recurring image in his painful dreams. Then he attended classes at the
broadly between ruined initiation and indecisive martyrdom.

Herring Gut Dump and was tutored by the shiftless pianotuner, Dar-

And the beat goes on — by H. W. 

all, the President of the United States
political and emotional rhetoric on both sides of the center. Thus we

Bergman, that great maker of myths which have

Bunuel's Tristana.

and, more

— Jim Greer

The nightly Cold Reliever
I sewed a commercial
last night
some poor girl was dying
a tunesman
very sad and touching
Harold gave her some green fluid
"You're a good husband, Harold."
and hustled her off to bed
It just depended on me
if he was such a good husband
why the hell wasn't he in bed
with her

to relieve some of the nighttime coldness?

What director John Avildsen has given us is a very ordinary "Joe". This film provides a soothing sense of outrage to those who would like to believe that all issues are as sharply defined as they are in "Joe". It is another in that long line of films being released by Hollywood today to appeal to the "socially-conscious" audience, giving it the opportunity to feel morally superior to almost everybody. The film opens on a girl who is living with her junkie lover. She takes an overdose and as a result is brought to a hospital. When her father learns of this he is grief-stricken. He goes home, he goes on with his life, he goes on with his life in America. Would the World Series have gone on had Montreal been one of the participants? Of course, but under maximum security conditions. Even its own major league cities of Cincinnati and Baltimore reflect an inadequate world series in baseball? Where is Japan, or Mexico, or Puerto Rico or Cuba? It seems that America is not living up to the sports myth surrounding the very game which it created and sent out to the world as a myth of all that is America. Buy me some tacos and rice balls; I don't care if I never get back, but must it always be root, root, root for the home team........

Two examples of existential myth makers who have succeeded: Catherine the Great and Trotsky. Both were products of the 19th century, a wide and highly selective choice of roles and directors. She has created an image which makes her life indistinguishable from the roles which she has created. The skillful portrayal of Luis Bunuel, Ronan Polanski and others, she has done something which no other female star of this century has been able to do, she is herself in her films. She has chosen her own image, her own myth. She is the embodiment of angelic demonism and beauty in evil which she portrays in such films as Repulsion, Belle de Jour, and, more recently, Bunuel's Tristana. America sought to capitalize on this myth by bestowing Hollywood's great sensitivity to find her a role suited to herself which she had created. Thus her only American film is April Fools. What perception on the part of Hollywood! Elliot Gould has succeeded too well in creating his own myth. One wonders what small part Hollywood had in the creation of this myth. At any rate, we have a clearly defined image of Ingmar Bergman, that great maker of myths which have true meaning for modern man in his world of today........

A favorite device in bourgeois myth making is the tautology (after all, the President of the United States is the President of the United States). Mick Jagger has created a counter myth; he is what he sings........

The myth of the fair trial has been deflated by the passion for political and emotional rhetoric on both sides of the center. Thus we see Julius Hoffman being written off as a 'pig', and Angela Davis as an 'inhuman and insane person'. Whatever happened to respect for the law when her father finds our hero, Joe, drunk at a bar. He is spouting off every prejudice imaginable, including all the myths. When he mentions that he would like to kill one of the cruddy little faggots, the girl's father tells him that he has done just that. He tries to explain that the girl does not know the whole myth and begins to pal around with his son, because he admires the act. The daughter also finds out, however, and runs away from home. Joe and her father go looking for her in Greenwich Village, where they somehow end up at an orgy. This gives the director a chance to give us the skin show which seems to be necessary in all "honest" films nowadays. When their wallets are stolen, they follow the thieves to a commune, where they murder everyone in a nice bloody ending. For a bit of poetic justice, the father cuts the only link which connects the daughter.

Throughout the whole film, Joe never changes. He is presented as an ignorant, cruel and slobbish person without any redeeming value, and stays this way. Joe could have been an interesting character, especially if the "radical" element in his character could have been developed. But instead, Joe becomes the new symbol of hypocrisy. His contribution is to show the utter depravity of Joe and the hypocrisy of the adman. The satire is sometimes very funny, but it is also very inappropriate for what purports to be a serious film. The girl's father, of course, is an adman, the new symbol of hypocrisy. His contribution is to show the total subservience of those trying to get ahead in the business world, and to make sincere comments on their work, which he says consists of shifting papers from one desk to another. His wife is another stereotype, the socialite bitch, and Joe's wife is pitifully portrayed as a mindless idiot glued to the television screen.

