

the paper that lives in the dark

MAY 1984

NANCY'S CHARLIE STORY

Let me tell you a true story about a boy we'll call Charlie. He was only 14, and he was burned out on marijuana. He was in a stupor, a permanent daze. And one day, when his little sister wouldn't steal some money for him to go and buy some more drugs, he brutally beat her. The real truth is, there's no such thing as soft drugs or hard drugs, all drugs are dumb. And if you're involved in them, please, talk to your parents, your teacher, whoever. But don't end up another Charlie.

-Nancy Reagan  
3-19-83  
NBC

JOHNNY'S RONNIE STORY

Let me tell you a true story about a boy we'll call Bonzo. He was only 69, and he was burned out on power. Ego-crazed, he seized the presidency by exploiting the fear and prejudice of a heavily oppressed nation. One day, when the citizens wouldn't allow him to spend the hundreds of billions he required for power-mad military attack systems, he shut down all the businesses of the country, and everybody starved to death. The truth is, there's no such thing as good power and bad power; all power corrupts. If you're into power, or politics, please, talk to your dope dealer, talk to your kids, whoever. But don't end up like Bonzo and all the dead people.

-Anonymous Doper  
3-??-84  
UWM/Crazy Shepherd

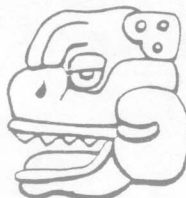


SCHOOL YEAR ENDS AT CENTRE

Once again, the time of closing nears. Taking final exams: drinking large amounts of beer, coffee; visions of little pink hearts dance in the heads of the heads. Then a week of drunken Seniority capped by those square black caps. And still the traditions endure. It will begin again in September, end again in June. A vicious circle. Amen.

"He can never bring it about that I am nothing so long as I shall think that I am something."  
Rene Descartes

"Odi et amo."--Catullus



"VOOM"--Dr. Seuss

gol.li.wog: 2. a grotesque person.

re.nege: 2. (Informal) To fail to fulfill a promise.

Taxi! Taxi!  
 was it you that asked me  
 where I'm going?  
 Carribean's nice this time of year  
 Seminars for selling soap  
 the baby's doing fine  
 Taxi! Taxi!  
 Lou says New York City's  
 where it's at  
 video distraction  
 sidewalk mania  
 pull up to that drive-in window please  
 Taxi! Taxi!  
 3rd and 10  
 give you 2 for 5  
 and keep the change my friend  
 Andy Ball

Typewriter

Judy Nystrom, some sixteen years ago,  
 Bought this lightweight portable Olivetti  
 To take with her to deepest Africa  
 Where she was going to teach the natives  
 English, hygiene, and some other things.  
 Last summer when she heard that we were off  
 To cold and distant climes, she pulled it from  
 Its dusty basement shelf, wiped it off,  
 And proffered it to us. Now it sits  
 Before me on this tiny kitchen table  
 In this tiny Warsaw-modern flat  
 Where nothing works. The heat runs hot and cold.  
 Our phone is tapped by some epsilon minus  
 Who forgets to push RECORD and plays back  
 Last week's conversation for our review.  
 And now this typewriter has begun to balk.  
 The "a", much in dem<sub>a</sub>nd, strikes low and we<sub>a</sub>k  
 As if it c<sub>a</sub>n't keep up: must the first  
 be alw<sub>a</sub>ys l<sub>a</sub>st? The comm<sub>a</sub>, now de-tailed.  
 Struts forth a period. changing me<sub>a</sub>sured.  
 flowing thoughts into trunc<sub>a</sub>ted blurts.  
 The c<sub>a</sub>rriage chews the p<sub>a</sub>per with sm<sub>a</sub>ll bites.  
 The roller le<sub>a</sub>ves its calling c<sub>a</sub>rd--vague  
 Bl<sub>a</sub>ck Rorsch<sub>a</sub>ch columns which evoke  
 The structure of my person<sub>a</sub>lity:  
 Ins<sub>a</sub>ne rage! And th<sub>a</sub>t friggin ribbon  
 Loves to jump its fence. My h<sub>a</sub>nds <sub>a</sub>re soot.  
 And now. and now. th<sub>a</sub>t most useful "p"  
 Like me. is <sub>a</sub>bout to snap off. ch<sub>a</sub>nging  
 Pungent points into ungent oints.  
 M<sub>a</sub>king sPlices s lices, P<sub>a</sub>sses <sub>a</sub>sses.  
 L<sub>a</sub>st summer it w<sub>a</sub>s nice of Judy Nystrom  
 To offer us the use of her m<sub>a</sub>chine;  
 But f<sub>a</sub>r nicer still it would h<sub>a</sub>ve been  
 H<sub>a</sub>d Judy Nystrom left this godd<sub>a</sub>mned thing  
 In Afric<sub>a</sub>. some sixteen years ago!

