CAULDRON IS A STUDENT PUBLICATION OF KALAMAZOO COLLEGE
STAFF:
Editor: Neil Cobb
Assistant Editor: Hal Dean
Associate Editors: Jay Abrams
     Joel Blumenthal
Art Editor: Cynthia Turner
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Table of Contents</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>cover</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cynthia turner</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>photo</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>steve elkinton</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>drawing</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sandy glendinning</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pen and ink</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sandy glendinning</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mayday motif</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dave kessler</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>night in kalamazoo</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hal dean</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>photo</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>david weed</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>all my conscious life</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hal dean</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>drawing</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chuck huhta</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fortune teller</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>howie lawrence</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>you stone me</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hal dean</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>drawing</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>debbie williams</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the woodpile</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dan coyle</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>woodcut</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sandy glendinning</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>prometheus uptight</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dan coyle</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>photo</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>steve elkinton</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>november morning</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>leon raikes</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>scratchboard</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>janny huo</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>poem</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>howie lawrence</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>painting</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rufus king</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>vocation</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cinde cahn</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>i sing to myself</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>leon raikes</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>scratchboard</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rufus king</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>second impression</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>judith randall</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>drawing</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cynthia turner</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>watercolor and ink</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>lana ventriglia</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>photo</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>steve elkinton</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>song of mourning</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dave kessler</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>scratchboard</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>janny huo</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>poem</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hal dean</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>woodcut</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>janny huo</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>inability to write a love poem</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cinde cahn</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>drawing</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chuck huhta</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>photo</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>david weed</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>nighttrain</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dan coyle</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>photo</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>david weed</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>notes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hal dean</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>drawing</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chuck huhta</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
MAYDAY MOTIF

That day the wind swelled like apples and released into the sky firm green fish. Deep and round as seas, tipped with tongues of pearl, they quivered in the jellied air like the golden flesh of crescent pears, swollen in that thick lemon light. Great green fish, fat and slippery as figs dipped in pouches of honey, rising and spilling across the soft rich valleys, that burst with plums, like huge bees before the queens of blossoms. Tall fish, carved from the cores of melons, fish heavy with wind, eyes flooded in gold; kiss us in the May, o fishes, let us taste your hot silver breath.

— David Kessler
NIGHT IN KALAMAZOO

Night,
you think everything is black & white
& shades in between
but you're wrong!
It's colored,
& more, that you don't know about.

Night,
if you had any guts
you'd be
black!

Night, you try to be day
but you'd never say it.
You conspire with the smog
so no one sees the sun come up
but the birds know it's coming
and they tell us
with all their heart
in plenty of time
so we know too.

The sun laughs at you, night!
And slowly and easily
kills you
every morning — eternally.
And you know you can't hide here
so you run
fast!
You know you can't come back
till the sun leaves
and even when it's going
you're too scared to try to hide it.
We see it go down.
The only one who can hide the sun
is the earth.

Oh night,
you're little,
but we love you anyway
'cause we can relax in you —
you couldn't lay a hand on us
(your own storms crack you up).

Goodnight,
night.
Somewhere you're
black.

— Hal Dean
ALL MY CONSCIOUS LIFE
I have been the farce
of more humility
and greater pride
in my soul than
I can ever tell;
I feel so much
like crying
but can not
force myself
to let myself.

— Hal Dean
Out of black satin daff
And rag-a-muffin stomach
I search — for a beginning
Ending in the mending of my caper-headed soul
And the endless meditation

"Arise and stars align,
To see the stars in knon,
I am told from the depths of my exterior
And punctuations are punctuated
That need so I press them.

What fate can there be in
A world that anihilates the
Exposed matter of a soul.
And a god who exists for adaption?
Except to seek the comfort of my rag-a-muffin mind
The soft face of the soul in the black aesthetic date
And search for a beginning.

