog'll do you up just fine."

Northway sipped. There seemed something calming and infinitely soothing simply in gripping the cold wetness and weight of the bottle. Northway drank a little more, tucked the bottle upright in the crook of his arm, and rested his head back against the pillow. He seemed to doze, and through his mind's-eye cartoon animals, rabbits and ducks and squirrels, cavorted and gamboled across bottle-green grass.

He started when he saw the grinning boys, let in noiselessly by Stanley, at the foot of his bed. For an instant he had the notion they were identical twins, but then he realized that actually one was thin and dark while the other was blonde and plump, a younger version, perhaps, of himself. It had been their expressions that made them look so alike to him: a kind of manic glee seemed to bond them together like carbon molecules, and Northway knew instantly that they were the two rushees Stanley had spoken of. Cherries, he thought, as they continued to grin widely, a couple of kids who've just lost their cherries and now they want to hold a post-mortem to make sure it really happened. Today I yam a man. Christ. But then he remembered his slip with Stanley, and with an effort of will, he tried to imagine all of them as somehow being victims, the two boys, Stanley, even Tappet, the fraternity's red-haired, freckled, lascivious peddler of skin flicks and dirty playing cards. Somehow, Northway thought, that scuzzy bitch must have used them.

"Hey Stanley," the thin, dark boy said, "that was some rush party last night. Man, I can hardly believe that!"



"Yeah, Stan," chimed in the blond, "that was really something, man that was outtasight!"

Stanley grinned proudly. "You guys take a hot shower and scrub up the old nads like I told you?"

"Yeah, Stanley," they replied simultaneously. Northway drank from his beer, finding it not at all repellent as it seemed anything taken with purely medicinal intent should be. He washed down the two aspirin and felt nearly capable of rising. But Stanley was there at his side, pressing another beer upon him. He started to protest, then sighed and sipped from the fresh beer. And why not? His single screw-up on the test made the Obergammon Fellowship as remote as the Nobel Prize.

He thought idly of gang-bangs. Most of the tales he had heard he considered to be college apocrypha, variations on the same, sad themes: frequently in the tales some prostitute or stripper was hired to service a fraternity's pledge class, or else by luck some unstable but compliant co-ed yielded herself up to sweaty couplings in the back seat of a car, one sport climbing off while another clambered anxiously over the front seat to take his turn. There had been the tale of the whore, crazed with Spanish fly, who impaled herself on a car's shift lever; and of the college boy at the drive-in who slyly thrust his member up through the bottom of a box of popcorn and offered some to his girl ("She said if she ever held it she'd have to put out, but that she'd never hold it, haw, haw!"); of the girl who had a certain spot on her neck so erogenous that a mere kiss could turn her into anyone's sexual slave. Bullshit. But the gang-bang last night had been real. The thought made him writhe a bit, and again he tried to banish the thought that it had been some debauch where mad-eyed college boys violated some demented chick: he made himself see the woman, her lips thick with red grease, as a caricature of rampant lust. Her body was padded with fat, and her smell was that of a mare. Cruelly she drained the young men at her disposal, uttering guttural commands on how she might be better satisfied; obscenely she would summon the next youth to his exertions: she put even the obsessed Tappet to shame.

The door closed softly. The apartment was still. Northway realized that his reverie had been so intense that he



had not noticed the exit of Stanley and the two rushees. The silence seemed to buzz oppressively, like the sterile hum of fluorescent lighting in an empty room. Strangely, his second beer was nearly gone. He wondered what time it was, but the lassitude that gripped him was so strong that he felt unable to turn his head toward the clock on the dresser. His eyelids fluttered and he seemed to drowse again.

There was a light tapping at the door, erratic and feathery, like the branches of a tree scraping lightly against the side of a house. It ceased for a few moments and Northway relaxed. Then it recommenced. He stiffened. Well, here goes, he decided, and belching warm beer through his nose, he got up. Surprisingly, it was not difficult, at least when compared to other mornings after binges when he had been nearly paralyzed by somatic pain and, worst of all, the monstrous anxiety that always attended his hangovers. Hair of the dog: simply infallible. What son of a bitch was tap-tap-tapping at his door? It must be that shithead Tappet come over to gloat with the rest of the guys about what a bunch of studs they all were. He padded to the door in his T-shirt and red checked shorts, scenting an effluvia of bed must trailing him.

