

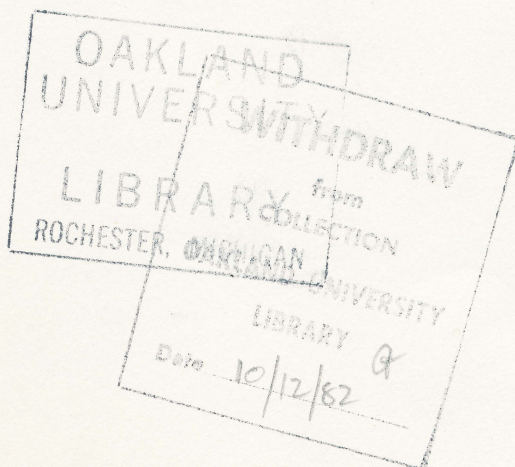
An abstract black and white artwork. On the left side, there is a vertical strip of yellowish, textured material, possibly tape or a different type of paper. The rest of the page is white, overlaid with a complex network of dark, branching, and irregular lines that resemble a root system or a web. The lines vary in thickness and texture, with some appearing more solid and others more delicate. The overall composition is minimalist and organic.

CONTUSE

ARCHIVES

Two small, hand-drawn yellow circles are located in the bottom right corner of the page, near the word 'ARCHIVES'.

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ARTS



CONTUSE

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Students

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CONTUSE

is an independent student venture, and it is the hope of the present editors that the students will continue publication on a regular basis.

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childhood 2

look maw my
dearest gaping
one-hundred thousand
phantoms under
the dreestop i
pillar high she
standing flab arms
on hips aresting
sensitivity low gauge
sunlight straight
shatters across the
wellsplintered
dear floor
dear floor
press my cheek
its coolness reek
of dirty wax
the thin square
 cracks
in laying head
 laying flat
stretchout those
lines and crack
and senseless
 patterns
on on on they reach
well known floor board
ridge grimewhite
wonder why? what for
nails in there...coming
loose maybe if i
push there! no loose
little cockroa...
what ifbig big
feelers oh
quiet sun those
white specks
floating in the light

think sunbeams
or yes sun
slap the paunchy
couch back look!
at it fly dust
the tree! run dick
run see dick bark
it's white wonder
why what
loving dust
pulverize two
crusts of earth add
warmth lol feel
the dust fine dirt
dust warmth back
of warm sweaty knees
through dust crust
dry fingers pouring
no sound no car
no action bird still
wind leave still
sun quiet immobile
stiff neck dust set
the whole afternoon

K. Renner

WHEN DOING DISHES SEE A BIRD

Kathy Altekhruse

You (long ago) come to the (charmed magic) window. Oh, you are Young with Wings (and singest of summer in full throated ease). Let's soar together awhile.

The trip to Chicago that day--has it been that long? The almost defunct railroad depot with dirty window sunshine spilling on a book (while thou art pouring forth thy soul) until we heard the Chug and Boarrrrd. Then rumble through the knee-high corn and beans and milkstops until we met Grimy Hoosier Gary. You said God it's awful; how can they stand it? And I said No different from the Generous Electric that sparks our back yard with smellsfilth and people machine. (No hungry generations tread thee down.) Leaven children of sootstacks are we.

Chicago served Things up Big...still in small remembering there were ebbd morning scrambled eggs (the waitress looks like a tart) 3 pieces of toast (do you get the feeling all the people around here look harder than at home?) coffee now please (not all of them--there's phoney type miss brimsot our senior english myth) c'mon (being but too happy in thy happiness) windy chi is waiting to blast two fresh hayseeds from nincompooptown.

A walk down Michigan past rich fobs to a Highbrows Delicatessen. I said Fob again. And you said Well, I don't know--and meant it. Paul Klee held your teetering question mark while I stood (in tears amid the alien corn) and watched you (where are you?) put the nail in the wall.

It was July and the streets ached with our feet to the Museum of Unnatural Homo Sapiens. You said Science and I said Ugh; we kissed to seek our own. You found Biosomething to bug a brain--your fay The Hall of Man. Not Paul Klee but Malvina I said who lifts the clack-clack Dignity of Man on through savage hope. You said Yes, but she hasn't made us dirty enough. And I said (Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget what thou among the leaves has never known) I'm suspicious of dirty minds and I'm hungry; let's go.

We coked a hotdog on the way to see (Thou wast not born for death immortal) Rembrandt- Rembrandt- Rembrandt. You

said Hey, this Girl In the Doorway looks like you. And I said Now you know our secret; I'm Rembrandt's lasting love. Crazy the way he painted souls but kept thick hands on earth?

We wanted Vermeer. He wasn't there. But he was cheated for over two hundred years (that I might drink and leave the world unseen) so we didn't gripe but let Hals (bubbles winking at the brim) give us a tankard.

