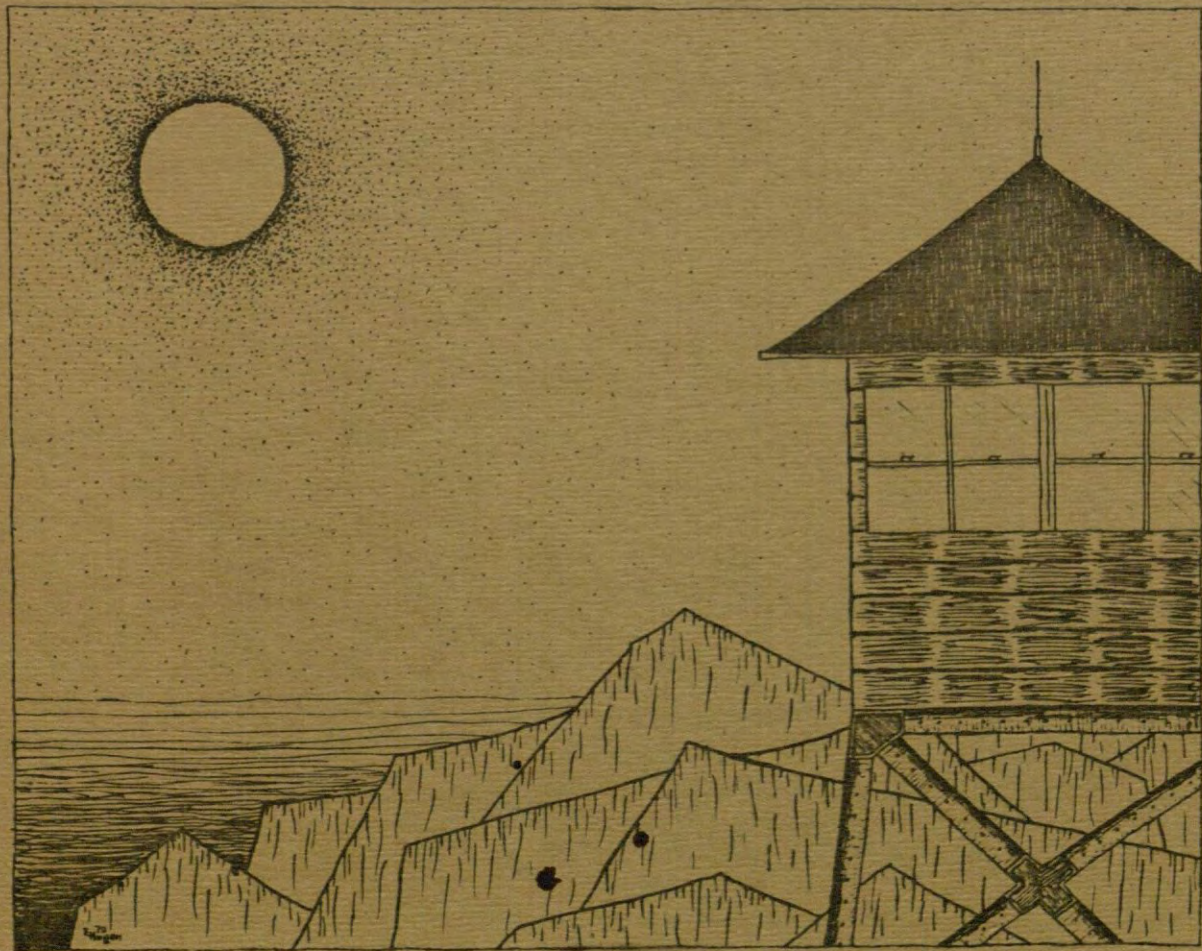


ASPECT

March-April 1972



"Salt Lake"

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NEWS

Frances Yuan and Deborah Becker have left ASPECT, because of other commitments and also because they had some disagreements with ASPECT's intent. Ellen Link (who formerly worked on Boston's OLD MOLE newspaper) and I now share the editorial work.

In March, ASPECT joined NESPA, the New England Small Press Association, a group with small press emphasis "interested in propagating the literary arts in New England." Not just editors and publishers, but also poets, writers, teachers, librarians, and bookstore owners are welcome to join. This is a working association, and the active member will definitely benefit from NESPA. Send inquiries to Ritchie Darling, 45 Hillcrest Place, Amherst, MA 01002.

(turn to p. 31)

ELLEN LINK

We form a multitude of one. Who are we? We are the fragments of self seeking one self which binds us together. We seek a whole which comprehends the disjointed elements. We have sat out upon this journey to the grave of our grandmother because we have tarried in the wilderness too long, and in our aimlessness we find only more expanses of desert and false images.

What shall we find at the grave of our grandmother. We remember her from the days of our childhood: a large-boned woman with white hair worn in a bun at the back of her neck. A mother to seven children. The prunes and cookies in her kitchen in the sunshine of a Sunday morning. The green chair where she sat and its white lace antimacassar. She was the pioneer who first began this journey to the promised land of America. But for her no longer are there oceans to cross or new worlds to free us from our slavery. Our search ties us to an inner continent whose vistas terrify more often than they redeem. We have not yet charted even the limits of this continent, and we wander in circles in our desire to scout its terrain.