It could only be the girl. It did not occur to Northway to make even a token gesture toward a robe, and he simply stood in his underwear, flat-footed and bleary-eyed, staring. He was stunned; the woman in his fantasy had been so strongly envisioned that the girl who appeared before him seemed like some apparition. Far from being the vulgar, insatiable creature of his vision, she looked underfed and unhealthy, more an abused child than coarse lust incarnate. Her skin was sallow, and her triangular face seemed lifeless and pinched, save for her huge eyes, which reminded him of those in Keane prints. Yet they reflected no somber inwardness or feline pathos; rather, they suggested to Northway the feral, bug-eyed stare of a high-strung lap dog, a chihuahua, perhaps.

"Where's Stanley?" she whispered, her huge eyes momentarily affixed to his. "I lost. . . left. . . ah!" She moved jerkily past him, as if her limbs were controlled by invisible threads, and plucked a bright red plastic purse from the cluttered table. She wheeled and moved back through the doorway. She turned to face Northway. "Where's



Stanley?" she said. Her voice was a little stronger.

"He went out," Northway said. Her pale lips trembled, and her eyes seemed to grow larger. "Uhhhh. . ." she breathed. Northway felt a sudden, hopeless, irrational desire to touch her, hold her to him like a puppy. "Maybaleen," he said.

Then it occurred to him that if he wanted to say anything to her at all, he wanted to say it for himself, to vitiate the bleak sense of nullity he felt stalking about inside his skull. He reached out and gently took a bony, feverish wrist in his hand in a sad attempt at commiseration.

She took his gesture as one of lust: "Go fuck yourself, fat boy," she said, jerking her hand away. "You goddamn big tub of guts." Her voice had become clear and rasping.

He closed his eyes, and in his mind he saw her stalking away on reedy, trembling legs, muttering oaths against the fat bastard in his underwear. Opening his eyes he saw that his arm was extended as if to clutch one of those frame devices Dr. Paap claimed goofy esthetes in the eighteenth century used in an effort to get a new perspective on things. The arm lowered slowly, pressed by an invisible weight.

.....



## THE OVERCOAT

Started with red socks,  
Went into a touch of sideburns,  
Flowered shirts corduroys,  
His hipness  
Blew pot somewhat,  
Grew his hair long enough  
For a pigtail  
To his wife's freeze,  
Walked out on his job as claims adjuster,  
Out on his wife's small talk  
Of twenty-three years,  
His daughter with her rock noise,  
Her primal screams,  
Enough income from his Father's stocks  
To take fair care of his family  
And set himself up in a loft  
All he needed was some sort of art  
Op pop sculpture something like Claes Oldenberg's  
Deflatables,  
No cop art with op art,  
He brought along his hundred and fifty dollar  
overcoat

For between seasons:  
Who wants a jacket with a draft up your rear?  
His daughter said Daddy that herringbone  
Doesn't help your new image,  
Go to grizzly furs if you must be warm,  
And pick up a beat animal:  
He gives away his herringbone to a young hippie  
Shivering along in denim.  
Letting out a primal scream  
The hippie wraps into its wool,  
And goes looking for a job uptown,  
Leaving him all hippie  
Hip hip hooray

--Emilie Glen



Grasshopper

It sits  
smug on the path  
I pause insect  
instinct what it is

moves in quick  
stick figure steps  
would pick it brittle  
from the dust

but fear all that texture  
between my fingers  
unknown quantity of barbs  
and tobacco spit

remembering how awful  
once upon a fish  
always remembering  
the catch  
its curve  
clear around to the cruel barbed  
prick  
to death  
do we diminish

no bird shadow  
blackens hopper's back  
he pulls to the tune  
of chlorophyll blades  
the next leafy chew

gathers  
legs leaping green winged  
full spring into the pink

mouth  
of a crow  
black

Molly Beck



SANDY M. SANDOK

parade  
    the movements  
    moving people  
    swirling by me on the by-stands but also a clown in the  
    movements of parade  
        watching from inside the shell  
        of a body within eyes in eyes  
i have never seen so small in all  
    my parades what do you look so awed  
        with or for  
the broom walked by next  
why are you awed  
followed by the police  
why are you shy  
followed by a peanut  
    cluster cluster cluster  
    cluster cluster  
        peanut  
then came the black best

