

THE DANCE

Porch Life

A windowpane spinning, a glass to keep the elements comfortable. This ceiling to lean on, this pole to lay. Porch life and a candle for support. This pole to hold, this pole for support.

Have now and a then there is to, day strong as a good corn. What a goal. What a beautiful life, porch.

The big pole, the king of a all- awake dancer! Welcome in, but don't knock, the door didn't knock you. It's a well being door, a perfect place for the sun.

There is only trouble when there are live in your feet. You can only dance good when it's a truth you seek.



This step to sit, this step to hold. This step to step, porch.

The lawn is loved too, it's friends to the porch, which will lead us to practicing.

Cielo

My spirit got up one night and started playing with the lights on the ceiling. It moved with those bits of light, those escalators of bending light. My spirit got up there among them and joined in their play.

The shadows watched, sometimes blushing when the tide of flowing light entrained one of their corners for a moment. For shadows are shy.

It was a party on the ceiling. A dance on the walls. Current after returning current of light flashed about me and the solo spirit actually as, stayed in time, joined in the dance. Trumpets played and the air grew to.

The right lights shined their living columns to the jazz of the trumpets and my swaying spirit moved in and out of the darkness in unison with the lights: refracting and retracting, their grace captivated me and drew me in as I watched. It made no sense to me though, nor being apart, but how my spirit played.

I was moved by my own beauty, or should I say my spirit's beauty, that I felt embarrassed and asked my spirit in return. It said "I am" and continued on its fun.

The waves of light seemed to laugh as they shot across the room with my spirit - a pure moment. I watched every wave. I was on, but I felt left out. I too wanted to float in the light of her. It didn't seem to be so that so - a spirit could do this. Finally, he said so that it was because I was too

heavy that I couldn't play. I started to cry and my spirit seemed pleased by this. "That's right, return. Return," encouraged the released spirit.

As the water flowed from my eyes it began to fill up the room and I started to float on a bed of the cool, calm blue of my own tears. Light and water now coalesced in the room. The more I cried, "returned" as my spirit had said, the closer I came to the lights. Flickering literally now, around the ceiling, through the water and down the walls.

The closer I came to joining my spirit, playing in the heaven of the little room's ceiling, the more I wept. The more I wept though, the happier I became until I stopped crying. I floated peacefully close to the ceiling, my spirit and the wonderful lights.

Remembering the game, my spirit and the lights, with the shadows watching, tucked high in the corners just above the water's line, surrounded me and in a silent count of three gave me a sudden push. I glided through the water on my back till I hit my head against the wall behind me. I laughed with joy. Waiting, to see how I would take it, my spirit, the lights and even the shadows then joined in laughter. I had never been happier in my life.

Then I thought, "This can't be. I can't be this happy. Heaven is further away than just my ceiling."



As quietly as it had begun the trumpets stopped playing and the lights stopped dancing. I floated back down to my bed, and as my spirit returned my body, with one last look towards the ceiling, it sadly whispered, "all."

Practicing

The orchestra played, too could feel how the music filled the air. The dancer jiggled. Stern-faced attention was paid to each step lifting moving in the movement no one could complain.

It was simple to practice for the sky was blue mingled with grey, laughing at white which always had the advantage of form. Of course, with form comes movement. With movement comes dance.

The dancer practiced and the day was filled with a thousand clogging sounds of two feet pounding the dusty floor to brick hard.

For many, these days were lost to sitting and resting back and forth. But not to the one that practices for the big day. The big part when the curtain would open, (imagined) the dancer and master, every move would be just right.

For that is the way of practicing.

Alguien

I think we met. It makes you want to see the air. I blow in my forehead hurt. Light another day has gone we've done...

Do you remember you, I thought great you were capable of memory, but at a moment, I'll show you hate words, the this news and don't I put. If I could say would have to be a way we're living expression, some kin statement, some kind words.

You just sat in that clay pot for all the movies in your the only thing I've long time is inhale, smoke go?



Somewhere scratched think yesterday. I've gone before I even be was kind of pleasant observation strikes a tip in the thickness a moment I thought I

Till later de

The fire in his like his temper. The stage on fire scared awakens. They were in entry.

Now he dances in desire. A little mad,

interview with rick d. dawson

why did you decide to put up the financial backing for rebest?

oh my gawd are you still holding on to this dead dog of an idea. fill in that blank page with something else. a drawing.

do i hear you saying you dont want to be interviewed.

i havent had time to think about what ive been thinking about.

yeah yeah yeah.

given your editorial policy i can trust i gotta withhold information i dont want you to publish.

you dont have to think about it.

well, actually i do have to think about it. its not every day you get an opportunity to give something back to your folks.

gee. you do it all the time. you always have.

in a way, i suppose--but this was--

yes--

im thinkin now--

not too fast are you.

actually im thinking real fast. its a lotta stuff to think about, theres a principle in gift giving--you dont give gifts for people in their area of expertise. well, whattya give an artist. the best thing you can give is the kind of thing that lets them do their art.

so thats why you did it.

thats why i did it.

what is your publishing policy. how do you feel publishers should operate.

dont ask a dont tell. oh my god i should have a philosophy of publishing? i dont have one. i never gave it a thought. it was a gift. you dont have strings attached to gifts. it was a gift.

some people are beginning to believe absolutely nothing matters. its completely futile. do you believe this way?

no. everything matters.

why do you say that--

im beginning to notice more and more examples--empirical examples of karma in my life. something that happened in the past comes back and influences the present. and i didnt used to believe in karma. youd talk about it and id listen. id say yeah yeah but. its not the end whats happening now. its just a piece of it and influences the future. each time we step one step closer to a better answer.

in the wheel of karma where is rebest going.

i dont have any idea. its where you were me & where youre going. someday i'll meet someone from some obscure place & he will say RICK DAWSON RICK DAWSON werent you a publisher. and my jawll fall slack. SETTLE SETTLE...thats my grandpaw. i dont know where its going. it haant got me a tax deduction.

interview with clyde l. zettle

why did you decide to put up the financial backing for rebest?

oh was you thought it was gonna be a good deal & i thought OK im in.

thats it huh?

yeah. howd i know.

what would you say is your publishing policy. how do you believe publishers should operate.

well they should be sure everythings on the up & up & nothing haywire. get those guys working hard & turning in good work. just tell the truth & nothing but the truth.

thats a good policy.

dare right.

some people are beginning to believe ab-

solutely nothing matters. its all completely futile. do you believe this way?

no. thats just some people. they get so up & up. they take the easy way out.

