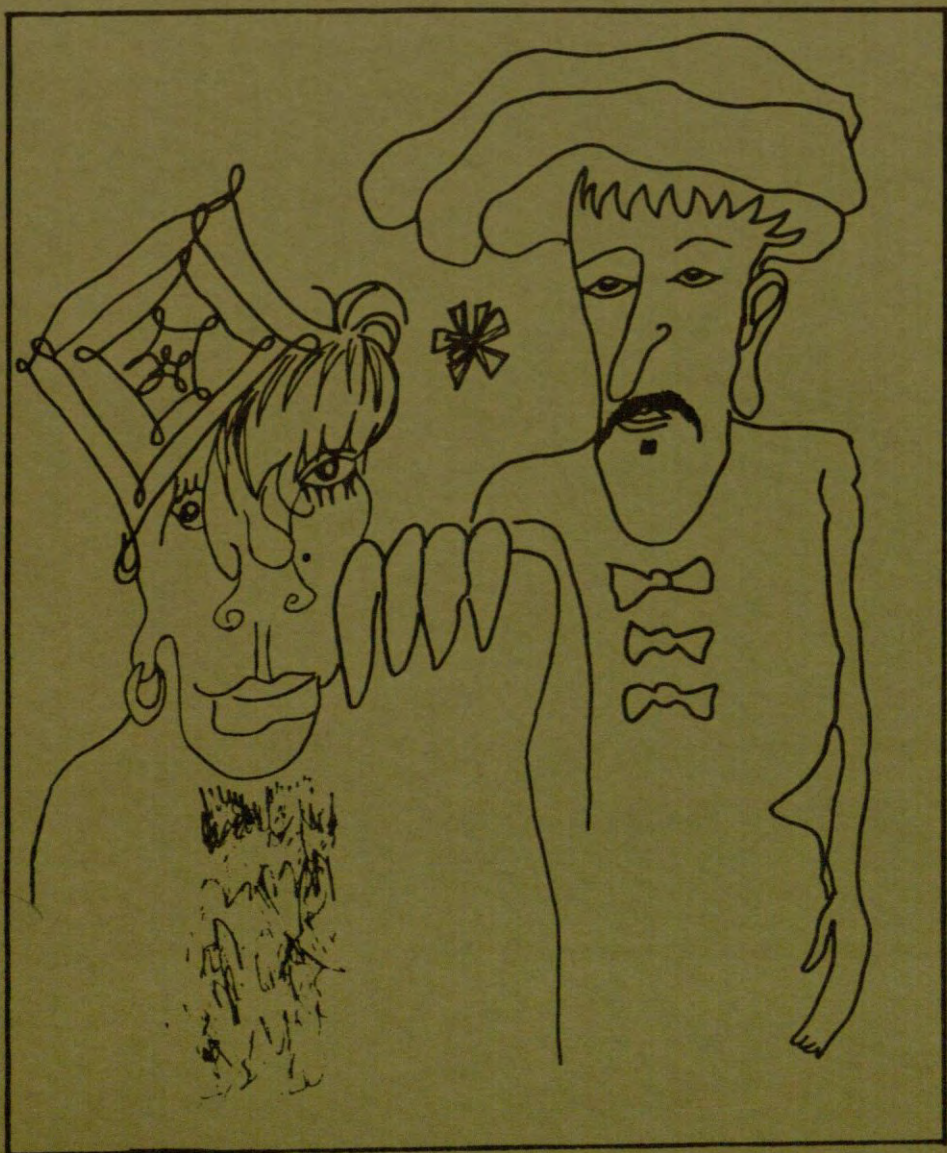


ASPECT

75¢

september
october 1973



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PARADISE

In paradise
would all possible beautiful
paintings
exist already?
Wouldn't there be more
for the angels
to paint
for the first time?

Eric Felderman

pineapple rings
he sd
pine apple rings?

Arthur Winfield Knight

FROM
MY 7TH FLOOR WINDOW OF
THE MENTAL WARD

Rain

Sliding slowly from

Soft gray cliffs

Thin film

Between my eyes and

St. George Episcopal Church

Brown brick arms raised high

Clocks gone crazy

On each of the saintly wrists

Telling within my gaze:

3:30

6:32 and

4:35

All

Too slow and weary

I

Put my hand out the window and

Catch the drops

To make time mean again

FRITZ HAMILTON.

THE CAREFREE

The dead man awed
From the red gash in his throat
stares sightlessly from
The compassion of his unconcern
Who murdered him
His half-closed eyes don't care
His 3 young sons
Will care
So will his small Spanish wife
Who won't know what to do
His dead parents will care
As much as he cares
The creeping rat 5 ft away
Cares
Wondering how much he
Can rip off
The policemen care/ they
Must bag him
Tag him
Put him on a stretcher and
Carry him away
The frozen slab won't care
Neither
Will the earth that covers him

FRITZ HAMILTON.

Disturbed Professor
Takes Pound Not Pills

For insomniacs,
Pound is better than pills!
Once, after awakening
to void my heavy bladder
at 4:30 a.m.,
I discovered myself,
upon returning to bed,
afflicted with the contents
of the conversation
which had been the occasion
for my overindulgence
in the evening just past.
I could not sleep.
It was impossible
to slow my breathing,
to stop my turning,
or to free my mind
from the confines
of that conversation.