Meissonier, you polished sonnavabitch, a big daddy word you said, you wrote your poetry on the ground (I cannot see what flowers are at my feet) and faked The Fakers to fill your pockets with bright Napoleon Scum; but you sure could do the worst the best.

And you said Before we go, I want a woman. And I said WHAT? And you said Didn't a female woman of the opposite sex ever do anything around this joint? And I said Shhh, lower your voice. Do you want Holy Mother of Holy Smoke to put you in the hoosegow? We're just supposed to have little Jesuses and send them all to Heaven. But if your game to die a little, there's tucked away in Evil Corner (where but to think is to be full of sorrow) some genuine female pornography: Kollwitz-Kollwitz- Kollwitz. Now honestly isn't she more of a Man than a man? Quit noodeling your head in a circle and feel a Woman kick you in the pants. You said Ouch--and The Demon thanked you for the compliment.

Down fifty thousand steps we went with stounded eyes and palling feet to wade them in lake michigan--where you read (of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn) while I stroked rainbows in the sand until it was 50¢ passage time to lincoln park under the stars with 4 candy bars and 100 windy strummers to give enough to lift us to the grave of life--we both had to die--live this way sometimes.

What was on the menu we couldn't afford to eat that night? Bach's Air for G it's gorgeous (The voice I hear this passing night was heard in ancient days by emperor and clown) and we lit starcandles to our Brahms; how many times have you heard The Pines in where ever you are since?

And you said, as we took grass stains back to the Boarrd, Let's build a Wall around today for the hay that's sure to grow from our seeds. Quiet now. And we did through sleep rumble all the way to strange night familiarities where you gave a swaddling poesy to paste on The Wall.

Fly away now. The suds are drained (thy plaintive anthem fades) and there is catsup to smear on coveralls and pooh to read and prunes to stew. Come again another song. I'll meet you at The Wall.

eee
 eee
 cccccccuuuuuummmmmmmmmmmmmmmiiiiinnnnnnnggggggssssss

(a critical essay on e e cummings in cummings' own style)
 by K. Renner

e e cummings feels on :

(1) nature

wonder's nature orchestrates undreamed and only felt of
 symphonies mysterious with life's glad hand (only by
 measurers cacophonous) music

if greendust sifted through the summer ferns & rab-
 bits slid on padded claws our delectable poet could never
 hang his longjaw in any greater attitude of sweetest amaz-
 ment at: ma nature's impenet

of tricks

and what's

more each sweating noless than human being breathes
 O bit o nature its unity its mys tery

concerning twigs :

trivia's a useless sound (a
 seeming not is meaning's yes)

1 only leaf (wherein 6 universes writhe
) can't be catalogued in Simple's morgue
 ALL nature's every rumproast second re
 states: UNITY &

Unity blows mystery & mystery blows
 back

Being by Love and Growing by Imagination some1 enters
(his) own enormous room (infinite nature

quote

i thank you God for most this amazing
day:for the leaping greenly spirits of trees
and a blue true dream of sky;and for everything
which is natural which is infinite which is yes
unquote1

(2) collectivism

the mortal game of Individuality announces fiercest op-
ponents: any1 vs. some1

infinity can very impossibly be multiplied by (more
than 1) alias nations alias laughable subgroups of scan-
dalizing races of 71 × hilarious "humanities"

collectivisms (suspicious of almost individuals)
make notquite individuals suspicious of themselves & if
there's nothing more wonderful its an individual

people(who may or may not resemble the slightest
bearance of persons) to be the any1 of a feasible but un-
understandable collection: lose the more than privilege
of being some1

indefatigable hypraconglomerations of
impassioned compassionless frontallobotomized heshe
-shadows gulpdigest all but: satyrgrinning
indi)spensable(viduals who: lightlifting dainty skirts
(selfchuckling

;
backglancing
)tip

tinkle in

to the greenery

quote

"tell him : a madman named noone says, that someone is
and anyone isn't, and all the believing universe cannot
transform anyone who isn't into someone who is."

unquote2

(3) reason's abstraction
those selflessclassified(&fying) measurers; otherwise
: physicistsetc.sociologistsect.political"scientists"etc.
by slithering circumventing

be-

1) sieging

2) leaguering

3) laboring spring : compartmentalize a rainbow

saucily it evaporates .

reasoners know: & miss the unity of mystery re life
: & therefor cannot understand-

a man's no cosmic tinkertoy

men sunsets or even(grasses) when laboratorily vivisect
-ed don't make no ob.cit.

life's 2×2 "Is 5" viz. a seashell poem by t fitzsimmons
stealthily(but) stealthily amateur&professional knowers
alike beckon forward (into doing & believing in knowing)
ungrowing really dying children.

quote

children guessed (but only a few
and down they forgot as up they grew...

unquote3

responsibility(reason' s goon) lays the crushing
weight of "WE" on each upcoming i
custom mimes : THIS is the way we go
through life go
through
life go .