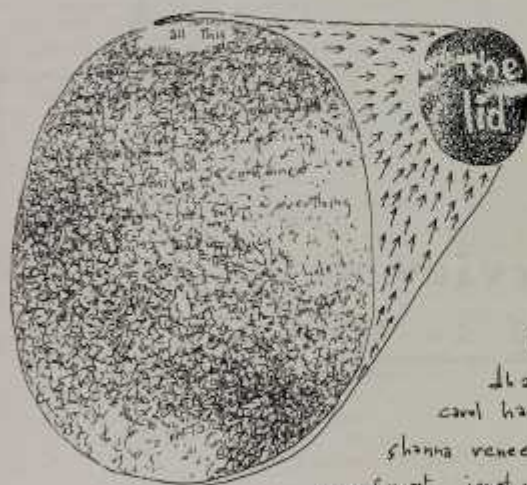
you think so, dad?

things go on. you cant jump in the black hole. you gotta remember we are ALL going to die. this's not too bad a life. if you think positive youll feel better. you can get a lot out of it. you cant give up. why youd have no fun. you wdnt want to go to rano or none of those places. im thinking positive right now. im goin up to ranna & im quir rabbis. im thinking im gonna catch a couple maybe.

what about if you cant think positive. what if you dont think its worth it.

take out \$100,000 insurance for the relatives & go jump in a lake. theyll think positiv.

rebeat no. 4 'the lid' publishers: clyde zettie, rich
 dawson editor: sloj layout/design: dave nichols & nichols/sloj
 studio publication — cover: d nichols inside cover: jeremy
 wilson page 1: interview page 3: stephan cooter page 6:
 breon ossella page 10: jernell spires — three women
 trouble page 11: claudia cave page 14: wendy johnson
 page 26: t. s. nichols — page 18:
 fiona martin page 22: eric
 loure page 27 sloj
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id like to
 thank don may seph
 reese breon ossella jernell (jer-
 rel) spires dave moore eric loure
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 rich dawson (publishers) jeff dearing (printer) and
 my mate dave nichols — thanks you
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rebeat
 P.O. box 13357
 Salem, Oregon
 97394-1357

DR. NO'S LITERARY TERMS, THEIR ENDS, AND OTHER higher ORGANISMS

Stephan Cooter

HYPERBOLE. Life was exaggeration.

Tulips were impossibly ostentatious then, and words grew taller with the trees. It was exactly what you thought it was and a few other things you didn't think of. It told the truth even about a thousand masticating virgins who chewed bubble gum and passed their ruminations on to him. He saved them for a later time, just to get even. At 13, he lost himself reading between the lines never to be found again. In fiction, he thought he found truth, in true **DILEMMAS** and false **PARADOXES**, where one thing was as good and as bad as another without contradiction. In life too, arrow-poison, curare, cured many things then, the death of one in the life of another. Chemists made hundreds of things from a simple root. They grew up together, coenzymes, co-partners. **JUXTAPOSITIONS.** They lie side by side. Good and bad news were shown on the same station without canceling each other out. As above, so below, as within, so without. In the little thing is the big thing. In the outside was the inside.

MISE EN SCENE. attitude in place.

Ph.D. oral examination, 1967

Fishbait, an eighty-year-old, tried to listen but couldn't, being as deaf as she was. Garden played Bach's Fugue in D minor while I listened. Fishbait couldn't hear it.

That was an understatement. They did and didn't like anyone to get a swollen head, so they invented terms to trim you down to size. I shrank with the term, growing larger as it diminished me. The disappointment was a gift.

"How sweet of you to refer to my old self as an angel," Fishbait said. It was plus one for me by way of originality in hearing. God blessed all deaf things. I had referred to Shakespeare's good and bad angels, not her aging self. I'd liked Shakespeare's dark lady, but I didn't care for Fishbait. She'd given me a B minus for misspelling one word in a twenty-page paper. I held a grudge.

Stovepipe stood outside a picture window, looking in, sitting in the ivy, giving me a thumbs-up sign. I could see the rain boiling off the sidewalks behind him, and Fellini had given me a cheering squad. **PARADOX.**

A whole gaggle of doctors together in one place was a frightening thing. At first, you thought there was so much intelligence in the room that someone dropping a bomb could wipe out the hope of the race. You wished then that intelligent people were attracted to politics; but after awhile, you wished someone WOULD drop the bomb for the uses they put their intelligence to.

Outside, I saw Stovepipe walking behind a parade of mans
 goosing the last one in line to bring out all the life forces
 lurking under their habits. THE DOCTRINE OF
 SIGNATURES. There's a remedy for all things standing
 just outside you. I decided goosing was my best line of
 defense. "You must know the famous novel *Lolita*," I said.
 I'd never gone wrong by assuming someone had read
 something. At the mention of *Lolita*, Dr. Fishbait fainted
 dead away. She was one of a pair. "Look what you've
 done," Dr. Garden said. "Now, mind yo' manners, son."
 "Well, we all know that *Lolita*, the character, was
 Nabokov's metaphor, his personification, for his love of
 writing, his muse, his anima."
 "How do we know that?" the sleaze Garden said.
 "Socrates never footnoted," I said, by way of historical
 information and self-defense.
 "You're not Socrates," Dr. Garden pointed out.
VERISIMILITUDE. That was true.
 "NABOKOV SAID SO IN HIS OWN INTRODUCTION,"
 I whispered as quietly as I could. "And Doris Lessing's *One
 Off The Short List* is a self-inflicted joke on herself. The
 minor characters always steal the show. The writer gets
 jerked off by his own scenery. Nobody notices the real
 author." It's only the setting. The classics instructor who
 wrote in Latin and thought that way too, had written on the
 blackboard, *rabbits murdered their grandmothers*. **NON-
 LINEAL CODIFICATION OF REALITY.** Rabbits do
 murder their grandmothers or their grandchildren, you
 know, when it comes to reading. Life did imitate art, or the
 monks tried to get people to by reading them the Bible
 about divine love. They thought love for people and things
 was a great idea. But it never caught on, so they invented
 goddesses on pedestals for knights to rescue, a little
 exaggeration about divine love, quite imaginative but
 unpredictable. Unfortunately, it was a metaphor, which
 others didn't see as such because they were reading
 someone's writing a hundred years later or so. One
 generation's metaphor became the next generation's reality.
 Words were something exorcised on a therapist's couch.
 Think of Liberace, even if you don't want to. Suppose the
 Beatles ever watched old glitter puss on TV? How about
 the millions of kids who had nothing better to do with their
 time than zombie out in front of long-haired Gorgeous
 George, the wrestler. If you don't remember him, think of
 hair styles in the 60's. It's funny what sticks with little kids.
 In a decade, their hair grew long while their ears grew deaf.
 My grandmother liked the dialogue because wrestlers
 shouted. All Oregonian loggers look like Gorgeous. You
 see a lot of George and Liberace in the woods and on MTV.
 The acting and clothing are still *exaggerated*, but the music
 is more understated. The outside becomes you. Take
AMBIGUITY out of politics. It's better in literature.
BIOGRAPHICAL FALLACY. Shakespeare really didn't
 write his autobiography in his plays. "Biographical fallacy?"
 Fishbait swooned and her usual parchment complexion
 returned. She was a Romantic teacher, you know, Shelly
 and Wordsworth, and knew what the first line of the first
 review was to *The Prelude*. ("This will never do' if you have
 to know.") She believed that everything was biography.

