

TELS has moved

Our new administrative address is TELS & Printed Matter, c/o The Second Story, Nakajima Bldg. 2nd Fl., 1-26-7 Umegaoka, Setagaya-ku, Tokyo 154 Japan. The telephone number is 03-706-5055 (The Second Story's phone), which we can use to call and leave messages, forward information, do our networking, etc. The Second Story is a bookstore owned by Peter Van Gelder. Peter has kindly accorded TELS use of the bookstore's facilities for administrative meetings and scheduled events as well as just plain browsing and lounging at the new reestablished TELS Library. Monthly workshops will continue to be held at the Shinjuku Bunka Center.

Peter, mild-mannered book buff and a true champion of literati everywhere, has a super knack for helping you select that one story, albeit a second story, for tiding over the weekend and getting you on to new horizons. Peter, who hails from Vancouver, Canada, has resided in Japan for eight years.

The TELS staff, including David Sargent and John Evans, will be assisting Peter at The Second Story as Peter has recently taken on a big and important new assignment. Sunday can still be a good day to catch Peter when dropping by The Second Story.

To get to The Second Story, located only two minutes' walk from Umegaoka Station on the Odakyu Line, take the local train from either Shimo-kitazawa or Shinjuku stations, or take the express from Shinjuku and change at Shimo-kitazawa for the local

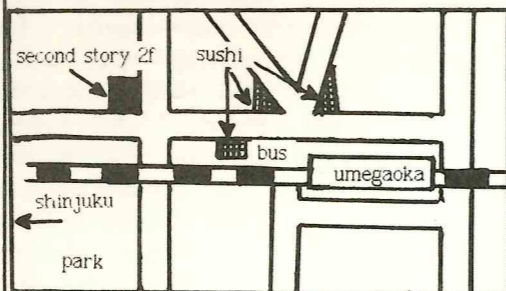
To celebrate the new location TELS will be sponsoring an

Open Reading

on Sunday, June 26, from 6 - 8 p.m. The atmosphere will be relaxed and informal - a good chance for everyone to share a bit of their creative work with others. Bring poetry, fiction, etc. to read. We'll have a guitar there, too. Admission: ¥300 if you bring some work to share, ¥500 otherwise. Free refreshments & non-alcoholic beverages will be served. Wine will be sold separately. Everyone's welcome to come!

THE SECOND STORY

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Nakajima Bldg. 2nd Fl.
1-26-7 Umegaoka
Setagaya-ku, Tokyo 154
Phone: 03-706-5055



PRINTED MATTER

MAY / JUNE 1988

Vol. XII: #1

¥500

Signing

The handicap of dreaming —
I've unlocked and locked and re-opened
the doors and gone through and back,
stuffing symbols for a woman into a man:
this is one pitfall.

I wake and step back into sleep.
I've taken the spoken tongue —
the one that speaks like it's eating ice cream —
slipped it frozen between the sheets to thaw:
this, one uncertainty.

Turn like the worm again and lapse.
I've mastered the elastic around your waist,
and at last the illusion beads to gleam —
but no lips to clean, no hands to wipe it clear:
this, one insecurity.

I wake and walk into a hotel lobby.
I've listened to our options from the maid;
you pound the blood in your wrists and wave
no, no, and no again because no room fits the need:
this is one risk.

Waiting, I curl and stretch into sleep.
A mouth and white linen part, slip, then stall.
Motionless, stunned with ambiguity, the air so hard
— to take every role, from consent to fall:
this, another hazard.

— Keith Vargo

Four poems for J.

Clouds the glass, chill,
and veins shrink. The
eye smaller. Dense. Opening

air to darker blues.
Pressure glides the blood
into spirits. More conductive

as the movement stills.

Stilts. Careful not to
slip. Cringe naked on
the fog bright mirror.

Along parts
 gracefold
the suture
strings
a slip
knot at
 each interval,
if not
occasion,
ties the thread
 unraveling.

Patience earns patience
with warmth. So
that duration fades,
comfortable in bones.

