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The Strayed Reveller, No. 2

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Whit

the continuing story of eric's navel. . .

The year is 1982. There has been a growing concern in the nation. A crisis has developed over the abundance of mental disease within the population, so the federal government has taken upon itself to institutionalize a very large group of "strayed revellers" into one reservation in Ogden, Utah. The purpose of this reservation is to make an attempt to retrieve those who have strayed from the path of "reasonable salvation," and attempt to readmit them to a psychological structure which they have previously condemned.

Historically, the Higher Institution for the Prevention of Phobophrenia (HIPP) was conceived of as early as the days of FDR, who said, "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself." The concept did not mature, however, until it was necessitated in the 70's by a violent, seemingly unending wave of psychological nonconformism and revolution, striking at practically all segments of society and uprooting "truths that never work" within its own system. The federal government, fearing a decalcification of its socio-illogical backbone, established HIPP in order to preserve its survival.

The setting is under the long winds and bleached sun of a desert afternoon. Poor Eric Already is polishing his toenails and painting yellow circles around his navel, in preparation for the feats he is to endure if he is ever to be pardoned from HIPP. He is one of the many thousands of inmates at HIPP preparing for the annual fair held on the reservation each year to determine each other's sanity. The fair is so designed that within a given hour of each day everyone of the inmates is given the opportunity to withstand the sanity tests provided for him by his peers. If he manages to pass them all within the length of time allowed, he is considered "sane," given a kewpi doll

and allowed to return to society as a rehabilitated citizen.

Poor Eric is nervous. He has prepared himself for this moment for four months. He wonders if he can do it. He wonders if he will be laughed at because of his navel. He knows laughter to often be a weapon of theirs. Perhaps they will all jump up and down and laugh him right out of the race. He wishes he had a normal navel. It has always been a hangup for him. All his life he has tried to flower his navel so it would be noticed for its beauty. He has always failed.

Eric is outside the tent eating an egg. He is apprehensive and wishes the judges would hurry up and decide his first feat. He has no idea of what it will be; only he knows that each of the feats is different.

A man in an orange beard comes out of the tent. "Are you Poor Eric Already?" "Yes," he replies. "I'm Poor Paul. Come in, we have made our plans." Eric steps inside the tent where he sees fourteen insidious eyes looking at him. In the corner of the tent is an armadillo with blue racing stripes across its hull. The man who called himself Poor Paul is standing front and center with a racing pistol in his hand. "Poor Eric," he explains, "this is the plan. The armadillo you see is your contender. Outside this tent there is a starting line. One mile away there is a finish line. You are to race the armadillo to that point after you have eaten dinner with these gentlemen," he points to the members of the jury. "These, Poor Eric, are the staff members of Charley Caldwell's Constipation Club, and they have something for you to eat, before you race the armadillo." He reaches over to the jurymen who hand him a long piece of white toffee. "Eat this," Poor Paul says, "and in fifteen minutes the race begins."

Eric was more nervous than ever. What could

this toffee possibly contain? Maybe a poison? Maybe an immobilizing ingredient? He knew that the armadillo would lose his way. He also knew that most armadillos have no sense of direction, but was this a specially trained one?

Ten minutes had passed and the toffee had begun to work. Poor Eric was turning pale. He felt weak and overburdened. He felt as though he weighed five hundred pounds. Stars were floating in the top of the tent. The grass had turned to silk.

Soon the gun sounded and the armadillo was off, running into walls and stones and sometimes in the wrong direction. Poor Eric lifted himself up from the silk and began to move. He wobbled to the edge of a hill and fell like a ball of window putty to the bottom. Could anything be worse, he thought? He must keep going. He must, for he did not want to say in HIPP any longer.

Just then a giant optical tortoise came by, obviously the ornament of someone else's feat. He stopped and looked at Eric. He was amazed at Eric's yellow navel. His big ten pound lids pounded like two slow motion jackhammers. Eric walked up to him and sat on his back. "If you'll take me to the finish line, I'll show you where there are a thousand tadpoles," Eric said. "Deal," said the tortoise. So off they went.

Within minutes they were crossing the finish line. Eric was still feeling as heavy as ever. He got off the tortoise's back and looked around. The armadillo was nowhere in sight. He had won! What a joy! He had accomplished his first feat.

Then poor Eric leaned over and whispered into the tortoise's well-ear, "Thanks, and oh, about those tadpoles, they're over just beyond that hill, and since they're all very sadistic, they probably can't wait for you to get there."

