

Cover by Arthur Okamura Cowboy Comic by Terry Bell March 1973

WHY SUPPORT "BEAULINES"?

Just off hand I can think of many reasons why a person should be interested in reading and contributing to the paper.

Bolinas is a town where people are deeply responsive and vitally interested in the environment around them. The more one knows about the town and what's happening, the more connected you can become.

By expressing your ideas and feelings in BEAULINES, you can open yourself up to the needs of the town and the possibility of your ideas and opinions influencing the lives of people around you.

This town is full of talented artists. Each issue of the paper tries to showcase some of the art works and photographs: anyway, we are in your midst waiting to serve "the community brain".

By maintaining an outlet for an unbiased community dialogue, we feel this can be a more relaxed and centered place to be.

Bill Beckman

THREE RIFFS IN PARLANCE

I.

Regional stewardships (not governments) of course wd concentrate power as intensely locally as possible within each topographical unit within the region. It itself wd do mere maintenance, i.e., coordinate transportation & communication between the locales. Regional stewardships wd mark the beginning of the post-national phase of the history of Turtle Island--& a beginning of a return to its original pristine spirit. It marks also a shift in the definition of The Problem from "capitalists & imperialists" "civilization" in the sense of this excerpt from Snyder's "Revolution in the Revolution in the Revolution:"

If the capitalists and imperialists
are the exploiters, the masses are the workers
and the party
is the communist.

If civilization
is the exploiter, the masses is nature
and the party
is the poets.

If the abstract rational intellect
is the exploiter, the masses is the unconscious
and the party
is the yogins.

& POWER
comes out of the seed-syllables of mantras.

Within each region as power realizes itself intensely locally & local economies proceed toward pastoralization the definition of The Problem shifts again (the wheel is always turning, ladies & gentlemen) & the target becomes in the Snyder model "abstract rational intellect" which Peking-style destroyed the state-of-mind yogin-party culture of Tibet and WashingtonDC-style is destroying southeast Asia. During this shift these sorts of things occur culturally: (1) cortical category "poetry reading" gets broadened to, say, Medicine Show so poets & yogins can work together; (2) poets phasing out of so-called vanguard function take responsibility for masses-as-nature & become, say, environmental news commentators; (3) abstract rational intellect gets softened to gentle sense-of-think, one of six or eight senses.

Turning now to sports...

Keith Lampe

II.

"After an unequivocal experience of the inefficacy of the subsisting federal government, you are called upon to deliberate on a new CONSTITUTION for the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. The subject speaks of its own importance; comprehending in its consequences nothing less than the EXISTENCE of the UNION, the safety and welfare of the parts of which it is composed, the fate of an empire in many respects the most interesting in the world."

(PUBLIUS, pseudonym of Alexander Hamilton, the FEDERALIST)

III.

"So long I've struggled for
ENLIGHTENMENT and RICHES
and on my heels TOO LONG
YOU'VE TREAD

YOU FINE-HAIRED SONS OF BITCHES"

BLACK BART

The PO 8 (Found in an empty Wells Fargo strongbox previously en route to bank from bank or from swindled to swindled.. "Black Bart escaped as far as the coast where he changed his name to 'Captain Town Meeting', and ran a ferry in a small timber village and drunk-out." 1859 - and became known for his familiar maxim:

"Never leave a bottle unfinished..."

February 20, 1973

Mrs. Susan Cowley
% Harold Silverman
California Living
Box 3100, Rincon Annex
San Francisco, Ca. 94119

Dear Mrs. Cowley:

I read your article, Can Bolinas Get it Together, with real wonderment at both your insensitivity and insincerity.