The fire lulls
transparent, and
degrading into heat.

November

Cold in light
approximate. Lead
approval. Heals

Gem-hard. Will
I endure renewal?
Fatigue gentles

the blade's edge,
distinction dulled
by repetition. Repetition.

— Steven Forth

from **Transparencies**

VII

A tree rising from ear's want.
World's thickness set on hard pole.
So light come forth from its hidden
Source.
Tree from which life springs its fruit
Golden pomegranates
Small spheres of the mind's journey
Downward, toward the root, concealed
Within earth's severed body.
Who has split me off from myself
The sweetness of the fruit
Cool thickness of the earth

But the light is within
Our bones scattered at the mouth
Shattered faces of Adam
Like tiny mirrors reflecting
A thousand dismembered worlds.
So this was exile the voice
Torn its flesh the characters
Open unwilling
Who will bury me now
Bring me back to the mountain
The canal at its entrance
To enter to leave

So these were the houses
And these the ten that dwelt in them
The highest at the bottom
We do not see, the rest
A distance to be measured
All others follow in their kind:
The seventh a completion
The sixth is perfect harmony
Five is the eye covered
And four the emanation of his love
All things woven to a single fabric
In which the ineffable name unfolds

There is a point which contains
All points, a prison of nouns
These grow like thorns on wildflowers
In spring, sweet, and coarse to the touch
They rise in early morning
And wither with the day.
The earth forms a dark mantle
Around the vessels, crushing them,
Pressing vital matter
Into living seed
for the palace (Binah) is a womb
Which carries its own number

And made him a small figure
Out of the earth and breathed
Into him so he would walk
As if a man and make sounds
Of speech, wandering
Through the villages and towns
So a thing was revealed
Made and remade
Till there was nothing more to talk about
So pushed him back into the ground
And buried him with ash
The letter erased from the forehead

Within all things/all things bound.
My substance was not hid from thee
When I was made in secret
And curiously wrought
In the lowest parts of the earth.
Thine eyes did see my substance
Yet being unperfect, and in thy book
All my members were written
Which in continuance were fashioned
When as yet there was none of them (Psalm 139:15, 16).
When we are going to Prague
For a feast in the ghetto

Time and chance happen to all
And all enter the great shift
From agitation to rest.
The ground moulds around the shards
Light held there in the fingers
The ageless joints, strands of flesh
Pushing, revolving upwards
To the crown. And the rocks move also
In imitation, their speech
Reaching up to the surface
The tree entirely bathed
In the light of the sun

— Eric Selland

from *Ash*

Drawn on the spring
Earth a dense
Vulva

Far off
Yet to be seen
Gravestones are standing

— Masaya Saito

Masaya Saito's first book of poetry, *Ash*, was published in May, 1988 by TELS Press and is available at the The Second Story. Price: ¥600. Mail orders please add ¥250 to cover the cost of postage. The address is on the back cover of this issue.

Gone

Blind children lead us
around the bend
to the other side
of sight.

One-handed warrior,
his brown body a showcase
of plump scars,
his lips tender bulbs of mink.

Grandmothers brighten
when you say good morning
as autumn days break
on cold linoleum floors.

Silver fish for breakfast,
maple trees on fire,
leaves sail urgently,
tears of lost time.

Murky pools bubble.
Languidly we soak
sipping Chinese tea
and eating seaweed
in the rain.

Stubbleheaded monk
sweeps a temple path. . .
the mountain sighs,
the trees shudder.

Smells of dark earth,
waterfalls pulled into ponds,
hush of winter's birth,
crammed into a photograph.

Brothers and sisters descend
to convince the empress mother
she'd be happier in a hospital.
She munches a persimmon.

Country train station. . .
Prune lady gives me
a bag of sunlit chrysanthemums
to eat with mushrooms.