It was in this disturbed
state of mind that
I took some Pound.
Sleep were his maidens;
Love the bed.
Finally, to the stylist
exercising his talent
beneath the sagging roof.

The haven from sophistication and contentions
Leaks through its thatch;
He offers succulent cooking;
The door has a creaking latch.

So closing the book,
I creaked to sleep
in the hammock
of that latch.

And that's why I always say,
For insomnia, take a little Pound.

James Klein

My Uncle's Retirement

into a christmas thing
nothing quite yet moving
and into this thing

the sun in the typewriter /

i am forthright
and firmly convinced that no one
living in the city can know anything
about seasons.

yesterday in the city
there were clouds enough for a foot of snow
but it did not snow and today
in the country we have egg nog
and mud

(my uncle shapes his land
with a scythe in the middle of winter
he measures by the stone wall
finds old things:

a rat trap
a slab of cement
a pitchfork which he will use later

his son glancing up from the table

will not let him use pesticides
and agreeably the hard years close between them.

on christmas eve
he had us light all the candles
then sat and watched us decorate
his new house the presents mounting up
the money well spent though again too much
as ever
making the toast to all not at hand
he went to bed early
as ever

my sister and i both dream about him
every now and then as a young man
so skinny and short we probably wouldn't have noticed

the grandson of a sea captain
and unused to such foolishness / on clear mornings
he will be able to see the ocean
from his front window.

JANE CREIGHTON.

THE MACHINE SHOP

Ottone Riccio



s Frank Duran entered the shop, the instruments orchestrated their uneven rhythms into patterns that achieved compositional integrity. Lathes whirred, providing a basso continuo; sliding scales of drillpresses improvised melodies that meshed into arches of counterpoint; electric hammers and riveting machines drummed and punctuated the score with intricate beats.

This concert took place every weekday, for three shifts, in this most unlikely of music halls. Overhead hovered an assembly of crane sections and transfer rails; huge equipment made of gray metal occupied working areas; strong lights belled by green plastic shades hung over the machines. The concrete walls framed large windows composed of

small sooty panes. The floor was gray concrete spotted with ever-increasing grease stains and occasional piles of sawdust. The smell of heated metal and grease permeated the entire shop. Frank became used to it after the first few days, but the sounds of the machine continued to intrigue him.

What had made him choose a machine-shop for this summer's job? He'd wanted something totally unrelated to his social science courses at college. He believed the alien environment would prove useful to him.

At first, the cacophony deafened him. When he mentioned it to his roommate, the latter smiled and suggested it wasn't too different from rock music. Perhaps that programmed Frank to hear it in this unusual way. His preoccupation with listening shut out the smells, the glare of lights, the drafty cold of the place, and the sullen or self-indulged faces of the workers. He looked on it as a private adventure that made no sense to the others around him.

The heads of the workers, bent over their machines, indicated only that they were doing a piece of work for which they would receive x number of dollars at the end of the week. In his early days here, Frank wondered at their deafness. Didn't they sense the involved sequences of sounds that followed on one another? Perhaps, he thought, one must have studied music in his youth to really appreciate this. Soon, he ignored the indifference of his co-workers and moved deeper into a self-world assaulted daily by this unlikely music.

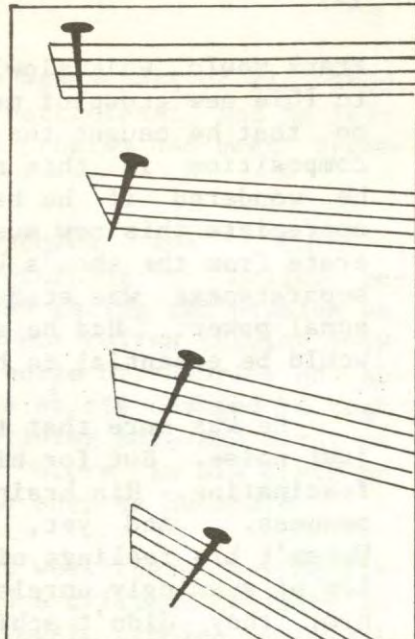
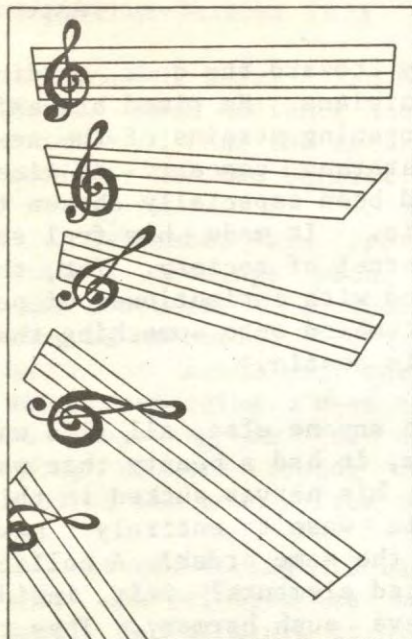
As a child, once, he'd watched a percussion band from Jamaica and he'd been amazed at how the youthful musicians had elicited music from gourds, bones, skindrums, even empty five-gallon oil cans.

