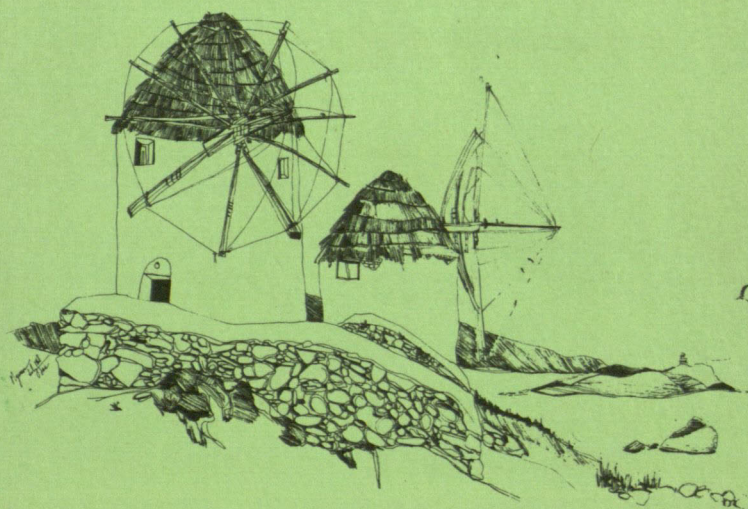


MPC

# ASPECT:

Poetry, Fiction,  
Politics



no. 62

75c



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No. 62/May-June © 1975: ASPECT, a bimonthly coedited by Edward J. Hogan, Jeff Schwartz, and Ellen Schwartz. Artist: Jean Segaloff. 66 Rogers Avenue, Somerville, Mass. 02144....SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$5 Yr./\$5.50 Canada/\$6.50 Foreign/75 cents copy....ADVERTISING RATES: 2 cents/word. Open to exchange ads with other publications....We are not accepting new manuscripts (continued on page 51)



## M.T. Buckley

*A DAY*

Woke to the sound of knives  
scraping buttered toast.  
He gets up, mops his thoughts  
from puddles on the floor,  
goes to the mirror, smiles  
like a piano. Ether  
in the tube of toothpaste.  
In the street. Bats sit  
on benches right side up  
their wings are wrapped around them,  
overcoats of winos  
asking for a quarter.  
Steel cranes swivel, dart.  
Shriek of 2000hp condor.  
Work, where he tests golf balls.  
They drive them right between his eyes.  
He comes home. Mohawks on tall buildings  
risk their lives to unroll  
tarpaper night. Blue black.  
Neighbors planting weevils in their front lawns  
grilling fragrant chunks of cow out back.  
Just before he sinks into his door  
you can see the nylon wires leading from him  
to the helicopter hovering above.  
Saturday they took out his tumor.  
It looked like a ball of mozzarella.  
It looked like Eisenhower.



Buckley

*ATTIC*

I'm prowling through mementos  
antiques old toys junk. Dust  
simmers in corners and cracks.  
Mildew and mothballed uniforms.  
Fine. Everyone should have an attic  
some do some don't I don't  
but I invented this one  
a truly high class one  
I come here for consolation  
I expect some kind of comfort  
from all this trash.

I'm trying on old clothes  
looking at cracked photos thinking  
of dead relatives never met and the fall  
of civilizations. Generally speaking  
I am becoming wistful  
melancholy even. What a joy.

The drawer of a chiffonier slides open.  
Inside is a jack in the box. Out pops  
my great grandfather Irish potato famine  
refugee he wheezes spits bobs back and forth  
grabs me by the throat and demands to know  
what I'm around here for and why  
he sat in steerage all the way from County Cork  
if I lazy descendant ain't done nothing with my life  
yet. I could shove the old sot  
back into the drawer and slam it shut  
but I don't think I could stay  
in this attic anymore anyway.



## SAFEWAY

Dozens of people stand ahead of me,  
checking out provisions. The line  
does not move. Impulse suggests I take  
my box of Wheat Fruities and run. But Sergeant  
Superego slams down the brain pan lid and orders me  
not to break ranks. The shoppers are getting  
edgy. The muzak is stuck on Impossible  
Dream and if any of us had a burp gun  
it would be Charlie Starkweather all over  
again, getting off one clean burst into the crowd  
before they set the dogs on him.  
The cash registers seem to have shorted out.  
Clerks rip off their shoes and begin  
frantically counting on their toes but  
they can't move fast enough and not one of them  
is a freak with extra digits  
for the enormous totals. The line  
does not move. An Oriental gentleman  
offers the use of his abacus  
and is immediately arrested, the pervert.  
Oh bad craziness is coming  
when suddenly the cloud of mood is punctured  
as a small kid on a grocery cart  
cuts loose, sings, jumping up and down  
on heads of non-union lettuce, entertaining us  
with Dada ballads from his short  
but intense stock of experiences. His  
head is bobbing, he's a manic little  
cuckoo, he is probably soiling his diapers  
in ecstasy and the customers  
catch on and I am dancing ring-around  
with lady cops and vegetables when  
mother, who has heard the song before,  
gives the star of the show a practiced  
backhand across the mouth. Now baby song  
fades, then changes to a scream. Tight-lipped,  
eyes straight ahead, we resolve to remember this moment.  
By the time we reach the parking lot  
we will have forgotten already.



Christine Smith

I. Magnin's bathrooms  
in San Francisco  
have individual marble cubicles  
to pee in

and starched blue linen  
fingertip towels  
to wipe  
the aiding hand

I enjoyed that  
more than Ghiradelli Square

more than a dozen  
lazy California conversations  
on furthering human potential

more than a hundred  
little cable cars  
climbing half-way  
to the stars





*diet*

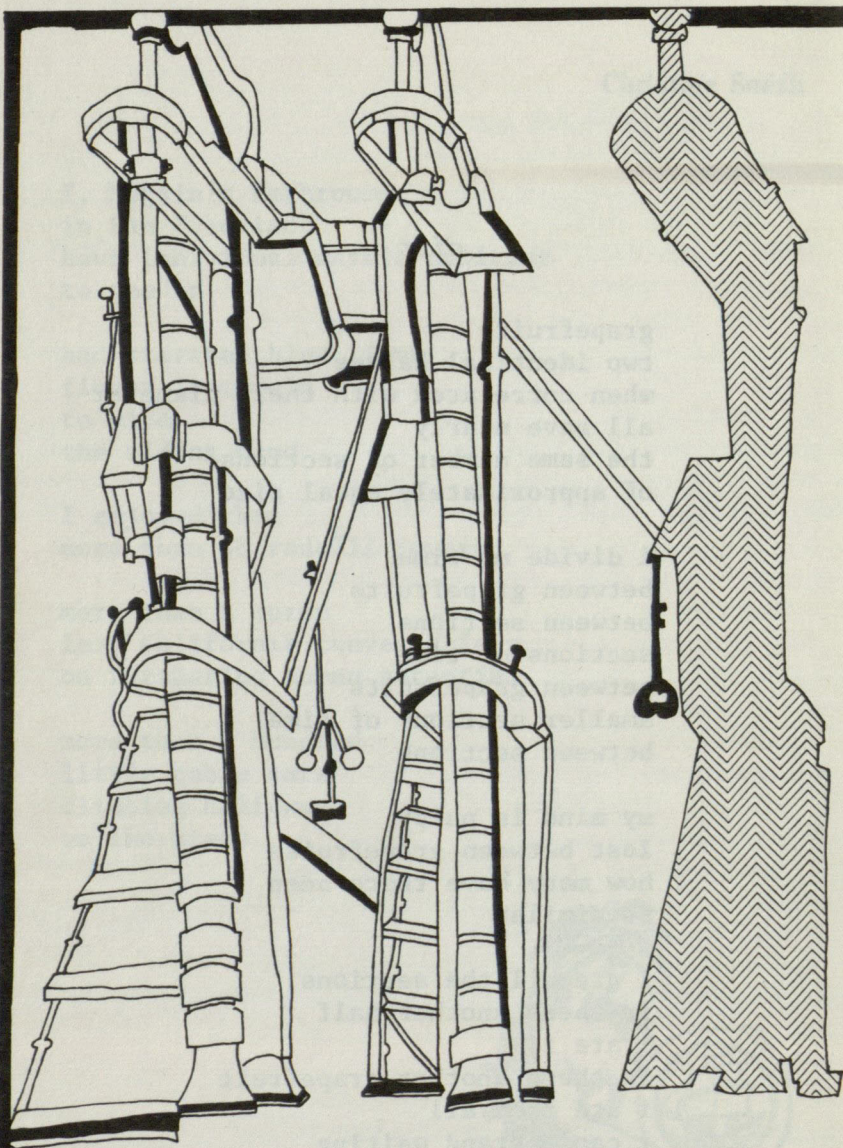
grapefruits  
two identical halves  
when correlated with their diameter  
all have nearly  
the same number of sections  
of approximately equal size

i divide my time  
between grapefruits  
between sections  
sections of time  
between grapefruits  
smaller sections of time  
between sections

my mind is pulpy  
lost between grapefruits  
how many have there been  
so similar

i ate all the sections  
is there another half  
i ate it  
is there another grapefruit  
i ate them all  
i can't stand waiting  
it's like the army





CORLISS

John Segaloff



## CORLISS, MASTER OF POWER

Frank Jones

Last time the Republic chalked up a landmark anniversary, it planned by Act of Congress to celebrate its hundredth birthday with a party--an international exposition--that would last six months.

More than thirty nations promised exhibits, especially industrial machinery to honor America's lusty industrial growth. Machinery Hall would roof some thirteen acres, housing thousands of mechanical devices. George H. Corliss--unrivalled master of steampower, which was then changing the world as no force ever did before or can again until atomic power is truly harnessed--was consulted.

Couldn't it be arranged for people to see some of the machines at work?

"I'll build an engine to run them all," he volunteered.

May 10th, 1876, was set for opening day. Richard Wagner composed a Centennial Inaugural March and John Greenleaf Whittier wrote a hymn. A cantata for 800 voices went into rehearsal. A salute of 100 cannon was ordered, to be accompanied by bells and chimes all over the fairgrounds at Philadelphia. And the Master of Steampower kept his word: Nine million visitors, first and last, were to gape at thirteen acres of machinery all working at once and all powered by a single Corliss engine.

