



**First  
Class**

**RIEAND**

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FOUR-SEP PUBLICATIONS : P.O. BOX 303, BUTLER,  
WI 53007.

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## SASHA SPEAKS

There is a murder  
in my past, but I  
cannot believe  
there is a murder  
in my past.

walking, turning corners  
i see the deceased  
like a ghostly pint of smoke  
floating over the sidewalk  
hugging the red brick walls,  
casting no shadow  
making no sound  
exhibiting no presence

a vague cloud of ash  
pathetic and without  
substance

it weeps a bit and rounds  
the next corner  
seeping into cracks  
hugging the back of a rat  
maybe finding a hole  
in the earth to hide  
in while I pass.



There is a woman  
in my past, although  
I cannot believe this  
woman is in my past.

walking, rounding  
corners I see her  
like a pint of smoke  
    a grey cloud of ash  
        vague and without  
            substance  
        seeping into cracks  
    nuzzling the backs  
        of rats on the railings  
    trailing like an assassin  
my nuts pinched tight  
in her death-hand  
like a hammer  
on the brittle  
drunken past.

There is a woman in my past,  
although I cannot believe that  
there is a murder in my past,  
in fact I cannot remember if  
I was the man, or if there even  
was a man who dropped the hammer  
on her head and smashed her skull

to fragments, sharp fleeting  
shards of bone that burn like  
stainless steel slivers through  
the uncertain cloud of smoke  
that still persists after years  
of sobriety and the absence  
of brutal drunkenness.

There  
is a woman  
in the past  
although  
I cannot  
remember  
if I

was the man  
who dropped  
the hammer  
on her skull  
or if even  
there ever  
was a man  
or a hammer  
or a skull  
smashed

to fragments  
sharp fleeting  
shards of bone  
that burn  
like stainless  
steel slivers  
through the  
clouds of smoke  
that still  
persist  
despite  
years of sobriety  
and the absence  
of brutality  
and now  
sobriety  
is the ultimate  
alienation

condemnation  
evisceration  
for the man

He came to a fork in the path and stopped for a moment to ponder his decision. Here, in the other world, he could offend my resistance. He could choose either path and he knew that both would invariably lead to redundancy, repetition, ritualization, etc. He raised his eyes to the sky in prayer which appeared to be a limitless expanse, and he began to wonder if he should attempt to show his thanks.

As he prepared to continue his journey, a woman descended from the trees and landed on her feet in the middle of the path. She looked at him angrily for a moment, then assumed a stance that made her look like a runner preparing to steal seconds.

The man was startled, of course, but he remained calm. He was determined to continue along the path. He advanced a few steps, but halted when she shuffled across the path, hissing and growling like a mad animal.

"What the fuck?" he asked, holding his arms to the side of his body in disbelief. She twitched when she heard his voice, for "fuck" was a word that was seldom uttered in this world. The man tried to advance, but again he was abruptly halted from passing by her feverish shuffle and his routine.

They stood and studied each others' faces, and the man tried to explain this absurd impasse. "This must be some sort of riddle," he thought, "an initiation to the gardens of the other world. My great creator, how capricious is your will!"

I am the man  
that dropped  
the hammer  
ain't I?

and so what  
if I did  
it is all  
in the grisly  
past.

I shall  
feel no shame  
shall not be reproached  
for the horrors

by the whore  
who wants a piece  
of my living ass  
but I am the man

I am the man

*by Sasha Pavlec*

## GUTS

A man walked through the forest along a path lined with fragrant wild flowers. The afternoon sun wove through the trees and he felt it on his neck. His eyes were downcast and he was contemplating the sins of his previous life.

He came to a fork in the path and stopped for a moment to ponder his freedom. Here, in the other world, neither path offered any resistance. He could choose either route, and he knew that both would invariably lead to rapturous joy (he was also oblivious to redundancy, repetition, recapitulation, reiteration, etc...). He raised his eyes to the sky in praise, which appeared to be a limitless ceiling, and bowed for a moment to show his thanks.

As he prepared to continue his journey, a woman dropped down from the trees and landed on her feet in the middle of the path. She looked at him angrily for a moment, then assumed a stance that made her look, oddly enough, like a baserunner preparing to steal second.

The man was startled, of course, but he remained poised and was determined to continue along the path. He advanced a few steps, but halted when she shuffled across the path, hissing and groaning like a mad animal.

"What the fuck?" he asked, holding his arms to the side of his body in disbelief. She twitched when she heard his voice, for "fuck" was a word that was seldom uttered in this world. The man tried to advance, but again he was abruptly barred from passing by her feverish shuffle and hiss routine.

They stood and studied each others' faces, and the man tried to explain this absurd impasse. "This must be some sort of riddle," he thought, "an initiation to the gardens of the other world. My great creator, how capricious is your will!"