HARRY LEROY
You stone me
You with your
electric green
mini-dress
you with your
double-breasted
mod
yes, you stone me
and you don't even
know me
your put on
made-up
personality
doesn't even know
it's not you
till naked it stands
and you say it's not yours
but when naked it stands
and you say it's not
you
it's the same you
as you always were
and because you
don't know it
I know you don't know me.
No, not till you know it
will you ever
know you
and not till you know you
can you ever
know me
until then I'm lonely
until then you'll stone me.
— Hal Dean
THE WOODPILE

Beside a red fence
rests the woodpile;
Lying in broken bundles
of two and three logs,
Yet cloaked in newly fallen snow
To become an altar.
In Spring brown moss hangs
To make from the logs
A cathedral of shadows.

Each season, shadows deepen and grow older...
The faces staring in the dark
Are old men from foreign lands;
The wrinkled, blue-veined men
I see on park benches at dusk.

They wait in quiet anticipation
To be burned, then blessed.

— Dan Coyle
PROMETHEUS UPTIGHT
A ONE-ACT PLAY.
Dan Coyle
June, 1968

PROMETHEUS UPTIGHT
"One sentence short proclaims the truth unique:
Prometheus gave what man received, fire and technique."
—Prometheus Bound

CHARACTERS
Aeschylus (Chorus)
Harold (Prometheus)
Number One and Number Two (Power and Force)
Mother and Father (Earth, sky, sea, wind, and sun
to whom Prometheus first appeals)
Janice (Io)
Williams (Hermes)
Carnival man
Janice's lover

(The set should be designed as follows: two white platforms near the rear of the stage are
separated by a large white door; on the stage right platform is a bed and on the stage left
platform are two rocking chairs. Downstage left is a sharply raked turntable with straps on it.
Downstage right is a plush, Victorian-looking chair; it faces the stage. When the play be­
gins, the characters are in their respective positions: Mother and Father are sitting in their
rocking chairs; Janice is lying on the bed; Harold is lying on the turntable, asleep, with an
attendant standing at each side. Aeschylus, an ancient Greek, enters, wearing a long robe. His
hair is long; flowers are in his hair and love beads hang around his neck. He resembles a
Greek hippie)

Aeschylus: I bid a warm hello
To you children of the gods,
You children of flowers.
I am Aeschylus, the Greek,
And I will tell you my story.
When I was a boy,
Asleep in my father's vineyard,
Dionysus appeared in a dream
And said, "Write the tragedy of men."
And I obeyed, for what is man
To defy a god and what can be more tragic
Than sinful man defying all?
In this I found my theme.
Death came,
And flew me away to Hades' Kingdom,
And in this blessed spring
I have risen from those Stygian depths
Like the flowers;
And I have come to view a play
Performed your modern, scientific way
With such mastery of technique and skill
That I find most remarkable.
I've promised your director
I'd try to hold my tongue
Until his play is nearly done,
Whereupon, I'll give my views.

(Takes a piece of paper from his robe)
And now I must describe the setting
Of this little work.
It is the season of spring,
Your seedtime,
And the soldiers have come home
From the last war.
It is a time of celebration
But there is no celebration in the land.
In sunless caves, the women wait
Sadly tending their separate fires.
Like little ants, they dwell
In their separate holes, joyless.
(Walks toward turntable) This young man called . . .

Offstage voice: Harold!

Aeschylus: Harold, of course. Such an ungodly sound.

This man called Harold
Has committed grave crimes
Against the gods. By his own count —
Scores of enemy dead
From his terrible hands.
He has flown above them overhead
And seen them burn in poison smoke.
He has watched them fall
Like leaves from trees.
And now like a leaf.
He must fall.
It is just.
The gods are harsh but never wrong:
They command and man obeys.
It's time I took my seat.
The play begins.

(Number One and Number Two are two blond, emasculated attendants at the hospital. They are dressed in white, intern suits. Their voices are high and unnatural. As Aeschylus sits down, they set in motion, strapping Harold down. When they are nearly done, Harold awakens. Harold is a young man of twenty-five; he is wearing a white hospital gown and his face is covered by a red mask.)

Number 1: Strap him tightly in. Doctor says that he's very dangerous. If he should break loose, he would sneak into your room, grab you from your bed . . .

Number 2: Oh, Marvelous!

Number 1: And wring your neck with those terrible hands.