Yet George H. Corliss had no training as engineer or designer. Son of a doctor in upstate New York, he clerked in stores, kept books, tried his luck as a salesman--until in 1844 he drifted into a draftsman's job at Providence, Rhode Island, at that time young America's machine design and manufacturing center.

There he heard the great riddle of the developing Machine Age: Why in tunket would no steam engine run steadily, at a regular rate of speed the operator could count on? Whereupon in his thirty-second year the young drifter found his vocation and quietly solved the riddle; which is to say, he patented an unprecedented design by which the governor of an engine directly actuated a variable cut-off to the steam valves--thus controlling steadiness of power and regularity of speed. Where the professionals had failed, the amateur had enslaved the incredible force of expanding steam.

Newcomen and Watt, great pioneers of steampower, moved over to make room for him in the Hall of Fame. International recognition came promptly, refreshed year by year as Corliss announced important new inventions. Soon he could say in all modesty: "I can build an engine to do anything."

Recently his mid-19th century foundry in Providence was



still standing, held erect by four mammoth pillars, each with a rotating arm to serve as a powerful crane. There he built special-purpose tools for mass production, anticipating modern assembly lines by generations. In 1862, his colossal lathe machined a twenty-foot bearing for a gun turret--and sent *Monitor*, "the cheesebox on a raft"--to meet *Merrimack* in the nick of time at Hampton Roads.

By Centennial Year, every leading industrialist of the century was his associate, yet Corliss--deep-eyed, iron-jawed, puritanical--had few friends. Even in his own foundry he had no colleagues--only subordinates who held him in awe, because nowhere could The Old Man hire brains or ingenuity to equal his own; in the little village that grew up around his plant, his labor force kept a phenomenally strict Sabbath because The Old Man expected it.

Though he stood no more than life-size, men saw him as a giant. Capstone of his career was the power plant he installed in Machinery Hall for the Centennial Exposition. Forty feet high it towered, fed by twenty Corliss boilers, equal in strength to 2500 horses. Connecting rods were twenty-four feet long; the driving pinion, ten feet in diameter, meshed with a thirty-foot flywheel; the pinion shafts stretched 352 feet. Six-foot bevel gears at spaced intervals drove cross-shafts that transmitted power throughout the building.

At a nod from Corliss on opening day, President Grant and Dom Pedro II, Emperor of Brazil, would turn levers to bring thirteen acres of machinery to life. But, while Corliss hooked up his miles of shafting, a thunderhead of controversy blackened the sky over Philadelphia: Radical modernists demanded that the Exposition be open to the public *on Sundays*.

Clergy pounded pulpits in dissent, newspaper editors clamored yea or nay, public opinion was reft asunder. Ulysses S. Grant said "Yes"; George H. Corliss said "No".

"My contract was to provide power and start the machinery in motion," he warned. "It is my right and privilege to suspend it at pleasure. Open these gates to desecrate the Sabbath, and I will dismantle my engine and withdraw the power!"

Controversy stopped dead. It was on the terms of the Master of Steampower that the President of the United States and the Emperor of Brazil set their hands to the levers on May 10th, 1876. Thereafter, the mighty engine ran continuously for six months without stopping--but the Centennial Exposition was open to the public on weekdays only.

George H. Corliss never met his equal in this life. But with the grand simplicity of his kind in his day, he acknowledged one Superior.

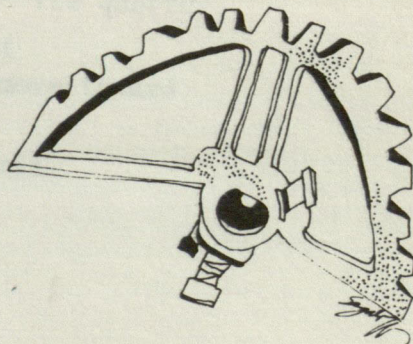


Jeffrey Katz

*HOW A BULLDOZER WORKS*

Like an arm  
you don't have  
to worry about  
getting arthritis in,  
this space age muscle lifts  
with a flick  
its twelve ton wrist.

It quits at 5  
when you do, rocking  
itself to sleep  
in the mud, waking again  
to work for you  
coming just from  
your wife  
to this wrenching strength.





*THE BOMB PEOPLE*

Carrying the swirling  
secret of the atom  
like a dark child,  
the cabbage rose  
of heat and light.

Habakusha,  
the bomb people  
have geographies sewn  
into their skins,  
epaulets of tough hide,  
a swell bladder  
of fire.

As death knits itself in them  
they rehearse the dance of peace,  
the survivors' dance, remembered  
for what child fear held  
wound in their bellies,  
what they did not cost the world.

6 August  
Hiroshima/Nagasaki



Katz

*THE ALCHEMICAL SEASON*

The secret! The secret! It's hid  
in its showing forth

*Robert Duncan*

Tatsuta  
the weaver  
works her crewel in among  
branches,  
lightly  
the shuttle hums.  
It is the season of light  
the quarter  
of the harvest  
we move toward  
a life  
of the spirit.



*SHAMBALLAH*

Only those whose eyes  
are unaccustomed to unlikely scales  
of measurement or commonly  
indiscernable planes of existence  
will ever see here  
domes, pinnacles  
and tentlike structures with the gold  
on their ornaments  
gleaming.

For those  
of a lesser keenness,  
this is but a pocket lodged  
among massive peaks and crags,  
which only offer fallen stones  
and sand; perhaps the weathered  
remnants of a Chorten,

yet this is the Capital,  
Here we are taxed and numbered  
in accordance with our several purposes;  
all of us everywhere: sheep,  
whose heads lift frequently,  
lest any breeze be freighted  
with the shudder of a dying gong,  
or the long growl in the monotone  
of Mantram, resonant within the earth.

Here

        padded tap of bronze  
incites to riot, awakens anxiety,  
hardens and tightens  
to the knot of murder.



Here also,  
the chorus,  
as if from caverns underground  
climbs into zest of purple  
At the apex  
of a summer noon.

Here  
the genesis  
of any impulse ignites  
on a syllable.

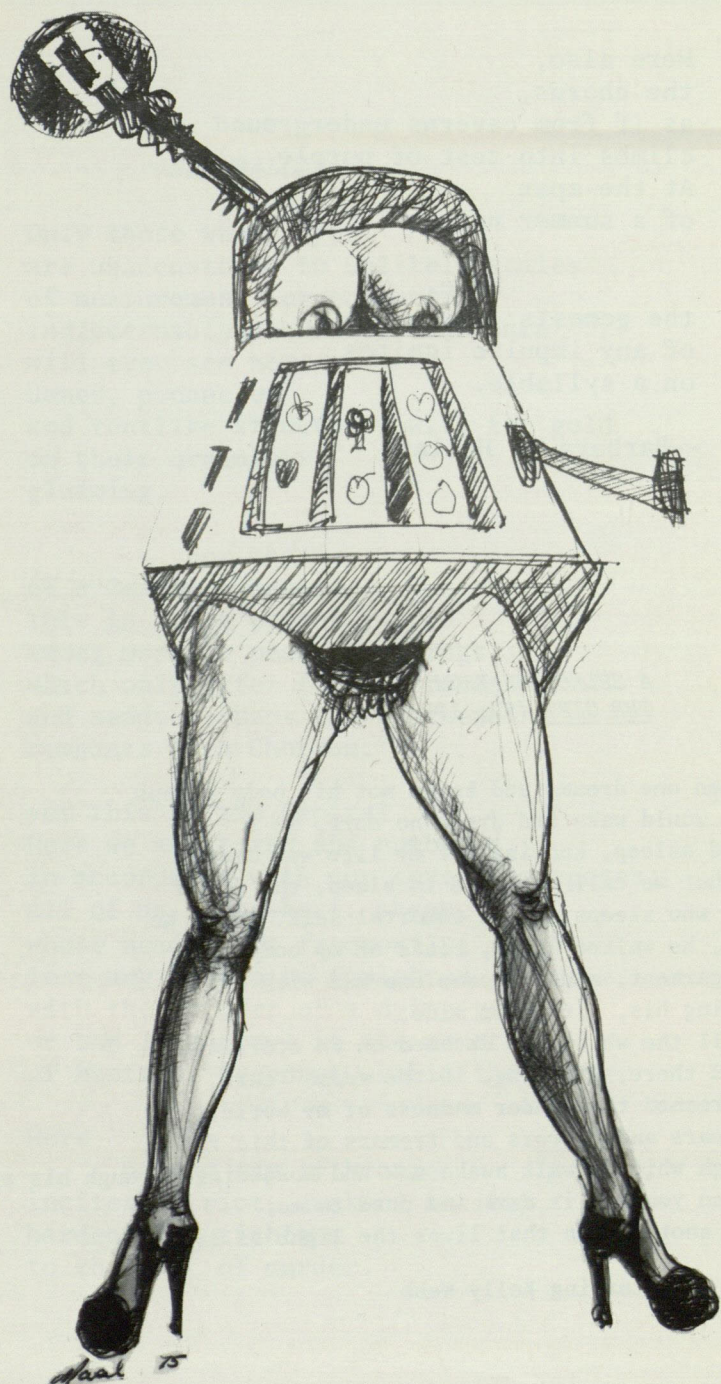
--Barbara A. Holland

A SELECTION FROM  
THE GIFT (IV, 101)

As when one dreams and knows not his body sleeps  
Or he would wake and dream no more, so I  
Walked asleep, knowing not my life was dream,  
For what we call our life is sleep, the dream  
Of he who sleeps awake, immortal self. When he  
Awoke, he walked in me, bound on my body  
As a garment, and I became one man with him,  
My being his, his power mine;  
Yet all the while, he dreamed on in eternity,  
Tended there, sleeping, in the *devas'* care,  
And dreamed the tender madness of my world,  
The tears and terrors and tremors of this flesh,  
Through which I walk awake now and wondering through his eyes:  
The Sun you see is dark and dead to me;  
I see another Sun that lives the light of light.