(man)  
and a white WIFE in black fuzz



we do this everyday instead of eating once in the morning once in  
the after

and once again now

i know i've asked this before but have you or do you know where we can  
get some mescaline i'm from madison and i miss it that's where i'm  
going now.

can i have another bun just a half at a time it's  
better

that way and a drink of water and i forgot what else

the water dripped

down

from

the

basin

to

the

floor and

under the door

to the kitchen

and the landlord dripped down

to say shut-up

didn't he know we were cleaning up after the bathroom?

now i remember (that's) what else i had to do

knee-socks

heel - less and

no toes

and an endless parade

that stopped

when we arrived

here



### The Builders

"There is no room for additional  
pyramids," he said. And looking  
at the rows of tented peaks  
darkening the plain which  
lay before me obdurate and old  
like the bottom of a giant's  
blackened hobnail boot  
I had to agree.

"We'll stack them," he said,  
but pyramids, as you know,  
don't stack well.

"What about the men?" I asked.

"Shall we teach them not to build?"

Sally S. Anderson



# John F. Kennedy: An End And A Beginning

—by Edward J. Hogan—

In the years following the death of President John F. Kennedy, most of the writers who have evaluated his term have found a consensus on one theme: that the change of mood he brought about in the United States was much more important than his fairly meager legislative achievements.

A brief look at the Fifties will reinforce the reality of this accomplishment. Joe McCarthy was censured by the Senate in 1954, but the hysteria that he had promoted more than anyone else left a deep imprint on American society. The greatly exaggerated fear of Communists and radicals in the government that became such an American obsession during the late 1940s and early 50s had a repressive effect on the society much more widespread than proper measures to weed out a few "subversives" required.

Civil liberties were qualified when the government no longer had to show evidence, but only indicate suspicion, of an employee's being a bad security risk. It was not only the many people who had been sympathetic to communist or socialist alternatives for a time during the Great Depression who were discriminated against, threatened, and often unjustly defamed by hasty and arbitrary government action. The fear of communism at the top percolated down to the very roots of society, and rapidly became more widely manifested as a suspicion of any person or idea that deviated from the conventional. As the 20-year old reforms of the New Deal became an unquestioned part of American life, all calls for further change fell on deaf or hostile ears. The pressure for conformity was great. One was not rewarded for brave new ideas, but for the ability to fit well as a faceless cog in the economic machine that made real the ultimate vision of the American dream: a wife, a lot of kids, a suburban split level built from the same pattern as its neighbors, and 2 cars in the garage. The students of the Fifties were an "ungeneration" involved in an "unmovement". They were known less for ideals than for ambition: to get in at the ground floor and move up the corporate hierarchy by pleasing the boss.

The Beats were the only ones who manifestly moved against the conformist tide. Within a few years, a whole new generation



has come to personify at least something of the nonconformist Beat outlook.

President Eisenhower fit the Fifties--a low-key executive who believed the government should do as little as possible, and that the New Deal had improved just about everything that had needed changing. He was basically uncritical of his time.

Kennedy led a campaign to revive the country's social conscience, and he was successful. He made it possible for Americans to be self-critical again. Kennedy was the first President to use his office to persistently lend support to the civil rights struggle. He initiated the anti-poverty program (housing, job training, rural redevelopment) that President Johnson later expanded to the War on Poverty. Finally, he inaugurated the first broadbased effort to compete with Communism by other than military means, with Food for Peace, the Alliance for Progress, and the Peace Corps.

The earliest events most people in their early 20s today remember were from the years of the Kennedy administration--years of hope for needed change.

The great and tragic paradox--a tragedy that exceeds that of his own death--is the fact that John F. Kennedy opened a crucial chapter in the history of U.S. policy in Vietnam. During his three years, the United States moved from "limited-risk gamble" to "broad commitment" in the civil war in South Vietnam, according to the Pentagon Papers. U.S. personnel grew from less than 700 to 16,732 between 1961 and 1963. Former aides say that he wanted to pull out of Vietnam, but that he felt compelled to press on, fearing that a U.S. withdrawal would lead to charges that he was being "soft on Communism". The distorted fears of the McCarthy period had not died with him. They survived to make a prisoner of Kennedy and his successors.