Recently, a violent ending in which good guys get it has been the vogue. It must, however, have some justification, and here it is to show the utter depravity of Joe and the hypocrisy of the adman. "Joe", I think, sets all time records, with something on the order of twelve or thirteen people being slain for our pleasure. The ending shots themselves, which are designed to shock us into outrage, are uncomfortably reminiscent of the still shot at the end of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" and the final aerial shot of the dead "Easy Rider". "Joe", as one reviewer said, is sure to be a box office success, but only because it sold out to the type of people it pretends to despise.

Way McDonald

The Third Bull

His christian name was Sundup, but at the age of two he suffered a loss of faith and changed it to Third Turnbull, or The Third Bull, a recurring image in his painful dreams. Then he attended classes at the Herrng Gut Dump and was tutored by the shiftless pianotuner, Darpin, in the recording of human machinery. His courses stretched

Tristana.

Hendrix and Neil Young. And the beat goes on — by H. W. 

— JACK PARRILLO

— Jim Greer
THE ECSTACY OF PAIN
FOR SAMUEL BECKETT

In the slow early morn
before the sun
when the too cold winds blows
freezing the blood of my veins
turning my face to stone
I sit solitary small
wide eyes abstracting wide walls
while beyond the grey windows
the night rain falls
weeping sorrowfully in the wind
mornfully for no one
for now all the townsfolk lie in sleep
sunken heavy
lost in beds
their bodies curled and twisted
crawling sprawling through wild dreams
but safe in their easy unknowing rest
around them all sounds flow as echoes
passing over the forms
chanting through the slowly changing darkness
drifting on and on unheard
and in this room
solid and rigid I remain
by the light of a broken dim lamp
hanging suspended taut
enclosed strangled by walls
spread vast
like an unseen lake in winter
but still
dipping through the chamber shadows
my eyes roll
glossey bearings in steel sockets
blurring on the stillness
roll
piercing the moving moments of silence
images half false half real
flowing fleeting swirling
dead
sucked and swallowed
flung and cast into themselves
whispering screams as they descend
time
for now is the time
now is the time
but time is never now and never was
but still I will rise
still I will go
and walk beside you whoever you are
but never with you whoever you are
together watching separate stars
hanging in our eyes
they never see the sun
though it be a star
and time
passes and passes
neither slow nor fast
but sudden
at this hour the darkness is longest
at this hour the blackness is deepest
with its unknown anxieties
that soak my soul with sweat
like rain
like fog
like rain
like tears
like rain
and I will go and walk
dragging my numb feet along the street
melting yesterday's red hardened scars
go to find him
go to watch him
crawling along the shore
on his raw and bloody elbows
watch his naked body
squirming in the mud
as his voice murmurs and shouts
in the wind and waves
when he tells us "How it Is"
With regard to contemporary music, there seems to be two different schools of critical thought. One influential school of musical sociologists, respected by the cultural Establishment, considers rock music banal and unimportant, rock musicians as schmucks who graduated from some high school, picked up on a gimmick and made a mind. At the opposite pole of the critical spectrum, we encounter another group of informed listeners, which takes as its point of departure the concept that rock music is by its very nature an expression of revolution that is occasionally subverted through the capitalist greed (ugh) of record companies, et al. Into a rock form of oppression. Perhaps the only subjective element which transcends the two points of view is the widely-held belief that rock has a unique relationship to the social, political and cultural revolution through which we are struggling. Neither critical approach appears especially fruitful to me, primarily because the element which justifies rock to me is its capacity for meaning, which transcends the respective points of view. Bill Graham is fairly typical of those establishment-types who criticize rock and rock musicians from a negative point of view. He fully expects rock music to "make this world a better place to live in" and thrashes about when his demands are found to be unrealistic. Certainly, his primary objection to festivals (his personal economic situation aside) is precisely that they are, in his eyes, unproductive. Thus, for Graham at least, rock music has failed, and can be legitimately attacked on extramusical grounds. Such a broad spectrum of theatrical criticism might conceivably include dress, ideology and life style as criteria upon which a presumably mature critic might base a musical judgment. However, I'm quite sure that, whatever else this attitude might be, it is not a valid critical approach to music.