At least, there the goal had been the presentation of music. Here, it was accidental and more--innocent. Music was not the goal. The conglomeration of sounds resulted from the making of machine parts, and the goal was to achieve the right tolerance, the smooth surface, the evenness of gear-teeth. He felt that he alone discerned the beauty in the tones emanating from the electrically-powered tools.

The musicians who played on these instruments seemed totally unaware of the effect of their artistry on Frank Duran. To them, Frank was just that kid from college picking up some summertime dough. He was the ambiguous shadow who appeared at the elbow of the drillpress operator with a fresh pile of cotton waste or at the shoulder of the lathe-man with a new supply of blades. He was the silent figure that moved about refilling the grease-pots scattered throughout the work area.

It was when the shift left for the day that Frank was overwhelmed by an exhilaration he could hardly understand. In the half hour before the next shift came on, he swept the shop and rechecked the supply bins at each work station. He would rush through these chores in order to save a few minutes alone with the machines. The huge instruments stood there, silent, waiting for the musicians to enter and take their places, waiting for the musicians to throw the switches and shift gears, to place parts in vises, to start the concert all over again. Frank would run his hands over the smooth gray surfaces still warm from the performance just ended. He lingered longest at the large drillpress. This was the one with the greatest talent, as far as he was concerned. Its variables of speed gave it a range from the highest ear-piercing screech of the piccolo to the guttural throbs of a bass trombone.

As the men of the next shift filtered in,



Jean Segal

Frank would walk slowly toward the door, nodding to this new group of musicians. He timed his exit so that he caught the opening strains of the next composition in this marathon concert. At times, he wondered if he had been especially chosen to appreciate this new music. It made him feel separate from the shop's kernel of society. Yet, the separateness was studded with intimations of personal power. Had he stumbled onto something that would be essential to his destiny?

He was sure that to anyone else, all this was just noise. But for him, it had a beauty that was fascinating. His brain, his nerves sucked in this newness. And yet, it wasn't entirely new. Weren't his feelings of the same order? A collection of seemingly unrelated elements? Only, inside him, they didn't achieve such harmony. They remained vague and plaguing, swirling and at cross purposes. He found pain there rather than beauty. And he came to regard the sounds of the machine shop as the externalization of these feelings, so that, while they appeared to reside in a realm of randomness, his mind could objectively study them and find the connections that gave them meaning, bringing them into an integrated unity. Was it actually as random as he thought? Did some external Director "arrange" these melodies so he could understand his own chaotic being more accurately? And thereby realize a personal harmony? Were the screeches and hums and whirrs but the sound pictures of the turmoils inside his brain, the torments of his body?

The electric hammers echoed the beats of his racing heart. The lathes voiced his hungers. But it was the huge drillpress that seemed most illustrative with its phenomenal tonal range. He, too, had often been the victim of such wide swings of emotion and he felt he understood clearly the drill's joy and grief. At top speeds it hummed an absolute ecstasy; the low uneven throbs were act-

ual sobs of pain. And he was a part of all this. He was both audience and participant, and he felt privileged that the entire program had been organized for his own benefit.

September was approaching too quickly. Frank's feelings about returning to college became confused. He avoided facing the problem as long as he could. He did not relish leaving this haven of sound for the world of theories and abstract urgencies. When the shifts changed he took to lingering in the building more and more, as though he were trying to store in his brain as many of the sounds from the shop as he could.

It was during his last week there that he finally acknowledged he had a critical decision to make. Had he stuck to his music studies, it might have been different. But, though his grades in his social subjects were well above average, he realized he did not like being involved in the problems of other people. He'd taken a wrong turn somewhere. Was there time for him to correct his course? For two days he avoided conversations with his roommate, ignored having his meals, lay awake all night. And then the problem disappeared. It was so sudden that he smiled broadly in the darkness of his bedroom. He didn't want to continue with college. To return would be cowardice; it would be capitulating to what others assumed he would do, to what was expected of him. In the past, this had been a controlling factor in his decision making. The summer spent at the machine shop had changed that flaw in his character. He felt strong enough to decide in favor of what he himself really wanted to do.

Or was he succumbing to a different kind of external pressure, the hypnotic influence of the shop itself? No matter, he was too excited at having made up his mind. He'd think about everything else another time, he told himself. All he knew

was that he was happy being around those singing machines. He could not think in terms of being separated from the shop, of not hearing their erratic symphonies.

The next morning he approached the shop foreman and asked if he could stay on as an apprentice. The man regarded him with some surprise and undisguised suspicion.

"I thought you were here just for the summer?"

"I was. But I've found out I like the work here, the people, the machines . . ." Frank tried to find reasons that would sound plausible. He was, he thought, making quite an adequate ass of himself.

"I don't get it," the foreman said. "I'm sure this wouldn't tie in with whatever you're studying at that college."

Frank felt panic. Logic would defeat him if he weren't a bit more cautious. His mind groped, floundered, raced, as he stammered. The foreman smiled at him in a superior way.

Abruptly, the answer jumped from Frank's lips without any trace of inner confusion. "Well, the truth is that I'm failing my subjects pretty badly. In fact, it's my counselor who advises me to think seriously about leaving school and learning a trade. Seems I'm not a brain. Anyway, I really dig this place."

The foreman shrugged. "Go to the office and fill out another form. Tell Sadie I said it's okay."

"Thanks. I'll really work hard. You'll see." Frank started happily toward the enclosed cubicle at the far end of the shop.