— Catherine deMartinez

fiction

Of Company and Coffee

Mildred thought that there were few things quite as pleasant as a cup of coffee in the morning. She liked it with lots of cream and a little sugar. She took her time about making a pot, but then again Mildred took her time about everything. She dipped the scooper into the can, leveling off the grounds perfectly. She sniffed at the aroma and thought that coffee smelled like contentment. She loved the sound of the drip, drip, drip as her morning coffee percolated. The ritual ended with a cup cradled between her hands. She usually made four cups just in case a neighbor or someone dropped by unexpectedly. They never did, so she always ended up pouring the rest down the drain.

With her coffee Mildred sat at the formica table looking out at her backyard. It was going to be warm. The birds had already arrived at her bird feeder and were pecking greedily at the seeds. Mildred loved to watch birds, though she hated to be near them. Her cousin Eleanor used to have a canary as a pet. Every time Mildred visited her, the bird alighted on Mildred's shoulder, leaving her terrified while Eleanor laughed and made a great joke of the whole ordeal. But when they were in her backyard and there was no danger of being perched upon, Mildred was really quite fond of birds, particularly the blue jays. They were very regal, she thought. As she was observing the birds' breakfast she made a mental list of what needed to be done. She must clean the bird bath, write a letter to her great niece Mary Jo, and she had to visit the minister's wife who was in the hospital with gallstones. Mildred thought gallstones sounded most unpleasant and difficult. She thought she ought to bring her a hot soup to soothe her pain but Mildred was clumsy in the kitchen and scarcely cooked for herself, so she decided to buy her some cut azaleas on the way there. She sighed at the very thought of all that had to be done. It made her tired just thinking about it.

Mildred was about to go outside to change the water in the bird bath when she remembered she hadn't yet taken her pills. Promptly she swallowed them with water from an old jelly jar. Mildred like saving things like old jelly jars and aluminum foil. She also saved newspaper clippings of important events and kept them in a locked file cabinet in her garage. She couldn't recall what she was planning on doing so she sat down and turned on the television. To her delight Billy Graham was on.

It annoyed her a little bit when the phone rang just as the choir was belting out "Amazing Grace," but calls were rare so she quickly picked up the power pink receiver.

"Hello."

"Mildred?" a voice boomed over the phone.

"Yes, this is Mildred."

"Mildred, this is Marion." The voice was quite loud.

"I can hear you just fine, Marion. You needn't shout."

"I'm calling from Florida, Mildred."

"Oh, how lovely! Are you vacationing?"

"No, Mildred. Remember, I've lived here for 58 years."

"Oh yes, that's right . . . you're on your honeymoon."

Marion roared with laughter. "Oh, Mildred! How I wish I were on my honeymoon!" She finally gained control. "Well, how are you, Mildred?"

"Thank you, I'm just fine," she said sweetly. "We've been having lovely weather and I was just having something hot to drink."

"That sounds nice, Mildred. How's your health?"

"Oh, I'm spry as ever."

"Wonderful. Well, I'm calling to tell you that I'm moving back to Tulsa."

"Oh!" Mildred gasped. "Won't mama be pleased!"

"Mama's dead Mildred," Marion corrected matter-of-factly. "But I'm going to be moving in with you."

"Oh no, you couldn't possibly," Mildred protested feebly.

"Yes, I've given it a great deal of thought and it's best all around. So I'll be arriving next Wednesday. That's one week from today, Mildred."

"No, no, no, that's no good," Mildred complained.

"Have you got a pencil, Mildred?"

"Yes."

"Then write it down . . . Wednesday, April 15. I'll be arriving at about 3:00 in the afternoon. I'll come by car and my nurse will be with me."

"Is she going to live here, too?" Mildred was dumbfounded.

"Yes, of course, silly. I'm blind and you couldn't possibly take care of me."

"Well, there simply isn't room, Marion. You stay right where you are."

"No dear, it's all settled. You've got plenty of room. I'll see you next week. Good-bye Mildred."

"Good-bye Marion."

Mildred was quite upset by the disturbing news and couldn't bare to think of getting the house ready, so she poured herself a little glass of sherry and took a nap.

Mildred was doing needlepoint work on a piano bench cover she had begun 18 years ago when the doorbell rang. "Now who on earth could that be?" she thought to herself. She put the needlepoint aside and answered the ring.

