

5-29-1969

## **Easterner, Vol. 19, Spring Innisfree**

Associated Students of Eastern Washington State College

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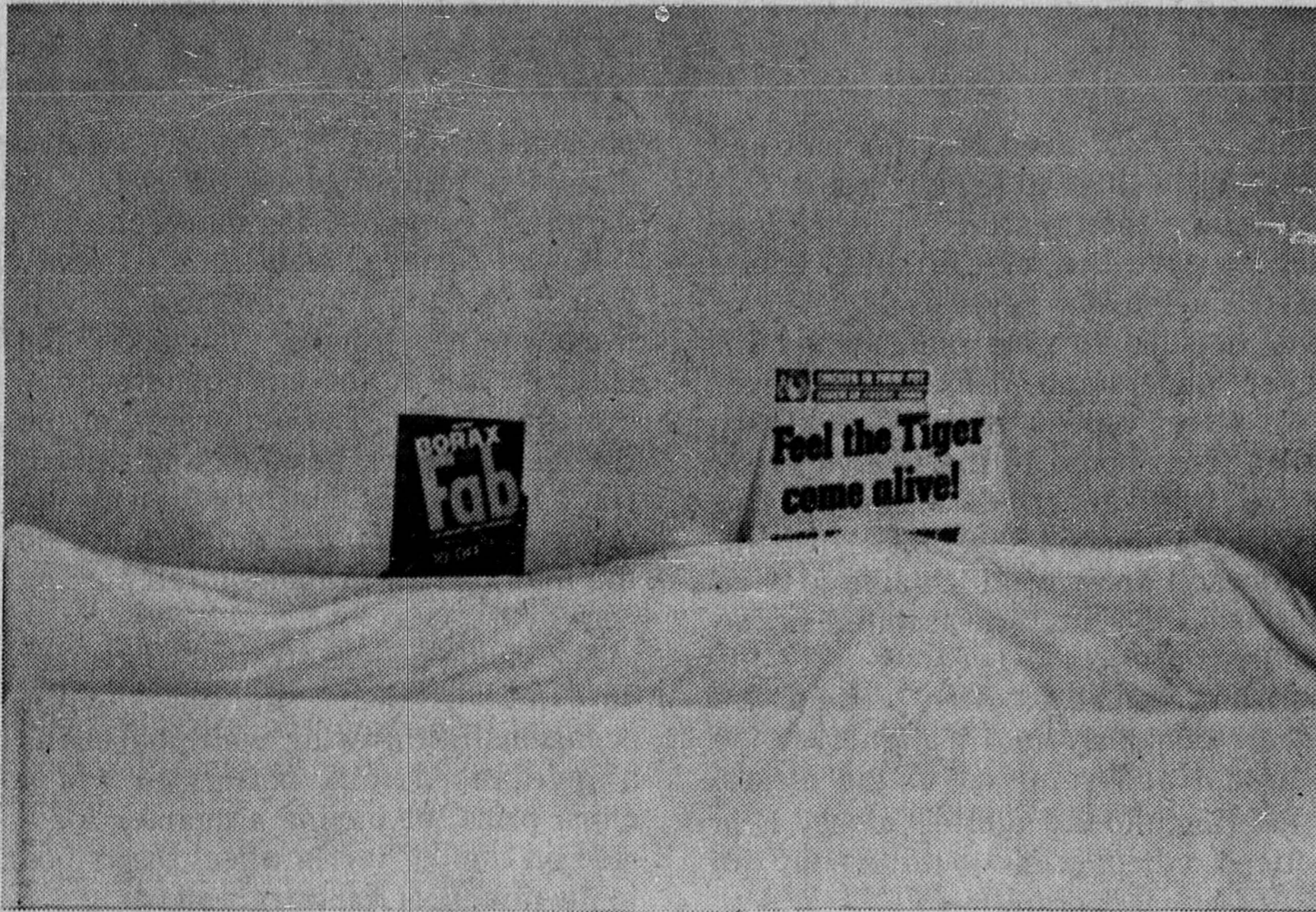
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## PROGRAM

Screeching bombs are approaching  
Friend and neighbor have gone  
Trembling of earth  
Emotions so low  
But first  
A word from our sponsor:

Did you put a tiger in your tank?  
Hands search and make a fist  
Gritting of teeth  
But Fab has borax in it  
And in snow-white linens  
Corpses worry no more

Hans Moerland

# INNISFREE

No. 3

SPRING 1969

Walt Lindgren, editor  
Photos by John Allen

## DANCE

From the blackened cave  
A single over-sound note  
shatters the air  
releasing those amid the darkness.