"Hey, kid!" The foreman called out after him.
"What machine do you 'dig' the most?"

Frank smiled shyly and pointed at the big drillpress. The foreman nodded and, with another shrug, walked over to the riveting section. The clangs and thuds and whirrs and screeches rose to a dramatic climax that flooded Frank's body; it made him think of those grand finales in the movies when the hero walks off into a whole new set of adventures in a world he's been admitted to only after the severest of ordeals. Frank felt happy; he nodded to the men now in a different way. After all, was he not one of them? Some of them smiled back at him, whispering words of greeting. And Frank Duran, machine shop apprentice, specialty: drillpress, headed toward the office to fill out his application and to tell Sadie it was okay. His arms rose and his fingers stretched to cue the entrance of the various instruments at his command.

the present

at this hour this time this
lunatic time of dreaming when
only the crickets & i are awake the sky
darker even than your hair covers
your eyes as you are sleeping i
see you standing waist deep
in the water hands
like twin butterflies at your
sides waiting waiting
awaiting the present i bring you you
expect some toy or jewel & are
amazed to open it & find
it is the sun & morning

r d swets

momma: but grace with grace

an older woman already yet
with grace she shakes herself free
of the encumbering lace & shivers
into satin &

my body splits like an old
chrysalis & singing
it becomes light
as skin & covers her

& with his funny old pen at his
queer antique desk my father diddles
over papers late
into the night

& mother
goes to bed her stomach hungry
for him fat or Nureyev leaping
or me graceful
as i once was coiled
soft & warm inside her

r d swets

YES

It's not a word

It's an experience

It's not whether you do it right or wrong

But--do you do it

Do you stand up for yourself

Or do you crawl

Do you love someone who doesn't love you

Or can there be hate

Can you tell me the truth to everything you know

Or is there a lie

Do you mourn

I do.

CARLA BACON.

Eskimo in Jackson Square

He heard
the wind
quarter round
to the north
even before
he felt
the parka
shift
upon his face.

He knew
the ice-
the white
mist of death-
even before
he saw
the sun
disappear
from the tundra.

He sang
his lonely
song
but she
heard it
not
for
there are
no Eskimos
in
Jackson Square.

L.S. FALLIS

MAGGIE

Maggie, in arch-supported shoes,
cripples her feet across oceans
of asphalt marble floors;
washing.

Maggie rolls down the runaway hose,
pities her knees; callouses from
so much kneeling are never
tough enough.

Maggie hoards secrets this centennial
hall alone opens to her eyes:
the staining salt of tears;
spittle of dawns
broken.

Maggie, knowing little except gray
rags, doesn't know she is almost
obsolete.

Maggie's floors are ritual in the sanctuary,
voodoo dance at night; she can't hear
the new music of steel bands in the
waxing machine.

Judy Neeld

The Virginia mountain people cannot read.

They speak their own language.

The guards in their prisons cannot censor books.

And in Vietnam they are taught to shoot

And in America they shoot pigeons.

The Vietnamese mountain people don't like the plains

Where rice grows thick of armies.

But they will fight under the stars, waiting in blue jungle.

In Carolina and the Mekong Delta

Men grow to kill each other.

And one valley has seven dead

And another is turned to craters.

The justice of the world is measured out by computers.

In Truong Son and Carolina streams

Men would fish despite the bilge and poison.

Robert Pinsley

WATERGATE: THE ROOTS OF CORRUPTION LIE IN VIETNAM

> William Blum <

"Opposition to the war in this country is the greatest single factor aiding the enemy."

--Richard Nixon, 1966

On June 17, 1972 seven men were apprehended for illegally entering the national committee headquarters of the Democratic party at the Watergate building in Washington, D.C. Thus began the most publicized and volatile political scandal in American history.

By congressional mandate, a Senate select committee was established shortly thereafter to examine the question of individual misconduct in the presidential campaign activities of 1972.

By all accounts, the Senate committee is charged with a significant mission. But behind the obviously important question of individual guilt in the Watergate affair lurks an issue of singularly critical magnitude. Even the President, in the midst of his gratuitous and vague confessional of April 30, 1973, formulated the matter in extraordinarily lucid terms: in short, does the panoply of Watergate and related events--the bug-ging-breakin of Democratic headquarters, the subsequent coverup and the consequent federal investigation--illustrate the strength or reveal the bankruptcy of the American political system?

Thus far, the members of the Watergate panel have refused to confront the question. Even during the interrogations of former White House staffers John W. Dean and John Erlichman, when chairman Sam Ervin sharply contrasted the actual behavior of the Watergate wrongdoers with the ideals of accepted morality and the constitutional canons of

governmental propriety, the investigation failed to transcend the realm of personalities.

Although the Senate hearings have exposed a veritable chasm between the real and the ideal in these respects, it remains the committee's position that mere discovery of the conspirators and their accomplices is required to redeem American statecraft.

The American people, however, disagree and notice of their discontent has already been served on the Senate. A Gallup poll released in mid-July disclosed that two-thirds of the population believes that at least some members of the Congress used illegal and unethical means to secure election. When added to earlier polls in which the vast majority of those queried raised suspicions of Richard Nixon's own culpability, it becomes obvious that a deep lack of confidence in all levels of the federal government has developed.

