

MYTHOLOGIES

I offer here no rhyme or reason. So much in our world today is based on half-truths, that mythology has been counfounded with reality. Perhaps, after centuries of living in the cold, harsh light of 'reality', it has come time to reject this reality in favor of a mythical and mystical celebration of life. Indeed, Christ's coming was to have symbolized and accomplished this celebration.

The time has come, then, to pick and choose the myths with which we wish to surround our lives. For too long the bourgeoisie has had a corner on the stock market of mythologies. In the name of 'common sense' we have seen a whole empire of materialistic mythology carved out to suit the class which, by its own mythologizing, has reduced itself to another object on its own junk heap of meaningless possessions which it calls life. We must destroy the de-humanizing element of bourgeois mythologizing, and at the same time, choose and create the symbols which we wish to elevate to the role of myth. These symbols must reflect the humanistic side of man, and must reject the stifling battle cry of 'let us reason'. All too often this cry has signified the ability of the bourgeoisie to compromise all its 'principles' in order to adapt to any situation regardless of the sense of morality or justice involved. Let us, then, destroy their mythes and create those which would serve a new purpose, a purpose which is man-centered and spiritually orientated in such a manner that man and spirit become indistinguishably one yet separate.....

After such a lofty beginning we must not fall into the trap of creating a myth of the importance of our mission.....

The World Series. In Viet Nam? In the Middle East? No, but in a shiny new stadium which stands as a glittering palace, a bastion of fantasy surrounded by the cruel reality of twentieth century urban life in America. Would the World Series have gone on had Montreal been one of the participants? Of course, but under maximum security precautions. Even on its own level, do Cincinnati and Baltimore reflect an adequate world series in baseball? Where is Japan, or Mexico, or Puerto Rico or Cuba? It seems that America is not living up to the sports myth surrounding the very game which it created and sent out to the world as a myth of all that is America. Buy me some tacos and rice balls; I don't care if I never get back, but must it always be root, root, root for the home team.....

Two examples of existential myth makers who have succeeded: Catherine Deneuve has succeeded in creating her own myth through a wide and highly selective choice of roles and directors. She has created an image which makes her life indistinguishable from the roles which she plays. Under the skillful guidance of Luis Bunuel, Roman Polanski and others, she has done something which no other female star of this century has been able to do. She *is* herself in her films. She has chosen her own image, her own myth. She is the embodiment of angelic demonism and beauty in evil which she portrays in such films as *Repulsion*, *Belle de Jour*, and, more recently, Bunuel's *Tristana*. America sought to capitalize on this myth by mustering Hollywood's great sensitivity to find her a role suited to the self which she had created. Thus her only American film is *April Fools*. What perception on the part of Hollywood!

Elliott Gould has succeeded too well in creating his own myth. One wonders what small part Hollywood had in the creation of this myth. At any rate, Gould is now in Sweden making a film for Ingmar Bergman, that great maker of myths which have *true* meaning for modern man in his world of today.....

A favorite device in bourgeois myth-making is the tautology (after all, the President of the United States *is* the President of the United States). Mick Jagger has created a counter myth; he *is* what he sings....

The myth of the fair trial has been deflated by the passion for political and emotional rhetoric on both sides of the center. Thus we see Julius Hoffman being written off as a 'pig', and Angela Davis as an 'inhuman and insane person'. Whatever happened to respect for the bench, and to the myth of being innocent until proven guilty...

Human tragedy and global misfortune are punctuated by the sounds of Neil Diamond and Johnny Cash, or by the sounds of Jimi Hendrix and Neil Young..... And the beat goes on.....

— by H. W.

The Third Bull

His christian name was Standup, but at the age of two he suffered a loss of faith and changed it to Third Turnbull, or The Third Bull, a recurring image in his painful dreams. Then he attended classes at the Herring Gut Dump and was tutored by the shiftless pianotuner, Darpin, in the reordering of human machinery. His courses stretched broadly between ruined initiation and indecisive martyrdom.