Reasonable chucks mudsplotches on wonders bright
eyes ab stractors build likeness molds for the stuffing of
only infinitum (sugary) aberations(plumed) atavisms
when uniqueness is the magic that
upwakes:LOVE

reason might condemn a man to anywhere's never of cor-
rect; but imagination's gurgling love will bounce him in
the everywheres of now

quote

A: For crying out loud, my dear professor!do you
seriously believe that a measurable universe made
of electrons and lightyears is one electron more
serious or one lightyear less imprisoning than an
immeasurable universe made of cherubim and ser-
-aphim?

unquote4

(4) love

love's strictly an individual matter between 2 of the same
love's between and not among .

exclusive i's love & no others; any less than 1
indi)ssoluble(vidual : unfeeling who heshe Is) precludes
the feeling of who or if someother heshe Is or isn't .
whatever

if any some1's deeper than the deepest sky
then love's

the mediator to more universes than are or ever will self
(feeling ecstatically external existences ;which agree with
& complement itself's individuality) transcends the mental
boundaried (i) & unhampered hears another's
heart & bounds beyond to wonderous winesauce mysteries &
excavates the peppermint mine of now And How

lov(ers): beat a never' s anyhow

& reave the realm of Clever in

to now

as cosmic eyes they search & everything

they Is they are; so ev

ery

midnight moon' s(an allnight bar

as: love occurs outside the mind imagination' s free for all

impossibility's everything

dreamersknowers skitter backside toward maybewhen

dreamingknowing never diving(

loveward

) up this

confectionaried

second

quote

--tomorrow is our permanent address

and there they'll scarcely find us (if they do,

we'll move away still further:into now

unquote5

(5) art

au contraire to less than popular opinion art; per indi)

hyper(vidual underlined artist = Being & Feeling ; not

i say even successful doing and knowing .

art holds 6 fewer than no quotesocialunquote responsibil

-ities No How

the artist grows 1 breakfastroll ego whose selfness

gravitates (somewhere) utterly alone; and whose unim-

peachable solitude only love may defy

an artist

the leaching limits of time confounds & awakes in life-

nature's constant every

& if

(he) merely happens to express(his) painful sensitivity
 in the outward symbols of: writingpaintingsculptingetc.
 the success or nonsuccess of those symbols which =
 theartist are anaemicly coincidental
 ; (his) musthave is to grow proceed escape lifedeathtime
 & the particulars of the age to achieve the feeling of
 (his) eternal connection with life's unity
 the artist inhabits illimitable now;& while becoming values
 farther than mortality is short (he) lives happy
 1 fantastically human being

THIS writer sez :
 the key to (cummings his values his stance: his Being)
 = an uncompromised unflinching individuality who
 harbors egoISM

our realive poet Feels (h)e e' s
 peculiarly particular IS & takes specialcare to identify
 hiswill with None Other unwaveringly e e cummings stands
 as e e cummings And How . (living from this stance:
 feeling when specific ideas objects persons etc agree or
 disagree(or both) with the self)
 cummings , instead of reaching out to discover a
 universality of his values , revels in the infinite diversity
 of selves by the sound Growing cummings intends : the
 addition of external agreements of the individuality follow-
 ing their realization ; which is Love
 through Love & Growing time is escaped

Cummings unexpects a yes ; but when& if it comes
 he sings joyous

& expecting no outside justification -
 e e eliminates disappointment
 & laughs

quote

i am so glad and very
merely my fourth will cure
the laziest self of weary
the hugest sea of shore

so far your nearness reaches
a lucky fifth of you
turns people into eachs
and cowards into grow

our can'ts were born to happen
our mosts have died in more
our twentieth will open
wide a wide open door

we are so both and oneful
night cannot be so sky
sky cannot be so sunful
i am through you so i

unquote6

to mr e e cummings i BELLOW

1 LOUD & completely

yes

quotes

unquote1

from the poem

"i thank you God for most this amazing"

originally from Xaipe

found on p 91 of i six nonlectures

unquote2

p 101 eimi(evergreen books e-113)

unquote3

from the poem

"anyone lived in a pretty how town"

#29 from 50 poems(universal library ul-66)

unquote4

p 52 eimi

unquote5

from the poem

"all ignorance toboggans into know"

originally from I x I

found on p 85 of 8 six nonlectures

unquote6

"i am so glad and very"

#49 from 50 poems

Dorothy Silvonon

His appearance was that of an average cat. Except for his frayed ears and crooked tail and the balls of matted fur under his arm pits.

He stretched his claws and dug into the edge of the board and pulled his muscles tight against his bones, up his legs, across his shoulders and down his back to the jog in his tail. And eased them. And tightened them. And sat up. And shook his head.

His ears hurt.

And he was hungry.

He lifted his nose but there was nothing very promising in the air.

