

Pegasus

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THIS MAGAZINE IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE FOLLOWING IDENTITIES:

FRED ENGELS (WHO DESERVES MORE CREDIT THAN THIS)

THE MEMORY OF HARRY MC NICHOL

HORATIO ALGER

PAUL ZECKER

GUS HALL

MEL LYMAN

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES AND THEIR WIVES

CHRISTINE KEELER

PETER ORLOFSKY

WILHELM REICH (WHO SHOWED US THE WAY)

SYD BARRETT

AN DEAN

... AND DANY IMPERATIVE (WHO TAUGHT US EVERYTHING WE KNOW)

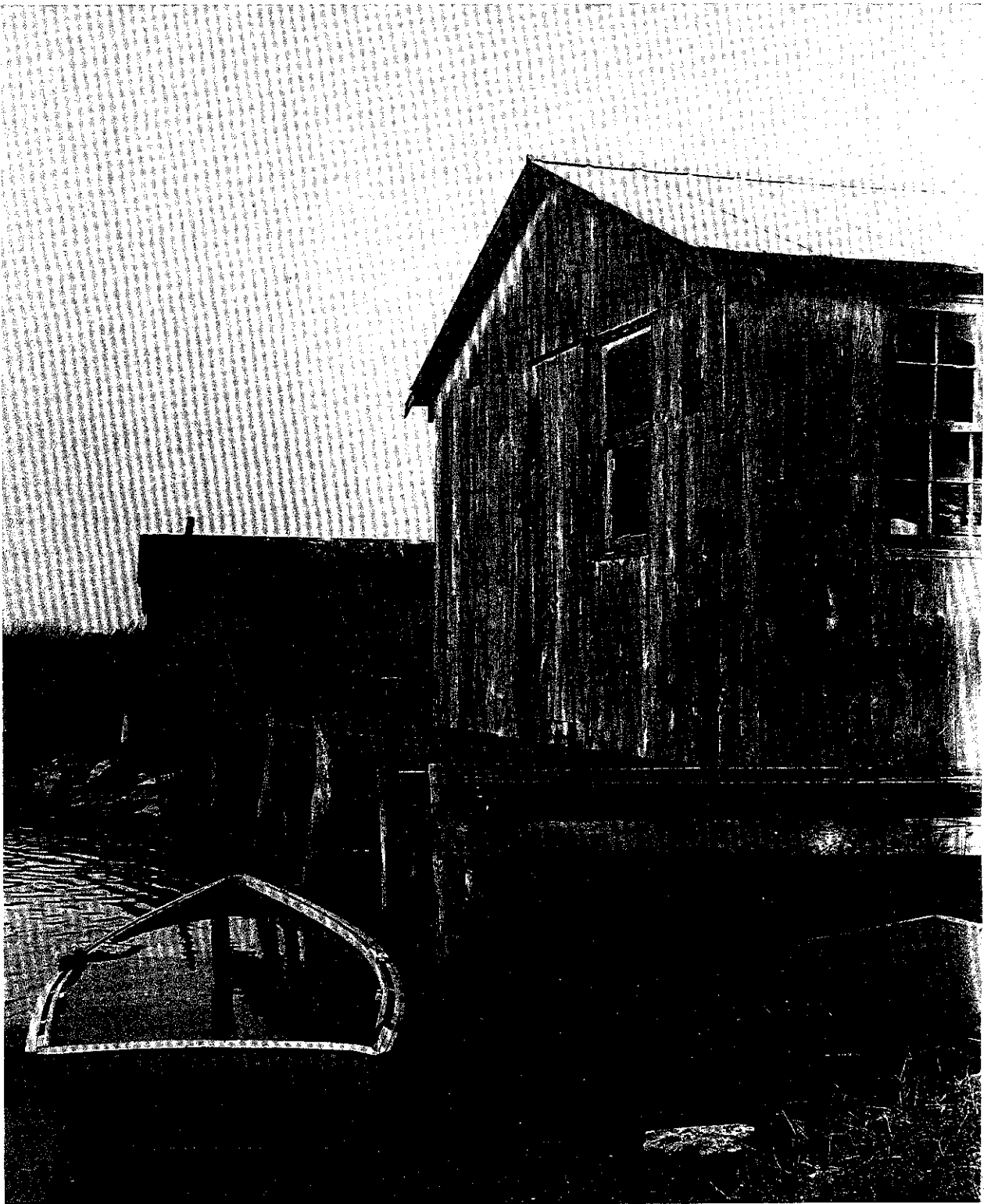
GO DOWN

Go down to where the Delaware
Flows putrid to the sea.
Go down to where the odor there's
So thick it can be seen.
Go down to where industrial plants
Spew out detergent foam.
Go down to see the land which
To the Indian was home.

Go down to where the forest lands
Are leveled by the flames.
Go down and see where no tree stands
Not since the white man came.
Go down and see the land where once
The forest deer did roam.
Go down to see the land which
To the Indian was home.

Great Spirit, if there's justice
In your heaven in the sky,
You'll give us back the land where once
The eagle proud did fly.
You'll give us back the land where once
The Buffalo could roam.
You'll give us back the land which
To the Indian was home.