His interests included:

- 1— Forging narratives in the shadow of thrushfeather smoke
- 2— Learning the texture of blackened fishheads in the indelicate measuring of withered private parts.
- 3— learning the cultivation of bad blood.

Later in life he married Basket Love who underwent the brave surgery and scooted around the house at 4 m. p. h.

Way McDonald

The Nighttime Cold Reliever

I saw a commercial

last night

some poor girl was dying

a terrible cold

very sad and touching

Harold gave her some green fluid

"You're a good husband, Harold."

and hustled her off to bed

It just dawned on me

if he was such a good husband

why the hell wasn't he in bed

with her

to relieve some of the nighttime coldness?

— JACK PARRILLO

"Joe"

What director John Avildsen has given us is a very ordinary "Joe". The film provides a soothing sense of outrage to those who would like to believe that all issues are as sharply defined as they are in "Joe". It is another in that long line of films being released by Hollywood today to appeal to the "socially-conscious" audience, giving it the opportunity to feel morally superior to almost everybody.

The film opens on a girl who is living with her junkie lover. She takes an overdose and as a result is brought to a hospital. When her father learns of this, he goes to her apartment to bring home her clothes, but while he is there the girl's lover walks in. He begins to taunt the father about his daughter's hate for him, which moves the father to kill him. This beginning, which could have been developed into a fine film, is not enlarged upon. Instead, a vicious attack on Establishment society is launched.

The first indication of this attack is given when the girl's mother visits her in the hospital. On cue, she comes out with some remarks about how it's going to be OK once she gets home, which are calculated to show how far apart the two people are. Meanwhile, the father has found our hero, Joe, drunk at a bar. He is spouting off every prejudice imaginable, including one against hippies. When he mentions that he would like to kill one of the cruddy little faggots, the girl's father tells him that he has done just that. He tries to retract this, but Joe finds out the truth and begins to pal around with him, because he admires the act. The daughter also finds out, however, and runs away from home. Joe and her father go looking for her in Greenwich Village, where they somehow end up at an orgy. This gives the director a chance to give us the skin show which seems to be necessary in all "honest" films nowadays. When their wallets are stolen, they follow the thieves to a commune, where they murder everyone in a nice bloody ending. For a bit of poetic justice, the father inadvertently kills his own daughter.

Throughout the whole film, Joe never changes. He is presented as an ignorant, cruel and slobbish person without any redeeming value, and stays this way. Joe could have been an interesting character, especially at the hands of Peter Boyle. Instead, he is kept at the level of caricature, so that the issue can remain black and white, without any understanding of the view of a real blue-collar worker. This caricature is sometimes very funny, but it is also very inappropriate for what purports to be a serious film. The girl's father, of course, is an adman, the new symbol of hypocrisy. His contribution is to show the total subservience of those trying to get ahead in the business world, and to make inane comments on their work, which he says consists of shifting papers from one desk to another. His wife is another stereotype, the socialite bitch, and Joe's wife is pitifully portrayed as a mindless idiot glued to the television screen.

This film, which pretends to be against prejudice, is very snobbish in its attack on Joe and the others. It ridicules Joe because of his taste in liquor (beer) and in sports (bowling). It is also mocking of his physical appearance and taste in music. It makes offensive comments about things such as country & western music while defending to the death the right of young people to listen to whatever they like. What it boils down to is another blatant attempt to cash in on the newly discovered "youth market". The same people who complain about the money-grubbing establishment and who would violently object to a film showing hippies doing bad things have self-righteously produced a film of exactly this type about blue-collar workers.

Recently, a violent ending in which the good guys get it has been the vogue. It must, however, have some justification, and here it is to show the utter depravity of Joe and the hypocrisy of the adman. "Joe", I think, sets an alltime record, with something on the order of twelve or thirteen people being slaughtered for our pleasure. The ending shots themselves, which are designed to shock us into outrage, are uncomfortably reminiscent of the still shot at the end of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" and the final aerial shot of the dead Peter Fonda in "Easy Rider". "Joe", as one reviewer said, is sure to be a box office success, but only because it sold out to the type of people it pretends to despise.