It is a depressing prospect for a town such as our own to be constantly besieged by people such as yourself who would turn us into Sunday morning breakfast gossip for something as inconsequential as your own reputation. In your eagerness to sell someone an article about us and our town you have misquoted, scrambled facts, left statements unattributed and given a quite erroneous impression of what is happening here. In spite of the fact that you do not live here, you did not bother to check the accuracy of your article with any of the people you pretended to have interviewed. To the best of my knowledge you met with none of the people you so faciley quote and describe, except one. You met him by barging uninvited into his house while he was trying to leave. In spite of our apprehensions we tried to be polite with you on the phone, and explain to you our fears about what has happened in the past when people like you have given a town such as ours undue, inaccurate and careless exposure. You abused that confidence. Perhaps it was naive of us to have assumed it in the first place.

Your rendition of our community ended up by missing both its strengths and weaknesses. Instead you chose to concentrate on what you see as a kind of generational warfare - a kind of warfare which I think is as minimal in this town as in any other town today that I know of. In spite of your portrayal of people like Joe Silva and Peter Evans as enemies of us "upper middle class intellectuals", they remain my friends and people with whom I have worked closely. We have disagreed at times, but all share a concern for this town which is something distinctly absent from your approach and article.

Through our whole episode with you, I see the burning ego of a journalist rather lacking in self confidence. You treated us as though we were the My Lai Massacre, which had to be exposed at all cost. But from there, you so balderized the story as to make it hardly recognizable to those of us who live here. If you would like a list of specifics, I would be glad to provide them.

In the future, you might try and be more sensitive to the needs of the people about whom you are writing. A community is a delicate thing in this day and age. The idea that you can sail in from the city for a few hours and then tell the world what make someone else's home tick, is a ludicrous thought. It seems to me that the most important prerequisite for being a good journalist is to know your subject matter well. In your case, the essence of our town remained illusive. But you wrote about it anyway - to our detriment and your professional discredit.

Sincerely,

Orville Schell

Ben Meyer leases acreage just before town. He in turn pastures horses for various folks in town. These people, mostly young girls, pay Ben ten to fifteen dollars per month. The girls feed and groom their own horses. They even ride them and have fun. There is very little pasturage within walking distance of town. Almost none. Except for the wealthy and exclusive this is it as far as pasture is concerned. Ben Meyer's place is community oriented and a sort of haven or heaven for a lot of kids around here.

Today, Monday, Feb. 26, Ben was found guilty of operating a stable without a license. He was fined \$250.00 and sentenced to one years probation and ordered to build new fences immediately or all the horses would be removed by deputies.

The ordinance is relatively new and not all horse operations are signed up. It further presupposes that services are being provided such as feeding, care, etc. Ben provides no such services.

Several weeks ago on a cold black night, Nebo, a pony, got out of the pasture. Nebo is black and he was hit by a white car. His leg was cut and bleeding, but otherwise he was OK. The owner of the pony was notified, she in turn called the vet who appeared at the scene. Nebo, the vet, the owner, the driver and Ben were all on the scene and were all on friendly terms. The "problem" was taken care of in a friendly, neighborly fashion.

A car drove in the driveway and would not dim his lights nor turn them off. Drives right up to the nervous pony and makes him more nervous. Upon demand he will not turn his lights off. Finally, much later, at the request of Ben, he dims his lights. Joe Kelly, your neighborly peace officer is at the scene of the crime. For it is now a crime, not an accident of nature. First thing good Joe does is call the Humane Society and report a violation - negligence. A misdemeanor - five hundred dollars and/or six months in jail. The Humane Society writes Ben up for not having a license and negligence.

They actually tried to convict Ben of negligence. The district attorney subpoenaed several witnesses: the cop, the Humane Society, the driver, the owner, the pony? Ben had a lawyer who had to show the court that if an animal wants out he is going to get out. That this is just nature in action and not negligence. The charge was dropped and the taxpayers dropped a goodly sum for the hour and a half proceedings.

The district attorney wanted to close Ben down. Ben will build the fence as the court ordered and will buy a license. The Humane Society will then have the power of inspection and the power to close the operation down. The pressure is on to close it. Why? What has anybody really done wrong? Why close it down?