Biography was her favorite thing. She hadn't gotten around to literature yet, but life was long. Dr. Henner, the giraffe, had never stooped to read more than one book, but he knew it backwards and forwards. He wanted to know about biographical fallacies too. So I said, "We haven't gotten beyond the Romantics yet." This was an exaggeration. Henner hadn't gotten beyond Chaucer. But that was a good place not to get beyond. I say this without any judgmental attitudes intended; they were both completely stupid about some things. But I didn't care about that. I cared about the irresistible ironies of being human, the experience likened to a jail from which there was and was not any release: culture was a prison, the body, the prison of the soul, an idea, the prison of experience. Words were a release for □ the writer and handcuffs for those who took in the third sequel. □ Stovepipe, my next door neighbor, had never learned to read, but he was trying to at twenty seven. Because □ written words were so new to him, he □ understood.

DEFAMILIARIZATION. The old is made new and strange. □ I went out into the ivy and threw up on Campbell Hall. Stovepipe patted me on the back while I threw up twenty cups of coffee, six packets □ of Knox gelatin, and twenty-six years' worth of expectations. □ Stovepipe patted me on the back again. "Hey, you know you been answering a lot of questions, and I been thinkin' about this question a long time now, man. I been up on the roof lookin' at stars a lot, man, and I went to this class, and they was talkin' about the speed of light, man. I thought about speed, and I don't care about that. I care about the dark between the stars. The meaning between the lines, man. The speed of ink, man. The dark. That's what I want to know, man. I want to know about the darkness. I want to know what the meaning of darkness is, man. Would you tell me that, man?" I stopped retching into the ivy for a second to see my deaf nemesis standing in the doorway. □ "Hello, Stovepipe." It was Fishbait who greeted my friend. She stood there in the doorway to Campbell Hall looking like a bent-and-broken coat hanger looking at kids playing after school. It was she who greeted the man who lived behind me on Liberty Street. I suddenly realized who had been teaching Stovepipe how to read and write. "How's old Wordsworth treating you now these days, man?" Stovepipe said to Fishbait. Masculine and feminine weren't important to him or to her. Old Fishbait nodded. She couldn't quite hear him all the time. "He's my neighbor, man." Stovepipe put his hand on my shoulder while I got the dry heaves. □ "Your neighbor is very ingenious, indeed, Stovepipe," she said. "But he can't spell for the life of him." She waved and left and faded back into Campbell Hall, a memory and a metaphor. My enemy turned friend. Stovepipe didn't forget. "How about the dark, man?"

"I'll think about it for a few years and get back to you," I said. "Okay, but I want to know bad, man. So don't forget." I didn't. I remembered and worried about it for twenty-seven years even though I'm not entirely convinced he ever existed. I miss him, though, and Fishbait and the giraffe and Garden and the end of the term. It's funny how things that weren't quite real to begin with became that way near the end. I'm still thinking about it.

BREON BREON BREON BREON OSSELLA OSSELLA OSSELLA ~~THE SHIT N' HONEY YEARS~~ THE SHIT N' HONEY YEARS

4/1

I'm a girl sometimes a boy always a woman periodically a man. I'mawhitegirlI'mawhitegirlI'mawhitegirl and a nicegirl nicegirl nicegirl. I'm no fish wrappings man and I've never been a snitchbaby. I used to bury my dead gerbils in huge balls of tinfoil I don't know why. When I'm alone in the dark I snicker or I bawl my stupid head off but then a long hard bellycry restores me back to tastyfresh.

4/2

Morning came and I didn't throw chairs at it I was thinking of cloudberryies and turning 21 I want to sit in clubs and pledge my tangled head to disjointed music and drink gin till it giggles out my sleeves.

4/5

Fifth period. It was like I walked in after the picture started. She was standing in the school hallway all alone with these weird shells around her neck and blue clogs on her very long feet. That's all I remember except that I wanted to go up and say hi so bad it was killing me and I would have too if my face wasn't glowing like some wide bowl of tomato soup on fire. I knew if I opened my trap I'd squawk so I just kept walking on as the school bell yanked off pushing my way through a cluster of teenage jockbabies huddled in a safety circle bungling witless words through their collective overexercised neck "Hey Fatty do ya swallow?" the Neck said. I thought of monsters in trees and TVs chained to ceilings. I thought of strong bleach in a squirtgun. Of guns of bigger guns of Jesus his eyes and then back to guns. How would it feel to shoot holes

through muscles I wondered as I crossed the littered school lawn. What would wiseass blood smell like leaking from ignorant life? And how many evil thoughts can my body hold anyway? She was beautiful and strange this girl. Uneven like me. I know.

4/2

I'm waiting for the clothes in the dryer. I'm waiting for licorice whips to whip me for cushion beatings snakes and flexible gardenhoses. yeahbecauseyeah. I'm waiting for popcorn without butter to taste like something. I SAW THAT GIRL, Josie's her name from Alaska her dad in the New York penitentiary for hacking off the arms and legs and tits of her mother's female lover. All lies I assume, us being a bunch of bored kids from Stayton Oregon trying not to fall asleep.

4/2

Deception Island is a real place. I'm eating a peanutbutter/marshmallow sandwich in my room. Soon I'll put on my grey sweats the ones I've never sweated in the ones that make my massive thighs look like the bleached spongy cushion rolls that sit obediently on either end of an armless couch. I get off on creating this exercise illusion once or twice a week for myself and for anyone who dare call me an inactive bump. So I asked Josie today about the state of her mother's friend's tits and she just looked at me like she knew how to avoid being a large drowned parrot and then she walked away. Maybe I'll put my trenchcoat on maybe I'll live in my trenchcoat. I'll button it under my chin and make it go all the way to the floor long black ankles draped a hideaway body yes. Josie left half a sandwich on her tray today it was heroic the way she did that. Maybe I'll do that tomorrow maybe right now I'll turn around and do a jumpingjack in front of my curtainless window just one but a good one and dedicate it to all the honeymouthed boys with masterpiece bodies who believe girls with elephant bodies deserve flowerless rooms.

5/2

She was there today at Threetrees my favorite park I ate my lunch in front of the birds. She looked like an early Cher with all that shinyblack flat hair and I saw a clog or two a big cow kite and when it crashed she laughed in a way that scared me and then she left. I waited till the coast was clear then I broke off a large mangled piece and took it home to my room I just stared at it and smoked lots of generic cigarettes then for fun laid it on my dog's back

7

repeatedly to watch him get pissed and snap at it until he growled at me with one ear up and back and the hair on his spine all prickly and alert so then I pinned it to the ceiling over my bed and inhaled.

