Road

One is the old drivers way south
none Ninety Five eats fast
cars, tolls a truck feast.
Still, shuddering wheels ground both.

Mike Kilgallen

Simply

Once or one hundred times upon a time,
There was a little boy named Anyone, who lived nowhere on
something with animals and things. Anyone was a human and always
he found himself grappling with life. Always his results seemed tired,
weak. He was sad. None of the other animals saw fit to honestly play
with him, although deep within themselves they really wanted to.

So one night even though he was afraid, little Anyone, eyeing a
horse who was just there, jumped down on its back and ran, and ran,
and wept, and came back, just to make all the other shivering human
animals stop and be with him and be his friend. But they didn’t see
or didn’t want to see, and Anyone was alone again as always. It was
probably just as well for Anyone, because he was a human too, and
all human animals are afraid to be friends.

So Anyone went and sat in a dusty corner where he always went
to think and to be alone. And he thought until it was dark and cold,
and the moon was even hidden by clouds. Then he got up. He walked
away, thinking until it was light and warm, and the sun rose. He
looked up and he saw more.

He saw a human animal not far from him. He was crying just as he
himself had been. And Anyone felt sorry for him. He put his hand on
the crying human animal’s shoulder, and the human animal turned
quickly around, and Anyone’s eyes could not turn away from the
tearful eyes of the human animal, nor could the crying human
animal look away from Anyone’s. Their eyes realized.

After a while they sat down together in the sun, and spoke simply.
The human animal didn’t cry anymore, and he asked of Anyone his
name, and Anyone said that his name was Anyone Anywhere. And
then Anyone asked of the human animal his name, and he said that
his name was Everyone Everywhere. And they were calm with one
another . . . .

Charles J. O’Neil Jr.
for Jeffery

Beauty and La Bete

Envy’s eye
wrenched from its socket
by the pure strength
is stomped, crushed
kicked furiously
and told:

Truly, compared to
Beauty you are but the
tiniest least expressive
segment of a shadow.
You are as a mole on
the cheek of a
seductress—only
enhancing the beauty
you feebly attempt to
destroy.

If you were the
darkest deepest
shade of black
you still could not
dim the brilliance
of one single tear
wept for Beauty’s
sake.

Michael Rybarski

The Wisdom Calling

And it was dark in his room. Stripped of his dream the vague
ambivalences, he shouted and thumbed the alarm. It was dark as if he
couldn’t believe that in minutes and hours it would begin. The day
would begin. Things vague in the room were outlined and greyed,
until he began to roll out his wittled legs and shift his body upright.
The first sign was made: the cry of a drake, but so frightened like
a baby just born. The sign changed the muffled senses to movement.
The singular way he put on his guise, his manner. And things became
more visible and movement more impetuous. The silence shifted its
way to rough steps. And at the door, like a friend, like a statue, his

gun.

Out the door the thrust into darkness, into the wet weeds and the
brakes, before.

Michael James Paul

No Honor Among Thieves

Grey room, wooden, rectangle table, uneventful dim overhead
lamp —

Chairs, five people, cautious, pensive, hirsute card players, Stetson,
Wilberly, Oxen, Joseph, Spoils, names, progression, stern grimise,
smile, Oxen sneezes — a noticeable silence, octave of ticking clock,

Spoils smiles furtively — Joseph rises and draws his gun, fires at
Spoils several times — Stetson, Wilberly and Oxen fall and slump in
their chairs apparently dead — Spoils rises, fires at Joseph — Spoils
falls to the floor apparently dead — Joseph flees from the room.

Off stage voice: “git a doctor, somebody’s hurt.”

Michael Kilgallen

Auf dem Wasser zu singen

Fish rainbow Christ
sailing and wave bluelost
colors are only not mine.
My father to zero
out on sorrow is below
keeping dead pain.

Michael Kilgallen

My mistress Death

All noise distills
in next-to-quiet drops
upon your kissproof lips
my birthtide squeals.

Michael Kilgallen
Mind rushing, hungryly I read the virtues:
Modesty
Humility
Meekness
Clemency

At once I could only think of Him. 
Scornfully I cursed the world and chided those with the power 
for never looking to such a great man. 
Shaking my fist out the window my eye stopped at my reflection, 
and I sank into my bed in pensive shame.