--Sterling Kelly Webb







## WINNING IN THE SIERRAS

Robie Darche

*I kept laughing to myself because I couldn't believe I was working at a casino because everyone at home thought it was so wild. (Susan; former changegirl and cocktail waitress, Harvey's)*

"The thing that struck me the most was the appearance of the people, both the customers and the people I was working with." (Christine; changegirl, Harvey's)

In the high Sierras, in Nevada, just this side of the California border, the players are beckoned. On the street, the abiding sounds of excitement, the unholy allurements of the games. The whole place has a buzz on. Lights and billboards flicker in the sun's bright ray, paling only a little. Cars honking and people scurrying, fluttering here and there. The emanations are compelling, ringed in and bordered by the three big casinos. Beyond, the mountains.

Inside, the walls are covered with a red, brocade paper. Where there is no paper, there is a highly varnished wood. A red carpet with a deeper red in its design runs through the casino. Everything is textured. Row upon row, shiny and flickering, throughout, it is the slot machines that prevail. Where there are crap tables, there are slot machines; roulette wheels, slot machines; flickering keno boards, slot machines; bars, restaurants.....slot machines. The casino is a collage of reds with speckles of green, red, and yellow. Slot machine lights poke signals into the air. The crowd is always thick in summertime. In the never ending array that mother nature puts out they fill the casino, a population of fun seekers rivaling a rush hour press in the New York City Subway. Reflected in mirrors extending from the ceiling, it is a throbbing image that glares from down to up and up to down.

And the players. In their world the machine's the thing. First the nickel, then the pull, then the waiting and watching, then the wheel stops. Jubilation, despair, highs, lows, and resignation, a pulsating spectrum of emotion is evoked in the players. Just put, pull, and feel. Just wait till the wheel stops and let it out. The machine will not hold you accountable. It lets you feel. It's not like the real world. It's telling you to feel. It is a world apart. Your world. You are the world. "They create their own secure world. They have their machines and their nickels and a drink in their hands and they feel safe. I think that's why they get so impatient when they run out of nickels." (Christine)

When a player experiences an interruption in the rhythmic lull of the machine, perhaps running out of nickels, quarters, or dimes, he or she is jolted from this absorption. The first person who the player must make contact with is the changegirl.



The changegirl is the last link in the chain. Weighted down with an apronful of nickels, quarters, dimes, and silver, she is the one who makes contact with the visceral elements.

Every time someone hits a jackpot, a small portion of the pot is released in coin. The light capping the machine begins to flicker and a ringing sound commences. The clamor stops only when the changegirl inserts one of her IBM Tally Cards into the machine. This is called dinging the machine off. The changegirl instructs the winner to put another coin into the machine and pull the lever. The card is then released. This is called playing the jackpot off. A punch made in the card indicates the remaining amount of the winner's jackpot. "The machine has dropped you a dollar, madam, play it off and I'll pay you \$6.50 more."

The boxes on each card account for every win possible. On a \$25.00 jackpot, for example, \$5.00 in coin is released from the machine and the card registers in the \$20.00 box. The changegirl keeps the card and pays the customer \$20.00 from her bank. At the end of the day a cashier tallies the changegirl's cards with the money left in her daily bank. If she's over, she can keep the extra money only if it's under a dollar. If she comes up short, the money is taken out of her paycheck.

Aside from hopping around like a chicken trying to keep the bells and lights under control, the changegirl is subject to a variety of other pressures. Serving the wants of an impatient multitude, she is constantly subject to minor assaults upon her person. "Did you hear, some lady grabbed Lydia by the collar and ripped her blouse." Girl, girl, nickels, nickels, it is an interminable litany. "All these people were yelling at me at once. I was pushing myself. I had all of section 3A to myself. I was just running around and crying. That old anxious feeling came over me again." (Christine) Veering groundward with 25 pounds of coin draped around her waist, the changegirl is at a distinct physical disadvantage. "Slots was really hard physically for one thing. You constantly get roughed around by the customers. On really busy, congested nights you get pushed and shoved. One night this guy tripped me in front of my supervisor. I really hated that job." (Linda; former changegirl, Harvey's; dealer, Harrah's)

The casinos belong to men. In an environment difficult for any worker, it is the woman casino worker whose dignity and self-respect is continually being undermined.

As an object of pleasure, the cocktail waitress is the casino showpiece. She is paraded through the casino in a mini uniform, cut for a cleavage and leg display. At the casinos there is a fixation on tits, cunt, and ass. This enduring state of pubescent arrest is displayed by workers and customers alike and is alienating indeed. "I wasn't used to people making such attacks on my looks even though they were positive." (Christine) Humiliated by her own anatomy yet mindful of its power, ashamed yet proud yet ashamed, a societal valuation becomes a personal one.

"I have a pain down there since I started wearing this belt," said a changegirl, pointing to her vagina. "I know the dirty names for it but I can't think of the real one." She was ashamed.

*The whole thing about cocktail waitresses. Like old men will always throw money into their cleavage. One reason they won't let us, as dealers, wear low cut blouses is so that customers won't throw money in it or at least that's what they told us. But for cocktail waitresses it's alright. (Linda)*



There is a man who heads up cocktails and he chooses the tail. Most women want to be cocktail waitresses. Their status is coveted and rewarded. They get great tips. "It really seemed strange that I could come and make that much money. It seemed to me that the people who had worked for longer should have gotten the job." (Susan)

For women, approval based upon appearance is a familiar and penetrating experience. They are taught to lure men with their looks. Then they are judged by the men they lure. Self-esteem and fulfillment are taught to be contingent upon an ability to please men. "You see, there were these men who were being nice to me. So I thought here is a chance to feel good about myself." (Christine)

Ladies' room conversation. "I didn't want to say this in front of Linda but HE doesn't like blonds." A 27 year-old woman told me, "I'd really like to get into cocktails but I'm too old; they just like the young ones."

In an environment such as this the old tyranny flourishes. Old memories are stirred. The unconscious clamors with an oppressive weight. "It was a bad experience. I think mainly because it reminded me so much of high school and that was a bad time and prior to working at Harvey's I felt pretty good." (Lois, change-girl)

At Harvey's, where I worked change for three months, there is a keyman in each slot machine section who is in charge of four, five, or six changegirls. In her section each changegirl is assigned a bank, which is stocked and replenished by the keyman throughout the day. Although she is regularly refilling her apron from her bank, it is the keyman's job to tell her what coin she needs. "Depending on the keyman, some were very chauvinistic--poor dumb changegirl. You know when they check your bank for you when they tell you what you need. I need dimes or I need quarters. Well, let's look in your bank and see. Oh, that would really piss me off." (Lois)

Keymen are very often in charge of women who have years of seniority. Tim, a Harvey's employee for about three weeks, couldn't understand why Pama was hostile toward him. She had been a changegirl for seven years and she was in his charge.

The policy at all the casinos is to hire both men and women in change. Any man, if not severely backward, is trained and promoted from changeman to keyman within thirty days. If they have proven themselves beyond the pale, one or two women changegirls are promoted to cashier after several months of service. At Harvey's, changegirls and cashiers make the same money; keymen make more. At Harrah's, the highest paid cashier makes less than the highest paid keyman. Supervisory personnel is never drafted from amongst changegirls or cashiers but always from the keymen's ranks.

They say that girls really can't be keymen because the machines that the keymen cart around are too heavy for girls. Yet, last summer at Harrah's they had one keygirl, and this summer they had a couple. If the machines are not too heavy for one or two women, why are they too heavy for more women? After serving as a changegirl for several months, Linda was asked by a supervisor if she would rather be a cashier or a keyman. "Keyman," she replied. "He said you come right over here and pick up one of these machines. He was trying not to sound annoyed. And I picked it up and I had my change belt on besides." (Linda)



If in dinging off a jackpot, the changegirl does not insert the card into the machine at the proper angle, a hole is punched on the line and in two boxes. This is called a liner. When this happens, the changegirl cannot pay the winner off but must alert her keyman immediately. The idea is for the changegirl not to pay the winner off until the keyman has opened the machine. The changegirl cautions the winner not to let anyone play it until the keyman checks it out. The winner stands guard at the machine while the changegirl fetches the keyman. The higher ups figure that if the keyman doesn't check the pot out, the changegirl might cheat. Let's say there's a liner between the \$6.50 and \$20.00 box. They figure the changegirl will tell her keyman the pot was \$20.00 when it was really \$6.50. He'll initial the \$20.00 box, she'll pay the winner \$6.50 and keep the rest.

When she started working at Harvey's, Lois didn't fully understand about liners. So when she got a liner on a \$37.50 pot, she paid the winner off and then asked Hubert, her keyman, to sign the card. Hubert's supervisor, Don, happened to be supervising him when Lois asked him to sign her card. Hubert said, "Let's go pay the winner off," and Lois said she already had. Then Don started yelling at Hubert, "You don't see it, you don't pay it." Here's Lois asking Hubert to sign her card after she paid the winner off and doesn't even remember which machine hit the pot.

*Don yells at Hubert not to sign my card because I had paid the jackpot off already. Then Don yells at me. So I accept that. But then Hubert comes over to me and starts yelling, 'Don't ever do that again.' I don't need to be told again if a supervisor told me already, then the supervisor's keyman has to tell me again. I didn't like it but I cried. (Lois)*

If she has to go to the bathroom, the changegirl must ask her keyman's permission. If she wants a drink of water, he must escort her. It is the keyman who decides when the changegirl will take a break and when she will go home, whether she will be first, second, third, or last out. The woman's well-being becomes, again, contingent on the man. "The only thing that is saving me today is that I have a nice keyman."