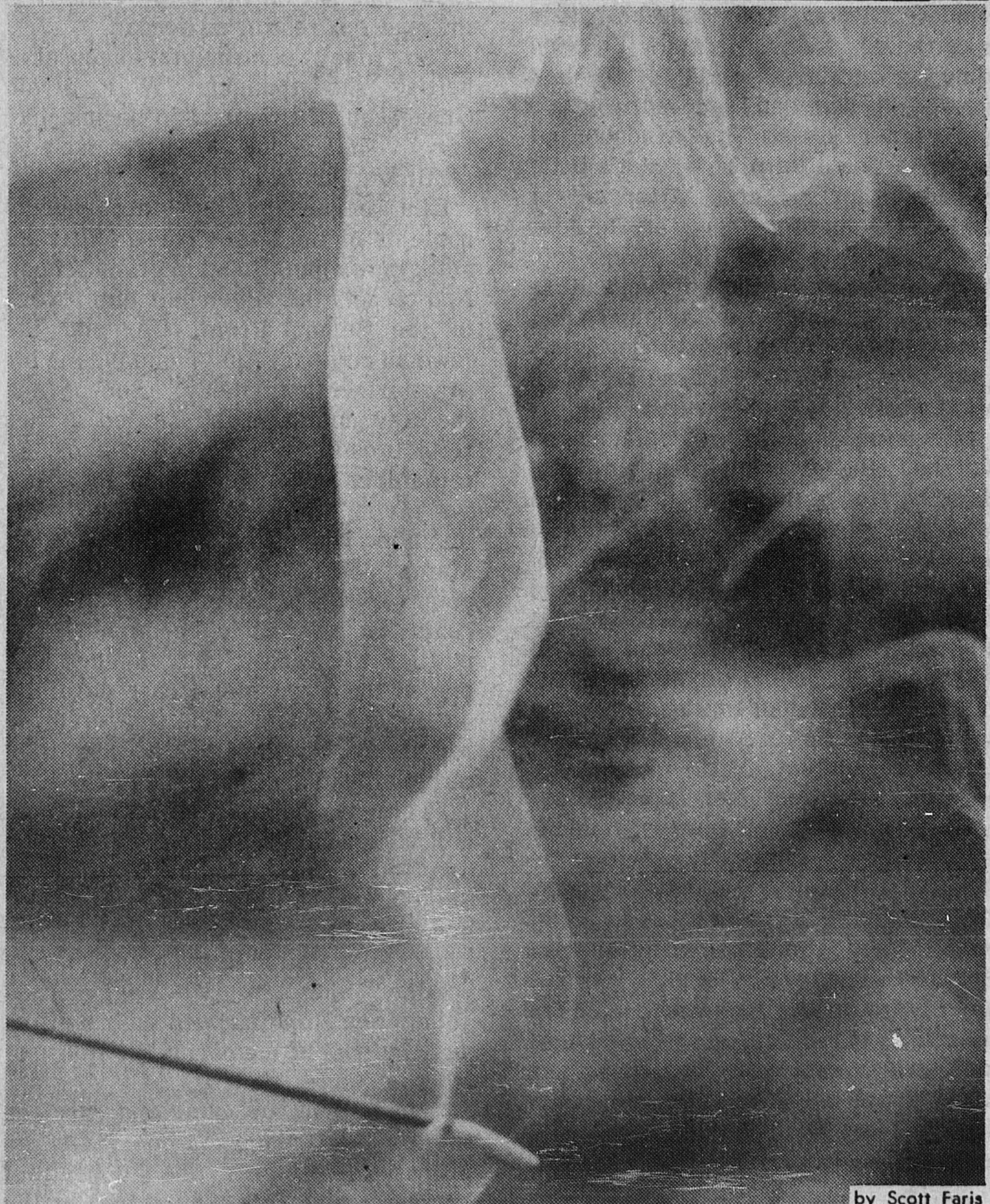
Then,  
in crashing, blaring action  
the vision begins

Shapes dissolved in a  
pulsing liturgy of orgasmic  
communion

Bodies screaming to touch  
yet rejecting conscious togetherness  
in all but the sound

Faces staring at the emptiness  
where emotion ionizes the heavy air, until  
the sound stops and  
unnatural silence destroys  
all memory of intimacy.

Jerry Kraft



by Scott Faris





It was a dreary day. The wind blew ceaselessly through the naked branches of the stunted maple tree, tickling the windows of the brown house with the broken tips of its branches. Ella yawned and shifted closer to the fire that was bravely struggling for life in the hollow fireplace.

"What a useless day," she thought. "George would have to drive the car to work today so I can't go to Mary's card party." A moment passed in silence. "Everybody will be there, too. Except me, of course." She folded her arms and glared at the wet scene outside his window. "I don't know why he had to take the car today. He knew I'd been planning on Mary's party for the last week." She watched the raindrops race each other across the window and sighed. "You'd think he'd have a little consideration for me. After all, I seldom get out of the house and he does everyday. Told Mary I'd come, too. Alice will be there and I did so want to see her. It's been such a long time. George knew I wanted to go. Don't know why he couldn't let me drop him off at work and keep the car."

She moved to the fireplace and watched the fire in silence. Then, thinking to make the best of the situation, she said, "Oh well, can't go and that's that." Her thoughts shifted. "Maybe I should clean out that back closet today."

Ella turned from the fire and went to the bedroom. Behind the bureau there was a little half door that opened into a small closet she used for storage. As usual, the contents of the closet were covered with dust and hap-hazardly stashed into the small compartment.

"Oh, dear," she said, viewing the disordered closet. "I don't know why George can't put things away neatly when he's through with them." Bending down, she began to pull objects out of the tiny cubicle. George's black ice skates and her small white ones came first, then a box of odds and ends that George saved against the time when a faucet would leak and he would need a washer, or

## A CHINA DOLL

when he would need one tiny bolt and didn't want to go to town to get it. Out next came the cream-colored luggage George gave her for Christmas a few years ago but was never used. "Why he ever decided to give me luggage I'll never understand," Ella grumbled. "We haven't been more than eighty miles from home in the twelve years we've been married. Wish he had gotten a telephone installed instead. He doesn't know what it's like to have to spend all your time isolated in the country for years and years."

She shoved the luggage unceremoniously into a corner of the bedroom and returned to the closet.

Peering into the lightless closet, Ella noticed the dark outline of an unfamiliar

box placed toward the back. "I wonder what that is," she thought to herself and pulled the box out of its hiding place into the light. She dusted off the lid of the box and pulled open the top.

"Why, this is where George put all our school things," she discovered and carried the box back into the living room. She sat on the sofa by the fire, the open box resting on her lap.

"So many sentimental keepsakes here," she thought. "Was afraid George burned them. It'd be just like him," she added. "There isn't a sentimental bone in his body."

Ella began pawing through the contents of the box. "There's that old autograph album I had in grade school. And there's the silver hair clip I wore to the Senior Prom. Oh, and the jeweled compact Aunt Dot gave me for my thirteenth birthday." She opened the tiny compact and smiled at her reflection in the cracked mirror. "I remember how angry Mama got at her for giving me that; insisting I was much too young to wear makeup. Poor Mama. She never knew that I'd been going to school early each day so I could borrow Alice's compact and powder my face." Ella laughed and placed the worn metal case carefully on the coffee table. She scattered the remaining contents of the box in a circle around her on the floor.

"There's that old china carnival doll," she said, "and a picture of Alice and Ted with us at the county fair." She put the doll near her on the floor and turned the photograph to catch the dim light coming through the picture window. She saw two baggy-suited young men standing with their smiling girls in front of the carnival's House of Horror.

"We all look so young and carefree there. And cocky, too. George proposed that night." She laughed, but her voice was cold. She stared at the

photograph until its dark figures dissolved into black-edged clouds of darkness, remembering that night. . .

It was carnival night at the County Fair. Noise and confusion was everywhere. People laughed and children ran in and out of the holiday crowd shouting. The old people sat on the curving park benches and talked, reminiscing on all-but-forgotten events of the past, keeping a watchful eye on the many small grandchildren playing near by.