53

I bet if I stay up all night I'll write a good poem.

55

When Mr. Pawson our biology teacher who wears too much gray and white together left the classroom for a few minutes to talk to his toe-tapping wife I was going to pass a sheet of notebook paper to JoJoJostie that I had used to wipe my mouth with after I'd eaten a sloppy peach but I don't eat peaches 'cause they're fruit and good for you and smell of far away and I rarely wipe my mouth too.

56

6:07 pm sitting watching old ladies watercolor realizing it might rain all my life. I'm waiting for my grandma to wrap it up these bumpy voices annoying me so inbetween thoughts of doom I pick at a sweaterpill on my sleeve and tap out the National Anthem with my foot. Where's Vivie, Doll? one of them says to me the one I like least but whose fuzzyrimmed vest is worth swiping. Upstairs losing money I says back to her while taking note of a long piece of scotchtape yellow and limp hanging above me from some party 100 years ago. It's not easy being here. Old people smell of crust and defeat sprinkled with talcum powder.

59

It was the Saturday I cleaned my closet that I ran into her. Well actually I watched her from behind a tree. She had on this great beat-up red tuxedo jacket tied around her waist size zero and her hair piled up sloppy and confident like all the thoughts she held were her own I felt queer as ever. When I got home I told Nana EVERYTHING I was feeling for Jostie Pearl she just started folding a million tea towels out of nowhere and slid a plate of tacos in front of me patted my head like she did before a nap and asked me to keep the noise level down kiddo as if

I played the tuba and stunk at it. When she left I uncomfortably laid on the kitchen floor. We all know we're going to die we all know we're going to die I'm not okay with this or that or anything pass the peas and sugar-water. I'm feeling some slippage. There's a taco in my carnivalmouth in the kitchen where the instructions have been rubbed out the expirationdate on the cottagecheese in the fridge in the kitchen has deep purple ink and looks older than me somehow sitting there smelling on the shelf. I close the refrigerator door and I'm young again.

5/2

My dog Marble goes nutty on trashcan day. He's a beautiful example of a dog with a need. He knocked over Mrs. Wyler's can and I got in trouble for it Pick it up Nana said He's your dog do you think a genie's gonna come along and do it? I can't believe she bawled it out the window like that. It shouldn't matter but it did it did it did. I felt like jaggging my dog with the point of a compass it gave me a sassy feeling to think of him yelping.

5/3

Wanna come up for some whiskey and meatloaf? an old man asked me today in the grocery store. I acted all bent out of shape while I hunted in the frozenfoods for frenchfries but secretly his words soothed and buttered me. I almost said yes until his face reminded me of what an ulcer outside the body might look like so when he pressed in my hand a coupon with his address on the back I waited for him to turn the corner before I tucked it under some fishsticks.

5/7

Doncha' know I think I'm completely gay and then the paper rockstar on my wall his tummy when I look at it sometimes makes me feel stickyhot like the end of a candle and my wrists ache to be rubbed and ever-so-sweetly pinched by the guitarfingertips of longhaired microphone-eating men with turquoise rings and blue scarves through their beltloops mmm. But then the next day I'll think about that Alaskan girl with the first initial J. her and I on traintracks too smart to hear the whistle or rolling and kissing on the barbeque-ish strip of land where a raging fire had once been strawberry pie. Last night I dreamt of her with shrapnel in her legs and a fishhead for a heart. When she tried to walk she fell when she opened her mouth she smelled of an ocean I remember kissing her and tasting seagulls.

A Day In The Life

When you have time, go into your local neighborhood barber shop and just listen. I did and here's how it went.

The third street barber shop is the name, located, where else, third street. AKA the H double-O D (Hood). This shop was connected to a beauty salon that attracted plenty of in-ugly out-beautiful honeys. I remember when I was about eight or nine, my cousin, whose aunt owned the place, and myself would be dropped off there so that my cousin, who was from out of town, could spend some time with his aunt. Whenever he came to town his mom made sure that he spent time with his "favorite" aunt. Where do I fit in? Well, me and my cousin were tight and besides he would have gotten bored with all those "yucky" girls around the beauty shop. We used to sneak in the back of the shop and unplug the pop machine and help ourselves to free soda. We ran outside, played on the sidewalk, but were never allowed to cross the street. While we were there, my cousin's grandfather, who ran the barber shop and would call us in from time to time. "Sweep up this hair. I might have a little something for ya." After we would finish he would jingle what seemed like a ton of change in his pocket and give us both fifty cents. Till this day I don't know why grandfathers always have a pocket full of change. I asked my cousin at that young age. "Why old people always got change?" "It's because they're old. They don't eat candy and stuff so they don't spend much of it," he said confidently. I said, "Oh" and believed every word of it. He was older, therefore, he was always right. Till this day I keep my pockets low of change, for one day I may be considered "Old."

Are you keeping up with me? Good. Because I may change the time frame on you just. Like. That! The year is 1993. I'm well into my twenties. Going back to the shop as I have been doing for the past few post college years. Ball hanging on the door rings as I go in. "How many C.J.?" "Let me see, 1...2...3...got three before you. Come on in I'll see you in a minute. How's the family?"

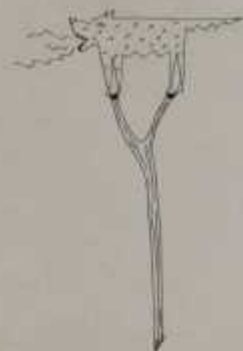
Conversation erupts! Rebutsal, agreement, disagreement. All in peace. All on one accord. You may have fought with the guy sitting next to you yesterday, but the shop is the watering hole of conversation. "Yeah Mike Tyson did it. He was wrong." "Fool! That girl asked for it." "That's a shame what they did to that King boy in LA." (Later) "I'm not surprised one bit they let them policemen go free, not one bit, we never get our fair share, why should this be any different. I hope they burn down LA." "Now you know that aint right." "Man, Dallas is going to kill Buffalo." "Caint no Canada team win the world series." "I'm not votin. Clinton got them eyes, them devil eyes." "If Bush win I'm movin to Mexico." "What you know about Mexico you drunk fool."

As a young well-defined lady walks through the barber to get to the beauty. "Man, in my day I woulda been all over that thang." "I remember...." "Shet up I don't want to hear it."

A few hours and some minutes of a day in the life of the barber shop.

