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JULY-AUGUST 1973

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STREET PROTEST

The two streets meet like a cross.
The intersection is paved with people.
On each corner policemen stand firm as nails.
It is May.

A girl laughs out loud,
wine in her right hand.
She donates it charitably as blood.
I found her shattered glass later
glittering like teeth in the grass.

A bearded man gives a sermon
on the gate
saying 'Satan motivates you tonight.'

Each Spring with a war these crowds flower
a resurrection of despair.

Above
the traffic light changes like the seasons.
I watch the colors melt into each other.

Nobody moves even with
the green light.

Marilyn Gravett.

LOCAL COLOR

Kenneth
John
Atchity

The San Gabriel Valley was clear as it usually was in the early hours of a holiday morning before the traffic pouring back into the Los Angeles basin left ugly gas squatting beneath Mount Baldy. The mountains themselves, their dark green mantle indexing recent rain, proudly revealed each fire-wound to the folks assembled on the asphalt runway of the tiny El Monte Municipal Airport. It was the day of the \$125,000 San Juan Handicap at nearby Santa Anita. There were less than a hundred at the airport.

At 8:55 Jack Nichols, sporting a white cravat to offset the solemnity of his navy blue flying jacket, washed down a 10 mg spansule of thorazine with a paper cup of Tang. His gestures already vaguely sleepy, he waved to his wife and son--the latter in a wheelchair--and stepped into the gaily painted Piper Cherokee. The camera zoomed in as he settled himself behind the controls, then panned to Mrs. Nichols just as the smiling reporter shoved the microphone to her face.

"Tell our viewers in the Southland what you're thinking right now," he urged. And added, with a professional surge of enthusiasm, "in your own words!" The crowd waited skeptically for her answer.

Mrs. Nichols did not fail to respond. "Well," she started slowly, "I guess I'd have to say I have mixed feelings." Then, encouraged by the reporter's bobbing head, warmed up. "We do hate to see Jack do it"--with a charmingly uncalculated shrug--"but we do need the money terribly!"

"What do you plan to do with the \$10,000?"

prompted the newsman.

"Well, ten grand can go an awful long way. But first, of course," she pointed to the child, "there's Teddy. He always came first as far as his father is concerned. And me too." Responding to cue, the camera homed in on Teddy.

The boy was intent upon the plane. He was wishing his father had asked him to go for the ride. Teddy loved to fly with his father. Noticing the camera out of the corner of his eye, he sharpened his look of disappointment just a touch. Jack wasn't the only entertainer in the Nichols family.

"We'll be back in a minute, folks." The image of the boy in the wheelchair faded at this command, to be replaced with that of an overweight middle-aged businessman praising Alka-Seltzer in a fake Jewish accent. Then an ad for Cross-My-Heart. Then a paid political announcement from Mayor Yorty's office in New Hampshire. Then an overhead shot of the airport took over the screen as an announcer explained, "for those who just joined us," the background.

The money had been raised by a group of local promoters, including the El Monte Chamber of Commerce, St. Vincent's Roman Catholic Church, the Elks Club, the Esso Station at the corner of Peck Road and Lower Azusa, the American Nazi Party, and the Salvation Army. An eager newcomer to Mayor Pico's campaign staff had proposed the idea half-seriously--and the Mayor had immediately seen its value. Things came together quickly and, he thought, rather nicely at that. Since Nichols refused to use his own, the Cherokee had been thrown in by an octogenarian aviatrix who had just been divorced and felt the upkeep would be too much for her. Jacket and cravat by Zody's. The thorazine, obligingly prescribed by Dr. John R. Dentrill, D.D. S.--who advertised "Dentures for All Ages & Pocket-

books: BankAmericard Gladly Accepted"--was donated by the nearby Thrifty Cutrate Drugstore. The Tang ("Drink of the Astronauts") by Alpha Beta. Abbey Rents had even volunteered the use of a streamlined wheelchair, but Mayor Pico, overruling Teddy, had refused the offer which he considered to be in bad taste.

Meanwhile the crowd appeared impatient. The novelty of the camera crew had worn off. They were, after all, worried about avoiding the Santa Anita traffic. Just before the camera dropped, the mountains could be seen again as they continued to peer down clearly and indifferently.

It was the sudden growl of the engine that directed all attention to the plane.

"Do you think he can do it?" a small girl with pigtails asked her mother.

Gaze focussed on the cockpit, her mother answered with an ambiguous pat.

A slight mix-up in signals had caused Mayor Pico's little address to occur during the commercial interruption and the overhead-shot. Now there was just time enough to notice the sleepiness of the pilot's motions at the controls before the bright little plane rolled past the crowd to taxi down the north runway. The even purr of its motors accentuated the stillness of this beautiful holiday morning.

Inadvertently the sound of the motors lessened at the very moment that Mayor Pico, thinking the mike's attention was momentarily preoccupied, leaned over to his young staff member. "This had better work," he grumbled. The crowd, of course, could not have heard.

The Piper Cherokee lifted quickly above Lower

Azusa Avenue, clearing the roof of Zody's Discount by what looked like less than ten feet; then faltered for a moment, and continued rising in a precisely straight line toward Chantry Flats. The six triangulated miles to the clearing 400 feet below the 3600-foot cliff were covered in approximately two minutes. 1:42:19--according to Teddy's stopwatch.

At an altitude of 1000 feet, Jack Nichols realized sleepily that the tranquillizer wasn't going to help all that much. He even thought, though very laboriously and inconclusively, of circling back. Luckily he could also sense that it would be impossible for him to move the stick in the opposite direction in time.

The plane hit the side of the mountain exactly in the middle of the clearing. The visual effect couldn't have been better. It was, of course, demolished totally. Bits of red and white metal could be seen very clearly from the ground. The watchers, without the benefit of zoom-lense and instant replay, were all surprised and more than a little disappointed--in view of the inconvenience of the hour--that it didn't explode.

"We should have watched it on TV," the little girl pouted to her mother.

"The colors would have been more real," the woman agreed, absentmindedly rolling down her sleeve. "Your dad will be glad he didn't come!"

Mrs. Calgary had to fix an early dinner so her husband could get to the track in time to find a parking place. His leg was still too weak for a long walk. So they didn't wait around for the follow-up interview with the widow and her son. As they walked to the car they didn't even notice the dapper, gray-templed man in the scout uniform who, when all had been said and done, would move forward discreetly to make the promised arrangements.

Willie's hands tell stories--
the tales of his wasted life
unreeled in line after line,
crease after crease.

Willie's hands are black with life,
covered with split and cracking skin
old and deep, like the bark
on some great dying tree.

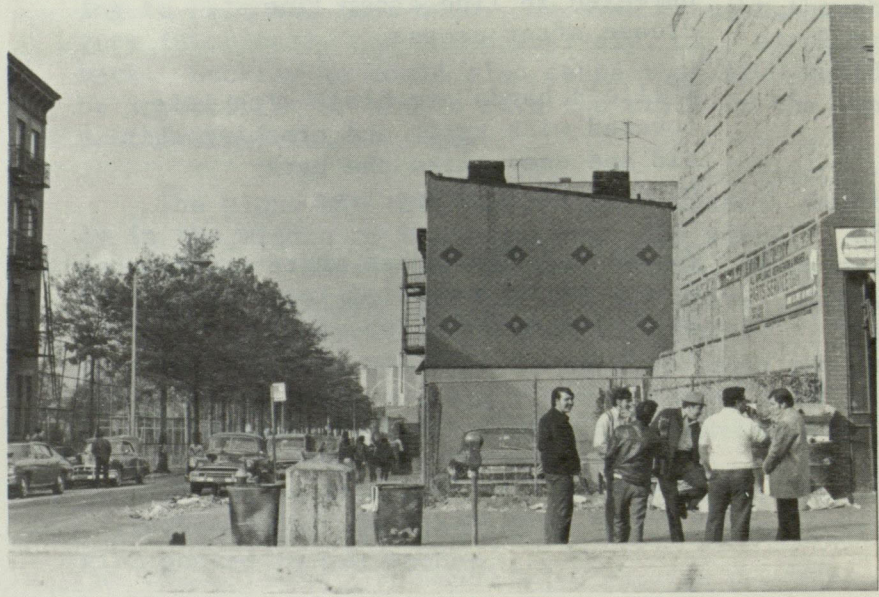
Willie's hands caress white softness,
acting out his palsied love
as Willie moans, "Eva, Eva"
and clutches a pillow in his sleep.