Given absolute authority over the changegirl, the keyman is able to act out his power struggles with the world. One day, as I scrawled my name madly onto my cards (each IBM card must be signed), distracted by the white, distress signal lights and the customers' irksome chant, I saw my keyman as he strutted by me. Then I heard, "Anyone I see signing cards when they have lights gets a number eleven rammed up their ass." I continued signing. The bells were ringing. I felt the welling of tears inside of me. "Hear me Robie," he addressed me again. The lights flickered. The customers chanted. I told myself not to cry. I stifled tears. "Address me like a human being and I'll answer you," I blurted out, hoping I sounded angry. I kept telling myself not to cry. Discipline. I spent the rest of the day addressing myself to the question of human dignity as I dashed around dinging; dignity.

At the casino I had constantly to remind myself. That suffering fourteen year-old that encroached upon my mind was not me. It was just a gnawing shadow of myself that kept taking me over. How is it to be whole? "Let's check your bank now." It's sticking at me. I am a twenty-eight-year-old woman. I have been inside and outside myself. I have spent time alone, spent time in psycho-an-



alysis, been a school teacher. I read *War and Peace* twice. I have lived, suffered and enjoyed for twenty-eight years and I got these keymen coming at me with, "Let's check your bank now," like I was a sort of idiot. "Anyone I see signing cards when they have lights gets a number eleven rammed up their ass." I'm crying. They're shouting at me.

Note: another version of this article has appeared in the March/April 1975 issue of the Canadian women's magazine, BRANCHING OUT.

Andrew Darlington

AFTERMATH

Everything is different, yet  
somehow nothing has changed.  
The city almost sleeps, yet  
fears to close its billion eyes.  
Streets grow longer yet hurried  
walkers look no further than  
their next anticipated steps.  
Astrologers are predicting the  
coming of the millenium while  
clergymen carefully choose texts.  
Tram-cars clustered with drab  
people move through deserted  
streets, anxious not to break  
the silence. Bourgeois families  
plan premature holidays in the  
country. Some collect small piles  
of news-clippings and headlines  
for the future, others attempt to



salvage what is already lost.  
Red banners water-fall down  
ministries, halls and abandoned  
palaces, beneath which the stone-  
work remains stoically unchanged.  
Double-headed eagles in stone lie  
fragmented where they have been  
hurled from architectural perches,  
yet they continue to breathe, and  
the creators that conceived their  
imperial symbolism wait. Scarce  
people smile, look fearfully at the  
sky. The radio is talking backwards.  
Yet children still read text-books,  
Prima-Donna's still practice scales  
in comfortable drawing rooms.  
Sealing wax congeals. Old men  
cough phlegm into the same gutters.  
Dogs mate on street corners while  
children watch with the same  
hypnotism. In clubs men play chess.  
exchange lying exploits and  
incorrect quotations. Poets still  
write verse that no-one will read.  
Civil servants still draw up forms.  
Children's Nurses still tell tales  
of Princes. Adulterers still find  
time to meet beneath ancient arches.  
Students still study the principles  
of economics. While the elements  
conspire in drab anger, compromise in  
steady wraiths of drizzle and silent  
soldiers, who yesterday worked in  
factories, tramp the resulting mud  
down long richly carpeted halls.  
Bronze statues of deceased civic  
dignitaries in public squares have  
acquired crimson streamers which  
they bear in defiant embarrassment,  
and somewhere a child  
is three minutes old.








salvage what is already lost.  
Red banners water-fall down  
ministries, halls and abandoned  
palaces, beneath which the stone-  
work remains stoically unchanged.  
Double-headed eagles in stone lie  
fragmented where they have been  
hurled from architectural perches,  
yet they continue to breathe, and  
the creators that conceived their  
imperial symbolism wait. Scarce  
people smile, look fearfully at the  
sky. The radio is talking backwards.  
Yet children still read text-books,  
Prima-Donna's still practice scales  
in comfortable drawing rooms.  
Sealing wax congeals. Old men  
cough phlegm into the same gutters.  
Dogs mate on street corners while  
children watch with the same  
hypnotism. In clubs men play chess.  
exchange lying exploits and  
incorrect quotations. Poets still  
write verse that no-one will read.  
Civil servants still draw up forms.  
Children's Nurses still tell tales  
of Princes. Adulterers still find  
time to meet beneath ancient arches.  
Students still study the principles  
of economics. While the elements  
conspire in drab anger, compromise in  
steady wraiths of drizzle and silent  
soldiers, who yesterday worked in  
factories, tramp the resulting mud  
down long richly carpeted halls.  
Bronze statues of deceased civic  
dignitaries in public squares have  
acquired crimson streamers which  
they bear in defiant embarrassment,  
and somewhere a child  
is three minutes old.





This turn-of-the-century photo of Manchester, England, was taken by an unknown freelance photographer working for the *Manchester Guardian and Evening News*. Thanks to Steve Sneyd and the Manchester Central Library.



*NEW BOTTLES: A GENUINELY AND COMPLETELY MODERN POEM*

Today I've been busy pouring old wine into new bottles  
(I hope they won't split, the new bottles);  
that is to say, I've been changing around my poems  
(adjusting the hemlines so to speak, the hemlines of my poems,  
so they'll be more in fashion - like macrame and candles and long hair);  
the inversions that have had to go, oh dear!  
(inversions I put there because the former need to rhyme)  
And the rhymes that have had to go, oh gracious me!  
(or at least be artfully concealed the best I could;  
I do love rhyme, it's one of my strong points, and the  
years and years I've spent working with that darn - forgive me! -  
rhyming dictionary you wouldn't believe!)  
Good-by rhymes . . . oh me, oh my, I can't bear to think  
about life without you. . . .

Today I've been busy pouring old wine into new bottles.

Yes, today I've been trying hard (heavens, who knows how hard?)  
to cover over the fact that what I finally got into that  
so-difficult-to-master-that-even-Wordsworth-couldn't-get-it-at-first  
Miltonic sonnet form is really, furtively, a sonnet.  
(Miltonic, mind you; not Shakespearean, that's easy, but Miltonic,  
Miltonic, a Miltonic sonnet - me!)  
So today I've disguised my sonnets. Sonnets, they now say,



trammel the imagination; one should be more open,  
spontaneous, artless. . . .  
(But gosh, I used to think that that plain unmeasured  
dull unrhymed unfeeling stuff was prose! Sigh.)  
Good-by, sonnets. . . .

Today I've been busy pouring old wine into new bottles.

Yes, today I've been putting beards on their smooth faces,  
you might say, beards on the too-regular faces of my poems.  
Notice, please, that many of these lines don't start with  
capital letters the way the first word of every line used  
to at all, and that there isn't even any punctuation at all  
sometimes sometimes I just run things together how I feel and  
there arent evin enny spelllinggg rekwirments an iv finulleee got  
thisgoddamnpoemintosuchmotherlovinfreeverseenooneunleshetriedwith  
allhismightcouldtellit safuckinpoemataall!

i've gone modern, i'm a modern poet at last!  
ive scrapped all the deadwood of the passed!  
i am wayting now, faym shud kum fast!

(oops - rhyme! Oh well, perhaps no one noticed;  
nobody reads this kind of poem very attentively anyway. . . .)

Full throttle,  
new bottles,  
full throttle!

--Doris Wight



## PARADISE

by Gudanowska

She sat cross-legged on the edge of the bed and clipped her finger nails, killing time, waiting for him. The blocks of sunlight on the floor that widened and narrowed as the curtains blew caught her eye. Jazz music sounded softly, erratically in her ear from the transistor radio on the bureau. She watched him, perched on a chair in front of his typewriter like an elf poised before Pandora's Box. And behind him through the glass doors lay Paradise. The cut crystal harbor flashed and glinted, jaunty sailboats bounded near the yacht club dock and across the October blue basin, pastel stucco cottages clung to the hills and hid behind shrouds of palms. She was bored. She wanted the beach. And she hated waiting, suspended in limbo.

"How much longer?" she asked sweetly, consciously stifling her annoyance. She had put her typewriter away it seemed hours ago, actually not more than twenty minutes, but she was restive. They had come, not to write, but to vacation, she thought. And the beaches were waiting. She could almost feel the warm ocean caressing her, swallowing her as she spread her arms and lifted her legs and offered herself to the water.

"Not much longer," he said and bit his nail. His young face was haggard and confused as he stared at his rolled paper.

She brooded at him and squinted in the intensifying brightness of the room, the walls white hot with glaring sunlight. A foul anger at the high sun grew in her. Mid-day belonged to the crowds, businessmen, traffic and now the beaches and shops and roads would be smothered by people, drowning under too many people. She craved solitude, wishing that all the people would be swept off the island, leaving the two of them to dine in peace, shop without jostle and swim in deserted lagoons that rippled in whispers. But they had lost their claim on the day. And she was sickened and blackly angry.

His sudden rapid-fire typing crackled in the room and she held herself tightly as if to protect herself from the invasion of his sound. He ripped the paper from the machine and scanned it closely, making brief marks with his pen. He turned and reached down into a brown satchel and slid the paper inside.

"We can go now," he said as he covered his machine. He looked at her with pleading eyes. "Please don't be angry with me."

She rose suddenly, displaying her bitter mood, and dropped her lounging pajamas on the floor. She felt his eyes on her slim nakedness as she walked stubbornly to the bureau, snapped off the radio and took out her bikini. The swatches of black and white cloth slid up her legs and around her hips and she fastened the halter top behind her neck and back. She slipped into a yellow jacket and turned to him, arms crossed, face remote.

"Leslie, please don't be angry," he came toward her with his arms out as if to gather her into himself. She was rigid with anger and made no move to go to



him. "Don't be angry," he cried, his features suddenly fierce in exasperation. "I can't stand it when you're angry with me!"

She frowned and glumly stared out the window. The whole day is wasted, she thought, the beauty and glory of the island is lost for another morning. Waste, waste, waste! she screamed to herself. Her temperament had gone black as if with decay. She had lost something, her plans were spoiled, and it could never be regained. She pouted like a child.

"Les," he pleaded and put his hands tenderly on her shoulders. "Talk to me."

She remained stiff, unyielding, scowling. Silently she condemned him, cursed him. He insisted on bringing the machines and she had known it would be a mistake. He's a spoiler, she thought bitterly, and twisted away from his touch. This sparked an explosion in him and he shook her wildly, her head flew back and he crushed her shoulders together.

