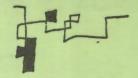
1983 Spring experimentalist

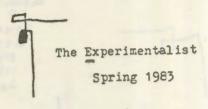


1

If I could say what is in my mind in Sanscrit or even in Latin I would do so. But I cannot. I speak for the integrity of the soul and the greatness of life's inanity; the formality of its boredom; the orthodoxy of its stupidity. Kill! kill! let there be fresh meat....

William Carlos Williams





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45

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T.F. MaGee- Beercan Snapshot 1983

Frozen frame slowmotion He careens Stopaction to somewhere elde

I know all this.

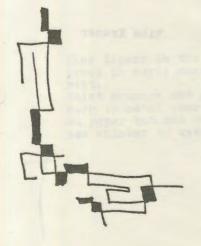
And cannot slow him down to now or speed him up to now or even pause his path of split time directions into a moment- now.

He will burn:
A scorched comet photograph
his hurtling descent
(leaning in doorways, his eyes nowhere)
and i will watch.

Darkroom chemicals singe and smear his face away from here

The negative is black, the picture, white.

(blazeout)



Andrea Cox



Restless Nights

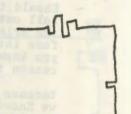
Cobras in a closet box for an old lady's protection Giant slings' boulders exploding fireworks over the lake shore

Floating to my backyard in a land on the clouds My house at dusk becoming high but floating back down

Watching helicopters at the airport during naptime in Lake Placid

Hurrying to protect my dog from taunting by evil bullies

Waking from a dream with my eyes glued together Waking from a dream

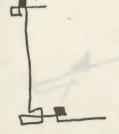


Footsteps in Time

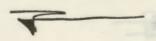
here
yesterday
but
not
today
the descending
generations
remember
and
continue

to be
today
I am
alive
I am
family of
past and
I
unite
the future

I am
alive
tomorrow
to be
some day
in
the future
present
give birth
to
descendants



Paul Pakusch





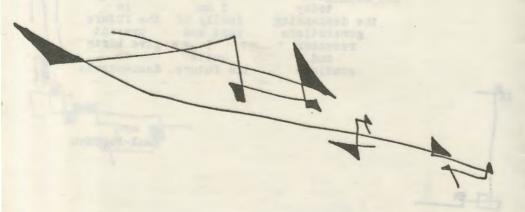
Here in my own kind of pathos a static unity flares me

a curiosity you're not here and me surrounded by these gossamer petals, silly sfumatos dancing like bees

Should the light you see fall out of my eyes the prints of my fingers fade into grey you know you'd have no reason to cry

because after all we Snowdens aren't anything more than you late Yossarians

Derek Owens



Supermarket free-for-all: ancient ladycrabs bustle

Supermarket free-for-all:
ancient ladycrabs bustle
darting from the overhead's glare.
Do the knitting-needle shuffle
around the curler-monstrous counterclickers
their girdles slowly heaving like the rythmn of the sea;

I will not become one of you, yet
I know
we are inside you;
rolls of American fat hide the rockers you once were.
You have forgotten.
Scars hide the memories;
so do not weep:
grab the last undented can
for it will soon be gone,
dust before the storm of history.
and I
will be young forever.



The cobbled street
bomb-dusted and misty
bloody, quiet.
The hand on the sidewalk
opens slowly
like a flower,
releasing
faceless murder,
floating down through the mist
between the sirens
beyond the churchbells.

Kieran Shanahan



Truth

We play with it or We break it We refused it We hate it

We knew it
We know it
I have mine
We have ours
They have theirs
But it is false

It is already made
It is believing like a God
It is a mystery
It is everywhere

It is the only one
It is dangerous
It was black
It became white

The truth is in the street
In political meetings or in the churches
The Mafioso sees it in his mirror
The priest in his bible

It is nude or
It is crucified
It is in bronze or
It is in metal

It was black
It became white

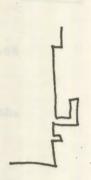


THE STREET, AND

A blind man saw it After, he did not remember

The truth, everybody has his own
We search for it
even if we know it
We lost it a long time ago

Particular sign: Fear.