SUSAN WALTER



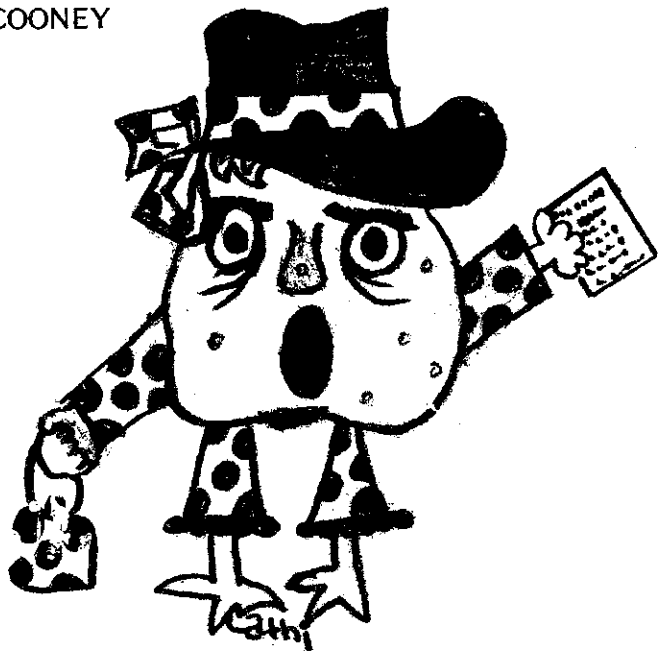


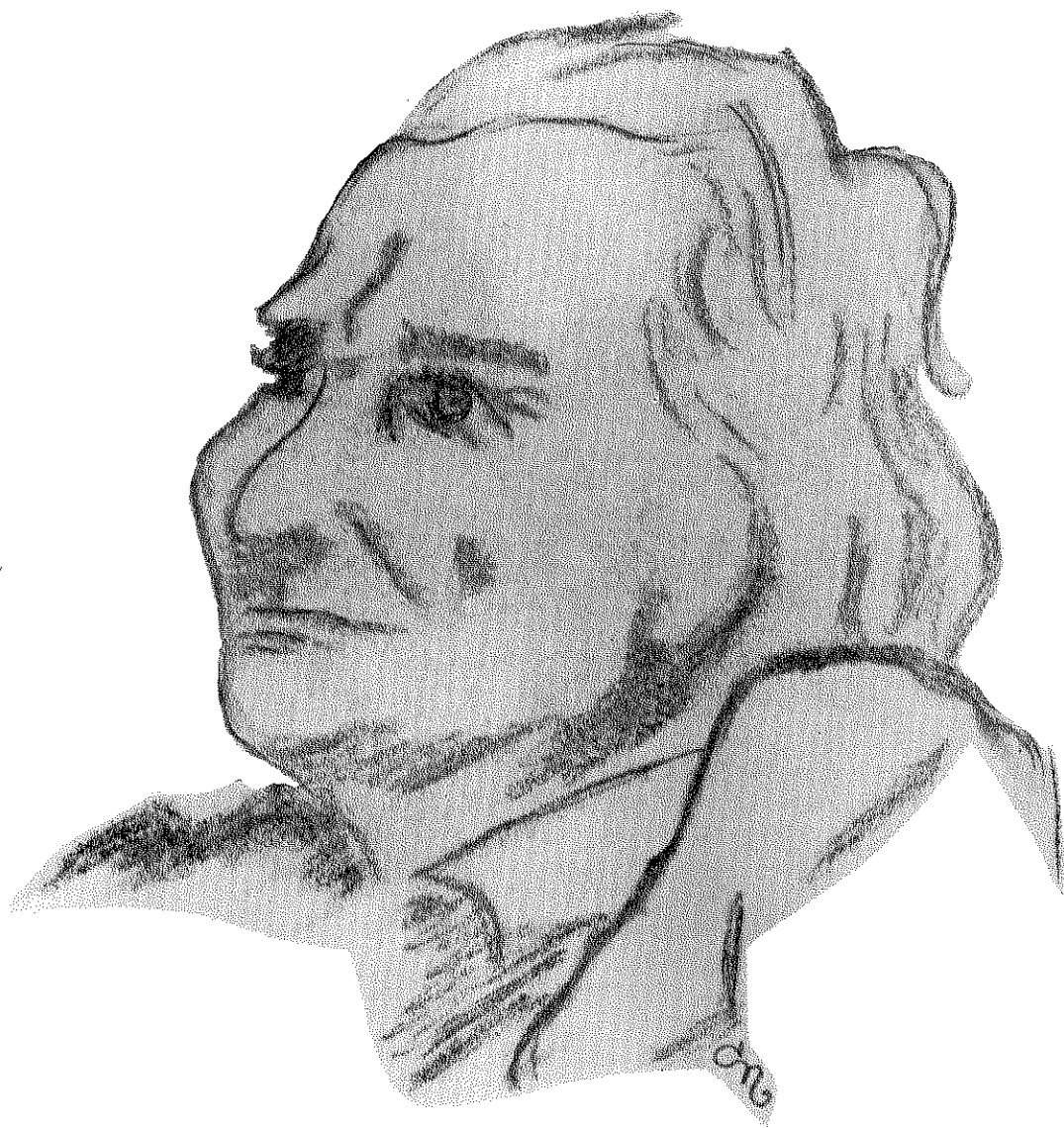
THE UNKNOWN MAN

Whoever was a man,
 Who was he?
Who couldn't call himself a man
 because he wasn't he;
Who couldn't call himself a man
 who thought it wasn't so;
Who trudged along as a loser
 who pushed himself so low;
Who said he was a no man
 who had nowhere to go.

Whoever was a man
 who knew not what to say;
Who searched for an answer
 as he traveled from day to day;
Who is this unknown man
 who does the things he does;
Whoever was a man
 who knew not who he was.

MARY ANNE COONEY







It's all a game you know,
running, responding, like experimental rats
looking for goals to achieve,
mountains to climb, etc., bleh!

I keep looking for what I want, but I don't think it's here —
have to head out to another place
and decide what I want to be.

I can be what ever I want to be,
the gypsy told me so,
but there's just so many things to be.

I don't think I ever really know,
so I'll change from day today, week too week,
second two second, and on and on.

It doesn't make much difference,
It's all a game you know.

GILES PATRICK WHITSETT II



TRAITS

People

Few are givers,
Most, takers;

Some are doubting,
Congregations, believing;

Several are seekers,
More, receivers;

Less are losers,
Lots, weepers;

Numbers are needless,
Others, heedless;

Many are revolutionists,
Masses, conventionalists;

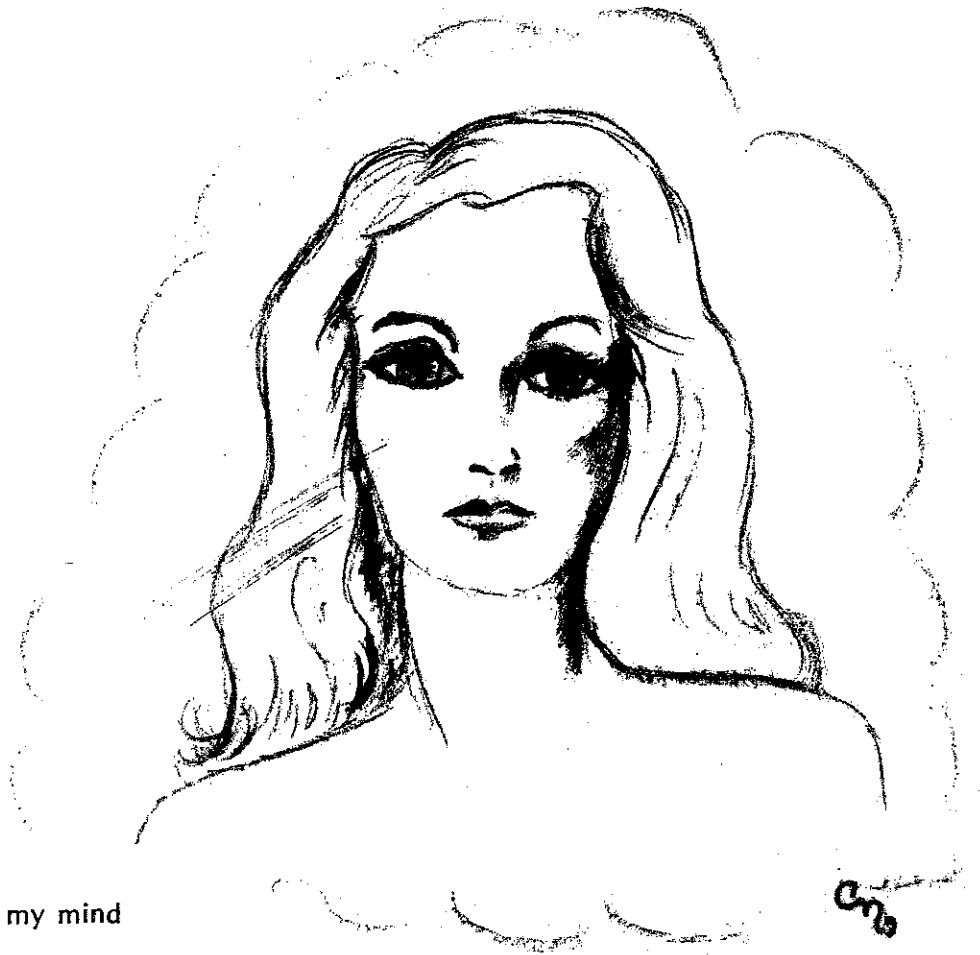
Limited are leaders,
Magnitudes, followers;

Small are bigots,
Large, liberals;

Overwhelming are haters,
But greatest of all are lovers.

JO-ANN DRABOUSKY





in the mirrors of my mind

i have created you

in the joys of my heart

i have shared with you

in the games of my fantasy

i have played with you

and in the depths of my soul

i do long for you

what shall i do

when i dare to meet you?