Willie's hands are cold and still,
not having moved for days.
Atop his chest they lie, acting
out the final scene in Willie's play.

MICHAEL WARD.

transmission system to test the engine. The engine was started and the car was driven for a short distance. The engine was then stopped and the car was driven for a short distance. The engine was then stopped and the car was driven for a short distance.

Alvin Karpis and his associates in the early days of the Karpis gang.



The photograph shows Alvin Karpis and his associates in the early days of the Karpis gang. The men are standing on a sidewalk in front of a large building. The building has a diamond-shaped pattern on its facade. To the right, a taller building with a sign that reads 'HOTEL' is visible. The street is lined with trees and parked cars. The overall scene appears to be from the early 20th century.

Willie's friends betray him;
they do it by dying and getting buried
(when he was young
they betrayed him by getting married).

Willie goes to their funerals
in spite of it.
Sits like an old jewess
counting the flowers and mourners
(though often there are few of either;
florists and families can't make it
down to this cold church on Second Avenue.)

Willie even goes to funerals
of persons he didn't know
(though he is sure if he had
they would have betrayed him).

But the churches are cold
and don't like to hear an old man
coughing his last respects.
Willie exits, praying
for a heaven with central heating
free of death and welfare checks.

MICHAEL WARD.

THE TOWN QUEER

He was a pillar of the local bank,
A gentle man who neither smoked nor drank.
 Most people trusted him,
 Excused his sexual whim,
Though teen-age boys tormented him with pranks.

He endured for years their toleration,
Found love in distant cities with discretion,
 Then disappeared one day,
 Absconded with their pay,
Dosed their pity with a shock of consternation.

While town turned out to mourn
Months later when they learned

The law had found him murdered, nude and bloody,
In the Grand Hotel in Kansas City.

Millie Marchand.

DOWN FRANKLIN AVENUE

Today like every year
in the North End
we have a parade
and float a giant
St. Anthony up most the streets.
Everyone throws coins
and crunched up bucks
from their windows
and everywhere on the float.
You need two cops
to keep it going,
but one is goofing
around on the side,
So Bill Russo (who runs the deal)
says get up front
and do your job.
The cop lets on
right off, he's about to speak,
by first unbuttoning his collar
(like the mayor does
to show he's one of us)
and says "Fuck you."
Bill shouts "You dare
to curse in front
of the Saint Anthony."
Everyone puts down
their wine, Copa, beer,
to kick the cop
three quarters a block
down Franklin Avenue.

HENRY COMBELICK

The Lady And the Bitch

taken from a novel in progress by

Mel Conway

Love is the beginning.

"I love you Sandi," whispered Chief, the leader-flutist and youngest member of that jazz group, The Funky Fo. His thoughts were on his lady, as he walked the distance from her apartment to the Hide-A-Way. One hand jammed into the rear pocket of his levis while the other clutched a small brown leather case close against his ribcage. A red baseball cap worn cocked to one side partly covered his bushy head. The pale dying sun threw a glare off the frames of his dark shades. He bounced in the bowlegged pigeontoed strut of his humming, "16 Men On A Bottle of Wine". A slight breeze parted his levi jacket nuzzling a chest all furry and brown. Thoughts of Sandi flowed musically through his short lithe body, dancing their way to his furry face, to flow all bubbly like a waterfall into a smile . . .

Glowing, his thoughts drift over the past five days and nights: over a celebration of love, his 28th birthday, the Fo leaving the Hide-A-Way, his leaving her for how long or where he did not know.

Tonight: the last gig in the Motor City; he would be leaving after the show (Daddy, Rolls and Logs would stay on awhile), first, to New York to speak with some record companies and line up an African, Asian, European tour; and then to

California to line up some festivals and do the West Coast scene, Frisco-Seattle-Vancouver.

It's hard leaving, tearing **yourself** away for indefinite periods. You write everynight at first, and then the letters trickle out one a week, then one a month, and toward the end when the spirits are low, the money even lower, (it always happens) a three-month tour near home.

Home to the cozy creative atmosphere; the fire's warmth, the vegetative harbor of green-plants, the volumes of poetic prosodies and soft lilting jazz solos. Home to Sandi: the reds, yellows, greens and blues of the fire form an orchestration of dancing shadows, a symphony on the rainbow-colored walls. The sweet smell of honeysuckle floats from Sandi's soft oval bosom bathing the apartment in its fragrance. A snack of assorted cheeses and fruits is served with a Lambrusco wine on the floor near the fireplace. Rapping with Sandi about her latest piece, a weaving she calls "Pregnant Woman", made of camel hair and Greek wool. "Pregnant Woman" is a three-dimensional wall hanging woven from red and purple; black and brown; green and white wooly hairs. A recently finished flower sculpture she calls "Self Portrait" hangs above the fireplace under Gustav Klimt's print, "The Kiss".

Sandi's strong hands tenderly touch my cheeks drawing me to her honeysuckle bosom. I hold this flame; gentle - yet firm, soft - yet strong. Her tall peanut butter brown body flows, clothed in browns or golds, blues or blacks, pants or loose fitting gowns, into mine. My fingers caress her short salt and pepper fro and I kiss her soft earlobes where a pair of gold oval earrings cling. From large luscious lips flicks a leaping tongue. Peppermint flavored kisses tease my lips, my eyelids - nuzzle my earlobes - my neck - my nipples - down my chest to my stomach - pauses dropping

sweet butterfly kisses on my bellybutton - then down - down, peppermint flavored kisses on my thighs . . . nudged from galaxie to galaxie we sail into another dimension of sensations; an infinite oneness . . . Two shooting stars dance their way through the heavens bathing the universe in love's showers . . .

"I love you Sandi," once again he whispered. "I have grown so accustomed to your presence. I awake each morning in search of (the Sun) your smile. Your smile swallows this mad world; your cool touch soothes this burning body like a country breeze at 5 a.m. singing its prelude to morning. Once again I must accustom myself to those fog-laden chill steeped mornings, struggling to maintain, to keep everything in perspective, wondering (as I wander) where are you? Where? Where are those strong thighs - those long vine-like legs, those oval soft-scented breasts smelling like a garden of honeysuckle and tasting like wild strawberries dipped in sugar. Where is that musk-flavored body . . ."

(Jostled from his bank of memories, Chief finds himself staring at a familiar but unrecognizable face, a guitarist and his case. Both nod and pass, being swarmed by the multitudes emptying from the paper factories. Downtown, in the heart of this throbbing amoeba, surrounded by bunches and bunches of people running here, pushing there, shoving everywhere; rushing - trying to get away from this madness; a grand maze of automobiles, crowd-crawling streets, paper factory buildings, automobiles and no escape. Heavy Woodward Avenue traffic, unlike the people, crawls snakelike inch by inch like a funeral march. This tension (honks, curses, screeches), this residue of mid-August Motor City madness erupts as though the coke ovens have overflowed and liquid ore spills into the streets flooding the entire city. This hub, this harbor of a

breath of soul that fails to die is like a prize fighter who has gone down a dozen times and still fights to get to his feet. This amoeba, likewise the lone survivor of two riots and years of plantation labor still fights to get it together and refuses to stay down for a ten count.