A collossus with metal feet Is watching over the border Kids with weak hands Play with dirt

Widows with pretty hands Exude the tea An old man with a nice smile Comes out of smoke

It is the big wave

A lonely king
On his stupid throne
A bar, a watch
A piece of land
That is his empire

Kids playing in the shadows of guns The mixed up weather Six months of Prison A maniac

It is the big wave

A star fell from heaven Fell in front of me

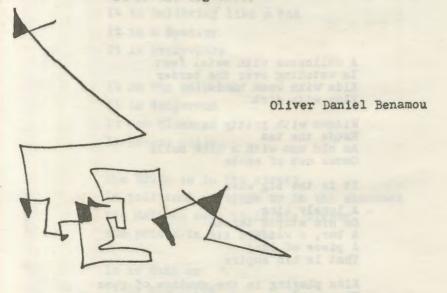
If I was believing
It would be a gift of God

Streets don't live anymore
It is much more easy
We are stained for life
Our vocabulary is reduce to fifty words

It is the big wave

We don't make love anymore Unless they need our kids We are the prisoners Of our own freedom

It is the big wave.





A pyramid in the rain.

It received a hearty round of applause.

An enormous woman set off in pursuit...

and stopped Fell back.

Were they clapping at her?

The soggy cigarette in her hand she crushes it and looks uneasily, an awkward smile, and lipstick silly flowers on her dress, hair drenched.

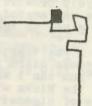
The story of a fat woman.

But look, she says—don't you see?

The rain! It's feeding on the mountain.

Carrying down its substance. All that it's worth.

Somebody! Do something! Do something!



Talcum powder 'sidewalk to blow me away (as if I were running). A crack appears beneath my wriggling giggling toes, and flicking past the chunked up pavement, just barely touching.
(in my mind I've chipped my teeth, tripping on the tiles) and falling slowly in the powder nutmeg dust, but falling in the same position always, I can't get off the single frame, a repetition, so my tongue goes automatic, and slides behind my lip (for protection) and I can't stop, purple tie dye whirling panting giggling dancing.



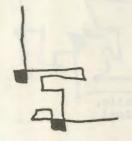
Miranda Arnold



Lumps

Sometimes they sit there so long
I wonder if they'll ever be able
to get up again. When they do
the dust flies in all directions,
and the dents in the couch are
a mile deep and the dogs jump
and yelp because they forgot
there was anybody sitting there,
eyes glued to the tube.

Once I was tempted to set off the smoke alarm because as you know you can't watch the Celtics play the Nicks without a few packs of cigarettes and I didn't know if they were aware they filled the room with a thick grey smog, but I didn't do it because I just hate being disrespectful and they probably wouldn't have heard it anyway.



Theresa Hoffman

Fantasy: Behind Sturges

If ice will not conceal its throbs, you too will seek this place. Winter begets its own strange strain of passion -- and there are those who do not quail at cold. Come in:

The wind is honed upon itself in such a place-high above the snarls of twigs, the plodding backs of people's homes. Here, the ledges stretch like steps insanely placed--stairs into the edging black that, already,

only moments ago, had swallowed the valley, the frozen whole. Stand still. Each breath drawn here is a thrust of downward cold; the wind is wild to violate every hidden crevice like a bidden stranger

My shirt-front presses lightly, pushed at once by wind and by my body. All that I need say is that "I'm tired of words,"

"Teach me silence." --so distant is this place: A thousand paltry lyrics simply fled, and I am left alone upon a ledge, awaiting--

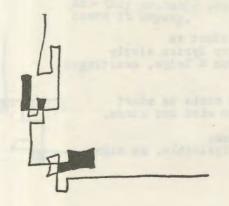
Winter's passion craves this heat-pressed cold, such stabs as start at once from out and in, from wind and words.

I called you here with silence, which is white, but tracks, invisible, at night.