He jumped down and walked across the ice and cinders to the back door of the grocery store. But he could tell before he jumped up on the garbage rack there was nothing there. Cockroach spray, frozen grapefruit, excelsior, boxes, rotten apples. He reached down and turned over a frozen cabbage leaf and caught a faint waft of mouse. But not enough to bother with.

He jumped down and walked on down the alley. He was almost to the corner when he caught a jolt of dog smell that straightened the hair on his spine. He knew that corner was a hang-out of theirs. And ordinarily he never came that way. But he was there now and he was hungry and the way he felt, with his ears aching him and the ice burning into his feet, he walked over and blotted out some of that dog stink with a good solid spray of cat.

And trotted on down the alley by the bakery.

A car swung lights across the snow in front of him. He hunched down and dug his claws in the ice.

The car growled past with a slash of ice and cold that stripped back the fur on his ribs and cut into his ears and left everything spots and circles.

As soon as he could see a little he shook out his fur and climbed up on a fuel tank. It was too early for hunting. He squatted on his feet to warm them. And twitched his ears.

But he was hungry.

He knew a pile of boxes that was full of mice. He used to catch them there all the time. Before that dog started hanging around back there.

He jumped down and walked over to the street corner and waited by the wall for a chance to run across the street.

His nose was too cold to smell right. He could smell cars as he went along. And dogs. And the beer-wine stink of the bar when he started up the alley. He kept to the side with the

fire escape on it. But he couldn't smell that dog and he couldn't smell the mice.

He spread his ears.

Nothing moved by the pile of boxes.

Very carefully, he crept out from under the fire escape and eased across the crackles of ice.

He heard a rustle in the boxes and stopped. And listened. Car brakes. Music in the bar.

He moved up closer. And heard them again. He dug his claws in the ice and tightened the muscles in his back legs.

And then, from behind, he heard a dog trotting over the snow. And they were right there inside that box. He crouched down and waited until the dog was almost on top of him.

Before he ran for the fire escape.

He sat there awhile and watched that dog jumping around and barking and bumping up against the boxes.

Until the wind whipped up under the three iron bars he was squatting on and burned into the raw cracks on his ears. And the barking and the hunger inside him sickened him.

He licked some snow.

And got up and crossed along the window ledges to the fence and jumped down on the other side. The snow was soft back there and he had to take jumps to get across.

He stopped by the fence on the other side. And listened to that dog still barking back there. And to the dogs answering him. And switched his tail and stepped over a broken board in the fence.

Another car ran up on him just as he was crossing behind a filling station. He ducked into an open entranceway and crawled under the steps. And pushed up tight against the boards and curled his tail around his feet and shook his sore ears and licked a cobweb off his chest and sank down and closed his eyes.

It was warmer in there.

But it was dusty.

And he was too hungry to sleep.

He got up and went out in the cold again.

There was that coal bin he found once and a stack of old tires with the mice nests in them and the smell of fish frying and the frozen crusts and potato scraps by a garbage can. He kept looking.

He had to wait on the limb of a tree for a couple of dogs to move along. And he carefully sneaked up on a dead leaf rustling behind an upside-down wheelbarrow. And he ran into a cat yowling on a doorstep. One sniff of its oily hide got his back up. He went over to clip it one, but it ran away. And it wasn't worth chasing.

He did leave it a shot of real cat on the doorstep.

The snow froze sharper and squeakier and he kept stopping to listen to the ice tinkling on the trees. His ears were warm now, but he couldn't move them.

He was walking along a shoveled path when he heard it.

He stopped and listened.

It was gnawing something.

Very gently he pushed the crackles of ice down and crept closer. And stopped and listened again.

It was gnawing too loud for a mouse and too fast for a dog.

He moved up close to the garage and eased his head out past the corner until he could see.

It was a rat.

And it was under a rack of garbage cans. And the only way he could get at it would be to go around the garage and come at it from behind the shovel leaning up against the other side.

If it just didn't move away before he could get around there.

He stepped too hard and crackled the snow. The rat stopped gnawing. And then started up again.

The garage was a long one. And the snow had a crust of ice on it. And it kept crackling under his feet. And there was a fence in the way. And he made a noise when he jumped down on the other side. And the rat stopped gnawing.

But it was still there. When he looked around the corner it was over by the far leg of the garbage rack.

Slowly he stretched out on the snow and crawled up to the shovel.

The rat jittered back and forth and stopped under the garbage rack and crouched down with its back to him. And started gnawing again.

He couldn't wait.

He packed his muscles hard against his hind feet and gripped the ice with his claws.

And sprang.

And caught it.

He pulled his claws tight and deep. But the rat was strong. He tried to bite into the back of its neck. But he couldn't. He bit down on its shoulder. And the rat jerked and his teeth snapped together on a fold of hide.

His hold was weakening. He worked his claws in deeper.

The rat flipped over and bit him.