Number 2: I should like him in my room in another disposition. Shhhhh, he is waking. Hurry up, hurry up.

Aeschylus: (turning toward audience) Is this the power and force that can strap a man down? I am amazed.

What's happened? Where am I?

Number 1: In a resting place.

Number 2: Yes, a resting place. We are your attendants. We are always here.

Number 1: Always.

Harold: Why am I here? Who has committed me?

Number 1: These are questions we cannot answer. We obey orders. We only know that you are sick in body and in mind.

Number 2: Yet I find the body very fine.

Number 1: Not yet, not yet.

Harold: Get out of here. Leave me alone.

Number 1: Very well. But remember that we are your attendants. If you need something, we are always here. Goodbye, my sweet. (spins turntable as he's about to leave.)


Harold: He doesn't know he can never get off.

Number 2: Never. He's ours now. (laughs) All ours. (Exit)

Harold: Help. Oooh, ooooh. My brain. It's spinning a thousand ways. Stop, now. Stop. Focus the eyes. Clear the brain. Look at the room, settling now. That's better. What kind of place is this? A padded room . . . with a wooden bed . . . and straps to hold me down. Is this a way to treat a man? In battle, a man died a better death. The strike was quick. The death was certain. But now they've strapped my hands, and I cannot reach my throat. And now, now, I'm left to measure out the hours and count the passing minutes. What has happened to me? Where are the people I left behind and why haven't they come to see me? They must know what has happened. Where are they? Where are they?

(Light goes up on the rocking chairs where Mother sits. Mother is knitting; Father has a folded newspaper on his lap. They rock.)

Mother: (as if in the middle of a story) But take it all in all — as I remember back — it was an easy birth. I arched by back and the doctor said: "Scream if you must." And so I let out a terrifying scream that must have woken every mother in the hospital. (laughs) And with a final thrust of all my energies, I felt the walls open wide inside me; and the next thing I knew, Harold was in the doctor's arms. his naked body so tiny in the doctor's rubber hands.
I laughed out loud I was so happy. (laughs) To see ... to see tiny Harold fighting and kicking that old doctor in such futility.

(Father breaks into a rasping fit of coughing. Concerned, Mother leans toward him.)

Are you all right, Father? (He nods) Are you going to die? (He shakes his head) You worried me. Settle back now, Dear. Let me see. That was twenty-five years ago, wasn't it? You were young then and so very handsome. When I came home from the hospital, you treated me like a goddess with flowers, delicious food ...

Father: Twenty-five years, Mother.
Mother: What's happened to him since then? We never hear from him anymore.
Harold: ... when I nearly went insane with the thought of another battle and as I lay in camp for months waiting. I thought that ... that when I came home and pressed my feet on something solid for once, everything would be all right. But it shattered ... It shattered into fragments of lost hope. White walls.

Father: We must remember, Mother ... (shouts) Are you listening to me, Mother? ... our son has left us. And he'll never come back.
Mother: Yes. I know. But I want another ... (crying)
Father: Shut up. You’re old and wrinkled, Mother. You don’t know what you’re saying. You don’t know what you’re saying.
Harold: There was a time when I could love you, when I could love you all. A happy time. Years ago.
Janice: (rising from her bed; Janice is young and pretty.) Harold, where are you, Darling?
Harold: I am on fire. My spirit is burning in memory and desire.
Janice: Harold? It’s been so long, Darling, and I’ve waited. God, I’ve waited for you to come back, but the house is dark and quiet and you never come. I have lain on my bed thinking old thoughts. That night out on the lake, the first time, the beginning of all times. Do you remember? You rented a rowboat from that filthy old boatman and rowed me out to the middle of the clear water. And we stayed out there the whole night feeling the stars roll when we kissed. Naked, with no one to see us, we clung to each other. And you rowed me home. Through the clear water, you rowed me home.