To understand the relationship between Watergate and the "system", the latest example of political miscarriage must be studied in the context of the general social and political fabric from which it emerged. Only in this way can it be determined whether Watergate is really an anomaly or actually standard operating procedure for those who occupy positions of maximum power in the nation's capital.

Even a cursory perusal of the pages of American history is sufficient to dispel much of the novelty surrounding the Watergate hearings. For political scandal is hardly a newcomer in the home of the brave. The Grant and Harding administrations in particular stand as prominent violators of the credo of fair play. By now, such nightmares as the Credit Mobilier case and Teapot Dome are part of the national heritage. The fact is that every President, from Washington to Jefferson

to Kennedy and Johnson, committed acts and issued statements that loyal historians have relegated to dark corners of the textbooks.

What distinguishes Watergate from its indiscreet predecessors is the overriding ideological motivation behind the incident. In the words of ex-Attorney General John Mitchell, "The reelection of the President was paramount; all other considerations were of minor importance." To Mitchell, retaining Richard Nixon in the Oval office was tantamount to protecting national security. In this area, if in no others, his erstwhile collaborators --James McCord, John Dean, Jeb MaGruder, Maurice Stans, John Erlichman, Bob Haldeman etc.--unanimously concur.

The reason for the unprecedented fealty to the chief executive has been the lone item of clarity and consistency throughout the entire stream of convoluted and contradictory testimony: the common fear of C.R.E.E.P. and White House officials of the threat to American institutions represented by the antiwar movement and kindred struggles for social change. As these forces gravitated toward the McGovern candidacy during the spring of 1972, all respect for the niceties of electioneering was discarded without compunction.

At the time of the Watergate breakin, antiwar sentiment in the U.S. had revived from a year of relative calm to attain a level of visible commitment unseen since the nationwide student strike of May, 1970. In April of 1972, the armies of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam and the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam had launched their most concerted offensive since the Tet campaign of 1968. Only massive American bombing and the mining of Haiphong harbor prevented the Thieu autocracy from falling before the combined onslaught of the liberation forces.

From the orientation of the Houston papers (the documents embodying an elaborate plan for government surveillance, harassment and infiltration of the antiwar movement suggested in 1970 by then White House aide Tom Charles Houston) one might have believed the U.S. was also in the throes of social revolution. Although Nixon has publicly denied the plan was ever operational, many instances of government provocation of the peace movement--including Watergate itself, the burglary of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office and FBI investigation of a 1971 raid on a Camden, New Jersey draft board, to cite only three events--indicate the contrary. Indeed, the formation of a secret White House police apparatus ("the Plumbers") and the disclosure of a White House enemies list by John Dean before the Watergate committee have been widely regarded as signs of incipient fascism. At any rate, we have the picture of a government whose war policy had placed it at an obvious and alienated distance from its constituency.

The historical background to that alienation lies in the nature of the Vietnam conflict. From its beginnings, American military involvement in Vietnam was waged with inhuman brutality and shrouded in bureaucratic secrecy. To win public acquiescence for its war aims, U.S. administrations from Truman through Nixon nourished the American people on a steady diet of lies. Through every available means of mass communication--the press, television and radio--American involvement was portrayed as a mission of mercy. A small sovereign nation, an ally and a bastion of democracy in the middle of an Asian noman's land 10,000 miles away, stood beseiged before the Communist menace. Images of falling dominos and impending red terror were exquisitely orchestrated to arouse the ardor of every patriotic son.

Initially, very few Americans even knew

where Vietnam was, much less what the trouble there was all about. But as U.S. engagement accelerated during the mid-sixties, increasingly greater numbers of Americans came to investigate the situation. In time, widespread antipathy to the war developed. During the Nixon Administration's first term in office, that antipathy was given forceful, objective form as street demonstrations against the war assumed ominous proportions and frequency. At its height, the antiwar movement included within its active ranks several million Americans from all orders of society. There were Blacks and Chicanos and other ethnic minorities that had no sympathy with a white man's vendetta with a yellow people; there were women, who thought the slaughter abroad a worthless crusade compared to the struggle to end all sex discrimination at home; there were rebellious students, who demanded a new egalitarian and antiauthoritarian society; and there were trade unionists, who came to feel the crunch of the fray in terms of higher taxes, wage regulation and inflation.

It was not only the organized demonstrations that Richard Nixon feared so intensely. Beyond the battlefields of Berkeley, Kent and Jackson State Universities loomed another source of disquiet to the administration: the role of the movement as a vehicle for disseminating an alternative description of the war. When Daniel Ellsberg and Anthony Russo, two former Rand Corporation analysts, made the Pentagon Papers property of the American public in the spring of 1971, the movement was armed with an irrepressible indictment of American aggression. The Nixon team recoiled at this development in wild paranoia.

The Pentagon Papers provide a detailed documentary of the U.S. war effort. In so doing, they demonstrate the duplicity and inefficacy of that effort. They explain why those Americans who perceived the duplicity were so abhorred by the war.

And conversely, they explain why the Nixon Administration responded to the "security leak" represented by the release of the papers with the formation of the Plumbers organization and other "dirty tricks", including Watergate.