At the same time he was opening the eyes of the public to domestic social problems, Kennedy was concealing from the American people the deepening commitment in Vietnam. As the U.S. tried, with progressively declining success to, in the words of the Pentagon Papers, use "limited means to achieve excessive ends," administration officials, on the basis of intelligence reports, told the President to expect a long and costly conflict. As a result, it was hard for Americans to understand why such a massive American commitment was necessary in 1965. The seeds of the American role in Vietnam were planted by Truman, but, working within the limiting framework of the McCarthyite legacy, Kennedy took the U.S. to the point of no return in Vietnam.



The Barn Board

The barn board—  
streaked with red  
paint chips,  
carved by rain  
and tunnel worm,  
rusted fossil nail  
and empty knot—  
greyed long winters  
to become for that  
white bearded farmer  
a suitable marker.

Brian A. Connolly



•PAULETTE CARROLL\*

## AGAINST THE NEW MORALITY

by Sen. Jean Alice Smith

EDITOR'S NOTE: Senator Jean Alice Smith of Arkansas has long been known as a "common sense" philosopher. This excerpt from her best-seller on sexual morality, which should prove thought-provoking for people of all ages, is reprinted from last October's issue of Gentleman At Home.

There is nothing new about the "new morality", except for the publicity which surrounds it, and the easy good conscience it claims to give to the young men of today who give in to the same age-old seduction ploys with the same, age-old results. But too much is already being said about sex and the bachelor, and definitely too little about the real beneficiaries of the death of old standards: the women who seduce them. Those women, whose mothers would have been content to take their immoral but natural urges to venal men, now prey upon the virtue of young gentlemen of respectable families. Not content to sin, they want to do so with the innocent. And to compound it all, they want the world to acclaim this exploitation as the "new morality".

It is time that a woman sounded the alarm. Boys who will not listen to their fathers might be convinced by someone who has a first-hand acquaintance with the motivations of the opposite sex. It is time to open the eyes of the potential victims of this game before it is too late for them.

The woman who talks grandly about the emancipation of the male is not interested in marriage--only in taking advantage of any boy naïve enough to believe her. Statistics show that 91% of women in the 20-35 age bracket make a pass at their companions on or before the third date. Yet only 36% in that same group said they would propose to a young man who has already "given in". And if he did so on the first date, the percentage dropped to 6.58.



"IT ISN'T AS IF I COULD HAVE DONE ANYTHING ABOUT IT."

Yet in spite of these figures, more young men engage in pre-marital sex today than ever before. In large urban areas, the number of unwed fathers who have to support children--often even before their majority--has doubled in the past 50 years. I talked recently to a young man whose case is sadly typical. Here is what he said to me:

"When Sally became pregnant, she suddenly didn't want to have anything to do with me anymore. She called me an idiot and a fool, and resented the bother the situation was to her. Bother indeed! To her, it was just going to be nine months of discomfort and a few hours of labor pains. To me, it meant twenty years of terrible responsibilities and troubles. And it isn't as if I could have done anything about it..."

That last remark is worth thinking about. For sex is not safer for the man of today than it was for his father. On the contrary, he is more helpless than ever. There are safe, foolproof modern means of birth-control; but they are all feminine contraceptives. It is all too easy for a woman to dispel a young man's fears by telling him she is on the pill and then get pregnant by skipping it. Whether she does it on purpose or not, it is entirely her mistake; but the consequences will be, at best, shared. At worst she will, like Sally, ignore her responsibilities and refuse to marry her partner and simply abandon him with his child. Whether it is fair or not, the laws are still heavily in her favor. And until such time as fatherhood can be proved beyond a doubt, the courts will still have to take the mother's word.

#### PSYCHOLOGICAL DAMAGE

Of course it used to be that such considerations did not need to be brought up. A respectable young man's upbringing was enough to keep him out of trouble until marriage. But this reckless new generation has cast off the religious barriers that protected their elders. It would serve little purpose for me to engage in a discussion of decency and self-respect. I will content myself with offering a few psychological facts for the consideration of any young virgin who is tempted to give in to a well-speaking woman:

It is an unescapable physical fact that men, while



capable of enjoying the sexual act just as much as women, tend to become greatly depressed after intercourse. They are predisposed to these "blues" by their physiology. For while sex is nothing but enjoyment for the female, to the male it is an extremely exhausting physical activity culminating in the loss of precious, protein-rich substances. His body undergoes a tremendous stress, which is why, incidentally, he is unable to satisfy several women, while a woman can easily satisfy several men. From a physical point of view, promiscuity is relatively harmless for women, and potentially fatal for men. Not that I wish to defend the double standard from a moral point of view. But at least it was based on a realistic understanding of physiology, which is more than can be said for the "new morality".