They come in the morning (Rado's, Deuces, Mark IV's and Gremlins), a formless collage. Now having raped the city, having become a reflection of a larger reflection, they race for their holy land, the outer fringes of this hell.

This sweet breath of soul, harbored and pressured for five days within these fires will burst and flame tonight. The Hide-A-Way will be all forms and rhythm as the inner-city bumps and grinds and unwinds moving to the rhythms of a different drummer.)

Logs, the drummer, and oldest member of the group, at least forty years separating him and Chief, sleeps in the third story loft of the Hide-A-Way while Daddy and Rolls are seated outside the club on the curb (surrounded by this madness caught within its net and yet somehow not a part of it) rapping of survival - survival of the Funky Fo.

Rolls, the horn player, the younger of the two (by ten years) and also the heavier and shorter of the two, is eating hoghead cheese and crackers. Daddy, the ax man, playing since he was ten, has spent 38 years on the road. Daddy looks skyward, a frown settling on his brow, removes and cleans a pair of dark shades. Finished, he shakes his head returning the shades to the grooves behind his tiny ears, sliding them on the bridge of his big round nose. "Hey, where's yo manners?" "Oops. I'm sorry, man."

Daddy scratches the matted hair on his chest, "Where is yo class, man? I know yew nevuh had none."

Rolls flashes a huge grin, places a forearm on a knee and replies, "On top of the world, ax man. Right up there in the stars. I plan to spend every red copper cent of this life. Why, when Chief gets back from L.A. I'm going to New York to see Josephine." He removes his wide multi-colored sombrero. "Wuh. That feels good. There is nothing like a cool September breeze whispering through your wig." Rolls runs his hand through his huge fro, stroking his beard and mustache, he smiles, whispering softly, "Josephine, Josephine. Have some hoghead cheese, Daddy."

"Naw, naw. My, my, how yew carry on over that woman. Why, yew ain't seen her in fo months." Daddy drapes his body over the knee of his faded levis, knocking his fire engine red baseball cap to the sidewalk. "Chief won't be back for a spell even if he leaves tomorrow morning. Why he's been celebrating a Birthday with dat skirt since last Sunday. What makes yew think he'll return in a few days? Why should he decide to return in two months or six months as far as dat goes."

Rolls turns in a circle laughing and the pale dying sunset bounces off his peacock colored dashiki. "You know he always comes through. Member," he pauses and returns his friend's baseball cap to his head, letting it hang over his left ear. He bends tying a dirty white sneaker, "Member Chi Town, Daddy? The three weeks we spent at The Hawk?"

Daddy rises, removes his pipe and fixings; staring meditatively, large raindrops interrupt the silence. "There ain't no telling where he's at now, let alone where he'll be tomorrow, or next week, or next month. He don't even know. How

can anybody else know? Now tell me."

"But what about Seattle, ax man? Member the people dropped in like raindrops falling on a lake. Coming from Tacoma and Ft. Lewis, Madigan and McCord?"

"Yeah, I know dis, man, but he disappeared for three weeks with some skirt. Yew know how he is about women." Throwing his hands up Daddy continues, "Dat dude has no time, not even his own. It just so happens dat he's lost in space and falls back to us when he decides to come back down to earth."

"Yeah, Daddy, you know what he says, 'That's the gravitational pull exhibited by bodies with similar attractions which comes from similar experiences and backgrounds'."

"Lissen, Rolls, we the Funky Fo - an ageless drummer, a lightheaded trumpet player," chuckling, "An ax man whose blade is goin dull and thin and dat little bitty ass nigger - always coming, but when? A damn good flutist, tho. I have to give him credit for dat. But what I'm trying to say is dat we need unity." He draws patterns in the gutter with the toe of his sandal as both men slide again into silence.

Rolls, with his left hand in his pocket jangling change, breaks the silence. "Motown was our town for three weeks this past May. We had them dancing in the street: people jumping, screaming, dancing and shouting, having a good time. Member the parade down Woodward Avenue on the 8th of May?"

"Dat was sumpthin else, but I 'specially member the time twenty years ago." Tapping his pipe on the sidewalk cleaning out the bowl, he smiles staring in the distance. "Dat boy's daddy, yew, me and Logs played on one of dem big boats and

people lined the river on both sides, the nadian and merican. Dem were the times of all night fish fries, barbecues, homebrew, good moonshine, fried chicken and some mighty pretty women and no nonsense. Why dat boy's daddy nevuh chased women - just his flute. I member sometimes his playing all night long. He knew dat to find his rhythm he had to find it within himself and not in a woman's arms. Dat's where I met Bevuhly: mighty fine woman. I wonder what happened to her."

"That's your own fault. You never went back to find out."

"But Rolls, yew know how it is, being on the road all the time; nevuh knowing what city or town yew'll be in next or when yew'll be leaving dis one. Besides," shaking his head, "I wuz a wild ole mule just like dat boy always looking for sumpthin, nevuh satisfied. Yew know," he pauses to draw patterns with his toe, "Chief may not return for a spell. Member dat gal of his in Chi Town? How could yew fuhgit her? Being an ass man yo'self. She's in D-troit now, so Chief might even take her with him. Jelly, Jelly, Jelly always on his mind. Jelly roll killed his papa and drove his mama stone blind. Why do yew thank he went to Europe last fall and the two weeks last spring in Acapulco just befo he got mono."

"Member how we teased him? Running himself down chasing a skirt shoulda been ashamed of himself but Daddy, you know that tune of his, 16 Men On A Bottle of Wine could have been 16 stones on his head, or 16 kegs of dynamite on his brain. In Frisco, the first time he ever played it, member how he whipped the flute that night? The Baby drove the chariot to the wall, to the doors of hell and back." "He played only for her dat night."

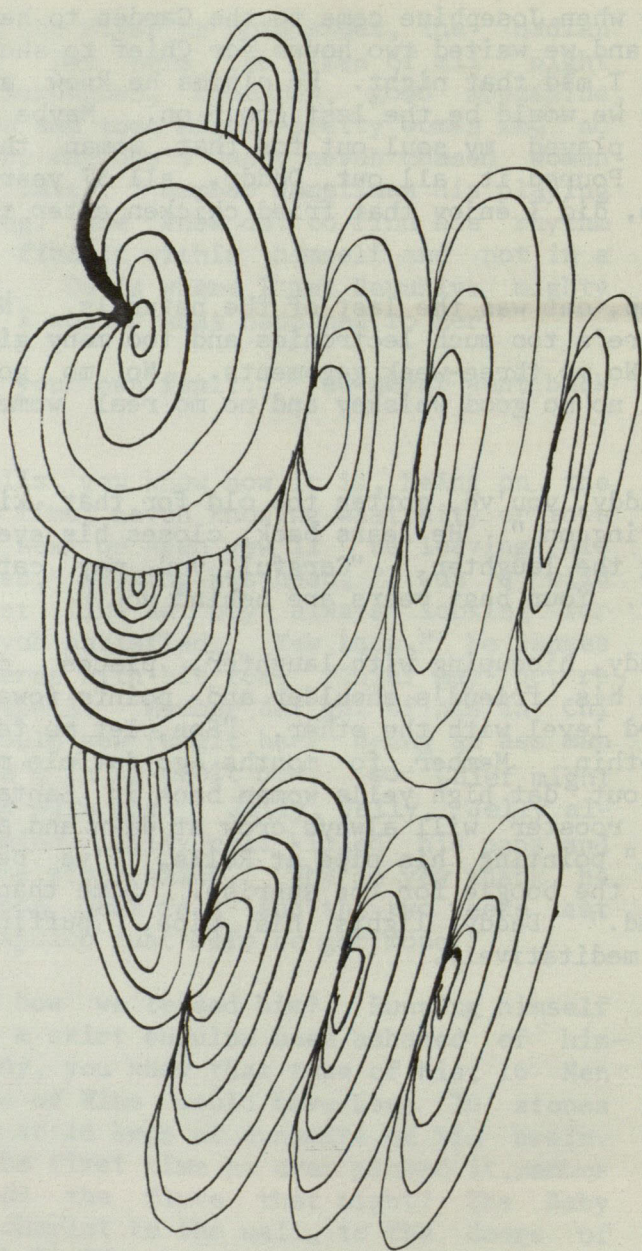
"Yep. Reminds me of the time last year on my

birthday when Josephine came to the Garden to hear us play and we waited two hours for Chief to show. Boy, was I mad that night. He claims he knew all the time we would be the last group on. Maybe he did. I played my soul out for that woman that night. Poured it all out, Daddy, all 37 years. UmmmUmmm, did I enjoy that fried chicken after the show."