Should we invite the D.A. to a town meeting and ask him why a legitimate operation be shut down? An operation that is a direct service to the community and one that provides a lot of happiness to a lot of people. Ben gives free classes in horsemanship to the kids once a week. What does Joe Kelly do that is free and fun? Is good Joe an asset to the community as a peace officer should be? Or is he an outside mercenary causing trouble around here?

America the land of the free -- maybe the court should come out here and explain their actions to the kids.

The judge, kind soul, suspended the fine and it remains to be seen whether the Humane Society will close the place down.

-- Unsigned letter

Orville Schell -

Yes, this is a free country - but it is only free in that each person allows the other person to have freedom also - free to worship or not worship - God or some other force.

Many rights are involved in this "land of the free and the home of a few brave."

Personal rights - rights of the people who have established a town, and organized a successful government - to continue operating.

What license do you young have to go into a town, and because of your witless arrogance take over the government and dominate those who treated you kindly.

You are just a bunch of cullions from the east who strained at the bit like stallions in April.
Just because you have been to college does not mean that you are educated.

No one is educated if he does not have some, at least, of the virtues that go to make up the real values of life.
And you Lombards have none.

The state of the town of Bolinas was outside the pattern for which the practice of civil rights and government prepared you.

Because all the young today are so in love with themselves - so thorny with admiration for themselves and each other - it is too bad you did not go to some island and set up a kingdom, with each one a king for a day.

What a wonderful thing that would have been for the respectable and worthy inhabitants of this country, as they have always operated quite successfully without the infantile minds and ideas of you bog flies.

Set your minds straightway on heaving over your captured posts of smug attempts to make the world right over-night.

Nature works a long game, and no force of humans, large or small, can turn her intent into lasting benefits.

You are not wanted in Bolinas, so why don't you go away - back to your rock in the east.

We have too many slugs in California as it is - They came running out here like hag seed from under a wet rock = so now we have a state full of pulmonate gastropods.

letter signed Society for getting rid
of the bog flies

You know to those guys over the Hill, this is an "Unincorporated Municipality".

Mark Ireland, the MAN who tells the complete story of the Bolinas Disaster of '73 in the BCPUD Pipeline, met with John Sansing - Park Service Director / A discussion on Pepper's Dam:

Mark: "I see you know the story about the camel getting his head under the tent," but nobody understood.

If we are a Community
we must consider objectives

If we are the Buddha
we must consider objectives

Big Vision
Little Steps

R.R.

Russ Riviere and I started talking together
at Scowley's one morning and just sort of hatched
this one. Gathering the material was a way of
greeting people again after the long rains. Spring
is in the air, neighborliness in blossom...

A.S.

You - hoo

you who bring the word under control
you who simmer principle in the square
you who internationalize yr problems
you who masquerade as tumblers & jugglers
you who peddle influences to the technical
you who respond to institutions & grandeur
you who run with the whore of commerce
you who run with the beast of morality
you who harbor winter in the love of spring
you who are a consensus of consequence
you who are earwigs stepping thru
 salad bowls of paper money
you who squander rime for rigamarole
 with pompous righteous baggery
you who raise unheard questions in Hell
you whose poems ring empty sneeches
you whose motto is Let us get on with it
you whose absurdity is law of the West
you whose falling leaves are highblown pathos
you whose sweet tooth is mined with truth
you whose demands are 7 hopeless wanders
you who hotmouth feverdry tungs
you whose hearts prune but not consume
you whose nothing is a lesson to be learnt

Those - hoo

those who have much to say
better read first those who first
sayd it, sayd it best
and then read him who had at least
himself read it, how he says it
for it seemd preposterous to him
to say it less so what was sayd so
much better, that never made
its listener go one better for it, which
best was left unsayd for those
who needed to hear it most can read
it, can say it out loud but cannot
hear it as if theyr own tung
out of theyr own heads, to let it rest

Ebbe B.

