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The Strayed Reveller, No. 5

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Oct. 1969



MINNESOTA PRIMITIVE
(originals in file 2)

Marks of hair
Wear still show
A chisel slipped,
Here the infant
He can't home
Iron and plowshare

The Butterfly
never in a straight line
Always gets there -

Having spent the day
I wonder if he minds
We spend ourselves
Glasses through
Nylon and skin
Expulsive dander, sheer
American, bleached
Bone and thigh
We are our own

It's hard for me to say
Some

TO AVOID DANGER OF
PUBLICATION, 2 P. 1

MINNESOTA PRIMITIVE

Marks of hard

Wear still show. Here

A chisel slipped,

Here the infant Thorssen teethed.

We cart home sad

Iron and plowshare,

Butter churn and wagon wheel.

Having spent the day

We spend ourselves,

Glissade through

Nylon and skin,

Exquisite denier, sheer

Americana, bleached

Bone and thigh,

We are our one

And only

Primitive.

IF DEATH IS A LYING SOT
(a tale of camouflage)

I.
For kicks most nights, I have eaten tree frogs
that wait for the pollen of street lights
to greek ass-eared men into building
ambitious blocks, but this gets dirty
and I head for the laundromat.

I said "hi" as I walked in
and dumped my clothes into the washer
when they said, "Do poets wash clothes too?"
I told them that they perceived only
a mental construct and that my menial
essence was in debt to liberty, since
the tyranny of dress being kindness
was too insipid for credit.

"T'is hard for an empty Bag to stand upright."
Some preachin' said there's gonna be fire next time.

WARNING

TO AVOID DANGER OF
SUFFOCATION, KEEP AWAY

FROM BABIES AND CHILDREN,
DO NOT USE IN CRIBS, BEDS,
CARRIAGES OR PLAYPENS
THIS BAG IS NOT A TOY

II.

We agreed that her scarlet panties peeped through like commercials, and that the entire contents of the dryer, having a 25¢-plot, gained on T.V., since the color appeared more real, without a danger of close radiation. I left their strip-poker dream, afraid to see them dead in a wedding band, and I chipped my way out of gold-plated emotions.

Plasticized by terrifics my head whimpered to a rough-shod conscience: death is sot! I stopped a dog. I said "hi" and asked him if he wanted the gutters to gargle with rain. The dog barked "no" because he was going to be painted blue by the kid down the street, who said that squirrels ran up the trees

e sonic BOOMS.

k

i

l

I said, "Keep up the camouflage."

I wondered if the change machine would work next time, but I couldn't help smelling cindered acorns and looked up at a rescue sky full of beers camouflaged like tears.

Walking I spotted the kid down the street rapping an ant-hole with a pine cone.

Out of my mouth came a "hi" like a mosquito pregnant with desire for stagnant water.

Anyway the kid strolled up to me and said, "If you're going down to the store, forget it, the plastic reese cup now holds matches!"

"Big deal, the chalice holds documents."

He frowned infamous and said,

"Look! There goes my blue dog."

"What's it doing?" I asked.

"Going to paint the town red,"

he answered. Then he asked, "What's your Bag?"

"Well," I reddened, "it isn't a toy. Can't you

smell that? It's.....it's filled with kindness
waiting for fire."

He spun his yoyo of love and walked it into the
rust of his heart and quickly painted his pain
blue.

Finally in my room, I dumped my kindness
out on the bed, and started folding clean
bright efforts, when I discovered I washed
my draft card. I guessed that all those
dirty conflicts couldn't hold together,
like classification, like shrapnel.

Black dances

Black
 dances
 over the
 still smooth
 of peace

And leaves
 in its wake
 a gust
 of wind

To mar the
 smooth
 by
 gooseflesh

WINDOW VERSES

May I See Your Ticket Stub, Miss Slick?

Airplane and the Grateful Dead
Driving porkchops up the wall
Clapping sharp within my head
Mob psychology's clarion call.