Ice Cream Poem No. 3

On grade school steamheaters I melted crayons.
affluent dreams spreading thin, with the real
unreal attitude of ant business among
cement cracks (cement: universal unreal
real analogy: when wow is not melting...)
too styrofoam anxiety; doesn't make any never-
mind to me.

Some ways

human affinity is undimensional,
as children sleighing by dares down a winter-hill,
as tumblefasts of sunshine glaze sleigh tracks
grooved in the crunch of snow: my memory
illusion,
quick as mud in a sled turnover, as eternity
put-on upends all the leaves--
(natural as converting inertia into meditation
candles scented like freaks playing frisbey on
a summer-hill)

The idea of springboard laughter,
less unknown why than image-wise...fusion
child diving through abashed moods, beautiful
one, well and doing alive a butterfly coloring
my flower memory, and flowers have no power,
they just smile.

Ice Cream Poem No. 4(b)

Belfry Flowers stare star blazed
and wind-whirls torment a veinal suspension
Turn on your sunlamp mind to scan The Being of
others.

No one looks directly at that mind melting faster
in the sun that mind dives to chisel underwater:
how do you breathe love? ad atman, breed, breed!
that's the word one wants; yet to want
is to ruin the voice. A voice carried
in her silky smiles by elevations in conversational
elephant into silence diffused and silence
digested any way is a token to the gentility
of the emerging voice. Belfry Flowers
make the wind a game of risk: The tower created?
The tower uncreated? More diligence than hope
The task of banishing one from the heart
(this is grave silence)
The voice spiral-climbs (steps created or uncreated?)
yet even more hope than diligence
of having one survive there. Belfry Flowers
blaze:
find a leprechaun before you touch! Stars stare
on that unheard of reaching flowers are dazzled
off
like fish scales scraped by the wind.

Arriving and underneath lamps and leaving, sparkling
glistens scatter while you walk the
rainwet street
with two shadows: one above tall and swinging
The other below bent and jabbing

The Target

"Ross!"

"Yessir?"

"Get your tail to the east bunker and scope the ridge."

Climbing up the rough trail littered with ration boxes and debris, Ross lit his cigarette. He heard jungle birds chattering at the rising sun. The usual obscenities and rumors made him smile as he checked out his range. His sniper rifle could reach out to kill at a thousand yards, but he had never killed anybody. Other guys in his detail had chalked up kills, but not Ross. Nobody ever moved in his area. He pulled his gun from the case and moved the plastic lense cover from the scope. Ross began to scan his sector. He stopped to check the windage. The crosshairs moved across the already familiar area, a small knoll choked with bamboo. The shoots made a familiar rattling sound. His zone lay to the right of the hill and down to a small swamp-like river that flowed to the center of the valley. He saw the steam rising from the river in his crosshairs. Ross knew he would be sweating soon from the heat that always came after daybreak. He moved his weapon over and over the range. On the fifth circuit Ross saw a movement. The man, barely visible in the thick bamboo, was gliding up the hill to the trees. Charlie did not seem to worry that he was a mere thousand yards from the camp. "Why should he?" Ross thought, "Nobody expected to get it from that far." "That bastard is dead," mumbled his telescopeman. His buddies watched as he steadied his ain. Charlie suddenly disappeared behind a big rubber tree. For fifteen minutes Ross watched, but he could see nothing. He moved his cramped legs. Still nothing moved. Then Ross saw a shape climbing onto the branch of a snarled tree. It was his target. Charlie

moved up until he was in full view of the sniper. Ross moved the crosshairs to the torso. He wiped his hands on his jacket. He sighted in. The report of the rifle rolled off the hill and returned. Charlie hung for a few moments, and then floated down through the limbs of the limbs of the tree bouncing from one to another. A few jungle birds screamed at the disturbance. Ross' buddies verified his kill and clapped him on the back. Ross felt weak. That night he forgot to put the cover on his rifle and drew a chewing out. Later he walked to his niche in the earth and collapsed.

Ross crept from his bunker in the pre-dawn darkness. He silently rolled under the fissure in the barbed wire and found his way to the bottom of the hill. The hill. The place where his target fell. He felt scared, but he had to see for himself. Rock slipped as he stumbled in the darkness. He found the spot. It was dawning now, and Ross could see the corpse. An enemy issue canteen and ball of rice were next to the tree on the ground. An animal had ripped some flesh from the leg and a stench was in the morning air. Ross realized, "I killed a man. Not the enemy target. Goddammit! Not a God damn target! A man." Ross vomited.

