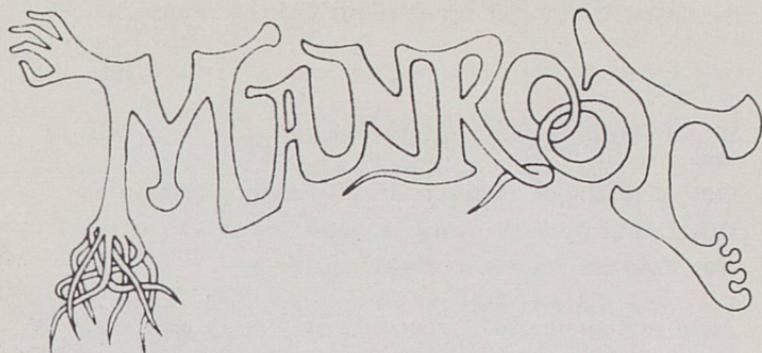


ВЕРБАСИ И КОСОВИ



49

RB



MAN-ROOT #8  
February 1973 \$1.50

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MAN-ROOT

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MAN-ROOT #9

will feature Victor Borsa.

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*Man-Root will continue thru issue #12. We cannot at this time commit ourselves to issues beyond that.*

All submissions must be typed, original copy, SSAE incl.

*Patrons and subscribers are direly needed and welcomed. The CCLM grants and subscriptions do not cover all of our expenses in this costly publishing venture.*

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I LIVES IN'A GARBIJ CAN

Corso Kerouac Cassidy McClure Orlovsky Ginsberg Burroughs I came  
'cross your old school pictures Front row kneeling like angels  
lifted outa pickpocket files down onto finegrain photographic  
sands dissolving in hypo tears Mistygustyyouths in fascination  
of your own wonder there wasn't semen smears on your pants' pleats

In this only Writer's School of its kind I'm not sure where  
Ferlinghetti fits in Call him Handbill The only girl in class  
Denise Levertov was told: Stay home the Day the Picture Took

CorsoKerouacCassidy BIGFRAMING OrlovskyGinsbergBurroughs Lil'uns  
sidlin' up to Big'uns Mouthing Hiya Gunslinger McClure with arrows  
coming out his chin chips coming out his shoulders like Gillette  
dispensers gits to be Blueblade Badboy )Bad boys only get  
to wear bootroar of the skin of the transvestite of the lion(

Hart.....

...!.....

...Crane..

pinned-pining in lockers of lockshorn hicksailor Ginsberg The  
Poet-Aboard-Boat Of wild-spinach expression toot-tooting hooka  
to Algiers A one-stuntman band leapfrogging in handspringing  
love with Peter Frau-licking another firm-bodied author upon Freak  
Beach (Peter Orlovsky authored Allen

*In Tangier  
the Bluemen*

*Parade* Blackmen paint themselves) blue  
Aunty Burroughs' Blueblooded Finishing School of limping Voices  
Growing Vaulted over backrow of mirrored boys immune to girls  
segregated from lockerroom stances of saints' blowjobs on Clark-  
Gable-Beautiful with-an-earthquake-going-on workout

Work-It-On-Out Coruac Casslure Orlovbergough You never let me  
be in the school picture Ferlintov you never put my poetry  
in yourYearlyYearbooks You sent my poems home with coffee blood  
ass stains on them I'll have my turn at the top o' 1970 I'll Be  
QUEEN O' THE CLASS IyamIyamIyam While youse dead or turned into  
old men peeing in your cinched-up rantpants Sheiks in your pockets  
holes in your Trojans So ancient you'll turn into OliveOil Cronos  
I'll be yr wust w'mun English teacher's favorite pet in an EXclusive  
ALL GIRLS' School For Writers IcanIcanIcan

## FOR WHOM RICHARD BRAUTIGAN CAN DO NOTHING

The poet in the sunlight said he would do twice as much for a woman with only 15% more beauty Richard Brautigan is not 1% more handsome than I am beautiful In addition he has curvature of the spine and is pushing me to the point of reminding him of that delicate matter If I kept up the digs at the hump as Richard Brautigan reads off women as light airy nothings the lump of listening men and women would grow into a din overpowering my crude attempt at rhyming likenesses To think in the beginning I too thought a poet in sunlight beautiful