Story by:

(JAY REL)



MEDICINE

600



CROW

Lanthan

Page
Dog

B. 11.11



Rattle



TOOL
USED
FOR
Slicing
VEGET
TARGET

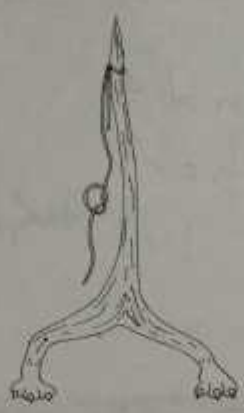


Grand-
mother's
bell
button
jar



P. S. M. H. S. P. L. A.

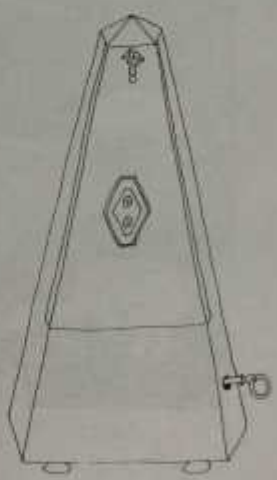
Paint Brush



WALKING STICK



T. S. E. K. R. E. P. E. R.

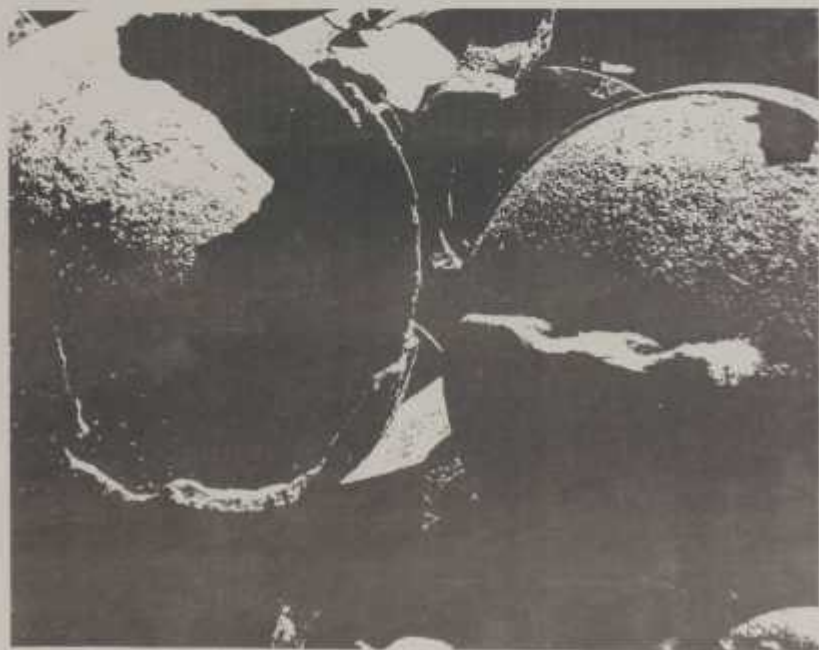


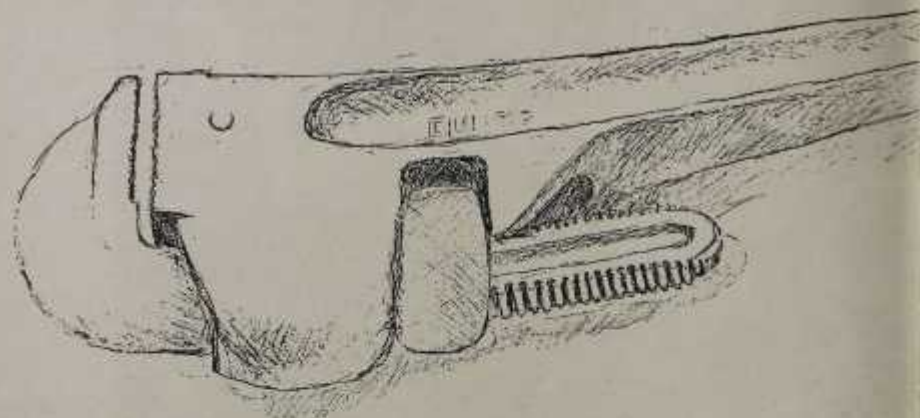
G. L. O. V. E.

13

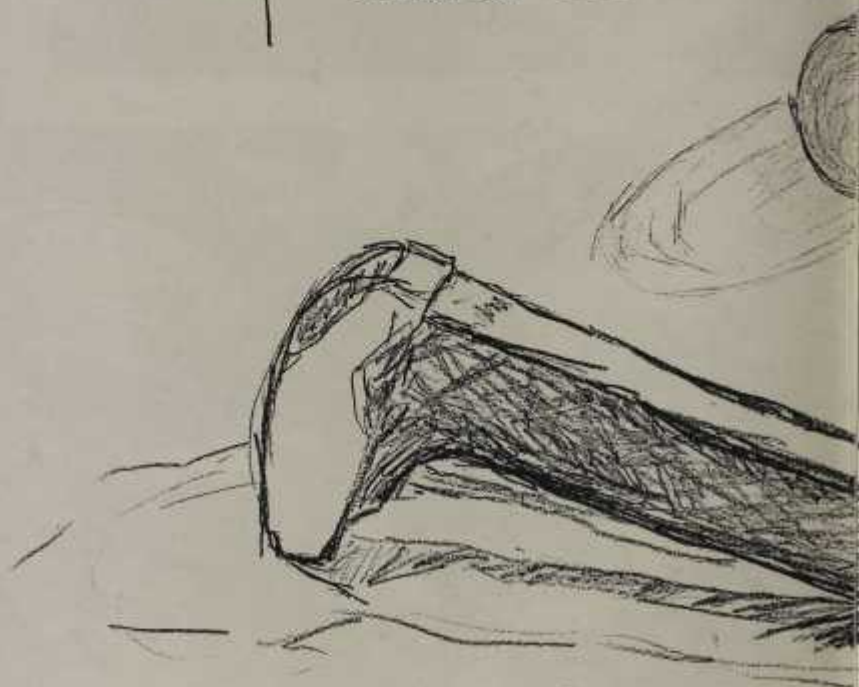
W. R. R. R.







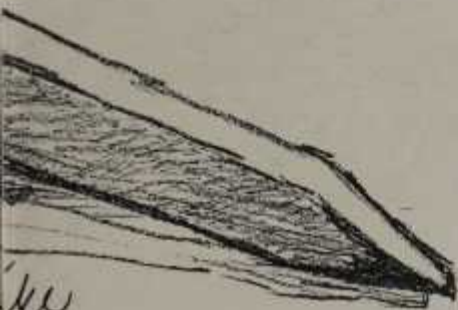
Monkey Wrench





Bolt

Thick



ke

17

STRANGE THINGS LIKE TEARS

Luksa Bica is no seal—drive it diagonally on a long day—over and over again, used acquaintances pop up in strange places and defy recognition—re-encounters of the socially embarrassing kind.

