

no. 1  
free. SPYING



Phonics or what?

o

Too long?

long?

none!

What?

\$\$\$

(pen name)

!

RTB

o y

RTB

→

WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?  
2-9-92

DEAR SANDRA,

SEND HELP, IM LOCKED UP AT THE PSYCHIATRIC  
WARD AT THE STATE HOSPITAL - IM BEING  
BRAINWASHED - ITS A CONSPIRACY... A VERY  
BIG ONE IM 'FRAID - EVERYONE IS FUCKING  
WITH MY HEAD + IM GOING NUTS,

GILLIGAN, WHERES THE COCONUTS? VOICES  
IN MY HEAD,

WELL I GUESS I CANT WRITE THAT THINGA-  
MAJIG IF IM SEPARATED FROM MY PROJECT -  
SO KEEP CHANTING NAM-MYO-RHENGE-KYO +  
HOLDIN UP DE FORT + MAYBE TRUTH WILL  
EMERGE SOMEDAY - IN THE MEANTIME...AAAARGHH  
IS APPROPRIATE

PITIFULLY YOURS,

A VICTIM

PS MANY APOLOGIES - IM PRESUMED DEAD EVERYWHERE  
ELSE...PRESUMABLY.

ME

SERENITY LANE - ??????????

616 EAST 16TH AVE

EUGENE, OR 97401

TOP-SECRET

# QUESTIONMARK COFFIN

Seph Reese 1 dear Sunda  
Bron Orsella 3 the clearness of Daria  
Jay Rel 7 MISADVENTURE  
d.e. may 8 Lost Lakes  
SLOY 15 ISLAND TRUE TEX  
AND FRENCHY

rebeat

no 1 spring 92

sloy editor

dave nichols design & layout

clyde l zettle  
rick d dawson publishers

dave nichols cover art

next REBEAT fall '92

P.O. BOX 13387 Salem, OR 97309-1387

11/3

EVERYTHING hurts. Inside  
I'm rootbeer brown. Fat. Patchy.  
Wax-breasted. Unsung. I'm shaking with  
sex and crackerjack kisses. Ssssssin.  
Sin is not a pretty word, unless you tie it up in your hair. Big  
bows of badness, glistening. Don't scream. Conk! I want pubic  
hair like sparklers, instead I got scot.

11/4

When I can, I sit on my hands. A painful position actually when  
you're 102 lbs. overweight. Squash. You feel like you die, but  
you don't, you just wish you would. Not really. You just fanta-  
size it like a small shrine in your lungs filling up with water.  
God, how I love Tootsie Rolls. **Mama's little baby likes shortnin'**  
**shortnin' Mama's little baby likes shortnin' bread.** Funny how much  
fuzz you find when you drop moist cheese on dirty carpet. Wedge  
me. Horns and hooves. I taste the earth when I dream of kissing  
her. Flower stems get caught in my teeth. Heart pills. And I'm  
nearly a sinner. Caressive and corrosive. Wowed and toppled. A  
dirty young dinosaur poking around inside a couple of indecision,  
bleeding woundlessly once a month. Get your sticky ass away from  
me. You create a tension. Snog. Snog. Celery sticks don't cut  
it anymore. I want a 1,000 cigarettes! That's why I'm sitting on  
my hands. A painful position actually when you're 102 lbs. over-  
weight. But it keeps me from smoking, PUFF PUFF. But not from  
eating, CHOMP CHOMP. I want to dip now into my D-cup bra for a  
naughty-naughty cigarette, instead I dip into my gritty junk bag  
and pull up a half-eaten maple bar from this morning. Nevermind  
that colorful pieces of lint, dirty hair, and various petrified  
crumbs from other lonely freak-eat times have attached themselves  
to the sweaty doughnut top. Nevermind all that. I don't notice

breon ossella

the dreariness  
of DARLA

depreciating details anymore. When I close my eyes and chew I'm able to leap tall buildings in single bounds. The all important thing is not to let this doughnut get away, because someone somewhere in the world is starving and doesn't have a doughnut to call their very own.

I'm a nice girl really, a nice girl with a mammoth butt. I spend most of my time swallowing delicious crap, hating myself, and pondering weird thoughts like whether or not angels have crotch hair or if there's asphodels in hell. Well? Welcome to the dreariness of Darla. I'm youthful idealism farting and shitting on it-self. I'm a magic bunny smashed in a black top hat. Toe jam on your tongue. Kiss me. Kiss me 10 times. Kiss me. Don't scream or I'll suck your tongue out. I want a baby. Not the kind you push through your twat. But the kind you push through your heart, mumbling. Shush. Don't go pokin' no woodchucks.