Harold: I have nothing to give her now. I’m dry inside.
Janice: But a woman can’t go on waiting forever, Harold. When you first came home from the war and lay in bed for weeks with the fever eating you up, everyone thought you could recover. But the fever never left you; it took you over and became a part of you. You don’t know it, but your brother came to see you everyday. He’s been so nice and so understanding. And the night before you were committed — with you shouting deliriously in the next room — he came to my door with a gentle look and I couldn’t resist him. I said yes. He was the first and now I am wandering from place to place, looking for something, someone to hold onto. Where are you, Harold? Come home to me. We can forgive. We can.

Harold: Love. What is it, anyhow? There was a time that I thought that two people could love each other ... that it was possible to look inside of her and see her heart beating. But one night I roused myself from my madness for a moment and heard her in the next room with someone in my place. And I wanted to rush inside her room and reclaim her, but something inside me held me down. And I lay on my damp bed, never moving. So how is it possible for two people to love when they remain two people trying to love? I went to war with vague ideas about love. I was filled with a strange hope then. I wanted to destroy those men out there and create a new race of men. a perfect, godlike race. I held all the necessary power in my hands. And then just before the last battle — the apocalypse, or whatever — the kid Williams came to me, his lips were quivering and his face was pale, holding a pack of letters ... (Williams enters from stageright and moves centerstage. He is wearing a soldier’s uniform.)

Williams: This is the last one, Hal, and I’m damn frightened. As we lay in camp the past month, some voice keeps telling me that I won’t be coming back. (offers letters) Keep these for me. They’re for my wife. Give them to her. (He is blacked-out; Exits)

Harold: Afterwards, when we went to claim our dead, I stumbled on a body in the swamp ... His belly blown open like a seed ...

Mother: Have you planted the garden, Father? The air is growing warmer. I think spring is coming.
Father: I'll do it tomorrow, My Dear.

Harold: I looked inside of him at the organs, charred and black. And I took those letters out of my pocket and burned them without even knowing why I was doing it. The sweat was pouring from my skin as I watched them burn. The earth began to swirl and spin around me, and I fell to the ground, shouting at the top of my lungs ...

(Carnival man enters from stageright and walks toward turntable, followed by little children. The man is wearing a straw hat, flashy coat, and white hat. He jabs the air with a cane when he speaks.)

Carnival man: Step right up, Ladies and Gentlemen, young and old. This is a game for the whole family. One toss for a dime. Three tosses for a quarter. Hit the spinning target and win yourself a prize. Step right up, Ladies and Gentlemen. As I spin the wheel, you aim and throw at the spinning target. Strike it in the eyes, the mouth, or the crotch (spins wheel) and win yourself a prize. Step right up. This is a game for the whole family.

Harold: No! Stop. Please stop! Get me off. Guards! Guards)

(The children throw tennis balls one at a time.)

Carnival man: And the little girl wins a teddy bear. And a prize for the little boy in blue. Harold: Stop this torture! Get me off. Guards! Guards! I promise I'll do anything for you. Guards!

(The two attendants rush in and run toward Harold. The carnival crowd has frozen: The man, with his cane pointed toward children; and the children with one arm cocked. Blackout.)

Aeschylus: (rises and moves downstage)
I am amazed and full of questions.
Has the world become such a dreadful place
that men do suffer thus?
And where is the power of the gods revealed?
(takes paper from robe)
But they tell me it is not over yet.
And my answers may be found
In the final scene.
A month has passed;
The scene remains the same.
A solitary place
Where men are left alone to waste.

(Janice, Mother, and Father are in their respective positions. Harold has undergone a startling transformation: his red mask has been replaced by a white stocking mask that is nearly featureless. He has been freed and crouches on turntable.)

Harold: None of them could understand — Janice, Williams, or all the others — what seems so simple to me now: That when a man turns dry inside, he has nothing to give anyone. There was a time meant for giving. A happy time. Years ago. But I can bear no gifts or offer no solutions. I gave fire to those terrible men outside, but it only burned them up and burned me out. When they write my final words, let them write only this: that I had nothing to give, nothing but sad, terrible death. I am only a collection of sad memories and jumbled motives with a parched spirit. But it isn't that lonely anymore. I am growing accustomed to my new life. They've removed my straps and let me wander freely about the room. The attendants come to see me every day. We will sit and tell stories about the old life, and when I grow hot, they cool my fever. They have soft hands. But I have done an evil thing, and I know now that it is my fate to sit in this absurd room with my two attendants at my side, mourning the dead.

