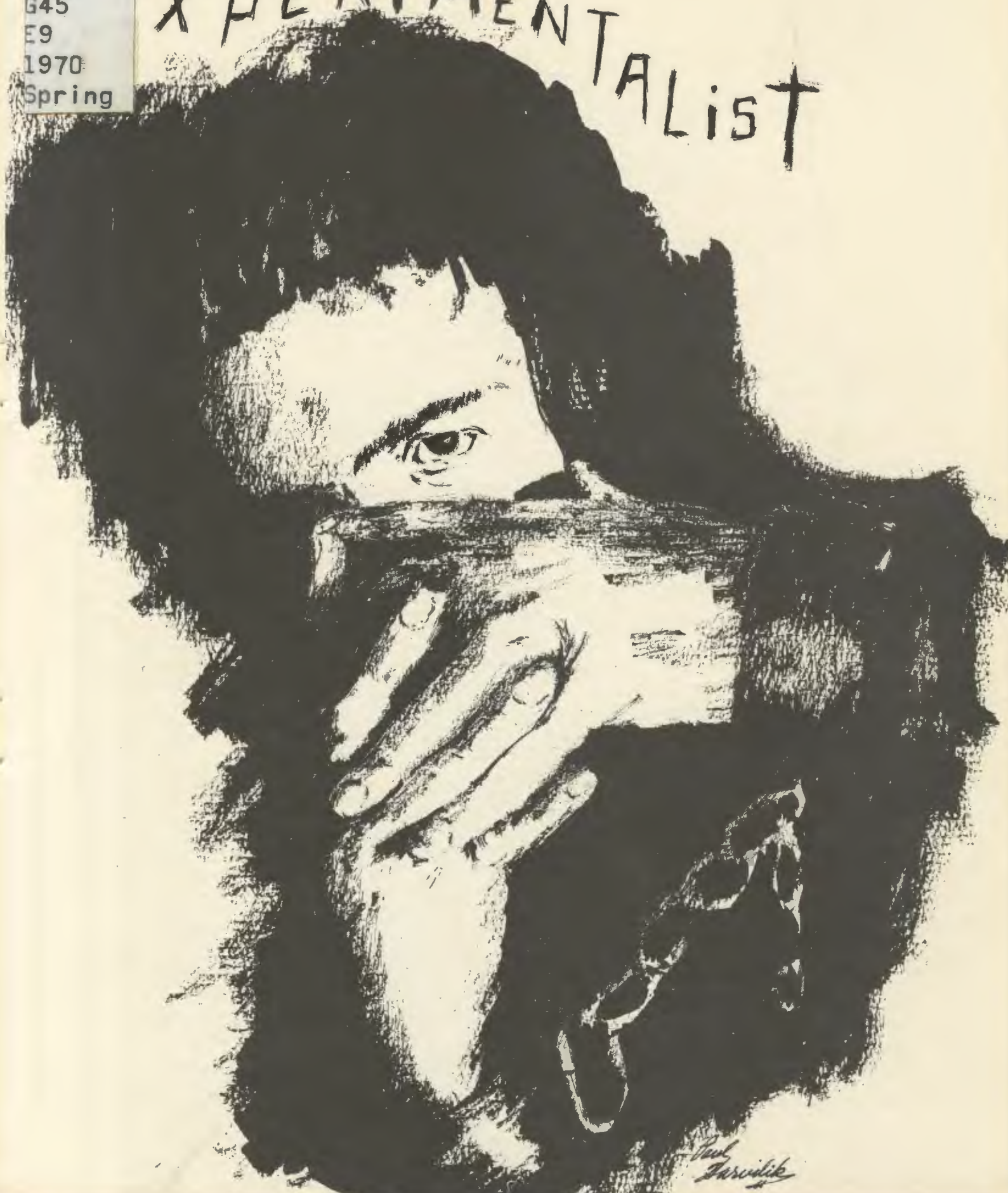


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XPERIMENTALIST



Paul
Forsythe

S.U.N.Y. - GENESEO

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1970

SPRING

Spring 1970
(issued May 21, 1970)

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In an age of perfectionism, let this magazine
stand forever, a living monument to the forces of anti-
professionalism.

FLIT DREAMED

a great fat lady
with quadruple chins,
a thin kimona,
her eyes like butterflies
writhing, caught in
mouldy dough, but
he awoke, was glad
to find himself in hell
with yellow-tattooed demons
cartwheeling in agony
around the burning carcass
of himself.

Janet Fox

Slowly down the current-creek he drifted
frail in his silver boat
face of a madman (Adam)
body of a goat.
Heralded by the nightjar and salamander,
as slow and quietly he moved as the dawn permeates.

While Madam, the queen,
descended in a trance
like one moved by wheels through the sliding glass,
sceptre of applewood held in her fist.
So slow and regal that the sun rose
the snake forgot to hiss.

Unsmiling they met
on the banks of the slow-moving creek
and silently invoked their solemn reign.
Startled, the heron fled,
the frog croaked.

all the circles of people
into the world
into the earth; turning, turning
down the paths to the dusty highways
through damp stifled caverns
into oblivion
into nowhere; turning, turning
like great grey-faced clocks
controlling the beating of hearts
the dapple-eyed and soft spoken ones
rotating, revelating
round and round---

a unit of the quiet earth
circling together like forest elk
like soaring vultures over the road:
whirling and wheeling like
broken yellow pages of an old traveler's book
swirling and stealing thoughts from the poet's book
going and growing into the sun
into the weeds
whyling and dying,
round and round--

Susan Higgins

sad girl,
girl of sorrow
in brown and empty hallways
counting color designs
on the brown floor;
your endless hair is entwined
round the ragged sleeves
that you sewed this morning
to your tightened body,
like straw

poor girl,
desolate one
girl of the lonely afternoon
asking rhyming questions
and counting faces in the cold
blaze of winter
(thinking of numbers today)
are you counting yourself to sleep
against the weeping knock of the wind?

little girl,
forest child filled with tears
watching snow slide easily onto the street
from your candle-lighted tower;
timing the misical patterns perfectly
and the glide of snow;
you hear the silver flashing key
unlocking the laced door---
like a warmth that you wait for.
but why do you count these apparitions
like lost brothers
and lovers?