James Triquet

Selected Poems — Federico García Lorca

My heart of silk is filled with lights, 
with lost bells, with lilies and bees. 
I will go very far, farther than those hills, 
farther than the seas, close to the stars, 
to beg Christ the Lord to give back the soul I had ripened with legends, 
with lost bells, farther than those hills, 
I will go very far, for never looking to such a great man.

Shaking my fist out the window 
Scornfully I cursed the world, 
Clemency and Meekness and I sank into my bed 
for never looking to such a great man.

At once I could only think of Him. 
Scornfully I cursed the world and chided those with the power 
for never looking to such a great man. 
Shaking my fist out the window my eye stopped at my reflection, 
and I sank into my bed in pensive shame.

García Lorca was a poet of children. Not that he wrote concerning unsophisticated subjects, for his topics ranged over the cost complex of human problems; nor can one say that his manner in handling these subjects was childish. Lorca was the poet of children for the very simple reason that he realized that the answers to many of man’s problems lie in the transformation of modern man’s perspective. The transformation of a jaded, conventional-impressed perspective, into the ever-wondrous perspective of a young child.

Thus, when reading his poetry one immediately notices the poems in which this man is creating are songs of joy, of liberation, of simplicity and beauty to even the most complex of modern man’s problems. One example of how he does this can be seen in his poem, Early Morning.

But like love, the archers are blind.

Over the green night the arrows leave tracks of warm lilies.

The keel of the moon breaks purple clouds and the quivers fill with dew.

Ah, but like love, the archers are blind!

In this very short, and very simple poem Lorca is examining one of the most perplexing problems man has encountered: that love may not be reciprocal. He states that theme in his opening stanza. He then describes very beautifully the most intimate aspect of love, the sexual union, in a metaphor which only heightens the loveliness of an already beautiful act. Notice how exquisitely he puns on the word “quivers” connoting the orgasmic shudder of pleasure; the uterus as it fills with the dew of new life, and of course the obvious connotation of the arrow—holder. After describing sexual union in such a beautiful way, he then re-iterates the one pit-fall like the arrow, love, this exquisite experience is uncontrollable by man. But by describing love so innocently he allows the reader to join him in transforming the dangers of an unrequited love. Love the way Lorca describes it is certainly worth the risk.

Even when the problems which face the poet are so temporarily monumental that even his beautiful talents can not transform them into a thing of joy, he still uses his immense artistry to transform the most tragic events (such as the death of his friend, Ignacio Sanchez Mejias, a famous bullfighter) into a thing of beauty:

For posterity I sing of your profice and grace. 
Of the signal maturity of your understanding. 
Of your appetite for death and the taste of its mouth. 
Of the sadness of your once valiant gayety.

It will be a long time, if ever, before there is born An Andalusian so true, so rich in adventure. 
I sing of his elegance with words that groan, and I remember a sad breeze through the olive trees. Lorca has confronted one problem he can’t conquer but through his viruosity, even that most puerilous of beggars, Death, can be transformed into something noble. It seems as if the poet has recognized that Death is a part of life, although a painful part, and as such it too must be lived to the fullest, (no matter how paradoxical that may sound.)

It is because of his exquisite view of the world around him that the atrocity of his murder and those of his friends during the Civil War seems even more a tragedy than the loss of his friend Ignacio, for with Lorca’s death, who is left “to sing of his elegance?”

Michael Rybarski

The Grateful Space City Awareness Award

This story starts out in the middle of nowhere and goes absolutely nowhere in return to the great bodiedness that whispers blue in the sky of rattenburl and tehe hethe tehele tehel that was essential that we concentrate on the be bop song and how is it what is it and who nowis it is what shit what shat shti hstai tshati tshshiaiaihsihsithzith then came the flood of great inexpereince for which we humbly ask for forgiveness oh holy prima facie primum mobile waves the trouble wait is the trouble watters matta heath? hey, you over dead deal but jim i said and jim said in the black way of his this is the middle of somewhat and you know, Huck, does a cat talk like a man? does a cow talk like a man is a frenchman a man? well, then, huck, why don he talk like a man and i could never tell why but i don’t think i really care. where is somewhat nowhere?