N. W. STODDARD

ego-LOSS AND THE GREAT CANADIAN ROCKIES
OR THE TRUTH ABOUT MARTHA AND HAROLD

I raise my head with some difficulty and squint up at the green mountains now hazy from the fires down the valley. It's warm today; a slight breeze gently ripples the surface of the pond. The baby oil on my body glistens in the sunlight, then disappears into my pores. Everything is quiet except for the muffled sounds of a guitar somewhere in the distance. Just thinking of infinity, wishing I were that bird circling overhead. A cloud moves in, casting a brief shadow and a slight chill, then moves on. Nancy with the sunburnt ass hands me a can-teen of lukewarm wine. I smile; she smiles. It tastes metallic. I hand her half a pistachio. She smiles; I smile. Someone somewhere is saying something about a bear with glassy eyes. It wouldn't surprise me. The red ant marching up my stomach gives me the evil eye. To kill or not to kill? NO, survival of the fittest be damned! That ant has a lot of balls though. Omar the dog (or should I say Omaw? After all, he's from the Bronx) just trotted out of the pond and is shaking algae all over everyone. We all thank Omaw, because it's getting quite warm and the cool slime feels quite refreshing. Nancy says it's time to go back in the pond. I don't think she realizes how hard it is for me to stand up. Somehow we manage to wobble to our feet and charge into the water screaming something about the REVOLution. Or was it something about a long-gone leader of the Apaches? It's really difficult to remember; so many things happen in a minute. We wave at the horrified Bermuda-clad tourists leering down at us from the highway. Nancy tells them to fuck off. They did, but not before:

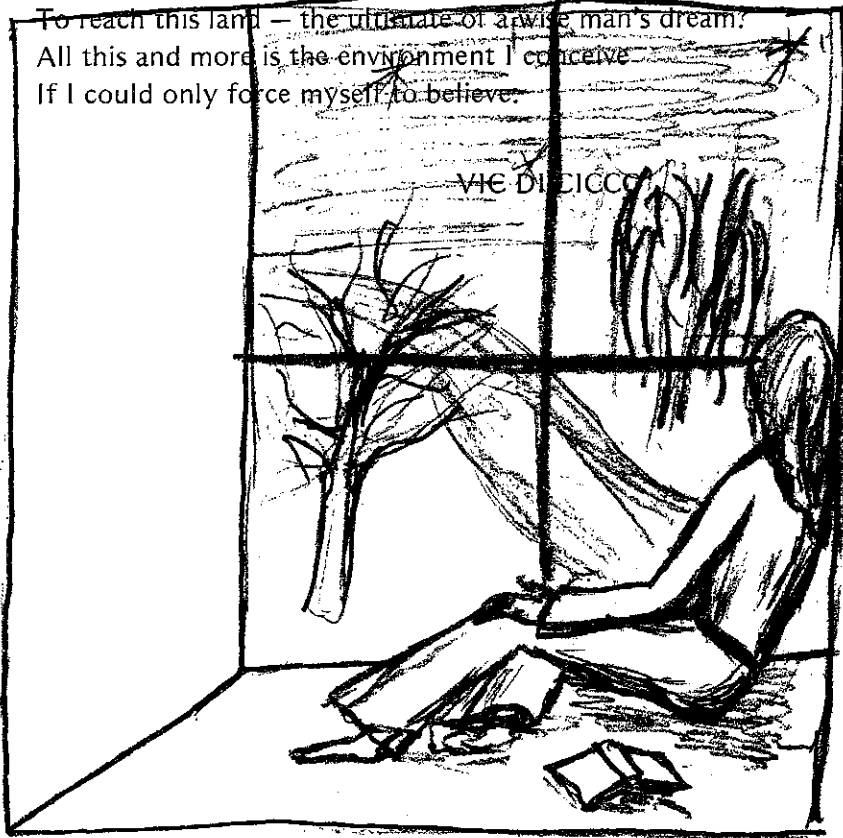
"Look at those naked HIPPIES, Martha", said Harold.

"Have they no shame, Harold?", said Martha.

"Quick, take a picture!", said Martha and Harold in unison.

VINCIL G. STEIN 3rd

Where no one's allowed to walk, only fall.
To lust for contentment is the urgent crave
And atonement is that which makes one crawl.
Friendship is negated — just loneliness and remorse
Cold hollowness and an emptiness of cause.
For others there's a reassuring last chance course
Similar to a bad cut for which it is the gauze.
Separating above and below like a buffer zone
Still yet there is a domain which rises to the extreme
An adherence to faith is the wing on which they're flown
To reach this land — the ultimate of a wise man's dream?
All this and more is the environment I conceive
If I could only force myself to believe.



DMS



AN APOLOGY IN VERSE



What a joke it is,
When I sit down like this to write
A poet's precious portrait on paper.

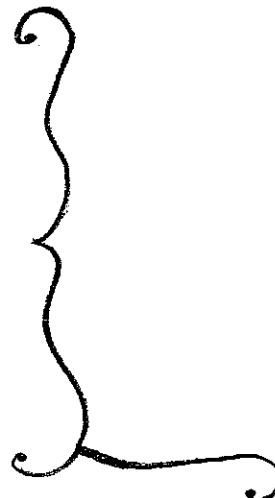
To the task I cry to rise,
Against the sight of blinded sight
And devote my questionable labor.

But who's to write these lines if I won't?
And who will wonder of Nature's world
And of man and life, if I don't?

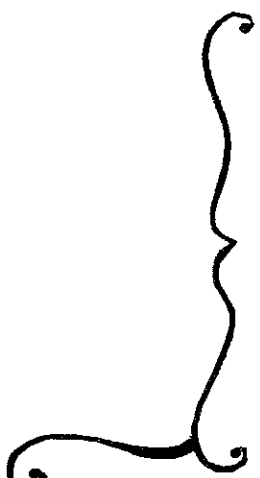
Who will dream of stars in space,
Where does your guiding light shine?
And wonder of old men left alone,
Is this what it means to be dying?

The seas, the hills and plains,
The gutter, too, would be on the wane,
If I didn't sit down and tell the people,
What I've seen from atop my steeple.

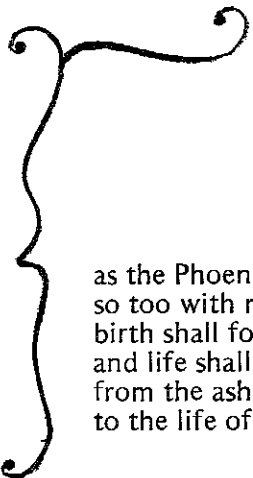
Visions I shoot up and write on a rug
like a stolen drug,
And I've done lugged those scenes around
without a sound:
Waiting for the time I can make them see
And give the people some truth with their tea.



But I don't feel so bad, just because
there's no aptitude,
To write lovely lines of haunting certitude.
For when finally the poet's book must be written,
It's better me than some fellow from Great Britain.



GEORGE BUDDY




as the Phoenix
so too with men
birth shall follow death
and life shall rise anew
from the ashes of the past
to the life of the present

the old will mourn and cry
for what they knew;
the young will scream and cry
for what they do not know.

N. W. STODDARD

LOOK AT A MOMENT . . .



Look at the old man in the window
Of the department store, as he
Bangs a nail into wood,
And just turn-on each quarter-stroke
As though it were words to a song.
Do you really see it?
Can you still each flash
And let it soak in?
. . . Or feel the pressure
Of the frictioned wind?
And did you know
That at each quarter-stroke of time,
Everything's atoms are changing?
Do you feel the excitement
Of each rearranging?
Look and live each moment
And stop each second's time
'Cause at the death of each instant
Rebirth has begun and died,
Reborn, died, reborn, died, reborn . . .