Susan

COLLAGE

My life a collage

Of bit parts

Walk-ons

Stand-stills

Never a major role

Not even in a showcase

And now Indian summer

No you can't call it Indian summer

Since I never had summer summer

My major role

Is a bone condition

So unique in the annals of medicine

I'm the star of the clinics

Reviewed in medical journals

World specialists

Attend my performances

Strange disease

That lets me play the lead

Emile Glen

The rain gathers itself
in the still air

the sky is lighter
in the last

Josef

The moon's a high
riser tonight
out over the red
brick wall with the white
letters J. Aprile 1914
on the top
a boy swings his bat
but the moon is only an orange
baseball
that my window winks at
half-shut.

josef

Opus

To paint the artist soul would require paints and utensils
yet unmixed and unfashioned.

Through which chink in his wall can you view him, when
there are so many ?

His light ~~shining~~ through any one of them;

Each tortured seam seemingly wishing to give life to another.

His symmetry is twisting and turning; what is in wants out
and what is out filters flowin, in.

His frustrations become his works,
His deathbed becomes his greatest frustration.

Licurse

Passing on the highway
we spoke for just a while
and shared a summer dawning
and lived within a smile.

I see the mists before me
that cover up the trail
that I will ride tomorrow
upon a silver whale--

Now will you chose the mare
that waves her chestnut tail,
or will you take the stardust
and on the night-sea sail?

For rivers ever flowing,
and life drifts on and on,
and when I look to winter
the chestnut mare has gone.

whirling and wheeling like
broken yellow pages of an old traveler's book
swirling and stealing thoughts from the poet's diary
going and growing into the sun
into the weeds
whirling and dying,
round and round--

S. Higgins

Washwomen will
hang your breath
over cold light
of
shuttered windows-----
She will
Dream
of sidewalks snowing
through a forgotten violence
and BURN
concrete
from the sparrow's tongue
i cannot
for my skin is
the lizard's night

Keith A. Kuzmak

in the city's summer
a tree is dreaming
a girl with
bells on her
fingers
smiles to herself...

-josef

The moon is full
over the August beach
In the half light
All is still, except for the
waves.
The waves are silver.
I look at the light
on the water.

-josef

The Day The Madonna Dropped
The Child in the Market
and Left Him There to be Sold
by the Pound

Stephen Tomasella

I.

There have been windows
built above my garden this Sunday

windows that are closed
and stained glass

frosted by the yawn of the morning... +

windows that will be closed forever
watching me spill myself
into the bowl of a rose

windows that guide me in my toilet service.

(it is here that I listen to the penance
of a thief
as he signs himself with sleep...

windows sent from the dome of a cathedral
marked by the sounds of a clock
and by pigeons.

Each week as I stand in these windows
I wish that the foreheads of neighbors
would wrinkle or disappear

so that I could crumble in safety.

II.

I am the mirror of your confessions
held before you at the moment
you sat by your morning door
waiting for a lavender dawn
to knock there quietly.

I shall be the shadow
on the walls of your nightmares
as you throw buttercups
to the wind
made bold from the strengt of your shawl.

Graves are filling themselves
with the throats of black men
and are watched from the hands
of their sister cribs.

I was the porcelain
bound to your knuckles
by the memory of a slain calf
and you are dying now.

III.

There were no bedsheets to cover her body
scarred and pocked the way it was
so three year old children swarmed it
and were allowed to peel the scabs
for their collection.

Mothers were pleased
that their husbands were sucking the warm milk
from butchered children's bellies
making green colored chalk
form across rows of teeth.

Men in flannel uniforms
took me to the edge of a wood
and put a gun to my head
in the name of my lover.

I fell at their feet
choking at the thought of men in my mouth
and was trampled by them
and their yellow haired grandmothers.

Lying there bleeding
I can only hope
that the children's fingernails are clean
when they come to peel me.

Prayer

As a child
I would open my eyes
to see
my ribbons
as cockroaches

At school
I would vomit
at the smell of chocolate
or the point
of a finger

(Lord, I am not worthy)

When I knew
there was no Santa,
I told my younger sister.

(that I should come under your roof.)

I skipped
down the street singing
so that I would not
have to see . . .
the eyes of the men
who waited for me
in each doorway

(Speak but the word)

In darkness
I prayed
for the screaming
to end
for the parents
to stop

(and my soul will be healed.)

Maureen Flanner

THE CONFERENCE

One of them looked like he needed a women bad.
For some reason, the sole female, unattached, didn't qualify.
One fellow, in dark glasses, looked much as Alexander might have, when disillusioned with conquest; only signing autographs for old folks kept him going on.
One fellow, in shadows, was smiling, his eyes intent.
His voice, it seemed, was some distance from the proceedings.
One fellow looked authoritative, but remained quiet.
One fellow, lips pressed tight, veins bulging, eyes squinted, could be smelled for his right but unnerving hostility.
One fellow looked intelligent and seemed to be just about to forgive everyone.
Another fellow looked startled at everything.
Months later, a stranger who was not present, coughed.
But nothing came of that either.

Seamus Finn

games

this is a poem of games
and this game is a poem

-kris tortora

unacc.

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Experimentalist.

NONCIRCULATING