The man studied the woman's face, which was now covered with thick perspiration, and her lips were swollen and cracked, as if burned by an eternity of proximity to the midday sun. He raised his hand to his chin, assumed a posture of deep contemplation, and cleared his throat. The woman seemed to take this as an affront, or more appropriately an attack, and in a burst of rage like a blast of shrapnel, cut his legs out from under him. The man crashed violently to the path and before he could regain his bearing, the woman tore the flesh from his ribcage and ran her claws gently through his jumbled organs. After a few passes through his bloody entrails she cupped her hands and raised them to her eyes as if she was sifting through sand for a lost jewel. The man squirmed on his back and blood bubbled in his throat while she moiled through his guts. This torture continued until the woman looked up at the man's face and gasped, as if she had realized that something had gone horribly wrong.

"Ooops! I'm terribly sorry sir, I thought you were someone else! Really, I'm quite sorry, you must accept my most sincere apologies."

The man staggered to his feet, and with the utmost aplomb remarked, "Really, no need to apologize, I'll get along fine, this happens to me all the time."

The woman scurried back up into the trees and swung from branch to limb like a chimp, until all that could be perceived of her was a rustle in the brush. The man dusted the seat of his khaki Bermudas, gathered his entrails, pushed them back into his abdominal cavity, and deftly buttoned his guts. After he had walked down the trail a ways, he stopped, turned around, surveyed the infinite forest and thought, "What strange creatures one encounters in this world. God damn!"

*by Georg Pavlec*

## SUSTAINING LIFE IN THE RUSTBELT

The man awakes  
to the somber  
urban air, his  
thick lids half  
open, concealing  
jaundiced eyes.  
He enters the  
small machine shop  
finds the card  
marked "Payne" and  
stuffs it into  
the punchclock,  
marking his physical  
presence in the  
working world.

At three o'clock  
he punches out  
bound for the H&S bar.  
He walks in, sits down  
surrounded by grey faces  
and before he can order,  
a whiskey and water appears  
under his craggy nose.  
His turgid hands tremble  
and sweat as he seizes  
the glass between thumb  
and forefinger. He raises  
it to his tumid lips  
and drinks to soothe  
his burned nerves  
and throbbing head.

At ten o'clock he  
falls to the floor  
sodden and soaking  
in the anesthetic  
alcohol that numbs  
the pain of work  
and loneliness.  
He rises to his  
feet and staggers  
to the door. He's  
had enough for tonight,  
enough to forget  
today's shift and  
enough to make  
tomorrow's tolerable.

by Dick Butkan

## MY PEARL

The bottom of the ocean  
is a dark, sad,  
brooding place.  
The surface and  
wonderous sunlight  
seem impossibly far,  
out of reach.  
So reality is contentment  
within the depths,  
for even in the deep  
there is occasional  
beauty and comfort.

On rare occasion,  
the tides pull and lull  
a certain fortunate beauty,  
to the shore, to the light,  
to be found.  
And in being found, and  
cherished, true happiness,  
love, and beauty lies.

Darkness becomes memory  
as the light rules the heart.  
You are my pearl.  
There is nothing more  
true or more pure.

by Brian Winston



## BLUE SCREEN AND WEIGHT LOSS

I think that I should probably tell you about the blue screen. I wish that I was a painter because one hell of an intense image lives in my thoughts. I guess I'm not the ghost of one of the greats, am I? Well, gimme a little Dali, a piece of Klimt, a touch of the wonders of the millions of the no-names that died with their shit in an attic. I was lying next to a beautiful woman....okay, surprise. Yes, you know how I have a hard time being near anyone. But, this day I broke habit. Believe it or not, a former U.S. Gymnast....I'll tell you later. Well. Just dream and end up wet. Enough of that shit. So, I'm looking at the blue screen. The blue screen you see if you have one of those new VCR's that block out all channels if the tape is in and you have not pushed play. I guess the machine is trying to smother the competition. Who knows? You might be distracted from your chosen film and be sucked into the hell of the info-mercial zone, and end up with some free steak knives after you bought the new workout-video of famous fat sumos who are now a svelte 140 lbs.. Work it, work it, work it. You know you owe it to yourself. Don't forget what you owe to the Jenni Skag diet plan. Shit! That's \$\$\$ a lbbblbblbb. Talk about breaking it down to the absurd. You know, it's only \$\_\_\_/lb, but you must obey the fuhrer's food method which includes her healthy snack/meal combos which are available from her exclusive private kitchen. Tell you what, you weak-willed bags of blood. Come to my kitchen, I'll give you minimal survival for maximum cost, for a couple months. Make me rich, I'll get you thin. Maybe, since you seem to be prone to abuse (well, you admit that you are inadequate by succumbing to this monetary/diet abuse) I'll just beat you until you are happy with yourself. I promise, it won't take long. After a few sessions you will hate me, and love yourself. Of course, I will be lying about myself, and merely completing the easy task of repeating advertising messages, though in an even more degrading way....sloth. Don't forget, the man with the Porsche only loves the svelte.