"Yep, dat was the last of the naturals. Now days there's too much lectrronics and too many gimmicks. No mo three-week gagements. No mo good cooking, no mo good whiskey and no mo real women . . ."

"Daddy, you've gotten too old for that kind of carrying on." He leans back, closes his eyes, enjoying the laughter. "Careful, you may catch old Logs. Your best years are behind you."

Daddy, hiccuping with laughter, places one hand on his friend's shoulder and points toward the third level with the other. "Son, let me tell yew sumpthin. Member fo months ago dat ole man turned out dat high yella woman back in Lanta? Dat ole rooster will always crow at dawn and all my life," pointing his pipe at Rolls, "I've been playing the boogie for the sunrise. Some thangs nevuh end." Daddy lights his pipe, puffing, smiling meditatively.



LATA

LOVE POEM

After D.H. Lawrence

I do not run,
I slide,
I touch your swirls
With my eyes,
The flared rainbow,
Curved arch connecting
Our beaming streams-
I gleam for you,
Like a wild eye
In darkness.

STEPHEN BROYHILL.

is it really that bad,
she set fire to her body
and found herself among
the ashes.

RICHARD LATTA.

FIRST GOODBYE

Snow, that once covered
Fallen leaves and shriveled grass,
Melts, no longer white
But nothing ever comes back
Without first going away

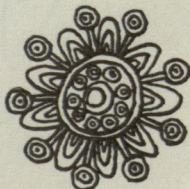
BECKY FOGLE

WINTER ROOMS

In soot-darkened rooms
oil lamps burn dimly
all through the cold night.
On white laced tables
shadowed faces shine out
from photographs.

Outside
in the snow-filled street
the moonlight
soft as the breast
of a bird.

FREDRIC MATTESON



The Fisherman

The moonlight over this bed
is only the soft
white luminous net
of some lost fisherman.
He breathes deeply
from the corners of this room,
his eyes glistening
like silver minnows.
He will use no door and
break no windows when he
leaves.
The night air is his blood,
the cool pulse of darkness.

Fredric Matteson

TESS

Face averted from
the knowing sun, she paused her
work at noontide, took

her babe to give him
stealthy suck, and blushed before
her harvest on the

ground that bore the corn.

DIANE STEIN.

A WELL AND A FIG TREE

AN ANCIENT well and an old fig tree:
These words bring to the vision's span
A picture as old as man
Antedating even Galilee.
In Biblical times the elders sat
In such a setting, those who begat
Ephraim, Isaac, Jehoshaphat.
Veiled women came with jugs and crocks
To get cool water, pluck the fruit
And talk of husbands, children, flocks,
Subjects closest to living's root.
In all the Mediterranean lands
The fig, like a great umbrella, stands,
With a well for dipping buckets and hands.
Near a well and a fig, since earliest ages,
Have gathered warriors, peasants, kings
Prophets, nomads, beggars and sages,
To talk of mundane and mystic things.

LORI PETRI.

Sunday Afternoon

Precariously warm under
One thin blanket
I listen to Dylan and your sleep.
My glass of scotch sits on the Bible
On the suitcase beside your bed.

Bible: There's a way to read the future
If I could remember--
Close the Bible on a skeleton key--

Baby, your dreadful wife
Isn't anywhere now.
No need to shake in your sleep
Or clutch me, waking.

Outside the leaves maze, fall forever.
There's more, there's always more
Of something--
Dylan has finished;
The DJ goes into the fifties.

Outside the light falls, and fails.
I stir quietly to prevent
Your waking.
But you do awake, smiling;
My hair curtains-in your face.
All the future drifts into days
Like this
With us, Please Lord, in a clean place
Empty of all
But air and sleep.

Esther M. Leiper.

GREAT MOTHER

Tonight

I grind the corn into masa

The kernels crunch and melt into fine powder

Tomorrow

I make tortillas

for the farmer of the corn

-- my man

Each day

he returns from the field

with tired back and earthy hands.

He is always hungry

when he returns from the Great Mother.

I must fill his belly

As he has filled mine.

The night of our wedding

we lay in his field

That is the way here.

It is good.

Today

I am filled like the floating balloons
with life.

My man and I

we are happy

for this simple life

we are happy.

PATRICIA BAKER.

SPRING IRONY

Irony brings an artificial limb
and casts sly aspersions into the conversation,
pacing restlessly from room to room;
bad company, good reasons.
Without her, I wonder how we ever managed.

(In Spring, all the words you will not speak lie underground.)

Irony was a bad little girl.
She found hairs in her eggs.
She found epileptics to taunt.
She found animals half-dead and flapping
and carried them home.

The skywriter knows better,
more serious settings
than your fasting through late Spring;
mobiles in every mood,
saving graces, saving face in
the theater of jeopardy.

Registering no humor,
an irritant, your brilliance: wooden, a charm.

The leopard, extended on the branch,
did not see the staging of his drama,

Peering between the branches was our girl.

I know now to seem fierce in logic;
a long-distance operator busy with dialtones,
a receptionist to your patience wearing thin,
a one-woman rescue squad with ropes and ladders
to pour you back into your shell,
open the door, and rehearse from, "hello."

There is trouble with arrivals.
For a week, the ships have not come in,
but linger several hundred yards in the blue,
drifting from lines and landings.

I am not sure where Irony is as yet. She begins
somewhere in the body and slowly tackles, takes
over. despair is too simple. Perhaps there is a
small opening where synthesizers seep out. All
stimuli come as unconnected fragments. There is no
cohesion. There is not even a thread of humor or
malice. Irony has no theme. But

she closed her eyes
and saw it all; the shoots
growing in eight-second frames,
jealous squirrels, and poor excuses.

To change slates
and start clean. Irony wanted
only to be
an amnesiac in the first Spring.

ROBIN BECKER.

PARTIAL EVOLUTION

She would always speak
of her dog in terms
of eyebrows and elbows,

would say that his eyebrows
were tan and that
his elbows were going bald.

He had therefore been allowed
to be alarmingly human
in patches. He was bearded
and moustached of course.

She never mentioned sideburns.

BARBARA A. HOLLAND

Broadway 8 A.M.

The morning
smells of garbage
and frozen spit,
and the comedy
begins again.
Rush hour faces
vacant as
battered children
and drunken
dancers try
scraping their
souls off the
sidewalk.

DEIRDRE MacGUIRE

INFLATION AND THE NIXON N.E.P.

WILLIAM BLUM

We recognize it in our grocery bills. We feel its effects in the rent checks that have gotten out of hand. To live with it we turn the heat entirely off at night. We contemplate scrapping the bug for a bicycle. For shortly, we are told, the poor may be deprived of the mobility which is their peculiar consolation in America.