The Pentagon Papers and the political crisis created by their public disclosure thus establish a direct link between Watergate and the war. A full investigation of the causes and implications of Watergate would therefore remain incomplete if it failed to consider the content of the Pentagon documents. Indeed, if the Pentagon Papers were ever placed on the Ervin committee's agenda, the issue of Watergate's bearing on the American political system (illustrating either bankruptcy or strength) would be seen as but one dimension of the larger question of the war's bearing on the system. In addition to Haldeman, Erlichman, Mitchell and Dean, the character of the U.S. government and its adventure in Indochina would face the committee's scrutiny. The evidence, no doubt, would be stacked heavily in the government's disfavor.

Counsel to the Majority, Sam Dash, would then initiate a new and wider range of examination. He would argue that, contrary to Defense Department folklore, the contours of American involvement in Vietnam were shaped as early as 1945. He would point out that when the Vietnamese Independence League (Viet Minh) founded the Democratic Republic of Vietnam in August of 1945, it enjoyed support from the overwhelming majority of the Vietnamese people. He would add that the Viet Minh turned to their American allies, with whom they had worked closely during the Second World War, for assistance in reconstructing Vietnamese independence. And Dash would explain that at Potsdam, in cognizance of the emerging bipolar postwar balance of power, the U.S. cynically determined to restore all of Indochina to French control.

At that point, Senator Baker would interrupt Dash's inquiry in his inimitable fashion to present copies of the March 6, 1946 agreement between the French and the Viet Minh, in which the D.R.V. was recognized as "a free state with its own army and finances."

The remaining members of the Watergate committee would follow Baker's interjection, each widening with incisive documentation the full extent of America's war guilt. U.S. fiscal aid to the French war effort of 1946-1954 would be laid bare. The Geneva Accords would be recalled from cold storage and defrosted before the entire nation. Vietnam would be proclaimed a single nation and the turmoil there would be proved a civil war.

It would be shown that the U.S., and not the D.R.V., violated the Geneva settlement by dispatching CIA sabotage teams to Hanoi, by illegally including South Vietnam in the SEATO charter, and by installing one repressive tyrant after another, from Ngo Dinh Diem to Nguyen Van Thieu, in Saigon's Presidential Palace.

In judicious outrage, Committee leader Ervin would declare the Gulf of Tonkin resolution null and void because the U.S. had provoked the incident by sponsoring a South Vietnamese commando raid along the gulf the evening before the attack upon the USS Maddox.

In passing judgment, Ervin would conclude that America's goal in Vietnam was not the advancement of freedom, but rather the dual purpose of containing communism and preserving Southeast Asia, a region rich in rubber, oil, copper, copra, tungsten and rice, as an open zone for the export of capital. T.V. audiences across the globe would hush to hear the aging senator reason sadly that no other analysis could possibly explain why the American government labored so vigorously for

three decades to prevent a tiny country from expressing its national independence on a socialist basis. Watergate would be revealed as merely one of many crimes against humanity committed by the American system.

Of course, such a scenario will never take place in the Senate chambers. The Watergate committee may eventually ascribe blame to a former Presidential aide, an ex-Attorney General and even a chief executive. The "system", however, will never stand trial before the committee because the committee is an integral element of the system. Any expansion of the Watergate investigation beyond the level of individuals would only expose the Senate's and the committee's own complicity in thirty years of political scandal in Vietnam. When chairman Ervin conceded amidst the rancorous testimony of John Erlichman that no other Senate Democrat had voted more fervently in favor of Nixon's war policies, we only begin to glimpse the unmanageable magnitude of that scandal.



Ingeborg Hayward

DIRECTOR'S PANTS

Our director

We're concerned

It may be a show with nudity

But the slit in the seat

Of his pants

Shouldn't be spreading

Everytime he demonstrates a sex scene

At rehearsal

He should leave the stripping to us

His actress love

Why can't she take the nine

Not saved in time

What do you mean

I am not his wife

Wife sitting in a side seat

Gives the other woman

A hooded look

And keeps on crotcheting

As the rift widens

EMILIE GLEN.

Mr. Big Stuff

Hey Baby,

You go walking like you're big stuff

But I knew you when,

I had to give you a dollar,

Just so you could get in.

Today,

You go driving around in that big, black limo,

Like you ain't never drove nothing else,

But I remember that big, brown '68 Buick,

And I have to look at you now,

And laugh.

Once,

You were just a honky-tonk piano player,

Playing in some dirty bar.

Now,

You think you're somebody,

Just because you're a Superstar.

LINDA ANN CHOMIN.

Study of Literature

Rats

Omnipresent dimension.

Rats of the imagination

ts eliot rats

Detached rats

Even Prufrock fished for rats

In the muddy Thames.

Western tradition rats

Harmonium rats

In Paris sewers

Rats Baudelaire -

A delicacy.

Kafka rats

In Jewish Prague

Eating my grandmothers.

Rats of the

Imagination.

White consciousness rats

Eating telephone wires

Trashed up from Harlem,

From the Thames.

Rehearsal for a black poem.

Necessary fragments of a now-ego

Blown up for video.

Rats in the head,

Like Hamlin unfurnished.

A pied-pipers' compendium

Of Western culture.

Barbara Unger

BUBBLES

at three years,
I was released
into the front yard
with our dog,
still only a puppy.
I think the asphalt
attracted him, the
slight smell of rubber
or something new.
at the curb,
a laundry truck
backed up
and hugged him
into the street.
when my father
came home, he
scooped a hole
in the garden
and filled it with
the head and legs
of a lonely little boy.
I was only
five years old
by that time.