He jerked his leg back and the rat twisted free.

He jumped after it and hit his head on the bottom of the garbage rack and caught a claw in its back and spun it sideways.

The rat jumped at him and bit into his neck.

He dug his claws into it and tried to shake it off, but it wouldn't let loose. He rolled sideways and scraped into it with his back claws and it dropped down and ran. And he was too slow.

It got away.

It ran under the garage door and he couldn't get through.

He tried all along the door, but there wasn't space enough anywhere. And his neck hurt.

He sat down and shook his head.

And stood up and shook the rest of him.

And went over and smelled what was left. All the way around the garbage rack and under it.

But it was no use.

He tried the garage again. Clear around. But there was no place big enough to fit through.

He walked back up the shoveled path. And out across the street.

He kept looking until he got tired. And then he climbed up on a barrel and looked down at the snow glittering between the shadows. There was no sound except sometimes the ice in the trees and sometimes the boards on the houses cracking in the cold and sometimes a truck far off.

He stretched out his neck and howled.

After a while he went back and tried it again. He was looking under the garbage rack when he found the piece of bread the rat had been gnawing on. It was frozen into the ice.

He tried pulling it out with his front teeth. But it wouldn't come. He had to spread his lips back and gnaw at it with the side of his mouth like the rat.

The cars were just starting up again when he crawled into his box and curled himself up tight and pulled his head down between his legs and thawed out his ears.

GRUSHENKA

she was,
what shall i say...
a nun
with none of a nun's nones.

like the sweet sadness one feels
upon seeing an image of Charlie Parker's
soft smile,
one feels with her.

she's funny.
i am equal to your dreams of Nirvana, she says,
except i have more nerve
than Anna,

and with that
she disintegrates
into some vapour
which goes away also.

anyway it's nice to be around her
and weep a tear for yourself.
she doesn't cry with you but she doesn't laugh;
just sits and eats fruit salad.

once she said to me,
you know Jesus?
yes.
want to meet him?

sure.
can't cause he's dead.
i know.
yes you know, but he doesn't

she was from DingDong Land i think,
and blew bubbles off her tongue,
spit bubbles.
white light round.

i unmeaningly stept on one once
(they wouldn't even pop when they hit the ground),
she looked fiercely at me
and left.

Lance Eastman

ORCHARD-HIGH ECHOES

Orchard-high echoes were all my sad slumber
As Time licked apple-sweet seasons away
Numbered, unnumbered.

I licked at his lips for some sap-sweet decay,

Waste of my numbered fermenting in buttercups
Feeding the fields for the unnumbered sons
Gathering hickorynuts.

(I too (in season) have sung the bright songs.)

Catch the bright echoes; unnumbered my seasons

Pushing up grass where the dry fodder lay--

Songs of high laughings

The frolicking rhythms of boys still obey.

STRAIGHT BACK OF CHAIR

Straight back of chair

That held the bended column

Rocking, rocking

Rocked the mother's memories

Of attic haunts

Rocked me to life

In bended-over laughter

Rocking, rocking

Caught the eager appetite

In kitchen smells

Laughed us to life

In purple-fingered stillness

Rocking, rocking

Bound us to the memory

Of tomorrow's child.

Nancy Kelly

2 POEMS

by Norman A. Kurilik

SEED DANCE

light furred skins
swaying
between arms and
motions in
a sea of
 booms and taps,
whirling slowly,
drawing,
suddenly with earth
touching
fingered sweep,
flaxen
streams through ground
around
an arm
spiraling,
eddyng
over tawny breasts,
clothing an ankle,
til
smooth sweep graces
up,
up in winding,
then
trailing rhythm
as sensuating fingers
spread to earth,
falling in
sound and motion.

NIGHT IN A VALLEY

I sense the changing
sun's streams
 through shadowing trees,
and lie with head back;
 breathe deepening yesterdays
 into the sound
 of singing weeds,
gaze at some
 lingering
 piece of sky
watching
tomorrow's years die,
 and all around me
 the sound
 of blue night sings
 deeper than I hear,
for with every
move of mind
 and start of arm
 I gently know
 the echo of her name.

Gillespie

ON YEATS and

then I saw,
a New Heaven,
a New Earth.
the first heaven,
the first earth,
have passed away.
the sea was no more.
I saw the Holy City,
the New Jerusalem,
coming down out of Heaven from God.
I heard a Great Voice.
"the Dwelling of God is with men.
they shall be His people.
God Himself will be with them.
He will wipe away every tear.
death shall be no more."

former
things
have
passed
away.

away.

away.

and night shall be no more
they need no light of lamp or sun
The Lord God will be their light
and they shall reign for ever
and
ever

A vision, a system, a realism. That's what every man's
gotta have. Somethin', strong and sticky, solid and sacred.
A place to go to on the Sabbath. Somthin' to explain,

the sable
the saliva
the fallow
the salvation
the sanguinary
the sarsar
and even,

me.