"Love me!" he cried and flung her into his chest, his arms closed around her like steel and she felt like a kitten squeezed in the grasp of a child. She knew he would hold her and possess her until she relented and loved him again. And already he had won. She felt his punishment purging her, draining her ill-humor and his possession warmed her. The situation became more and more foolish to her. A grin spread her lips mischievously and a short ironic laugh broke from her. She looked up at him, her eyes alive with mirth, daring him to smile.

"What's so funny?" he growled down at her, his eyes darkly wary. A cautious smile hesitated on his lips.

"You," she laughed. "You're so angry." Her arms encircled him and she held the small of his back, caressing the soft vulnerable flesh there below his ribs. She pressed her cheek to his chest and tucked her head under his chin. Her love for him overwhelmed her. Anger was so foolish, so wasteful, she thought. They would go to the beach and there would be few swimmers, she admitted. The glow of the morning would be gone, but it would be there tomorrow. And today they would find a quiet cove.

"You're not angry?" he said, a hint of reprimand in his voice. He cuddled her gently, kissed the top of her head and stroked her short brown hair.

"No, Adam, I'm not angry," she said genuinely, trying to forget the spat. "I'm sorry. Forget it. Let's leave now."

"I just want you to love me," he said and held her with sudden possession.

"I know. Please forgive me," she whispered.

She wanted to make it up to him so she attended him like a scrupulous valet. She found his bathing trunks and helped him with his beach shirt. While he sat on the bed and donned his socks and shoes, she brushed his hair, his dense chestnut hair that fell in waves around his tall forehead and curled soft and dark behind his ears. She loved his male beauty, his innocence and handsomeness that were almost childlike. And she thought to herself that the male of the species was more attractive than the female, as in all of nature. And he manifested this colorful supremacy: green-gold eyes like a cat, startling red lips, pearly skin sprinkled with tawny freckles and burnt sienna sideburns and beard stubble. She accepted her own sallow skin and pale brown hair and long ago ceased wishing to



be more beautiful.

"What are you thinking?" she asked their perpetual question as they left the room and he locked the door.

"Oh, I was just wondering what it must be like to live on this island," he said. They walked arm in arm down the short hall and when they entered the foyer, the elevator door opened. "To know that you live on only eight miles of land." They stepped in and the doors closed. "To be trapped on a mere eight miles. It must be stifling to drive a car and know subconsciously that you are limited automatically as to how far you can go."

She murmured in agreement and tried to imagine life on a coral rock.

The doors opened and they entered the frigid, air-conditioned lobby. She felt her skin rise in goose-flesh, in shocking protest to the icy air. She heard their wooden shoes clomp-clomp on the marble floor and resound to every corner. People looked up from newspapers. The desk clerk frowned.

"I think our clothes are too skimpy for the dignity of this hotel," she whispered to her husband.

"They must think we are crass, noisy Americans," he laughed in her ear. Heads proud and erect, they walked through the entrance, the door held open by a somber bell captain.

As they stepped from under the awning, her whole being soared. The sun struck them and she smelled the Bermudian air, rich with salt and humidity. She felt light and free, completely severed from heavy cumbersome New England. Blossoms in various shades of fire burned on every bush and tree, the sea breeze was pure and warm and the natives smiled indulgently and half-worked.

"Maybe it's small," she said, "but it's so beautiful. How do they live in all of this lush beauty? How can they accomplish anything? Living here must be like a perpetual vacation." She shaded her eyes with her hand and blinked in the bright sunlight at the sparkling harbor below.

Adam bent over their motorbike and wiggled the key in the chain lock.

"I could never live here," he muttered. The lock clicked and opened. "I'd never get any work done." He handed her a white helmet and placed an identical one on his head. She fastened hers and his.

"You're probably right," she said and kissed him. "The beauty would be too distracting." She watched him mount the bike, release the kick stand, and peddle away from her with long difficult strokes until the motor caught and groaned. He raced the engine in place while she climbed on behind him and wrapped her arms tightly around his chest.

"You have the map?" he shouted over his shoulder.

"No, but I know the way," she answered. "That way." She gestured to the left toward the narrow road which ran down the hill to the harbor and the main street.

With a twist of the handle, Adam made the little bike sprint out into the sparse traffic. Leslie felt herself thrust backwards but she clutched him more securely, pressing the front of her flush to his firm back. Her thighs fused to his and



the faint mist of sweat on his back wet her chest. They hung close to the left sidewalk, the engine grinded noisily, straining to plunge down the hill into the pulsating harbor waters. Then Adam turned onto the main street and followed along the ashen coral wall sprouting hedges that concealed their hotel.

The sound of sputtering motorbike engines reverberated all around them, underlined by the whine of European cars.

As they rounded a curve, she thrilled at the sight of the bright active city. Two white cruise ships hugged the dock and towered above the shops like unapproachable white-capped mountains. Fruit vendors, dock workers and sailors scurried busily behind the chain link fence, unloading, loading. And to the left, tourists and natives weaved along the narrow sidewalk, entering the dark doorways of china, linen, liquor, woolen and cigar shops. She pointed to a tiny tobacconist and hugged Adam with delight.

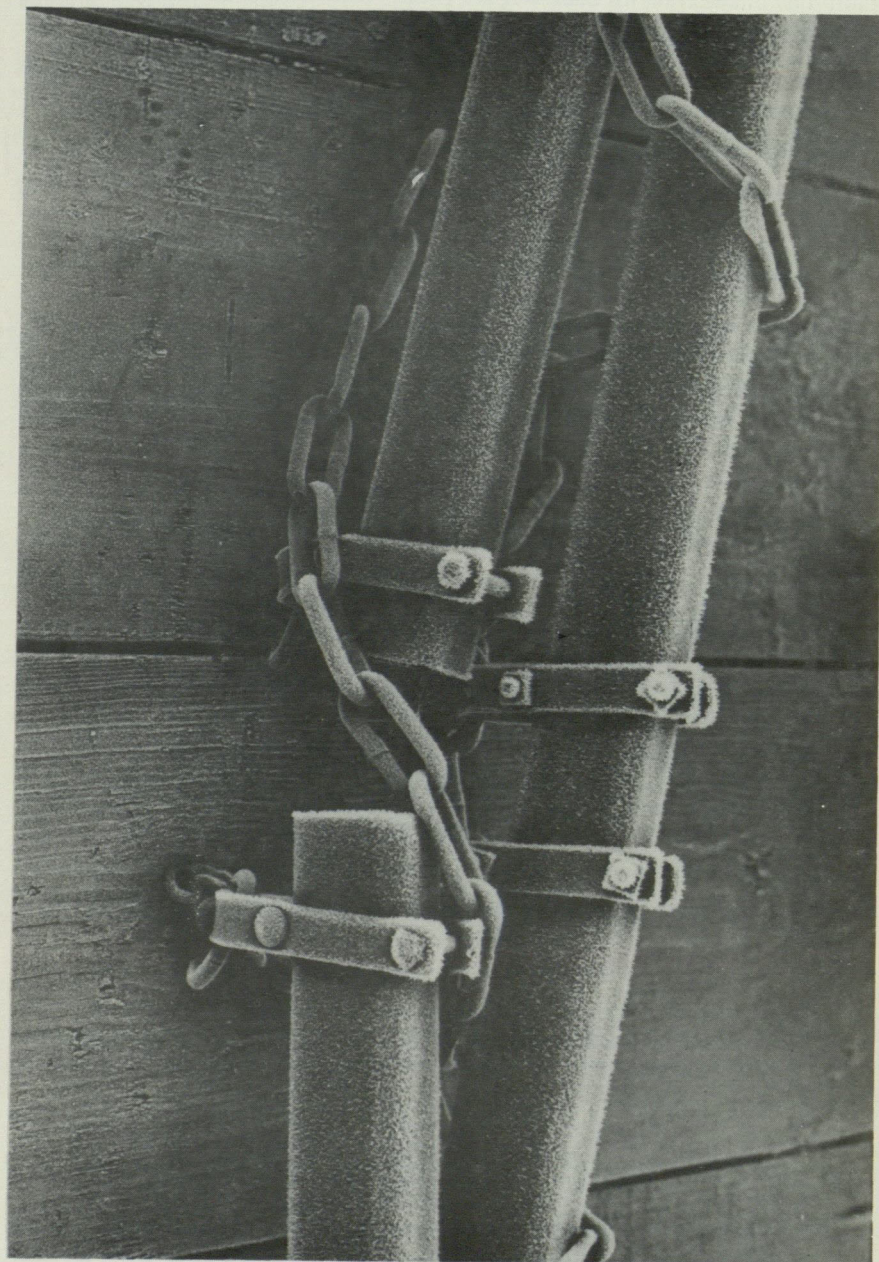
"They must have Montecristos!" she shouted into the wind which snatched the words from her mouth. He turned his head and smiled broadly. She would let him buy a few, she thought, just a few but he would have to smoke them on the balcony.

### SORE NIPPLES.

METHOD of TREATING *this excruciating complaint.*  
[From Dr. WILLICH's "Domestic Encyclopedia."]

THE nipples of females, when suckling their first child, are frequently so diminutive and deep within the breasts, as to render it difficult or impracticable for the infant to extract the milk. In such cases the young mother should frequently, though cautiously, protrude the nipple between her fingers by depressing the projecting part of the breast; and afterwards covering the protuberances with an excavated nutmeg, to be worn several weeks previous to her delivery. But if this expedient prove insufficient, it will be advisable to draw the breasts, either by presenting them to an healthy infant several months old, or by applying Mr. Savigny's small air pump, contrived for that purpose; and which is far preferable to the common breast glaives, as well as to the disgusting practice of employing quadrupeds.







## KARLA IN THE DARK

Bettina Barrett

Quick retreat. Games of hide-and-seek are easy to play. In the dark. The place has no windows. When the door is shut no one can see. But ears can hear. Except for Karla who is deaf and has never known what sound is like.

Anna knows Karla well. Sometimes, she thinks of her as a friend.