G. VOLPE



Mr. Thomas Drake
c/o City Hospital
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear Tom:

I wish to inform you that our recent blind date was our first and last meeting.

My ex-friend — the one who recommended your company and your numerous assets, all of which have escaped me, failed to warn me of your many shortcomings.

Unfortunately, physically speaking, you score mighty low; your face resembles a pimply owl, your body a Beltsville turkey, (guess that's why your Mom named you Tom), and your manners a vulture. Ever since seeing the Alfred Hitchcock production entitled, "The Birds," I've developed an extreme dislike for fowl. However, as the blind date type myself, I would be the last to make fun of your appearance. Let me say that your looks are only surpassed by your charm, personality and grace.

The evening probably started off wrong when I introduced you to my parents and you burped in their faces. Tom, you really should do something about that indigestion.

Also, you were pretty inconsiderate to insist, though I pleaded against the idea, that we spend our "big" date bowling with your friends at Al's Place. It was embarrassing when I scored a 28; but did you have to inform the other 75 bowlers at Al's of my expertise? Now you know why I abhor the sport. Incidentally, my toe hasn't quite been the same since you dropped your bowling ball on it!

Later, at the Hot Shoppe, you spilled a coke on my white sweater. Then in your zeal to whisk me home, you caught my handbag in the car door and tore the handle. Oh, and a word of advice, next time you take a girl out, do not expect her to pay her own way!

Yes, it was a memorable evening. Truly, Tom, you are the kind of guy for whom a group of women would launch 1,000 speeding ships — all in the opposite direction.

But, I'm afraid I must have lost my head at the end of the night, just as you walked me to the door and said, "You know, Jo-Ann, you're not too bad for a blind date!" That's when I dislocated your beak — sorry, I mean your nose.

Regretfully yours,

Jo-Ann Drabousky

P.S. As a get-well gift, I am enclosing a copy of Dale Carnegie's book, "How to Win Friends and Influence People."

SLEEPYTIME CHEMISTRY

Through yawns and dreamy sleeplessness,
From molecules, meters, and moles,
I think I cannot stand it any longer,
And perchance might take a doze.

From ill-written writers and uneducated educators,
And my instructors become my foes,
I cannot pay attention any longer,
And perchance might take a doze.

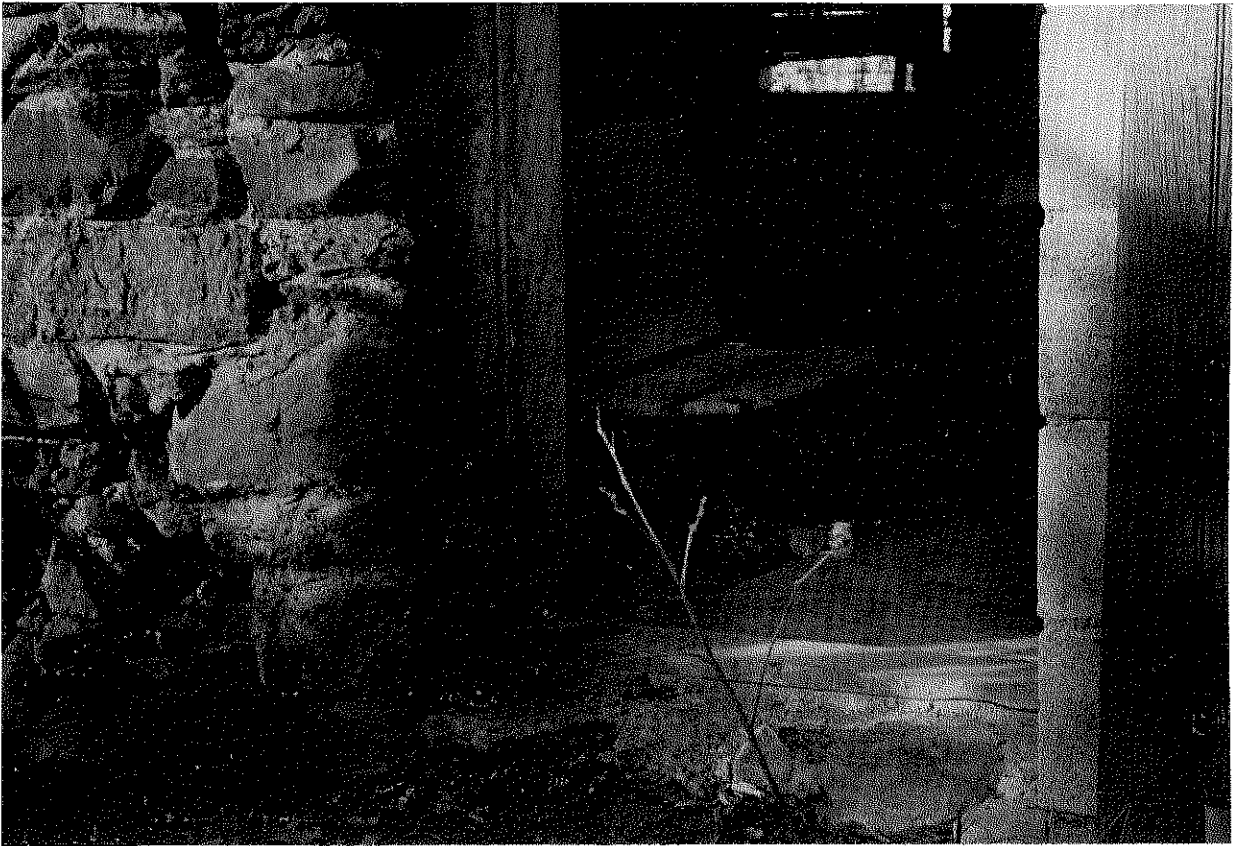
People listening without hearing,
And on and on the senseless speaking and prose,
My mind has departed from reality
And perchance might take a doze.

Endlessly waiting and watching for the clock to move,
Molecules colliding and my sanity goes,
It's too much for me to bear,
And I'm about to take a doze.

Attractive forces and molecular theory,
I don't understand a thing and my anxiety grows,
I'm falling into the chasms of darkness,
And I think I'll take a doze.

Van Der Waal's forces and physically attracted atoms,
I'm afraid my boredom shows,
My teachers' looking at me, but what the hell,
I'm gonna take a doze.

SUSAN WALTER



A speck in the lonely, crowded streets among the rushing masses.

For my destination bound, I was, an early evening's
peopled tide spilled from sliding subway doors.

My link with life lost in the struggle-shuffle on to groaning
buses, sighing and heaving in overload and transport of
human cargo.

Heads turn from the evening edition to the self-conscious
new-comer paying his fare.

I stand in sacrifice of a seat to the short, wrinkled, old lady
behind me and away with the turning of the corner to the
abrupt stop — and then motion again.