## 11/5

I over-identify with egg noodles and under-identify with my soul. Let's try and have a nice day today, okay Darla? Even if it makes you hemorrhage houses, large houses with wide open doors, doors that have nothing behind them but swing and hit your knees anyways. Don't assume I'm straight. Don't assume I'm gay. Don't assume. Sex meat has a bad smell. Strong heads live forever. My friend Jefferson gives me quarters when I tell him he's sexy. When I don't he gives me guilt. Then I give him shit. Then he gives me roses full of holes. I can't be his baby. But I can make him crazy. There's a canal full of crocodiles between us. Parallel lines never intercept. Wake up my scruffy little boob. I think in layers and you don't know what that means. Let's just be friends, drink jalapeno vodkas in the sun, and wash the clumsy crumbs of our past down the sink. I think I like the feel of a woman's ass. I think.

## 11/7

When I eat lots of sugar, I feel slurry the next morning. I find I like it, in a cozy wrecking way. It seems the fuller I get, the more space people give me. I openly admit that I'm warped. Crucify me, but hang me on a chocolate bar. Jefferson wants me to move in with him. He says he wants to take care of me and keep me well fed. There's something very sick and appealing about this. Beer, I want beer. And love, solid love. Healthy, nourishing love that doesn't come in a can and doesn't wilt the next morning on your plate. I'm open. Sesame. Thwack. A wad of thoughts just fell on my shoes. Inappropriate thoughts.

PUFF-PUFF. I'm smoking again. You can't not smoke while resting in a yellow plastic chair nudged up against a window somewhere. It can't be done. Right now I'm at the Sunshine & Smiles (puke!) Senior Center downtown waiting for my grandmother, who's downstairs, to finish up her gin game so I can go home and masturbate with a balled up sock. As I wait I suck Redhots two at a time.

I love to look at things, especially things alive and below me. I also like pretending the window is a TV I can turn on and off and push my foot through. This reminds me that I wanna try acid. Right now I gawk as a beige low-water man comes into view. He's a nice enough man, I think, almost tasting the cigarette he's lighting in a stranger's mouth. But something looks too careful. I surmise him to be the type who occasionally forgets to feed his goldfish, but always remembers to feed himself. The type of guy who has never fought a Grizzly or had a blister ooze open. The type who turns into a slurpy bastard as soon as the wife takes a nap, or when she runs to the corner store for Strawberry Crush because it's his favorite.

Next, a boy in blue skips by. I like his raincoat. I like his face. At first. At first he appears virtuous, like he wants to save gasping worms from miry mud holes, so I smile and doubley Godbless him. But then I see him kick, with pleasure, a wet dog in the lungs, so I send him straight to Hell where there are no asphodels and no desserts like pudding. I hate that little raincoat boy. I do. I hate him for making that dog-cry that little cry dogs do. I want to throw something out my window and squash that boy and his little blue raincoat. Something like a piano.

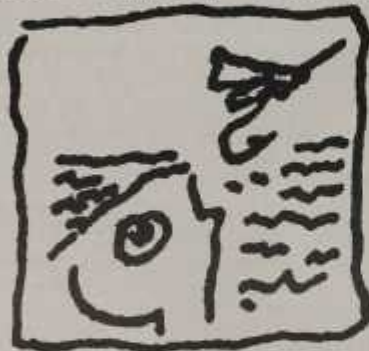
Now I imagine a bum with no legs and no teeth and no future wobbling into the camera that's inserted in my eyes. Of course there's not really a camera in my eyes, or a sequence of sense to my thoughts, but that's okay because this is my mind and no one invited you here anyway. The bum can come in though, he's invited, but he wants out because it's soggy in my mind and he's looking for a nice dry spot. Home. He wants a place to hang his humble hat and kick off the shoes that don't really fit because he has no legs, remember? He just wants to relax, to sit down and enjoy a bowl of Lucky Charms or whatever, but he's hobbling away again because I'm throwing coins and he thinks I'm throwing rocks.

"Those lousy, low-life old biddies." It's my grandma, I call her Nana, and she's back from her game, pissed, pissed, pissed!