—Jim Greer

With regard to contemporary music, there seems to be two different schools of critical thought. One influential group of musical sociologists, respected by the cultural Establishment, considers rock music banal and unimportant, rock musicians as schmucks who graduated from some high school, picked up on a gimmick and made a mint. At the opposite pole of the critical spectrum, we encounter another group of informed listeners, which takes as its point of departure the concept that rock music is by its very nature an expression of revolution that is occasionally subverted through the capitalistic greed (ugh!) of record companies, et al. into a subtle form of oppression. Perhaps the only subjective element which transcends the two points of view is the widely-held belief that rock has a unique relationship to the social, political and cultural revolution through which we are struggling. Neither critical approach appears especially fruitful to me, primarily because the element which justifies criticism, namely objectivity, is conspicuously absent, indeed has been deliberately sacrificed by both camps, in order to entertain a kind of unthinking bias which places emphasis on relevancy at the expense of meaning.

We may gain a closer understanding of the nature of the problem if we consider these two schools through specific individuals who demonstrate the respective points of view. Bill Graham is fairly typical of those establishment-types who criticize rock and rock musicians from a negative point of view. He fully expects rock music to "make this world a better place to live in" and thrashes about when his demands are found to be unrealistic. Certainly, his primary objection to festivals (his personal economic situation aside) is precisely that they are, in his eyes, unproductive. Thus, for Graham at least, rock music has failed, and can be legitimately attacked on extramusical grounds. Such a broad spectrum of theatrical criticism might conceivably include dress, ideology and life style as criteria upon which a presumably mature critic might base a musical judgment. However, I'm quite sure that, whatever else this attitude might be, it is not a valid critical approach to music.

On the other hand, there are many critics, such as Mike Kleinman (New York Herald Tribune) who feels that even though rock is unsatisfactory as a cultural pacifier, nevertheless the music has value to the extent that it reflects the chaotic breakdown of repressive societies. For these critics, rock becomes little more than a mirror, whose chief function is to direct attention away from itself, and in this fashion convey a special message about the pressures from which it represents an escape. If we carry this view to its extreme, the sympathy of the listener becomes the ultimate goal of rock, since revolutionary music has as its motive the 'liberation of the people'. This tactic of critical attack, which is somewhat more hopeful than the Bill Graham-type, has as its major benefit an insight into the psychology of the musicians themselves. Kleinman, in particular, grasps the nature of the creative process when he is able to recognize that the musicians suffer all the same influences as their critics, sometimes producing good music, sometimes not.

I suspect that both these critical schools have lost contact with the musical values which are easily confused with the illusions present in the listeners mind. When the Airplane celebrates or condemns sex, drugs and alienation, they do so in a uniquely musical form. Their music cannot be appreciated if it is seen as either a cause or an effect/reflection of social unrest. The Airplane are consistently good performing musicians, not because they adhere to any particular set of values but simply because they have understood and perfected the style of music that we call rock. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that rock has become the primary vehicle of communication in the post-verbal counter culture. And if language stands in danger of losing its capacity for meaning because it has been used as deceit too often, so too music can only retain identity when it is held back from the precipice of propaganda. Those who hear in rock nothing more than a useful marketing tool for the dope/revolution industry are deaf. Those who see our music as a sign, a reaction, fail to reach the level of musical expression. It has been written that rock is our exploitation, but I say that it is our energy and not to be wasted. For every consumer of packaged music, there must also be a producer — one of us.

—Mike Kilgallen

from "Broken Windows"
 . . . I stood waiting long
 eating an apple
 skipping stones across the sea
 and laughing with the wind,
 while you buried a dead seagull
 in the wet grey sand . . .