-- Milton Reigelman

A:

Tom Culhan  
 James Dean  
 Ted Kennedy

Watch the Children by Ann Mays

Watch the children as they play  
 Merrily they go their way  
 Their minds are fertile ground  
 Old men pass their burdens down

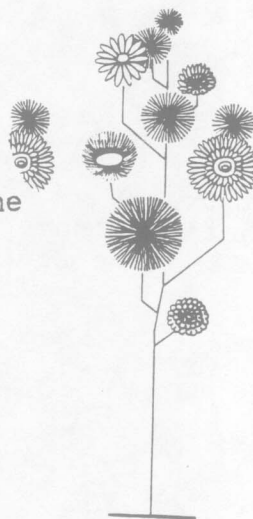
Alice in Wonderland fills their minds  
 Roses in rings take up their time  
 Castles are built from grains of sand  
 Their happy laughter fills the land

Night and day are merged in one  
 The only difference is the sun  
 Hide and seek is their game  
 Their thoughts and ours are not the same

Silly rhymes are made up fast  
 From words heard spoken in the past  
 Though the meaning is not known  
 The truth comes out--the wisdom shown

In their eyes we see a light  
 So strong and Oh! how bright  
 Building each and every day  
 The light goes out.

So ends the play.



READING LIST (for those  
 who need prompting)

The Dollmaker, Harriette  
 Arnow

Surfacing, Margaret Atwood

Alice in Wonderland, Lewis  
 Carroll

The Chronicles of Narnia,  
 C.S. Lewis

# GRATEFUL DEAD

## 1993

Their journey began in Tempe  
Reflecting upon future history  
Through desert and mountainous lands  
To witness the change cradled in they're hands.  
They travelled then to Las Vegas  
And watched as it changed into Irvine, and  
The Mojave desert was the return for one.  
Although the cold ocean made their bodies numb  
As nightfall and the 'short break' fell  
They saw the rise of the fans as well.  
None were so happy as seeing the sight  
Of rift crusades through day and night.  
The deadheads claimed that their faith was right.  
The band called its people into flight.  
They see the flat and bug-eyed, and  
Keeping their eyes on the view as it swells  
They travelled toward Berkeley.  
Berkeley gave way to a hot 'West L.A. Fade Away'.  
At one time 'Birdsong' stood very still  
A 'Space' with a girl saying, "Hey! It's Morning!",  
Undone at 'Not Fade Away' and 'Baby Blue'.  
Over the unrest they willingly flew,  
She was watching her man and 'Stella Blue'.  
Summer was coming with the Mid-west tour  
Bodies piled up at Madison and St. Paul  
They did not ignore blazing first set in Illinois.  
After Karl's 100th and an 'Aiko' they went  
Riding Norm's bus over the desert again.  
They witnessed the ocean and Ventura's two shows  
They eyed the train and then 'Big Railroad Blues' blows.  
A thumb carried them through to Red Rocks  
To the rising dust of many many cops.  
Viewing the smoke in "Promontory Rider, Territory BAM!" it blew  
Their itinerary about to draw to a close.  
They stopped off in Santa Fe and saw two great shows  
Their journey now reaching its saddening end.  
From past to present their time is full,  
Ending in the Grateful Dead, place of the skull.



MOVIES AT A GLANCE: EUGENE  
by Lance Corporal

Eugene roams the streets at night wearing mirrored shades. No one notices him. He follows young men around, watches them through his shades.

At dawn Eugene comes home and locks his door behind. He paints the young men he watches. At least one a day. He spends hours moving them from one wall to another, to a corner, to a closet. Some get painted over, some are thrown in the garbage.

Last night Eugene left his apartment at midnight. He wore the shades, his old earth sandals, and a dirty green down vest. He walked down town with his hands in his pockets. At Vine Street past Over-the-Rhine, he noticed a young man across the street. His long curly hair tossed as he argued with some hooker. She called him a sweet prick as he stalked away.

Eugene trailed him into a bar full of young men. Inside, Long Hair drank vodka martinis and spoke with others in low voices. Eugene heard their murmuring. He watched several leave in pairs. After four drinks Long Hair walked out with another.