EXPRESS

I do not see a bridge I just saw a pig A cloud hump a hill  
Dogs in Osaka have curled tails The weather today is many impure  
dogs An half-breed atmosphere What are you Kabuki of the moment  
in a country of an eternity of opposites of a thousand painted  
dolls' constantly altering faces I put a wet finger out to  
paper fish flying helter-skelter in rain

Blue tile red tile grey tile red green green red grey grey grey green  
grey red grey grey grey grey red red red blue green grey tile blue  
tile red tile grey grey grey

The white-maned lion was once The Empress of The Marmalade Tree  
The Marmalade Tree looks like the repair job on the face of  
a Hiroshima Maiden I said marmalade

Tiger Man has air inside With a tiger's face and a body and  
sound like a lung A dishtowel tied on for flying Not to be  
confused with Soft Man on a bicycle wearing a surgical mask  
out of courtesy for having a cold On his way to the plastic  
ice cream cone factory

How many miles to old times old smiles When my reflection was  
gold fleck in the black pearls of your ancient eyes Where names  
of cigarettes were Hope and Peace

Rage of the taxicab youth driving toward death Missing life an  
inch honking endlessly at every stone garden narrowing  
At the slow layout of affairs Our single affair No longer love  
but deep love No longer an ancient city but full of slow toilets  
a Venice of sewers above which poetry is written of cherry blossoms  
and escape

Past pillars past water-immersed eyes past the slow drag of  
the heartbeat modernizing me This morning you told me through  
bitter eye drinking I'd have to wait I wanted to make love  
You wanted to pack for Tokyo

A great Japanese actress down spiral glitter stairs followed by  
a long train of smooth-flowing tresses masses of Japanese  
breathing steamily move rope-handled bags and different feet  
some wrapped in cloth wooden clomp-clomps shiny rain leather  
black & white 1940 oxfords shuffling over trowel-smoothed land  
As though the Japanese were Detroit in the grip of an electro-  
magnetic crush Bodies feelings pressing in on all sides A race  
of people reduced to cubicle one-foot-by-one-foot American  
livingroom conversation-piece coffeetables The kindling features  
of old men and women snapped in front of Kodak Camera's Pavilion  
the souls of their gold teeth showing through chocolate People  
from the provinces wearing distinct straw bonnets or silk ribbons  
at the 1970 World's Fair to keep from getting lost Men  
standing like children in the women's bathroom so as not to lose  
track of the female half of the province

Japan glimpsed from a night train *O Awkward dream of a maiden  
hidden under sequins*

You wear 10 gallon stud hat Men want to feel my blond hair apart  
Women hug you They've never felt such big earth You are my  
manager moonlighting as a genuine Tokyo Texas salesmanwoman of  
cowboy boots worth a million I am the Japanese blond dream  
Hankyu department store dummies are blondes I'm going to paint  
my face shock white geisha wear shimmering spangles under a  
pagoda of gold hair have surgery on my eye corners get rich  
appearing on stage as an American impersonator The clincher:  
I sing the latest hit with the voice of a Japanese wrestler

The drunk lady went into the men's toilet to find out if the American  
had a big one or a little one He had a little one

You were not drunk You were you I was not me We fought  
Two godzilla monsters wending their way at nineteen o'clock night  
their feet on roofs Webbed rage raising itself through a thousand  
prisms of spiny fly bodies You Waving Saw-Toothed-Back at me  
Me my mouth Full Of Pins Miniaturizing Joy

You sent five monkeys home to respond to you Do you hear their  
cymbals clapping across the ocean a mechanical band of approval  
flying goldenly into the sun : The beginnings of the first Monkey  
Empire in America

I've lost weight nibbling all that sushi affection served in  
inch-by-inch cakes slurping up all those noodles for approval  
going into the future with consuming hunger for the past

*Nanji desuka kudasai* : What time is it please  
Time I rubbed your soles and calves Time I talked Time I cut  
through squid or Time I was silent An impeccably arranged  
unpained cottage The particles of our affair swept into a corner  
Cornered I sit and watch for hours What is the Japanese word  
for "dustpan" How do the Japanese rid themselves of particles  
Where do feelings go : The reduced footstep Hush Hello Hush  
Rush on train in a tunnel out I force fast-moving evasions  
to the surface They boil You ruv me You don't ruv me  
Define please Sank you

