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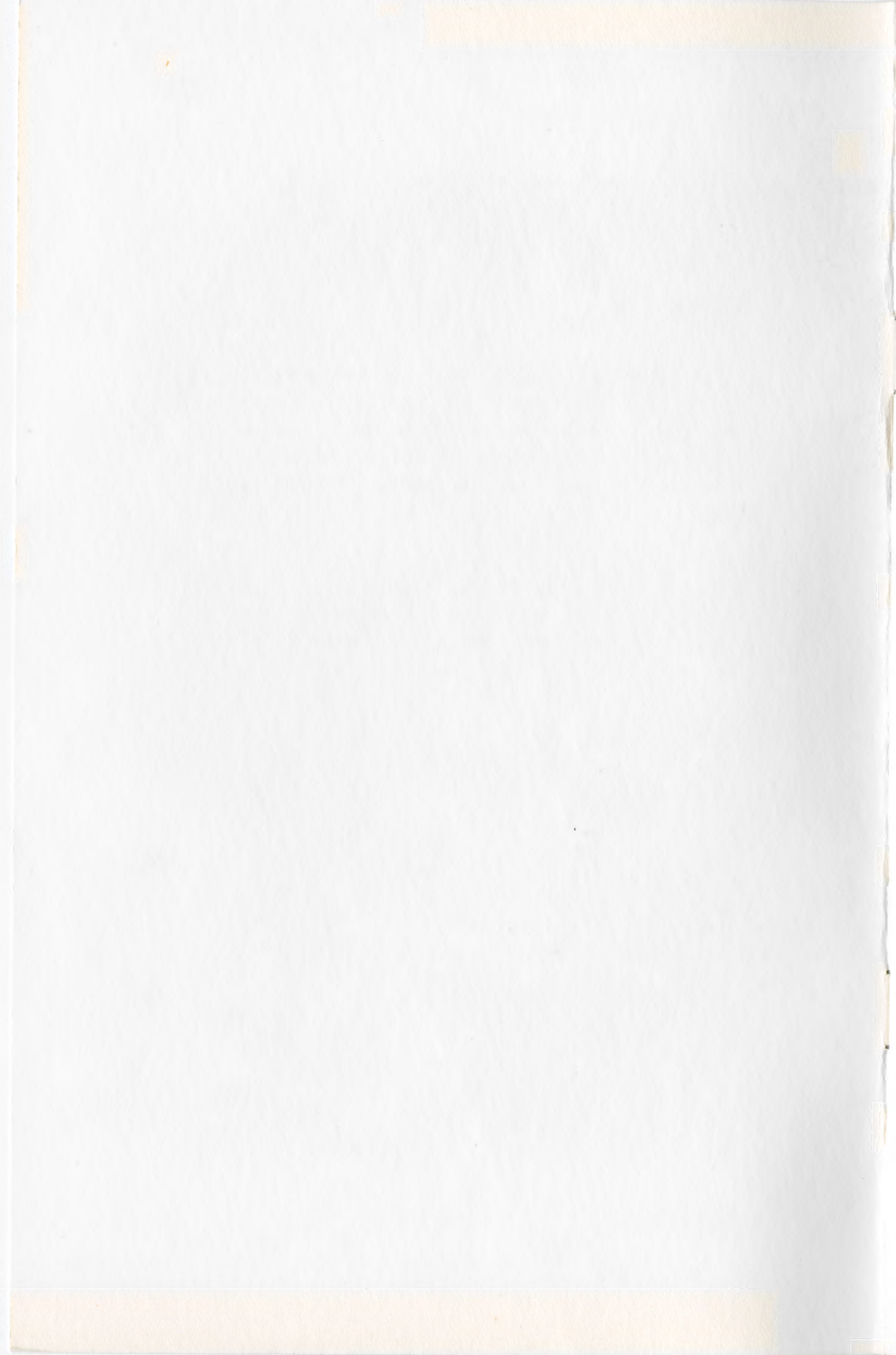
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Fall 1970



THE
STRAYED
REVELER



THE STRAYED REVELLER

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Office of THE STRAYED REVELLER is located in Ferguson 206. All manuscripts should be typed and double-spaced.