A woman dressed in white stood primly on the porch.

"Yes?" Mildred asked.

"I'm Miss Tuppin, Mrs. Vine's nurse."

"Pleased to meet you," Mildred answered cordially.

"I'll be bringing in Mrs. Vine now."

"Who?"

"Your sister, Marion Vine, has arrived."

Mildred stared blankly as the nurse turned and walked out to an Oldsmobile parked in her driveway. She vaguely remembered something disturbing about Marion and this surely must be it.

Marion plopped her stately 200-pound body down in Mildred's most comfortable chair as Miss Tuppin busied herself carrying baggage back to the bedroom. Mildred stared at her sister.

"Well, hello there, Marion," she said absently. "Have you come for a visit?"

"No, Mildred. I'm moving in."

"In my house?"

"Yes, I phoned you about it last week."

"Mama won't stand for it you know." Mildred tried to sound stern. "She likes things just so and you've always been far too loud."

"Mama's dead. Would you mind getting me a little glass of sherry?"

"Well, have you run off from your husband?"

"No, Robert's dead, too, Mildred, and so is everyone else we know. It's just you and me, dear, and I'm blind as a bat and you're looney as a tune, so I thought we'd make a fine pair." Marion let out a healthy laugh. "Now, about that sherry?"

Many nights were sleepless nights for Mildred. The old house creaked so that often she lay in bed for hours just waiting for the sun to rise. She awoke and tiptoed into the guest bedroom. She stood gazing down at the big lump in the middle of the bed. She wondered who it was and what the person was doing in her house. Mildred noticed that the person seemed to have made herself quite at home. The night stand was cluttered with cold cream, a package of pink, slender cigarettes, a bottle of scotch, and two large rhinestone clip-on earrings. Mildred must have stood there for a long time before the woman moved.

"Mildred, is that you?"

The loud voice brought recognition. "Oh Marion. I didn't know who was sleeping here."

"Yes, it's me, don't be worried. Why don't you sit down for a moment?"

Mildred sat on the edge of the bed, "Would you like something hot to drink?"

"No thank you, dear. Can't you sleep?"

"I was thinking about the oil."

"At this hour in the morning?" Marion yawned and it seemed to Mildred to be such a great yawn that it might shake the entire room.

"Do you remember when the men came?"

"Yes, Mildred, I remember." Marion's voice sounded sleepy.

"And they sucked it out with dirty hands while us women stood on the porch and watched."

"Mmmmmmm."

"There might be rain tomorrow. I'll be up early so we can have something hot to drink to warm ourselves." Mildred crept back into her own room.

"What shall we have for lunch?" Marion asked cheerfully.

Mildred was writing a letter to her great niece Mary Jo. "I'm not much for cooking."

"Miss Tuppin will make it for us, Mildred."

Miss Tuppin had been so quiet about the house, Mildred scarcely recalled who she was. "Oh well, in that case, why doesn't she make some cucumber finger sandwiches?"

"That's an awfully strange thing to want," Marion said, finishing off a box of graham crackers which were sitting on her large lap. "I was going to have her make a roast for tonight, Mildred. I thought we could invite your minister over for dinner."

"Oh no, no! That would never do," Mildred protested. "We haven't time to get everything ready."

"Well, you know it doesn't have to be fancy. And anyway, I've already called and invited him over."

"Oh dear!" Mildred was quite upset. "There's so much to be done. We've got to clean and get some fresh cut flowers. Of course he'll want wine with dinner and I've only got sherry."

"Oh chicken feathers!" Marion scolded. "He'd never notice flowers anyway, and I've brought some whiskey in my purse. Ministers usually prefer whiskey and water."

"They do?" Mildred was quite intrigued.

"Oh yes! Who are you writing by the way?"

"I'm writing to Mary Jo to tell her how you've barged into my house."

Marion laughed loudly. "Well, give her my love, Mildred, give her my love."

Marion was lounging on the love seat wearing a purple house dress. From her chair, Mildred thought Marion looked remarkably like a love seat herself.