We have listened to the voice of our grandmother and have not heard it in all the years of our wanderings. Echoes, yes, echoes of her voice we have heard.

Twilight in Manhattan. In front of the subway station at 183rd and Fort Washington an old man with white hair stops the commuters and asks if they are Jewish. "We need one man to complete the minyan. The tenth man." The commuters pass him by, and we pass by too, hearing the echo of our grandmother's voice and wondering how it would feel were we the man, if it were in our power to complete the minyan. But it is not within our power, just as it was not within the power of our grandmother when she sat in the balcony of the shul on Yom Kippur and looked down at the men below wearing their tallisim and yarmulkes.

In Amsterdam we visit a memorial erected to the Jews of the city. It is in an empty courtyard, bare except for three rectangular stones of different sizes and an eternal light of remembrance. The psalmist's voice is in-

scribed on the largest stone: My soul melteth for heaviness, strengthen thou me according unto thy word. We feel the sorrow of the tragedy of the six million, and try to reconcile our life with their death. We have seen the ovens at Dachau and have heard the wailing echo of our grandmother's voice.

Then we learned that there was to be no more forgiveness in the world but only justice and that this justice would set men free and relieve them of their suffering. So we began by refusing to forgive ourselves and demanding perfect justice from ourselves. And still there were slavery and suffering. And because we see others more clearly than we see ourselves the pain of their suffering cried out to us and we demanded more justice, and we, we became more unforgiving.

We stand in the doorway of the third floor apartment in a wooden frame house. Inside we can see the kitchen table with its flowery plastic covering. A woman is busy preparing lunch. The man at the door wears a white T-shirt and tells us he is a truck driver. We present him with our petition which calls for the end of a war in a faraway country. "There are wise men in the government," he tells us. "They know what they are doing." From the wall above the kitchen table a picture of President John F. Kennedy peers down at us.

The truckdriver has his life and his children and his wife and will never migrate to a foreign country. He has refused the invitation to join us in our journey. We stop at other doorways and speak to other voices, but the answer is always the same: Theirs is the road of safety and companionship to which danger comes infrequently and unexpectedly. Suffering here is heard not as a wail but as a cowardly whimper. As we listen even more intently for our grandmother's voice, we hear only its echoes, and now and then a new terror: the sounds of our own voices crying bitterly in lament of a lost Jerusalem.

We have lost that which we never found. We look into the mirror and see only the outlines of our own face, heavy in their confusion.

The beach is crowded with bodies and bathing suits, um-

brellas and thermos jugs filled with lemonade. We wander without direction as the rising fear tugs more insistently, demanding the nearness of a familiar face. We wish we were riding our bicycle down the street, free in the summer air and safe in the knowledge of where we can find our home. Here at the beach our mother and father are lost to us, and the ocean stretches endlessly to the horizon.

The Widener Library, a monument to ageless intellect, draws scholars from all over the world. Stacks of books mount from the basement to the eighth floor, and there is no notion of mankind that has not had its visionary voice within these walls. Here we devote hours to the study of documents, parliamentary debates, books about all manner of subject, and construction of a resistant force of intellect. We understand ideas until all ideas become meaningless and we are set adrift with no intellectual system to guide us, save for the alphabet. In the alphabet we never lose faith, but of the many and varied combinations and permutations of its letters we grow increasingly skeptical.

And now the voice of our grandmother, the strong woman who never did learn to read English, finally calls to us and bids for our devotion. This voice comes but once and it moves our entire body with a force equalled only by the push and pull of a mindless mob. The voice tears our lips apart and forces them to mouth words which at first are silent screams but then they become a scream in the silence and the repetition of the scream resounds in the bareness of the room as we call out in our desperation.

There is no part of this earth that has not grown impatient with our wanderings and yet they continue.

Other faces are our faces and other voices are our voices. We speak for a multitude. The grave of our grandmother is well hidden. We must seek it out together.

the blue sky drowns me
in anger,
i return to my room
waterlogged knowing
i can't escape my
body.

--Richard Latta

MUSIC WE GAVE EACH OTHER

you and I are the last of all houses
outside the urgent knotting of wood
in this bed you mumble: last piece of the
puzzle
dreams are not the dance,
is it your eyes
that tangle beneath my skin your
taste citrus quick in my mouth
is it you
collecting stones for the fireplace

--Bill Meissner

Regularly
it happens that
as stalking black cats do
come thrusts
of lusting.

Cats can be dealt with,
compatibly trained,
restrained to grace-
naturally.

But lust among men is another matter:
can shatter all
propriety, insisting
through mists of romance-
that if you may not love,
you at least must dance.