But to come back to post-sex blues, it has been observed that they do not occur in a harmonious marital relationship, because the feeling of mutual love and moral security more than compensates for the male's physiological depression. But in the absence of such security, no matter how "liberated" he was before, he becomes painfully aware of his loss, his weakness, his sudden impotency in front of his still excitable partner. In the secure relationship of marriage she will show gratitude for his gift and comfort him with her love until he regains his virility. And she will not ask him to trust her blindly with contraception. The fact that she is bound by law to accept her share of the consequences is his best guarantee of her honesty.

Let the young man of today simply remember this: the sexual act is one in which the man gives, and the woman receives. As long as this basic physiological fact remains, there can be no true equality of the sexes.

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SMALL PRESSES/Received \* \* \* \* \*

MONDAY MORNING PRESS. Tom Montag, editor, has been up to a growing number of good things since he started his press (2629 N. Bremen, Milwaukee, WI 53212). He is continuing to publish a series of (primarily) midwestern poets in small but lovingly prepared collections mostly priced at 30 cents, which "aint so much to pay for some good poems; it's the equivalent of two cups of coffee or one and a half McDonald's hamburgers. And poetry has fewer calories per ounce." You might consider trying some of the flavors. Recent additions: "Sorts (1) & (2)", #1 including poems by Morgan Gibson, Steven Lewis, Tom Montag, Martin J. Rosenblum, and Karl Young; "Landscape of Skin and Single Rooms" by Richard Pearce; "shake/bolts" by Carlos Reyes; "Twelve Poems" by Tom Montag; and "poems for madeline swansen" by Celia Young. The last two are numbers 4 & 5 of the Wisconsin Poets' Series, respectively. All are printed on fine colored card stock.

A more ambitious, in size, undertaking, is TEN HOUR BILL by Don Dorrance (\$1). It is described as a "free-form narrative". To simplify, it compares the symbolic attainment of civilized treatment among white men in 1847 with the passage of the English Ten Hour Bill, with the lack of such fair treatment toward other groups, by means of a series of contrasts. It is an interesting experiment. Here's a small excerpt to whet your appetite:

Suburb

I was always used to the blackness  
in their minds. At least here the garbage  
is picked up, the neighborhood's  
clean. We moved out for the schools,  
the same as any mother would. It cost  
a lot, and we had to tell the petty lies  
to get here, but the house is ours.  
But the neighborhood's mean in little ways,  
despite their tidy lawns. All the greenness,  
and they watch over with shabby hearts.  
They care for grass and talk among themselves  
over coffee, and give us that stare, hating,  
but afraid to act in their greyness,  
their desire held back by appearances  
enough so we can stand it.

Finally, we come to Tom's third recent project, one that could well become his most significant, when measuring the poten-



tial for general benefit. This is the newsletter MARGINS, which began publication in August, and is co-edited by Dave Buege of Harpoon Press. Although no one can cover all of the small presses, MARGINS proposes to take critical note of as many publications as it can, both in greater numbers and at greater length than I can in "Small Presses/Received". One of its major purposes is to make it easier for libraries to get an idea of what's being done and how "good" it is, at least from two editors' vantage points. Editors should send review copies to Tom at the above address. Subscriptions are \$1.20 for editors (2.50 for others) for 12 bi-monthly issues. Advertising rates are very low, and this should be a good place to do it. The editors plan to distribute MARGINS gratis to about 400 "libraries and bookstores who have expressed an interest in such small press materials."

SECOND AEON, edited by Peter Finch, 3 Maplewood Court, Maplewood Avenue, Cardiff cf4 2nd, Wales, U.K. \$1.20/copy 5.00/4 issues. 104pp. (Make checks payable to Peter Finch.)