September 17, 1972

for Aram Saroyan

"Did someone do your sleeping for you?"
she asks, delirious and half-asleep.

a floating subconscious -- thought balloons?

the incredible, reasonable, insane
(logic of)
(like going to college, choosing a career)

Remember to not ask if you don't want to know.

Your TV is in storage in Massachusetts.
You have a house in Northern California.
Your little girl says "Horsey".
you say "Wow".

Grown men are workers, lovers, sometimes fathers.

I am not a father. I am more or less a cow.

I haven't seen you all day long.
Is that possible?

Cities. Neighborhoods.
Country. Towns.

Blocks.

It's raining
down south.

"We went to school together
but didn't know each other."
(American truism)

SONG OF INNOCENCE

The diatribe
makes for
good vibes
in the long run.

"I don't know about that." "Of course not."

trying out new positions
--"you'd make a good mop"

It's a marriage made in heaven.
He talks -- he listens.

"I couldn't get a word in edgewise."
--Aram.

Things to breathe

Bill Berkson

FOUR POEMS

History

Alfred E. Newman
sees the universe as
a peanut butter 'n
jelly sandwich on
rubber bread, and
he eats it right up

*

The Finger

when I'm out
walking
I see people
I know driving
in cars
and I give
'em a little
hand signal

sometimes
it's a
hi sign
and some
times it's
the finger

*

Community

The heads of
the women are
bowed as the
men slit the
throats of the
giant fish

*

With Art

Playing ping pong
with Art Okamura

teaches me a purer
sense of English

and how to put it
on the ball

Laughing

Who enters this
kingdom. And
the people
formed in rock.

The Temper

The temper is fragile
as apparently it wants to be,
wind on the ocean, trees
moving in wind and rain.

As You Come

As you come down
the road, it swings
slowly left and the sea
opens below you,
west. It sounds out.

As We Sit

There is a long
stretch of sky
before us. The road
goes out to the channel
of the water. Birds
fly in the faintly
white sky. A sound
shuffles over
and over, shifting
sand and
water. A wind
blows steadily
as we sit.

Xmas Poem: Bolinas

All around
the snow
don't fall.

Come Christmas
we'll get high
and go find it.

A

head of
the outside
inside.

For Tom

Friends make
the most of it
the more of it
quite enough.

Robert Creeley



"SIGNALS FROM EARTH"

Squatting playing Shakuhachi
I am terrain
spirit signals from this spot
I pass you pass me either
same level
Seeing the whole form in continuum
(some signals are habits
all habits are signals
signals are sent and received and
sent and not received)

We arrive in one time
The Vehicle Motion
Thrust measured in light rhythm's
Instead of the clumsy pound
We are as light as
A moment easily seen

main confusion is time has lost it's form

The forms' are
The time
as motion

word is picture, slides, photo, movie, video tape

The Spoken Song Mandarin

Drum Roots

Thumb pressures stretched skin

.....BWOUNG.....

Anyone with ears

Can hear how circular the Earth is.....

Round

Like the center of the song

darrell de vore

feb. 25, 1973

WORDS

We are all going to spend the rest of our lives in the future.

*

FILM & SOUND

Film: close-up of a woman's knees (moving occasionally).
Sound: anything.

*

FILM & SOUND

Film: football in slow-motion
Sound: The Beatles

*

POEM FOR STRAWBERRY

You can turn the pages
while Mommy changes
you.

*

WOMEN

Women
Work
Wonders.

*

POEM TO THE MOON

Light
at night.

*

HAIKU

Strawberry
waters the flowers
in her hand

*

LOVE SONG

It's time for me
And my love
To sail away on the sea
Of dreams.

*

STRAWBERRY'S POEM

Two clocks!
Two clocks!

*

POEM

Gerard Malanga
Body Language

--Gailyn

*

I thought for years that a time would come when my body would turn me loose. I mean the way your desires throw you around and get you into dumb trouble.

But when my mama and my Aunt Elva were visiting last time they started talking one night after supper about how some of their women friends "carry-on". My mama is in her late fifties and I guess her friends are the same.