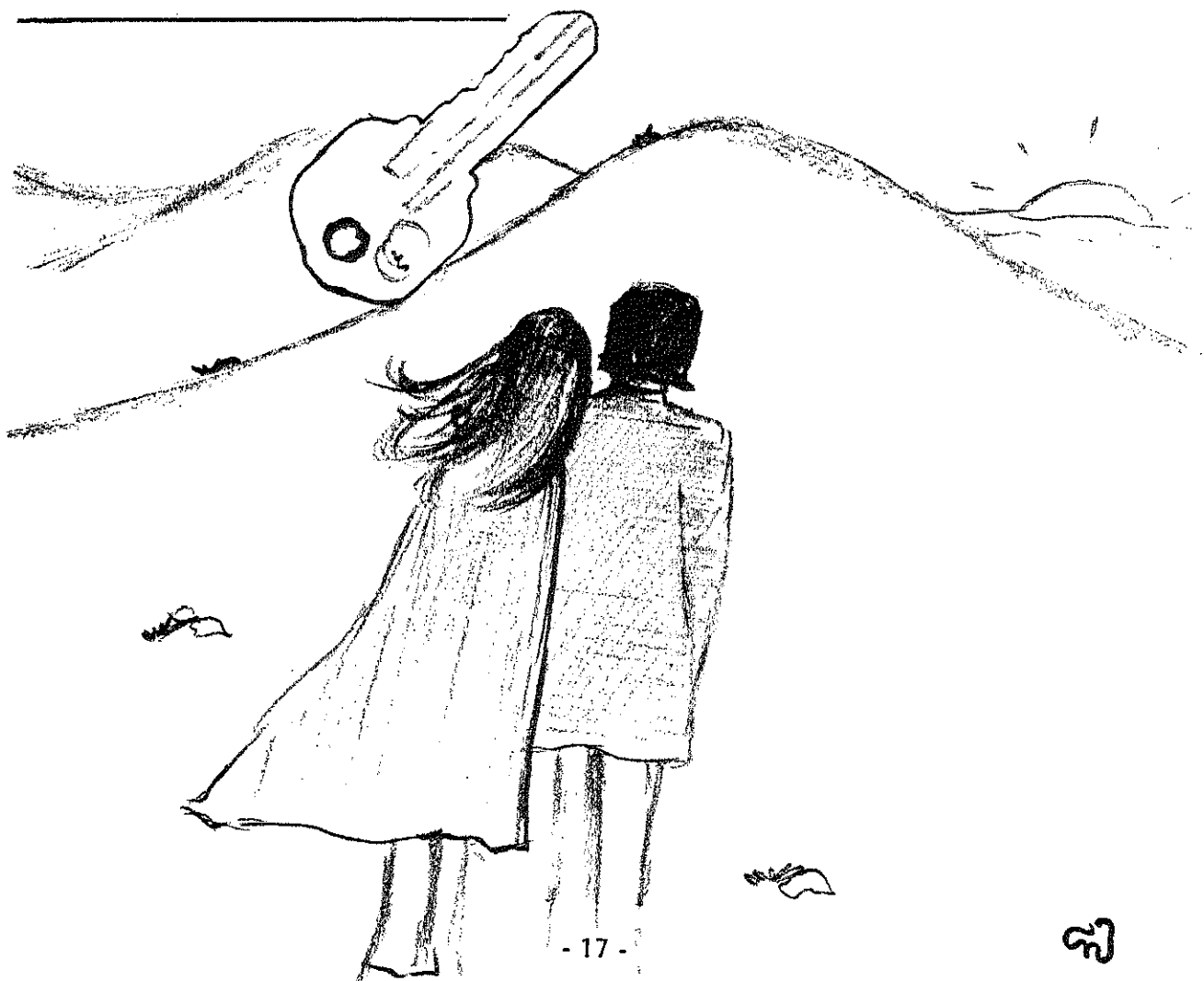
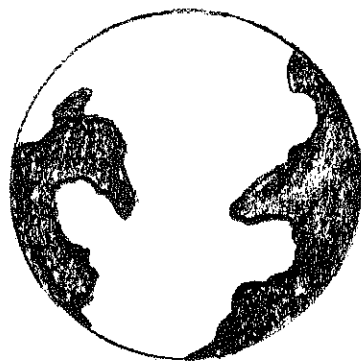
No one speaks but the two middle-aged women in the front.

And I remove the umbrella in my back,
And the pocketbook from my side,
And someone's stepped on my foot as I continue my balance, hope-
lessly crushed in rush-hour onslaught.

This ride WILL end before I burst screaming and trampling all
on my way out —

the door finally, gasping short breaths of air beneath the
streetlight, dazed as numb limbs carry me home.

TOM MULLIAN



HOUSES

Mama never saw the way he used her. In his mind, she was less than a servant; she was utility, convenience, and chattel all in one. When he needed her, he used her; and when he didn't need her, — well, he assumed she would still be there. With all proper humility, she accepted this, and gladly chewed the bones of chivalry as her reward. It was a small price he paid for such a willing puppy.

He liked to feel that his home was his “castle,” himself a king in a tiny domain. Whatever blows the Big World dealt him, he always had that one last refuge — that one place where “she” would be waiting and he could be a man again. She could mix his drinks, massage his back, tell him what a man he was and how much she worshiped him. No chores would be left undone with her around. Nothing trivial would intrude on his superior brain.

His brain, of course, was superior in its masculinity. His was made of stronger stuff. It was good that she handled the details to free him for the generalities. All the little things she did for him, he really appreciated, and he told her so every day; but when the friends came to talk philosophy or politics, he wanted her in the kitchen with the other women, talking about horoscopes or the detailed descriptions of childbirth. He didn't need her then, and for godssake, he didn't want her to show him up.

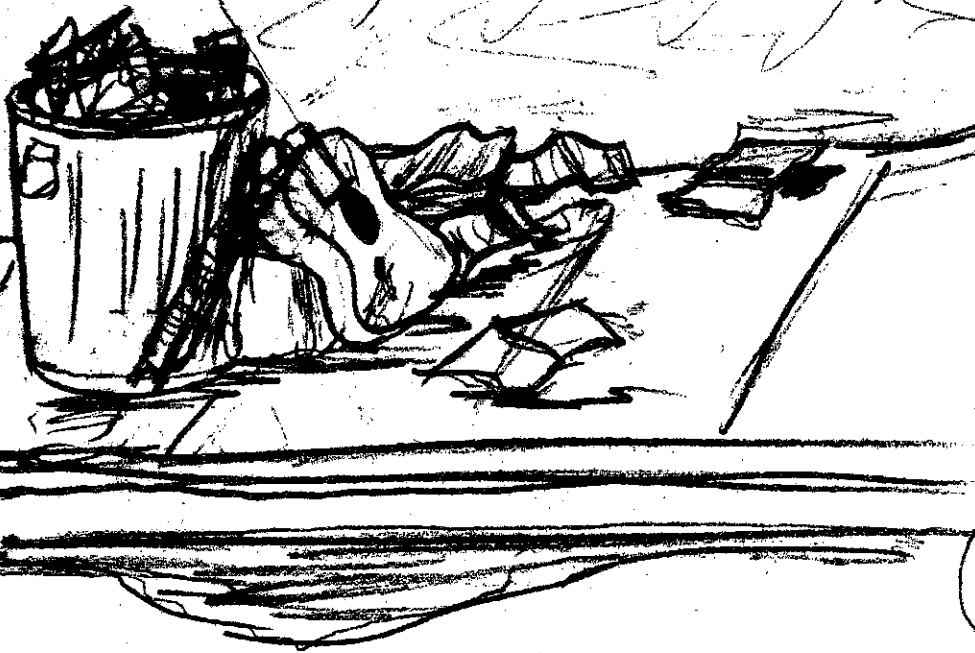
And so she knew what he wanted, and she knew why he wanted it. And she knew that he was good to her and he gave her a nice home and a good life and all the things a woman wants in the world, to the best of his ability. But she wasn't happy. She started to sleep a lot, and her hands broke out in a bleeding rash. She wanted to buy more things and go more places. All the while, she knew that he was good to her.