— Tom Partridge

plastic conceptions

gregory corso

of the mutilated torso
 marks the thought

with the point

of his joint;
 plastic wrought
 in the coynt,

only more so.

— skyles rhys

opaque angels rub (
 a bishop's)
 genitals with

leaves&wishes

their(chambermaid)marble eyes
 cl-i-ck

along the hillsides
 like timecl-o-cks . . .

below,
 a shepherd
 herds himself into r-o-cks . . .

and his sheep (will
 notice the broken statuary
)fall pregnant
 with strangulation of the groin(&
 bl-oo-d
 i-n the bedsheets)

— skyles rhys

COMPUTER POEM

DIFFERE)NT DIF—

GRAD)UATED GRAD—

DEPA)RTURE DE—
 EXPRESSI)ON EXPRES—
 CAPITALI)STIC

JUSTIFI)ES JUSTI—

TYPIC)AL TYPI—

OBJEC)TION OBJEC—

UNSAT)ISFACTORY UN—

SOCIETI)ES' SOCIE—

SYMPAT)HY SYM—
 REVOLU)TIONARY REVOLU—

PSYCHOL)OGY PSY—

MR
 PM
 IBM

Nigger 1970
 Negro that I am
 I am proud as can be
 With my Saltzman red pants
 Lewis wooly violet shirt and of course
 My cool Taylor shoes.

Negro that I am
 Covered with black from head to toe
 As *No* color could be.
 Here comes the judge
 Here comes the pigs
 As far as I can see
 With his mean black robe
 And his mean black hammer.

— right on

The bread was good in those days. We used to stand in lines arguing with the social people, but we weren't serious even though we play-acted being serious. When we got it, we used to sit not far away on the curb eating out of one hand. During the hot days, the other hand burned a little if you left it on the sidewalk. Sometimes you couldn't sit down because of the heat. But these things weren't too important because we talked a lot about the bread. I imagined that the cause of the goodness was the wheat, and because I was from out-of-state I'd tell them stories of me being a wheat typhoon. I'd say, "because you all lived in the city, you don't know the importance of wheat around here and elsewhere." One of the guys called my wheat "Zodiac Gold Wheat". "The best bread under the stars!". I often told them about my wheat fields that stretched across four states, Kansas, Nebraska, Wilmata and Iowa. "An elixer for the deadened spirits!" The reason I lived in New York was because of a secret, and I had to see if my bread was liked good. They nodded in agreement filling their mouths with Zodiac. "You're alright; I'd hire you anytime," someone would say sometimes.

After eating we'd run down to the park to get a drink of water. Someone tried to be a water typhoon but it didn't go over much. Someone said, "This gang can have but one typhoon." I didn't say it though, and no one said different.

On the same day we went to a Greek grocery store near the park. The man had black hair and lines in his face. We was pretty scared not to start laughing because we asked for Zodiac, "Zodiac Gold Wheat Bread". "For the taste of noble goodness". He didn't carry such things, he said, and yet we left not empty-handed. One of the little guys snudged a roll of toilet paper. One of us thought it was a poor thing to take, seeing there was only a few things we could do with it.

With the toilet paper we figured that we'd better stay off of the streets, which left us with going to the cat-walk on the building they were building by my house or the park. The cat-walk was good because you could see a lot of buildings all over the city, but the park was nearby so we went there.

It took us a long time to find the steepest hill we could find. When we did we took the outside paper off the toilet paper and put it in high-speed position. Alfred put a rock on the end-piece and gave the roll a big shove. We knew what to do; we didn't wait around. The most fun of all was running down the hill so scared. I yelled, "Hurry up you knotheads! Hurry up!" And I remember someone was shouting, "Run like the Zodiac! Run like the Zodiac!"