"Well, you know how boy-crazy Thelma Duvellton is?" my mother said. "She goes to those senior citizen dances and falls in love with somebody new very week. She decided to get herself a husband and then she acted sillier. She went all the way to Alaska and didn't come back with a man."

Aunt Alva told a story about a friend of hers who wrote to her childhood sweetheart when her husband died and she decided that she wanted to get married again. It seems that he was willing too. He came to see her and they got married. But where her husband had been a sweet man, her childhood sweetheart turned out to be a mean bossy son-of-a-bitch who ruined her life and the lives of her kids. He totally altered the atmosphere of the house.

My mother knew another woman who wrote off when her husband died to a man she had met and liked fifteen years before. He wrote back and in no time they decided to get married.

He wrote her that he was going to buy her a new car for a wedding present and drive it across country to give it to her.

So she told all her friends about how she was getting a new Buick and she got a permanent and went girlish.

But when he drove up it was a Chevrolet and she was so mad that she sent him back.

*

My cousin, Ardmore, married a girl whose daddy was a share cropper. They were rock bottom poor and, according to Ardmore's mother, a little backward. My Aunt Ruby wouldn't have been satisfied in anybody Ardmore married and that poor girl had a lot to put up with from her and from Ardmore's little sister who took the same tone. When Jeanine would come over with Ardmore for a visit they'd do things like ask her if her breakfast dishes were washed.

Jeanine seemed alright to me the couple of times I met her. She was thin and pale with dark hair. Ruby asked Ardmore once why he couldn't have somebody a little more healthy.

This is a story about a kind of sorrow and I should really have started it a different way, with some sense of how close country people felt to the radio in the thirties and forties, before television.

Aunt Ruby used to talk as off-handed about Roy and Hank and Gene as if they lived down the road. That was Roy Acuff and Hank Williams and Gene Autry. If you came on it late and think you've got taste in country music you'll probably smirk at the idea of Gene Autry, but at that time he was ranked right in there with the others.

The place Jeanine's daddy worked had an old wood-frame house that the family lived in. It was two stories and had a permanent lean away from the direction the sandstorms crossed the plains there. It was really run down, like it could go in the next wind that hit it. Inside the house had more rooms than the family had furniture for. They had table and chairs in the room alongside the kitchen and everybody had old iron bedsteads fitted out with feather mattress but that was mostly it. You could go into a lanky old room that wouldn't have anything in it but a rocking chair next to a high bare window that looked out onto nothing but the horizon. And there were rooms that didn't have anything in them at all.

One of the things they did have was a table-model radio.

When Hank Williams died Jeanine's daddy took the radio out to the woodpile and smashed it up with his axe as a gesture of grief.

He said that with Hank dead there wouldn't be any more music worth listening to.

Bobbie Louise Hawkins

"Hastening..." I said the word aloud after writing it.
"Which picture did you say you hate?" asked Debbie.
"I didn't say hate, honey, I said hastening.
Hastening means hurrying."
"Yes, but which picture do you hate?" Debbie asked again.
"No, not hate, Deb. Hasten. It means hurrying. Do you know what that means?"
"Yes," said Debbie. Silence a moment. "No," she said/
"It means going fast," I said.
"I know," said Debbie.

The crazy-People's Baby

The crazy-people's baby looked like most little boy babies, but crazy mommy thought the little baby was a fish and crazy daddy thought the little baby was a bird. In the night, when crazy daddy was working, crazy mommy kept baby fishy in the river. In the day, when crazy mommy was working, crazy daddy kept baby birdy in a nest in a tree. Baby fishboy learned to swim and breathe the air in the water. Baby birdboy learned to fly.

Greg Hewlett

THREE POEMS

You wanta hear something
I just learned that's great/
When you get confused,
just concentrate.
Put foot A before foot B
and step on out Route 70.