Olympiad

Olympiad
New York bound
Olympic beauty in
My town called, by
many Whereisthat?
She wished direction:
I'd never been
anywhere.

"I don't know but
I'll tell you how
to get there" said one.

Another spoke,
"Don't go through
Tennessee the folks there
walk on warm roads
and look at cars."

She asked for a rider.
At last a dream to
be true, answered,
But College stared
I stayed and they
also, damn,
will I ever leave?

As I was

As I was
Sitting in an unusual stance,
he passed me by
he knew I was there
But then, knowing, he passed
on, to the path most
trod upon--PHDis^m of
English of the speciality of America
so that only He and I
know of the existence
of this poem
and you who gaze on
appreciate my aloneness
lest I rebuke all over you,

PLATO AND THE ESTABLISHMENT

Plato was an up-tight Idealist. His hang-up, not unlike that of the creatures in the West for the past twenty centuries, was goals. What this means essentially is that Plato was psyched in, however unwittingly, for a major role in defending Establishment.

Let Plato be given credit in excess, it must be noted hastily that he did not sire the birth of Establishment; it came with the gods. The belief in gods, one, few or many, is to Establishment what Negroes are to Wallace; what crime is to the F.B.I.; what Vietnam is to holiness.

What Plato deserves is credit for making available a moral scheme consistent primarily with the techniques of those who rule in the name of "righteousness." And those who rule righteously--if unchecked--engage ultimately in wipe-outs. That is to say, those who do not knuckle under get wiped out.

Plato, for all that is known, was a good man; malice in him was minimal. He was temperate in nature, moderate in indulgence. He even appreciated women, a factor which later led his prize pupil, Aristotle, to call him a "Commie!" He loved order over and against chaos; he preached harmony over and against dissonance. While these are attributes traditionally held to be virtuous and desirable, when in the stream of conscience (passing of the Ages to you literates!) order is detected in chaos and harmony is sensed in dissonance, the refusal by the Establishment to entertain these realities makes Plato look like he has been on a metaphysical "trip."

Plato would have an out if the Establishment were guilty of inability rather refusal. But the justice of the accusation of inability is as moot as it is dependent for proof by the

latter-day saints. And today's Puritans look more malicious than dumb, which buttresses the argument of refusal.

Plato is not an anchor; he was. The anchor was let loose by the pious Navigators who for 2000 years kept tugging at the chain in Plato's bath until the infant drop of hope spiraled out with the stagnant water of faith.

It is not the anchor of Idealism that crushes hope and disfigures souls; it is the faith in it. Plato's faith was in achieving unachievable goals (an act not worthy of endless debate). If his faith was a blueprint for analysis for the couch of Western Civilization, viva Plato! But if his faith was an example of cocksure certitude (a Holmesian nightmare) designed for magistrates from the Mountain (they seem to be all about us), the fire next time is here.

The hang-ups of Plato need not be Establishment fodder; the fact that they are is because the drop of hope was washed out the same time self-evident truths were forced to opt. To opt, obviously, is to negate self-evidency.

To keep the faith therefore means to have faith in the uncertainty of faith. While it is highly unlikely that Plato meant it that way, in the final analysis, who in the hell cares what Plato really intended.

The concern for intent (another Western hang-up) is the road to irony. And this is the Platonic Irony: Because it is the nature of Establishment to be dependent, the magnificent structure of Establishment is erected in a swamp. Burdened with antiquity, the rock of relevancy is but sand.

Untitled

Tears-not of the cornered snake, but-
Of tropical ice

How intrepidly you ski.

Down, down the tongue's pent-house walls

When touched to run by castles fancy,

Your eyes are not of coal, but,

Shimmering on the slopes of face,

An essence as pure to sensitivity,

As the dew of ice to a tropical sun.

Tears-you need not be chagrined

For she can be, only as pure to sex-

As her heart to compassion. . .

Look-her teeth are hidden by lips-

Drawn to ashen,

Her eyes, are condensed, compassion of a warm
heart,

And see-her Summer flush is turned,

And from December's eyes, descend, December's
dews

And how her busy slopes, must charm her more to
you.

WINDOW VERSES

Wanted: Apple Pie Seeks Mom Replacement

Kiss your Mother's leprous chest
Have some rancid chicken soup
Take what Mother knows is best
Or your testicles will droop.

Gilbert and Sullivan Weep

Merrily doth the silken libretto
Jingle and belch past the censor
Shaded wind chimes under palmetto
Theater nudity's getting much denser.