THE STRAYED REVELLER is a student magazine sponsored by the English Department of Stephen F. Austin State University, Nacogdoches, Texas. The views expressed in this magazine do not necessarily reflect the views of the editors of Stephen F. Austin State University.

THE STRAYED REVELLER welcomes submissions and says: "Come by and rap."

Cover

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Office of THE STRAYED REVELLER is located in
Bryson 208. All manuscripts should be typed
and double-spaced.

Dreams are the nails
We hang our hats on rainy days
On coming into the warmth
Open heaters in a country winter
in a barren land
Dreams are the nails
We build with
Rickety skyscrapers to reach the moon
Dens to dwell out the night
Dreams are the nails
we seal our coffins with
A Race of Carpentry
Working off our frustrations
in the late hours of the night
Fearing the dawn.

"Lookout!" Jim woke-up with a scream and then quickly looked around. He hoped no one had heard him, but the rest of the passengers were quietly staring at him. Jim blushed and nonchalantly dusted some imaginary lint from his uniform. He heard an old lady a few chairs back whisper, "Poor dear, it must have been the war."

Soon, it was quiet again and the rhythmic thump-thump-thump of the train regained its prominence. Jim's breathing was back to normal now, but his brain could not decide whether to think about the embarrassment or the dream. It chose the latter. That made the twelfth time he had had that dream, but he could still remember the first time just outside Tiver in North Viet Nam, two months before his release from the army.

Ever since then he had had it at least once a week, but somehow it was clearer this time. In previous dreams all he had remembered was that he didn't make it to Blackhole, a small town just before Springwater, his home.

Jim had never had a dream like this before; he was sure it meant something. He tried to think what had been different about this particular dream. He could remember a man yelling something; something like, "Stop!" no, it was more like, "Lookout!"

Yes, that was it. He tried to remember who had yelled it. It was a _____. His heart almost stopped; his brain could hardly form the words; train engineer.

For a moment he looked straight ahead. The idea of this large, black, steel antique being his coffin almost amused him. He looked around. The drab, grey paint on the ceiling, the torn, black plastic seats, the old cracked wooden aisles all seemed so appropriate if this were to be his final voyage.

His only escape from these depressing surroundings were the windows, but it was getting dark now, and he could just barely make out the cows grazing in the Iowa grass pastures as the unfeeling mold of iron continued on its journey.

After two years in Viet Nam, fighting for his life almost daily, Jim thought it ironic to die in his own state on his way back to his family and fiance.

But it did not have to happen he told himself, perhaps these dreams were warnings; he knew he could still save himself.

He started to get up, but just as he did the train slowed down until it came to a complete stop. The conductor, a lively old man with white sideburns and mustache, entered the car. "Folks, there's going to be a slight delay of about thirty minutes. The boiler is getting a little hot and we are going to give her a rest. So, sit back and relax, and remember there's absolutely no danger."

No danger! The pieces began to fall in

place like a puzzle inside Jim's mind. He could just picture the train engineer yelling, lookout, just before the boiler blows up setting the entire train on fire.

He had to get out of here. He jumped out of his seat and ran up to the conductor, "You've got to let me out of here," he screamed.

"Now, just hold on there, Bub. There's nothing you can do out there, so just sit back down and we'll be leaving in a few minutes."

"But you don't understand I..." He knew he could not make him understand. Jim pushed the conductor aside and broke for the door. In a few quick strides he was outside. Free.

He began running past the cars of the train. As he ran past the engine it seemed to come alive; breathing and fuming; its single light shining into the night like a one-eyed Cyclops. As Jim looked back over his shoulder he began laughing at the man-made monster. He had beaten it!

He hesitated for a second. He gave his first thoughts as to the rest of the passengers. After his previous performances they would never believe him. Besides, if they were supposed to be saved they would have had the dream also.

Jim continued to run as hard as he could, as if the devil himself were after him. Jim knew any second now he would hear the roar from the boiler and the screams of the passengers just before the flames would engulf them.

Jim was getting tired now. He would stumble now and then, but he would always regain his balance as he ran over hills, through bushes and around the large pine trees.