It is fun to play in the dark. Once the door is shut Anna moves quickly away from Karla. The ground is hard under her feet as she slides along the wall. She is careful about the way she moves. She has learned that Karla is able to feel vibrations and that her body knows the movement of air.

She stops to listen. There is no sound. Warm breath escapes her mouth. Sudden fingers brush across her face. She stoops and flees. Her heart beats fast and she giggles. Karla moans.

Anna finds a small space between barrels in a corner and crouches there. She leans against one and touches another with her hand. They let her feel safe. Her eyes search the darkness. There is no change in its shape.

Karla moves and bumps into a barrel. Vibrations rock Anna and instinctively she braces herself. Karla is close. Anna shrinks and holds her breath. She closes her eyes and concentrates on listening. Ears grow and fill the room, seeking. Silence waits.

Anna stands up and stretches. Legs tingle. Her nostrils widen. Slowly, she turns her head from side to side. Small sounds. Something is not right, but she cannot tell what is wrong. There is a difference in the air. It flows around her and holds her fast. It creeps inside and makes her tremble.

Sudden cries and arms are around her, hugging. It is Karla; she has been found. She laughs and hugs in return. Soon they will be in darkness no longer.

But Karla does not let go, she hugs tightly. Her strength is ingrown. Anna tries to free herself but her arms are pinned. Karla presses her body against Anna's, crying and moaning sounds of her own. Anna has heard them before. In the bedroom at night.

Anna is frightened. Karla's breath is hot on her neck and face. Lips move over her skin. When they reach her mouth she pushes away, hard, and stumbles to the door.

Outside the shed they stand and look at each other. Karla motions and speaks; she wants to play another game. Anna shakes her head, no. There is uncertainty in her eyes. There is something she does not understand.

Karla spreads her arms wide and turns slowly around. Soon she is spinning faster and faster. Before she falls she stops and quickly turns to spin the other way. There is a look on her face of pure delight.

The sun is bright and wind rushes through treetops, green against blue sky. In the center of the yard spins Karla in her red dress. Anna stands in the shadow of a tree and there is the beginning of smiles on her lips.



*POST-MORTEM*

Her mother weeping  
bitterly talked of  
blame it was  
not clear whose

Her sister said  
I've missed her for  
years

Her father  
whoever he was  
could not be found

Her neighbors said  
she was no trouble  
until now

Her teachers  
remember her as average,  
not smart  
hard-to-handle  
or slow,  
just one of those  
who get along

Her lovers recalled  
the way she clung in bed  
and smothered them with covers  
and though she was warm  
and said yes  
and made no troublesome  
demands  
they neglected to call

A child said  
she often sat  
overlooking the sea  
weeping quietly into her hands

A passerby  
who never saw her again



thought her eyes  
were sad black stones

Her lost daughter  
said any day  
I might come home

The mailman  
who brought her mostly ads and bills  
said she always smiled  
in vestibules

Her friends said  
if only I had known  
I would have had my  
phone listed

--Joan Colby

#### *MY HAIR*

I have my hair behind my neck in a twirl.  
Oft times I am mistaken for a girl.  
When they discover I'm a masculine pearl  
Their swooning stops and they shout I'm a squirrel.  
By swinging my hair left and right  
Tufts of breeze I'm able to incite.  
When smoking the sides next my ears I ignite  
Then hurry my friends to aid me in fright.  
At rest my hair looks like a lion's mane.  
At best my hair withstands the sun and rain.  
In jest my hair compliments my head insane.  
The brushing and combing washing and drying  
Keep the roots of my hair from silver dyeing.  
Surely I shan't labor when old age I'm vieing  
But to cut my hair now would start me crying.

--Dennis Nicholas Hoppin



### SELF-PORTRAIT

From the reds and oranges of happiness and contentment,  
To the blues and grays of loneliness and depression,  
my emotions are jumbled like the colors in a picture,  
They swirl and mix together not knowing what directions to  
go in or what boundaries to form.

If only I, the artist, knew what I wanted to draw,  
What lines where? What impressions to make,  
Finally the paper dries and my emotions are silent,  
But still the colors are confused as in the turmoil of a storm.

I draw a line, hesitate, try to erase but cannot.  
I can only allow that line to blend into others to form  
a different image for it will always be there,  
I say something else and it gladdens someone, but I do not  
know what the next will do as I draw in the blindness  
that is myself.

And finally I try to stand back and look,  
But no matter how far I go I cannot see all of it,  
For it is myself;  
my picture; my portrait:  
my life; my dreams.

--Karen E. Solstad



## Rick Smith

*Landlady*

You smell like death itself.  
I mean you're a nice old lady  
with your flower garden dress  
and straw hat reaching skyward.  
But your teeth smell like dead mice  
and your house smells thick and rotten.

Still, your China railway story  
and your Vaudeville days:  
I'm watching you  
you're waiting for the mail.

*Tiny Demons*

This morning the tiny demons came to me and  
all my chairs are broken.

days are flat and grey.

days are breadcrumbs.

days have numbers on their  
lower left hand corners.

days crawl sideways and  
distract me with lobster  
shaped thoughts.

My room is yellow with  
your letters.



## BUREAUCRACY, REFORM, AND INTERVENTION IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

THE HUMAN FACE OF SOCIALISM: THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF CHANGE IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA by George Shaw Wheeler. Lawrence Hill & Co. (150 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011), 1973. 170pp. \$7.50; 2.95 paper. *Reviewed by Edward J. Hogan.*

The events in Czechoslovakia during the spring and summer of 1968 made the country a focus of world attention. As long as it seemed that another great struggle was being played out between democracy and dictatorship, the West remained intent. A while after the Russian invasion, Czechoslovakia dropped back into obscurity. Finally, all we heard were occasional bulletins on the latest demotion of First Party Secretary Alexander Dubček, the most visible of the reformers.

The passionate feelings of both capitalists and socialists commenting from outside on the events, and the tendency of the Western press to stress the political struggle, made it difficult to understand exactly what the reformers' goals were.

Wheeler, in tracing developments over the preceding twenty years, offers an analysis that emphasizes the importance of dissatisfaction with the economy in encouraging both economic and political reform.

It is Wheeler's basic premise that the dominance of central planning in the economy and the related lack of democratic freedoms: information, assembly, and representative institutions with power, combined to retard progress toward a higher form of socialism.

Central planning, because it had performed economic wonders in formerly backward Russia, carried a great deal of prestige during the late 1940s and early 50s among the leaders of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia. Some economists reasoned that the model didn't apply to that country's advanced industrial economy. But those who argued for experimentation and innovation were pushed aside.

Wheeler demonstrates that centralized planning was strikingly successful in bringing recovery to an econo-



my shattered by war. But through the 1950s and 60s, fundamental flaws became evident.

The chief of these was that detailed and bureaucratic central planning resulted in an economy that (1) discouraged technological innovation and (2) responded poorly to people's needs.

The planners set quotas each year for the quantity of goods each firm was expected to produce. That quantity was dogmatically insisted upon, so that each firm's production would mesh correctly with the quotas set for the manufacturers of other products. Experi-



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—Jonathan Kozol

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ments in technological innovation initially diverted some productive capacity, and thus threatened fulfillment of the quota.

The same system had planners in Prague deciding how many refrigerators, pairs of shoes, even razor blades, would be made available each year.

Key economic indicators showed a decline both in national income and efficiency of investment between 1961 and 1964. Another crisis came in 1962 when the Third Five-Year Plan (1961-65) had to be abandoned because it was realized that its goals were unattainable. "When the planned rises of productivity were not realized because of the lag in technological innovation, some firms began to fail to meet their quantity targets in the plan. Once this took place in a tightly interlocked plan, the repercussions spread widely throughout the economy." (p.63)

Many Party leaders were led by these failures to support economic reforms. A key concept that gained a measure of acceptance over a period of years was the important role that market forces could play within a socialist economy.

In keeping with the "New System" of economic management approved at the 13th Party Congress in mid-1966, most firms were to be freed from rigid production quotas and allowed to react to market demand (on the basis of orders). Several firms could compete for a share of the market for a product, and a firm that produced a superior product was allowed to use a part of its increased income to reward both managers and workers. The reintroduction of market forces produced a situation in which incentives existed to promote innovations and increased efficiency.

Party bureaucrats operating without restraint had not been satisfied with only economic controls. They maintained political and cultural controls to protect themselves from criticism.



But economic reform brought pressure for political changes. The reformers believed it was long past time to do away with the arbitrary rule exercised by the Party for two decades under First Secretary Antonín Novotný. Socialism, and the important role of the Party, had long been unquestioned by the vast majority of Czechoslovaks. Thus there was no reason to hold back on the democratization of the Party and the resuscitation of the country's dormant system of parliamentary government.

Wheeler calls this movement within the Communist Party for political and economic reform that culminated in the events of "Prague Spring", 1968, and which was quickened by the ouster of the obstructionist Novotný and his replacement as Party Secretary by Dubček, "one of the most hopeful developments in many years, an exhilarating experience, yet one based on long and sober scientific analysis, combined with a profound faith in the intelligence, political maturity, and integrity of the country's working people and intellectuals." (p.xi)

The author believes that, more than any other factor, it was the actions of the Dubček leadership to change the Party's role from a dictatorial to a truly *leading* one, that led to the invasion of the country by Soviet and other Warsaw Pact troops on August 20, 1968.

Since that time, many of the economic, and nearly all of the political changes have been undone.

Wheeler concludes that the intervention "was a blow not only to [Czechoslovakia], but to the [hope] that socialism could lead the way to a higher form of human relations, a society freed from the insecurities and inequalities of capitalism and from the dictatorial methods, restrictions of freedom, and bureaucratic petty tutelage of the first overcentralized model of socialism." (p.162)



The author is almost uniquely situated by background to give us a clear and authoritative account. He was born in the U.S., studied economics here in the 1920s, worked as a government economist for a decade, and moved to Prague in 1947. In 1954, he was elected to the Economic Institute of the Czechoslovak Academy of Sciences. Two years after the invasion, he returned to the U.S. His writing is neither laced with dogma, nor with jargon understood only by economists.

