

## The Archetype

On Saturday night the pimply young men go up to the  
 and look through the albums. record stores

They are waiting for a beautiful girl without morals  
 or panties to pick them up in the Soul Section,  
 but no one ever does.

Occasionally some other unattractive youngsters come  
 their iron underwear and curfews but even if they meet in with  
 the evening is a disappointment: and go out

All the girls will kiss, some will be stroked, a few  
 completely but none of them will act as depraved as will succumb  
 the myths suggest. the myths suggest.

The problem is that many teenage boys are still brought  
 locker-room hyperbole -- Tiajuana donkey acts, up on  
 and French ticklers. electric gizmos

And it always makes me sad when I drive by and see them  
 in there looking for a new album by Pizza Bob &  
The Carbuncles

while I am ten times as happy alone in my car with the  
 the gizmo buzzing and the antlers of my Gallic toy donkey braying,  
 waving in the breeze.

They Laughed When I Went Out  
 Disguised As A Cupcake

The reverential treatment of support stockings  
 (hoisted briskly and lowered ceremoniously)

was the first thing I noticed. Then yesterday  
 in the market I stood behind some of the snack-mad

ladies from the Christian college: they have the  
 oddest bodies I have ever seen. And the worse diets.

Still it doesn't take Sigmund Freud to figure out  
 why they stuff themselves. There they are, after all,

trapped in Consecrated Tech with a drawerful of girdles  
and a curfew that begins at dawn. But why are they  
all so heavy-legged? Can God himself be helping them  
to resist the desires of the flesh: "What lovely  
thighs." "Those are my ankles." "Oh, well, goodnight."  
They are in trouble up there, that much is for sure.  
Their dormitories are a symphony of despair:  
dreams from those chocolate pies, painful visions  
of stork and gazelle. I hear their unhappiness  
as I crouch beneath their window in my disguise,  
the creme-filled answer to a fat girl's dreams.

### The Robe

Everyone is afraid of a cheap, terrycloth robe.  
They are scared to death of the nursing-home material.

In their dreams the gorgeous nurse somehow detects  
their better qualities.

But waking  
bad-breathed and clumsy,  
they fear that nubby cover.

Blue or white,  
beach-striped or brown

it looks like hell  
and only hangs from arm and shank,

moving with the paunch  
curtained at the groin  
clinging at the straining calf.

-- Ronald Koertge

Pasadena, CA

UNIQUE:::  
Undoubtedly to be cited much in the future: Hugh Fox's  
The Living Underground, A Critical Overview (\$6.50 fm.)  
Whitston Publ. Co., Inc., P.O. Box 322, Troy, NY 12181)  
-- essays on the work of d. a. levy, Dick Higgins, D. r.  
Wagner, Douglas Blazek, T. L. Kryss, Richard Morris,  
and others.