On the other hand, there are many critics, such as Mike Kleinman (New York Herald Tribune) who feels that even though rock is unsatisfactory as a cultural pacifier, nevertheless the music has value to the extent that it reflects the chaotic breakdown of repressive societies. For these critics, rock becomes little more than a mirror, whose chief function is to direct attention away from itself, and in this fashion convey a special message about the pressures from which it represents an escape. If we carry this view to its extreme, the sympathy of the listener becomes the ultimate goal of rock, since revolutionary music has as its motive the 'liberation of the people'. This tactic of critical attack, which is somewhat more hopeful than the Bill Graham-type, has as its major benefit an insight into the psychology of the musicians themselves. Kleinman, in particular, grasps the nature of the creative process when he is able to recognize that the musicians suffer all the same influences as their critics, sometimes producing good music, sometimes not.

I suspect that both these critical schools have lost contact with the musical values which are easily confused with the illusions present in the listeners mind. When the Airplane celebrates or condemns sex, drugs and alienation, they do so in a uniquely musical form. Their music cannot be appreciated if it is seen as either a cause or an effect/reflection of social unrest. The Airplane are consistently good performing musicians, not because they adhere to any particular set of values but simply because they have understood and perfected the style of music that we call rock. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that rock has become the primary vehicle of communication in the post-verbal counter culture. And if language is in danger of losing its capacity for meaning because it has been used as deceit too often, so too music can only retain identity when it is held back from the precipice of propaganda. Those who hear in rock nothing more than a useful marketing tool for the dope/revolution industry are deaf. Those who see our music as a sign, a reaction, fail to reach the level of musical expression. It has been written that rock is our exploitation, but I say that it is our energy and not to be wasted. For every consumer of packaged music, there must also be a producer — one of us.

--- Mike Kilgallen

--- Tom Partridge

--- skyles rhys

--- skyles rhys
we played-acted being serious. When we got it, we used to sit not far away from social people, but we weren't serious even though we thought we were kidding. I used to tell them stories of me being a wheat typhoon. I'd say, "because you all lived in the city, you don't know the importance of wheat around here and elsewhere." One of the guys called my wheat "Zodiac Gold Wheat". "The best bread under the sun!"

The man had black hair and lines in his face. We was pretty scared, but whenever we asked for Zodiac, "Zodiac Gold Wheat". He didn't carry it on the sidewalk, which left us with going to the cat-walk on the building they had in the area. One of the little guys snuck a roll of toilet paper. One of us thought it was a secret, and I had to see if my bread was liked good. They nodded in agreement filling their mouths with Zodiac. "You're alright; I'd hire you anytime," someone would say sometimes.

After eating we'd run down to the park to get a drink of water. Sometimes we'd go on the hill so scared. I yelled, "Hurry up, you knotheads! Hurry up!" And I remember someone was shouting, "Run like the Zodiac! Run like the Zodiac!"

---Michael Paul

---Bob Charpentier

Anthony's Autobiography: Zodiac Days

Island, also

"God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater" describes madness on two levels. One level is the madness of a man who should be acting like the aristocratic American President of the Rosewater Foundation but isn't. The other level is that of the madness which drives other people to judge Eliot Rosewater as mad. The second level is populated by those members of the human species who view all problems in society as being concerned with levels of monetary achievement. Those on the top level are there because they were wise enough to live by the motto: "Grab too much or you'll get nothing at all."

Eliot Rosewater (the man people keep asking God to bless) is a typhoon in the wealthy Rosewater class which has firmly established itself in the American tradition as creators and guardians of the Rosewater Foundation. This grand tradition was seriously threatened with the awarding of the Foundation Presidency to Eliot Rosewater who had no family in high society because he told people who were supposed to be his friends that their wealth was based on "dumb luck". He also advised at the end of his will to whomever would succeed him that: "You can safely ignore the arts and sciences. They never helped anybody. Be a typhoon, a typhoon of the poor."

Since Eliot was a graduate of Harvard Law School and had begun a successful career in international relations, the shock generated by each statement was enough to spur young, opportunistic Norman Mushari, himself a Cornell law grad, to build a court case against Eliot to prove the man's insanity. It seems Eliot was now a threat to the myth of the golden land of opportunity. Also, he was beginning to drink quite heavily, so heavily in fact that he went to deliver an address on alcoholism at a convention in San Diego, but he was too drunk to read it. He also became involved at this time with patronizing his favorite author, science fiction writer Kilgore Trout who once wrote a book in which a character very brily asked Eliot: "What in hell are people for?"