Then one day she met another man. She didn't want to meet him, but she met him. And the man said, why are you wasted? Come with me, he said, and be my own. Then, she opened her eyes and saw. And after that, no one could ever use her again.

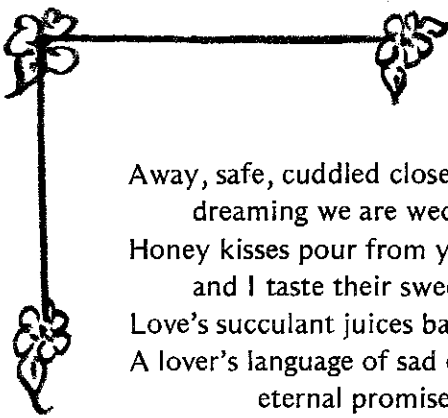
ALICE BROWN

The Spanish tiles on the roof
Throw their mangled harmony at the sky
Like a broken 12-string guitar
On a cold grey morning.
I got lost on the way to the music store
And I'm walking around in the wind.

TONTO



DMS



Away, safe, cuddled close, fighting Fall's icy fingers,
dreaming we are wed to love.
Honey kisses pour from your lips,
and I taste their sweet nectar.
Love's succulant juices bathe our bodies' embrace.
A lover's language of sad eyes speak
eternal promises.

Sighs and contentment of this moment memorable;
maybe I'll keep them to dream alone.
Hearts beat in unison, and we dream
a desirable release.

Crashing lights from passing cars
bombard our dreams,
But dreams and wishes of two hearts such as they
are an unyielding fortress
to the harsh and crude invasion.

I see your invisible tears hover
in the corner of your eye.
I kiss you but cannot speak —
There are no words.

Only touch.

TOM MULLIAN

I touched her hair
And she moved
Just a little;
Settling into my lap
As puppies settle against
The warmth of their mother.
So this is love —
A warm touching,
A gentle settling,
A sleep seeking.

ROBERT DAVIS



THE ARTIST WHO WASN'T

I stepped onto the five-fifteen as I did every day after school. I sat down, straightened my skirt, and planted my books and purse on my knees. Outside the bus, the air was grey and dull. I could hear the cars moving slowly in the street, their tires swishing in the rain that had begun sometime that morning and had fallen, off and on, all day.

The men up and down the aisle stored their briefcases for the short trip and opened up their newspapers. Some had the Star, some the Tribune, and some the Journal — but whatever paper, it seemed to me to be merely a shield against the other men around them. They folded their heads into the pages of print, safe from the world around them.

Inside the bus, the only sounds came from dry crackling of the newspapers; the men shifting in their seats, rubbing the metal springs together in a creaking and scratching crescendo of activity; a man behind me tried to clear his throat quietly, hoping no one would notice, but ended with a clogged, choking sound.

In the window, I was aware of someone staring at me. The man watched me carefully, dropping his eyes and then raising them again to study me. I saw him repeat this a few times and then turned to look at him across the aisle.

He was a small, aging man, slightly pale. His faded suit wrinkled around him. The oversized coat hung heavily over his shoulders and a small gap of skin showed between the tops of his grey socks and the bottom of his pant legs. His narrow shoulders rocked and his feet moved to balance him against the sway of the bus. There was nothing unusual about him that I could see except that he appeared to have neither a briefcase nor a newspaper. Placed across his knees was a small tablet on which he was drawing.

When the man looked up, he found me watching him closely. He floored his eyes and whipped around the cover to the tablet.

He was drawing a picture of me, I realized slowly. I fastened my eyes on the neck of the man ahead of me. Why, I wondered. Maybe he's an artist or something. Imagine an artist on the five-fifteen, and drawing me! This was really something. I was curious, something I hadn't felt for a long time.

I whirled my head to face him, leaned across the aisle, and demanded, "Were you drawing a picture of me?"

He had become intensely interested in his shoes and waited a full minute to give a nearly inaudible affirmative answer.

"May I see it?" I was really curious.

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"Well . . . well, I wasn't quite finished yet . . ." his voice trailed off.

"Go ahead. I get off at the next stop."

He paused, "Alright, but look ahead, I was doing a profile, you see."

I turned obediently and watched the tops of the mens' heads sway. Imperceptibly, I widened my eyes and straightened my shoulders. Excitement hummed through me. I wonder if he just travels the lines looking for subject matter. He looks so shabby, I thought, probably just artistic disregard or something. Wonder why he picked me?

"There," he announced in a hesitant voice. He handed me the tablet which he had guarded so jealously before. I watched his eyes, searching for some clue to the man.

The sketch was very poor. All the proportions were off and nothing was definite about the lines. It didn't hint of abstraction or even the quality of talent found in a crudely drawn picture.

"Well?" he implored quietly.

All the disappointment remained underneath. It was a handy trick.

"Why . . . it's lovely, just fine, really. You've really got something there." I smoothed my skirt and returned the sketch to him.

"Do you really think so? You really like it? Nobody ever thought my drawings were good before. You really like it, huh?" His words rushed like an eager child's scream of joy.

"Oh, yes . . . I wouldn't say so if I didn't," I confessed.

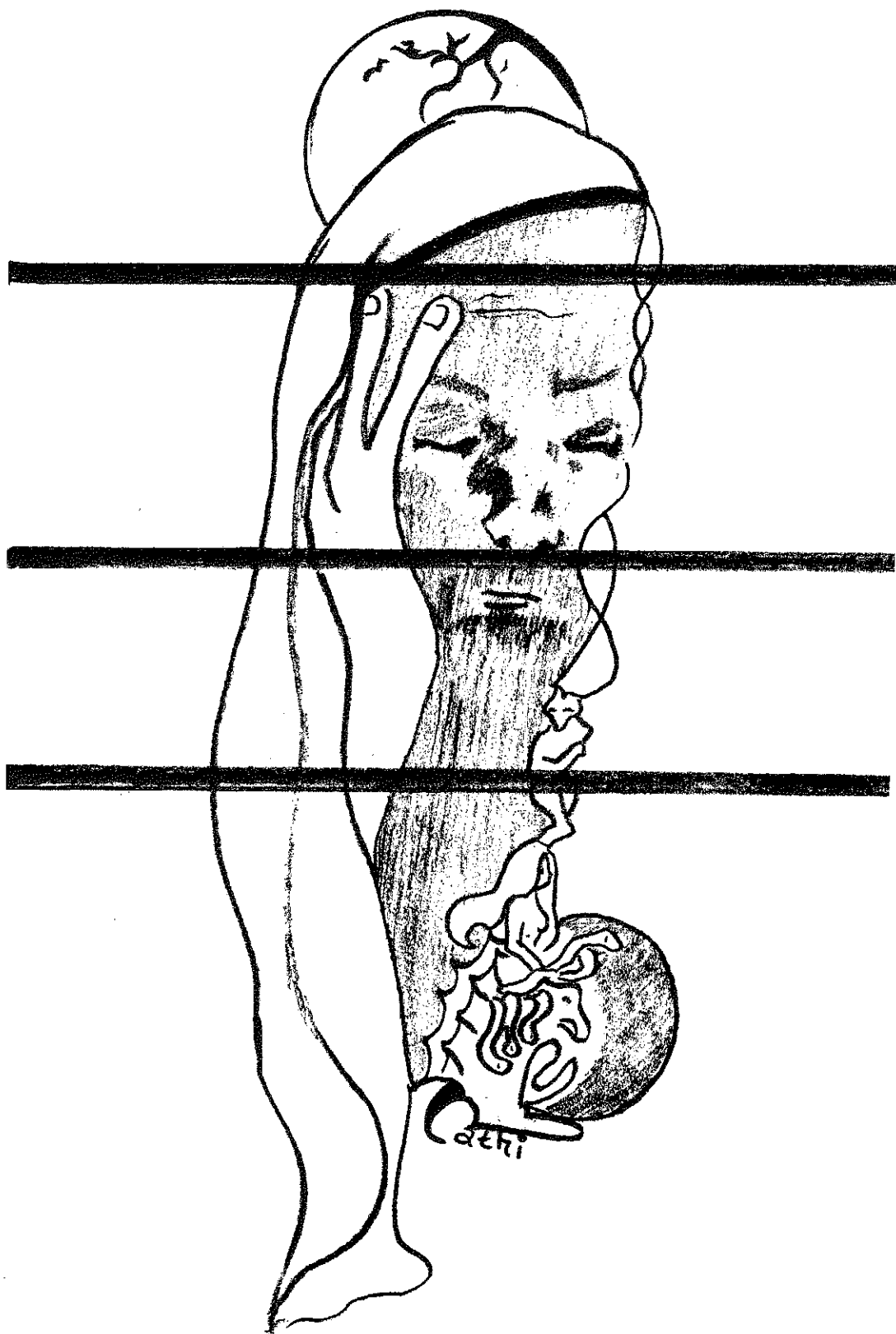
He silently studied the sketch, then shyly, "Would you like to have it?"