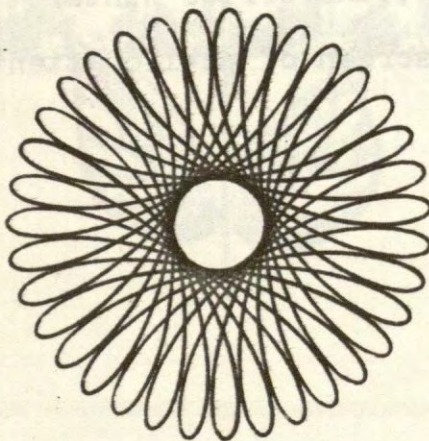
--John D. Dolan

thru here there once were dreamers
who drifted from teller to teller
and told their dreams in loud voices
and carried them in sacks

on here was ground broken by shovels
turned over and up with worms
and in here drifters fell unwillingly
to dream their dreams with the worms

--Don Foster

RICH LATA



i am glad to have found you in the design of life.

James Hagood

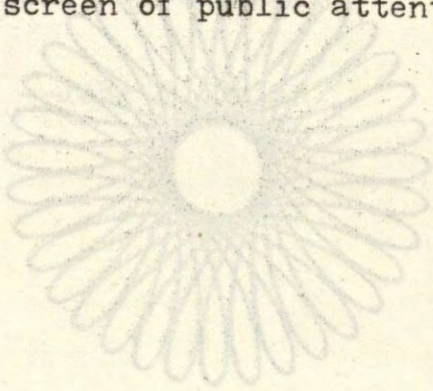
THE STARS OF OUR SHOW

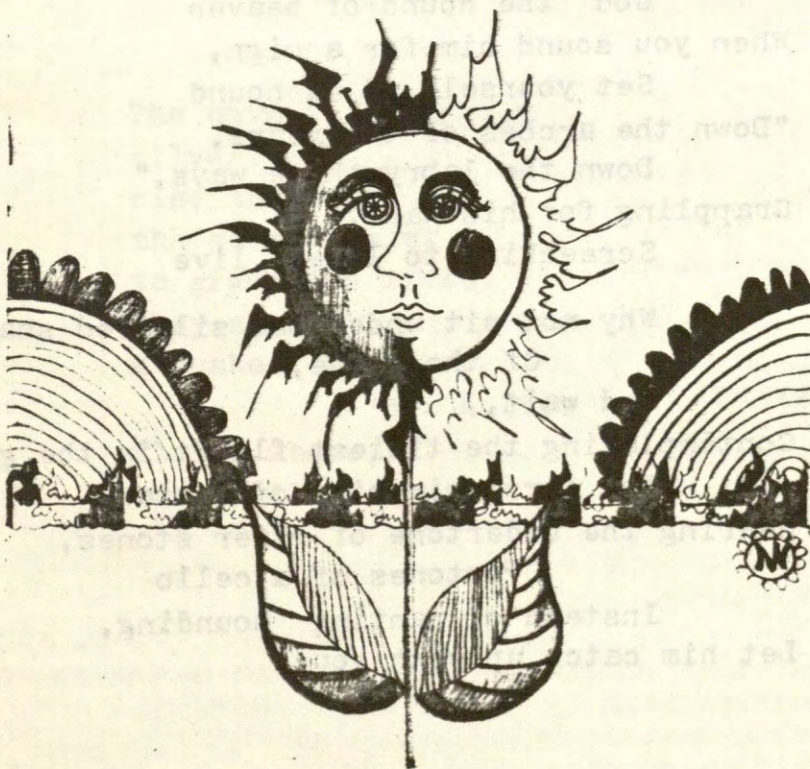
The whole continent has turned into a vast movie house
For the projection of images.

Behind shut doors, planners in the projection room
Plot the course of their candidate's
Smiles, gestures, jokes.

A little cutting here, a little splicing there,
And he's just right.

When they're ready, the office hunter
Flashes upon the screen of public attention
Like a newsreel
Or a cartoon.





Noelle Wright

Emilie Glen

AND WAIT

God the hound of heaven
When you sound him for a sign,
Set yourself up as hound
"Down the arches of the years,
Down the labrynthine ways,"
Grappling for his hand,
Screeching to live live
Why not sit under the silvered shade
Of the olive,
And wait,
Contemplating the tiniest floret in the grass,
The first pinpoint of a star
Hearing the undertone of river stones,
Overtones of a cello
Instead of panting hounding,
Let him catch up with you

Deirdre MacGuire

A CROW FLYING

The dawn is strangely
silver. I
rise through
the shining mist
to greet the trees.
They sing
a hushed breeze.

A crow

flying above,
what will be next?

McGOVERN:

2-HIS RECORD, HIS PROPOSALS, & CAN HE WIN?

Edward J. Hogan

McGovern is the one candidate whose open and forthright stands on the issues set him apart from the other major contenders. From CHRISTIAN CENTURY (February 24, 1971): "McGovern communicates easily, directly, earnestly as a man who cares very deeply about his country and about other human beings everywhere." From the NEW YORK TIMES (January 21, 1971): "His record speaks so powerfully in his behalf. He has never been afraid to speak out or to stand alone." From erstwhile rival Sen. Harold Hughes: McGovern has "cut a clear and courageous path of commitment on the great issues of peace, poverty, and human rights." From the BOSTON HERALD TRAVELER MAGAZINE (February 6, 1972): "He [Muskie] gets nipped in the heels by Ralph Nader, who says Muskie provides 'politically expedient platitudes' instead of real answers." Who did Ralph Nader endorse for president? George McGovern.