*

At three P.M. and yet the yellowish light fails
night falls, & we crawl
into bed read Newsweek, Rolling Stone,
turn the lights off
and wrestle with the money.

*

Friday, January 5, eleven
in the morning,
discover the word golden
and crying happily myself,
in the public library,
Oak Hill West Virginia

Lewis MacAdams

Monday Near Baul
January 8

As usual, there are several simultaneous rushes.

The drama of the mind reinforced or caused
by rushes of wind
through pine, bromeliades, philodendron, palm
and many more. Cloud Forest.

There are no Clouds!

Blue -- same blude.
I miss you all. The nice
things you told me. The women
who wouldn't hold you.
I'll have to be older to know.
So:

you were the friend of a friend
and in this rotating family
we all brought the heavy
cargoes in
and hung this lovely cross
around your neck
of the weight of cross-ed
Thunder Bolts
for the good luck
for the great light
is all around us
for I hardly know it all
the time
is easy, comfortable and sad
Superior
Fine
But pressed upon
Circumstance
for the hallucinations
for the vibrating
rainbow web
is you here.

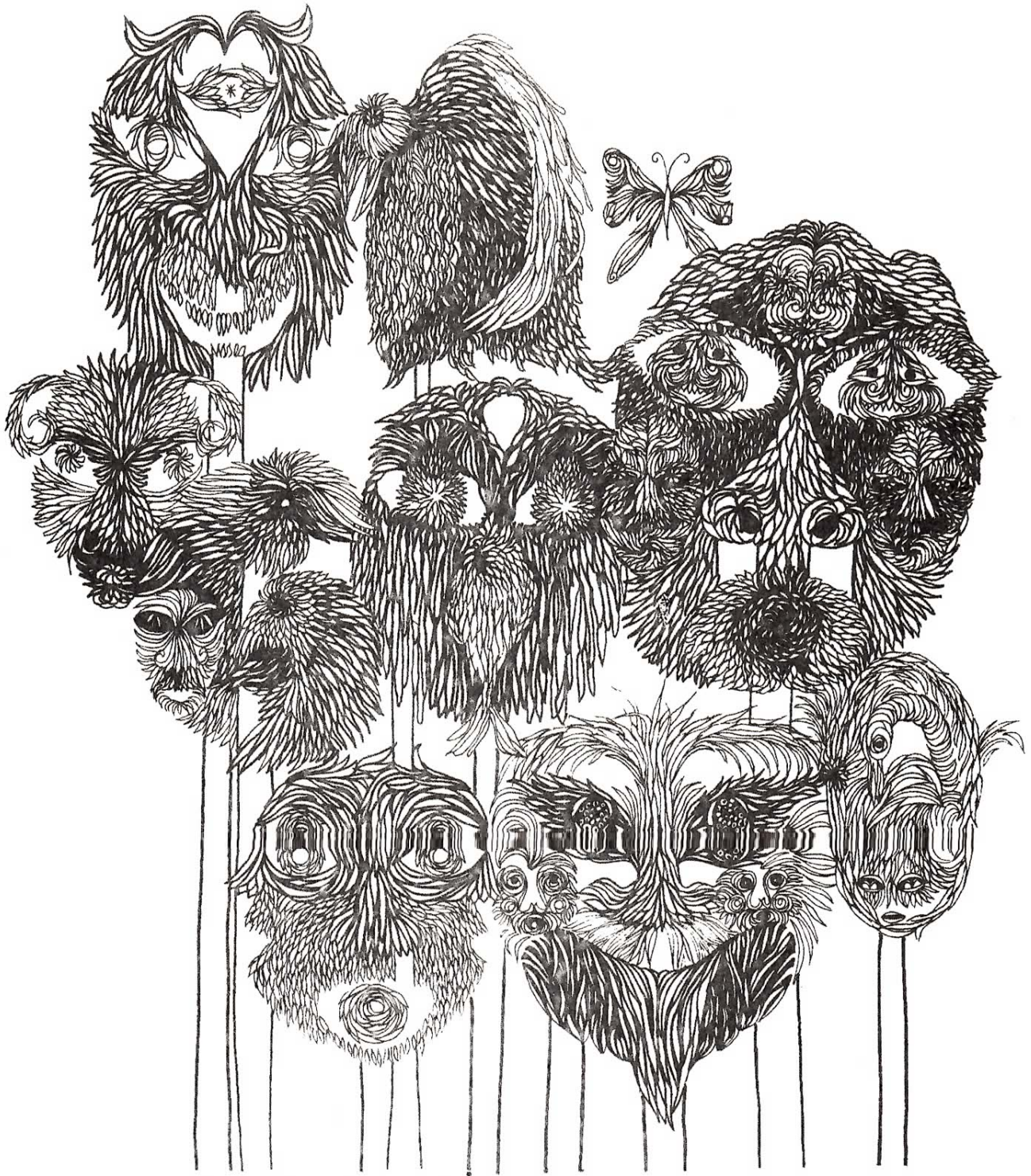
Joanne Kyger

GETTING GROCERIES

In the store, one customer
is looking intently at a
shelf of canned goods, trying
to trace the disappearance
of some fugitive train of thoughts.
Reading the paper at the checkout counter
month after month war is over
dollar devalued near calcutta
headline roads man killing tigers
cause honey slump. Prices are high
people say money doesnt buy anything
anymore. Taking place in California
1973. A sense of history, the
butcher says. In the store,
among the bright rags of
the welfare nobility, the
old folks are moving slowly
smiling. Yeah! Meat theatre
videotape, the whole works!!
The butcher doctor whitecoat
envisions his art purely sanctified
discusses the anatomy of
the holy cow, iridescence of
the muscles thereof, how it
winds up as "pot roast" in
this instance. A stage, then.
