

today is jan 11 and dec 22 was  
the last day

9 days  
11 days

20 days

8 more days  
—28 days

28 days

11

8

around jan 19 should be her time

## BOYCOTT, GIRLCOTT

Marshall McLuhan: So you see, Mao, these young people can't help but be tribal whether they're in Charlottetown or Chinatown. As they begin to react in depth to the social life and problems of our global village, they become reactionaries.

Mao Tse-Tung: But how should we judge whether a youth is a revolutionary? How can we tell? Comrade McLuhan — I tell you there can be but one criterion, namely whether he is willing to integrate himself with the broad masses.

Jack Kerouac: Revolutionary my ass. Jeez Marshall, you've been around colleges. You know they're just grooming schools for the middleclass non-entity that usually finds itself in the rows of well-to-do houses with lawns and tv sets in each living room with everybody looking at the same thing and...

Allen Ginsberg: If I can cut in Jack... I'd like to sum up the whole loveless mess: There was this fat little chick, cardboard round her head like she was on sale, with no manna or anything for the boys. One of the mass you might say, Mao.

Mao: The masses are the real heros. So? Ginsberg: (3 second laugh) Yes, Mao, but slacks will seal her fate and the extra freedom she never needed anyway.

Marshall: A victim of the village. Jack: The real winners were underground—care-less of the little mob, screwing if they were lucky, writing icy poetry for the booby public of the future if they weren't lucky. And SDU has a few of these even though she doesn't deserve them, regular Buddhas of the white North... with little melted student i.d. cards and new roadmaps for the summer.

—Wayne Wright

# Zeitgeist

## THE MASTUR PLAN

the Standard Bearer  
touches up the face  
of the city with  
sterile sex,  
panavision pros  
peddle autoerotic businessmen  
piece of mind...  
but you can't control  
the wrinkles in your soul.  
bask-seat driver  
buries the darkness  
like a ship; hot fingers  
whistle.

dry-dock fisherman  
wipes his Wedding-Day heart,  
and the Public Wars drag on...  
ah, but isn't that  
the Mastur Plan?

—jjh

## flagellants' rubaiyat

too drunk to walk i drove  
& so went we along—ulysses & co.  
escaping from the land of the mingled grape,  
& thats not all y'know, not by any means—  
talks about ?—scylla & charbdis?—  
he prattling on in his foolish way  
pausing only to wipe the drool from the

right side of his chin  
against the padded dash.

against us were countless strobelight lecherous  
winking headlamps

& 3 pints of scotch,  
not the least of which was the last,  
as they say  
listening  
just off coarse  
—missin beardsinVolks—  
his story,  
punctured by dramatic sighs, wild laughter  
& gestures—

of him (missin the bathroom)  
rollin off the bed in the guest-room  
& gigglin so hard he almost dropped his pint  
as his girl got laid 2 feet above,  
ya shouda been there he said  
as it was i pissed myself heh heh...  
we're all horny as balloons anyway.  
after going nowhere for god knows how long—  
barfroom in the ditch etc.  
he got one of his erratic melancholy flashes  
of almost human intelligence,  
grinned boozily & said  
something happened back  
there eh?

i don't think so, i said

—jjh

## node posit/nore turn

I awake,  
my encore life still  
waiting to be requested,  
my wrinkled scrapbook of hallow days:  
snapshots brown  
as grass

salvation armless poorbox figure,  
now roaming,  
tinkling my bell before me;  
looking for your

dogeared  
embrace.  
my time is a postscript  
when over your temple  
arch

I see a musky memorial:  
"node posit  
nore turn".

—jjh

CORRUPTION: The surest way to corrupt a youth is to instruct him to hold in higher esteem those who think alike than those who think differently.

—Nietzsche

DOUBTFUL: To accept a faith just because it is customary, means to be dishonest, to be cowardly, to be lazy. And do dishonesty, cowardice and laziness then appear as the presupposition of morality.

—Nietzsche

## FEMALE WIND

to know the female wind at the lonesome hour  
wrinkle your brow and think and then just go  
then gone to find children leaves following  
everywhere

Eurydice where am i going. you gone forever  
will i go to forever through fields and forests  
and the sparkle sound flow water — calling  
your name

the sky is blue and her hair is red  
no twinkle green dream to follow  
no strange ride down a super highway  
no sound no touch no smell no some some no  
some know the female wind and go along  
Orpheus still sings his song to belong  
so many never know so many some know

—Leon