What is McGovern's history? One of the exceptional things about him is his remarkable consistency and foresight. He was not bragging, but merely claiming his own, when he was asked what distinguished him from Muskie and replied simply, "I have spoken out first and I have been right."

The record goes back a long way. Since 1950, McGovern has advocated the recognition of mainland China. Since he entered the House of Representatives in 1957--the first Democrat elected to Washington from South Dakota since the 1930s--he has supported arms control. In 1963, he called our nascent Vietnam involvement "a policy of moral debacle and military defeat." And in 1966, at the beginning of the inflation, he called for wage and price guidelines to head it off.

McGovern's concern for the hungry was first demonstrated in 1961, when he became the first director of the Food for Peace Program under President Kennedy. Later, in the Senate, he was instrumental in the founding of the Food Stamp Program and has introduced a bill to expand it. His efforts have been chiefly responsible for a five-fold increase in the federal food assistance program in the last two years. Believing that a volunteer army is "more in keeping

with the traditions of America," McGovern has opposed and voted against the draft since 1968. He has been a strong and effective voice for farmers in Congress since his earliest days there, and has been called the "statesman of the Plains". He has been rated, with Sen. Proxmire, in an impartial study as "the Senator most concerned with how the taxpayer's dollar is spent." He has had longstanding concern about and experience dealing with problems not common to his plains state home. So there's a bit of his past.

McGovern's program, which he has carefully developed since before he announced a year ago, emphasizes transforming the nation's economy from wartime to peacetime production. He intends to do this by cutting \$30 billion from the defense budget, and using it to finance massive public spending to come seriously to grips with America's problems: to spend \$3 billion on pollution control and an equal amount on mass transit the first year; to aid the 200 largest cities with \$4 billion and appropriate the same sum for the economic improvement of rural areas; \$2 billion more to virtually wipe out hunger in America through an expanded and reformed Food Stamp Program, and more.

In short, McGovern is committed to effectively dealing with the huge domestic problems we face without making Americans pay even more out of their pockets, by trimming the defense monster of what is unnecessary. And McGovern is an expert at it. He has been a student and critic of wasteful military spending since he first entered the Senate, where he devoted his maiden speech to an attack on excessive defense spending and the crisis mentality in government.

Where would the defense cuts come? The 3 major sources: (1) McGovern has promised a prompt, immediate, and total withdrawal of all American forces from Indochina in exchange for release of all prisoners. (2) He believes we should require Europe to undertake more of its own defense by cutting our forces in half or demand that European members of NATO fund half the current cost of maintaining the present U.S. force. (3) McGovern believes the B-1 bomber and the army's pet project, a new tank, ought to be scrapped as unnecessary, along with several other weapons or weapons systems. He knows that the U.S. is ahead in the missile race, and therefore favors a unilateral halt in U.S. missile building like that President Kennedy declared in the early 1960s, and which was successful in halting the missile race at that time.

Another major element of the McGovern program is a series of broad tax and welfare reform proposals.

Industry is currently overcapitalized and running at 75-80% of capacity. McGovern proposes to return corporate income taxes back to 1960 levels, primarily by ending the investment tax credit and accelerated depreciation allowances that only encourage more automation and more unemployment in the present economy.

A part of his complex attack on tax loopholes is the imposition of a minimum income tax on those with incomes of \$50,000 or more.

Finally, McGovern has proposed the enactment of a more progressive, "negative income tax" combined with the assumption and transformation of the state welfare systems by the federal government, setting up uniform national standards. McGovern would have the federal government grant each man, woman, and child in the United States a payment of \$1000. (The \$750 deduction would be abolished.) This would be \$4000 for a family of four. Everyone below the poverty line would keep the whole payment; those earning an income between that line and \$12,000 would keep a progressively smaller amount, and those earning over \$12,000 would pay somewhat higher taxes, but would have the assurance that their money wasn't being wasted on the present welfare mess. The major advantage of the "negative income tax" plan, outside of the fact that it would give everyone, no matter what their circumstances, something close to the means for a decent living, is that it offers an incentive to work to the jobless which the present system doesn't. There would be a marked difference between getting a job, earning \$3000 the first year on, and keeping perhaps \$3500 of the \$4000 grant, and earning \$3000 on a job or getting \$3000 on welfare.

Other McGovern positions are: (1) permanent limits on price increases by monopolies, (2) income support measures for men and women displaced by changing job requirements and reductions in military and aerospace spending, (3) a "negative income tax" for the elderly and a cost-of-living escalator clause in social security benefits, (4) a critical reconsideration and reform of the grand jury system, (5) a five-fold increase in federal aid to elementary and secondary education, from 7% to 33 1/3%, in order to relieve the property tax burden that prevents many from owning their own homes, (6) a national health insurance program to take away the fear of huge medical bills, (7) the removal of J. Edgar Hoover and an investigation of the F.B.I., (8) the appointment of women to the Supreme Court, cabinet posts, the National Security Council, and so forth; and (9) the enactment of a more generous G.I. Bill and other programs for returning veterans. These are only highlights.