(Light goes up on the two platforms. While Mother is speaking, a man enters and stands by Janice's bed. She rises and takes off his coat. They kiss; he climbs onto the bed; and they make love until the end of the play.)

Mother: (puts down knitting and stretches) Oooohhhhh, my. It was a hard winter, Father. A long winter. But we've lasted another year. (pats his arm as she rises.) Ooohh. I'm so stiff and lame from sitting. (as if looking out window.) My, it is a beautiful spring day outside, Father. The trees are blossomy and the sun has made the air light ... and ... oh look! A child is running happily about our yard, holding a paper plane. Father ... Father, he makes me feel so young again. A new birth. The easiest of births.

(Blackout)
Aeschylus:

And life revives
And goes on without end.
And you men are like the seasons:
You are born, you flourish, and you die.
From hope to no hope.
You wander absurdly about this place
While the earth spins you on
Beneath the unchanging stars.
And you are amazed
That each year can bring another spring.
But for myself, I cannot linger here
For I have seen all I need.
Charon grows impatient at the dock
And Cerberus howls at the gate.
So I must return to Hades' Kingdom
Where spirits float and dream
In the presence of the gods;
And we do nothing in our idleness
But think of this rich earth
With its beauty and infinite possibilities
And wonder what you've done to it.

(Exit)

NOVEMBER MORNING

Curving across the crest of a hill
the naked trees
purple and vague above the snow.
The sun
hidden behind the thin clouds
a dishwater moon.
I walk among the icy trees
and wait.
November is cold and always in need.

— Leon Raikes
I died, yesterday, at your will —
There — in that empty field,
Because neither of us could find Life in it.
Crowds of magicians and midgets and whores
Surrounded us —
Each selling themselves for various tenths of
a dollar — no one giving a God damn because
They were already dead.
You killed me yesterday,
That’s commendable — it’s easier than believing in me
and
far safer.
There! Kill me again and as I lay dying
Suffering Christ can laugh hysterically.

— Howie Lawrence
VOCATION

"the citadel man calls himSelf is but
a heap of tin vainglory at whose center
the trash can stands supreme (home of the rat)
linked for a weed-life to the fragile splinter
grovel you sickly swamp of slime below
the thorny trone of skull-shaped suffering
harness your futile light-wings to the plow
and beg forgiveness for your falcon-song
grope for the bitter flesh and blood repast
behind the impenetrable Gothic veil
yield to the sovereign softness in your breast
have mercy mercy sight can only kill
don’t ask where the blazing charioteer may lead
the world needs love sweet love"

he said. and died
— Cinde Cahn
I SING TO MYSELF

I have wanted to escape.
To walk down endless sidewalks
past the city lights
into the forest where
fear is no whisper
among dry leaves
lightly blowing.
Where streams run black
beneath the stars
into the moon:
fish sleep,
sand turning,
slow clutch
of stone moss.
If someone calls
I will not answer
him.
If someone touches
me
I will spit
out my hatred.
I have wanted to escape.
To walk into the sea
like a sparrow
walks into a pool,
shaking itself
warm and singing
in the sun . . .

— Leon Raikes
People are probably the most important thing in life, in the city or elsewhere; but as I have found, there are more types of people in an urban environment available for observation. One of the best things about my shabby high-rent apartment is its location in a heterogenous neighborhood. People of all ages, colors, and tax brackets pass along Clark Street, and I take full advantage of the opportunities for observation. In this essay I want to discuss a few different kinds of people I have managed to run across by living in Chicago.