Besides being quite likely the best available account of the reform movement in Czechoslovakia and its causes, this book is a very important contribution to the great debate on the merits of capitalism and socialism.

###

## News

Edited by Edward J. Hogan

### GRANITE SUIT

Last year, the magazine GRANITE was awarded a \$750 grant by the New Hampshire State Council on the Arts. Governor Meldrim Thomson, Jr. and his Council refused to approve it, because they objected to a poem in one issue, "The Castration of the Cat", by Michael McMahon.

This act has provoked groans and outbursts from many. At its April meeting, the New England Small Press Association (NESPA) censured the Governor, saying in part that his objection constituted "arbitrary censorship by the state which we shall not condone."

We are happy to learn (from PRESERVATION NEWS, National Trust for Historic Preservation, May 1975) that Advocates for the Arts, a national citizens action group, has brought suit against Thomson, charging the state had no right to cancel the grant; and, further, that "withholding of grants for 'artistic' reasons is an unlawful impoundment of funds from the National En-



dowment for the Arts", which provided the money to the state council.

#### MONTREAL WRITERS' COOPERATIVE: IMAGINATIVE SPACE

The Writers' Cooperative is a non-profit organization operated entirely by writers. It produces complete novels as well as anthologies of fiction and poetry. The \$18 annual membership fee is the only source of capital, financing production and administration.

There are about 500 Coop members in the United States and Canada. The fee brings a member: (1) six Coop publications over the next 12 months. If publication schedules run behind, the fee is good until six new publications are put out. (2) the right for writer members to submit work to the Editorial Committee for criticism and consideration for publication. Each submission will receive specific critical comment whether it is published or not--and if the work is chosen for printing, it will in addition receive critical feedback from the general membership itself.

The Coop hopes to bring about a unique community of writers that is supportive to each of its members. There are no aesthetic limits on the material its members submit. The Editorial Committee includes Coop members on a rotating basis, and has included a professional writer, a university English professor and a professional editor. It is particularly interesting to note that close to a dozen commercial publishers have memberships. The address is: Writers' Cooperative, P.O. Box 457, Montreal, P.Q. H4A 3P8, Canada.

--Notes by N.C. Hough.

#### 100 FLOWERS CLOSES

Its stock of literary magazines and small press books equalled that of the best poetry bookstore in the area. It stayed open till 9 pm most nights. There were carpets, hot coffee, a little music, and no encroaching salespersons. It was located in off-the-track Inman Square, Cambridge, Mass. And in spite of all these "liabilities" (viz. sales income), it was almost making it. But finally, almost wasn't enough, and



the 100 Flowers Bookstore closed June 24, after a year and a half adventure. Lots of people will miss the store, and the once-a-week readings that put so many poets in touch with an appreciative audience.

One member of the 100 Flowers collective is working with a group that plans to open a book cooperative this summer or fall at 239 Green St., just outside Central Square. Here membership fees are planned, to get people solid discounts.

But to 100 Flowers, thanks!

#### ASPECT BENEFIT

Jeff Katz, Jeff Schwartz, and Robin Becker presented an enjoyable hour of fine poetry to an audience of 20 strangers and friends at ASPECT's first benefit reading, May 18 at Stone Soup Gallery, Boston. There will be another, more widely publicized event this fall; for readers in the Boston area, we'll try to tell you in advance.

And we have recently been awarded our second grant (\$500) from the Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines, through funds made available by the National Endowment for the Arts. For this we are both delighted and thankful.

#### LETTER/

Dear Editors,

Reading the Jan.-Feb. issue, I enjoyed "Graffiti", "into earth", and the translated poems of Karl Krolow. I was also very impressed with your generous space given to other magazines in your Reviews and Manuscripts sections. The attitude that comes across is one of helpfulness rather than of exclusiveness. Thank you.

Sincerely,

Gudrun Mouw  
Menlo Park, Calif.  
April 25, 1975



# Reviews

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## Books

Lois Gould: *FINAL ANALYSIS*. Avon, 1974. 251pp., \$1.75.

Dee Wells: *JANE*. Avon, 1973. 317pp., \$1.75.

Reviewed by Ellen Schwartz

These two novels reflect the growing genre of women's themes. *FINAL ANALYSIS* begins when a psychiatrist tells the heroine she is crazy and ends happily with the love-making of the heroine former-patient and her former psychiatrist. In the interim we learn of the heroine's masochism, her exploitation in her job, the frustration of her love affairs, and her finally completed novel entitled *MY TURN*. Her sorrows are metamorphosed into joy.

Jane, of *JANE*, lives in London and works as a film critic for a magazine. She discovers that she is pregnant but does not know which of her three lovers has fathered her baby. When the novel closes Jane is alone reading the New York *TIMES* and waiting to take care of her newborn.

A woman and her lovers, and woman and her baby, a woman and her writing are recurrent themes in women's novels. In these two, independence replaces marriage as the background reality. The replacement is no longer even daring; it is a matter of fact. Although Jane considers marriage it is never a precondition for her decision to have her baby. Lois Gould's heroine is happy at the end of the novel, but not planning to live happily ever after with Doctor Charming.

Both of these books are mass market paperbacks, available in your local drugstore and supermarket as well as in the bookstore. Readers do not need to seek far to find tales of the self-discovery of woman alone. These novels tell us what we learn everywhere we look from the dry statistics to the fleshy warmth of raised consciousness: the Victorian priggery of woman's destiny in marriage and family loosens its tentacles as



the onslaught of our collective self-definition rips away at the beast. At last the ironic laughter of woman as self-made victim begins to lighten the eternal themes of our fate. Lois Gould pares away at the dilemma:

When I grew up--assuming that's what I did --I learned that there were two distinct types of masochist: the Orthodox, who go in for actual whipping and being shat on, and the Reform, who settle for the more subtle, emotional forms of same. (p.179)

The humor of *JANE* lies more in Dee Wells' descriptions of the absurd mores around her, but there is, here too, a current of that quizzical mockery which helps us to unravel the past.

Jane could only remember a blinding overhead light in her eyes and thinking that maybe natural childbirth was like pot and something you had to try more than once before it really worked.

The mass market is ready for us, alright, but how ready? Somehow, these novels are on the safe side of independence. Masturbation is O.K.; lesbian relationships are not. Women earn incomes as writers, but are not interested in anything nasty like power over the institutions for which they write.

If the mass market plays it on the safe side, the small press and magazine world gives us the opportunity to risk the long shots. We are the heroines of our own fictional existences and you who read this share with me in this creation. After all, what does a woman want?

**POEMS & INSULTS!** (a reading) by Charles Bukowski. Bitter Lemon Records (c/o City Lights, 261 Columbus Ave., San Francisco, CA 94133), 1975. (LP record) \$6.

Available locally at the Grolier Bookshop (Cambridge) and in New York at Gotham Book Mart.

Buk reads a dozen or so of his poems, most of which can be found in print in his most recent collection



from Black Sparrow Press, BURNING IN WATER DROWNING IN FLAME.

"OK, let's forget the bullshit and get into the so-called art."

Uniquely, Charles Bukowski can boast a readership for whom his work has become nearly indispensable. His poems and stories are read in hospitals, bars, at christenings, funerals and executions. The reason is that Buk has an enormous reach--the track, the rehab center, death, love, suicide, piss (Lawrence's), shit (Balzac's), the bathtub, drink, tyranny and terror--things none of us can avoid. Moving quickly is the best we can do.

He's at his best here (live at the City Lights Poet's Theatre in 1973), against the ropes with his audience, rolling, spurting, growling.

"Hey, fuck you, man."

"Better watch out before I come down there and clean out all you babies."

But he moves heavily forward with the poems, reading, drinking, keeping the audience tight; "I don't know if you guys know about horse racing, but..."

#### THE CREATION OF THE MORNING LINE

The morning line runs about thus:

|                   |                                  |
|-------------------|----------------------------------|
| Cliche 6 - 5      | Crime 20                         |
| Originality 5 - 2 | Copulation 30                    |
| Treachery 4       | Love 50                          |
| Hope 6            | forget overlay Love              |
| Malfunction 6     | never won yet                    |
| History 8         | since Platitude was an over-     |
| Medicine 10       | night scratch.                   |
| Syphilis 12       |                                  |
| Kindness 15       | If you can get 3 - 5 on Cliche   |
| Law 20            | put down everything you've got." |

Heat surrounds Buk's poems--friction--the urgency of living up against a world that was here before him and will be here (even if soaked in Strontium 90) when he



leaves....one minute he's showering with a woman, soap-  
ing ankles/calves/thighs/breasts, the next is death,  
gas/terror/shivering walls. That's the way it is. You  
meet it with rage, squarely. You meet it with love,  
hoping to light the dark places. (Jeffrey Katz)

**PUBLIC TESTIMONY** by Elizabeth Fenton. Alice James Books (138  
Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge, MA 02138), 1975. 72pp. \$3.

This book is one of obsessions: with showing how lit-  
tle things have changed about the place women are in;  
with trying to chart ways out of it.

It was only recently that we found the problem.  
I put it in water it keeps on breathing.  
It stuff it under the carpet, it pulsates.  
It moves to the door when the bell rings.  
It seems to be always in readiness.  
It is that kind of problem.

Though she says bravely "the kitchen help/have...been  
on the job/for twenty thousand years now/... they're  
tired/(and) they're leaving", the secretaries still  
plan "vast kitchens in their dreams" and ask "Where is  
my house?"

The author speaks best for herself:

What would it feel like  
To file off all your flesh  
Til there's just bone?  
You'd walk, I bet, with a boney sound.

....

Then no one would be asking aside  
Whether that dark one is an easy lay  
Whether anyone gets near those gorgeous boobs  
I wouldn't need to smile  
To keep them at bay.  
I...would be I.

She doesn't provide answers to the Problem, but does  
take strength from awareness. She uses a variety of  
tones: light, angry, studied. These are poems about  
awareness. (EH)



OF EARTH, Poems 1964-1974 by Douglas Worth. William L. Bauhan (Dublin, NH 03444), 1974. 78pp. \$3.95.