The Tuesday Night Upstairs Heroin Addicts

Have you seen your matrix, Baby
Stamping out the Shadow?
Lighting up a reefer, maybe
In the Aztec-Caddo.

Blue Racing Stripes Are In This Year

Sweetly sings the Armadillo
Rustling thru the conservative wood.
Golden message on satin pillow
Yours for taking, if you could.

Dead End

Even as ugly as the yellow
that rolls over your eyes
and cries when you color it,
as yellow as the harvest plain without a spring;

Even as the hangman's hand
beneath the glove is scheming,
is the winter ghost
out with a wind to freeze you.

And even as those frozen faces
run into each other on highways,
they never find each other again and die
like lost mice in wheatstraw.

Hardy Paul

"Oh that Thou shouldst give dust a tongue
To cry to Thee.
And then not hear it crying! All day long
My heart was in my knee,
But no hearing."

--George Herbert

After lifting weights I stood under the shower, letting the warmth soothe my pleasantly tired body. I closed my eyes. I realized I was as happy as I had been in years. I was in perfect health, and I was getting my discharge in a month. And I had acquired a girl named Margaret.

After I had dressed and rested, I walked over to the officer's club. I sat at the end of the bar, to myself. The room was almost empty. Most of the men had either taken their weekend passes or were at their quarters off the base.

I ordered a coke. While I was drinking it, Tommy West came in. He saw me and walked over. He had been on a month's leave. Two weeks before he left, he'd introduced me to Margaret.

"You're looking good," he said after we had shaken hands. He'd been drinking quite a bit.

"I feel good, too," I said.

For a few minutes we talked about the places he'd visited on leave. Then he asked, "Have you seen Margaret?"

I hesitated, uncertain how to answer. "I've seen her," I said.

"How often?"

"Pretty often."

He grinned at me. "You don't need to be so sly," he said. "I can tell you've been getting in her pants." He slapped me lightly on the arm. "No wonder you're looking so good."

I was blushing. "You aren't getting serious about her?" he said.

"No," I said. "You know me better than that."

"She hasn't tried to push you into anything?"

"No," I said. I could be frank with Tommy.

"That's what I like about her. She takes me like

I am and doesn't try to force any commitment."

Tommy nodded. "She's a flawed beauty, though," he said.

"What grade would you give her?"

"B-. Her butt's too big. Her breasts are too small, nose too long. Just minor flaws. Doesn't make a damn when the lights are out."

"That's true," I said.

Tommy ordered another drink. "You ever seen that school where she works?" he said.

"No."

"It's a bad sight," he said. "Seeing all that misery--" He paused. "Curt, it makes you wonder..."

"You must be drunker than I thought," I said. "I never saw you get on that religious crap before."

He stared at me, slightly angry. "Nothing ever reaches you, does it?" he asked.

I said nothing.

"Hell, you've got such a thick shell that every bad sight, every misfortune you see, is just so much t.s. to you."

I needed a sharp line. "You're forgetting something," I said. "You weren't in combat a year like I was. Maybe if you'd seen the things I've seen you'd have a thick skin, too."

"A lot of people've been in combat," he said, "but they're still human beings." We were silent for a moment. "I'm sorry," Tommy said. "That was uncalled for."

"Forget it," I said. "How'd we get to talking about that, anyway?"

I went to bed early. I was getting up at seven the next morning to drive to Augusta to see Margaret. I didn't think of my conversation with Tommy. Neither did my checkered past or my uncertain future trouble me. Only the present mattered. And at the moment I lay alone, content with the knowledge that the next time I lay down I would not be alone.

I reached Margaret's apartment about 11:30. She didn't answer the doorbell. I

noticed a slip of paper in her mailbox and took it out. It was a note. I read it slowly, irritation mounting in me.

She had forgotten to tell me, she said, that she had to work until noon. So would I please drive out to the school and pick her up? She gave explicit directions.

As I drove, the frustration I'd initially felt turned into a dull anger. Something--her lapse of memory or her saccharine note--had upset me.