Suddenly he was out of the trees into a level grassland. He saw something white about a hundred yards ahead of him and to the left. He ran for it. As he got closer to it he could make out the words, "Welcome to Blackhole, population 810."

Once past that sign he knew he would be safe. He slowed down to a fast trot. About ten yards away from the sign he began thinking about where he would stay the night.

Suddenly, his foot caught something, and he went down crashing his head against something metal. He was out for a few seconds, but then he opened his eyes. His first reaction was to get up, but he could not. He had no conception of where his legs and arms were. The only feeling was the warm blood running down his face.

Out of the night he saw a beam of light. At first he thought it might be a flashlight, but then he realized what he had tripped over. He was lying on the railroad track. He tried desperately once more to move, but it was all in vain.

He could hear the thump-thump-thump of the train through the rail. He thought about his family and fiance for a moment. As the train drew closer he could see that it no longer was alive, it was not the angel of doom that he had supposed. He closed his eyes. He had done this to himself. He had played some

kind of horrible practical joke on himself.

He didn't have time for any "only ifs." He opened his eyes again. The train was almost on him. The engine looked almost sympathetic now. Just before he closed his eyes for the last time, he saw the engineer stick his head outside the engine and yell "Lookout!"

TENSENESS WOUND UP

Elise Williams

The tenseness wound up
As a mainspring in a watch,
And all watched.
Till it came to a time
(Like in every timepiece's life)
When its mainspring broke...
Shattered...
To thousands of little pieces of time...
Scattered...
Upon the mattress of love

Raved down two flights of stairs
in the sea of squares, mind hanging out
for one time, so close to getting out,
out of town transfusions
and red hot rolling with the punches.
Here we are: coffin a corner
drilling to myself
maybe something we're stalking with:
he drops his chalk
and it breaks into the instinct of enjoyment.

Descarte called my eyes off people long time ago
when we shook raunchy talk at aristotle's
greasy philosophy, while our shadows carried
cookbooks into the wilderness. Our voice box:
the fate of the apple on the head of William
Tell's son.

That time was: we stood on the railroad
looking over the town and wished to gather
the ease of spit
(like firemen mulching around a corner bench)
to arch a deluge of saliva all over town.
The town and our dispositions survived like
latrines flushing.

Chips of conversation wounded me, jagged rules
caught in harness. Sullen nurses carried me
away,
stiff as robin's waiting; I requested a defense
budget for illusions: morose geesewedging
arrangement. You contact my side--
she eases my tide, repaired my subterfuge,
turned me into reflection:
String your body on to objection
or run your soul on a cloud
and laugh out your evaporation.

Go ride pedestrian sunlight
to sailboat a magnify
to spawn the burn of the sun
to disallow what profits something needed to
come.

The world does not exist convincing style;
structure in the way of thought:
ocean my bottle without pacification,
drink you to the leaves,
just (side show so many times on) ice
bottled up in breast.

TO HIM WHEREVER

Kim Hughes

Throw me a flower
And I'll shed you a tear.
Forever after
And ever before,
you plucked the petal
And slashed my wrist;
So sing me a song
You did it before
And again,
But I'll forget
And I hope this time
I can yawn or blow my nose —
Or maybe both.
You wanted me hurt
And I hurt.
You planned every tear —
And I cried them right on cue.
I choked on orange blossoms
Until I threw up,
And once I was sick —
I never felt the same,
You said tree
And I was tree.
And tree, I'll stay.
You can't expect a leaf
To live forever
But winter came early
This summer.



"Vulture"

8/12 Jack Butcher '69

When once you find a thought
of love,
Half-hidden under years of nonchalance,
Why must such care be taken?
Is it not the fruitful end of rich years
bought with pain?
Should not one see it as the rainbow
sees the rain?

But rainbows drip, in time,
back into their pots:
One red, one pale, one blue.

Love does, too.

Dedicated to C.A.

ONE GATE FROM MECCA

Leo Rudd

The pain of ignorance lurks within my shadow: evil in ways I didn't even know I had. I am becoming, I shall be as soon as death... I shall be the total experience of my time, he said, tapping his foot on the hard wood floor.