"Win anything?" I ask her but she doesn't hear me on purpose. She just tells me to "put that dumb diary away" and tosses me the keys to her green Eldorado. I toss them back, scared and full of challenge. She crinkles her bald nose just enough for me to see her teeth. We drive home in screwy silence. Pen rest. Pen unrest. Pen activation. I can't stop writing. If I do, I might die. Honestly. My loitering thoughts will accumulate and smash me flat, push the entire blood out of my body, and ogle as I trickle powerlessly down some street drain. My thoughts will then ride, giggling, piggyback away never to apologize. I do not know where good little girls go. Please Mister Gluttony Claw, don't pull me under. I'll suck your cock. I'll spin your rock. I'll be your little lickspittle, your hamburger wrapper. Whoa. Pull it back.

It's best to ignore Nana when she's ignoring me. To leave her alone in the bullring of her mind, otherwise her witchy-poo sleeves poof out and zing!--you're a curliquo.

It was late June  
my cousin and me  
on the prowl for  
Clackamas river  
The morning was cold  
and gloomy the rains  
of the Great Northwest



had not yet subsided  
to its normal summer  
time part time pour.  
I stepped out of my  
soiled jeep to gear up  
for the task. You see  
this was no ordinary  
fishing trip, this was  
a fly fishing trip,  
something that I had  
never done before.

I was geared with my Eagle Claw rod and reel, Neoprene waders, Roland Martin extreme weather polarized so you can see in the water sun glasses, and an old vest my mom got me for Christmas. Could eh called me Eddie I was so ready.

We walked down this old steep muddy trail, why is it when you go fishing you always have to go DOWN some old dusty or muddy trail? Well anyway, we got to our spot and there the water constantly uttered a dismal roar as we knew our prize was lurking somewhere in the depths of that river. I took a deep breath as I surveyed the area that I would be fishing, all good fishermen do this, one of those respect for nature things. You know. As I looked above I saw a red tailed hawk soaring freely with none of the worries we have here on our mind. I look across to the other side of the river and there is this family of ducks trodding across to the small island.



and  
were  
some  
trout.

The island reminds me of Tom Sawyer when him and Jim hid on that island and Jim told.... Oh yeah we were fishing on the Clackamas. I looped my line through that old Eagle Claw of mine and held the leader line in my teeth.

Let's see, a cloudy day, water a little brown, let's try a light Colored Nymph, a small fuzzy object used to imitate the natural diet of the trout. As I began to tie my fly to my line, I caught in the corner of my eye a glimpse of a fish jumping. My eagerness grew and I made the final preparations for my first cast.

OK. I have read books, watched tapes and even went to a seminar on how to cast a fly line. There wasn't all these trees behind me in the seminar nor in my parents' backyard. Well here goes.

I got about forty yards in the air and went to make my cast and a small kerplow about five feet in front of me landed as I was looking somewhere about forty feet upriver for my world class cast. This went on for about an hour as I learned a new lesson every cast. By this time I was more concerned about getting the world class forty yarder than I was catching a trout. Then it happened. I had made a cast about fifteen feet up river and I watched my line like a cat watches fish in a bowl. Now it's ready to pull in. As I looked down there stood the biggest mess of line I saw in many ah day, looked like that pasta stuff after you throw it in hot oil. Frustration is a word. After some time I fixed the mess and began to pull my fly back in out of the water. Just as it got to my feet a small trout grabbed my fly and hooked itself. Wow, my first fish on fly fishing gear. Of course I let him go as he was too small, but for me it was a new beginning, a rebirth into the world of flyfishing.

JAY REL

found on  
~~frame~~

Lakes ~~found~~ on the  
wall map ~~at~~ in the  
Science Building at Willamette  
University.

For ~~Dr~~ David Nichols of The  
Luz Mexico on his 94th  
birth day. D. E. May

LOST

AND OTHER LAKES  
OF ~~THE~~ OREGON

PAGE 8



Woahink Lake



~~Clockwise~~  
Clockwise

Lakes Muds, ~~the~~ Mink,  
~~the~~ Goose, and Corner Lake  
~~the~~ East of Cow Swamp



\*

Poker Jim Lake  
Near Stone Corral



Lost Lake

Northeast of ~~the~~ Zig zag  
and Creek Wemme



Wool Lake

Just Northwest of Jack  
Lake, Long Lake and  
Horsehead Lake.