J. R. Huzziinga

The Rape of Mary Black

"Of the white maggot, eat!" they lashed. 
Shrinking the swallows, screams to run. 
By outnumbering white paws trapped.

"No!"

"No, please!" Thrown down.

"No!!" Knife.

The more the pleading, 
The more her soft they gashed.

Writhe, quiver. 
Beaten jellylike, burst. 
Shudder bloody tears. Again! Again!

Mary left them; 
They kicking white dirt over their murder . . .

Charles J. O’Neil Jr.

Words Only Fit for a Napkin

So they choose their weapons and begin a fool’s war 
After they finish 
Their slashing and digging 
They’ll halt in silence as their shallow reflections reveal their inner worth.
PLAYTHING
OF THE MONTH

written by Michael Rybarski
Photo — by Paul McNeil

In this upside down world, here's a winsome lass with all her feet on the ground! The Alembic's own Morning Glory, our Miss April, Glorious Gloria Liederkranz.

Yes, in most ways this world of ours is getting awfully confused. But for Gloria Liederkranz our April Plaything, life still retains many of its simpler aspects. Gloria who as one can tell from her picture is more than just an eyeful, measures in at a very natural 38-26-36. And her blooming flower of a body is not the only natural thing about Gloria. Oh no. Among her many diverse interests, Gloria places romping in the woods, the hills, the mountains, the fields, the meadows, the grasses, the plains, and the grapevines, (especially the grapevines) high on the list of her gosh-O-gee! favorites.

Being such an avid nature lover, Gloria does find that living in Woonsocket, Rhode Island does hamper somewhat her attempts at getting back to Nature. For her pollution became a very personal problem when she found that her favorite polliwog hunting ground had been turned into an open sewer. When I asked her what she thought about campus protests on behalf of ecology she slyly squealed, "Possibly."

But our libidinous lily of the fields still finds time to get back to Nature, at least once a year. As a matter of fact, our Plaything Photograph was taken on one of these excursions, as our Woonsocket Wonder strayed far from home in her search for Nature's glories. We see Gloria in one of her favorite pastoral retreats, New York's Central Park. (If you wonder why our Plaything is looking away from the camera, it is because she became enthralled by Nature in action, her pet Doberman Pincher playfully taught a mugger his manners.)

But life is not all fun and games for our Miss April. She firmly believes that in this wonderful land of ours, Horatio Alger can still be a true story. (Especially if you get to be a Plaything of the Month, ha ha.) And although she does enjoy her free time she realizes that to be a truly well-balanced Plaything a girl needs the discipline only a rewarding and self-fulfilling job can give. So Gloria spends most of her time working as a car-hop at Flip-Flop's hamburger stand and meat market. A consensus of the regular customers at Flip's say that she is definitely the most popular dish, on, or off, the menu. When we asked her how she handled overly flirtatious burger-chompers, Gloria responded flirtatiously, "Why not?"

But Miss April is not all beauty; no dumb blonde she. (She's a brunette, by the way.) She is at least as intelligent as she is gorgeous. In order to make the most of her cognitive potential Miss Liederkranz attends a fine institution of higher learning, The William Taft McKinley Junior College, and Wildlife Shelter. Although her forty-hour a week job at Flip-Flop's (and for a girl with her talents there must be a lot of overtime!) prevents her from attending Taft McKinley on a full-time basis, she is able to make many of her teachers', uh, lectures, that is. In rounding out the academic sketch of this curvaceous lass, we should report that every single one of her teachers has passed her in her courses, with, and I quote, "the greatest amount of pleasure." When we finally cornered our buxom bunny rabbit on the subject of education, we asked her who some of her favorite authors were. She seductively cooed, "hamburger on rye."

But lest our readers get the impression that Miss April is too intellectual to be loads of fun, we should make it clear that this is not the case at all. In trying to find out what Miss April is really like we went along on one of her fun-filled dates.

We met Gloria at Flip-Flop's as she was getting off of work, and noticed that her date hadn't arrived yet. But this just shows how unobservant we all can be sometimes, for Glorious Gloria's date was waiting for her in car right next to ours. Apparently, he had forgotten their date however, because Gloria had to remind him of their engagement by walking up to his car and calling gently, "Hey, Mac want some action?" (Mac, must be a fun-name they only use between themselves because all night long her date introduced himself as John.) I shouldn't dwell on the opening formalities too long however, because the fun-packed evening was just beginning.