Brett K. Canfield

ROADKILL

THE HITCH-HIKER-POET:

dawn
takes my blue breath away. . .
world .
earth . for her
rounds of applause and forests before the european.
and world wars . down the fall
of the year . the day-glow
sportsmen. the Spector Truck of Chicago
Caves in out
a hill of stained glass, that is,
a forest

25 tons of kosher pickles and my thumb-bone
in love

in spite of the enemy lines of a man
and a truck.
and talk about cold.

it's all up to the driver
of the fire he
keeps tempting on his feet
and hands please
stop.

He air-brakes.
sprays skin-colored gravel and upwards of it
a figure runs
for a ride . Blood .
on the chromed look out of the deep
fall dark
of a deer-run .
my god's lovely young hand

THE TRUCKDRIVER:

Life's
o.k./
strikes me that way
this morning/

warmed over morning on the fields of death
 drawn
and quartered o.k.o.k. I take a hard line
on the countryside/ at
a hit
of glass/
a deer in the brights.

as I say
nothing ventured nothing ventured,
hunt and fish,
beat it thru a mountain pass,
hit a patch of blue and hit it hard,
skin-wheeled,
brand-new,
everything is new . that's the edge
I have on other men

the other night
is an instance of this / pitch
black mountains all around, and hitching,
is a woman,
in yellow, I wonder,
what it was tore her her dress was torn
was all she had on
and man, cold. in fact the rockies.
my door opens---
dirty light goes on . Blonde .
I think a girl.
I think a woman.

to be cut
that bad in her arms .
there wasn't a soul within miles .
must of jumped out of car
out of fear, fast, had to be
barbed wire
and a blacked meadow
and blotted moon.
I'm
curious as can be and horny . out
of her not a word .
legs in under her .

new
 day
 new glass new chrome
 a ring around the mountain
 my woman falls
 on the dash . I stop
 sit her up
 slap her lightly she leaps out
 I shout
 I thought you were unconscious
 I wasn't hurting you
 I wasn't making a move on you .

WILLIAM TALEN.

HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR

A girl born on Hiroshima Day
the suck of her first breath
inhaling their last
sweats like street signs
in the fog
bites into crust
cries when it crumbles.

A girl who makes love
like she chews gum
bodies clacking on omniverous sheets
undulation occurs--he watches
the sludge coagulate
the soft buttery ooze of love
friction formulated
he watches repenetration
again again
syrup bubbles in angular heat.

A girl who had her first
abortion performed
with a Kirby vacuum
and wasn't even late for homeroom.

Dropped out mouth open
became a jug
in a jug band
until pyorrhea set in
worked in Ling Fong's market
with the chinese checkers
couldn't handle the abacus fast enough
split
lived with a gay musician who
chipped off her toenail polish
with his teeth

so she split
to be bodypainted at \$5 a shot
two-tone extra
until the operation was taken over
by Earl Scheib (any body any color \$29.95)
put up with her nipples
being sloppily masked
by minimum-wage laborers
but refused to submit
to his infrared oven.

No, she got married
at least it's better than masturbating
she thought.

In the kitchen runs her fingertips
over the wrinklelets forming
at the corners of her eyes.
As the timer clicks
she hears him fart in the bedroom.
Silent she stands beside her all-electric
stove
and watches water boil.

ELLIOT FRIED.

Atropos

A lass spinning spindrift threads in the wind,
on the strand,
Stands barefoot to the tide's foam, and laughing
at the land,
Steps forth to the froth, swims, casting herself
to God's hand.

An old witch wizened by years at a hut
on the fen,
Shuffles in pain to the wheel and sitting
with back bent,
Takes scissors to yarn, snips, bringing the tale
to an end.

Howard Curtis

ADOBE WALLS

Adobe walls, cracked like ancient sculpture,
 Protect us as we rest
 Upon a tattered mattress
 Which must have served its time
 At Dunkirk or Verdun.
 Windowless frames wait
 To funnel us a breeze in parched heat.
 Carelessly, we gulp rosé
 Wetting our insides;
 Outside we sweat from love
 And are attacked by Kamikaze flies.

Ed Porter

small presses

edward j. hogan

MAGAZINES:

*PLOUGHSHARES, Box 529, Cambridge, MA 02139. Single copies/\$2, 4 issues/\$8. Rotating editorship.

Editors of small magazines spend lots of time fretting and bitching about how hard it is to "make it" --attain whatever their conception is of a sizeable, dedicated readership. PLOUGHSHARES is one of those mags that will deserve every measure of success it attains. It is not only the quality, but the breadth of content that I find very appealing in this "occasional of the arts". There is a large collection of poetry here, but also a good number of prose pieces and selections of art work laced throughout. I can read a whole book by a poet I like, but I always find it tiresome to plow through thirty pages of poetry (and as many poets) in a magazine. For the reader who doesn't have 15 minutes to spend on each poem (who does?), it is just too many styles to try to absorb in a short space of time.