Kirsten Mortensen

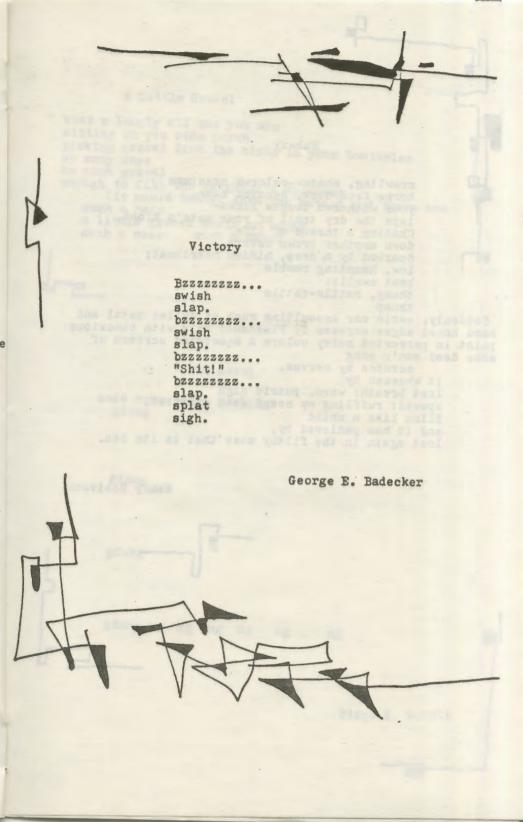


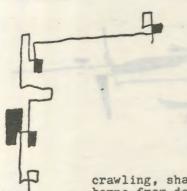
first a bright white light flashes over the clear blue air. A cigarette burns its acrid fumes rise second first A crowd of people rise and cheer screaming in their ... His body was found at two o'clock on the broken concrete second third A lie spoken ever so softly so as not to be heard second A newborn baby screams its joy at its first breath of death never ending the smell lingers throughout the morgu first third And all the people watch the new show in town brought to town in circus trucks white red blue and all the people sit in stark attention dead.



Daniel DeMarle







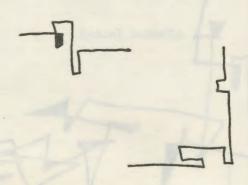
Subway

crawling, shadow-colored creature borne from dark, decayed cave, your withered tongue licks-laps the dry trail of your mate's blood, Chasing a thread of life. down another brown cavern. Sparked by a deep, hidden heartbeat; low, haunting rumble beat swells: thump, rattle-rattle thump

Suddenly, eerie ear assaulting rush of dulled metal and hard honed edges screams by Flashened only with obnoxious paint in perverted noisy colors a squelched screech of some dead man's song

scrapes my nerves.
it wheezes by
last breath: warm, putrid sigh
spewed: ruffling my scarf with surprise.
Blink like a child
and it has panicked by,
lost again in the filthy maze that is its den.

Nancy Rosivach



A Little Gravel

What a lonely old man you are
sitting on you side porch
picking gravel from the nicks in your bootsoles
so many days
so much gravel
enough to fill the neighbor's driveway
(it would better than the rutted mud there now
such a mess
a little gravel costs so much?
such a mess such a mess)

4-

The Gavel

once more--with feeling!

gdung

gdung

gdung ng ng ng ng ng

Diane K. DcMott



It is like a dance a wicked whirling pas de deux Tangle...juicy peach-flesh, grey polished muslin Star-smoke, powdered diamonds dissolve over them Crumbled moon: love-dust

Rippling ginger waterfall; he quiets its flirting
upon his salty fingers, gets lost in a silky lemon grove
Her nails tease, scrape, curlanduncurl his hair of crispy coal
Her tongue paints his ear with glistening watercolors
(It tastes of citron, she giggles, winedrop cookies)

Captured, sculpted in slate, or ice Turn and twine in mutual yes

Always, after, winks in syncopation, dutiful stroking, smiles
Musky dreams of moving, making
Coffee: pungent, sharp...splintered bacon...muffins

Blue shower, daytime greasepaint
Dressing in neutral shades of ambition
Off to practice tolerant Monopoly
Only to return, to love's reality
sane passion

quiet fire-dance upon white-hot stones

Margaret Aloi





Girl by the Lake

I saw Venus today.

She was ivory white,
delicately dirty pebble grey toes and truly blonde hair atangle.

I rode by in my blush for her innocent breasts,
absolutely unheeded,
and an unplanned beauty she held in goldenrod hands.

I saw this child from the shell squeeze her mouth behind a smile;
in her curls and elf eyes she would be a fine lady with my
grandmother's earrings

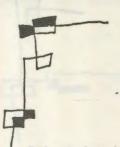
She knows,
my car passing this split second under a cloudy sunset,
that she has beauty, and the lake, and the field of leather-stalked
cornflowers

and powdery yellow drifting goldenrod
while all I have is to look at her.
My car is down industrial yellow licked highway too fast,
she is jostled and blurred in the mirror.
She is white in green field.
She is Venus,
and makeup cracks around my eyes,
color bitten from my lips,
threads of red still where a kiss had been:
once I was a child.