It was almost twelve when I reached the school. I drove through the main gate. A boy was trimming grass along the curb, and I stopped beside him.

"Excuse me," I said, "do you know where I can find Miss Young?"

"Don't know."

"Where is the main office then?"

"What?" He ran his fingers over my shoulder.

"The main building."

He looked puzzled, as if I'd asked a complex question requiring much thought. "Oh, sure," he said. He pointed to a building up the road.

"There," he said.

"Thank you," I said and put the car in gear.

"Wait," he said and stuck out his hand.

"Shake."

I reached across and gripped his sweaty palm.

"Thank you," I said again. I drove up to the building and parked. I got out and looked around. The road came to a dead end fifty yards on. It was flanked on both sides with red brick two story buildings. Past the buildings on the right was a small gym and a playground. Everything had a barren, almost sterile appearance.

I went in the building. A secretary looked up from her typewriter and nodded. "Is Miss Young here?" I said.

"Yes, she is," she said. "I believe she's in Dr. Garret's office." She pushed a button on her intercom. A man answered. "A gentleman is here for Margaret," she said.

The intercom clicked, and Margaret came out.

She walked toward me smiling. She was quite pretty, tan in a white dress. I wondered if she was glad to see me. When she stopped in front of me, I took her hand. Before we could even speak, a little man scurried out of the office.

"You must be Lieutenant Morrow," he called across the room. He came over and stood between us.

"Curt," Margaret said, "this is Dr. Garret. Doctor, Curt Morrow." I took Garret's limp hand and gave it a hard shake.

Garret flexed his fingers. "Dr. Garret is the chief psychologist here," Margaret explained.

"Really?" I said. He had beady blue eyes and the pink face of a plump, pious Baptist preacher.

He gave me what must've been his suavest smile. "I'm certainly happy to meet you, Lieutenant," he said. "You and Margaret aren't engaged, are you?"

"Just friends," I said.

He continued giving me that smile. "You must let me take you on a tour of our school," he said. "I'm sure you're very interested in Margaret's work."

I didn't reply, unsure just how to refuse. "Well," I said finally, "we don't have much time today. Perhaps some other time."

"Come now, Lieutenant," he said, "surely you and Margaret aren't in that much of a hurry." He turned the smile onto Margaret. "Why it's just twelve."

"Perhaps we could take a short tour," Margaret said.

Garret turned to me. "Is that agreeable, Lieutenant?"

"I guess so."

"Wonderful," Garret said. "Wait just a second while I get my keys."

He walked away. "Keys for what?" I asked Margaret.

"Some of the dormitories are locked,"

she said. She put her hand in mine. "Really, hon," she said, "it won't take long. We'll still have all afternoon. And tonight."

Garret was back. "We'll just make a quick trip through one of the girl's dorms and then our bedfast ward," he said. He led us out the door.

Margaret's blonde hair looked pretty in the sunlight. Garret walked in front of us. Since he couldn't see, I put my arm around Margaret's waist and then eased my hand down onto her butt. The walk in the bright sun across the grounds had a dreamlike quality to it as if we were gliding down a bright corridor to the death chamber.

Garret began pointing to various buildings, explaining what they were: here, the classrooms where Margaret worked; over there, the older boys's dorm; beside it, the cafeteria. I payed little attention.

We stopped at one of the dormitories. "This is our older girls's dorm," Garret said. The girls here range in age from about seventeen to over thirty. He took his ring of keys and unlocked the door. "As you can see," he said, "we keep the doors locked, but we don't really need to. We have very few runaways."

"I guess it's hard to run away when you're locked in," I said.

He turned and laughed drily. "Quite a wit you have there, Lieutenant," he said. Margaret gave me a quick, reproving glance.

We walked inside. I don't know what I'd expected, some dirty room full of lunatics perhaps, but I didn't find it. We were in a square room with a big color t.v. at one end. The other three walls were lined with couches.