Dog Lake at the base  
of Dog Mountain



Coyote Lake

Surrounded by Dunes  
and Windmills



Green Lakes

Between The Sisters and  
Broken Top



Lemolo Lake  
No 1

North of Toolbox  
Meadows



Nass Lake

Along Lost River



Miller Lake

Next to Red Cone



Tum-Tum Lake  
(salt)



Island Lake

Near Pelican Butte



study

story

island true tex  
and frenchy

---

july 10, 1991

\*connection has to grow or separation begins

### painting signs

true-tesaco turns on the lamp, replaces the bulb, sorry  
that's okay i was heartshaped world, chris tesak sings lyrical  
guitar in your heart shaped world, trouble bing bang in really  
depressed i admit deep down lifting with the dope. island  
salem. island salem alone in his studio in the dark. island  
salem. true tesaco comes and we visit id like to climb up on  
your island in our eyes happy chimes. you can get pretty dis-  
appointed. some woman walks around in france bugs in her bed.  
kerouac could drunken blunder by. nobody gives a damn. create  
the moment or live in it.

how about if we create it. i still paragraph. nothing  
code about that. your eyes can see it. birdseed on the sill  
pecking little bird wants in. you said thats ol arlan come  
back to say hi.

abandon your mom be abandoned. or. abandon your mom or  
be abandoned. abanded. abandoned. tricycle on the wall there  
three isocoles isosicles plywood three times three island salem  
sez wow in the bedroom man reading the wall this is really some-  
thing he sez you guys he sez in his slow drawl low deep back in  
his throat are the best kept secret on my bed. its always  
changing he sez. and if you go you will see chris isaak time  
language changes and so do my dreams.

make it happen. make something happen true texaco. do  
you got the nerve to roll in into it one ball and string on  
worms over the grave snakes. why not jump on my cloud.

here we go down the street together my reader you and i  
never been there before drinks why not. its a dying heart  
inside of mine i never cry in the lavabo strip the door look  
at that tan oil it and leave it that way tangled in your hair.  
watch out son your momma sez. watch out dadaist prose. words  
should you go first or i. one half of true texaco the other  
half follows. my kerouac my jack.

island salem just wants to be himself half indian half  
sallow. he doesnt know what it means he wants to be it. he  
doesnt he does he doesnt he does love us all the way ways.  
standing in the rainy moonlight the birds come down and caress  
him lying on the cardboard floor. get up you ninny's the island  
has gas. whoot whoot saint nics whistle pulls its chain. that  
isnt me the frenchwoman sez saying no no no.

## sunny mac

how did this thing begin i cant remember. true texaco  
painting island salem on the fence island salem taking his  
virgin pass at the vidcan in sorry he sez i didnt mean to film  
your butt. jehovah witnesses come to his door. he sez be-

cause thats all im gonna say and they respect him. no man is  
an island. island salem makes screwdrivers shall i make them  
the real way or do you wanta sunny mac. true texaco sez lets  
drink them right i love sunny macs but lets do vodka. outside  
in the city alley the frenchwoman sees manhattan this could be  
nyc she sez. island salem points to a concrete ramp the other  
day on his way to brush his teeth he sees a woman out there  
hold a box just like this and her hands clasped fingers fanned  
on either side holding and eyes right inside he sez okay im  
hooked and stares but she stays just like that frozen looking  
down the ramp in her box so he gives up and brushes his teeth  
and after there she still is and 2 other women doing the same  
thing i mean whats going on here what direction we going plot.  
oh i know true texaco sez true texaco oh i know too the french-  
woman sez. you do? you do? island salens nearly doubled over  
hes aghast you know? yes i know the true texaco sez both of  
them we know. you say the frenchwoman sez you say sex sez the  
tex. its the eclipse the frenchwoman sez the eclipse sez the  
true texaco the eclipse sez island salem the eclipse i knew about  
the eclipse.

## jockey boxing

the rainbow sephjeff sefgeof tonage rainbow celine.  
celine cocoa no thank not if i sit at a table and eat island  
safe salem sez at the at the kids in an adultbar tahiti i  
dont understand it all sef sez but you dont care angle to the  
car skateboard off the rim experiences car races you case out  
a car for goodies ducttape the window crash you cant hear a  
sound muffled ducttape rock n roll ducttape floor at the rebeat  
gallery. geof sez hoofprints sef sez elkhorn hooting at the  
top of the arch in kansas city not kansas city carson city not  
montana. of course he didnt break in that way he never broke  
a window he said sorry while im apologizing (island salem) let  
me apologize for assuming true texaco painted that fence tex

not acc you. o goof frenchwoman sez punches his arm gluffs not  
even no all the same true island sez salem i want to apologize  
your apology accepted sez she perfect rainbow a double arch  
grandnas power pole power whistle sez sef i can hear it blow hoooo  
no word for it he sez sounds like hoooo. deaf. the kid is deaf.  
power whistles he can hear air whistles he can hear trucks hoooo  
by island salem's pop. some buy tin snips and on the newer cheaper  
cars snip into the metal and cut a hole right by the lock reach in  
move the metal theyre in. hock. cars with loot. goodies. course  
you hock them. incredible the frenchwoman sez you know this word  
sef sez crust. true texacos losing his job. he is crusted. for  
christ's sake here keep up island salem you can you know see. see  
see. see see envelopes hanging on a tree. its important we  
stay together. geof. clearing house.