Who had come to know him and disregard him so completely to the point of forgetting his name/image? Why, I remember the time the Indian corn died in the meadow. It was fall, brown and indifferent. Her heels clove like graders in Mother's side, and frankly I wasn't sure I was gonna make it.

She laughs at us, I laugh at them: disenchanting electronic tribes who spurn synapse and find joy in pedantics. I know their vested interest in backwardness, but still, I am greatly disturbed by incessant refutations of logic and knowledge...Yes, knowledge and logic. What's that? Did I hear someone mention something about my value of logic and knowledge in the sparkling light of the tremendous world of absurdity?

"I can explain if someone will give me a chance"...No one stirred inside the castle walls to offer relief to anyone, so he knew he didn't stand a chance in 144,000 of escaping. "Look at the logic, he calmly reassured them, "and one can clearly see the myopic sensation, a definite clue that maybe one side is right?"

I didn't create myself, so what is the universe's responsibility to me its dependent?" A whisper swept the court room; a shout was suppressed into a long deep blue spatial silence.

So it came to pass that he was cast out of their midst; made to journey alone the sun-fried deserts and white-faced slopes. It is here that we join our eternal immigrant as he is pausing for breath. "Jesus Christ, these are the most poorly constructed garments I've ever had. But seldom does it do one any good to complain about state clothing. So much of it is worthless and merely hangs on like disease until it rots away before us. Of course we all know it, but what else have we got to wear?" He squats in the shade of dusty boulders and scratches his name in sand. "You know it' kinda odd", he began to confess and rub his temples, "I know it's impossible, but...I've got a feeling like I've been here before." Surveying the desolation and feeling the good only the alienated know, he reclines to ponder pipe-dreamed madness.

A lizard is a thing of wonder, sitting hot-rocked nervous. Infinite green and galactile yellow lay immersed in withered legions. His life is known in present tense tongue-flicks, dry-eyed death races. Our voyager, rested and regal and looking for direction, springs upon said lizard in what can be called nothing but an open offensive. From a standing still vertical he leaps

prostrate. Hand over hand he grasps and snares the outraged reptile. Struggling to his feet he mutters,

"Sacred serpent point position

If it be the disposition."

With that, holding tight the lizard's head he blinds the mouth and blinds the eyes then sets afoot a tortured creature,

"Sacred serpent hear this prayer

Leave me Here and take me There."

The lizard, sore afraid and miserable, to say the least, decides to take events in his own hands and dies for some reason, it matters not. He collapsed and quit at sunset near the ritual's end, thereby keeping the pilgrim away from home at least one more day...at least one more day...maybe today, no, not today, but tomorrow for sure...

The hills seem almost pregnant as they pressed toward the sky above a canyon's tree-furred apex. The man chants perspectives of motives, saying "I lap my existence from the sun in perpetual chase of a berth near the warm. My prison of cells is not to be chained by laws of the channeled mind. The heat draws the flower from the bud; ruthlessly plucking the eyes that share the serenity of light: the motif of day. The essence of that which we know is immortal, know is divine, know is exalted, know is definite---is the sun: the buckle of the universe that burns only in fear."

A name etched in sand finds its blown way across horizons, searching reassemblance from public citation. A frog, a dog, a man, a brain, an eye, a funnel, a vacuum, a fence, a fall, a celebrated laughter chills the index of a logical knowledge that pervades a guilt which grovels for celestial waves in grave defiance... a feeling is all there is to go by.

1970-the high speed flick of ghostly faces
when I was young and no means easy
when dual thought began to melt in waves
unprecedented single eye doubt the ideas
of my thoughts as being deft as mirror-
ed mirrors. Thoughts conclude ideas
of one that thinks that deaths' first
whispered calling for the life or christ-
ened sliver is our consciousness of
walls holding/supporting our schizo
brothers.

B.

Mr. Death...

when leaves our feet walk on of fall
yet hides the sound with Natures mad-
ness like the suffered rot of youth
within the gardens impenetrable shadows.
When comes the Master in our time of
Utopic spheres and surface chatter
cause our gentle resting souls to ask
this wonder why of Him about existing
realms of gold, what's after perfect
tranquil peace?