Our Lady of the Nerve Gas

Christ among the masses
Makes his people strong
But after poison gases
To whom will faith belong?

ICE CREAM MAN
(A MONOCHROME IN BLUE)

He lost it. As if there had been a hole in his pocket and his wallet with her picture in it had been sucked out. He lost it and he walked around looking for some more. So she was pregnant. So what. He had his needs. There was always some more down the road if you bothered to look. He went on looking, not thinking about the swollen ghost that would have been his wife if she had not started on what-will-we-feed-it-how-will-it-eat.

Around the corner he would find some, about twenty-five, in her third blonde rinse, studiously avoiding his eyes. . .

--Scuse me. I lost something. I mean it was right around here.

--Like what? Like a fifth maybe?

--Yeah. Something like that...

It wouldn't be simple. Enough wrinkles to keep him busy until the fifth or sixth Scotch took the hard edges off her. After that, it would be all downhill, with no accommodations for sudden stops. He would spend the rest of the week away from women. Away from everybody...With no one to stare up at him. to remind him of all those nights when he didn't even watch his wife's face but just rolled away at it without strength or particular inspiration: all the time knowing there were no lies like familiar lies. Like the one you sleep next to at night and tell yourself you need. The familiar slot for sleeping. Take two at bedtime. One for the road and one for baby. Well baby is here now and it isn't funny. Or is it a Big Joke?--to have made something alive from apathy, from so many self-emptyings, from so many troubled two a.m.'s. "That's asking for it after all" he thought and started walking backwards. Past blonde rinse. Past

the corner. Reflexively finding his wallet and his Polaroid wife. Finding the pre-fab house with its familiar wooden door. With her inside, waiting and swollen:

--I went out for ice cream but it melted.

--I thought you got lost.

--Yeah. Something like that.

--You shouldn't stay away so long. Get some rest...

..Hello familiar lie..Hello baby all folded and tucked away like a wallet photo. Lost and found right where you were left. No dessert tonight. Kick for it. One if by land and two if by sea. Hear me sleeping? Sleeping next to I forget what. Only familiar. Only not lost. Mine and your mother's. Forever.

3 FRAGMENTS

Calliope notes-

clashing;

somehow beautiful

under cover of

people sounds.

down litter strewn paths

we walked

amid the beautiful

and the disfigured

we ran.

until up ahead

appeared the dark hole exodus.

in we climbed

to await the glad warm. . .

and surprise

of the clowns

* * *

Shadows pattern walls

and

move silently into

night.

A skeleton hand reaches for

fog, catching

dust drops on the street

beyond the light.

Desire echoes

down empty alleyways--

A song of no music--

poem less words--

love minus all. . . .

* * *

Clowns

suddenly appear

in the light of

a thousand eyes.

Illuminated, they

perform their mechanics

hiding grotesque

under chalk painted

other faces.

SOCIAL CHANGE IN THE "GLOBAL VILLAGE"

For about three years a youth movement here and abroad has attracted the excited attention of most informed persons in the western world. Recently the social and political aims of the youth movement (widespread and much differentiated) have come under concerted attack from some political leaders and many operatives of the opinion-making media. Many of these (and perhaps a large majority of "mature" persons) profess to be bewildered by the youth movement. My argument here is that bewilderment and resistance are valid and predictable elements of this and every other significant social change.

We know that societies change, i.e., that larger and smaller human groups are continuously changing in respect to the relationships between members and sub-groups. We see this most clearly in our own experience of family life as every relationship tends to change continuously and at certain points very dramatically and painfully. Even this kind of change, however, as familiar and predictable as it is, usually is very difficult to hold in intellectual awareness. This is true in spite of the fact that some changes in the constitution of family societies are accompanied by very overt manifestations of emotion and by physical and psychic consequences that come to be remembered as high and low points of every life.

"Come to be remembered. . ." This is also how history works; it is the way by which we in modern societies come to remember the former condition of the social body and collective psyche. History is probably as faulty and idiosyncratic and self-serving as any individual's memory is of the changes that occurred in his family life, but it is, like literacy itself, on which history depends, infinitely superior to myth and legend as a means of understanding what

has happened in the lifetime of the society.

Unlike most varieties of history, myth frequently suggests (largely by its generality and seeming universality) that human existence is essentially unchanging or else supports the wisdom of the old saying: the more things change, the more they remain the same. In the family it is the same; the family myth is that things don't or shouldn't change.