The young people strolled in and out of the brightly lighted booths occasionally throwing white baseballs at pyramided milk bottles to win a china prize, or paying a quarter for a ride on the big ferris wheel that stood in the middle of the fairgrounds.

George and Ella had paired off with Alice and Ted; and the four of them spent the evening together, eating cotton candy and idly wandering around the bright booths. They stopped before the House of Horrors and had their picture taken; Ted and Alice smiling shyly hand in hand, and George with his arm possessively across Ella's small shoulders.

It was a gay night. Only a short time before George had drawn Ella off into a quiet corner of the park and asked her to marry him.

The four young people wandered happily around the colorful booths until they came to the booth where the prize for toppling a pyramid of shiny milk bottles was a painted china doll.

"Would you like one, Ella," George asked, acutely feeling his soon-to-be-assumed role of family provider.

"Oh yes," she said meekly, happy that he had thought of her.

George and Ted put down their quarters and in friendly rivalry began aiming their baseballs toward the transparent targets at the back of the narrow booth. There was a loud tinkling of shattered glass, and Alice was presented with Ted's prize. George put down another quarter and threw more balls, but no rewarding shriek of glass was heard. The balls bounced short of their target and rolled into the gutter.

"Throw them with more force, George," Ted volunteered, demonstrating. "Like this." He took one of the balls from George and exhibited a forceful throw. The white ball streaked through the air and landed in the center of the milk bottles. The pyramid came crashing down amid the embarrassed silence of the four people.

Ted said awkwardly, breaking the silence, "I didn't think that would happen."



# by Dixie Simmons

The wizened attendant thrust a grinning blue-eyed doll toward George. The pink and white figure looked strangely defiled by its contact with the filthy palm.

"Here," he said. "I guess this is yours since you paid for the balls."

George accepted the doll and without a word handed it to Ella. There was a foul expression on his face. They turned away from the booth, Ella holding the laughing doll.

"It doesn't matter, George," she said, slipping her cold hand into his big, unresponsive one. "You would have won me a doll with your next throw. I certainly don't want two of them," she added.

Alice and Ted walked ahead of them, embarrassed and silent. Ella recognized the awkwardness of the situation and searched for a way to relieve it. She caught a glimpse of her family seated on a bench a short distance away and called to the couple ahead.

"Alice, let's meet you and Ted later. I see my folks sitting over there by the ferris wheel, and we want to tell them our news."

The four talked for a few moments, arranged a future meeting, and split up. Ella towed the reluctant George toward the lion's den of her family.

"Hi," she said, George standing behind her. There was a difficult pause after the initial greetings, then Ella plunged into it.

"Look what George gave me." Thrusting out her left hand, she exposed her shining engagement ring to the critical stares of her family. Her mother smiled and squeezed Ella's fingers, showing approval of Ella's decision. Her father, however, was not so easy.

She watched her father's face, trying to read his thoughts. Then she saw the pendulum of his expression swing to the distasteful.

"Ella," he said, and she knew they were in for a lecture. "You're both too young for marriage, only eighteen both of you. What's more George has no education, and no job; and if you ask me, no ambition." After a moment of quiet the older man added pleadingly, asking her to understand he only wanted what was best for her. But it was too late. Ella closed her mind against the pleading voice.

"This is my life, Father, and I shall live it as I choose. George isn't as hopeless as you seem to think."

Her father's face was set in hard, grim lines. Ella knew he had made up his mind against them.

She stiffened, and with cold, lightless eyes reminded, "It is my choice,

Father." Turning, she led George off and they disappeared into the noisy, churning crowd.

The carefree mood of the evening was broken. Ella looked down at the grotesquely grinning doll in her hands and sighed.

"I'm sorry, George," she said, her voice low and soft. "I didn't think they'd be like that." She looked up at him and saw the humiliation and anger in his eyes.

"I don't know why you had to drag me over there," he said, his voice heavy with resentment. "The way you acted you'd think I was a carnival prize like that damn doll." He turned his face away from her hurt eyes, resolved not to give in; not this time.

Then seeing the curious stares of passing friends at their tense faces, the couple arranged their expressions in wide, artificial smiles.

It was the scratching of the maple branches on the window that brought Ella back to the present.

"What a courtship," she thought. "George could never do anything for himself. Ted won me this doll, and the only reason he got his job was because father finally came around and used his influence." Ella glanced at the old clock that was ticking on the mantle.

"George will be home soon," she said to herself, and began collecting the souvenirs and replacing them in the box. The china carnival doll she put in the seldom-used toy chest she had filled for visiting children. She stopped half-way through with her job, deciding she had better start dinner first. George liked to have his dinner early.

"What should I fix?" she asked herself and went into the kitchen. She searched through the refrigerator.

"There's that package of stew meat. Maybe we should have beef stew tonight." Ella took the package of meat and started it browning in a pan. She closed the refrigerator and began peeling vegetables while the meat sputtered on the stove. She heard the crunch of gravel in the drive and the deep sound of their car, which gradually choked away as the vehicle came to a halt outside. The slam of the door, then George came in and sat down at the kitchen table. He picked up the evening newspaper and without a word began to read. Ella continued to peel potatoes and the silence grew. She finished the potatoes and poured water over the sizzling meat, then began to dice vegetables. She heard the paper rustle behind her as George turned the page. She could feel him looking at her back but concentrated on slicing carrots into the broth, keeping the plunk-plunking sound of the dropping

pieces coming smooth and even.

Finally he asked, "What's for dinner, Ella." He sounded tired.

"Stew," she replied briefly, without turning. The newspaper rustled again and George retreated back to his reading.

The splashing sound came more rapidly now as Ella diced potatoes into the mixture. The wind moaned outside and the scraping branches on the window glass grew unbearably loud. Ella put the cover on the stew pan with a clatter that made them both jump. She moved to the sink and threw the vegetable peelings into the garbage can, then walked silently into the living room, carefully avoiding George.

"This room is a mess," she thought to herself. She had left the dusty box of souvenirs on the floor by the fireplace and part of its contents were spread out around it in a cluttered circle.

"Well," she sighed, "Better get at it." She took a cloth and began dusting the souvenirs one by one, placing them back in the box as she worked. "So many memories attached to these things," she thought. "Corsage pins and ribbons from my first corsage, the cut-glass necklace George gave me before we were married, and there's Grandma's gold bracelet."