I looked at them sitting there. They were watching, of all things, a baseball game. They were all wearing plain green dresses. I was struck by their uniformity of expression, or maybe it was their lack of expression--a sort of poker-faced stare. They seemed neither sad nor happy. They were just existing.

Almost all of them turned to look at us.

Most smiled. "They like visitors," Garret said. "They're very affectionate, but we've trained them not to swarm around our guests."

One girl waved to us, and the others who saw her waved too, as if playing follow-the-leader. Margaret and I waved back. One girl, who looked younger than the others, didn't wave.

"How old is the girl who didn't wave?" I asked Garret.

"She's the youngest here," he said, "just turned sixteen. She's only been here a short time."

I thought of all the girls just sixteen who must be having fun on this warm Saturday afternoon. But this girl? Well, she could sit and listen to Sandy Koufax explain how the Pirates would keep Lou Brock from stealing. But it probably didn't matter to her anyway.

"Let's go out this way to the bedfast ward," Garret said, motioning toward a long corridor. As we walked down it, he pointed to the rooms. "These are where the girls live," he said. We looked inside: three neatly made beds, a small adjoining bath, three nightstands. "We're very proud of the living quarters," Garret said. "They're clean and fairly spacious."

So are prison cells, I thought.

We walked across the street to the next building. "Were you in combat, Lieutenant?" Garret asked.

"Yes."

"You're going to see some 'bad sights' as laymen call it," he said as we entered. "But I don't think it'll bother you at all."

The ward was one large room with five double rows of beds. "The people here," Garret said, "are either profoundly retarded or brain damaged. In either case they're totally dependent."

He led us up one row and down the other, occasionally stopping to point out a par-

ticular case; this boy a Mongoloid, that girl a Cretin.

Later, when I was drunk and trying to remember how it was, particular sights came back: a Negro boy, his twisted, bed sore body smeared with Talcum powder, an ancient dwarf-like woman clutching a rag doll, the birthday (get well?) cards pasted to the bedrails.

At least half the beds had transistor radios sending Johnny Cash booming at us from all sides:

Well, I'm stuck in Folsom Prison, and time keeps drag-gin on.

Garret left us to talk to one of the nurses. "Listen to that song," I whispered to Margaret. "Know the name of it?"

"Folsom Prison Blues," she said.

"Right," I said. "And you see all these cats. They're doing time. They're all lifers."

"Really, Curt," she said.

Garret rejoined us, and I said nothing else. We went down another aisle, but the sights didn't bother me.

"Well, that's all," Garret said when we reached the end of the row. "What do you think, Lieutenant Morrow?"

"I'm very impressed with your facilities," I said. The perfect noncommittal answer. "Thanks for showing us around."

"Quite all right," Garret said. He paused.

"Oh, I almost forgot, I wanted to show you our most unusual case."

(continued on page 23)

"Easy Rider"

or

"Don't Bogart that joint...pass it over to me."

"Easy Rider" is the sometimes sad, sometimes happy story, about America and two motorcycle freaks. This film is a lot more momentous for what it depicts than as a piece of film art. It was shot in a documentary style, with the camera recording the events as they happened.

The film stars Peter Fonda, who produced it, as Captain America (ironic, huh?) and Dennis Hopper, who directed it, as Billy. Jack Nicholson, the writer of Fonda's last film, "The Trip," is billed as an alcoholic young Texas lawyer (another one). His part, granted, is small, but the way he delivers it makes the film one of the most important ones ever made in America.

The film starts with Fonda and Hopper selling an eighty thousand dollar load of cocaine in California, to finance a cycle trip around the U.S., ultimately aiming toward the Mardi Gras in New Orleans. Along the way, they are unbearably persecuted by various red-necked bigots ("looks like them boys are what happened as a result of a gorilla love-in"). The scenery in this part of the film is superb, including shots of Arizona and the Grand Canyon.

Rock music is used as a part of the film, instead of an afterthought. The soundtrack includes Jimi Hendrix, The Fraternity of Man, and the Electric Prunes. The music was picked up live in the various places Captain America and Billy visited.