The strength of the Bunraku puppeteer drawn into the puppet until  
the puppet drags the man behind it

Who occupies your compartments now And all your births I'm in  
the one with plush yellow that goes swoosh over the bridge  
rumbles past tiny manufactured cities clangs back into sprigs  
of pink permanence thrusts out to hillsides of silk exposure  
I like and I don't like that your new girlfriend's emotions were  
my emotions dripping down to you from peppermint-edged envelopes  
(Envelopment) (My new girlfriend is too new to ask for a postcard  
She still has an old girlfriend) (If this is too geographic I will  
make it more pictorial) (Your new girlfriend plays pool with her  
old girlfriend while Oldyu travels with Newmi to Tokyo)

You and I not say Sayonara Sayonara is like Jade like chipped  
crystal It is easy but expensive Rather two steaming dragons  
breathe on each other as in a bad play The sun rising red of  
hunger at outskirts of sliding screens and tatami mat breath

## QUARTET OF CELLOS

A British woman asked what car I drive British I said Year 1959  
Sure is an attractive little sports car she said her lips bent  
into a beaming jewel atop a silk cravat atop a plaid riding jacket  
atop a Year 1939 renovated rare roadster Sporting I roared

A woman kissed me She put her lips softly to mine and pressed  
while her lover looked on I let her kiss and kiss me entrails  
of ivy lips' single perfect milk-to-wine morning-glory's spreading  
Tendrils: The finger ends of her suspended lover looking on

A girl told me I felt like a cello player What does a cello player  
feel like She didn't answer almost gone She hangs about the beach  
and never heard of Pablo Casals I didn't give her my phone number  
She couldn't know to here to touch

A woman I thought I recognized thought she knew me We didn't speak  
I liked her I love her I dwell on the stars the moon The Blonde Archer  
of the Night stringing blue without a bow (HER) I thump out on  
a mourning fingerboard

## ARMADILLO ON ICE

The hockey goalie is my kind of man a veritable bastion of security  
caught in mad genius grimace strategizing the mint the plate the  
brick intimating a dull glint surrounding it with 0 instant  
electrical storm A sting in the brain A Frankenstein revival of  
aurora spreading purple through a shin Overprotecting  
eye-rolling  
cold feet  
fending  
and wending  
imagination  
of assault  
of injury  
over a ice  
precipice  
in a blood  
arena of matador-  
ripped groins

Gargantuan the mask that hides the face that hides the slight gesture  
of ice skate swagger (heel turn in) The blade/In Error Eternal  
Affirmation of imperfection emphasized and exaggerated in all its ram-  
ifications in all its grotesqueries Click:to:click men in their  
eyes being batted All for keepsake of dark clippings and bullgore  
reward overHope I go for you goalie My kind of man

OTHER TWIN OTHER SHORE

Frying bananas a Chinese twin frying bananas confessed she dreamed she's  
two homosexuals making love

6 ft. religious cowboy hymn-singing Sunday morning Him-sidling horse  
upta nearest Preachermobile singlehandedly sprinkling tobacco outa  
pouch ontu skywriting wisps of prairie guitar-plucker's finger uvuh  
woman turning thread in rolling horizons inta thunderEnd TITAN'HIGH  
Spit:licking ends lassoing constellations along the creamy steerhorn  
all the zigzagnight holds match to finger Sptt:fireforth expertise

Hornrimmed silver homosexual stage designer drowning British stages  
in roles of chintz wallpaper as if it was women in purple-wound fevers  
unraveling in elevators on-top-of coffee interior sounds halfmilkhalf  
tea Twin stage designers whose accidental oriental preference for  
cowboys at banana fries becomes evident the third accidental oxidental  
waltz 'round the Virginia Woolf cast party punch bowl Virginia Woolf's

two women

with men's voices

(When Virginia Woolf changed sexes she didn't change voices) Some  
enchanted stranger evening Virginia Woolf's oxidental oriental other  
shore:George Sand:Singlewoman:Twin of Two sitting puffing wallpaper  
crossing stiff denim legs like tied-up tumbleweeds identifiable as next  
morning's society page pantsuit man:Sand's other twin frying bananas  
offering stogies to Theboys