She gently cleaned the ornate bracelet and examined it for signs of tarnish. There was a thin greenish film covering some of the expansion links, so she set it aside for a trip to the jeweler's.

"I really should keep it in a safer place," Ella thought. "I know Sis wants it so she can pass it on to her children. She was pretty disappointed that Grandma didn't give it to her instead of me."

Ella abandoned her dusting and returned to the kitchen. George was still reading the paper. She took an onion from the refrigerator and slowly minced it into the simmering stew. The newspaper crackled behind her as George folded it and placed it on the table. He cleared his throat.

"What did you do today, Ella," he asked.

"Not much," she replied quietly, concentrating on the stew. Outside, the wind blew little droplets of rain against the windows. All was silent except for the tap of raindrops against the glass.

"Well," he said into the silence.

Ella sighed and put down the onion. "I sorted through that box of souvenirs."

George raised his eyebrows, interested. "Where's the box? Is our high school annual in it?"

"In the living room," she replied, ignoring the latter question.

(Continued on Page 4)



(Continued from Page 3)

George went into the living room and soon she heard him rummaging through the box. "Oh dear," she thought, "now he'll mess up the whole box and I'll have to start all over again."

She moved to the kitchen table and sat down heavily in the chair George had just vacated. She rested her chin on her hand and stared at the pattern of raindrops on the window. It was beginning to get dark.

"Ella," George called from the other room. "I thought you put that doll I won for you at the carnival in this box. Where is it?"

"It was there."

"I don't see it."

"It's in the toy chest." He looked at her in surprise.

"Why did you put it there? You know those kids are destructive little devils. Don't want that doll to get broken." He grinned at her boyishly. "Remember the night I won it?"

She didn't answer and the smile faded into the even contours of his face. "Ella, it was the night I proposed. I thought the doll had a lot of sentimental value to you." His voice sounded hurt.

Ella went to the toy chest and removed the doll. She turned it over and over in her hands, examining it closely. Its painted cheeks and bright smile looked so artificial.

"Actually," she said, "It's quite an ugly doll." She turned to him, suddenly gay and exhilarated. "Here. Catch," she said and threw the doll at him. It rose in a low, slow arc and dropped to the floor. The disembodied head rolled across the hearth. George stared at her, horrified. The exhilaration was drained from her as she met his eyes.

"It was an ugly doll," she insisted. Ella moved to the broken body and gently picked up the pieces. George didn't move as she examined the scratched features of the smiling face. "Maybe it isn't so ugly after all," she thought and put the pieces on the coffee table. She stood beside George and rested her hand lightly on his shoulder.

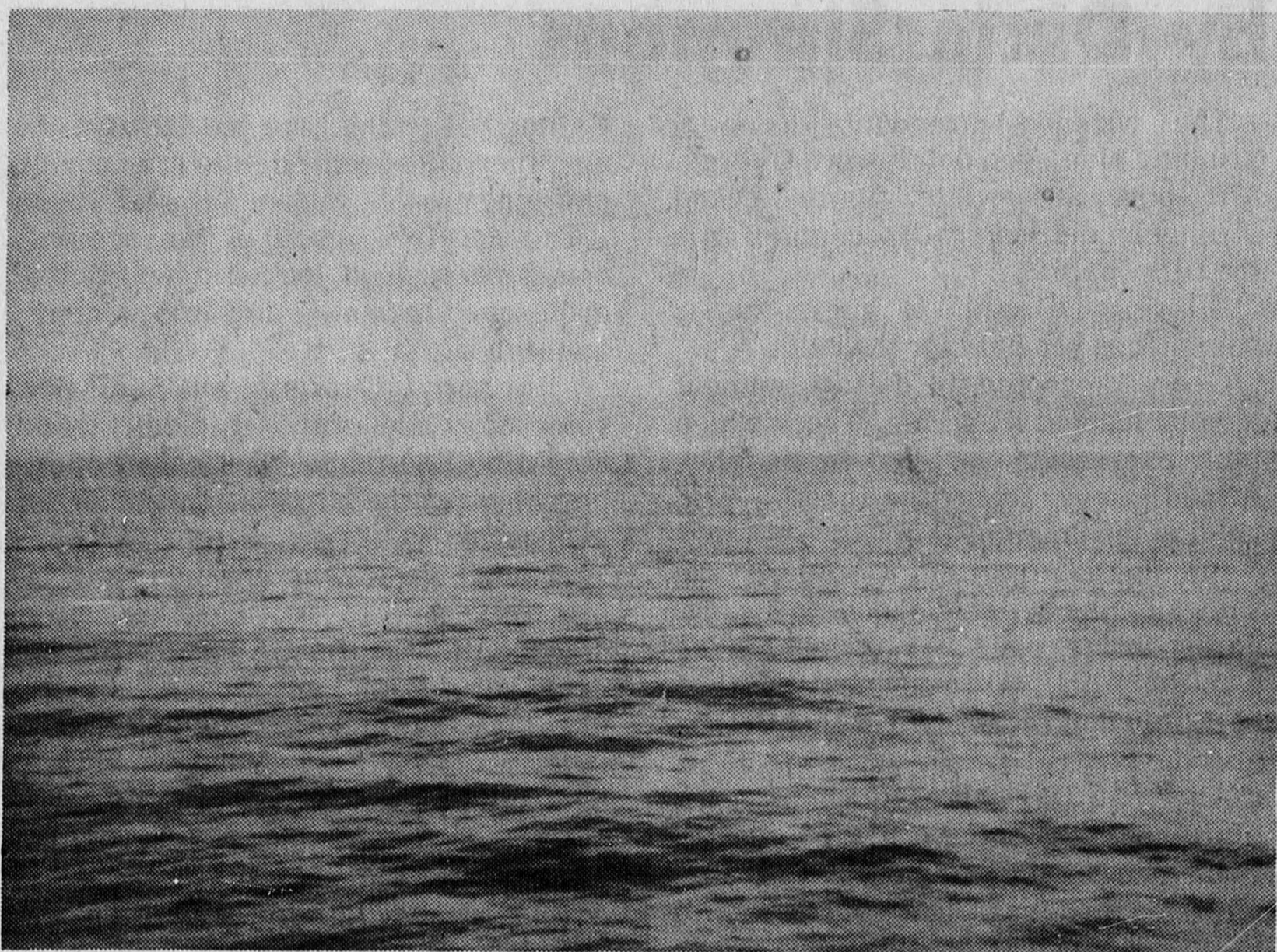
"I'll fix it tomorrow, George."