In foreign policy, McGovern believes the United States should aban-

don the role of "world policeman" (i.e., interventionist); should cease military aid to dictatorships like those of Spain, Greece, and South Vietnam; and should generally concentrate on economic aid, rather than military aid, to other countries. He still holds the conviction he expressed in 1963: "America will exert a far greater impact for peace and freedom in the world, if we rely less on armaments and fear and more on the economic, political, and moral sources of our strength." McGovern favors military aid to Israel, to the extent it is necessary to keep the balance of power and protect Israel, because "the Israeli government...is a democratically elected coalition whose basic popular support is as firm as that of any government in the world."

We have surveyed McGovern's past and his program for "a new America."

But can he be elected? He hit absolute rock bottom according to the pollsters, in a recent Gallup survey (January) that gave him 3% nationally among Democrats. Critics and others asked what he had to show after a year's hard campaigning, what made him any less a long-shot than he was when he announced.

Until recently, it was hard to tell what he had accomplished. But when the early returns came in from Iowa, and Arizona, and New Hampshire, people began to realize that McGovern's organization, generally rated as the strongest in nearly all the primary states and much of the rest of the country, had begun to move. In the pre-delegate-selection contest in Iowa Muskie won 35% and McGovern 23%. In Arizona, it was Muskie 38%, McGovern 23.1%, and Lindsay 23.1%. In New Hampshire, McGovern gained from 18% to 26% in polls within the month before March 7th, and got 37.1% of the vote in the primary, less than 10 points less than Muskie's 46.7%. McGovern also unexpectedly gained 6 of New Hampshire's 20 delegates.

In a period when the politically-wise believed his campaign could well fold in failure, McGovern has moved from a distant fourth to a solid third place among contenders. He has continued to quietly pick up delegates at local caucuses in states like Minnesota, Washington, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Georgia. There will be more New Hampshires--he is in an excellent position in Wisconsin, where a poll taken by Wisconsin public television March 13-17 showed 29% undecided, but 18% for Humphrey, 16% for McGovern, and 13% for Muskie, and his chances are improving for a strong showing in Massachusetts as Muskie's "campaign of inevitability" loses its credence. This campaign isn't the first time McGovern

has overturned the predictions of the "experts".

Florida, where old Hubert Humphrey showed more clout than Muskie, has made it important that McGovern do well against HHH. If McGovern can best him, he will probably finish first in Wisconsin.

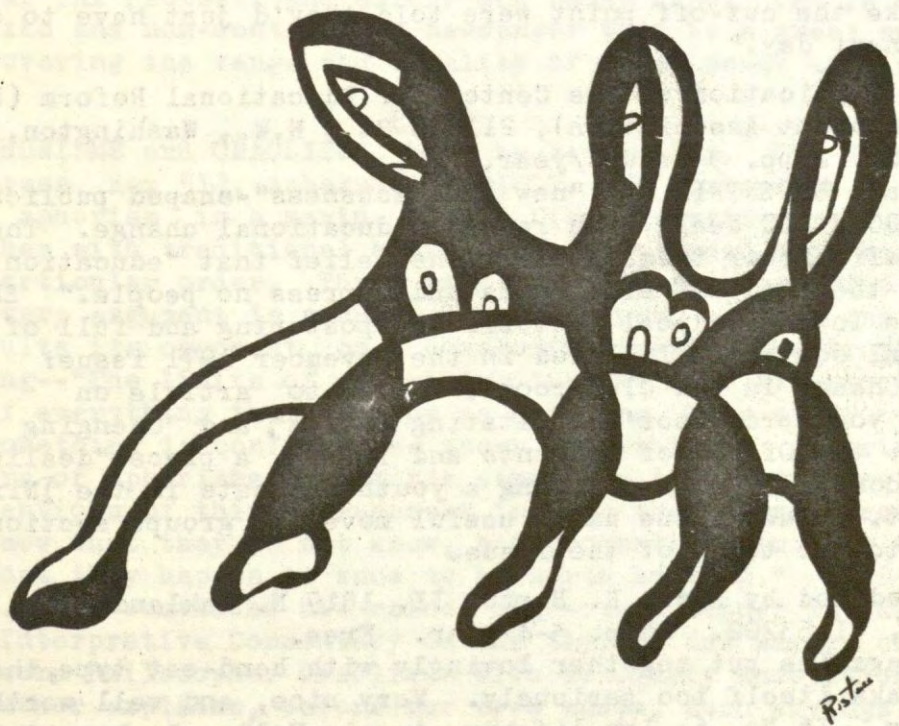
A few weeks ago, "they" were saying that Muskie had the nomination practically locked up. New Hampshire and Florida finished that. Now they're saying that no one will emerge strongest after all the primaries are done. Right now, it looks as if Wisconsin and Massachusetts could k.o. the "experts" again.

Lindsay's and McCarthy's strength has probably peaked and is now likely to begin falling. Lindsay spent close to a month and \$6 a vote in Florida for 7%. In Massachusetts, a primary he regards as key for his candidacy, his organization is very weak. The Wisconsin poll gave him 2%. McCarthy has started too late to make a serious attempt.