One of the largest and most ostensive changes that has occurred in the last few centuries is in the nature and dissemination of information. Not only has the sum of information increased by an incredible factor, but all information has become more and more public, i.e., the actual and potential receivers of information are more numerous both relatively and absolutely. More people, more knowledge, and fewer people to whom this knowledge can justifiably be denied.

Knowledge for what? If it is true that with knowledge has always come the commission to use knowledge, then it should not be surprising now to find large numbers of the young acting to use knowledge. The trouble is that now in the whole society as in the family there is enormous resistance to the use of knowledge by the young to act in spheres that heretofore have been the domain of older groups.

Not only this, but the youthful group, like the maturing individual in the family, wishes to use knowledge now for its own purposes and not for the purposes held by the older group.

I don't think anyone knows for certain why human purposes change. The modern answer to the question usually is that new knowledge brings new purposes. Under the influence of the youth movement we are now adopting different purposes with regard to the quality of our individual lives, to the Third World and the black family on the next street, to the use of war as a political tool, and to the exercise of power in our

society. And, finally, to return to my worn analogy, in our society as in a single family, virtually nothing can be done to change personality or the actions it is expressed in. Great damage and pain can be inflicted on the young agents of change, but it is always the family that must change.

THE JENNY

I have thought of nothing so mysteriously
Elegant in its loveliness as a ball of
Thread as precious as human hair
Silvery on its spool glowing with
Murmurous suffering heat of being
As it amazes like an ancient tale
There crawling in the Jenny.

THE MINE OF THE MIND

The mine of the mind
Has undiscovered deposits,
Decayed carcasses of a kind
That once amphibiously made transits
Back to the deep sea from land.

Proposed National Anathema

**Lady Madonna
Lives in a shoe
My country
'Tis of Thee
So many children
What to do
Sweet land
of liberty?**

**Make them fat with crimson plums
Give them a little rain
And tax them sorely till their bums
Become as purple majesties
Above their fluted pain
Of thee I sing**

Arlo Guthrie - Arlo

As in his previous album, Alice's Restaurant, Arlo Guthrie's strong point is his story telling ability coupled with his fine guitar picking. Arlo was recorded live at the Bitter End Cafe, and Guthrie once again shows his ability to generate enthusiasm in an audience. When the audience lacks necessary enthusiasm in singing along with "The Motorcycle Song," he launches into an incredible account of how he came to write the song, ending on a note that cannot help but spark the desired feeling. Poking fun at the political scene, he introduces the old Ernest Tubb song "Try Me One More Time" as a Lyndon Johnson campaign song. No subject is sacred to Guthrie's biting wit. The involved and lengthy introduction "The Pause of Mr. Claus" is an explanation as to why he wishes to dedicate the song to "That great American institution, the FBI," and is an account of the trials and tribulations incurred in the life of an FBI man. The short song itself shows the extremes to which intolerance of others can be carried, without being as ponderous as its subject. Probably the best of the more serious songs on the album is "Meditation (Wave Upon Wave)." All in all, Arlo Guthrie has again come out with an album that is not only extremely entertaining, but topical as well.

Modern Day Huck Finn

Stop-Time by Frank Conroy, Viking Press, \$5.95, 304 pages; or, Dell, \$.95, 284 pages.

The covers of Frank Conroy's autobiography are filled with complimentary quotes, including blurbs from literary arch-enemies Norman Mailer and William Styron. But Stop-Time is an exceptional book because it is worthy of this praise.

With remarkable disinterest for a man of thirty-three, Conroy chronicles his carefree boyhood in rural Florida, his uneventful high school career in New York City, and his first sexual experiences. Though his homelife was unhappy and his days filled with loneliness, he has what Styron called "an almost total lack of self-pity."

Conroy has captured both the joys and terrors of childhood. In a chilling scene about the brutality of children, he describes helping his classmates in a boarding school beat another youngster into unconsciousness. However, Stop Time has its comic moments, too. Conroy recounts joining his cousin in spying on two girls undressing for bed and then having to flee when bitten by his cousin's pet squirrel.

With one exception Conroy does not attempt to make any explicit comments on children, adults, or the process of growing up. His single bit of moralization is worth quoting:

"Children are in the curious position of having to do what people tell them, whether they want to or not. A child knows that he must do what he's told. It matters little whether a command is just or unjust since the child has no confidence in his ability to distinguish the difference."

The publishers of Stop-Time compare it to Huckleberry Finn and In Our Time. Conroy's story of coming of age is so painfully honest, so engaging, that it makes their comparison a valid one.