The only noticeable weak spot in the film was an overdone, semi-underground drug-trip scene in a New Orleans graveyard. Hopper gave a little too much rein to his cinematographer, Laszlo Kovaco, in letting him do this. It ruins the documentary-type sequence established early in the film. Still, I guess one can't complain too much since the rest of the film is uncommonly beautiful.

"Easy Rider"

produced: Peter Fonda
directed: Dennis Hopper
play: Fonda, Hopper and
ostensibly, Terry Southern
stars: Fonda, Hopper, Jack Nicholson

Todd and Buzz in groove suits, with new wheels, going off to see the U.S. of A. No imitation Swingle Singers this time, singing of Chevrolet; instead a fair score of contemporary favorites - Byrds, Electric Prunes, etc. - culminating, somewhat unfortunately, in a placebo Dylan doing a genuine Dylan number, about how it is all right, ma, when it really isn't. Pleasant photography, realistic characterization in the minor roles, particularly of small-time law enforcers and love-it-or-leave-it types. But the philosophy is pretentious, and many many profiles of Fonda affect his usual, - the inward suffering of a jaded Jesus. All he asks is that we 'love' one another, imbibe the healing smoke (he gives a lesson how mid-movie), despise commonpeople, and groove generally on his tragic, tragic self. Good for self-pitying, acned hipdom and other contemplative lint gatherers, but not really terribly adult. Playboy and similar publications like it, but then Playboy markets Cool and bikes to the impotent, don't you know, and is tall, after all, on pecuniary emulation and sundry childish occupations. There are worse movies and many less polished - the final scene, for instance, is quite as spectacular and affecting as its fame makes it out to be - but wiser heads may wonder, in whose interest are we so sleekly motivated to hate the haters, and fear the fearers, to admire and covet expensive sputtering roaring chrome and fancy leather, and may wish upon seeing this flick, that they'd saved the money toward a trip of their own.



To J. R. and The Force That Drives Us All

He'll soon be part of THE MEAT WAGON GANG
being scraped up for the final cold lay
and laughing-it'll be appropriate.
Bred by the Navy and buttered in the loins
of ten thousand Mid-Western soil girls,
he's lit some candles that've burned both ends-
Stayed high on bennies and red devils while
slumming Phillipine streets to only end up
hung over in Dallas and crying for help-
Dropped acid in Frisco and plunged the depths
of China town wild-eyed and horny, hoping
to catch glimpses of some visionary angel
that would fall for his line and come up
swallowed-
Who balled old Luke's young Lady to only love
her and make an escape to Joliet guarding
prisoners who ate him for his cigarettes-
Jumped single-handedly in a south-bound pick-up
to wind up in Ft. Worth, shingling roofs for
pennies that bought the boots for the blond-
eyed kid that called him daddy-
Freaked out entirely and split once again North
to become part of the no face black land
farmers who reflect the sun in their gold-
toothy grins and who rape the dirt and
feed our mouths.
The meat-wagon gang will pick him up soon, but
on what channel, screaming down what high-
way is the question.
Will the others get away? Will they be caught
slashing their wrists and bleeding over an
alley garbage can with intimations of im-
mortality?
Will they run past their bottles and drop
unnoticed vomiting guts in stagnant sewers?
Will they be caught giving exhibitions of
various sexual postures to some no-nutted
fool who's pretending to care for them?

Will they fall beneath the heat of
Harlem's night and be taken up by
pearly-eyed gypsies to be mugged by
tenth rate jeers of outside windows?
Will they escape through Canada or go down
clawing their eyes in Freezing Minnesota
lost but exempt?
Will they escape past the ivy-league
universities they howled to in the 50's
and haven't left yet but for Chicago
and grass trips through Laredo?
Will they realize that they are noseless
before they burn any more barns?
Will they escape the back seats of 69 Fords
they haunt spread-eagled and cellophaned?
Will their memories escape them of lovers
that have gone before only to be smeared
apart by death and nostalgia?
Will they escape the road-ways they inherit
from the previous generations that lay
crunched in the pavement like old
bottle-caps that bend and conform
and become nothing more than step-
blocks for stouter souls?
Will they escape the tabernacles and holy
houses they inhabit while on some tangent
that knows no results but a faith that
shakes and blows with the passions?
Will they escape the closed eyes of a three
month fetus lying punctured and violated
in some cold water commode?