Andrea Cox





Like a dog it slept the fever-wind and chewed with mustard breath the rose-soaked jute.

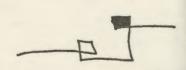
Aches of statues cast
like finger nails aside
through wind no longer sing
as sun-baked hearts are left to up from trenches sift,
breeding water from blood.

Smearing with yellow grin
a man pasted in flame
asks me for the time
but I could hear the watch-hands tick
and saw instead from popcorn sores flow sap
over toes
and into mouths.

The chapped dogs
wipe their crescents clean
with tongues gliding gently across the knife-edge
"stay for me"
a child through vermillion lips clipped short "stay
for me"
(but her hands, I saw, had stopped
and fused together an electric brown).

All relatives, all lay dozing like a banshee the fever-wind rips on golden Assam.

Derek Owens

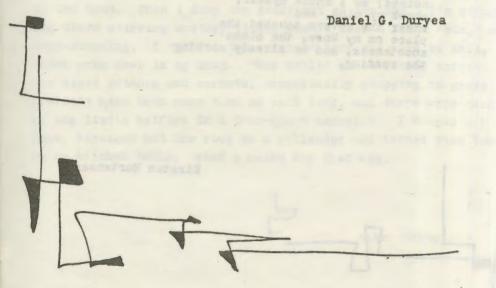


M

Trying Too Hard

An apparition
a collage of frailty and innocence.
Grace deftly placed;
form intricately traced.
Emotion rendered indelible.
I embark; there is nothingness.

A dreamer at no time can determine a stage. Direction eludes the heart, resembling four walls covered with mirrors. Emotion once true, is now false. Love the burlesque; the eternal companion. I embark; there is nothingness.



"What's that?" she queried, pointing, other hand on the wheel. and I looked down at my bared knee. Outside, the tall homes and maples lined by, pretending to be Washington Avenue, my hometown, although I knew (as one knows it's Tuesday or another) that the street was a guise of ordinary a spoof a mural wedged on rays that are not or painted brain cells--but what lane isn't? I looked down, knowing I didn't need to answer, feeling as I always feel with her. pleased, eager and nervous as if my neck might be unwashed or I might stutter. "You'd better open it" (squeeze it, I thought) "and let it drain. And put something on it." She pulled over in town and dropped me off. There came her son. But we'd had our good-bye already (with our thighs pressing and throated noises) so I shook myself, shook my mind, and under the covers touched the place on my knee, the clean smoothness, and me already working the reading.

Kirsten Mortensen



Cows in my Soup

Surprised? You bet! It was a rainy day in midsummer and I needed lunch. Needed it bad. Real bad. So I checked the kitchen cupboards and found them virtually bare. All that remained was a single tin can, the one with the label worn off that had been in there since before I moved in. Into the apartment, not the cupboard.

Anyway, I figured it was soup. Soup or dog food, and I didn't have a dog and couldn't afford to buy one. You figure fifteen bucks for one without papers, plus tags and a leash and a piece of vinyl compound molded in the shape of a T-bone and there's thirty dollars, and if I had thirty dollars for a dog, I sure as hell wouldn't be playing "guess my contents" with a labelless tin can.

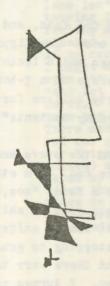
So I open the tin can, put a saucepan on the stove and tur up the heat. Then I dump the stuff out of the can. I'm standing there stirring mystery liquid when I hear a faint "moo," reatiny-sounding. I turn on the overhead lamp and sure as shit, there were cows in my soup. They ambled about lazily amidst the diced potaces and carrots, occasionally stopping to graze. Couldn't have been more than an inch long, and there were twenty of the little heifers in a four-quart saucepan. I turned off the heat, strained out the cows in a collander and turned them loose on my kitchen table. What a weird day that was.

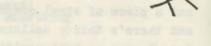


Mike Framer



To the act the act the act of art





and to Tim Slocum

master of the Red Tape Dance