After we climbed into John's 442 blown-hemi, posi-traction mean machine and had driven back and forth over the same half-mile for about two hours, it occurred to me to ask if Mac, I mean John, knew where he was going. John grunted something about what kind of act I was pulling, but I told him that I had really never considered the theatre, but thanks anyway. John did decide however, after another half-hour that an art film would be a very nice way to top off his plaything's date. As we pulled into the local establishment of cinema verite, The Seekonk Twin Drive-In, I noticed on the marquee that we were going to see a film by Feeelinii. I couldn't help but admire John's taste. Once we got situated, John gracious host that he was, asked if I wouldn't rather sit in the front seat so I could have a better view. I thanked him and John and Gloria, and I changed places. Unfortunately for you readers, I got so involved in the film, a classic entitled, Les Femmes That Do, that I lost track of what John and Gloria were doing in the back seat. But I'm sure that they had an interesting and vital conversation, for I did overhear some rather emotional sounds coming from them.

Well, the day with our Plaything was over, and I'm sure you all would've enjoyed it if you could have been there. In leaving Gloria I asked her what she thought of being a Plaything and she cogently commented, (after first popping the bubble-gum she was chewing) "Okay."

Well, Plaything reader's as you can see if you ever meet our Miss April, Glorious Gloria is truly one Morning Glory who has really blossomed. And I might add she's just waiting to be picked-up.

Special Bonus to Early Subscribers: flesh-like And inflatable water bed in the shape of either Jane Fonda, Brigitte Bardot or Gloria Liederkranz. With optional heater and on-again-off-again bikini. Send for yours Now!
Religion

Rev. Patritius Lambe
nuper pastor ecclesiae
sanctii patrii urbe
Providentiae obiit 2 de
Januarii MDCCCLXVI
Etas 41 anni.

Strength

"I shave with my knife;
No lather for me.
Hell, a little pain makes a
Man o' ya."

IN MEMORY OF
MARGARET McNAMARA
Daughter of William and Margaret McNamara
She Died
February 9, 1856. Aged
9 years and 9 mos.

Four feet, virgin-white sandstone
Glistens with a mothers tears.
Slab bigger, probably, than
you.

Me. Dusk—dirty leaves groan.
Walking out, "past", I say.
The wind, present, shroud—like
flags in my face, not letting
the lie stand.
Rel—uct—ant—ly I turn to
recognize my one
eternal allegiance,
and a sudden summer?—chill
shivers me.

Leaving, nervous, my foot
stubs against a very small
clump of future
burdock.

Rel—uct—ant—ly I turn to
recognize my one
eternal allegiance,
and a sudden summer?—chill
shivers me.

Michael A. Rybarski

"What if I've been believing all my life and when I come to die
there's nothing but the burdock growing on my grave?"

Fyodor Dostoevsky—
The Brothers Karamazov

Love

1856—“ Land, you say, you're interested in land,
well you can have all the land you'll ever need,
right here,
cheap.

Nice view too. Got some real nice space over
there on the hill . . .
or, how about something under this old
apple, here. Nice and shady
Hot days!”

Historical Cemetery No. 2

Patrick Lenehan and Terrance McNamara, stolid,
but ironic, guardians
of the never closed gate, act as cryptic ushers:
"If you follow us please, we'll have you
situated in a moment."

Ech

IN MEMORY OF
MARGARET McNAMARA
Daughter of William and Margaret McNamara
She Died
February 9, 1856. Aged
9 years and 9 mos.

Four feet, virgin-white sandstone
Glistens with a mothers tears.
Slab bigger, probably, than
you.

Community

"Ellen! Where's my pipe? Lord, you'd
think that woman could manage to
keep some kind of order around here.
Ellen! the paper. Where's?
Can't you do anything?
That woman, she'll be the
Death of me, yet!"

She wasn't.

ERECTED BY
MICHAEL IVERS
In memory of his sister
Ellen.

Wondering down the path
Community—close, they’re all here.
The children, the sisters, the church
too.
The silent gossip fills my ears.

"There's Father Pat!"