I looked at the embarrassed pride in his face. I saw the briefcases lined along the seats; the men with their matching ties, sideburns and handkerchiefs, and the papers folded now across their knees.

"I'd be proud to have it," I told him. He cautiously tore the sketch from the pad, signed his name, and gave me the paper.

When the bus stopped, I said goodbye to the man, thanked him, and stepped off the bus. The air was cool and washed with rain. I folded the sketch neatly, dropped it into my purse, and headed for my house with an honest smile of warmth deep inside me.

Willie Wilson



HOPE

Do all you can
As best you can
If you believe in it.

The strangeness that follows
Is only your subconscious
And not your true self.

Your efforts must conquer your thoughts
If they are at odds.
Personal daring and hope —
They are the only tangibles
And must be clung to.

— MATT SADUSKY

the rainy day has passed
sun shines thru crystal icicles
and you can hold the rainbow in your hand.
sunset comes to leave you with the memory
of a dream
and the frozen remnants of a falling sky.

a day to remember and a time to forget;
so hush now, don't you fret.
'cause for every dream the sun has got to set
and in the morn a new day shall be born.

— N. W. STODDARD



SUMMER ENNUI

Disgust.
Searing heat.
Lack of sleep.
The radio station stinks.
Where is everybody?
Filling up time
The shore . . . work
Money . . . new people
No time
Etcetera.
Until I feel bleached
Through to the bones.
Then it is fall.
And confusion.

— Matt Sadusky

I sang a song for laughter,
A song to catch the wind,
Try to forget the slaughter
Of the children of our time.
Remembering the smiling times
We had;
Before we went mad
And had to be put under,
To listen to the thunder,
And wonder at the rain.

The fields have grown fast
Outside a window of painted glass
And children run to class.
As I watch them all run past,
You walk past me.
See me through the frosted painting
On the wall —
You CAN'T see me:
You might see my shadow —
And that's all.
I think I'll call
On another love.

— Robert Davis

A BLACK HAND

It was a cold blustery night in March—the kind of evening when winter has not yet given in to spring. A night I was not to forget.

I had made a decision to drive downtown in my Falcon to cheer a friend and aimed in the direction of North-central Philadelphia. I have a poor sense of direction and only knew one way of getting around town. Thus, I traveled from Upper Darby via Chestnut Street and made most of the traffic lights as they run in sequence. Then I turned off Chestnut and went out 5th Street. There, at 5th and Spring Garden Streets, I caught a red light. My auto was third in line. Like many of my sex, I was not paying much attention, but daydreaming or fixing my hair. Anyhow, the first two cars ahead started up when the light changed, but I was a little slow on the draw. As I started to move, a tall, husky, black man, who had been standing on the corner, moved in front of my car. I had only started to crawl so it was a simple reaction to come to a stop. Then, slowly, an uneasy feeling came over me. This black man appeared pretty drunk and he didn't cross the street as I anticipated. Instead, he came over to my stationary vehicle and lay on the hood. His right hand was reaching up at me as I sat behind the wheel. His left hand held a whiskey bottle. My heart started to pound; not another car or person was in sight. All of Philadelphia seemed quiet and it was only early evening—just me, my vehicle, and his ugly, groping black hand.

I tried to think clearly—the hand brought me to reality. I could press the horn and scare him off. I could stamp on the accelerator and knock him down and get away. But then, if I knocked him down, I might also run over him in the process. I didn't want to do that.

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He was probably just a drunk and didn't want to harm me—all he wanted was to cross the street but he lost his equilibrium. However, if I should accidentally run him over, these now absent people would all come out of the woodwork and I would be charged with murder—simply because he had a very black hand. I couldn't move the car until he went away.

I shrank back in the seat as this inebriate stumbled along to the driver's side of my auto. My eyes immediately darted around and mentally re-checked the locked doors and closed windows. It was little consolation. His right limb moved over toward the window by my door. Barely turning my head to the left, I peeked at his chubby, ebony fingers pointing at me and his long claw-like nails. There was about an eighth of an inch of glass separating us. All of the most horrible inbred thoughts, fears, and inhibitions welled up inside me as my attentions focused upon the idea of a black man molesting an innocent white victim. Nobody was around and nobody would find me. He would break the glass of the car window with that whiskey bottle and with his dark hand he would attack me and later he would slice me up in little pieces. A mirage of thoughts floated in my mind . . . newspaper headlines, saturated with sensationalism, blood, caskets, funerals and flowers. My whole being was shaking, my lips were puffy and my face felt cold. He was still there on the other side of the window staring and groping.

Then my mind took a new turn. For if this was my fate, I had no alternative but to accept it. Funny I should fear this black hand more than if it were a white one. Surely, would I be any more dead if a black man killed me than a white man? How can anyone be deader than dead? Black dead, white dead, dead, dead; it was all the same.

(Continued on page 29)

(Continued from page 28)

A shrill whistle sounded from another world. It was a police whistle. Out of this nothingness, two policemen on foot appeared about a quarter of a block away. One of them started running toward this hunter and his prey. This first cop yelled at the black man, who was still leaning on my car, and grabbed his tattered collar. The Siamese twin of the first cop was close behind. These two saviors pulled him back to the pavement; as they did, the black man dropped his empty bottle and looked up at me with a helpless stare. But I was in a new trance, examining my own empty soul. Had I been prejudiced in even my thoughts of death?

The police directed me to move on as they started talking on their radios. It took several seconds for me to reel back to 5th and Spring Garden Streets and then to faintly remember how to drive. I glanced back in the rear-view mirror; the police gave the black man another chance and let him go after I passed.

Something in his large black hand came through that glass window to swallow me. Those long ebony fingers made me aware of my deep prejudices for the first time. My fears were compounded by my own bigotry. I suddenly felt a kind of understanding for myself. It was I who was actually given another chance. A chance to be a real human.

Thank you, Mr. Black.

— Jo-Ann Drabousky



Showtime

And Mr. Conductor turns his expressionless eyes to the anxious audience of tone-deaf ears and conducts his band of spoons, saws, and washboards (in no particular key) hoping that they'll like this song.