The Consumer Price Index, exalted spokeshing of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, heralds the crisis as the most severe inflationary spiral in the past twenty-two years. But then the index merely extends to its inception in 1951.

Nearly two years and precisely two federal economic phases have expired since the Nixon Administration intervened in the runaway rise in the prices of goods and services. Officially, phases I and II of the President's New Economic Policy were designed to control both wages and prices with the utmost equity. In retrospect, however, the respective incremental gains appear to be nothing less than inversely proportioned. While the cost of living has climbed to unprecedented heights and the profit margins of dominant corporations have achieved new vistas, real wages have declined six of the last seven years.

No keen power of olfaction is required to sense that something is again rotten--perhaps rotting--on Pennsylvania Avenue. Indeed, public outrage has already raised its angry fist in the week-long meat boycott of early April and in the small but spirited nationwide consumer demonstrations of April 28 and May 5.

Yet despite the accelerated militancy, food prices, along with the cost of practically all commodities, continue to increase, seemingly propelled by the hot air emanating from the White House.

In the interim, Richard Nixon has set Phase III of his economic game plan in motion. Designed to supplant the "mandatory" price controls of earlier phases with voluntary guidelines, this segment of the drama also attempts to merge wage regulation with cutbacks in federal spending for social services. In this way, the Nixon Administration hopes to place the burden of combating inflation exclusively on the shoulders of those whom inflation hits hardest.

Needless to say, the public has not greeted Nixon's maneuvers with the requested ascetic self-denial. But neither has it achieved a clear understanding of the forces and factors which actuate the process of inflation.

For most, inflation seems a veritable fact of nature. Some--less genuinely, and most notably, California governor Ronald Reagan--have even publicly proclaimed it an act of God. And, of course, the Nixon finger points reprovingly at wage hikes and federal funding of you-know-what.

Which analysis, then, are we to select: a, b or c? Perhaps we should discard them all as insufficient and choose d, marked "none of these".

Defined as a rapid increase in the volume of circulating currency with a consequent upward movement in prices, inflation has its source in the federal government's fiscal policy of deficit, or compensatory spending. This is the procedure whereby the government pumps billions of dollars into the economy each year over and beyond the amount of money it removes from circulation via

taxation. During fiscal 1972 the federal deficit exceeded sixteen billion dollars.

Though common to many periods of American history, deficit spending first became a permanent feature of government policy during the depression decade of the 1930s. The severity of that crisis forced the leaders of American capitalism to re-examine the role of the state in the private enterprise system.

Prior to 1929, it was generally assumed that capitalist economies were self-regulating. Accordingly, the accepted remedy for the periodic crises endemic to production for profit was to allow business slumps to pass of their own power.

But as the depression deepened through the Hoover years, the tenets of laissez-faire were revealed as so many hollow platitudes. New strategies were required to rescue an economic order mired in profound stagnation.

Such was the setting for the pump-priming social security programs and public works and work relief projects of the Roosevelt era. Financed by deficit spending, their purpose was to create jobs and raise aggregate demand, the total purchasing power of all sectors of society. This, it was hoped, would stimulate production in the private sphere of the economy.

Nevertheless, it was not until the outbreak of hostilities in Europe and the growth of a massive armaments industry in the U.S. that the depression began to wane. Under the aegis of the cold war, war spending has persisted to this day as the preponderant item of federal budgets and the greatest single mechanism of both compensatory spending and inflation.

Briefly, the inflationary spiral unwinds as

follows: Production in the armaments industries creates purchasing power. It does this in exactly the same manner as production in the private sector. Wages are paid to workers in munitions plants just as they are paid to workers in textile factories and oil fields. However, rockets, nuclear warheads, anti-personnel weapons, etc. are not manufactured as commodities, i.e., they are not marketed for individual consumption. As a result, military spending supplies no supplementary merchandise to absorb the "surplus" buying power it creates. It places money into the economy but fails to provide outlets for its removal.

Thus, the relations of supply and demand shift strongly in favor of the latter, and prices soar.

The problem posed to the consumer is only exacerbated by the monopoly conditions of production which obtain in the U.S. today. For the monolithic corporations which direct the American economy --and it is estimated that 200 corporations account for approximately 70% of our industrial output--are free from serious domestic price competition characteristic of classical capitalism. In the face of rising demand, they are able to increase prices and realize super-profits with unmitigated ease. The Federal Trade Commission recently disclosed that in 1972 the largest concerns in seventeen food and food-related industries overcharged consumers to the tidy tune of \$2.6332 billion.

Insofar as inflation raises prices, the corporate community and its brethren in Washington applaud it. What troubles them about inflation is that it undermines the position of American goods vis a vis their cheaper foreign competitors. This is the reason behind all the fanfare for the President's battle to control the tide of rising prices.

The Nixon Administration is well-acquainted with the inner workings of the process described above. Nixon knows that inflation originates neither from cost-of-living pay increases nor fundamentally from federal spending for social services. While the former constitute symptoms of inflation, many aspects of the latter (such as the now defunct federal low-cost housing program and federal aid to hospitals and education) supplement expanded purchasing power with consumer goods and/or services.

Even if the stipulations of Phase III are observed, as long as war spending continues, prices will climb.

In fact, Nixon plans to raise the 1973 military budget by \$4.7 billion. In all, \$81.1 billion will be diverted from desperately needed domestic programs this year. To keep the world safe for the likes of I.T.T. and Standard Oil, an even greater share of America's wealth will be used to sustain such corrupt U.S.-installed dictators as Saigon's Nguyen Van Thieu and Phnom Penh's Lon Nol.

Thus, it is abundantly clear that the struggle to end inflation is at once part of a greater battle for far-reaching social change. To hold the lid on prices, war spending must be abolished and a new, cooperative set of political and economic priorities must be forged.

If carried to its logical conclusion, our task will take us directly to the gates of the White House and the Pentagon.

± ± ± ± ± ±

Ed. Note--We are now, of course, in "Phase

IV". But in spite of Administration denials, there is much of desperation in the move to again freeze prices. Blum's analysis remains: he has perhaps outlined the fundamental misallocations that the Nixon Administration--or its successors--will have to face up to to control inflation, E.J.H.