"It'll never be the same."

"Maybe," she said.



Page 4



### DEPRESSION

I would tell of the way I feel . . .  
of the depression, the boredom,  
The deep, deep loneliness.

A feeble smile is beyond me . . .  
i feel nothing but black sickness  
for a life misled,  
a life so bland

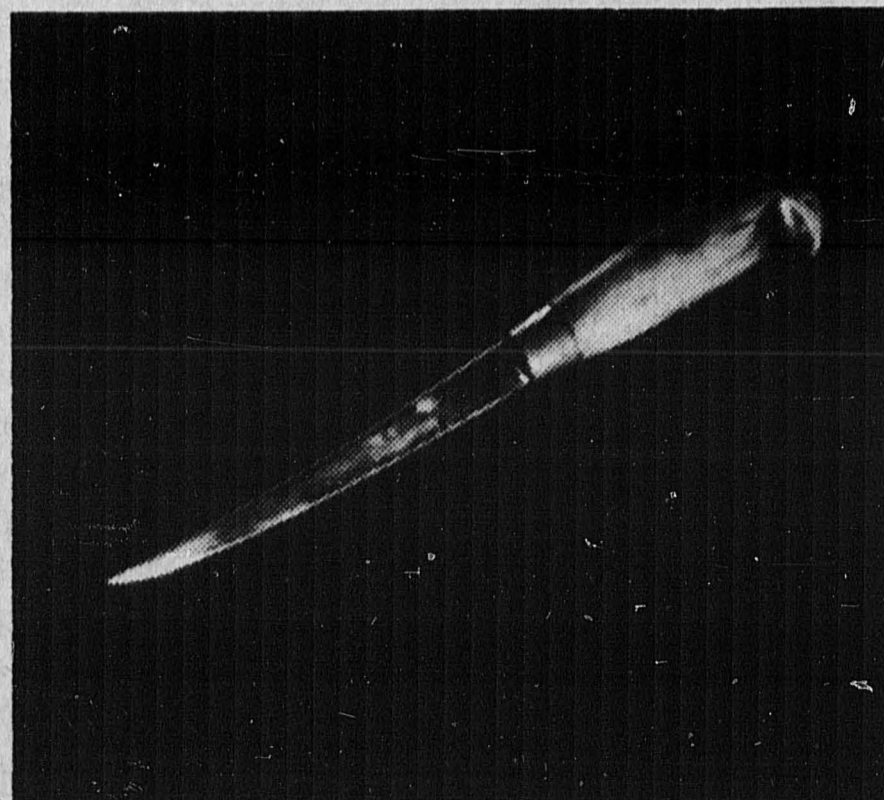
And I cry bitter tears that lack  
even love or friendship or one damn thing  
Except an emptiness I'd rather not feel,  
and a helplessness which over me spills.

Each day means less as I plod along  
and I cry within with a silent pain  
To be happy and peaceful and at rest again.

But I seem to go on without any hope  
and I pity myself, but go on, on, on  
this downward slope—  
Only remember ing and trying to forget . . .  
Only wishing for wishes I never get  
and the someone that never comes.

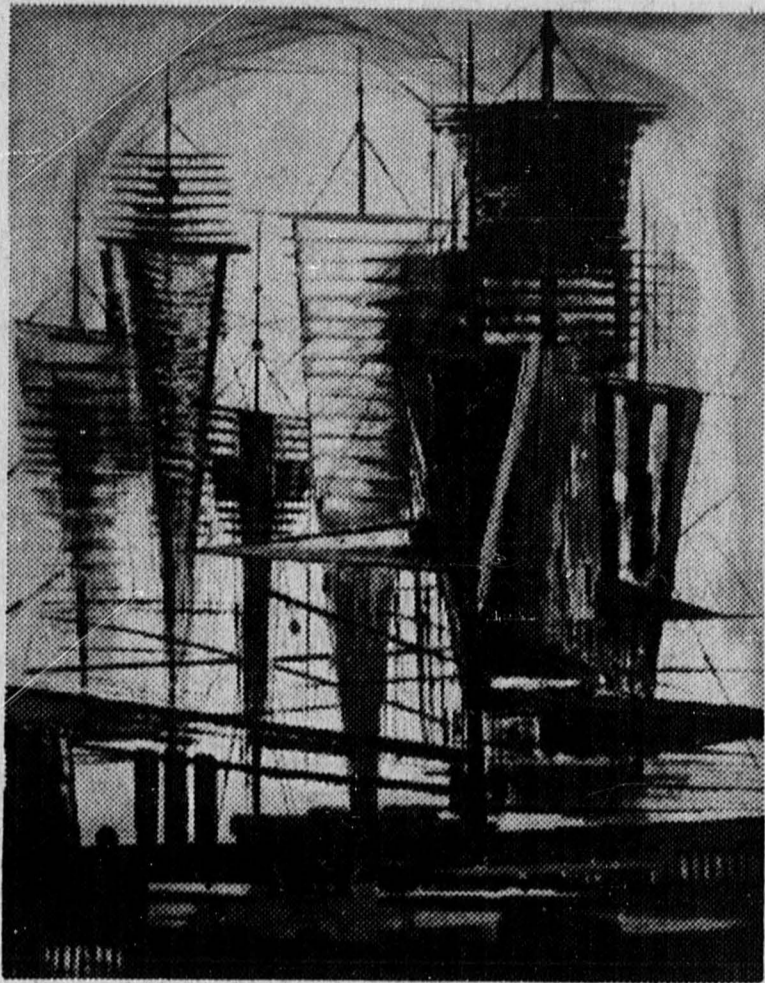
- Cheryl Kaye Baldwin

I look into the darkness  
And I see the reflection of my soul.  
It glints heavily in the darkness,  
And I wonder if it is really there  
Or is it only an air drawn dagger,  
Product of my imagination  
Caused by lack of sleep  
And my disinterest in my destiny.  
If I blink will it leave,  
Or will it stay to bother me  
Creating trouble with its conscience?  
Perhaps it is good  
This trouble that it brings  
But many are the times I have wished  
To be cruel and heartless,  
Untroubled.