Among the legions of city inhabitants, many of them are deviates from the normal way of life. Homosexuals, for one, rarely fail to live up to their reputation. Everyone has heard the schoolboy jokes about homosexuals, but I have seen the jokes come alive in my Chicago neighborhood. The large number of “respectable fags” living here are a different breed from the drag queens, not at all sensational but distinctive in appearance. They are generally friendly, quiet, and polite individuals, good neighbors and good citizens. They are not violent perverts or dope addicts. They are well-groomed, fashionably dressed, and hold a well-paying job. They seem to be mostly young men. But what marks such a charming personage unmistakably as a homosexual is (1) his dogs, (2) his voice, (3) his walk. We laugh at the
image of the high-voiced, mincing male with his poodle or other exotic dog, but much as I dislike categorizing people, so many seem determined to display their homosexuality by fulfilling that very image. In spite of the masculine good-looks of many of them, they betray (or advertise?) themselves by their elaborate, carefully combed hairstyles, their little-girl way of talking, their tightly fitting pants, and their indifference to females. I do not exaggerate when I describe their walk down Belden Avenue as a prance, and I have heard repeatedly that nasal high-voiced "hi!" which is the butt of so many jokes. The professed homosexual of today is sophisticated and peaceable; he poses no threat, for he already has his own friends and is not out soliciting. He invites only indifference or amusement of a non-malicious variety. Whether he suffers in psychological turmoil, I do not know, but I welcome the presence of such a colorful and harmless element of society.

The presence of homosexuals indicates that my neighborhood — Lincoln Park — is not far from Old Town, the "Greenwich Village of the Midwest." Actually, the main drag along Wells Street, with neon signs glaring and jazz bands blaring, is much more commercial than the Village. True, many long-haired youths and interracial couples parade the streets, as well as some indescribably outlandish individuals; these are the local residents. They are a small and compact group, living within a narrowly-defined area and meeting at the same places. Unlike most city areas, where neighbors are often strangers, inhabitants of Old Town all know one another, and the grapevine is a powerful medium for news and gossip. Old Town is more comparable to a real small town than any of the Chicago neighborhoods.

There is another Old Town, extending northward and composed of expensive and well-kept beautiful old homes. The residents are extremely civic-minded, pride themselves on their integrated neighborhood, and keep up the fight against urban renewal.

On a Friday or Saturday night, Wells Street opens for its primary business: a sideshow. The majority of people one now sees on the sidewalk are tourists from Suburbia: teen-aged and middle-aged couples come to see the sights, gawk at the natives, shop in the expensive stores, and eat in a syndicate-owned restaurant loaded with atmosphere. Piper's Alley, a winding walkway bordered by all kinds of ingenious little shops, is a masterpiece of prefab cool. The whole display of discotheques, donut shoppes, and topless dancers takes up about four blocks, and the novelty which may strike you on your first visit soon wears off with a few returns. The members of the Old Town hippie community are (1) Negroes, often black power advocates, (2) young upper-middle-class whites escaping the dictates of parents and status, (3) older folksingers, artists, and other left-wingers. Most of them are escaping through drugs as well, marijuana, LSD, barbituates for certain, and doubtless the use of narcotics is prevalent. It is a young community, but what happens to older hippies (whether they just fade away, or rejoin society), I have not yet discovered. I suspect that most of the young white escapists tire of the game and return home, but many others have no place else to go but down — to the real slums, or to jail. Old Town does not strike me as a happy neighborhood; the young faces are just a little desperate and sometimes pathetic.
Although a mile or more north of the Wells Street circus, my neighborhood bears occasional signs of being on the fringe, such as a candle shop on North Clark Street run by three bohemian-looking characters, and the Old Town Gift Shop on the same street. Old Town was the original site of the city, before it acquired the lakefront. But now, even in Lincoln Park a long-haired, sandaled girl and her bushy-haired escort may go strolling by with their mulatto baby. Or a pair of young exhibitionist hippies may announce their approach by the sound of the cowbells around their necks. The heterogeneity of the area is augmented by the presence of a Puerto Rican neighborhood in the vicinity, where a teen-age gang, the Zatangi Trogans, have established their headquarters. Their members occasionally drift over toward Clark Street, away from their home territory. A few blocks away, a "Little Appalachia" settlement of poor whites, along with the Puerto Rican one from the other side, is crowding into the slums of what used to be a German neighborhood. (There is still a lot of German heard on the Near North Side.) As the houses fall apart, they fill up with people and the yards fill up with trash. The adults have sullen looks and the children, dirty faces. Most of them will be tough city kids who will drop out of school.
Some days, the city seems populated by a majority of pathetic figures, like the winos on North Cark Street. They are thin men with gaunt faces, long overcoats, widebrimmed hats, and peculiar eyes. They wander down the street or through the park peering into trashcans. Sometimes they have secret smiles on their faces as they shuffle along with their newspaper-wrapped packages. A dozen or so such dead-end faces peer out from the window front of the Marquis Lunch at Clark and Division. The dreary, high-ceilinged room is tiled in dingy white, like the locker room of some crumbling old high school. The lunchroom seems to cater solely to grimy men in fraying coats who sit at the tables and sleep or look out at the people waiting for the bus. These anonymous shuffling men have their female counterparts, strangely-dressed old women who make the rounds of certain trashcans to accumulate whatever it is they search for. (One old lady in leopard-print leggings, who I saw every day at the corner of Belden and Clark, collected empty paper bags.) One never sees children digging through rubbish with the oblivious lack of dignity that desperate old people evince. A combination of poverty and old age must leave no room for self-respect.