Expatriots

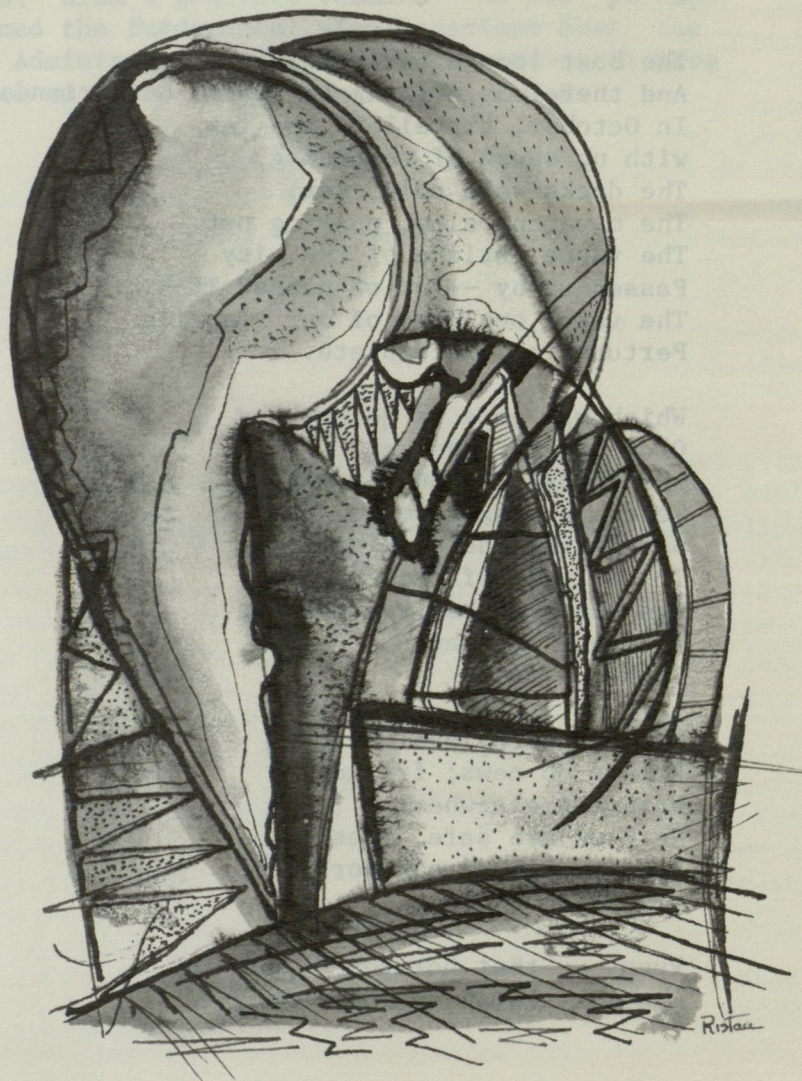
The boat loomed in the night
And there was nothing to say to our friends.
In October, travellers are few
with no sense of returning.
The decks were cold, wet,
The movement slow, pulling out.
The vague outline of the city
Passed us by -- or we passed it--
The vague outlines of our memories
Perturbing, incomplete.

Which way were we going
Once out on the sea?
The bands continually played;
We drank, tax free.
Sea rising and sinking
In the turn of the eye,
And the slim horizon playing
With our eyes and
With our feet.

Now the occasional letter
Brings no news; friends,
Wars are elsewhere.
Here we are safe, fresh-
Starters in an old world,
Belong to no one.

Funny -- that horizon -- playing.
One must laugh at one's escape.

CYNTHIA DAY ROBERTS.



PAULETTE CARROLL, who was born and grew up to her teens in France, and is now an American, would like to introduce us to a special style of French poetry. Following her introduction will be an example of her own.

Instruction Manual for the French Ballade

Rules METER. The ballade can have either an 8 or a 10-syllable meter. The latter has two advantages: it is more challenging and it can make use of the iambic pentameter, which makes it ideal for transposition into English. Since French does not have a fixed pattern of accented and unaccented syllables, it has no poetic feet; the type of meter is determined solely by the total number of syllables in the line. Of course feet should be respected in the English form; but the iambic pentameter, consisting of five feet of two syllables each, is also a decasyllabic line.

- (1) A natural break, or caesura, should occur after either the fourth (preferred) or the sixth (tolerated) syllable of a decasyllabic line. This means that the fourth and fifth syllable should never be part of the same word; note that the break is marked in many lines of Limbo [ballade beginning at the end of this introduction] by punctuation (e.g. the second line). In the octosyllabic line the caesura occurs always after the fourth syllable.

- (2) STANZAS. The ballade consists of three stanzas and a half. The half, which comes last, is called the envoi. It follows all the rules which apply to the second half of a stanza, plus a few of its own.

- (3) There are as many lines in each stanza as there are syllables in each line, i.e., 8 or 10. The envoi, of course, has either 4 or 5 lines.

- RHYME. The rhyme pattern for the octosyllabic ballade is ababcdcd. For the decasyllabic ballade it is ababbcdcd. The same rhymes must be used throughout the poem, without repetition. However, "pun" rhymes such as "seems" and "seams" (see Limbo) are tolerated
- (5) if they are not in close proximity. In French such rhymes are perfectly kosher, if the two words are not related (i.e., you can't rhyme "propose" with "dispose"). The decasyllabic ballade will call for 12 different "c" rhymes-- the poet will do well to keep that in mind before he picks it!

- ENVOI AND ENVOI LINE. The same line must be used at the end of all three and a half stanzas. It is called the envoi line, and the
- (6) poem should be developed in such a way that it takes on a new, fresh meaning each time. Its selection is of crucial importance and sets the tone of the whole poem.

- The first line of the envoi must begin with the word "Prince". This goes back to a 16th century tradition, when the ballade was often used as a supplication for a favor.
- (7) Francois Villion, the master of the genre, led a life in which begging for clemency was a frequent necessity. However, it is not necessary to address anyone in the envoi.

- The acrostic lends the envoi its crowning touch. It is a means by which the poet signs his name, to be read vertically in the first letters of each of the envoi's lines. Ideally, as in Limbo where a shortened form of the poet's name is used, the acrostic should use the first letter of all the lines and the first letters only. But it stands to reason that this will only work if you are blessed with a four- (in the octosyllabic case) or five-letter name beginning with P.
- (8) Others, including Villion, must begin with

the second line and/or use more than the first letter of each line. Pseudonyms and other tricks, if there is some significance in them, are acceptable. I have myself thought of writing an octosyllabic poem in which the acrostic would read "poet".

Try it-- it's a fun game, and not at all incompatible with good, and even great (as in Villion's case) poetry.

LIMBO

My secret dreams of air-bound poplar trees
On skies of blue; pale morning-scrambled dreams
And childish hopes, with awkward bare-skinned knees,
Bruised in the groove of thread-bare age-old schemes
And boredom tugging at the daily seams
With wakeful slumber; dream of feet that run
On pebbles bursting with the summer's fun
--Devoured by the pillow's comfy white
As by the bird-hat of a pensive nun,
Emerging from the darkness-- but not quite.

My distant dreams of birds across the seas
On sturdy masts made out of salty beams...
Behind the door I fumble with my keys,
Lip-drinking sounds as tragedy blasphemes;
I mispronounce the sentence which redeems
Into an ugly sacreligious pun,
Unlocking paths which hell and angels shun
-- My distant dream that I shall say it right
And touch the fingers of my lover-son
Emerging from the darkness-- but not quite.

(continued on next page)

Through glaring glory's glittering markees
Sleep-walking feet will tread on stifled screams
Untangling from them countless sesamees
Unworthy of our childhood homework themes;
-- My prince, my make-believe prince, now it seems
My secret dreams are crying for a gun
The killing steel by virgin spouses spun,
Without the hope-glint of a single fight
-- And yet, at times, it seems already won,
Emerging from the darkness-- but not quite.

Prince, paper prince, your glorious reign's undone
And yet, my prince, I know it's unbegun...
Unsleeping eyes may greet the morning, light,
Late-waking soul-smile of the infant sun
Emerging from the darkness
--but not quite.

Paulette Carroll.

(Adapted into English from a teen-aged
ballade written in French. All rights
for both introduction and poem are re-
served by the author.)

Lisaveta to Raskolnikov

"Ha, ha! Why have you overlooked me?
I only live once; I, too, want--"

Raskolnikov, the Fever-Man:
They say your sullen feet
Are climbing crust stairwells

Selling grave plots!
I'm Lisaveta of the ragged edges
Connosieur of cabbage soup

And tea.
Watch me as I lift
My flour-stained curtain

And scan the hot street
For your coming--
My mad Russian lover

My key.
Is it my worm-loops of hair
Or the dark sausage meat of my hand

That keeps you so far?
Smell the deep folds of my fish-
Laden skirt! And when I open

My legs for you, pale knight of the Neva,
Won't you flash your ax
Till it blazes and sings? I'll moth my way

To your hard red song; flapping
My cotton wings
I'll catch your sick flame--

And we'll dance like a burning rag
Reeling in the wind on the Yekaterinsky Canal.