## old matchbooks in his cig pack

the ugliest thoughts come when i shave island salem  
sez 10 minutes and i still dont got it right how do you know  
sez frenchy eyeball on her arm becuz he sez becuz i gotta thin  
skin and a thick beard ever been shaved true texaco sez ab-  
solutely yes humtuchit cost i gottit witha haircut.

in not gettin it tex sez first before this before that  
oh if thats your prob frenchy sez i cn take careuh that. eyeball  
earball fishnet wa uh wah-uh wah uh sidewalk chunks yr innards  
wud be all gumped up if ya had that job wink.

down the river forwards and backs whutsit coming to too to  
whats it going if no rules if no rules frenchy sez whattya mean  
i write right to left. i use periods.

island slaving shaving in the jon in his itty bitty mirror  
10 min a day and it still looks like shit like i never shaved.  
my prettiest thoughts when i arts. a 6% downgrade before i for-

get it tex sez and a square-rock wont move but you he sez to isi-  
and i like to think myself are molasses theres movement there. true  
tex in ripped ip jeans and isl in plaid with the sleeves cutoff.  
a brown tavern, a bar, a cafe. the virginia cafe in downtown  
portland or.

oh the same place the same oregon trail pioneers above  
the capitol with peed pants and an axe. across from frenchys  
eyes you could see it she had 3 act like joey ramone she sez  
say in gonna show them my old bedroom & us 211 walk in.

## river of hardship

kerouac comes by this is it sez true texaco handing  
his better half the pipe oh no she sez youre gonna be grouchy  
me he sez you he sez youre gonna be the grouchy one. right  
in fronta jack. we steal his molasses moves slow but tex  
drawls it moves faster than the guys movin fast because thats  
what movement is hardship from a sea of hardship jacks line  
hosers a sea of trouble: i had to harden my heart to endure  
odysseus sez name one old greek johnny carson. eds gettin fat.  
again. hes sufferin, its over dead end. heers hear here is  
heres johnny no more off the diet.

one moment island salen sez it can be a monument it can be  
plastic moving on rust no more industrial america weyerhaeuser  
mill by the docks ship steams by its george himself on hoods  
canal hoot hoot a 6 gun salute from the mansion on the hill its  
still the same girls standing there the same shorebank the same  
power kerouac sez shrinking up from his grave lucid void pre-  
tending to be a man pretending not to know the void.

whiskey and 7. whiskey and a beer chaser. whiskey i cant  
stand scotch island salen sez. pour the beer in your 7 frenchy  
sez mix it all together. what if he did it. what if neal arrives

at the door of the dark cabin ban the shaft of light comes in his  
arm outraised. I bring you good news. lo. would not the story  
increase. wud not these 3 characters chouse a happier home  
in keizer spitting on cars over the overpass island sajen  
drew the line.

**(to be  
continued)**

p

Michaelis

1870

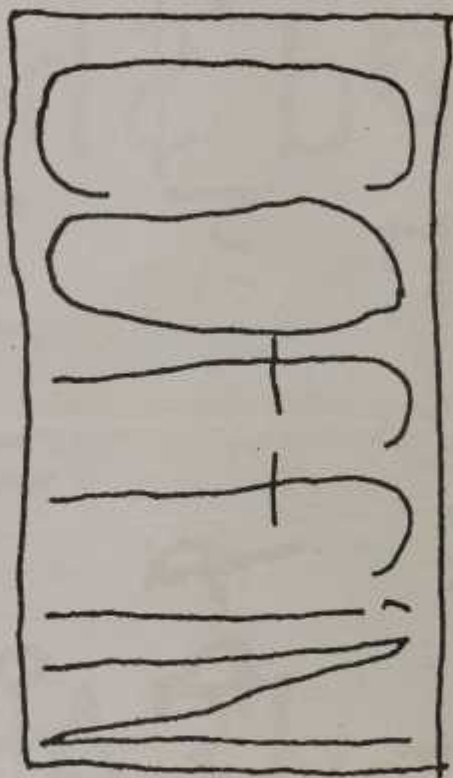
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will be May

11-27-5

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