A vision that is as strong as a stonehedge, that no man can
attack, that no time can ruin, that no god, no hell can make.
only me can make it.

The moon is high, full, nice, and round. Tomorrow it
will shave a portion from its surface. It will become smaller
and smaller. Till it dies, then it shall spring again to full
roundness.

Some say that when she dies, she will spring. Spring to
the heavens, and that someday I shall meet her there. She will
be white, not scared by the bloody of them, or the injection of
him.

spring as if there ain't tomorrow
fight as if there was yesterday
but who next inhabits this grave
the stele i let him borrow

Some say nasty things, like too romantic, too misty, too
vile, too systematized; but it might be.

The Millennium is approaching.

Yonder the Moon shaves its last.

He with body waged a fight,
But body won; it walks upright.

Then he struggled with the heart,
Innocence and peace depart.

Then he struggled with the mind,
His proud heart he left behind.

Now his wars on God begin,
At stroke of midnight God shall win.

Thou stonehedge of the western isle. Fight with sharpened
swords of love. Do not fight them that ye hate. Fight for that
which ye love. O Ireland, never shall I fail thee.
a thousand and one shall sit at thy right hand
ten thousand at they left
they shall not smite thee by day
or by the moon at night
thou shalt not dash a stone against thy foot
and thou shalt not perish.

The vision, no man shall attack but by a two-edged sword.

He's right you know, but so are you. And even am I. They
were right to see the new jerusalem, and I was right to see
yesterday, and he is right to see tomorrow. He is right to

guard his stonehedge, they were right to have a thousand and one and ten thousand, and I am right to stand here.

Let stonehedge of his vision,
Stop oncoming sarsar.
Let trumpets of their lips,
Blow walls of Jerico.
Let yellow biles of my body
Stain scarlet curtain.

But never let the right,
 the right,
end boundless greatness.

he showed me the river of water of life;
 bright as crystal,
 flowing from the throne.
he showed me the tree of life;
 with its twelve kinds of fruit,
 yielding its fruit each month.

no
more
shall
anything
be

accursed.

The moon is dead, there ain't nothing. And this fool is still here. The vastness of the nothingness surrounds me. He isn't right. They weren't right.

And i, oh, yes i.

Well i'm waiting for tomorrow, spring.

sources

- 1 *"then I saw,"* text from the Revelations.
- 2 *"and night shall be no more,"* text from the Revelations.
- 3 *"He with body waged a fight,"* poem by William Butler Yeats.
- 4 *"A thousand and one shall sit at thy right hand,"* text from the Psalms.
- 5 *"he showed me the river of water of life;"* text from the Revelations.

Bill Williamson

WASTELAND¹

Corpus delicti ad hoc
e pluribus unum
et cetera et cetera
et cetera²

For my creditors without whose
help and encouragement this
work would have been impossible.

April is the cruellest month, breeding
Dandelions out of the deadland.
Summer surprised us, coming at 7:30,³
With the morning paper,⁴ we were hardly ready.
We stopped at the beergarden, and went in,
Into the beergarden, and drank strawberry floats,
And talked, and sataround

dann sprach Charlie.⁵

When we were kids, staying at the Major General's
My cousin, he took me out on a sailboat.
I was frightened. There wasn't any water.
He said Myrtle, Myrtle, hold on tight.
And down we went.
In jail, there you feel safe.
What are the roots that clutch, what grows
Out of this stony trash?
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
Those damn dandelions can grow in this junk.
A heap of broken junk, where the sun beats,
And the dead trees give no shelter,
What you need is a backyard patio.

Sweet Thames run softly, till I end my song
"You gave me dandelions first a year ago;
"They called me the dandelion girl."
I could not speak, my eyes failed,
I couldn't believe it.
I began to sneeze, I broke out in a rash.
I'm allergic to dandelions.

6

Unreal yard
Under several layers of garbage
A crowd gathered to stare, so many,
I had not thought so many shoelaces were undone,
So many, so very many.
And each man fixed his eyes on his feet,
And bent down and tied his shoes.⁷

I'm a little jumpy tonight. Yes jumpy.
A little. Just a little. Not nervous.
Just jumpy. Stay with me. Stay right
here. Why don't you say something?
Just anything. Tell me what you're thinking.
I can't tell what you're thinking. Yes.
Your opinions. Yes. Think. What are you
thinking? Let me know. Thinking.

I think you are off your trolley.⁸

I can't bear to look at you, I swear I can't.
No more I can't look at you. You
Will get some new teeth won't you?
Tell me you'll get some new teeth.
Just say you will Lil. You look so ancient.

Just tell me you'll fix yourself up.
You're a pretty ugly old bag.
If you look at it squarely you'll agree
With me. Won't you Lil? You'll buy
New teeth with Albert's money.
Won't you?