Eugene followed them a few blocks through empty streets into a dark alley. They paused in the shadows and opened a door in the back of an abandoned building. They walked into the blankness and up the stairs hand in hand. Eugene followed closely watching through his shades. They entered an open hall after three flights. Bare bulbs burned on each end and doors lined each side of the hall. Noises came through most of the doors. The couple found an empty room at the far end of the hall.

Eugene was in the room when the door was closed. He watched Long Hair until he knew every feature on his body.

Then Eugene stepped toward the couple and took off his shades. The young men saw the glint of the knife as it cut more than the air. But neither uttered a sound.

Eugene had no eyes. Only black holes swallowed their souls.

He cut Long Hair's throat and filled a syringe. He injected the blood into his arm and shuddered. Eugene put on the shades and returned to the night.

-30-  
-60-  
-90-  
HUT

Jan. 1979

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

A bad workman quarrels with his tools.



"Underground" newspaper: splendid idea, that.

CLOSE COVER BEFORE STRIKING



The plastic princess hangs her head  
in wonder  
At the silver glittered boys trying  
trying to compete  
And all at once the room begins to  
thunder  
And all that's left are the stains  
on the sheet.

(from a Lawler postcard)

A Latin Joke; or, Iocum Anglicum?

Uter gravior est--libra ferri  
aut libra pennarum?

\$1.00 (American) to the first Latin  
13 student who correctly translates  
the above; \$4.00 (U.S.) to the first  
student who correctly identifies the  
English proverb hidden in bilingual  
double entendre in the Latin. Apply  
to Prof. Joyce.

my good gentleman  
quotes the Gospel  
and says I'm being  
busy about many things  
and tells me to look  
at the lilies of the  
field

Don't touch me  
I am  
Fragile  
Ask me for nothing  
I will remain  
Whole

Andy Ball

The Dawn by Arthur Rimbaud (trans. by MZ)

I have embraced the dawn of summer.

Nothing was moving yet in front of the palace. The water was dead. The camps of shadows had not left from the road along the woods. I watched, letting out breaths, living and lukewarm; and the stones were watching, and wings took flight without noise.

In the path already filled with fresh, pale brightness, the first venture was a flower who told me his name.

I laughed at the waterfall as it got tossed about when crossing the firs; at the silver peak of the mountain I recognized the goddess.

Then I raised the veils one by one. In the road, by using my arms. In the field, where I denounced the cock. In the city, she was fleeing, winding through church towers and domes; and running like a beggar along the marble quays, I chased her.

At the top of the road, next to a forest of laurels, I surrounded her with the veils I had gathered, and I felt, just a little bit, her immense body. The dawn and the child fell to the bottom of the forest.

Upon my awakening, it was noon.

LALA SQUATT'S BOOK REVIEWS  
RAY by Barry Hannah

I found this book under "New Books", at the Grace Doherty. It's a strange book, a lot of fucking, violence, attitudes about women and blacks that are likely to offend. But it's about life. It's about what happens when you go to war. It's about a doctor.

It's about a poor family, rising from the dirt to the filth of the world. It's short, only 113 pages. Interesting reading.



### Easter Poem

The sun rose again  
This morning  
The sun rises every morning  
I pray silently to  
Whatever  
Turns the wheel  
That it will continue

Conception is in the air  
It radiates in blushes  
A young man pulls his sleeve  
Across his eyes  
The earth breathes  
Purples and greens

Today I don't believe  
In death  
It is the lie of existence  
Only a season  
The soul is the wheel  
And eternal as the day  
Of the sun rise

Steve Ruth

life, the universe,  
and everything

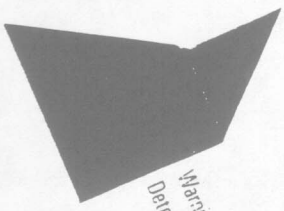


a tasty treat  
from



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Marlboro

20 CLASS A CIGARETTES

FRIDAY

26

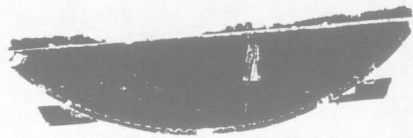
Warning: The Surgeon General Has  
Determined That Cigarette Smoking  
Is Dangerous to Your Health

Dusky Morning

Dew Drops  
glued to a spiderwebb.  
a cool breeze brushes  
almost under your  
armpits. And you sense the ebb  
of the river you're  
standing in.  
While Pirhanas clip your  
toenails, you know you're  
free because dewdrops  
evaporate, and your  
deodorant isn't working.

Jimbo Pitts

packing books  
out of nooks  
fixing eggs  
gulping kegs  
just like to say  
thought of you today  
please take care  
we know you're there  
SSS 9/3/83



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