Interviewing the male strippers, the reporters got a peek at them without their masks. Through this exclusive opportunity I'm amazed to note that one of them is my old salsa-dancing teacher. He laughed when he recognized me. There's a thin, balding man in the Central Bureau, a thin, balding man, a friend of mine. What other kind of friend does a solid waste management reporter make? I spy one of the other male strippers who had been on hold as to reveal his face to reporters. I can't help winking at him as he brushes past. And I whisper low and direct—like the men do here on the streets when they toss "piropos" at women (like "I'd pay a million for those eyes, who do you belong to? When I find him, I'll kill him")—"I whisper 'mucha ropa,' which is what the men yell to strippers here to mean "take it off." My garbage source blushed. I didn't explain.

Later I take a cab to a deserted road. Bobo's Ministry gave the dis-luc—Bogotá Police got it. I saw the size of speed bumps in the rumble. I saw the stiff bureaucrats in air-conditioned rooms that smell of cold, stale smoke and crooked deals. On my way out, seeking a ride (my taxi stood up!) I got a ride out of that hole with a man. Not until we reach the center of town do we realize why each other's face is so familiar—since, 7 years ago now, we pored together over Gramsci texts and stayed up late nights together co-suing a tame paper on Italian fascism. Last week at a party I'm chitchatting to the man next to me about my work, about the business world, and I suddenly turn in embarrassment, the famous "rooster" he laughs, unapologetic. He tells me that while I was outside the communist union hall interviewing workers, he was inside writing them their payoff settlement checks, legal compensation for sterilization, from Shell Oil and Dow Chemical.

I'm too used to these seal-country errors to even show embarrassment.

But here at Bogotá, that mud town on the banana frontier, every man has a ghost and a lucky horseshoe ring.

open
share
He
adopt
elbow ...

Everyone calls it the Red Hall, and can point a strange girl reporter to it after she gets off the bus. It's not as though any of the multinational banana companies actually allow union negotiations since the big union busting and all the deaths in 1962, but the Red Hall is still there. And the red leader has a faded, zebra, 'fanciful print of a gorilla' argument about pointing of Lenin leaning on a fence with big Russian peasant boots on, smoking his pipe and counting by threes with the peasants out standing in their field with axes and hammers on their head with axes and

But in case Lenin fails his red leader has a lucky horseshoe ring. The banana workers are hired for three months to dig ditch for the expanding plantations. They are hired through an elusive subcontractor who can't balance a payroll, doesn't pay social security, a severance pay, workers comp., injury insurance policy. The subcontractor might find them food, might find them a hole to sleep in, might find them a mattress to sleep on and turn on, the subcontractor might pay them, might not disappear at the end of the pay period in his new car which he went with and bought when Manita Yumai (little mother) said that's still what they call United Fruit. He'd come back after he did days when the company did control the land and paid strikes in the end of the rainy season (with irritating regularity--for the Manita anyway) gave them their first check.

It's not that they don't make money, running all day in the sun, pulling 75 enormous banana ladder branches on a cable behind them, digging ditch, controlling the banana because in the end they don't eat 'em (brilliant). Some of them work like a cash-meister and all their housing and utilities paid for even if they have to live with no transportation in the middle of banana as far as the eye can't see because banana trees are too tall to see over. But others are sterile permanently from spraying pesticides all day in shirts and a t-shirt, others are fired mysteriously at midnight because a friend of a friend of a friend told the manager they were organizing clandestinely unions. It isn't as though it's just firing--you also get the honor of your name up there with an early distinguished flowers on the black sheet list of never again to work in any banana field again, etc in December '92

before
he fed
kisses
instead
front
made

[illegible]

On the coast, where humane pesticides have not been used, the fish are still plentiful and killing the last Atlantic Central reef, out in Puerto Viejo, the Caribbean coast, where the last fishes live intact and where I always have collected. Coincidentally, on a Nicaraguan Independence day, I went a bicycle trip to a small town on the coast. I saw a man who looks at me closely as he always has. At the time, and asks for a document from the soldiers.

[illegible]

all the death
without him

Printed and clipped on:
"The writer's said I don't like it I cut
my hair shorter than I did last year. His
recognition of me is a recognition of
himself, as is the glimmer of amusement
in his eye, but neither of us say her
name. His wife and child are playing on
the floor of his little restaurant...
He knows Virgilio Buzare, has for
years, and verifies that the old Tico
farmer is a 'case'."

Bon Virgilio is the caretaker of the
temporarily-shut-down Miraflores cabi-
nec, owned by a gringa who's statewide
while Virgilio digs a new well for the
artistic little beach hotel.

Old Virgilio was elated to see someone
bicycle all the way to the Cocles and of
the road, and comes from some task or
another to look up the upstairs to the
open air living room, where he tries to
share expedients with me.

He tells his feet up on the bench and
adopts the pose of an arab in a tunic,
elbow on knee, and the other leg
stretched out, to tell me stories. And
he doesn't stop talking for hours, won't
this Schenck-like release me?—my work
for the afternoon comes undone as Virgi-
lio links his life history and I can
smell the back-up scent like trumpet, the
flowers blaring, scent like trumpet, the
diesel fuel of a lowdown passing bus.

He tells me of his frustrations and
his loneliness, the woman that left him,
the loyalty of parents, and the terror-
ized woodpecker the herb that can take
care of my icy seed (is it frozen? I
ask). I don't know, is it? He asks, he
asks about the mango trees whose thick
root he gnaws at, the little brown, the great
big juicy fruit it bears, and the great
rust his water. Every drop of conver-
sation is sensual and graphic and warm and
this old man holds my eyes fire.

He tells the way he finally cried a
year and a half after his woman left
him—he at last slept when he returned to
the little farm (way out in the back
wooded where they had lived, and he was
that without him the orange trees, the
avocado trees, the vines and everything
he used to cherish would not bear fruit
without him, but 22 days later, after
his out loud pleas, the plants were all
bursting with food for him.

"The trees have," he says

"personality," I say

"That's it," he says.

The way the woodpecker assesses a snag
before striking with its beak, the way

his or
burst
"th
"pe
"Th
The

he felt that first night after he had kissed his mean good bye, when penis, instead of a skirt, were standing on the ground. The skirt had always made his soul and brought him to his feet at the table. The way a new acquaintance sucked with his by ringing the bell at the front gate and hiding.

"I have here a stack of pebbles, was, hidden behind that 100, to take care of him if he comes again. You see, from here in the balcony I can see who is there. If there was the beginning of a friendship between us, it's dying up fast my former wayne friend, I yelled at him that night."

"If I ever find a woman again--and I will but it can't just be any of these women, it has to be a heavy woman..." He smiled and shopped with his hands, like a woman. I thought I should not like those skinny things--I will never ever leave her sleeping alone at the farm at night. You never know when someone might feel a little pain and need your help. I'll be as faithful as the male parrot who checks in at dusk and dawn because for me there will be only her in it okay if I talk to you about these things? I wouldn't even look at another and I would need to know that for her there would be the same exclusivity."