## HANNAH OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

### Admission

*If I'd seen your relationship as the aurora borealis I wouldn't have touched your lover with a ten-foot poem Canadian-born For you the Northern Lights were a vague thing hanging there I would give a pint of poet's blood to see*

### Astigma of a Jewish Mother

Knifing through her lover's clothing insisting something was faded a hem not straight Labeling everything Butch or Fem I won't go with you to the Female Impersonator Show in that stomping dike jacket Now would she put a foot in any German restaurant in La Jolla while telling her daughter You have a plain face your clothes look schlocky Interrogating the eighteen-year-old (Half hoping for the hint of curtain glow before the First Act of A Daughter-Saving Mother finds the trashier pocketbooks from her collection on THAT subject in one of her daughter's drawers): You're not a lesbian are you

### Hannah in overhead light

She asked a question only to interrupt the answer As if the role Querant of Queers was flattering to a maturing figure How could you how could you the She-Husky of the North howled whose ears were jaded to the break in the ice whose eyes were jazzed-up-day-light in the middle of the night I heard her coming through the front door and scrambled into a closet She opened a second door to find her sleeping lover nude in a double-sleeping bag She tested the other half: Warm I slipped on a robe entered the scene nonchalant my mouth full of cigarettes Not to have to speak Lynn not *you* how *could* you And to her sweetheart's scare stirring perfumes In Love: Get up You're going home with me You BELONG to ME

Last time I saw Hannah

Last time I saw Hannah she was between two white-haired social worker lesbians with motherly expressions doing 70 miles an hour in a black 16 cylinder cadillac Trio resembling Cerberus the three-headed dog Guardian of the gangster world Missing props were cigars to be bitten down on Hannah watching out for Hannah on either side The left head fulfilling all her urgencies The right head listening to her every chirping (as well as wolfhounds can be expected to obey a she-bitch with big dugs playing one against the other) Both up swatting flies over gaily-laid Sunday brunch table setting

Lover-leaving

Hannah doesn't love who she throws a bone She pats them dusts them like bookends after holding intercourse every Saturday night in heat with all those art books on the coffee table made by her former lover It's *OURS* you made it *FOR US* she proclaims Koffee-Klatch-Like refusing to let go of a coffee table in the middle of a sky-collapsing migraine

## THE WHITE INSIDE A PINE TREE

Ingmar Bergman and I agree the Norwegian fish run shall not outlast  
a Swede's loyalty Ingmar and I( )Bosom buddies Thru aquavitae  
treachery and plague the towhead remains yours true True  
in Sweden to one order of farm folk who do not speak They with  
complexion of snowflakes converse thru song Loyalties intoned  
back and forth until feelings passing between them grow swift thick  
and higher than a logjam Great hand of a collective of people  
squinting in their beer takes my head and steadies it toward the  
burning light

## DORA

Mother has a girlfriend a Russian !Help)Help)I)am)running(from  
(the(Russians! The woman speaks bell-like and with an accent  
of a sign in a park not far from Kiev on which is written NO DOGS  
OR JEWS And her little nose and eyes are troika bells hanging on  
a rack in a row on her leather-red face She is gracious intelligent  
unpainted soft-of-voice and fixes blood-red borsch running both cold  
and hot for lunch On holidays: A heavy little rumcake representing  
one great snowfall-laden Kremlin I love a lovable old cupcake of  
Socialist Order Of Mother's choosing Whether they do or whether  
they don't (whether she's trueblood Russian) doesn't matter to an  
only erotic daughter of a mother

IT IS WRITTEN ON THE WALLS OF THE WORLD'S BATHROOM:  
A RUTABAGA\* IS THE WART HOG OF THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM

I am a lesbian I am a gay queer Christian queen a homosexual  
faggot fairy a transexual bisexual unisex bivalve hermaphrodite  
I am an albino biggot a tripod sodomite a Catholic Martian negro  
masher heterosexual Doppelganger Jew-Potato Alien-Pervert Commie-  
Convict I am an American-Hell's-Legion-Angel-Irish-Junkie  
The Top O' the Mornin' do you, Mrs. Calibash,  
wherever you are, do you, do you do?