Aw your grandmother's firetruck I will.

Unreal yard
Sweet Thames run softly till I end my song.
The river sweats
Oil and tar
It needs new ice blue secret
God⁹ dam¹⁰
Bells
Bong bong bong
Switch from Hots
To Kools
When I hear sirens
Weeeeeee wwrreeee
I start to sing along
Loud and strong
I can't get anything straight
Nothing.

Here is no water but no rock
if there were water
It would be wet
If there were water
And water too
Also water

Wet

If there were rock it would be dry

And there is rock

Dry rock

But no water

And the cuckoo sings in the clock

The cuckoo says

Cuckoo cuckoo cuckoo cuckoo¹¹

But there is no water

Sweet Thames run softly till I end my song.¹²

A woman drew out her long black hair

And fiddled dusty music on those strings

Dry lifeless hair and dandruff, ja.

And then spake the thunder:

Snap--Have I snapped?

Crackle--Am I cracked?

Pop¹³

I will set my things in order

Hickory Dickory Dock

Ja ist ein rock¹⁴

Gurgle

This trash I have shored against my work

Snap

When the fits upon me.

Raving mad againe.¹⁶

Sworgle sworgle sworgle¹⁷

Notes on this Waste

I am deeply indebted to the phone company for their wonderful book, the New York Phone Directory.

- 1 Newton Minnow.
- 2 This is real Latin.
- 3 Eastern Standard Time.
- 4 The New York Post.
- 5 This is real German (except for the name).
- 6 Since I am unfamiliar with the exact construction of cement outhouses I left all references to them out of this poem.
- 7 I have observed this many times.
- 8 People say this to me all the time.
- 9 I got this from many references.
- 10 The Hoover Dam.
- 11 From my clock.
- 12 Edmund Spenser - Tom Swift and his Talking Pictures.
- 13 Hindu Mystics sing this around the breakfast bowl.
- 14 More German.
- 15 Should have been guzzle.
- 16 Chaucer.
- 17 Freely translated from the original this old Hindu saying could not be printed.

And yet, this place holds a fascination too

My worl--

or is it his?

Where its mood is my mood

and all,

and all and everything is snow-talc without any wind,
Where our fingers trace the same line through structured air;
Impossible

those are cinder blocks and you,
you can't put your hand through them,
though you want to
know
though you want to

reality, reality
and all's fair in

i tried to reach the other side and,
though I wanted to

this is my world
with the dream-wild
and my world is tenuous
with abrasive blocks that pour,
if you want to

But is there a place with another side? I think not,
i think that because she told me (I don't like wind),
but I told her I saw, I understood (and there was
a whistling in my ear)
Damn I'll scream!

It is his world, and hers
With laughter and whispers that sound so much
like the wind

He is still my friend, but not his place
Friends belong in the other place
There, at least, you can reach through, although
Oh I hope

But this is his world and mine's where the slow snow drifts
and buries

Keith Schall

THE LOGIC OF SPLITBEAD PRAYER

Some would potted prayer
And some write books of Be
But one and one are two
So beads will do for me;

To the tumble
of beads
some very huge
is shorn of
hair
and many streams discover
where.

But procession is rare.
At least in rills of heart
I know
the greenfern
would smile to learn
that frosty death
had taken
spring vacation.

Thus would it
no concession be
to skip a bead
and offer praise
to rough of bark
and supplicate to
end of day,
giving dark the preference
and taking half the difference.

Donald Johnson

ALBERTA PÄPĒ PEOPLES MEETS WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

Alberta Pāpē Peoples

My name is Alberta Peoples, nee Pāpē. I am a female, white American; age, 45. I have no distinguishing marks. I am ordinary to the degree that even my name is a monotony of iambic alliteration. My plebeian forebears¹ came to the United States from Germany because they were fed up with war, and from Ireland because they were unfed. We are people who, "at close of day" come "from counter or desk," or what is perhaps more humble, from sod or wheel. I was reared simply, on the Holy Bible, an American history book, and Andersen's Fairy Tales. Anything in life that did not fit between the covers of the first or the second book was relegated to the third. I learned that honesty,² industry, discipline, and thrift were the qualities that had built a strong nation, and they would do the same thing for the individual. Sheba's playmate³ is only distantly related to my wise king of Israel. I am acquainted with Adam and Abraham, but Helen and Chatterjee are too long ago or too far away to have much meaning for me. Kevin O'Higgins and Cuchulain are unfamiliar names, but I believe Red Hanrahan drove a truck for an oil company that I used to work for.

I admire and try to emulate speech that is as precise as numbers, unless what I have to say is unkind. If I need another word for fruitfulness I will use fertility, not lake or stream or spring; and when someone says "Fire!" I expect to see flame. Birds are wonderful, but they are birds and nothing else. (Why does that blackbird looking in my window make me recall that I did not take time to go over my son's arithmetic with him?)