—Michael Paul

in the palm of my hand

I

now i will close my hand
now i posses some sacred thing
celebrate strike the band
rejoice for this my soul calling

i call all follow me
follow what is locked in my fist
not found afloat at sea
nor at the bottom in some kist

but at the top held high
high above rank in potential
i have grasped the azure
silver and gold consequential

II

i have trod in shadows
of naked trees along a walk
as evidenced from blows
and all the peoples worthless talk

they create a wonderland
here painted rocks and burnt black grass
not what i have in hand
but for them a sailors cutlass

III

void of analogy
my soul calling needs no mans knife
sacred allegory
in the palm of my hand my life

— Bob Charpentier

Island, also

Alone, he walked along the beach,
stopped, and stood
looking at the sea.
The waves were cold and the foam, silent.
And icy mist stung his ears
Like the last words
of an old affair.

— KEVIN PETTIT

Kurt Vonnegut's *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater* describes madness on two levels. One level is the madness of a man who should be acting like the aristocratic American President of the Rosewater Foundation but isn't. The other level is that of the madness which drives other people to judge Eliot Rosewater as mad. The second level is populated by those members of the human species who view all problems in society as being concerned with levels of monetary achievement. Those on the top level are there because they were wise enough to live by the motto: "Grab too much or you'll get nothing at all."

Eliot Rosewater (the man people keep asking God to bless) is a sybling in the wealthy Rosewater clan which has firmly established itself in the American tradition as creators and guardians of the Rosewater Foundation. This grand tradition was seriously threatened with the awarding of the Foundation Presidency to Eliot Rosewater who had no friends in high society because he told people who were supposed to be his friends that their wealth was based on "dumb luck". He also advised at the end of his will to whomever would succeed him that: "You can safely ignore the arts and sciences. They never helped anybody. Be a sincere, attentive friend of the poor."

Since Eliot was a graduate of Harvard Law School and had begun a successful career in international relations, the shock generated by such statements was enough to spur young, opportunistic Norman Mushari, himself a Cornell law grad, to build a court case against Eliot to prove the man's insanity. It seems Eliot was now a threat to the myth of the golden land of opportunity. Also, he was beginning to drink quite heavily, so heavily in fact that he went to deliver an address on alcoholism at a convention in San Diego, but he was too drunk to read it. He also became involved at this time with patronizing his favorite author, science fiction writer Kilgore Trout who once wrote a book in which a character wanted very badly to ask God one question: "What in hell are people for?"

His drinking becoming more of a problem, Eliot soon sold all his expensive clothes and began to travel around the country to find out what he wanted to do with his life. Shortly after his wife was committed to a mental institution for a disorder termed Samaritrophia which meant; "hysterical indifference to the troubles of those less fortunate than oneself," Eliot planted himself in the Rosewater, Indiana office of the Foundation ("It was a shotgun attic that spanned a lunchroom and a liquor store") behind windows on which were painted:

Rosewater Foundation
How Can We Help
You?

He would sit in his office all day and get phone calls from little old ladies with tight girdles and strange men saying they wanted to commit suicide. He lent an ear to the forgotten people, the nobodies. He also tended to the Rosewater Volunteer Fire Department siren, the loudest fire whistle in the Western Hemisphere. He was happy, poor in spirit and drunk most of the time. It seemed the only moral principle he held to was that he was nobody special, even though he was supposed to be.

All the while Norman Mushari is trying to make a name and money for Norman Mushari by getting his case together for the halls of justice. But it might be difficult to prove Eliot insane because he had learned early in life from the great Kilgore Trout that one must in this day and age be concerned with the question of what people are for. The day before the court hearing, it was Trout who reinforced Eliot's life philosophy when he told Eliot that his life in Rosewater was probably the most important social experiment of our time. It dealt on a small scale with the ominous problem: "How to love people who have no use?"

Because, continues Trout: "In time, almost all men and women will become worthless as producers of goods, food, services, and more machines, as sources of practical ideas in the area of economics, engineering and probably medicine too. So---if we can't find reasons and methods for treasuring human beings because they are *human beings*, then we might as well, as has so often been suggested, rub them out." Fortunately Eliot has found a way out of rubbing out people and of being declared insane. To comply with the only factor which could allow him to hold the Presidency, i.e., have children to hand it down to, Eliot adopts the entire community of Rosewater, Indiana as his children and bequeaths the fortune to them.