So it gets down to Humphrey, Muskie, and McGovern. I think McGovern's forthright positions on issues and the depth of his proposals are going to contrast him very favorably with the vague and rhetorical stances of the other two. But we'll see.

"If one throws the word 'fascist' at the United States, where there is astonishing freedom of expression today, what is there left to say about places where repression is a fact—Greece, for example, or Brazil?"

--Jann Wenner in ROLLING STONE (11-11-71)



 SMALL PRESSES/Received * * * * *

CITY Newsletter, published by Community Involvement Through Youth, Inc., 1755 Church St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. 22pp.

CITY describes itself as becoming "a journal of education reform and community action alternatives." Number 2 was devoted to Health. Included: articles on "The Medical-Industrial Complex", government medicine, free clinics, and Medicaid ("Medicaid Can Make You Sick"). From the last piece, a description of the D.C. Medicaid office: "The office opens ... at 9 a.m. At 9:10 the doors were locked, because 60 numbers had been taken and that was the limit for that day's processing. Those people who didn't make the cut-off point were told they'd just have to come back the next day."

EDCENTRIC, publication of the Center for Educational Reform (U.S. National Student Association), 2115 S St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008. 28pp. 9 issues/year. \$5.

Both CITY and EDCENTRIC are "new consciousness"-shaped publications. EDCENTRIC deals with radical educational change. The Center staff anchor themselves in the belief that "education must meet the needs of all people and oppress no people." EDCENTRIC is low on radical rhetoric and posturing and full of substantial content. Included in the November 1971 issue: "Causing Change in the Classroom", a 'how-to' article on "changing your professor's irritating habits", and "Changing the Guard: the Office of Students and Youth", a piece "dealing with the contradictions of being a youth advocate in the [Nixon] government." Each issue has a useful movement groups section relating to the topic of the issue.

HEY LADY, edited by Edwin H. Burton II, 1819 N. Oakland Ave., Milwaukee, WI 53202. 45pp. 3-4/year. Free.

A poetry magazine put together lovingly with hand-set type, that doesn't take itself too seriously. Very nice, and well worth asking for. In No. 6: lyn lifshin, Anselm Hollo, Barbara A. Holland, Joan McNerney.

WFUSA FEDERALIST LETTER, 2029 K St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006. 4pp. 6 issues/year. \$3.

The newsletter of perhaps the leading world law and world consciousness organization. Includes coverage of the U.N., news of related congressional activity and spurs to lobbying, and other concerns. The major goal of the World Federalists, a group organized in all parts of the world, is to foster the growth of support among citizens of all nations for world law with teeth:

an end to war, and worldwide cooperation in attacking poverty, population growth, and environmental decay.

TO FREE MANKIND, edited by Norman E. Leach, 72-A Mariposa Ave., San Francisco, CA 94960. 8-12pp. Monthly, September-June. \$5. World Federalist Youth (WFY), also widely organized worldwide, publishes this newspaper. It is more wide-ranging in scope than the publication of the parent group. Volume 5, Number 5 (January 1972) included coverage of Colgate University and the growing movement to establish departments of Peace Studies at major American universities; George McGovern and Paul McCloskey; consideration of amnesty; information on the Northern California War Tax Protest; and UNICEF and Danny Kaye. TFM is a collage-like and non-doctrinaire newspaper that is a great method of discovering the range and vitality of world peace and law issues.

Books

APHORISMS and ORACLITUS, both by David Kipp. The Green Knight Press, Box 512, Amherst, MA 01002. 50 cents each.

An aphorism is a maxim. David Kipp has written about 150 of them with traditional bearings and published them here in no particular order. Three examples are: Arguing--"The outcome of every argument is necessarily an insult. Either the truth insults its opponent, or a compromise insults the truth." Knowing--"The limits of everything that we know are also the limits of everything that we view as existing. Thus everyone who knows something is confident he knows everything." Aphorists--"Writers of aphorisms are at the same time the most honest and pretentious of thinkers--honest in that they do not pretend to know what they do not know, and pretentious in that they assume what they happen to know to be worth knowing."

Mr. Kipp continues his rather high-blown manner in the silly "Interpretive Commentary on the Sayings and Maxims of the Obscure Philosopher Oraclitus With Scholarly Annotations." The author explains, before our eyes agape, such sayings as "Great thinkers are whales" and "Scholars are excrement." Oraclitus is indeed very obscure.

KYOTO IN WINTER, by Tom Galt, Box 417, Wellfleet, MA 02667. 14pp. Inquire.

A book of delicate and beautiful poems of oriental influence. Tom Galt, just venturing into publishing, deserves encouragement and praise.

The wild hill monkeys
Clutch, three or four together,
And gape at the wind.

Monday Morning Press, Thomas Montag, editor, 2629 N.Bremen, Milwaukee, WI 53212. Three booklets of poems: "Crystal Sunlake" by Morgan Gibson, "Father for My Prayer" by Martin J. Rosenblum, and "boundaries, wisconsin" by Steven M. Lewis. 30 cents, except for "boundaries", 60 cents. From "boundaries":

and there is something about the midwest
that i do love, simple,
not the dramatic breath-taking drops
off of either coast,
the big waves
and the undertow of all that,
there's something solemn, finally
about the flat and rolling land,
the ease with which it moves,
where the lakes and rivers
don't begin or end it like the ocean,
but move into it and become
boundaries, wisconsin,
i even love to say it, wisconsin, i
will be deeply sad when we go.