Someone is working among
stacks of gridded metal squares
dust in the sun sawdust/smell
of oranges, onions. Flashing
rails chink chink chink small
metal discs send cartons down
thunk into the dim warehouse
room of the store. Cowboy
lithographs from Sebastopol.

Above the cream colored facade
and wooden sidewalk
("Still the same as it always was"
says Granny Bourne, 86)
the sign a rainbow
arcs against eucalyptus
trees and sky.

Gail Madonia



Eucalyptus Dragons

Maqda

what does the future
hold in store

cant sleep!
unresolved karma keeps me awake
night giving birth to the mind or is it
the speed of darkness that seems to drag on forever
thoughts of eileen in new york if shes in new york
a separate reality
jasmine tea with honey - that shld get me off
garys manzanita to take mind off illusion
outside sound of the pounding of waves
against the mesa wall these many centuries
a separate reality

*

things to do in bolinas

for gordon baldwin

wake up
go back to sleep
wake up again
wash face
brush teeth
asanas
mantra yoga
tea with honey
water the plants
write this mornings poem
read book
correspondence
phone don allen
laundry
visit friends
exchange poems
take photos
karma yoga
talk to flowers animals birds
climb hill
see the sun
thank the boss for everything
go to post office
that there may be some news from you

Gerard Malanga

Near History

A fulcrum to the defense inquest into the fatalistical
cornhollering shooting of nineteen yearling Alvert Joe Linthecome
in a Hunslumps Pint head shoppress, was seton by Hatchickchick,
the Far Floght Corpsganizer for Easter Hunt of Heaven Cola.

Announcecrap of inquest was made by ignoble caeserpimple
police expectant, Walter Crotchcrack. He procalled his "mas-
sively" invigoration an "Urn of red cabbage".

* ain't no reason for you to be drunk
with him just as there ain't no
reason for his bein' sober with you.

* whatever happened to Thomas Paine's
geometrical wheelbarrow?