A fitting epitaph for Eliot might be what Diana Moon Glampere said to him one night: "You gave up everything a man is supposed to want, just to help the little people, and the little people know it. God bless you, Mr. Rosewater. Good night."

—P. McNeil

for Zoe

When I look
into your dark smiling eyes
I think of a book
by Kahlil Gibran
"The Broken Wings"

and
the silent night's
garden growing dreams
that are carried off by trembling
beating wings
to blossoming heights
in the dark skies.

— JACK PARRILLO

O Creator! can monsters exist in the eyes
of the One who alone knows why they
exist who alone know how they *have been*
made and how they could *not have been*
made.

Charles Baudelaire
from *Paris Spleen*

Ostensibly, this is going to be a review of *Cosmos and History* a "little book", as the author designates it in the preface, by Mircea Eliade. I say ostensibly, because, the thought running behind this review is perhaps more congruent with the title of another of Eliade's books, *Myth and Reality*. Perhaps unfairly to Eliade, I am coming to his book with a certain amount of bias, and sought in it an answer to a question personally conceived. The fact that he does not answer my questions, of course, is no reflection on the work itself, after all, it is *his* book. In any case, an exploration of Eliade's work provides an admirable background and certainly can serve as a steppingstone for the question which I would most like to explore — the possibility of myth in the modern world.

Basically, Eliade tries to describe the function of myth for the traditional, archaic man, and then he goes on to describe how Christianity serves a similar function for modern, historical man. First of all, then, I should begin by describing what Eliade would consider the differences between "archaic" and "modern" man. Archaic man is pre-Hegelian in the sense that he is an-historical. He does not recognize history and at all times transforms it through ritual. Archaic man is defined by his vision of reality; which he feels is a function of the imitation of a celestial archetype. In confronting the terror of history, therefore, archaic man takes refuge in the concept that the evils which are befalling him, are just re-enactments of evils which befell some archetypal hero or god, in "illo tempore". He does not have to think how he should react to these evils - he knows. When confronted with evil he simply follows the example of his archetypal ancestor. Thus, through ritual archaic man is able to destroy the terror of history by transcending it. History no longer exists per se, because through ritual, time is regenerated into "illo tempore" and the individual, historical evil is transformed into a cosmic re-enactment of an original evil. Thus, man really only acknowledges one pattern of action, a cosmic, transcendental one.

Eliade has shown how archaic man responds to evil, but how does he explain its existence? Logically, if history is non-existent and the only reality is cosmic, archetypal, repetitive reality, then suffering must also be fitted into a metahistorical scheme. Thus suffering is explained — it is a response of the gods, either to some omission or fault of man, in his ritualistic cosmic life, and hence, necessary for the regeneration of the cosmos. In Kierkegaard's terminology, sacrifice by archaic man belongs to the "general", that is, suffering which is based upon sacred theophanies concerned only with the circulation of sacred energy in the cosmos — from divinity to man, and through sacrifice, from man back to divinity.

The difference between archaic man and modern man for Eliade is that while archaic man is anhistorical, modern man, due to the influence of the Judaeo-Christian religion, and Hegelian philosophy is almost inescapably historical. With Judaism, and continued on in Christianity, repetitive, ritualistic regeneration on a cosmic scale ends. History had to be reorganized, for the Jews and the Christians it is a necessary period to suffer through, while waiting for the arrival of a redeemer-apocalypse. No longer could man transcend history by a return to the "illo tempore" of the past. Judaeo-Christianity, however, does not leave man totally defenseless against the terror of history. Although historical man has to accept history, he still is offered the possibility of transcending it: not on a cosmic scale through union in a vast ritual, but rather on a very personal, individualistic level, through *faith*. As an example of this "new creation" of man, Eliade, as Kierkegaard before him, goes to the story of Abraham. Abraham's difference lies in the fact that unlike archaic man he sees no rational reason for the sacrifice God demands of him — yet confronted with the irrationality, the absurdity of these demands he accepts them, through faith. This faith is not based on a past happening, but is rather based on a premise of what *will* happen. Abraham's faith is motivated by the promise of renewal in an "illud tempus" in the future.