A step above the street-wandering old men are the porch-sitters. They are living off a pension, or their children, and have no better way to fill their days than to sit on the front steps chewing tobacco, conversing occasionally with cronies, thinking whatever thoughts fill an old man’s head. One old man I met found a way of filling the empty hours of his day with a reminder of his former life in the hills of Kentucky. I was walking with some friends one sunny day down a shabby block of West Belden Avenue, when the surprising and magical sound of banjomusic reached us. When we crossed the street to ask him to play more, the old man in straw hat and overalls obliged by offering a square dance tune, complete with lyrics. We stood in the sun and listened as two little girls across the street danced to the music. Then he told us how he came by his first banjo: a travelling musician had passed through their mountain settlement, and the boy was so impressed by the man’s banjo that he sold his hog to buy it. I did not ask what brought him to the city, or how long he had lived in Chicago, but he had not lost a bit of his Kentucky twang, nor his skill at banjo-playing.
Only a half-hour's drive from Chicago's urban sprawl brings you to its opposite, that bastion of the American way of life, the farm. West of Aurora, Illinois, Mr. Anderson raises hogs to sell to the great Chicago meat companies. Although a shrewd businessman as well as a hog expert, Mr. Anderson is not an urbanite. He is as well-fed and wholesome as the animals he raises, and he enjoys his business. He recognizes the risks involved, but he is not a cynic like the city-dweller. He is jovial and hearty, but godfearing and upright; the use of foul language embarrasses him. To see the farmer with his animals is a great experience. The hogs are separated into different pens, which are covered with a sea of mud and corn. At a call from the farmer, most of the pigs, who have been staying inside the barn, come charging around the corner into the pen, a grunting, snorting stampede of ears and hooves. Apparently unaware of their impending fate ("Six months and they're a thing of the past"), the animals crowd around the farmer in a friendly manner, until he grabs one of the smaller, forty-pound pigs by its hind legs to examine it. The other animals suddenly become excited, as grunting menacingly, they all advance on the farmer to protect one of their own. With affectionate disgust, he gives the hogs a shove with his boot, and releases the young pig, who scampers away squealing. Actually, the hogs behave a great deal like kittens or puppies, chasing each other and rolling around. One picks up a bedraggled cornstalk in its mouth and gallops off, followed by two others. Some hogs are beautifully marked and spotted, but they all have the same fate.

Before the days of refrigeration, farmers west of Chicago thrived on the business from the city's meat packers; now, however, most of the pastures have been converted to grain, and only enough business remains for a few hog-farmers. But these remaining farmers embody a spirit that is fast becoming extinct: the original Protestant-ethic, hard-work, private enterprise brand of Americanism, quite the opposite of the average city-dweller's creed of getting something for nothing. Formerly, the stoic Christian farmers supported by their labors the high wicked life of the city-ites. But city people are dependent upon fewer and fewer farmers. The man of the soil is becoming, if not obsolete, at least dispensable, along with his standards and values.
SONG OF MOURNING

Mother, why do you weep for the corpse of your son?
Why do you weep?
Can you not see his movement into the sunlight?
Can you not see the rose flow on the tongue of his violin?
Can you not see the wind caress his hair,
the warm night touch his lips?