Mark Stevens





### A THOUGHT

Walking along  
the edge of your world,  
ready to slip in  
but afraid to fall back  
to the rocks  
of myself.

Carolyn Johnson

### FUNERAL

We rode out in a jabber-wocky.  
The death-house smelled of money.  
The slumber room smelled of roses.  
The casket smelled of varnish.  
The music smelled of maudlin and  
The corpse smelled of wool suit.  
Too bad. Only the worms will  
smell death.  
We rode back in a  
Silent blue funk.

Walt Lindgren

If I were a snail

I would be free  
from the world of landlords  
and cross-country  
truck-trailer fees.

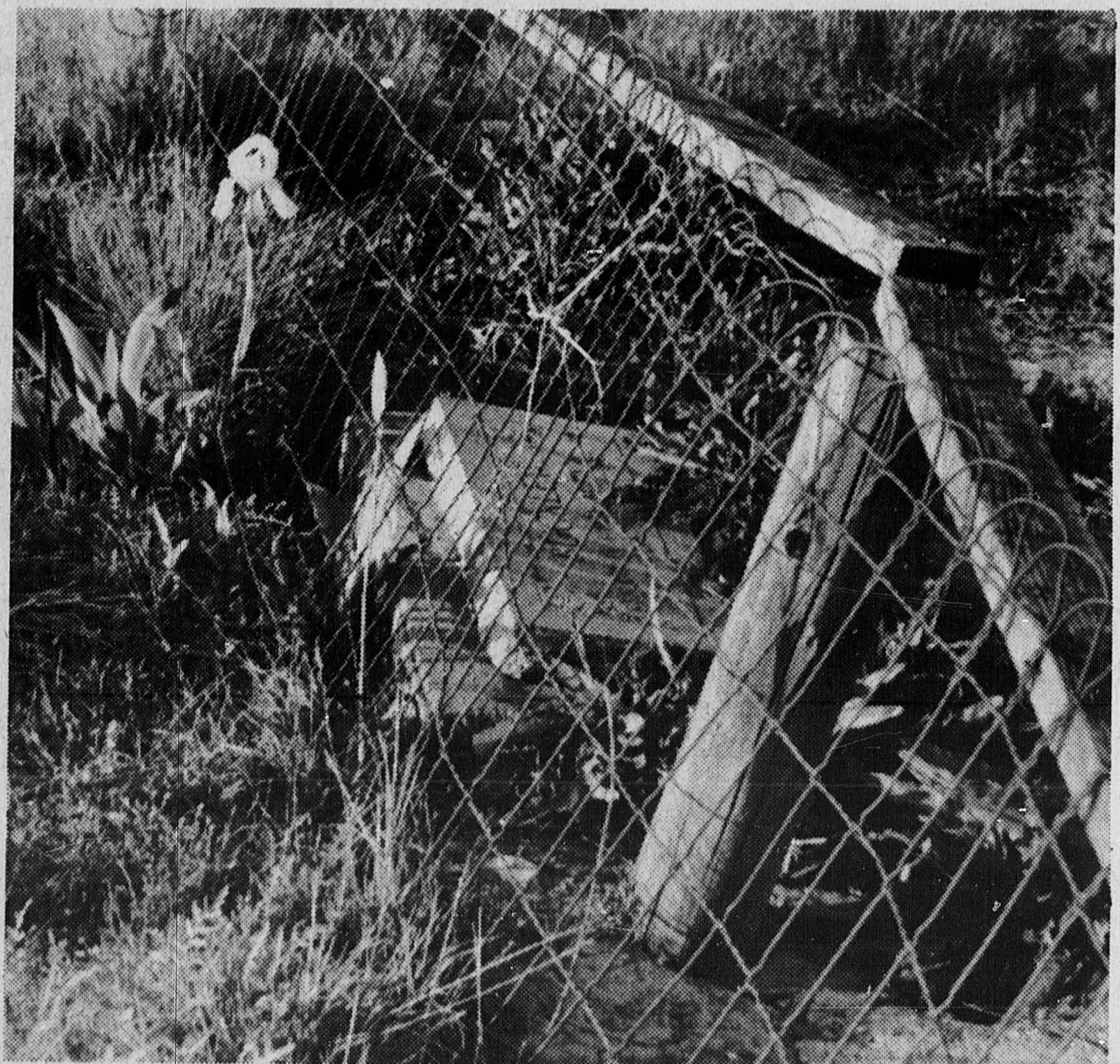
I would explore all of this land,  
yet leave behind my slimy residue.  
Then I would be able to retrace my path  
and come crawling back to you.

Karen L. Olson

### I Want to Go Back

Clean lush green grass—untended—untending—  
pretending not to see.  
Brown rotten fence—upended—needs mending  
I want to flee. . .  
Yet I stay on—crowded in—and crowded out within me.  
The whole town's here!  
Soft morning misty rain dew drops fall—and  
sparkling, crawl down the slender  
glades of grass.  
The whole town's here—yet unhearing  
me?—I want to flee. . .  
Who holds me and where is he?  
The whole town's here—dagowops—  
baby Isolina Luchini, Deluca's, DeLeon's,  
and DeAndre's. . .  
Maria Sala—daughter Anna  
Yet where is he?  
How do you do, Mrs. Pettit—and Mr. Pugh?  
Yes, I've grown, Mr. Russel, and how are you?  
but where is he?  
Ah—here he is—Axel Christ Emil—from Norway to USA—deflected  
reflected—born in 1887 and died in 1953.

Karen Olsen





The Sojourn -

only once before  
 had i seen a rabbit with feet of dreams more magnificent than the one  
 i see now - when i was a boy  
 a small boy in a world of wondering. but  
 i have seen this rabbit talk sparks and fly through the mirror  
 and i must go where the light of the reflection goes and see  
 what the ears of the wind perceive. if i do not, my soul  
 will burst  
 and my mind  
 will ooze through the cracks; so i am without alternative  
 to either be where never was or to leave silently, quietly  
 as though i have never been. . .  
 i will follow the rabbit with the feet of dreams.  
 he leaves sparks and snowflakes where he goes, a  
 lightning trail to lead me to him; i will eat the sparks and melt the  
 snowflakes as i go, wandering as i  
 go in circles of no beginning and  
 two ends until i find him.

but the darkness of my mind makes me  
 vomit light  
 and thus debased and grovelling i crawl on through myriads of time  
 and  
 confusion, only to find  
 the rabbit with the feet of dreams.

where i can only see my eyes, who look at me  
 and do not see; i wade blindly through  
 massive pools of self-objectivity searching for my mind  
 senselessly blind

i can now perceive what before was gone, hidden by a veil of colors and  
 sounds, painted by touch and immolated by smell.

i taste the dawn

but the dawn is not. i defecate my libido and stumbling on

tumescence fall

into an anestrus valley. here i will love

the rabbit with the feet of dreams.

or lie distraught, buried by the reticence of men who knew but could not tell.  
 my hands are dead - they cannot chase him, my lips are frozen and they cannot  
 hold him. my reflection is blind and i have

lost him. the rabbit with the feet of dreams.

j d gordon

**Candy**  
 a taste  
 of hungry  
 wet thighs.  
 constant sequence  
 of light &  
 star.  
 & a never  
 forgotten hole  
 of love.