J.R.'s face hasn't turned all black from too
much dirty sex, just a little gray around
the edges. He waits for the BIG LAY that
will end all lays and says he knows it's
not right, but what's he got to look up to?

A Parable

Tw as a bright and sunny day in the land of Obdphepdift. The children gathered in a meadow of the enchanted forest. That day they came not to frolic but to perform a task infinitely more difficult: they came to think, to talk, and to listen. For although the children lived in an enchanted forest of eternal youth, they knew of others who were not so lucky. Some of their brothers had been sent from the forest to a far-away land, where they immediately became Giant Men and did battle for the King. Now, some of the children left behind in the forest thought that this doing battle for the King was a good thing, while others did not. A few could not bear to become Giant Men themselves, others did not want their friends from the forest to go to faraway lands, while still others failed to understand why the King should do battle in faraway lands at all. So it was that the children who could not bear, did not want, and failed to understand called their friends to meet in the meadow. All were allowed to speak of the brothers in the faraway land, and to think what they wished and to listen to what they willed. And, children being what they are, it was truly the first time that many of the children had spoken or thought or listened, and the forest meadow fairly hummed with thoughts and words.

Now it happened that in the meadow that day were also some blue-throated geese. These geese had flocked among the children and flapped their wings to announce their presence. (You see, the geese were jealous of the children, who could think as geese cannot.) The blue-throated geese were very proud that day, for they had been sent by the Duke to witness every word, every song, yes, even every thought the children had. The Duke had given the geese special instruments, picture machines, to help them remember each child who spoke. (Unfortunately the Duke had no mind-machines with which to capture thoughts).

At any rate, the children had no time for geese that day, but a few of them remembered the blue-throated ones. Later, one of the children asked the Duke what the picture-machines were for. The sage Duke answered thusly: "Why, child, I sent my blue-throated geese with their picture-machines so they could make pictures if any of the children started hitting each other while they were talking of their brothers, the Giant Men doing battle in a faraway land." And the child who had asked looked at the sage Duke, thought of the Giant Men in a faraway land and of the blue-throated geese, then chuckled softly and skipped back into the forest.

Moral: Flap softly and carry a big Swinger ...

("Hardy Paul" cont.)

He led us back down the aisle to the opposite corner. "I don't believe you saw this boy," he said. I looked down. He had a small withered body with a grotesquely huge head.

"This boy is a hydrocephalic," Garret said. "Commonly called water-on-the-brain. This is caused by an abnormal amount of cerebrospinal fluid accumulating in the cranium and being trapped there."

He touched the back of the boy's head, and the boy looked up at him. "You'll note his face is normal-sized," he said matter of factly. "But it's the back of his skull that's swelled."

"What's his name?" Margaret said.

"Paul Hardy," Garret said, pointing to the name tag above the bed.

I looked at the tag. Ironically, the comma was missing and, it read: Hardy Paul.

"Hello, Paul," Margaret said, "how're you today?"

No answer.

"That's right, Margaret," Garret said. "They like for you to talk to them. Say something to Paul, Lieutenant."

"Hi, Paul," I said. My voice sounded strange.

Paul's brown eyes looked up at me. I looked away.

"At one time," Garret said, "children like Paul had very short life expectancies. But now, fortunately, we can perform certain operations which will increase their life spans."

I had always been able to keep my mouth shut. But I just couldn't now. "Fortunately?" I asked.