The difference, then, between archaic man without faith, and historical man with faith seems slight. Both men escape the terror of history. Whereas one transcends history by transcending time through a ritual return to the "illo tempore" of the past, the other transcends it by a faith in the "illud tempus" of the future.

Thus, although Eliade would differentiate historical faith from archaic myth, we can see that in essence they achieve the same function through essentially the same means — allowing man to project his destiny out of the present, either into the past or into a future, both of which possess paradisiacal connotations.

Eliade's analysis, then I feel is coherent, as far as it goes, but I do not feel it is comprehensive. This I feel is unavoidable on Eliade's part for the creation of this new element, this new type man, if you will is strictly contingent upon the work of men like Eliade. This new type man is the man who possesses a mythic consciousness. Due to the analytical perspective offered by Freud, and used so effectively by anthropologists such as Eliade, contemporary man has acquired an almost objective consciousness of the similarities between myths, their functions, and their creation. It is because of this mythic consciousness, that I feel contemporary man is no longer able to be rescued from the terror of history by transhistorical, mythic means. I say this because the central fact of myth is that it describes the *real*. I seriously question whether man can be aware of the similarity between various myths and religions, aware of their similar function, and still accept *one particular* myth as representing without *doubt* what is real.

I feel that even faith is no weapon against this doubt. Because properly speaking, the doubt mythic consciousness causes is not a legitimate foe of faith. As Kierkegaard points out it is the existence of the absurd, which allows "the leap of faith" to be made. Mythic consciousness can provide no clearly defined obstacle. It is not the absurdity of myth which weakens its value for contemporary man, it is rather that all myths seem so similar and above all so *probable*.

In searching for some empirical evidence to support my claim of mythic consciousness with, I think one needs look no further than the attempts to create new myths made by Nietzsche, Yeats, and Eliot. First of all, it seems that only a mythic consciousness would cause these men to recognize the fact that traditional myth had failed for their contemporaries, and also only this same mythic consciousness could cause their personal attempts, prodigious as they were, to fail.

Although I feel that my diagnosis of the mythic awareness of modern man has some relevance, I am clearly not elated by the fact that such a state exists. I seriously wonder however, if modern man can ever escape the terror of history, through myth, now that he is aware of myth. To paraphrase Baudelaire, can myths exist in the eyes of those who know why they exist, and who know how they have been made, and how they could not have been made?

Next issue a further exploration of this theme, using the writing of Paul Recur as a basis.

—Michael Rybarski

Black Sapphire Rum

Zap!
Shooting stars begin behind
my lips
glide like comets
across my tongue
leaving a long sparkling tail
as a fireball rolls
spiraling down my throat
exploding in my stomach
as fireworks
Pow!
play different colored songs
through my intestines
and
then
brain darkness.

— JACK PARRILLO

Street Riffs

one cold night here
down Boston
cold
we lookin for some
hot jazz
coffee
walk down, walk down
walk down
going down
always waiting
stiff
our hands deep
our eyes rolling off lights
our faces from wind
huddled fierce
walk down, walk down
going down
this cop
he says walk on,
walk on
we walk
going down

— MIKE PAUL

I'm black. I can't take any lotion or pill and be white. I can't go home at night and play some other role. I'm black and I'm angry. I'm black and I want to hit somebody. I'm black and I'm alone at this damned place. All us blacks are alone here. We walk out the gates and we are under suspicion. The white home owners in Providence hold their breath until we pass their houses. They think we're all going to break in and steal something. The cops (Pig's) watch us until we're gone. I tell you *that* can piss a man off.

—Right On