Do your thing death, but ya better be a
good follow up!

Our Empericism which is Science, Nomenclature
be the name, Thy theory done, thy hypothesis
be followed in industry as it is in the labor-
atory...

Give us this quarter a bit more than our quota,
and forgive us our needing as we forgive those
who have need for us. Lead us not into
depression, but deliver us from inflation, for
thine is the market, the monopoly, and the
profit, per annum.

In Newton's name, Roger and out.

the earth sulks out windows battered land-
ladies decry pinioned flesh of cement walks
and berry ripe smiles, call me flaccid
balloon roaming parking lots picking noisy
locks stealing memory tapes pawning spawn-
ing the quicksilver touch what foreverness
displays lush cheeks prophesizing bare feet
rubbing Our farness and smiling head laid
warm into my maximum meat wish token silly
dilldream scraped unwashed open to salt sobs
and frozen crocodile drops this gargling
rush of swamp-wishes towards the galaxie of
wind field my birth rasped across our bellies
when her's cushioned the poverty deluge
splintering our ark asleep on our peak lost
moon time delayed warning the smash to
come calm our hearts with snow distance

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN'S BODY
A CRITICAL ANALYSIS

Clispeas

The simplest statement probably ever to be made regarding Miss Jean Brodie, the somewhat controversial heroine of a little known British novel, a long-running Broadway play and now a laurel-hung motion picture is this: JEAN BRODIE IS A WARNING TO US ALL. Yet had I mentioned this to any of the Thursday-Night-Starlight-Ballroom-Theater-Goers, whether bemused ("I couldn't understand a word she said") or amused (guffawing at Brodie's suggested romps in the rack), I would most likely have been heave-hoed down the stairs with ALL SORTS of epithets battering my eardrums. Yet my premise is very true to me, from a literary and practical standpoint.

Now, as in innumerable literary works before, Jean Brodie's creators and perpetuators have drawn upon a little-publicized cross-section of a very recent, very frightening past to illustrate a contemporary need. The need for what? To clarify my point, let me present to you a capsule glimpse of the teacher who, under the pretense of fostering Art, Music, Love, The Team Spirit, Valor and The Importance Of One's Prime in the nubile minds of school-children, consciously nurtures malevelant seeds. "Art" and "Music" are symbolized brazenly to Brodie's special set, first of all, as the sexual prowess of Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Lowther, professors of these arts, respectively. So great is the idolatry toward Miss Brodie that

Sandy (the "dependable one" and Jean's ultimate betrayer) seeks a place as proxy in the art master's bed at the impressionable age of fifteen to win her idol's favor. The lack of Team Spirit is a façade masking the Fascist credo that one predestinated leader is put to save the unfortunate masses ("Pavlova never heard of the team spirit, little girls. She is the prima donna; the team spirit is only in the, ahem, corps de ballet") Brodie is the prima donna, and the special few comprising the "Brodie set" are "the creme de la creme." And Jean is ecstatic when the most blatantly gullible of the creme de la creme, Mary Macgregor, "valiantly" journeys to Spain at her insistence to fight with her brother "for Franco, el jefe"; and is killed when a land mine demolishes the armoured car in which the poor girl travels, "Mary Macgregor died a heroine!" the bright plumed peacock tells the younger girls, "You, likewise, must be prepared to go, to fight, to die! Are you prepared?"

"Yes, Miss Brodie," solemnly reply fifty-odd schoolgirls. Sieg heil. Right on.

It is no wonder, and perhaps a true act of heroism that the forgotten Sandy, half-grieved and half-envious, puts an end to Brodie's reign of terror. Kaiserian "in all her beauty rare" is "assassinated", leaving behind an infamous teaching career with tales of Mussolini and his fascisti, total disregard for even the simplest conventions, and six little girls, one of them dead, because they breathed in their teacher's

every phrase, longing someday too to have a prime, and join the elite of the creme de la creme.