"I remember you well as sleep that last night, he said that nice, and I told her all the talking had to be that night, I did. I let her say another word and in the morning when I got to the house, ready to take her down to the road I sold all the chickens, the pig and the goat to give her some money to go away with) and I kissed her through the bus window and said: 'God take care of you for me. And I was a fool man that night because I didn't drink--and in these days I liked to drink, though not anymore--which would only have complicated things and because, who knows, if you talk on that last day, or if you have a drink, strange things can happen." The Don Virgilio stroked fingers down his cheeks, indicating strange things, like tears.

FOR REPEAT FROM FIONA

severance pay, workmans comp

ERIC LOVRE

The
Coward

Albany, N.Y.
6/11/62

The WINDSPID FLOWERS have
it all in the message of
hope I have tonight. Of
Bowling 300 for once and making
all the way away from home
in the thick humid Eastern night.
To love to Give myself all
away, to let the mysterious
vibe of love and passion flow
from my finger tips like
A stampeding herd of Jims
Hardens, down full Blast
at midnight from heaven, oh
God let it Be true. And
please let it Come back truly
to us from the breath of
the sun and the fire of the
moon and the eyes of the living,
let it Be true.

HAZY BLUE MEMORY

Alans G.
6/27/92

In A lousy minor key way
the lovers Roamed the cake-
walk earth in search of
what they already knew in
there tripped and captured
hearts, and were shown
crazy people they once
knew gotten worse and worse
so they came up on Batman,
and rode wild zipping funky
horses over the fine engine
Blue of the everlasting
night of Shining Amber waves
of rays in tortured harmony
to let down and get filthy
to, remembering those Bicket
of Blood Saloon it actually
was and why and where they
were totally mixed up fuzz
Bass ball frog slap in your
face ~~on~~ on concrete slabs
by the fine ball Blue pond
constantly peaceful mind fluffing
thru the maple love trees.

BAD JUV.

Mobile.
7/1/12

Romantic Savage virgin
holy BARBARIC cleaning ladies
came for me one night.
I said "I don't want that," and
they took my Dog to the
incredible stop sign and lowered
it into the excellent Pit. It
was Burgers from then on.
Soon I gave up, insisting
I was only 17 or 18 miles
from the happiest murder site
on Venus, with hard, firm
nipples to Boot. Before that,
I Re-mounted my perfect
tan for another Ride to
Bumpy-ponisville, where All Fun
is. I Gave up and deflated
my spectacular Chrysler delux,
went home, and shaved the
Bottom of my feet.

The End.

MY DREAM

St. Louis

7/1/92

On peaceful summer night
You make me think of Buddy Holly
I want to walk with my girl
Hand in hand to "True Love Ways"
Under the Sweet Oregon Stars
I want to cruise in my car
With the windows down Radio on
And just hang my head out
And hear the Blackness talk
I want to swim with my girl
Feel her wet Body and lips
And dry her off in Sweet night cool
The summer Air Blowing lightly
As we walk down dirt Roads
In the stark beauty of summer nights
I want to walk under ~~the~~ trees
In A T-shirt Bare foot and warm
Holding her hand watching her smile
In the peaceful summer night
Our souls will feel tenderness
And our Redemption will walk
To the sky will petals of Love
Remembered in the summer night.



three figured freak

I think it oughtta say island tex sez when he put the stickun
note out come in. know how a frenchwoman holds her tikker tex sez
before they go to bed napping by his ears tex grins that sheepish
delight. all the way and into under the covers frenchy flops one
big ol leg over his belly arm hand on his ear i always hold yer ear
she sez. islands coming over. hes always island always on the
fence island salem coming over iconan alley. notes left at night
frenchy leaves an odalisque by day tex delivers in a hand twined
envelope and oil paint rubbed ISLAND on front the mail women and
ballet school tai chai chi birdseed and rainpatters roof. islands

flyer on it. rock n roll motorhead sez island sez those machines
revving up almost in your livingroom i can hear them as converted
triangle mated triangle the note sez that & nothing more nothing
less.

texs painting green strokes on his push the river debate cart
infronta the door any time the knock any sument the next transcenda
transcendental now. pop pop pop. that white eternity he preferred
the dog emigre O the yellow umbrellas IF boxes boxes of IT. always
coming back that island drizzle on or-stop. whuts the difference
whuts the control a french frenchy true tex island salem three figured
freak.

over please

im gonna take some time off. cat. yellow. grain. itsuh
itsuh rolling thun duh pouring rain. youre only young but yr
gonna die. check on the oh well permissions and the pocketbook
uv yr own frenchy pay yr own damn way. swede. stink. dot dot
back. its a changing in the no ment always down from 12 and up
from 6 frenchy frenchy say something pink fingers. see if thisth
way with you island she drove a stake in the clock circles. clouds
doves.

docile domestic the black cat revenge resigned conscious in
her old age. skull of the elk. texs paddling off in the foreeye
blue strokes.

relax here. im not gonna jump no more. if only island sed i
cud remember frenchy sed if only tex and then the sea the pagahonia
emblems. alley yolks and shaving in the little mirror. twink twink
the tail. boxes of reams and papers roll one more joint i dont do
drugs island sez maybe when im 50 good time to start frenchy sez
on bong. hey phew youd think i wux smoking island sez the way im
chomping these nuts. orange thots wagging knee. car nation. cactus

RE ER O emigre IT. silver tree in the elksface. old man is for
craft jazz for old men the older ones the ta teastroke face carved
outwood in the shape of a gurunizard.

I ought to end on that note but you would quit reading.
theres something here about 3 to be done and youd want to be
in that negress bus wading wad wad ding det silk.

giving the dog a bone

what would an eyeball becoming an eyeball becoming an eyeball
rolling be. a rolling eyeball becoming a rolling eyeball becoming
a rolling eyeball space and time. eyeball goes to the bar with
island and tex picks island up at his studio goes on down the stairs
brown hope I put the garbage out what made you think that island
sez laffing at the rags outside the 3 black indian hair sirenred
and wildfrizzed blonde down the familiar streets of vomit and BA NK
in the stones cement sidewalk ever see that tex sez island sez oh yes
you havent hi you guys the bartendress waitgirl drink woman sez youre
having yr having a happy hour I never seen you have a happy hour before.

an image for the kids A is the apex laying between B and C or
B is the apex laying between A and C or C is the apex laying between
them both. thats how a triangle works one on either side a 3 sided
figure in bed.

islands coming by. its the same story. new years eve. bettys
bum. hes got his girl withen im doin it to you again he sez hes
doin it to us again tex sez youll owe us frenchy sez you bad rabbit
for biting her leg did that vicious frenchy scare you ankle fangs
youll have to seduce him frenchy sez youll have to seduce him or
hell be going that way and we gotta accept it like you accept any

love of your love.