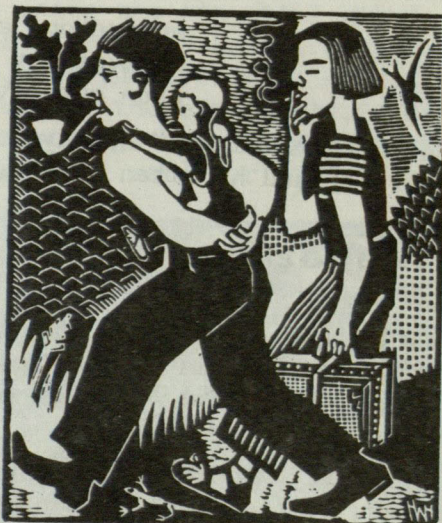
Finishing Douglas Worth's book, the words come back, as his best poems, often deceptively simple, extend beyond the page. He is able to make the most of words through implication, sound, careful use of line lengths, syntax and rhythm. In line breaks and selective use of punctuation, every mark and arrangement on the page counts.

In a book of love poems devoted largely to a chronology of his son's birth, he often risks being too easy or sentimental and saves himself in subtle contrasts. "Dawn", a very short poem, would seem randomly spaced if not for a strict structure of rhyme. He can write about old subjects like "Growing" because he knows when to be specific and original:

if there were a quiet box in the attic  
labeled OUTGROWN FANTASIES-  
there isn't, though I feel  
increasingly, the awkwardness  
of Bardot's cleavage, Blake's angels  
at the dinner table

"Barrage", which comes during the celebration of his son's birth, shows another strength in self examination:

at the cleaners, remarking  
"Well, it's only for the next eighteen years."  
the white-haired, smiling lady replying  
"Don't kid yourself, Mr. Worth- my boy's  
thirty-four next week."



Woodcut by Helen West Heller



He not only gets across "that labor/toward clarity" which is constructing the poems, but, at his best, a perfect fit of the word to ideas and experiences. His poems give off a positive and gentle approach to living characterized by the kind of empathy which he states in one poem and quotes again in another:

we are one another  
we must try not to turn  
from ourselves.

In "Father and Son" he says: "I try to shape words to my life" and he often succeeds. (Jeff Schwartz)

## Magazines

BACHY, edited by John Harris, Bob Mehlman, Patricia Washington, and others, c/o Papa Bach Paperbacks, 11317 Santa Monica Blvd., West Los Angeles, CA 90025. 2/year/\$3.50. \$2/copy. 151pp. 5½ x 8½. No.4 (1974).

This hefty "semi-annual journal dedicated to the discovery of previously unpublished artists of worth" is *my* littlemag discovery of the year.

Patricia Eakins, in "The Potato Eaters", speaks of the farmers who "eat their meal as moths" around the candle whose light

fails to light the room,  
but saves its strength, as old ones  
save themselves for stairs,  
to be the center--what they ring--  
to be for them the brightest thing.

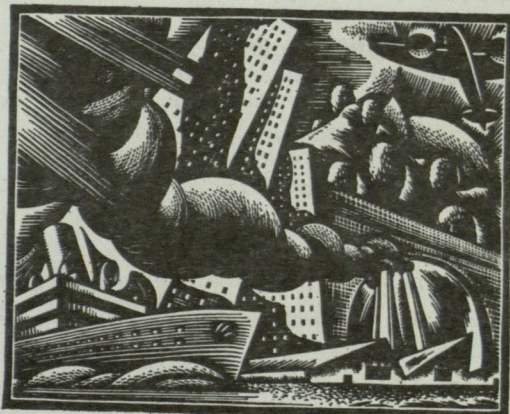
Joseph Hansen, in five poems about the inhabitants of the moon, creates such a charming and silly reality that the reader insists on overlooking the lines that don't work. In one poem, we learn that he is the only one in his family who likes the moon.

My father does not like it on the moon  
because there are no gas stations there  
my mother does not like it on the moon  
because the neighbors are invisible



my sister does not like it on the moon  
because there's nowhere private to get drunk  
etc. James Carroll, Lawrence P. Spingarn, and John  
Thomas, good (but unfamiliar) poets, join Ronald  
Koertge and Greg Kuzma.

And there isn't a clinker among the six short stories.  
Especially fine were those by Patrick Leahy, Robert  
Eaton Kelly, Don Thompson, and the prolific Henry H.  
Roth, each successfully evading the expectable. Kelly's  
"Peace Is At Hand" relates strange happenings in the  
sterile unreality of a hospital ward for particularly  
scarred Vietnam veterans. The author's  
choice of names and  
method of describing  
the action keep some  
important details  
tantalizingly ambiguous  
down to the  
last couple pages.



Richard Correll

Also here are two  
engaging photo es-  
says (John Findlater  
and Shoin Fukui), a  
memory of poet  
Stuart Perkoff, and two thoughtful reviews, one a sur-  
vey of California's Red Hill Press.

There are, indeed, only a few "knowns" here, but they  
should be pleased to be in such company. (EH)

**BRANCHING OUT:** Canadian Magazine for Women, published by  
New Women's Magazine Society, Box 4098, Edmonton, Alberta T6E  
4T1. 6/year/\$5. \$1/copy. 48pp. 8½ x 10¼. January/February 1975.

The opening editorial of **BRANCHING OUT** focuses on In-  
ternational Women's Year and urges us to "make an ef-  
fort to get to know more about women" this year. Read-  
ing **BRANCHING OUT** is one way. The features include an  
article about women in the Soviet Union (e.g. "40% of  
Soviet lawyers are women") and the history of nursing  
(e.g. "the actual physical care of the sick was left



to slaves, attendants and women"). Women artists, writers and photographers display their work. Candace Jane Dorsey's fictional encounter with bisexuality is particularly graceful. ("Bisexual. A cold word. The end point of equality being equality of loving, what does it mean?")

BRANCHING OUT is not slick, doctrinaire, strident or obscure. This issue is a welcome addition to International Women's Year. (ES)

WOMEN/POEMS III, Women Poems Press, 23 Meriam St., Lexington, MA 02173. \$1/copy. 32pp. 5½ x 8½. 1974.

Here are twenty poems and twenty women poets. What is written of here is what is loved and learned; what is remembered and desired. One says,

...its  
every bit as ugly as you think it is.

Another says,

Our pain was new, a too sharp kitchen knife.  
We bled on everything we touched.

....

Trust me with your hand....

These poems are believable. Dear Reader, you do not need foot notes to figure out these poems.

See the "cold blur of the past".

Listen to the ragtime sound:

It was her voice which held me noosed...  
the no's in noose are loosening.

Laugh if you can:

The Great Mother  
takes a multitude  
of shapes in a multitude  
of places  
breast, womb, heart  
chicken soup, red cross  
nurse, security blanket...



Take in these poems, and learn to give with willingness:

The new verbs  
tamp down the old confusions.  
We receive ourselves  
accepting one another.

(ES)

*Credits*/The cure for "sore nipples" on p.29 was taken from Isaiah Thomas, Jr.'s *ALMANACK*, of 1804. The small drawings in this issue's review section are from the *NEW MASSES* (1926-1948), a weekly magazine of radical comment and satire.

"Much of what one hears and says can never be printed; that is why newspapers are so unreal."

-E.M. Forster (1934)

(continued from page 2) for consideration at this time, but expect to be doing so again by the end of the year.

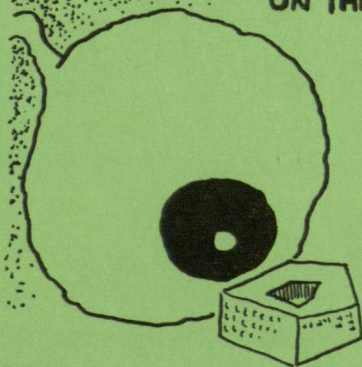
We try to publish work by beginning writers as well as those more experienced. ASPECT does NOT have an editorial viewpoint for content: all ideas and styles welcome. An exchange of views is encouraged. Annually indexed as a supplement to March-April issue. First issue: March 1969.

\*US ISSN 0004-4911

THE BEST WE'VE SEEN  
(condensed reviews)  
is published twice  
a year, in June and  
December.

## RECON

KEEPING AN EYE  
ON THE PENTAGON



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## THE PEOPLE INSIDE

MICHAEL BUCKLEY is writing a doctoral dissertation on Hans Magnus Enzensberger for the German Dept. at University of Mass., Amherst....CHRISTINE SMITH, New York City, is currently working with people at Rockefeller Institute on a research project for Teachers and Writers Collaborative dealing with the development of written language in children. She's had poems in *KONGLOMERATI* and *ASSEMBLING*....FRANK JONES (b.Providence, R.I.) is "fascinated by the people who help make history happen and then get squeezed out of the record for lack of space." He's now cultivating a stand of ponderosa pine outside Flagstaff, Arizona....JEFF KATZ is editor of the Pomegranate Press, a publisher of American poetry broadsides. He has work in the first issue of *BUTT*, a new magazine....BARBARA HOLLAND was a 1974 winner of a \$4000 fellowship from the New York State CAPS (Creative Artists Public Service) program. "Shamballah" appeared in her chapbook, *PENNY ARCANA*....MARJORIE MASEL has the cover design for the Spring, 1976 issue of *BOX-SPRING*; and a one-person show of experimental photographs scheduled for this summer at Passim's, Cambridge...."Winning In the Sierras" is ROBIE DARCHE's first published article...DORIS WIGHT teaches creative writing at the University of Wisconsin--Baraboo-Sauk County campus...ROGER CAMP, Iowa City, Iowa....BETTINA BARRETT, Santa Barbara, was born and raised in Denmark. She is married, with two children....Pasedena's RICK SMITH is a writer, blues harp player, and a counselor in mental health. He coedits *STONECLOUD*. --7/13/75.

ASPECT is a member of the New England Small Press Association (NESPA) and the Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines (CCLM).

::: Printed by Design Workshop, Inc. :::

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 COMMITTEE OF SMALL MAGAZINE  
 EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS  
 BOX 705 SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101