Garret looked at me. "Yes, Lieutenant, fortunately. Perhaps some callous people might think it would be better for a child like this to die, but I'm sure God intends for his children to live as long as possible."

"I guess you're better at interpreting the good Lord's intentions than I am."

"We'd better go Curt," Margaret broke in.

We walked out together, not speaking.

Garret walked to the car with us. "It's been a pleasure to meet you, Lieutenant," he said.

"Same here," I said and shook his hand. I just wanted to get the hell out. I opened the door for Margaret, got in myself, and we drove away.

We said nothing for a few blocks. Margaret peeled two pieces of gum and put them in her mouth. She offered me a piece, and I shook her off.

"I'd like to beat his ass," I said.

"I don't like to hear you talk that way."

"He sounded like the barker at a freak show. Over here we have the wolf boy from Siberia. On the right, the duck man."

"Stop it, Curt," Margaret said.

"Next the Indian rubber man," I said in the singsong voice. "Can he stretch? I'll say he can!"

"Curt, you're getting yourself all uptight."

"Well, up against the wall, Mother Hubbard," I said. "It's all relative, and I wouldn't want to put a value judgment on it since that isn't my bag, but let's just do our own things and really tell it like it is and see if we can't have a meaningful dialogue."

"What do you mean, Curt?"

"Can't you relate?" I said. "You must have some generation gap beaureaucratic hangup. It's what's happening, baby. Don't you want to be groovy and have a confrontation with the Establishment?"

"Curt, what the hell are you talking about?"

"I'm just tired of you giving me that hip crap."

We said nothing for a moment. Then Margaret said, "I don't think you really want to hit Dr. Garret. I think you want to hit Curt Morrow."

I put my hand to my mouth like a microphone.

"Do you read me, Honey Bun?" I said. "Well get this: just go to hell. Over and out. Roger. Ten-Four."

Margaret stared out the window and said nothing, furiously chewing her gum.

As soon as we got back to her apartment, I started belting down the booze. We said little to each other, undressed, and put on our swimsuits. We went outside and lay by the apartment pool, me in the sun, Margaret in the shade.

The alcohol worked slowly, but finally it relaxed me. Margaret and I began talking again, and by four o'clock, we weren't angry anymore.

Margaret went back in the apartment to fix dinner. With her gone, I began to feel an indescribable malaise.

I went back inside and found Margaret in the kitchen. I walked up behind her and kissed her bare shoulder. She turned and touched my chest. "You're really sunburned," she said.

"I'm sorry about what happened."

"It's all right," she said. She kissed me. "Go see if you can find a movie on t.v. And don't drink too much."

I found THE TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE, and we watched it while we ate. I had a temporary feeling of well-being during the first of the movie, as I sat there, a beer in one hand, the other on Margaret's leg. But as we watched Bogart crack up, it all seemed to go out of me. By the end of the show, I was drinking vodka straight from the bottle, well on my way to being stoned.

Later, I stood in the shower, the water burning my blistered back. I could hear Margaret washing dishes in the kitchen. I was half-drunk, to be sure, but something else was gnawing at me.

I looked up at the light. "Why isn't Paul hardy?"

No answer.

"I asked you a question," I said. "I think it deserves an answer."

No answer.

Margaret stuck her head in the door. "Who are you talking to?" she said.

"Nobody," I said. "I thought I was talking to somebody, but I was wrong."

"You really are a little drunk," she said and winked at me. "Come on out of there. There's another good flick coming on."

"What is it?"

"A Clark Gable. The Misfits."

"I've already seen that," I said softly. She didn't hear.

I stepped out and looked at my body in the mirror. Curt Morrow, I thought, First Lieutenant. Silver star. Six feet. Hundred eighty pounds. Big biceps. Thick chest. Hard stomach. Hardy Curt Morrow.

I blotted my burned body. The hardness, the want, was already in me. As I put on my underwear, I remembered a line: Whatever is, is right. I thought about it for a moment and marked off another poet as full of crap.

I went into the den where my Margaret, the girl with the soft hands and long blonde hair waited for me.