And Mr. Five Star Victory rubs his hands together as he sniffs the pot simmering with numbers to be called and they say he keeps a scrap book of this weeks' casualties.

And Mr. Medical Miracle treats wealthy patients for sniffles and ignores low income pregnant Emma in emergency while the pains of his labor are sedated in lush offices colored of wall to wall riches by appointment calendars.

And Mr. Advertisement sells turkeys at low prices, stuffed with Christmas trees with lights of dollar signs and we are still in Halloween dress.

And Mr. Catholic preaches against orgasmic sin but he needs his and already has seven kids.

And Miss Playmate climbs Mr. Exploiter's erection and Mr. Judge of Poronography stamps on her breast his seal of approval.

And Mr. Acid brags of his weekend trips (to nowhere) and how much He's seen.

On and on, there's no end as the wheels of corrupted machinery turn . . .
And the old wrinkled man in the back of the room leans on his cane and with one scaly hand, he tries to turn back the clock.

Tom Mullian

MY TWILIGHT OF THE GODS

Yesterday I was born; the myth of my beginning
became a date, September 5, 1953, when
circumstances and persons met
to alter things.
My divinity's in doubt.
Not from a clod of clay did I repeat
the species' birth, not foam- or steam-born
either, but daughter
of two white adults
removed at a point from which time is measured
 from an original nest
 actually a dot on a hospital clock
 by nothing more lyric
than steel. Was Aphrodites so delivered,
or those first wind-lovers, the nameless ones, who gathered frontiers
like a planted crop? Today's the first day I've reclined
to find myself begun at my toes.
Yes I'm an event:
I've happened, and had happen to me,
been done to, and have done.
I was not raised in a foreign land
and have not just returned. Worse; I've been half-here,
one breathing in a bag, believing my own publicity,
not investigating my birth myself. How when it happened

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(Continued from page 31)

I was young among two children, we two
the children of other children, and they of more;
how they loved me, how they loved me when
the various strains of marriage changed, alliance
with the future was made, that,
not I, was the event I meant. And I had dreamed it otherwise;
thought I had waked, no wonder
slept, so perfect was the dream I kept
until it cracked. Instead there is data at the hurricane's eye
and profit in the watching of the mercury;
of course there's an edging toward mystery, something left
to discover again, but the sighting's been made:
a person, a star, where none was before
although astronomers gazed there like hunters.

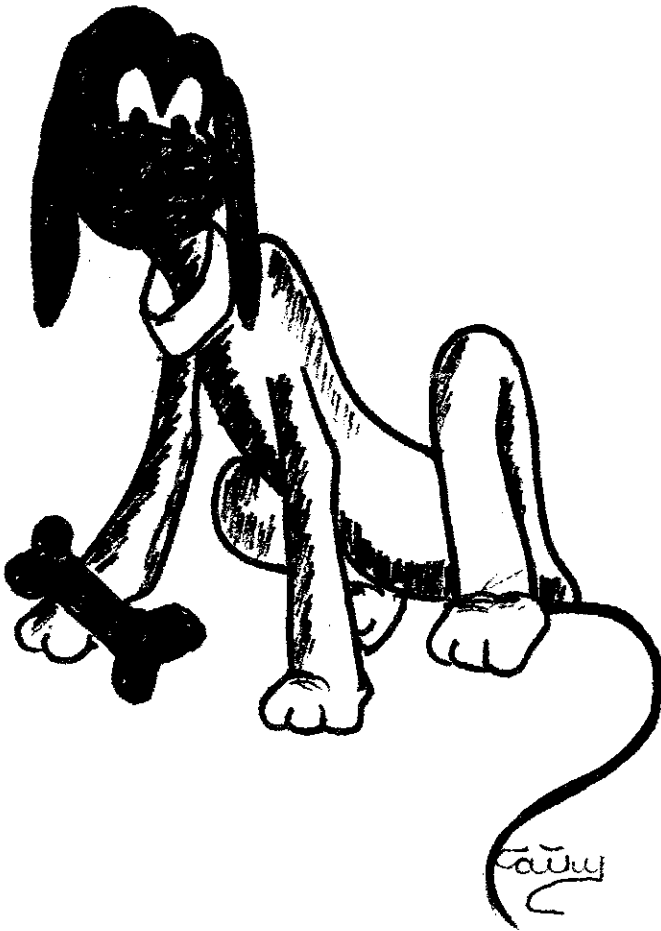
by Susan Walter

Do You Know?

Do you know
How many lonely nites
I sit at home.
I sit at home
Just hoping that things
Will turn out all right.
That all my hopes and dreams
DO become realities.

Do you know
How many hopeful thoughts
Have turned into shattered tears
And how our past remembrances
Can only be dreams of
Lonely acquaintances.
Do you know?

— Mary Anne Cooney



PROBLEMS

Half way between just now and now, I had a thought. It was something that has been bothering me for quite some time. You know it's not easy to think about important things these days because it seems as time goes on our problems become harder. In order for me to reach an opinion, I had to weigh both sides of the problem. However in doing so my brain ran into confusion when a greater problem was stumbled upon while trying to solve the initial problem.

Since any nit wit can scientifically solve any single problem, I resolved to settle both great problems at the same time to show myself that I'm not just any nit wit. I therefore began to gather information about both problems when an urge to defecate came upon me. Seizing a perfect opportunity to sit and ponder I proceeded to the toilet where I began my hour of serious meditation. Upon assuring myself that I was comfortably situated, I began. Proceeding from where I just began I continued my feat to prove I wasn't any nit wit.

While on the way to a conclusion to the first problem, I remembered an important fact I had overlooked about the second problem which might give me a totally different outlook on the second problem but because I was so close to a conclusion on the first I decided to give a greater portion of my reasoning to that problem while still keeping the second problem in mind.

At that moment, a startling fear overcame me and caused my body to tremble. So much so that it took every ounce of my strength to keep my seat. This new horror stricken problem outweighed the previous two by far. This catastrophe so startled me that it's very existence cancelled all effective reasoning. My new problem was — NO TOILET PAPER . . .

After a considerable amount of time, my body and brain returned to a state in which they could function as a unit again. I immediately began to search for a suitable substitute for the missing item. When I peered over at the soft inviting bathroom towel which was hanging on its appropriate rack, I began to panic because I realized that I would have to discard the item after I had exhausted its usefulness. Due to a lack of respectable receptacles for such an item, I dismissed its use. Continuing my search for substitutes I considered everything from the rug on the floor to the shower curtain hanging beside me. Each new suggestion was more ludicrous than the previous. So I decided to sit back, relax and relieve myself of taxing problems and YELL FOR HELP!

VIC D'ICCO





MY SECRET

Nothing in this earth life is vulgar to me
Nothing around this planet's crust is low
down to me

I see nothing obscene around me
No matter where my ten senses scratch around
Love is the only medicine

And for you of the deathly dope drug,
You of the crazy needle, the pill,
the reefer fag,
The hot needle, the hot spoon, the opee pipe,
The dead mattress, the gone spirit,
the gone life,
The heavy headache, the cracked temples,
the walleyed eyeballs,
The gun, the gat, the stickup,
The cops, the big chase for more dope -

Your own fears and hates can be cured by one
kind of love tonic
That's all my new bible book is - a command
of nature
And a control over all the forces of Ma
and Pa Nature
Then I got Chorea and it did me in

I've learnt how if not why it is
That my people spend a good 99 & 9/10ths of
their hours
Just trying to hide the little simple facts
Of truth and life from one another

Woody Guthrie '1955'