\*A Swedish turnip

EMULSION

Picture a lesbian estate on the cliffs of California where doors  
open green and bodies open blue Where dye is let down on the  
rooms each day and Amazons wearing tiger rags come out of trees  
for lunch served by monkeys stained purple Amazons eat monkeys  
A most satisfying experience alive in the digestive tract as the  
rooms water and color and wait for the night

Picture female figures pregnant with purple monkeys carrying bows  
and arrows netting more monkeys albino monkeys with warning light  
eyes chattering pink on the cliffs of California their snarls  
frozen purple Night uninterrupted but by a monkey's scream  
Picture fuchsias in the dark under pressure of animal skin  
Amazons in rooms

## GRAVESIGHT

A forest holding a match in its hand The burned-out side of a hill  
An ice prince stealing into a sleeping bag Fog pushing its way  
onto cracker flavor A.R.T. carved on a wood table Stone stove  
No wood available Super camper freaks throwing sugar cubes to a  
raccoon its eyes instimatic flash-glazed My lover centering  
glass beads on a fishline in dark glasses by firelight If I speak  
in midst of her coloration will her eye slip a bead Will  
last century's lover bring me flower monuments from next morning's  
hill

## PILLOW: NOTE

JaneJane If and If I ever was published and never was again I'd  
dwell in a corny posthumous belief in a fine old house for turning out  
fictions touring The Garden of Helen Indulging my mood of big  
blooddrop fuchsias and bleeding fingers of pyracantha

Helen Regalia Last night you removed the hooks today you wash  
the curtains I'd like to send you something ethereal like bottled  
rainbows you could hold For Jane: A hundred-year-old unopened  
midafternoon aperitif called Deerantler Velvet of Melancholy

Helen Jane Thank you for room for my proclivities toward recluse  
my seeing things in circumspect to time-lapse photography of daisies  
pushing against a window shuddering like glimpses of a golden dream  
(Sometimes I find myself dancing when I'm stopped-----)

You allowed that I love a woman called Wormwood that I wear red shoes  
to protect to assure earthlings I am Good-Witch-Patchwork-Girl  
in Time Of a Visit to Oz *Remember me as the blond boy standing  
staring out a Andrew Wyeth canvas field of wheat*

I HEAR YOU GUARDED TWO-SEX SAY MY NAME

A-frame

It is a mistake these varicose veins and fat tempting to  
pinch off the backs of the legs fat/as on a chicken cooking  
The same legs that fit like a wishbone over the pinto pony the man  
led around to take children's pictures TinT job of The War years:  
Hair yellow eyes hazel lips red complexion pink Say "CHEESE"  
Summers' and winters' lost count held by Kodak Company's XX border  
with fold-back tab A triangle the mother placed on the mauve  
buffet A 30 years' body of exposure to hair and skin and emotions  
unknown to itself The cardboard learning of the alphabet The feeling  
of a great hulk of pointed head Legs set at weird angles to the  
earth Sex obliterated by a straight line  
The little girl who got a gold star  
for letting the red-haired Sunday School  
teacher with pince-nez look pave  
the flames of Hell in her three Sundays  
in a row Is the same little angel face reading about  
hermaphrodites Sunday morning January 18 1970

There is god    there is man    and there are monsters

When my hermaphrodite meets your hermaphrodite    the 3rd hermaphrodite  
the one with two arms two legs and two heads    erupting salamanders  
out its sex    lets all creatures under earth    and a kettle of fish  
up under hags' skirts

When my hermaphrodite meets your hermaphrodite    the sun and moon  
play tricks on a toad: A roCK iS    a cONe    A DOVe    is A bONE  
A tHORN    is    A    POPE    bLOod    Is    tHE roAD    a    Rose    is A  
roPe The    ROBe is A    sTONE

Where witches walk    beasts and bad smells are let out the shadows  
of their centipede rags    Hoop snakes    tails in mouths    jump out of  
their skirts    roll uphill scarin' the slithers out of villagers  
The villagers scatter like stars

When my hermaphrodite meets your hermaphrodite    hermaphrodite will  
turn from hermaphrodite (body kiss of body)    Heaven turn around  
and    song stand still    when Hermaphrodite Your meets Hermaphrodite  
My



Your hermaphrodite is a breastplate with nine big tits down the side of Zeus Carl Jung in armor The shining might of the Myth of the ani-Ma and ani-Moose

My hermaphrodite is a young boy initiated into manhood by taking a woman's dress Off him  
Your hermaphrodite is the same boyhood finalized by putting on male attire never before touched by woman