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SMALL PRESSES RECEIVED INDEX, VOLUMES V & VI March 1971-February 1972

Books, pamphlets:

Wes Ackerman, MEDIA (OCT 71)
Kent Chamberlain, SHIP BOUND FOR WHERE (poems) (JAN 72)
Len Fulton & James Boyer May, 1971-72 DIRECTORY OF LITTLE MAGAZINES, SMALL PRESSES, & UNDERGROUND NEWSPAPERS (SEPT 71)
James G. Goodwin, LYRICS (poems) (NOV 71)
Richard Morris, RENO NEVADA (poems) (MAR 71)

Magazines:

ARK RIVER REVIEW (literary) (JUNE 71)
BEAU-COCOA (poetry) (SEPT 71)
COSMOPOLITAN CONTACT (pen pals exchange) (NOV 71)
LITERARY TIMES (DEC 71)
MIMEO RAYS (poetry) (APR 71)
NATURAL LIFE STYLES (organic living)
OUT OF SIGHT (poetry) (JUNE 71)
PHYSIOGNOMY (OCT 71)
PM (radical source publication) (OCT 71)
WISCONSIN REVIEW (literary) (DEC 71)

FOGARTY'S NEUROSIS

by Gregory Fitz Gerald

I

Fogarty's bastards,
sired in the whiskied nights
before your pill,
do haunt him still.

In airports and subways
and other public places
he studies all their faces;
from a gesture, a smile,
a line around the mouth
recalling the mother
and her mattress cross.

II

Fogarty packs his shiny green Olds
away from the gray-shingled house,
seeking a too familiar face
he's never seen before.

But here the untended grass grows tall.
In the slowly deepening twilight
no lights will now erase
the darkening sky's reflection
from the blackened window panes.

III

From behind his wife's lace curtains,
sipping his Irish whiskey
Fogarty watches the neighborhood kids
at play with none of his own.

By now he had nearly forgotten
the good sport at this making
with all this searching and cooling.

RHINO

by Richard Stansberger

Red horn dripping blood
burning red eye
Rhino chases the man
roaring its curse:

I am here in the wind
I am here in the stone
I hunt you in the night
I will shatter the trees you hide in
I will crush you in your cave
I will gore you for killing my brothers

in summer the man woke
freezing

in day in summer
the man would say;

your brothers deserve to die
they are stupid and blind
they are meat and clothes
bowstrings and spearpoints

at night in summer
Rhino throbbed in the wall
snorted in stone:

I am here in the rock
I am here in the night
I will grind your skull
with foot of stone

man cried and woke
slashed his arm
took blood and dirt
herbs and spit
ash and coal from the fire
drew lines where rock pulsed and burned:

red for eyes
red for horns
black for strong back
and tree-trunk legs

rock leaps
rock shudders
rock pants and weeps, deprived of voice
in summer night
the man said to Rhino:

Now you cannot roar in dreams
or hunt me through the grass
Now I have your eye
trapped in stone forever
and your bloody horn trapped
I draw them with my blood
I draw you and hold you forever

Maxine Turner

YOU, HISTORIAN!

If you must
Call poets crazy
And me sick,

Do so, then;
But do this:

Delete the k,
Bracket
Italicize.

AGE

Today he is old, and I am growing. Tomorrow I am old,
and he is gone.

How can I sit through a movie, if I can't sleep through
a dream?

PORTRAIT of my mother

She is so pretty hanging there,
Legs dangling in the air--

MY FATHER'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

A cap, a cup, a cock, a cope, a con.

--Eric Cashen

KEEPING THE WINDOW CLOSED

The last time
I opened the window
the moon got in,

streaked through
between the sill and sash,
and plunged into the mirror.
It stuck there.

Now I cannot get it
out from between
the mercury and the glass.

Look in the mirror
any time of day or night,
and there the moon is,

guarding the absence of your image
and gloating serenely.

I resent it;
the stars too,
that were sucked behind
the speed of moon
into the parlor,

where they roosted
on anything and crackled
flared, went out,
then flared again,

and vanished.
That... bothers me.

--Barbara A. Holland

CITYSONG

Wilson Stapleton

I am no stranger to cities.

I walk the city streets.

My hands lie clenched in my pockets.

I do not show my fists to policemen.

I walk the city streets.

I greet old friends, the buildings.

I pause before mist shrouded shop windows.

I wander through the quiet of the lonely dawn.

I walk the city streets.

I avoid the stares of the passerby.

I do not see the contempt on fat flaccid faces.

I empty my pockets before the beggarman.

I walk the city streets.

The sun is hot with its scorn for the city.

Dust swirls in derision as day preempts with meaning.

I see cars scornful of human suffering.

I walk the city streets.

Each hour presses upon my agony.

Night will relieve day's silent pain.

I walk the city streets.

I walk the city streets.

I talk to clergymen about the variance in weather.

I ask store clerks for directions to Love.