Yet I marvel at Miss Jean Brodie! I so want to shout "Bitch!" at Marcia Blaine's concerned headmistress when she dares to challenge the teacher's choice of curriculum! I long to cry "Bravissimo!" when Jean scorns Mr. Lowther's sincere proposal of marriage to pursue her imperial goals alone, as always. Most of all, I want to stand up and scream "INJUSTICE!" when the force that devoted her life to her girls, the force that killed Mary Macgregor, is exposed. For I, too, am drawn in by the Brodie fascination and allure. I cannot easily see the derangement hiding beneath a mask of Scottish heather and a fervency that would have been commendable had it been steered in a more realistic direction. Yet there is stark realism in the vagaries of this war-bereft spinster, with so many equally alluring paths for us to choose leading us to who-knows-where? The people of East Germany didn't know where, Joplin and Hendrix didn't realize where, and the hopeful followers of the Black Panthers cannot see where. We are all potential Mary Macgregors.

Thus, it is to our definite advantage, it seems, that in 1961 authoress Muriel Spark conceived "the dangerous Jean Brodie" that Romanesque schoolmarm who, an intensifying half century to follow, has merited a secure, if not just puzzling niche in the minds of intellectuals, educators, behavioral scientists and sex maniacs alike.

I live in hell: God designates my place.
Intimate is my knowledge of its pain
And darkness, which for other men to trace
Within my steps, and thus, perhaps, sustain
Me with consoling words, I have no hope.
There was a time, when ages had rolled by,
That God perceived my pain of lesser scope,
And I no longer for his grace did cry.
So did he quickly thrust into my thought
Some cherub's dream of paradise, and mine
I thought it was, but soon it fell to nought.
Darker is my darkness now, and no decline
Hereafter shall I feel in pain. I weep
For paradise, and here its mem'ry keep.

quick purpling with your lacy maybe's
across thatch moat draw pulsating exchange
but do you see what holds my eyes?

see your fingers creeping eager
eyebrow swoop eaten in thought
how to handle the santa claus question
break your
neck god stumbling over me
catgut bowstring resilient swallow
buries the living from here to there

where is my towel, menelaus,
ethereal hybrids place your bets;
since sundown i have breathed the universe dry

"Aren't we sitting? This is the
Willowed Distance I've been so
Often told about. Walking,
Walking so, on and on to beat's
Time, yet doubted, yet not lost
I'm sure..."

Welling up in silence,
This widow or his way,
Among the ones known
So well,
I am a stranger, seeker.
You speak boldly upon
Your coming.

"Is it not the wait? I've measured
Forty leagues from initiation,
Still in signs, imagination,
Dexterity giving to grease.
Hold on, you must know!"

I creep sleeping in corset's
Red platelets, forgotten chemistry
Balling down these veins crystal
Round and over.- shooting
Sideways.

"I am persuaded paths of
Lighter ways you know,
You in rage, you who
Crave, knave that you are,
Let it be!"

Soothe you, soft glimmer
on retarded moon, your
Wish hollow in cheese
Crumbling and old, old.
A wandering temple this,
Chained in gold, pieces
Litter the steps.

"Again, it hums softer to
Put down on here. Sinking
Peak reeking garbage of
Forgetfulness, the garden
Blooms forever too late."

"This snake spits at you!"

Can you imagine that?

CONTRIBUTORS NOTES
In Order of Appearance

J. Michael Cox is a senior from Longview, majoring in psychology. Stan Lackey is a talented freshman student. Pasha has been around a long time and in THE STRAYED REVELLER before. Elise Williams is a sophomore from Dallas and does her own thing in her own time. Kim Hughes is a senior English major from Houston. Jack Bartlett is a senior art major, who has done covers for THE STRAYED REVELLER. Frank Follis is active in debate and forensics. Leo Rudd is a senior English major, who is chasing rainbows with Shiva's Head Band. Mugwump is mugwump is poetry by committee. David Lewis is absolutely insane. Cathy Speas is a drama major and will do more reviews. Cydney Adams is a junior from Tatum and is active in underground journalism. Mike Jones is. Bruce Dye is a talented newcomer to THE STRAYED REVELLER.