The Park

Going up to make love
atop the hill
amidst the still curtains of pines --
the silence of bird calls
and distant child voices
that drown the chanting wind.

There the death-instrument
has taken up vigilance
among picnic tables . . . and lovers
carousing on the hill.

The relic of this generation's inheritance
dripping oil-blood
from a rusty gut . . .
an American eyesore
now that European fields
are green again . . .
breathing flowers . . .
and child voices.

"This Message Brought To You
By Operation Intercept"

Houston got it together for the Rock Jubilee Oct. 5. The Sam Houston Coliseum (site of rodeos and other Establishment meadow muffins) was purged by five hours of pure rock-country-blues. The crown of the whole creation was the powerful, always pure Jefferson Airplane, but credit for resurrecting the crowd--after an afternoon of mummifying delay and hassles with equipment--goes to the do-it-in-the-road style of the Grateful Dead.

Poco, the Byrds, and the St. Louis Blues were there too. Poco was a fair group, but their first few songs sounded all alike: fairly heavy retreads of old Everly Brothers sound. The St. Louis Blues, who came on way ahead of everybody, need to play together more and maybe unleash their powerful drummer; but they were alive and well when it counted.

In a way, the Byrds had the most puzzling sound--especially when their October 5 performance is superimposed on their earlier sound. No longer tripping as high as they used to, or supercharging Dylan, they depend now on original lyrics. Re-arrangement of the old "Turn, Turn, Turn," "8 Miles High," and "Mr. Space Man" shows that the Byrds knew what they were doing when they moved to blue grass rock.

Grass rock, the compressed sure music of the Jefferson Airplane, has no suitable substitute. The crowd knew it, Grace Slick knew it and even the balding beer bellied types knew it when they turned off the power shortly after Grace and the Plane laid on "Volunteers For America." The crowd went wild and the police leader who rose on stage to quiet them was shouted and clapped down. Eventually the crowd was convinced to leave, not by authority, but by the realization that power had not, and could not be turned off--it was within them, the gift of ten thousand wild sounds poured out in five hours of getting it all together.

"The Doctor Said"

A braindamaged child is a happy child,
the doctor said with a deep foamy ocean
blue to his pigeyes, and I eased my hand
onto the hard cheek of my blonde's ass thinking
in my morbid twenty five year old little boy
way; who will see that this boy gets his Playboy
every month and who will see that he learns to
defend himself from a world of kindness if
Miss Young leaves and I leave and there are no more
cynical bastards left.

Who, light bulb, tell me who will protect him
from getting in trouble, and the doctor
smiles again and says The only good child is a
braindamaged child, but any callous person
cannot understand, and slowly goes back my hand
again.

Statement of the General Editorial
Policy of The Strayed Reveller

The Strayed Reveller is at present a monthly magazine sponsored by the School of Liberal Arts and the Dept. of English primarily dedicated to providing a place for creative student efforts in the general area of literature. Material is selected by the editors on the basis of quality in form, idea, and expression. Although the editors find it necessary to edit and to censor, it is the policy of the magazine to edit and censor according to concepts of approved form and expression, not ideas. We welcome for publication art work, fiction, poetry, and essays, and we are quite eager to expand the space devoted to reviews of books, movies, plays, and records. Offices of The Strayed Reveller are in room 206 Ferguson Building, Stephen F. Austin State University, Nacogdoches, Texas.

Oct. 1969

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field manual for shepherds

i saw this morning
is you opening
fresh breath to my ear
saying breezes of
thought before me
too early for the suns
hands to give
yet i feel for you there
in between the sheets
of multi-colored leaves

and you
without malice
nor forethought
gave no crimes to me - - -

and i came willingly out of your hand
in the gentlest winging a butterfly
out of your chasing clasp laughter
in your unknown thinking

from before
to the breezes that give me reason
for birth



IF THE EYE IS LARGE ENOUGH

ANYONE CAN THREAD THE NEEDLE.