Michael A. Rybarski

Nantucket Calm

Knowing
As the dimple-facet of a simple grin,
As a wax tear slips to firm a candle’s place;
Washed
As a trout by its giving—life stream home;
Of water of tree of bird,
Of all life as one breath,
Certain of beauty, of purpose sure—
Careless caring;
Never to an end,
OM . . . .

Charles J. O'Neil Jr.
Sunday, April 25, FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN plus THE LONE RANGER AND THE LOST CITY OF GOLD Two campy and classic bits of op Americans.

Friday and Saturday, May 7–8. ROSEMARY’S BABY 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

Sunday, May 9. CHILDREN OF PARADISE (Marcel Carne, France, 1945) Lush and spectacular story of the love of two actors for a beautiful and enigmatic woman; set in the Paris of Balsac and Napoleon III.

AT BROWN

April

wed 14 BONHEUR (1965) by Agnes Varda / Cine 7:00

sat 17 THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE (1968) with V. Redgrave / FH 7 & 9:30

sun 18 VIVA MARIA (1965) with Jeanne Moreau, B. Bardot / FH 7:00

mon 19 DAISIES by Vera Chitlyova, plus JOSEPH KILLIAN — two Czech films plus lecture/discussion with critic Antonin Liehm / Cine 7:00

wed 21 STORM OVER ASIA (1928) by V. I. Pudovkin / Cine 7:00

fri 23 KAYA, I’LL KILL YOU (1968) by Vlastroav Mimica / Car 7:00

BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN (1935) with Karloff, plus Flash / FH midnight

sun 25 MARRY ME, MARRY ME (1969), sequel to The Tenth Victim / FH 7:00

wed 28 SOFT SKIN (1964) by Truffaut, with Françoise Dorléac / Cine 7:00

fri 30 BARRIER (1966) by Jerzy Skolimowski / Car 7:00

May

wed 5 SIGN OF THE CROSS (1932) by Cecil B. DeMille / Cine 7:00

sat 8 SHAME (1968) by Ingmar Bergman, with M. von Sydow, L. Ullmann / Car 9:30

sun 9 To Be Announced

mon 10 LOVERS (1958) by Louis Malle, with Jeanne Moreau / FH 7:00

tue 11 ULYSSES (1967) with Milo O’Shea / FH 7 & 9:30

wed 12 ULYSSES at FH, 7 & 9:30

sun 16 MARAT/SADE (1967) by Peter Brook / FH 7 & 9:30

AT RISD

4/8 THAT MAN FROM RIO by De Broca, with Jean-Paul Belmondo

4/15 THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW (1964) by Pier Paolo Pasolini

4/22 THE DEVIL’S EYE by Ingmar Bergman

4/29 WILD HORSES OF FIRE (Russian) / To Be Announced

5/6 THREE (1969) by James Salter, with Charlotte Rampling
And hearing what you feel
is known to make you pause
(while standing at whatever tomb)
and give a second silent thought
to going back the way you came.

Celia in the face of crisis
Breathes a gentle, restful sigh
Knowing well it must suffice
To make a choice not knowing why.
Journey filled with pain and silence
Light amid obscurity
Absent is all sense of presence
Mortal way to harmony,
Melting in a healing furnace
Bitter depths of memory
'Til in reborn innocence
She lives again, then free to be.

James Triquet

Oval Oracles

Silently, floating in their salty wells
The thick, gooey fluid supports their life.
And they, as a part of it,
Sustains.

Their oval oracles do deny me
For they incorrectly display to me the truth
I deny it, and laugh distrustfully,
Who are they for me to believe.

The light enters, pierces their black shield
The light essential for them to function.
As it scrounges around in the empty cage
Each finds its place and serves its purpose.

On to the mangled, distorted tubles, they streak,
Not from free will, but due to necessity.
To serve their purpose, nothing more
And they keep their mouths shut.

Paul Gunther

Il est fine

And I turned and extended my hand,
finding the joy-sorrow of feeling the need
of more than I.

A Man Grown

A man once wept.
Then the man passed the tear.
Inert, he slept.

She saw.

The man was host to one
Who cleaved from weed, the grain.
Who to raise these seeds bled rain.
Who to cease the sleep breathed sun.
She fed him herself.
He grew to feed back.

The man before needed.
Only another to grow up for.

Charles J. O'Neil Jr.