His drinking becoming more of a problem, Eliot soon sold all his expensive clothes and began to travel around the country to find out what he wanted to do with his life. Shortly after his wife was committed to a mental institution for a disorder termed Samaritrophia which meant, "hysterical indifference to the troubles of those less fortunate than himself," Eliot went to the state office of the Foundation ("It was a shotgun attic that spanned a lunchroom and a liquor store") behind windows on which were painted: Rosewater Foundation How Can We Help You?

He would sit in his office all day and get phone calls from little old ladies with tight girdles and strange men saying they wanted to commit suicide. He lent an ear to the forgotten people, the nobodies. He also tended to the Rosewater Volunteer Fire Department siren, the loudest fire whistle in the Western Hemisphere. He was happy, poor in spirit and drunk most of the time. It seemed the only moral principle he held to was that he was nobody special, even though he was supposed to be.

All the while Norman Mushari is trying to make a name and money for Norman Mushari by getting his case together for the halls of Justice. But it might be difficult to prove Eliot insane because he had learned early in life from the great Kilgore Trout that one must in this day and age be concerned with the question of what people are for. The day before the court hearing, it was Trout who reinforced Eliot's life philosophy when he told Eliot that his life in Rosewater was probably the most important social experiment of our time. It dealt on a small scale with the ominous problem: "How to love people who have no use?"

Because, continues Trout: "In time, almost all men and women will become worthless as producers of goods, food, services, and more machines, as sources of practical ideas in the area of economics, engineering and probably medicine too. So—if we can't find reasons and methods for treasuring human beings because they are human beings, then we might as well as have it been suggested, rub them out."

Fortunately Eliot has found a way out of rubbing out people and of being declared insane. To comply with the only factor which could allow him to hold the Presidency, i.e., have children to hand it down to, Eliot adopts the entire community of Rosewater, Indiana as his children and bequeaths the fortune to them. A fitting epitaph for Eliot might be what Diana Moon Glamperes said to his one night: "You gave up everything a man is supposed to want, just to help the little people, and the little people know it. God bless you, Mr. Rosewater. Good night."

---P. McNeil
for Zoe
When I look
into your dark smiling eyes
I think of a book
by Khalil Gibran
"The Broken Wings"
and
the silent night's
garden growing dreams
that are carried off by trembling
beating wings
to blossoming heights
in the dark sky.

— J A C K  P A R R I L L O

O Creator! can monsters exist in the eyes of the One who alone knows why they exist who alone know how they have been made and how they could not have been made.

Charles Baudelaire
from Paris Spleen

Ostensibly, this is going to be a review of Cosmos and History and a "little book", as the author designates it in the preface, by Mircea Eliade. I say ostensibly, because, the thought running behind this review is perhaps more congruent with the title of another of Eliade's books, Myth and Reality. Perhaps unfairly to Eliade, I am coming to the book with a certain amount of bias, and sought in it an answer to a question personally conceived. The fact that he does not answer my questions, of course, is no reflection on the work itself, after all, it is his book. Any answer explanation of Eliade's work provides an admirable background and certainly can serve as a steppingstone for the question which I would most like to explore — the possibility of myth in the modern world.

Basically, Eliade tries to describe the function of myth for the traditional, archaic man, and then he goes on to describe how Christianity serves a similar function for modern, historical man. First of all, then, I should begin by describing what Eliade would consider the differences between "archaic" and "modern" man. Archaic man is pre-Hellenian in the sense that he is an-historical. He does not recognize history and at all times transforms it through ritual. Archaic man is defined by his vision of reality; which he feels is a reflection of the cosmos and history, which he feels is a function of the imitation of a celestial archetype. In confronting the terror of history, therefore, archaic man takes refuge in the concept that the evils which are befalling him, are just re-enactments of evils which befell some archetypal hero or god, in "illo tempore". He does not have to think how he should react to these evils - he knows. When confronted with evil he simply follows the example of his archetypal ancestor. Thus, through ritual archaic man is able to destroy the terror of history by transcending it. Historian Hegel says that archaic man has no longer a history per se, because through ritual, time is regenerated into "illo tempore" and the individual, historical evil is transformed into a cosmic re-enactment of an original evil. Thus, man really only acknowledges one pattern of action, a cosmic, transcendental one.