Randall Brock

Poetics II

after every  
 day comes  
 rhythm made  
 of stone.  
 every syllable  
 means a form  
 unwritten by  
 ghosts.

Randall Brock

Remembering Maria Belen

Andean woman  
 crossed with  
 the medalion of  
 perfect breeding  
 remembered across  
 two continents  
 to the place of  
 medial conquest.  
 Transporting the bright music  
 of coded Chibcha laughter  
 and gesturing with  
 adze knowing hands,  
 I eulogize the  
 mystic statuary of your  
 bowed memory  
 at a time when I have  
 run beyond the continents  
 to a new world  
 of wild expectations  
 which now bear promise  
 of fulfillment beyond  
 the well conjured opening  
 of castaway regret.  
 Yet my seed is dust  
 and **your** conquest remains  
 in a place of long-gnarled shadows  
 where the Cicadas have left off singing.

L.A.



have i told you that i was a musician  
that i play my songs  
and live in them  
those emotions of joy  
and love  
and loneliness  
all carried into space  
by vibrations  
and after i play my songs  
after the audience has recived a part of my soul  
for a few pennies  
i go on my way  
to another town  
to more faces  
surrounded by something they call  
home

Les Wilson

**another exciting poem**

Hail Mary, Mother of Grace  
Hail Mary, Mother of Grace  
Hail Mary. . . .  
    You're dead baby.  
There's just no market  
for virgins in blue robes  
and Immaculate conceptions.  
They've put your picture  
behind the shelf and  
yor're dead baby.  
    Real dead.

Christ have mercy upon us  
Lord have mercy upon us  
Christ have mercy. . . .  
    You're dead baby.  
There's no use calling  
your name aloud anymore.  
The wood cross has fallen  
behind the bed, your ears  
are deaf and  
you're dead baby.

Oh God, creator of all mankind  
Oh God, creator of all mankind  
Oh God, you're dead  
                    baby.

Your beat lost it's tempo  
and the words to your  
songs just don't fit  
anymore. You've got no  
class and boy are you  
dead baby.

Yes, you're dead  
you're all real dead.  
    So goes the Father  
    So goes the Son  
    And the Holy Ghost  
    has given up the proverbial ghost  
and you're all dead.

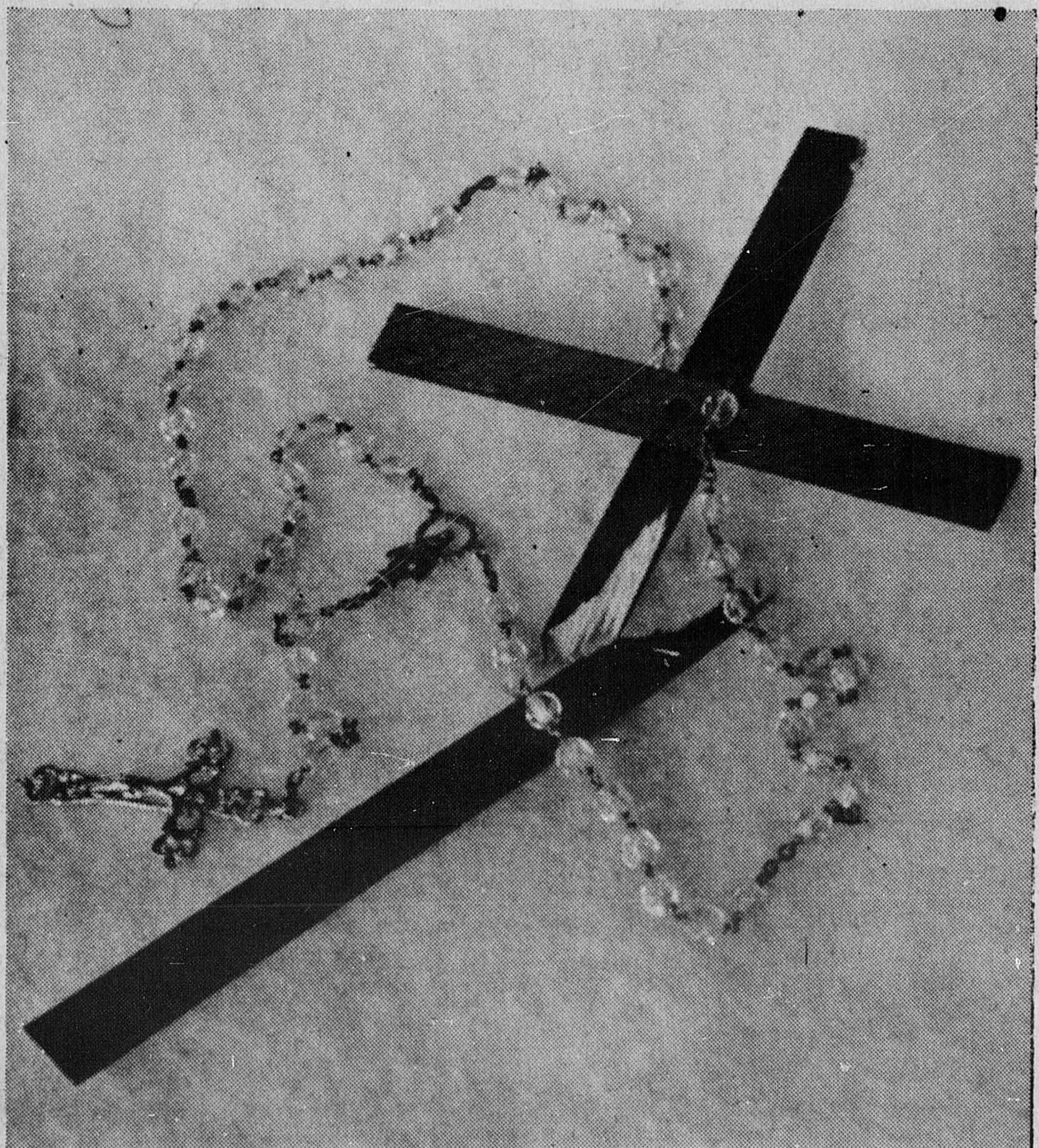
So blow out all your burning candles  
unclench your praying hands  
    and cry.  
They've all gone and left us  
I  
    wonder  
    why,