thats where it stands dear reader excuse me for addressing you
youre a sophisticated guy and dont like the illusion broke. but this
is only life happening no news before or after only now now now organ
shoot you down oohweaayee im gonna shoot you im gonna shoot you down
shoot you shoot you aaaagh aaaghhh awww aeiaaaaaa.

texs all bengayey on his big toe analgesic tiger balm of spearmints
and limps. he limps to the bar with island & frenchy. no holding
hands. no arms around each other. its only 01 1992. now thats a
wedding ring that pearl on the wire.

i thought i heard a volkswagon

dear diary the crown of the evening goes to jewels hikkups
island about to arrive. with the girl. 1 2 3 4 boots of leather
dreamin son sez seeya so long a million miles the hiway keep on
boots of leather texs making roasted joe drinks & ice splank
from trays in the dark suited corner with wild blonde hair. oh
exciting next moment happen before we get too stoned frenchys
racing texs under grin and eyes drinks.

upeyes upeyes lookat those eagles two macs on ice beat scene
kerouacs arms out crosslike mexican jars and fruits of leather
awww right.

new year. tex sips back. gawd. knock knock no not yet
fashionably 10 late volkswagon minutes yellow & broke down nearly
so many trips from frisco and this is a real girl hobble hobble
texs at the door ol fuck ears can hear jangle jangle jangle eric
lovres guitar. i thought i hear a wee wee too frenchy sez when
down beat can i look at this book tex sits down leafing.

island the snowman grinnin back at you.

breaks chicken necks

satin slip plaid robe painted toes motorhead not one the
not one the. stack them dominoes by the last nite uv the xmas
tree sheep between yr legs frenchy millworker girl gave away
island the year of island she told island & the magnated girl
new years eve '91 over texts famous microwaved popcorn & the
governess the nanny x and island weazeling his popcorn sidelip
to girls pile thats the way he gets em tex sez he drizzles his
peanuts aten smokin on the smokin porch as 4 just when the trium-
verant variant variant new trio of triangle mated seemed most over
poof!

thats how de does he does dee dee in bed she sez he gets up
& snaps their necks. we gotta rock n roll island sez they
gotta go hug the biggest ever from island tex sez and handshake not
at all at all not at all like and even later lefthanded a grip and &
me too frenchy sez a hug he held on. thank you goodbye frenchy
turns the music up. the rub river come texts squashing orange
wanging his painting hand around over his head silk pajama cowboy
all day in bed the new year orange juice & champagne thats alexander
from islands new year day with the bowls for his pals frenchy & tex
& they did it. not root beer floats frenchy sez. i didnt know your
rootbeer island sez.

i should write the guy a note. i shld say shld shld i say
what shld i say you tell me. moose alley burn. give that
dick a prick. nick the juggler & all our friends our dear indian
partner our dear island with a friend. i wuz hopin youd be here
tonight. where he wants you babe but he dont understand the
power of your call thats all.

change the print. giveln some type. never shake the river.
dier duh dwarfs. dienfinkle. blam the cardboard box. police.
you been under the city yet. red toes. red carnation. IT.

skull & bone

maybe theres someone for you other than tex & frenchy. maybe islands got his girl. you gotta lettin go. i want a bedroom some day im gonna have a bedroom again sez cardboard floor pecky birds 6 a dozen just like folks all in the same tin. nailpolish fumes and lice.

okay its a bitch of an ending but the best that i can do. whether to push the river whether to frenchy looking up push or accept the river theres the rub tex dabbling on and his sweet sweet lower sweelower. gouts his limping toe.

can you imagine it could end here nor i with my cardboard eclipse ice alley ice and burn. jean jacket naked legs. you still here guitar you still here jack kerouac my god. alone frenchy & tex could sport in bed. spit me my cracker he sez whered you get that lip neck in his throat. orange juice and champagne yellow umbrellas alexanders youve been here for the ride seen right to you to end ill leave it up to you.

no answer. oh my. cactus. skull.





at time I loved
night about what
it makes your
the only thing

at time I loved
night about what
it makes your
the only thing

though, with
tray, I think
have stretched,
you do for a
re does the



out door, I
they were long
the tapping, 11
up, those three
ding the parti-
this room, for
a water fall.

part -
was something
or who sat the
the fire
stand in upper
flames of his
surrounding it.

The last supper

Sitting at the last supper someone handed me some bread. I tore a piece from the loaf and set the portion on my plate. One by one the figures who sat at the table with me disappeared until I was the only one sitting at the long table filled with food, enough for twelve at least.

Looking at my plate I took the bread and dipped it in my wine and watched the bread absorb the liquid. I took the bread and placed it in my mouth, still holding the end with my fingers. I sucked the wine from the flesh inside the crust. Feeling the sting of the wine in my jaw I swallowed and was aware of the path the juice took into my body. I could feel the warmth it created in my stomach.

I bit down now on the bread. Taking my hand away from my mouth I began to chew. The bread was sweet, flavored by the grapes in the wine, its texture moist and full. I was reluctant to swallow, because I didn't want the sensation to end.

But I did swallow.
With some food now in my stomach I realized how hungry I really was. I reached for an apple, its red body warm and firm in my hand, its shape like a man's heart. Biting deep into the apple, its sweetness a new pleasure and the fragrance released a surfeit of life-giving energy. I ate it, chew, swallow and all. With each bite I couldn't help thinking that I couldn't remember the last time I had eaten or the last time I had noticed how wonderful a gift such a beautiful object gives us.

I ate, no longer aware that I was the only one sitting at the table that offered food for all. I no longer wondered why no one else joined me. I figured that when they were hungry enough they would come and eat. And I would offer them a chair.

The performance

There is true beauty in man-made dancers for God's own enjoyment. The dancer, having danced a dance so beautiful that the crowd did not clap, but rather sat quiet in deep feeling, moved.

The curtain closed.
The silence was the appreciation, the honor given the dancer. It had been a night of soul through sleep and movement, grace and beauty.
The end fell so - - - complete.

Don't know. There was change created. A new story to tell. In dance.

More faces. Beauty grows. The sun in hair. The end of the show. Most and last. Feet to sleep. Zig and bow. Good feeling for the time.

A good hat is as good as a hair.

After the Big night

There was something that made them stop. It was a low-grade fatigue and gust of wind that was very cold. It was a fear that no one watched the dance. It was a revelation of the inner motives of the dance.

The wind seemed to speak of a loneliness that was important to creation. In listening. In giving. In living without so that a gift given is real.



It was a sadness for a while, a long while really, but it seemed that the only path to take was the one that spoke to their feet. They knew they must continue to dance. For even if no one would watch, but would, it still didn't mean anything to me better.

Months passed, not in fear but in joy.

Jeremy M. Hilsen