Eliade has shown how archaic man responds to evil, but how does he explain its existence? Logically, if history is non-existent and the only reality is the cosmic, repetitious, repetitive retelling, then history must also be fitted into a metahistorical scheme. Thus suffering is not comprehended as a historical evil, but is rather that all myths seem so similar and above all so comprehensible. This I feel is unavoidable on Eliade's function through essentially the same means — allowing man to project his destiny out of the present, either into the past or into a future, both of which possess paradigmatic connotations.

Eliade's analysis, then I feel is coherent, as far as goes, but I do not feel it is comprehensive. This I feel is unavoidable on Eliade's part for the creation of this new element, this new type man, if you will is strictly contingent upon the work of men like Eliade. This new type man is the man who possesses a mythic consciousness. Due to the analytical perspective offered by Freud, and used so effectively by anthropologists such as Eliade, contemporary man has acquired an almost objective consciousness of the similarities between myths, their functions, and their creation. It is because of this mythic consciousness, that I feel contemporary man is no longer able to be rescued from the terror of history by transcending it, mythic means. I say this because the central fact of myth is that it describes the ref, I seriously question whether man can be aware of the similarity between various myths and religions, aware of their similar function, and still accept one particular myth as representing without doubt what is real.

I feel that evil is no weapon against this doubt. Because properly speaking, the doubt mythic consciousness causes is not a legitimate fear of evil. As Kierkegaard points out it is the existence of the absurd, which allows men to make Mythic consciousness can provide no clearly defined obstacle. It is not the absurdity of myth which weakens its value for contemporary man, it is rather the absence of myths and above all science.

In searching for some empirical evidence to support my claim of mythic consciousness with, I think one needs look no further than the attempts to create new myths made by Nietzsche, Yeats, and Eliot. First of all, it seems that only a mythic consciousness would cause these men to recognize the fact that traditional myth had failed for their contemporaries, and also only this same mythic consciousness could cause their personal attempts, prodigious as they were, to fail.

Although I feel that my diagnosis of the mythic awareness of modern man has some relevance, I am clearly not elated by the fact that such a state exists. I seriously wonder however, if modern man can ever escape the terror of history, through myth, now that he is aware of myth. To paraphrase Baudelaire, can myths exist in the eyes of those who know why they exist, and who know how they have been made? I believe there could not have been.

Next issue a further exploration of this theme, using the writing of Paul Revere as a basis.

— Michael Rybarski

Black Sapphire Rum
ZAP!
Shooting stars begin behind
my lips.
glide like comets
across my tongue
leaving a long sparkling tail
as a fireball rolls
spiraling down my throat
exploding in my stomach
as fireworks
Pow!
play different colored songs
through my intestines
and
then
brain darkness.

— J A C K  P A R R I L L O

The difference, then, between archaic man without faith, and historical man with faith seems slight. Both men escape the terror of history. Whereas one transcends history by transcending time through a ritual return to the "illo tempore" of the past, the other transcends it by a faith in the "illo tempus" of the future.

Thus, although Eliade would differentiate historical faith from archaic myth, we can see that in essence they achieve the same function through essentially the same means — allowing man to project his destiny out of the present, either into the past or into a future, both of which possess paradigmatic connotations.

Street-Riffs
one cold night here
down Boston
go cold
we lookin for some
hot jazz
coffee
walk down, walk down
walk down, going down
always waiting
stuff
our hands deep
our eyes rollin' with lights
our faces from wind
huddled fierce
walk down, walk down
going down
cold
this cop
he says walk on,
we walk down
go, going
going

cold

— MIKE PAUL

I'm black. I can't take any lotion or pill and be white. I can't go home at night and play some other role. I'm black and I'm angry. I'm black and I want to hit somebody. I'm black and I'm alone at this damned place. All us blacks are alone here. We walk out the gates and we are under suspicion. The white home owners in Providence hold their breath until we pass their houses. They think we're all going to break in and steal something. The cops (Pig's) watch us until we're gone. I tell you that can pass a man off.

— Right On