No. 3 gives us a very rewarding brew. Tom Sullivan takes an unusual approach in "Boils Down", his story about a young Belfast woman whose habit of fantasizing and verbalizing those fantasies leads to a painful and unexpected experience. Other attractive fiction in this issue come from Jean Eddy, Jeffrey Davis, and Alphonse Allais (a 19th century Frenchman translated here). Paul has some intriguing abstracts and Albertine a group of imaginative photos, including a couple three of little kids in arresting poses. I enjoyed reading what two American authors had to say about writing-- Richard Yates (REVOLUTIONARY ROAD) and William Styron (LIE DOWN IN DARKNESS, THE CONFESSIONS OF NAT TURNER). Yates: "If you can blame everything

on one of the characters in the story, then where's the weight? I much prefer the kind of story where the reader is left wondering who's to blame until it begins to dawn on him ... that he himself must bear some of the responsibility because he's human and therefore infinitely fallible." And then there's the poetry. There is work here by well-, less-, and un-known people, including William J. Gallagher, Joyce Peseroff, William Meredith, John Rogers, and Kevin King. Dear readers: two dollars spent on a copy of PLOUGHSHARES is two dollars spent right.

BOOKS:

*THE DAYS RUN AWAY LIKE WILD HORSES OVER THE HILLS by Charles Bukowski. Poems. (Black Sparrow Press, P.O. Box 25603, Los Angeles, CA 90025) 153pp. About \$4.

Charles Bukowski is perhaps the best-known, most widely published poet in the small presses since 1960. He is a classic loner; he is probably destined for literary legend. He has been recently attacked by some, including especially some feminist poets, for being a sexist, but Bukowski is one about whom such criticisms must be regarded as side issues. He must be accepted for what he is. For over 50 years, "the world has shaped me and I have shaped what I can." There are many excellent, very powerful poems here, and the full collection is highly readable. One comes repeatedly across frequent Bukowski themes and settings: simple whores and passionate lovers (and all relationships in between), horse-racing, drinking, chauvinism, rejection, loneliness. Most of these poems are earthy, accessible; sometimes humorous, sometimes eloquent. For a more detailed look at Bukowski and his work, see the special issue (No. 16) of the SMALL PRESS REVIEW (5218 Scottwood Rd., Paradise, CA 95969/\$1). But first, buy the poems.

WHEN HUGO WOLF WENT MAD--

Hugo Wolf went mad while eating an onion
and writing his 253rd song; it was rainy
April and the worms came out of the ground
humming Tannhauser, and he spilled his milk
with his ink, and his blood fell out to the walls
and he howled and he roared and he screamed, and
down-
stairs his landlady said, I knew it, that rotten son
of a
bitch has dummed up his brain, he's jacked-off
his last piece
of music and now I'll never get the rent, and some-
day he'll be fam-
ous and they'll bury him in the rain, but right now
I wish he'd shut
up that god damned screaming--for my money he's
a silly pansy jackass
and when they move him out of here, I hope they
move in a good solid fish-
erman
or a hangman
or a seller of
Biblical tracts.

CHARLES BUKOWSKI.

*MICHIGAN HOT APPLES, Gay Rubin (Editor), P.O. Box
238, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48013. \$2.50. 1972 Edi-
tion (104pp.)

M.H.A. is an annual anthology of work by Michigan
writers. On the basis of this first edition, I
would have to say that this publication provides
a less than satisfactory answer to the question:
are there enough good writers in Michigan to fill
an anthology? There are a number of good things
here, but I didn't find the consistent excellence
of selections which I look for in an anthology. I
liked poems here by Kathleen Hawkins, James Tipton,
Nedra Hook, and Stella Crews. Both the fiction by
Gay Rubin and that of Albert Drake were well worth

reading. Rubin's "How to Give Your Life Meaning" has a cute surprise ending; what I liked best about Drake's "The A-V8 and How It Went" was its success in recreating a time (the Fifties), and a place (a small plains town), to set the stage for the action.

*REHEARSING THE SAVAGE by Richard Lord. Poems.
(Stone Soup Gallery, 313 Cambridge St., Boston, MA 02114.) 40pp. Price: inquire.

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THE PEOPLE INSIDE

ERIC FELDERMAN, Milford, Connecticut..... ARTHUR KNIGHT co-edits UNSPEAKABLE VISIONS OF THE INDIVIDUAL with his wife, Glee...JAMES KLEIN lives in Rutherford, New Jersey...JANE CREIGHTON, Redlands, California...OTTONE RICCIO doesn't only write. He is editor of the active press Hellric Publications and is a patron of Boston area poetry, sponsoring frequent readings...CARLA BACON is a student at Silverton Union High, Silverton, Oregon...L.S. FALLIS teaches at Western New Mexico University in Silver City...JUDY NEELD, Madison, New Jersey..... ROBERT PINSLEY has studied at Harvard and is now travelling...LINDA ANN CHOMIN lives in Livonia, Michigan...BARBARA UNGER, New City, New York..... BRETT CANFIELD is a student attending the University of Illinois...WILLIAM TALEN is brought to you from Madison, Wisconsin...ELLIOT FRIED is a member of the English Department, California State University at Long Beach...HOWARD CURTIS is a Princeton University student...ED PORTER, Poplar Ridge, New York.

CREDITS, continued from p.2:

it to ASPECT. We try to publish work by beginning writers as well as those more experienced. ASPECT does NOT have an editorial slant for content: all ideas and styles welcome. An exchange of views is encouraged. First issue: March 1969.

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