My hermaphrodite was a disease lowered by umbilicus into the sea the boat maneuvered to deep waters where the cord was cut so the blood of a hermaphrodite wouldn't pollute shore  
Your hermaphrodite is the head removed from an Greek hermaphrodite the sex of whose head is impossible to tell as were thousands of such heads of statues

My hermaphrodite was an abandoned baby found by a shepherd and raised as a boy until he started menstruating and his chest grew moons The shepherd took the boy to the village Ropes were slipped over the confused youth Wood and leaves were heaped upon him And set afire  
Your hermaphrodite women bring flowers to men erect temples for Men and women exchanging clothing in the shadow of the phallic altar erected by men brought flowers to by women

My hermaphrodite will bleed to death in a ward full of tangled organs if (an half)a man(half a)woman isn't/separated/by/the/sterile/ implements of Man  
Your hermaphrodite has a woman's breasts and a man's penis covered by the Lady Museum's Restoration League and uncovered by The Museum Friends' Society That the school teacher in quest of Art hurries her tittering charges out of the room of

My hermaphrodite is half Don Quixote half windmill I a woman attending a Women's Liberation meeting wearing a man's mask flying a witches' flag over my crotch The women wouldn't let me in the door I a member of W.I.T.C.H. The Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell

## A case

Leave the hermaphrodite where one of the few authentic maidenheads left on reserve won't let you at the hermaphrodites in l.c. meaning 'locked case' unless you are an doctor an psychologist or charmed to pass through glass and wood How I got in

Leave the snakeous uncton of organs vulgarized in an surgical diagram like an stomach speaking in an dream Leave the sacred sack all of nature folded and tucked like His/Her lingerie into so little space compounded in an suitcase bobbing along an terminal conveyor of lost revolving and unclaimed tenderness

Leave the hermaphrodite to suffer severe abdominal pains from a undescended testicle Probe the one gonad which on microscopic examination proves to be an testis Dissect labial folds fused posteriously concealing between them anteriorly an phallus five centimeters long Apply scalpel and scribble in the unknown: Urethra complete patient married coitus normal

Leave the hermaphrodite without clothes on her shoulder blades hooked over the height chart Tell her to look straight into an camera so large it is an room full of negative pronouncements: An female with receding hairline increase of muscle deepening voice and no breast development I say female because prior to operation she stole lowcut sweaters from I. Magnin's

The wish to be both sexes

The mythological figure Tiresias came upon two snakes copulating  
He hence turned into Joan of Arc who wore men's clothing against  
judges When ordered burned Tiresias again saw two snakes  
copulating and turned back in

to a man abandoning Joan to the  
psychiatrists

Looking at herm-

aphrodites under lock and key at the nearest medical library I felt  
a lowering in my throat a Highness in my head The descent of  
the conquering fang of the vampire Wolfman's hairs take hold the  
crackling power of this old skin of the female that flowed over these  
ladybones The Laser Lady

e

vap

or

a

ting

at the

rain

bows

ben

ding

The Myth of Penis Envy evaporate  
from women's quarters situated at the outskirts of The Sun I too  
had seen two snakes ringing halos through the grass The Physique  
of Mixed Form Light LIGHT

A little dream of me

Last week I was an hermaphrodite this week I'm a witch What kind  
of witch A good one What kind of witch A white one What  
kind of witch A bad witch but never a wicked one Only as bad as  
a bad boy

How do you spend your days In suspension How do you spend your  
nights Waving my broom to Hades What do you do there Greet each  
witch on the fly with a sniff to the side of the nostril What  
do you do there Drop live frogs in a pot of hot water Why do you  
do that The devil told me to Why do you do that To help  
the Revolution What revolution My own

So you are guilty Unwind her from the rack Prepare the boiling fat  
By her confession she is proven deserving of such end I knew  
all the time she was a witch What kind of witch A frightened one  
What frightened her A nursery rhyme 'There  
was a little girl, and she had a little curl  
Right in the middle of her forehead;  
When she was good she was very, very good,  
But when she's bad she should be salted,  
Peppered and cooked alive.' That's  
how the nursery rhyme ended No That's what the good little girl  
was afraid of when she was horrible

*LYNN LONIDIER*