SUSAN

When I think about the Mountain...
and find Your Eyes
I am glad...

glistening and shuddering
within shale-reefed
body of solar soul
are entities of an exquisite,
more minute cosmos

we are cleanse
of the golden bonnett

we welcome you
to have CARE

Russ Riviere

MADNESS

I used to believe that nobody was really crazy,
That people were all basically good. Sometimes it was
A question of coaxing them, a little, but in the end
You'd get back what you gave and more even.

But as I grew older I learned that's not always the case.
You have evil in this world as you have anything else.
I remember the first time I noticed someone was crazy.
It wasn't interesting, really; I only wanted to leave

And go some place else. There was nothing to discuss.
The fact is it was boring. I had no impulse to make myself
Clear because that isn't possible--there was no inter-
Action at all; nothing but the rushing noise of a bird

Trying to escape a cage, its wing sticking out, or its head,
But never its whole self. The talk is self-obsessed.
Being inside the cage has made it a sudden stranger to the air,
And whatever appears in it. But the cage is not there

At all. There is only a person, one who looks deceptively
Like you or me, except for a certain deadness--recognizable,
After awhile--in the eyes. If you spend any time at all
You notice a tendency to repeat, the mind is trapped in a

Vicious circle, trying to make itself supreme over
Everything by accepting nothing but its own hysteria.
It would be sad, I suppose, except that it is uglier than that.
You find yourself looking away, after awhile, and when you

Look again--you find the same thing. It goes on and on.
It has nothing to do with you. It has nothing to do with anybody.
Not even the person there in front of you. They are possessed,
Not by their own bodies, but by the evil that is very much

Part of this world. They are weak--or they were, I guess,
Before the evil entered them. Why else would they let it in?
But once it happens they acquire the power of what has
Entered them, the power of evil. I believe this power

Is of no small consequence, as witness the evil of this world.
But I believe the power of good is of greater force, in the end.
The man who makes himself the vehicle of the power of good
Causes the man of evil to become envious and finally suicidal.

Aram Saroyan

the adman's apple drum

smell the fragrant pulp from presidential timber.....
yellow legal tree leaves on which our hail to the chief
compulsively deposits his thoughts while throne-sitting
the middle of the great white hope.
flush.

the issues flow...gracefully gentled by violin voices
in pigskin waltz formation...legal yellow tissues
through the great porcelain white throne.....
on through slick republican plumbings....
on through a zoo of bureau bowels....
on to process as fertilizer for our lives.
on dancer, on prancer, on agnew and nixon.
flush.

another four, legal yellow years of rich richard's almanac?
flush.

the great white father across the water grapples with
the yellow peril. bombs away. flush.
the wind-up, great white birds breaking the indochina sky
dumping their lethal yellow loads. whump. karoommb. flush.
all sing your praises to the great white watercloset
east of the sun and west of the moon.
flush. watercloset? w.c.? w.c. fields screamed to the birds
"if you can't shit green, get off my lawn.
and the birds flying suddenly south in an urgent cloud
flash with the whites in their wings...vote flush in '72.
and the message ignites the codes in my blood.
and a neon sign burns into the night...anal retentive in '72.
(the womb of sigmund freud, or the tomb of kark marx?)
flush.

Neil Scheiman

Now that would have to go back
to my great grandfather's
wives
neither of whom did I know.
I have made a design with a pencil, of the home
in which they lived
thru history
and thru family word of mouth
I know what the circumstances were
under which they lived.
I know what their family problem was

in the matter of having children
they were either nursing a baby or they were pregnant
during all of their years

& what they did under the pressure
of sexual relationship
how they took care of themselves without any bathrooms
they had a little outside toilet

& they had a washbowl in their room
which was unheated

& I go back

& when I see the children
they produced

Guy lying on the hood of a car --

Timmy Horvath sweeping the street

the values that were of importance in their children

sun on sand
the sandviolets

I think in the main they were great
& I doubt I could have done as well.

John Thorpe

IN
COMMON

"...It was common among the Abantes at that time to wear their hair long and go screaming into battle..."

(PLUTARCH, historian,
counseled of the ninth muse).