Miss Tuppin handed Marion three red and yellow pills and a hospital-size paper cup. "Shall I read aloud to you, Mrs. Vine?"

"No, Miss Tuppin, I think I shall ask Mildred to read to me today. You don't mind, dear, do you?"

Mildred wrinkled up her face. She was content with her needlepoint. "No, of course not. Shall I read to you from the Bible, perhaps Corinthians or the Acts?"

"No, no, I know all the Bible stories backwards and forwards by now."

"But perhaps for inspiration?"

"Oh, I'm really quite inspired already, dear."

"Then what shall we read?"

"I've got a copy of *The Great Gatsby*," Marion sighed melodramatically. "That is such a romantic story, don't you think?"

"I haven't an appetite for romance."

"Well you know Daisy reminds me so much of myself in the old days and Robert was a little like Jay Gatsby."

"Mama never liked Robert, you know."

"Oh foo! Mama didn't like anybody."

"She didn't like *him*, either."

"She liked him, Mildred."

"No she didn't." Mildred shook her head sadly. "'He'll give you nothing but trouble. He's too slick for my tastes.'" Mildred paused. "'Too slick.' That's what she said. 'What's he want with a plain girl like you Mildred? Neither of you will ever amount to much.' She was right, you know. Mama was right."

Marion's tone was angry. "Mama was right about very few things, Mildred. She was a nasty, cantankerous old lady."

"Shhh," Mildred reprimanded, "Mama will hear."

"Mama's dead," Marion reminded. "Mama's dead."

Much to Mildred's agitation Minister Jones was due to arrive promptly at 6:00 p.m. The roast had been sizzling in the oven for quite some time and Mildred did have to admit it smelled oh so nice and the house did seem cozy. Marion hadn't lifted a finger to prepare for his visit. Mildred

had been bustling around the entire afternoon, dusting and fluffing pillows and doing other such crucial cleaning while Marion had remained on the couch engrossed in "As the World Turns."

"I thought you were blind, Marion," Mildred snapped as she dusted the tops of her volumes of Shakespeare. She had never read them but there was something so reassuring about the sight of a great book.

"I am, Mildred."

"Then how can you watch television?"

"My hearing is just fine. In fact, I'd venture to say it's a little better than it used to be. Do you ever watch soap operas?"

"No, I prefer Billy Graham."

"What are you going to wear tonight, dear? I thought I'd put on my blue chiffon."

"The minister doesn't like ruffles, Marion."

"It isn't fluffy at all. It's rather sophisticated."

Mildred sat quietly sipping her sherry while Marion was engaged in a lively and animated conversation with Minister Jones. She was recalling some gala party she had hosted back in the early thirties. Minister Jones seemed to be quite charmed and was particularly interested to know that she had been a personal friend of Roy Rogers.

"He was a delightful man, a wonderful man. Everyone who knew him said so," Marion concluded, then changed the subject. "Minister Jones, do you know a woman's four favorite animals?"

"No, Mrs. Vine, I can't say that I do."

"A mink in the closet, a jaguar in the garage, a tiger in the bedroom, and a jack ass to pay the bills!"

Mildred thought the joke to be in bad taste but she felt a little tipsy and laughed in spite of herself. So the three of them had a good, long laugh together.

"I think it's wonderful you came to stay with Mildred," Minister Jones said after a pause. "Your sister is one of the finest ladies I know."

Marion's broad face beamed. "Oh, isn't she, though! I've always said my sister's a saint, a regular saint. There were five of us girls and Mildred was the kind one. We, all of us, called her our sweetest sister."

Minister Jones added, "You know she comes twice a week to help out with the soup kitchen."

"That's just like her, always doing what's right." Marion smiled, "Let's have a toast to Mildred." They raised their glasses and clinked them together. Mildred turned crimson with the attention.

Mildred was watching a blue jay force a worm down the throat of another blue jay. It seemed a very odd sight and Mildred couldn't quite decide if the bird was being cruel or kind. The coffee was percolating and smelled very warm. Mildred was making a mental list of what needed to be done, when Miss Tuppin lead a groggy Marion into the kitchen.