Sue Doe Nim

**DROWNED**

Brought down too fast . . . too deep;  
    lowered in a well of despair,  
    where reservoirs drained of any indifference,  
    lay bleached with concern. . . to be spat into.  
Vapor trails drift out of sight;  
    as we pass,  
    impressing one another.  
    Trickles of expression,  
damned from their right;  
    leaving shallow puddles of coagulated affinity,  
    sponged up by the vultures at any cost.  
A chastity suit society straps on a new-born child,  
    decays so much slower than does the fragrance of sanity.  
Off on a remote part of life,  
    lies this quality;  
    alienated from all in fear that acceptance be refrained.  
Shoulders hunched from the massive load expected of each;  
    limbs alongside trunk,  
unable to move. . . but not caring.  
Will I ever ascend to the top;  
    not inhaling in short uncommitted tugs;  
exposed. . . extracting myself from a mire imposed.  
Completely absorbed in the external;  
    I lay in wait,  
to spring upon what:  
    the source which directs a change?

Doug Hamilton

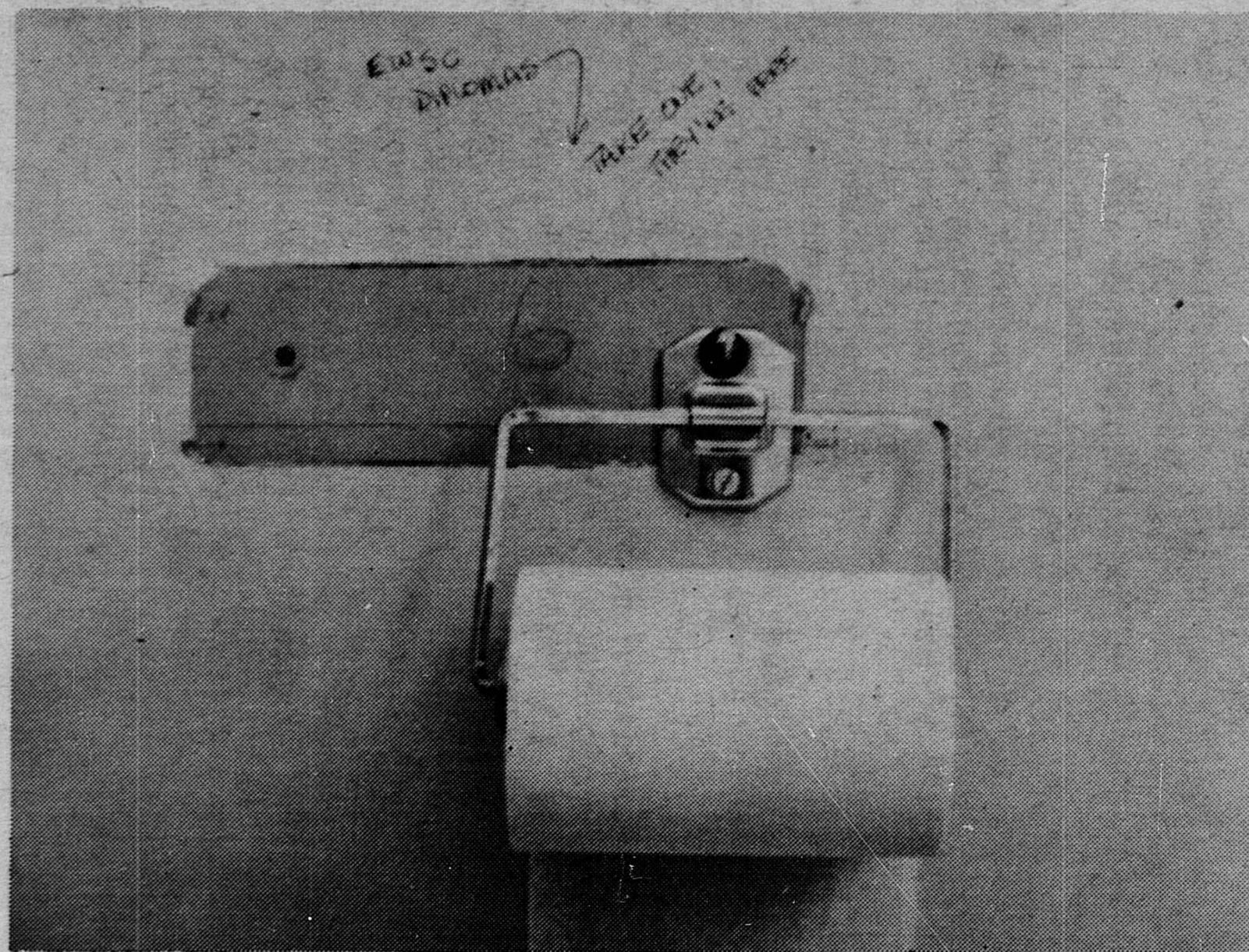




AS I VIEW OUR "CHRISTIAN"  
 NATION, AND THE MANY SEPARATE  
 AND FIGHTING PARTS OF THE  
 CHURCH IN AMERICA, I KNOW  
 GOD MUST REALLY LOVE US,  
 OR HE WOULDN'T EVEN WANT  
 TO BOTHER WITH US ANY MORE.

W. G.

Paranoia Reigns  
 God Bless



QUEER

LEGALIZE SODOMY

THERE IS NO BEAUTY - THE WORLD SUCKS!  
 THE END OF THE WORLD HAS BEEN  
 POSTPONED FOR 40 DAYS DUE TO  
 A LACK OF TRUMPET PLAYERS!

Write Here  
 today?