My hands surrender the remainder of greasy coin.

I walk the city streets.
The moon shines on pools of oily water.
Skeleton trees border the empty city.
Mannequins sneer from shadowed windows.

I walk the city streets.
I walk alone with my hands in my pockets.
I walk with the wind and stars for companions.
I slowly cross the stone bridge not looking behind.

I walk the city streets.
Each hurt memory is eased with time's passing.
They have forgotten me, my friends of the city.
I am no stranger to cities.

IN RESPONSE TO NIXON'S BLOCKADE OF NORTH VIETNAM:

I TURNED ON THE TV, MY PRESIDENT WAS SPEAKING

Edward King's Words of Last Spring

I turned on the TV last year. My president was speaking. He said he was going to speed up the end of the war. He was going to protect our American troops in Vietnam. He said he was going to invade Cambodia. For seven years we have demonstrated against the war in Vietnam. My president answered by invading Cambodia too.

I turned on the TV shortly afterwards. My president was speaking. He said the killings at Kent State and Jackson State were tragic, but he said that violence breeds violence. He said that those who preached violence were bad, they were not representative of the American people.

He said they were bums, unfit to live in this free country. He called them the lowest form of human beings. Then he ordered the bombers into Laos.

May 9, and the youth mobilized for Washington again. They met peacefully, they pleaded for peace, they demanded peace, they threatened peace. Two hundred thousand people gathered for peace. My president said he would ignore 200,000 people. The war dragged on.

I turned on the TV last spring. My president was speaking. He said the Cambodian invasion was a success. He said that we had uncovered tons of supplies. He said that we had set the enemy war effort back at least six months. And while he spoke, the enemy was driving deep into Cambodia, driving to within 20 miles of the capital, encircling it, beseiging it. While my president spoke, Cambodians were slaughtering South Vietnamese civilians, Cambodians were looting their own towns. My president said the Cambodian invasion was a success.

I turned on the TV last winter. My president was speaking. He said that he was going to shorten the war. He said that he was going to protect American lives. He said that he was going to set the enemy war effort back. He said that he was going to invade Laos.

I turned on the TV a few months ago. My president was speaking. He said the invasion of Laos was a success. He said we had cut the Ho Chi Minh trail. He said that the enemy's supply line had been destroyed. He said that the troops were withdrawing, their mission accomplished. And while he spoke, the South Vietnamese withdrew, clambering over their own wounded to get to the helicopters. And while he spoke, the South Vietnamese withdrew, dropping like flies from the landing skids of overcrowded helicopters. My president said that the Laotian invasion was a success.

Spring came once more, and we tried once more in Washington. The veterans of Vietnam came this time, thousands of them. My president said that he would ignore them, too. We couldn't let that happen again. Riots had brought death and destruction, peaceful protests had brought Cambodia and Laos. And so we tried civil disobedience, and failed again. And while the lawyers and the media cry over arrested protestors, the war drags on.

I turned on the TV last night. My president was speaking. He said the end of the war was clearly in sight. I'm tired, so tired. I finished my beer, I turned my president off, and I went to bed. And more will die this week.

--Excerpts from the thoughts of Edward King, a young graduate of the University of New Hampshire, as printed in The BOSTON GLOBE, June 7, 1971.

NEWS (continued)

-An Apology-

My editorial pursuits were interrupted for a period of a month and a half because I took on the time-swallowing job of McGovern coordinator for the city of Somerville during the campaign that ended recently here. So the issue that was preparing 6 weeks ago is only now going to press. We hope to be back on schedule (or as close as we ever get to that uncompromising position) with the May issue.

E.J. Hogan--May 9, 1972

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

JOHN D. DOLAN of San Francisco, has said of littlemags that "a great many of them are just bad." I still haven't heard his word on ASPECT....DON FOSTER is from Denton, Texas....JAMES HAGOOD, Cicero, Illinois....NOELLE WRIGHT, of Norwood, Massachusetts, has been published often in ASPECT since the first issue; it would probably have folded in the early months without her....EMILIE GLEN, New York City, is a widely published poet whose credits include The MASSACHUSETTS REVIEW, NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE, BELOIT POETRY JOURNAL, and The GOLIARDS. She has been on the staffs of The NEW YORKER and MacMillan Publishers....HARLAND RISTAU, published previously in ASPECT in 1970-71 (also TRACE), has taught art in Milwaukee, Wisconsin for 23 years....GREGORY FITZ GERALD, of Brockport, New York, has had work in SOUTHWEST REVIEW, WRITER'S DIGEST, and The PRAIRIE SCHOONER, among many others....RICHARD STANSBERGER is from Cincinnati, Ohio....MAXINE TURNER, East Point, Georgia....ERIC CASHEN, Amherst, Massachusetts....BARBARA A. HOLLAND, New York City, has had poems in HEY LADY and elsewhere.. ..WILSON STAPLETON, who is now living in the mountain community of Warwick, Mass., says of it: "here land, peace, bread and other love/hate slogans do not apply. they are money poor but land proud. the majority make their own bread. and their own peace. outsiders, such as i, tread softly on this mountain snake. lawyers, bureaucrats, government officialdom are not welcome here."

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