Barbara F. Lefcowitz

review/ellen schwartz

The HARVARD ADVOCATE (Winter 1973)/Special Issue:
Feminine Sensibility

THE SUMMER BEFORE DARKNESS by Doris Lessing

Great concern has been stirred up lately over the question of women as writers. Is it possible at all for a woman to be a great writer? Do women writers have a special feminine sensibility which blesses and curses all our efforts? And is a woman necessarily more bound up in her writing to the questions which emanate from her anatomical uniqueness, whatever these questions may be?

Male writers and editors have claimed that they do not really understand the psychology and concerns of the woman writer, that she is some strange creature whose evolutionary descent and remains to be determined, and that until this question is resolved, expressions of enthusiasm for a woman's writing must remain muted. The women, on the other hand, seem satisfied to continue the mystification of their black art, while occasionally mounting the pedestal of carefully documented oppression.

A case in point is the recent issue of the HARVARD ADVOCATE, devoted to Feminine Sensibility. After an introductory note, we are directed to a forum on the keynote topic. Twenty card-carrying women writers respond to a passage from Virginia Woolf:

(Woman's) sensibility has been educated for centuries by the influences of the common sitting room...(trained) in the observation of character, in the analysis of emotion, (turning to literature she had) to devise some entirely new combination of

her resources, so highly developed for other purposes, so as to absorb the new into the old without disturbing the infinitely intricate and elaborate balance of the whole...This intricacy and power of this highly developed creative faculty among women differs greatly from the creative power of men. Giving things their natural order, as a woman would, if she wrote like a woman, (still it would be) fatal for anyone who writes to think of their sex. (For the future woman must) escape a little from the common sitting room and see human beings not always in their relation to each other but in relation to reality; and the sky, too, and the trees or whatever it may be in themselves.

We feel the responses are disappointing. Perhaps Ms. Woolf herself might have said: "I am not sure that I have speared that little eel in the middle - that marrow - which is one's object in criticism. A very difficult business no doubt to find it, in all these essays; so many, so short..." But then perhaps the marrow is missing, the bones sucked dry, and the very form of the ADVOCATE's presentation misguided by a touch of unconscious ironic genius.

The "answers" provided by the forum are a form of death - these questions, those answers, this forum: seesaw, Margery Daw, what will you give me if I let you down? The feminine sensibility, as represented in this particular forum, is an illusion whose illusoriness the words have not yet managed to transcend..

But let us leave the HARVARD ADVOCATE forum and move to the free marketplace of ideas. Here bewilderment abounds. It has struck at the soul of the writer, at her very tools, at the language itself. Mankind exists no longer in the minds of

civilized persons. Humanity itself is in question. Every person for itself has become the general rule, and the only authorities yet standing are those we choose to erect. These have thus far been arbitrary, flimsy, and unsatisfying. The situation is comical, absurd, pretentious. To admit this is to join the general bewilderment; to deny it is to prolong the painful and meaningless battles which continue until each of us has dropped the earnest facade of knowing enough about something to be empowered to impose this knowledge upon others.

I hope that women writers will guide in the spiritual crisis; that Doris Lessing's Kate Brown will be the first of many to drop the facade and be set adrift. Kate, a middle-aged wife and mother, leaves her London home and family one summer and quits the social roles which have previously defined her. Throughout her meandering but forceful quest, she dreams of a wounded seal which she carries northward to the sea. At last, the seal is returned to the sea, and Kate can return to the place which was once her home. As a reader I felt bewildered; somehow it had all been pointless, a circle of leaving and seeking and returning empty from the search. Now I flap about in the northern sea to which Doris Lessing and Kate Brown have returned me: I must float away, I must drift, I must drown without dying.

OFF HAND

Off hand

You're on a disaster course

Off hand

I don't believe you'll ever make it

Off hand

It can only end in divorce

Off hand

Off hand

I question your talent

Off hand

We're through

Off hand

Off hand

Oh by the way

Drop dead

EMILIE GLEN.

Empty Cola Can

Try to cross the Fenway
at the circle near Hemenway Street
too many cars, too many cars
they'll knock you off your feet

Wrote again to my Congressmen:
"I still don't want your war!"
They said "You're right but you're too up-tight:
you mustn't be so sore"

Try to find your way around
there's no use in using a map
people pick their roadblocks
and they place them in your lap

Wrote a letter to a lady
well, could she give a damn?
She said "Listen boy, I'm not your toy,
but that's what you're thinking I am"

A nice clean empty cola can
take it but please don't abuse
You don't have to think, just take it and drink
for you're only going to lose.

ANTHONY P. NASTA.

HERE I IS

Here I is up from Alabama these five years and really doin somethin with my kids and they still aint made me no principal. I keeps order, helps my black brothers- what's goin on ? They was marchin last night ? Yeah, Iddah been there but I busted my shoulder using the lawn mower. Hope they know when ta stop, that's all. Ya gotta learn not to go too far. Hey Honey, don't forget I need a clean white shirt for tomorrow !

HARLAND RISTAU.

Word-Balloons

Guile-plated,
You toss word-balloons in
The air, and I let them
Pass by, or with my tongue
Stab all the oxygen
Out of their vocation.

I speak, and you reply
To what I did not say.
I cry: you look away
To smiles of yesterday.
Today's a long black lie,
Contrasted.

GERALDINE SANFORD.

SMALL PRESSES

By EDWARD J. HOGAN * * * * *

NEWS: \$\$ FOR POETS (REALLY!)

"The NEW NEWSPAPER of Wichita, Kansas, is now soliciting submissions of poetry for weekly publication. Five poems will be used each week. Consideration will be given to all genres; however, being a city newspaper, we are unable to print 'pounding penises, shit, fuck' etc.

"As we must meet frequent deadlines, there will not be enough time to send inquiries concerning any particular poet: it would be greatly appreciated if you would send current bio info along with each submission.

"Payment is \$2 per poem, or \$10 for long poems, plus one copy of the issue in which your poem appears. Not responsible for any material unaccompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Reports in 2 weeks.

"Address all mss to:

Theodore Gott
Poetry Editor
c/o the NEW NEWSPAPER
2148 N. Broadway
Wichita, KS 67214"

BOOKS:

A BOOK ABOUT LOVE & WAR & DEATH by Dick Higgins. \$2.45, 240pp., Something Else Press (West Glover, VT 05875), 1972.

Here is a classic title if I ever saw one. However, I wrestled with the contents, and finally lost. Since I find myself unprepared to offer a judgment of

the book, here's a small part of what the author says of it in the preface: "By the late 1950s the tendency of poetry to become increasingly musical had reached its apogee in the works of quite a number of poets, including Jackson Mac Low and myself, who applied chance or logical test structures to language. This resulted in very abstract lyricism that seemed somehow detail-oriented. I began to want to work with larger units. I also wanted my work to be more literature than music, and literature seemed to me a matter of ideas more than sound. So I decided to apply chance and test structures to bodies of ideas in a systematic way."

THE CATS IN THE COLOSSEUM by John Stevens Wade. 36 pp. The Crossings Press (Trumansburg, NY 14886), 1972. Price: inquire.

Wade's poems clearly show the rewards of many years' writing by a talented craftsman. Most of his poetry is either timeless or unmodern in spirit. Some of the glimpses we get in COLOSSEUM are of a man and a woman wrestling in love in a cornfield, fishermen after "horned pouts" on a dark pond, and the sky ("has a big belly and gets its way"). "The Cats in the Colosseum", the collection's namesake, is a real treat that I'm going to leave you to discover yourself. But here's one of my other favorites.