Hide awhile

yet

always know

the

day of coming awake

lies ahead,

because it is not

Life

to stay safely

hidden,

And even Children

forget

and peek from

their

secret place

while

the Hunter

still stalks

and sees

then,

And then it is

too late

to seal the door.

* * *

I crawl beneath

a secret umbrella,

a wood spun shade

against the granite glare,

As fire wool woven

by gentle sunbeams

becomes an acid blanket

to spread and melt the gold of snow

ORBIT. . .

The editors of the Reveller were deeply shocked to learn of the passing of the honorable Chasten Sanborn, vice chairman of the local chapter of the State Society of Moral Engineering, composer beloved for "We Are Just Whee about Tea" and other machine ditties, maker of epigrams ("The only good student is a docile student"), and sportsman extraordinaire, who, after long years of debilitating illness which he courageously affected to ignore, let go his burden of toil and, in the shadow of the cafeteria he and his knew and loved so well, peacefully expired, and went to his reward, early this year, 1969 Anno Domini. The remains lay in state, and now rest, in the Austin Chapel at the terminous of beautiful, tree-lined Wistful Drive, in The-Family-Who-Pays-Together-Lays Together-Haven of Apathetic Rest, three miles north of the courthouse, east of 059 between Karolyn and Kollege Streets. Floral tributes, to be left at the mouth of the crypt or along the sides of the staircase leading to the chapel entryway, will be enthusiastically received by the survivors, but donors are kindly requested to remember that material interference with the business and activity of the Haven now constitutes a felony in the Sovereign State of Tayexis.

IN PACEM

Neal Obstat, and
Breedwell Munger
by direction

'Whores followed the great armies'

Afraid of death,
so steeped in the moment
between casual stone hinges
grinding fine
forcing excessive prayer
in wooden ranks:
tears come crowding back
misting over mysterious proto-life
smoke screened by incense,
if I obey blindly will my seed be saved?
Or will I be smashed on siren rocks
and mourned by dried up mouths?

I will not wake to sing
will not laugh disclosures
cynical and self-effacing,
will not re-live pagan rapings
no more of that I lie
desolate
ashes like Beowulf
driven into dirt ten million rains ago.

I did not know she would take my eyes
or that years would pass
before I came, counting,
to find the burial ditch
and flower it with spit.

BALLAD OF THE GREAT NACOGDOCHES MARIJUANA RAID
or
THE 407 BLUES

1. I hear the train a'comin it's comin' round
the bend
I ain't smoked no reefers since I don't know
when
Cause I'm stuck in Nacogdoches and time keeps
draggin' on
The Feds have come to visit ain't no more turn-
in' on
2. It happened on a Monday when we received a
call
It said that there would be the greatest room
check of them all
We knew a bust was comin' so Jim slipped out
the door
And left poor Randy sweatin' both were feelin'
poor
3. When they came to 407 Fox was sittin' in the
room
And Jim was at the center feelin' like the
day of doom
He thought he was arrested Boy was it gonna
hurt
He went back to 407 to get his just dessert
4. They handed him a warrant to take a look a-
round
They figured they would find that marijuana
by the pound
But neither one was holdin' there really was
no point
We knew with all their searchin' they'd never
find one joint.
5. The security cops were stupid The Feds were
kinda dumb
They acted like they didn't know exactly
why they'd come
Theyd never seen no marijuana we knew we had
them took
We even showed them places where they forgot
to look

6. The policemen they looked up the policemen they
looked down
We could have had a million lids they would
have never found
They didn't look inside the air vent they didn't
sweep the floor
They didn't check the ashtrays or look behind
the drawers
7. As they started leavin' Humphreys' head began
to swim
There were four men walkin' down the hall and
none of them was Jim
He hollered in the hall phone that everything's
OK
Ain't gonna have to raise bail for them two
boys today.
8. Next day was spring cleaning even though it
wasn't spring
And the boys were still a 'shakin' though they
hadn't found a thing
They got the vacuum cleaner and they commenced
to work
They didn't want to get hung for no unlawful
dirt
9. At Stephen F. Austin College the Feds are
mighty hep
You better be real careful you better watch
your step
They've got a few informers and they tell all
they know
And if the narcs arrest you Nacogdoches jail
is where you'll go
10. Now heed our timely warning you heads from
here to there
Be careful who you talk to and the way you
wear your hair
Don't come to Nacogdoches this down is dry and
hot
We could be talkin' 'bout the weather but sure
as hell we're not.

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april 1969

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COGITO ERGO SUM COGITO