Yeats's presentation of history is enjoyable, but I am glad that the past is past--and he is, too, sometimes. My principal appreciation of the people of time gone by is that they left a better world for me to live in than the one they had, and I hope to do the same thing for my children. I have lived through a major depression and two world wars, as well as outdoor toilets

1 "...all must copy copies, all increase their kind." "*Ríbh Denounces Patrick*."

2 "There's no luck about a house / If it lack honesty." "*The Ghost of Roger Casement*."

3 "Solomon / That Sheba led a dance." "*On Woman*."

and kerosene lamps, and I do not want to do it over again. Regardless of what is happening in the rest of the world, I am rearing my family in peace and prosperity.¹ I will not tell my children, "The world's more full of weeping than you can understand." I know that the world slips backward sometimes, but I believe that the general direction is forward.

I realize that I shall die some day. That is a bridge that we all must cross when we come to it, and I intend to cross it only once. Yeats let a kitten play with his ball of complacency, and when he tried to draw back the meandering thread he found that it was snarled and knotted. When he was young, "The man . . . found no comfort in the grave," and when he was old the worst apparition he saw was "a coat upon a coat-hanger." About people's desire for warmer weather in winter and cooler weather in summer (expressed by the old more often than by the young, I admit) he said, "...what disturbs our blood is but the longing for the tomb." Even in youth he was concerned that "From our birthday, until we die, / Is but the twinkling of an eye." In the immortality of his art, he should have felt that death was not the finality that it is for us ordinary mortals.²

Yeats detested the condition of old age even more than he did the termination of life. His old pensioner could "...spit into the face of time / That has transfigured me," but the poet kept his old fingers clasped tightly around the image of youth. Unable to marry the woman he loved, he could not recognize the love of old people because young love was passing him by. He tried to tell himself that when "Passion falls asleep" "the heart is old," and he even told his beloved, in whom he had "loved the pilgrim soul," "how Love fled." It was just wind blowing from the pique of an Irishman. Many years later he was still trying to reconcile his physical loves with the one real love of his life. He never quite succeeded. He prayed "That I may seem, though I die old, / A foolish, passionate man." It was the mask of his declining years. But there was no getting away from "The glass of outer weariness, / Made when God slept in times of old."

Art, if it is to live, must have something to say to many people in many situations. But what does it matter to Americans, for instance, that Lincoln--sorry, I meant Parnell--said, "Ireland shall get her freedom and you still break stone." "A beggar upon horseback" who "lashes a beggar on foot" paints a vivid picture, but what does it matter to a factory worker in Michigan that "The beggars have changed places, but the lash goes on." Does it not seem a little silly to call General Motors Corporation

1 "We lived like men that watch a painted stage." "Parnell's Funeral."

2 "The proud and careless notes live on / But bless our hands that ebb away." "The Players Ask for a Blessing on the Psalteries and on Themselves."

a beggar, or even James Hoffa or Gus Scholle? And Yeats's confused Indian¹ is irritating with his insinuation that some Jew, millenniums ago, got subject and object transposed in a sentence which should have said, "Man made God in his own image." The Indian is useful, however, in examining the development of the artist. On pp. 70-71 of A Reader's Guide to William Butler Yeats "*An Indian Song*" appears as Yeats wrote it when he was less than twenty years old. "*The Indian to His Love*"² is the same poem after its final revision, when he was in his seventies. Besides eliminating abstractions, Time, Joy, and Love, he has arrived at the waiting isle. The lawn has been mowed, and the tree which had been just big enough to support a parrot has grown "Great boughs" which "drop tranquility." The southern weather is gone, and "all earth's feverish lands" have cooled to restlessness. But I have seen what happens to a person who is growing old without ever having been young, and I must gather my wits and move on.

I begin to see that I do have some interests in common with the artist. I used to make my living by keeping accounts. Yeats looks to me like a harried bookkeeper, who "sing[s] what was lost and dread[s] what was won." He counts the cost of the Easter uprising in years and in lives, and finds that he must leave the account open. I watch him weave along on his 15-foot stilts,³ and my head snaps back with a jerk. I must take care, or I will wind up in a snake charmer's basket. I open the door of my shed to the sun, and there in the corner gleams an intricate conic web, the product of an Irish spinneret. Passing beneath, I raise my hand to my head and find that the sticky filament has ensnared my hair. I think of Antaeus,⁴ kicking madly as Hercules snatches him up by his wooly crown, and I dig my toes into the soil. The gyre turns, the earth yields, and I am lost.

1 "*The Indian Upon God.*"

2 "*The Indian to His Love.*" Notice of the arrival and comparisons of abstractions and trees are Unterecker's (A Reader's Guide to William Butler Yeats).

3 "*High Talk.*"

4 "*The Municipal Gallery Revisited.*"

CONTUSE

Michigan State University Oakland

Rochester, Michigan