This British littlemag apparently shares similar problems with its compatriots: the fact that they have been nurtured and supported by grants from the government Arts Council, and have faced, for reasons unknown to them, declining and finally terminated support from this national source. Many mags have shut down, but SECOND AEON presses on, as #13 indicates, partly due to the aid of the Welsh Arts Council. But it is still "losing money hand over foot." SECOND AEON is important, not only because of the fine and varied poetry offerings published, but also because it performs a service similar to the one that James Boyer May's TRACE did for 18 years: taking note of the small press scene, both in Great Britain and abroad. The magazine publishes mostly modern blank verse, but there are also some essays, reviews, concrete poetry, collage, and other art work. SECOND AEON is one of the most important transatlantic links between the British and American small presses and contributors. Bukowski, Bly, Fowler, and William Wantling are all published in #13. And so is Herbert Williams: "Now autumn flings/spring's children from trees,/and rivers race/like lemmings to the seas,/and old man winter/is two blocks away,/scuffling through the dank/remains of yesterday."

THIS ONE IS FOR JANIE (poems) by Gary von Tersch. Second Aeon Publications, same address as above, 80 cents, 16pp., (same payment procedure as above).

The author, who some will recognize as a frequent record reviewer



for ROLLING STONE, turns out to have something to offer as a poet as well. This book is published as part of Second Aeon's American poets series, and is dedicated, in part, to D.r.wagner.

I walk at night,  
 watching the grey  
 television shadows  
 at windows, listening  
 to the dogs in garages  
 come awake as I pass,  
 wonder at the brightness  
 of the new street-lamps,  
 feel like skinnydipping  
 in the 2AM sprinklers that  
 are drenching the park grass  
 so automatically I have to glance  
 at the moon for sanity

CIRCLE MEADOW, by Gerald Hausman. Illustrated by Bob Totten and Sheila Granda. The Bookstore Press, The Bookstore, Lenox, MA 01240. 67pp. \$2.25.

Gerald Hausman's poems are never divorced from a strong contact with nature, Western nature: copperheads, hot sun, ravens, cows, hot and cold, often a sharp but fragile edge of crisis or danger, remembered. These are all memories, little pieces out of a life. The book is beautifully illustrated with brown-tone pen & ink drawings. All the poems are real. A sample is "Sleeping Out".

Drunk in a cow meadow  
 I lay face up, early starshine.  
 Cows came out of the pine trees  
 one at a time to stare—  
 great liquid slow blink eyes,  
 milkweed breath.  
 A bold one thrust tongue  
 to my chin, backed up, puzzled.  
 Slowly they turned around  
 tails swishing, and ambled off  
 tired of flies, false salt blocks  
 too many milkings.  
 I stayed and watched, almost drowsing  
 until the last white of them  
 went out in the dark.



## PLEASE TAKE NOTE

It will be some weeks before another ASPECT arrives in your mailbox. I will be out of state working as a coordinator for the McGovern campaign until the November election. When I return, we'll get out another combined issue--October and November--and then we'll return to our monthly schedule. Who knows what treasures the mail will bring, but there is already some nice work scheduled for the next issue. Renewal slips for subscriptions ending in both August and September are going out with this issue. It would sure help to find a few checks in that pile when I get back. Peace to you.

*Ed Hogan*  
co-editor, publisher.  
September 14, 1972

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

SEAMUS FINN is from Pardes Hanna, Israel....NANCY SHATTUCK, Highland Park, Michigan....ERIC CASHEN, Amherst, Massachusetts.... WILSON STAPLETON, Orange, Mass.....BILL MEISSNER, Ware, Mass..... RICHARD LATTA, Forest Park, Illinois....GEOFFREY CLARK, of Bristol, Rhode Island, is the Coordinator of Creative Writing at Roger Williams College....EMILIE GLEN lives in New York, N.Y.....MOLLY BECK, Spokane, Washington....SANDY M. SANDOK is from Eau Claire, Wisconsin. She has been experimenting with "automatic writing, writing quickly, whatever comes to mind, with no revisions." She says of her work, "I feel it has become the meeting place of my conscious and subconscious thoughts, a state between reality and fantasy." ....SALLY S. ANDERSON, of Champaign, Illinois, has been oft-published in little mags, and has two books: Timepieces (1971) and Skin and Bones (1972)....BRIAN CONNOLLY is from Aurora, N.Y. ....PAULETTE CARROLL, Madison, Wisconsin, says of "Against the New Morality": "I don't believe in female-dominated double-standard hogwash any more than in male-dominated double-standard hogwash, but I do believe that it's hogwash." ....CAROLINE McALLISTER is a photographer from Costa Mesa, California.