Mother, is there still a place for you to weep?
Is there still a time for you to love?
Is your not the land of the brown cough, rancid flesh,
and the plastic cancers?
Can your steel lips hold a song of mourning?
Or has it vanished into the eye of a rat?
In the young breasts of a grey-eyed girl
your son saw the corruption of the blood.
He saw her skin lined with wires,
her heart begin to fill with the electric.
He saw the grey-eyed girl swallowed in the land of glass.
Mother, why do you weep?
The corpse of your son
is laughing,
Can you not see his eyes of gold?

— Dave Kessler
When crazy Alice lights up and fizzling Albert pops
brazen Louis chews limpa noisily and what-is-it who wears no socks among other things and always makes you laugh when you really feel like singing to the world but you love him anyway because he never makes you lose what you call your cool even though sometimes you wish he would only reason being that you don't know he couldn't be him with you you.

But now crazy Alice and Albert Fizzling popping and lighting up as yet even whilst noisy Louis — limpa chews brazenly. Alice dancing strongly and easily quietly sliding tempo when the gulls on the posts off-shore sit grooving the waves as if there's nothing else to do because, of course, there isn't if and only if: one happens to be a gull. Just don't think quite so hard if you can't think hard says old fizzling pop or you're quite sure to gull yourself if about your thinking it is who-is-it what wears among other things no socks.

For not only is the strong dance easy when Alice crazy — countless other unimaginables to gulls. — Hal Dean
INABILITY TO WRITE A LOVE POEM

Torn in the whirling
of the ebony sun
and lashed by the split
tongue of the wind's wall
the sword of my
mind and the battlefield
of my body will not bear
this child. How could I sing
the emerald candle of your
soul, your face flashing the gentle
sky on the sweep
of the eagle's
wings, your lightning that blazes
my blood into molten
garnet, the Gothic
arch of our union; once written,
the words would wed me publicly
to the merciless blade. Let others
leap from the precipice
of their own carving.

— Cinde Cahn
NIGHTTRAIN
In each dark house along the tracks,
sleep is dangerous
and dreams are dreams of fire.
“What time? What time?” he says.
“Oh, I think it will never come,”
she says. Be calm,
For the sound is still as soft
as an infant crying in another room.
Out of the mouth of the pit
in a mountain wall,
the nighttrain slips toward town
on a single beam and single sound
To carry away the people.
— Dan Coyle
Upon editing this magazine we have discovered what seem to be some helpful keys to understanding some of the pieces.

Here they are:

November Morning: Need.

I Sing to Myself: Read this five times; three to yourself, two out loud; then ask someone else to read it to you.

"I died, yesterday, at your will,": Did you ever hear Christ laugh?

The Fortuneteller: What's your search?

The Woodpile: When you know it, you'll know it.

NightTrain: You CAN get carried away.

You Stone Me: RAINY DAY WOMEN, 14 and 35.

"When crazy": Don't stop when you've figured out who's gullible; find out how and why.

Night in Kalamazoo: Watch a sunrise.

All my conscious life: This is a non-poem. If you laugh, don't think I can't laugh with you.

Song of Mourning: If this doesn't speak, something's wrong somewhere.

Vocation: Read it aloud till you can read it aloud.

Inability: When you love, I hope you love it.

Mayday Motif: If you think there's something fishy here, don't be bothered that you're bothered.

Visual:

The one with the bird-in-hand: Follow the man around till you're not sure which way is right-side-up.

Forms in blue and purple: What do you see through here?

Notes: If you felt you needed no key to a work mentioned here, I hope you felt no need to read my comment.

Nell picked out mine (I wrote 'em.)

—Hal Dean
Acknowledgements:
I would like to thank
the following people
without whose constant
help and encouragement
this issue would never
have appeared.

Hal
Cynth
Neil Harris
Cor Kaars of Kaars X-Press
Printing
— N.A.C.