"Good morning, Marion," Mildred said, a little stunned.

"Good morning," Marion said, plopping into the chair. "Miss Tuppin, I'd like some eggs over easy. What would you like Mildred?"

"I've got something hot to drink," Mildred smiled.

"Did you sleep well?" Marion inquired with another great yawn.

"Yes, quite well, thank you." The two sat in silence for a moment. "Marion?" Mildred asked.

"Yes, dear?"

"Why are you here?"

Marion laughed a tiny bit. "I thought we could both use a little company. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I suppose a little company is a nice thing," Mildred said, pouring two cups of coffee, ". . . every now and then."

— Bonnie Maguire

Winners of Short Story Competition Announced

TELS takes pleasure in announcing the winners of its 8th Annual Short Story Competition:

1st Prize

Mikku Naito "An Interlude"

2nd Prize (tie)

Jeffrey Klausman "Currents"
Neil Cruickshank "Some Things Are Sand"

Special Merit Award (from *The Magazine*)

Andrew Dephtereos "Heat Lightning"
"Waiting, By Gate 27"

Honorable Mentions

Thomas Bradley "Provocation"
Bonnie Maguire "Of Company & Coffee"
Peter Field "Shades"
Sanford Goldstein "The Letting Go"
Richard Evanoff "The Mission"
John Caldwell "A Touch of English"
Neil Cruickshank "How the Kappa Got Its Watery Head"

The first-prize winner receives publication in, and ¥25,000 from, the *Tokyo Weekender*. The second-prize winners will split the ¥10,000 prize offered by TELS and each receive a complimentary one-year membership in TELS. Some of these stories will be published in future issues of PRINTED MATTER and in *Wing Span*, edited by TELS member Matthew Zuckerman.

critique

Suiboku by Peter Comaroff

The *suiboku* paintings presented by Peter Comaroff at his exhibition in Harajuku, February 27-March 4, are not only interesting in their own right as original works of art, but also provide yet another example of the sparks of creativity that can be generated by the rubbing together of Eastern and Western aesthetic ideas. The paintings are well-executed, by a hand which understands the balance between form and empty space so characteristic of Oriental art in general. Yet in terms of subject matter and content, the paintings betray a distinctly Western sense of irony and playfulness.

In some paintings, such as *a woman who said "kiss me"* and *a fashionable woman with platypus lips*, the titles say it all—it is fortunate that the subject is not the same woman. With others the humor is more implicit: *sunday in the u.s. of a.* shows a barefooted man reclining in a homey chair, eyes focused—or perhaps unfocused—on a blurry grey glob which could very well be a T.V. set. In *spreading the faith* there are two figures, each with arms extended, one in a gesture of insistent giving, the other insistently resisting with head turned away.

The refusals retain a sense of humor, yet become more serious in *difference of opinion* and *estranged couple*, which again achieve their effect through a kind of noninteracting interaction of body parts. In the former, the eyes of a couple meet in suspicious sideways glares (the theme of rigid head and searching eyes is repeated in the more ambiguous painting of a girl alone, entitled *sideways glance*). In *estranged couple*, the break is openly paradoxical, as the partners, with backs turned, nonetheless manage to emotionally front each other. Haven't we all experienced such moments of communicative noncommunication, when we would like to reach out and touch someone in a significant way, but for some usually insignificant reason simply can't?

The abstract paintings, as with all of Comaroff's smaller works, are in black and white, some with occasional blood-red and sun-orange washes. Deliberately working within such self-imposed limitations gives the show a sense of unity and invites the viewer to pay more attention to the subtler variations of form and color which result. The effect is best when the images can interact with lots of empty space in between and don't become too cluttered. In *eccentricity*, for example, the lines are totally clear and distinct, and yet the colors converge at one point to produce an unexpected olive green. In *city*, however, violent bombs of orange and red burst dramatically above a barely discernible (half-destroyed?) cityscape, perhaps deliberately intended as a visual assault on the eye, but one which ultimately leads to pictorial ruin.

