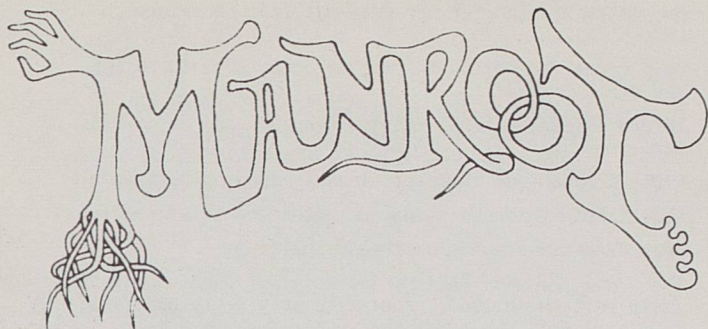


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MAN-ROOT #8
February 1973 \$1.50

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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.

Subscription for four issues is \$5.00. Some back copies are available. Please inquire.

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Editors: Paul Mariah, Richard Tagett

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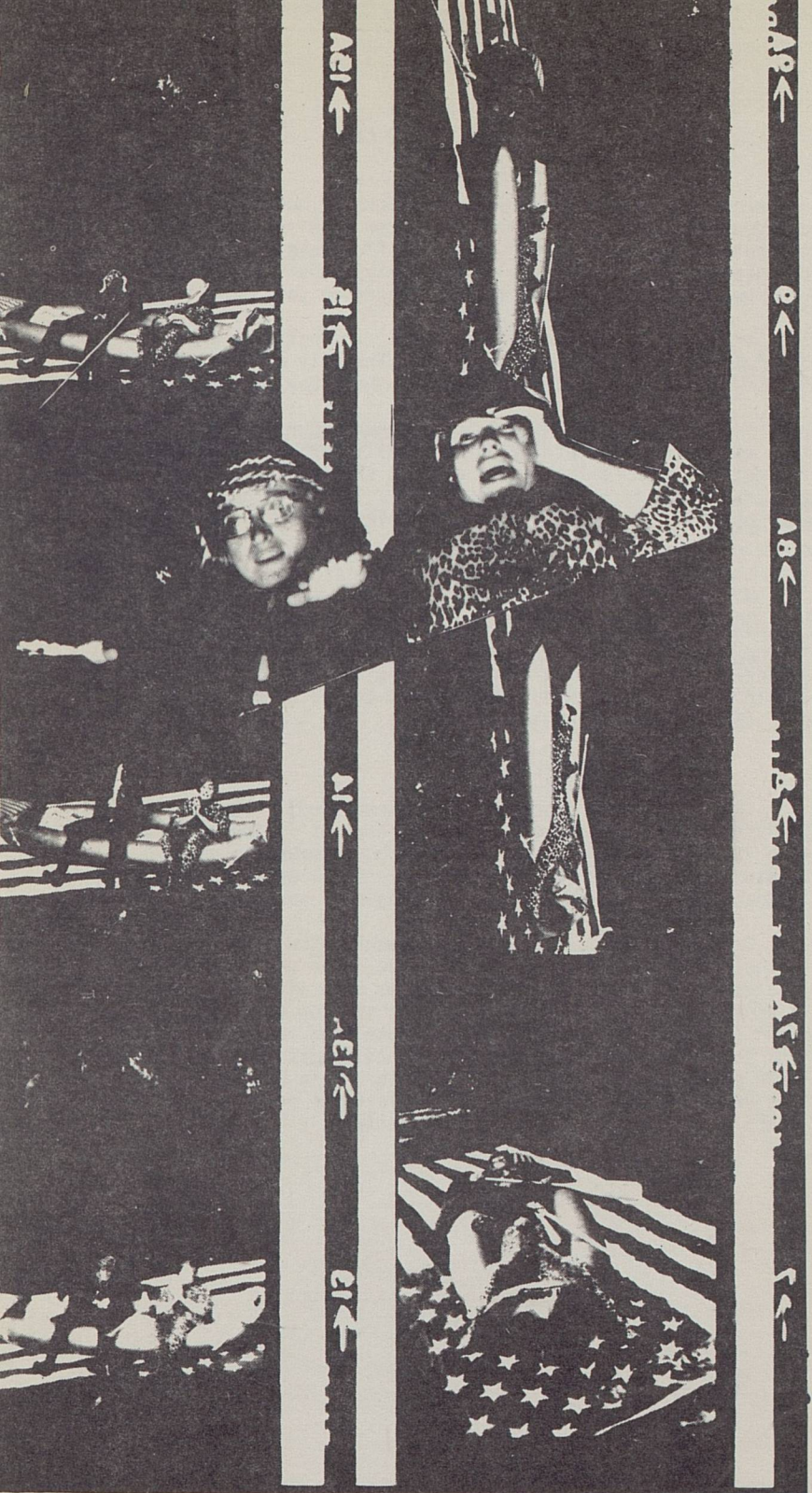
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I LIVES IN'A GARBIJ CAN

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 Crones
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 onto skywriting wisps of prairie guitar-plucker's finger uvuh
woman turning thread in rolling horizons into 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
blooddrops 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 unction 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