NELLIE IDA

And once with Nellie Ida
one magpie day -- we walking
the mud road together.
I'm wishing the yellow bonnet
of sun would stay on the day's
head. And while I'm walking,
I'm listening to the song
she sings. And I pretend
I'm holding her hand. I'm leading
her past the green uprisings
of grass. I'm trying to make

the day last. I'm holding
springtime in my hand,
and summer, an unheard, unseen
bird hasn't got wings yet;
hasn't discovered its song.

FREE FIRE ZONE, Short Stories by Vietnam Veterans.
About \$2.00 (softbound), 200pp., 1st Casualty
Press (P.O. Box 518, Coventry, CT 06238), 1973.

Much has happened since WINNING HEARTS AND MINDS (poems by veterans) appeared last year from just-formed 1st Casualty Press. Those behind the undertaking had initially sought an established publisher to bring out the book, but were unsuccessful. The book received favorable notice from a wide variety of publications, from newsweeklies to the alternate press. One result was that 1st Casualty had no trouble finding a big publisher to come out with their hardbound edition of FREE FIRE ZONE. There are, using formal critical standards, both excellent and poor offerings in this collection of 24. But the most important contribution the book makes is in helping us to understand and, as far as is possible, experience the reality of Vietnam for those who were charged with carrying out the orders of the strategists and the politicians. Although the resulting picture is, more than anything else, ugly, we learn here and there something about the land and people of Vietnam. Here's a little bit from "Candidate", by James Shields:

Railroad tracks follow Highway One for most of its length. Sometimes they lie right up against the road, and you can walk them on rest halts. Sometimes they lie two or three hundred meters away, but if you look hard you can see them because they are always there. I always look for the tracks. I know that if there really are trains somewhere, then following the tracks is the way to find them. Sometimes

in places where there are a lot of troops around, crummy little villes grow up right on the highway. People need wood to build their houses and so they tear up the tracks and use the ties. This makes me sad. It's just that, you see, if they take the tracks up then the trains can never run again. This is hard to explain, but I know that if those trains start running again, start carrying people from the city to the seashore, and from the plains to the mountains, then everything will be right again.

PLANNING ESCAPE by Alan Ziegler. \$1.00, 40pp. Release Press (478 Seventh St., Brooklyn, NY 11215), 1973.

There are some fine poems here, in a well-produced book, another of many supported in part by the very reasonable rates obtainable by small presses at the grant-funded Print Center. The best way to get across the appeal of Ziegler's poems is to print one. So without further verbosity....

SACRIFICE

trying to close the jammed
window, it slips and
slams on my finger.
i cannot re-open it.
you are in the other room.
i call your name calmly
so as not to alarm you.
after awhile you say,
"what do you want?"
gently i say,
"please come here"
by now there is no pain
in my trapped finger.
a minute later
you come strolling into the room
as i think

of the many ways
i am good to you.

24 DRAWINGS by Paul Oppedisano and Harry Zirlin.
Price: inquire. 300 printed, 100 hand-colored and
signed by the artists. Release Press (address
above).

Oppedisano did a couple of plant-like designs that
I liked, but Zirlin's drawings interested me more,
taken as a group.



Harry Zirlin

MAGAZINES:

LUDD'S MILL, 4 Nowell Place, Almondbury, Huddersfield, hd5 8pb, England. No. 8. Send for U.S. sub. price.

This littlemag is delightfully chaotic, a pastiche of poems, flashy, untamed splashes of artwork,

DEATH DEFYING PRODUCTS



bits and larger pieces of social commentary, occasional blocks of disciplined prose, pithy reviews, and absurd jokes and cartoons. There is Edward Heath, the right-minded Britisher's Richard Nixon, posed saying, "Let them eat cardboard!", a weird engraving of cattle bound to electric chairs, headlined "BOVRIL BY EXECUTION" with the added insert, "Don't worry, gentle readers. They tried the technique first on HUMANS in the U.S. to make sure it was HUMANE enough for animals!" My word! The offspring can't be any better than their parents! There's an excerpt from another publication called PEACE NEWS by Dennis Gould, who decries the heavy-handed

treatment poetry is given in schools, almost guaranteeing that only a few lucky souls will discover how much reading and/or writing it can be enjoyed. He also gets in some nice digs at the big publishers: "For such is the importance of poetry that our editors of NEW STATESMAN and OLD SPECTATOR infrequently print new poets--for after all they are unknown. They might be me or you even? Eh? Well really, we'll have every person thinking he's a poet simply be-

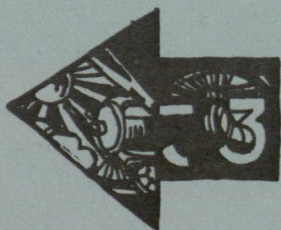
cause he's written a poem!" I read his essay with interest and several surges of agreement. I know the people who put this mag out have fun at it. It's well worth the bother of mailing across oceans and currencies to look into.

STAR-WEB PAPER, editors Thomas Michael Fisher and Richard Blair. c/o St. Andrews College, Laurinburg, NC 28352. \$5/4 action-packed issues. "Welcomes manuscripts of writing and graphics, especially graphics."

Issue No. 2 (Summer, 1973) was well-illustrated (an accomplishment to be especially noted), with also, poems (David Meltzer, Larry Zirlin, Emilie Glen, and many less known), plus prose and correspondence and some nice photos.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT, edited by Stephen Morse, Clifton Simms, and Mary Jane Morse. 4982 Coronado Avenue, Oakland, CA 94618, at least 4/yr. Price: inquire. "All manuscripts are welcome if accompanied by a SASE and a lot of patience."

Here can be found both knowns (Ben Hiatt, Lyn Lifshin) and unknowns (Bob Walls, Paul Hunter, James L. Hubert), poets and artists. One thing I can say about it is that its contents is more readily accessible than that of many littlemags. One of my favorite poems was W.V. Davis' "Three Postures" of women.



THE PEOPLE INSIDE

MARILYN GRAVETT, from Athens, Ohio, is studying at Ohio University...KENNETH JOHN ATCHITY, Los Angeles, teaches at Occidental College...BARRY ECKSTEIN lives in Cambridge, Mass...MILLIE MARCHAND, Denver, Colorado...HENRY COMBELICK, Milltown, Montana.... MEL CONWAY is a student writer enrolled at Wayne State University in Detroit. He is currently in France studying under Samuel Astrachan.....STEPHEN BROYHILL lives in Bethesda, Maryland...BECKY FOGLE is a student at Northrup High School, Fort Wayne, Indiana...FREDRIC MATTESON, Santa Rosa, California, attends Sonoma State College...DIANE STEIN, Pittsburgh...LORI PETRI, Novato, California....ESTHER M. LEIPER, Columbia, Maryland...PATRICIA BAKER has just received her B.A. in English and Government at the University of Texas, Austin. She hopes to write a children's book soon...ROBIN BECKER is enrolled in the Writers Program at Boston University ...WILLIAM BLUM has been active in the antiwar movement as a journalist and an organizer for the National Peace Action Coalition. He is presently studying toward a Ph.D. in American History at the State University of New York, Stony Brook..CYNTHIA DAY ROBERTS lives in the country with her husband and a large dog, and"(writes) poems for the irrational pleasure of it and (goes) to school off and on in an attempt at rationality".....BARBARA LEFCOWITZ, Philadelphia...ANTHONY P. NASTA, Ronkonkoma, New York...GERALDINE SANFORD, Sioux Falls, South Dakota...JOHN MASON, Middletown, Pennsylvania.... And as for us: Gail Braatelian, who hails from Moline, Illinois, now attends Simmons College (Boston); E.J. Hogan drives for Checker Taxi Co., meddles in politics, and studies at Northeastern University (sometimes); and Ellen Schwartz (who used to be part of the OLD MOLE, Boston's first, only, now deceased underground newspaper) will be entering Harvard Law School this fall.*** 8/27/73.