The same frustrated slashes of line and color are used more effectively in the other "technologically-oriented" pieces, such as *the phone*, *the phone . . . and soul of a silicon chip*. If only the phone would stop ringing! If only the silicon chip hadn't taken my soul! Comaroff's one attempt at presenting a techno-free view of nature is only partially successful, however. Despite the vaguely oriental orientation of *mountain*,

in which there are no human figures, only the wisps of feathered, tree-like forms dwarfed by a huge mountain, the mountain itself is more lumpish than it is majestic. One feels weighted down by the nature presented here, not uplifted by it.

The paintings of male and female torsos restore a sense of humanity to the collection, although with a corresponding, and perhaps inevitable, loss of spontaneity and originality. These paintings, classical in the good old-fashioned Greek sense of the term (except for the provocative angles), are the type of painting every serious artist must do sometime, preferably early in his career, to prove that he can indeed draw like the old masters if he really wants to. Now that Comaroff has proven himself with these, he should get on with what he does best: capturing not the subtle, rippling muscles of the human figure but the subtle, rippling nuances of the human personality.

The masterwork of the show is undoubtedly *the critic*, one of four larger paintings in black and white. The subject sits with his elbow on the table, holding in his thick fingers the thick stub of what must be yet another chain-smoked cigarette, half of his mouth and nose smugly turned up in jaded satisfaction. "I've seen it all," he says with his half-closed eyes. "What else can you show me?"

Two of the other larger works, *a hospital patient—not seriously ill* and *a hospital patient—seriously ill*, obviously invite comparisons. In the first we see a man resting peacefully in bed with his head back on the pillow, arms contentedly folded across his stomach, the flower beside his bed brightly erect. This is a man who will be leaving the hospital soon and resuming his routine life, no doubt with the same laid-back dullness and the same lack of urgency.

Not so the patient seriously ill, who strains to lift his head up off the pillow. His hands are also folded, but less in contentment than in futile prayer. The length of his fever-damp hair shows the length of his stay in the hospital, while his face, much leaner than that of the patient not seriously ill, shows how soon he too will be leaving it. His brow is dark with foreboding. Beside a wilting flower is a glass of water and what might be a pill box and capsules. Here is a man desperately clinging to the last moments of his life, drinking as much out of it as he can. Down to the very dregs.

Comaroff himself denies consciously putting all these meanings into his work, and in conversations seems impatient with critics who try to get all of these meanings out of it. What he should realize, though, is that not all critics are as jaded as the one he painted, especially not when presented with work such as his own, which indeed has something more to show us. Perhaps even more than the artist intended.

What made the exhibition more than just an exhibition were the special events held throughout the week. Poetry readings, song, and dance—some fifteen acts altogether—gave people a chance not just to look at the paintings, but to actually "be" with them for a while in an informal atmosphere. The entire exhibition was put on by Zook Productions, with TELS members participating in several of the special events.

— Richard Evanoff

Krud Beergut's Problems Page

Krud Beergut's writings throughout the last decade have made him a household word, like "cockroach." His presumed suicide in Cornwall, England in early April was a surprize to none who knew him, his recent depressions and prolonged drinking bouts being well-known in concentric circles.

I feel it unnecessary to add my voice to the flood of tributes that are sure to flow his way from all the round earth's literary corners. Let the last words be Krud's — his final poem left in lieu of payment at the Cliffside Hotel, Loo, Cornwall.

Out! Demon fellow traveller of my brain
Who clots the course of blood, gives bloody thoughts
Free rein; and entry to unhealthy courts.

A rebel-cry is silenced by the flood
So lie you there at peace in watery grave,
Sweet Krud, who ever was some liquid's slave.

*Do you have a literary problem? Want Krud to help you with it?
Tough shit. The bottle's over there.*

NET Works

NOTUS publishes poetry, prose. Write with SASE to Other Wind Press, Inc., 2420 Walter Drive, Ann Arbor, MI 48103 U.S.A.

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