Now, back to the story of the blue screen. So, I'm somewhat distracted, but I find a moment to space out on the blue, and I see a painting, which I cannot paint. It is a mood, an insidious image, a feeling of tension. Picture the kitchen. Imagine three windows, side-by-side, looking out into something, with windows on either side, at 45 degree angles. Don't forget the kitchen space. YOU are 20 feet back, away from these windows, so that you have a full view of the living room which lies directly in front of YOU. To YOUR left, stands a tall, fully naked woman. She looks pensive, yet comfortable. Her arms hang calmly at her sides, except for her left one, which is away from you. Although her face is plain, and emotionless, she is concealing a knife behind her left buttocks, and only the very tip of it is visible from this vantage-point, poking out from the shadow of the lower part of her ass. Of course, you are in this image, standing in the middle of the room with your back to her. The far right window, the one, of two, which is at a 45 degree angle to the other three, is being pushed upwards by the thumbs of an intruder whose eyes are masked by the wood which is the bottom of the rising window. You can see the straining thumbs, and the blade between his teeth, but you cannot see his eyes, just his teeth, and the top of his curly head. He intrudes. Don't forget about his un-cared-for yellow teeth. There is also the dog in the middle of the kitchen floor. He strains, his neck is tight. He is classified as a dachshund in the dog-guide-books. He is brown, and he has more veins in his neck than someone with 4000 lbs on his shoulders. There is rough, separating rope around his neck, pulling to the right of YOUR vantage-point. The rope has found it's greatest resistance at the base of the brave animal's ears. It's face is contorted by the strain, and it's lips curl back as a counterbalance to the pull. There is another rope, only this one is more like twine, and it encircles the entire genital area, which it has turned into a purple mass of bulge, tucked and dragged beneath the poop-hole of the suffering beast. That is the dog on the kitchen floor, stretched from cabinet to drawer. The white glow which you stand in is slightly

shadowed by the red pouring from the unseen far right side of the image. YOU know who is in the infernal room, and it causes YOU greater fear than the rest of the threats. YOU see yourself in the frame. I guess somebody with talent should paint it. Don't go on the diet plan, and stay out of my galleries.

*by Father Perry Didier, S.J.*

**TO L.**

I dive into your souls  
and see only the raw,  
burning reflection of the  
love that I can feel.

Do the burning stares  
locked in rapture  
shudder and shatter  
and ignite your mind?

To think of you is to  
burn with the longing  
of a flooded heart.  
To be with you is the  
intensification of all that  
I long for, all I can be.

When you smile  
there is nowhere I could  
ever dream of being.

In your sadness, I see  
only undeserved suffering  
and I am fuelled with the  
desire to reverse your fate,  
to give myself to you as  
a growing seed of future happiness.

Follow me and let  
me follow you.  
Bury your fears  
but bury them slowly.  
Spontaneous change  
cannot become a part  
of a reality, while  
slow realization and

discovery becomes as  
lasting as our eternal  
bonds to the earth, and  
the foreverness of  
our souls.

by Brian Winston

### THREE A.M. ON THE FOUNDRY FLOOR

The machine screams  
and brings the steel  
to a hot orange glow.  
Smoke billows from the quench  
up, past my burning eyes  
like a swarm of acrid gnats  
to the sooty walls  
where it clings, waiting  
to prey on our lungs.

Behind us the furnaces spit  
and wheeze, sending their  
tenders scampering and sliding  
across the oil stained floor  
outrunning flesh-searing flames  
for the second time tonight.

To the left and right  
my comrades labor through  
the clangor that drones  
to a stultifying din.  
For one revolutionary moment  
our somnolent faces unite:  
heads nod in dissent, eyes roll,  
mouths crack into insolent smiles  
and a finger is raised  
to the foreman's back.  
He feels it, and turns  
scratching his butt and bellowing.  
We return to our redeyed  
glowing steel beasts  
automaton blanks, waiting  
for the shift change.

by Dick Butkan





## THE DRIP

Fresh as a daisy  
my pit smelled.  
One more sip of the porter and  
no more lashes of  
the x-tra dry arm-slit guard.

Are the drips on my side  
a result of  
humidity  
or do I drink  
too much water  
and the droplets are  
packing bags and fleeing  
overcrowded glands???

Put me in a desert for  
forty days.  
I'll have  
dry tongue  
and throat.  
Cracking stomach.  
Shrunken scrotum.  
Inverted anus.  
But arm faucets will  
fuel and quench  
on even the driest  
of days.  
It is a bodily  
anomaly.

*by Father Perry Didier, S.J.*

## TV BANDIT

"It's the strangest gol'darned thing."

"What's that, Ben?"

"This fuckin' TV bandit."

"This who?"

"The TV bandit. You ain't been reading the weekly news? Seventeen TV sets have been stolen from our town in the last month. But, that's it, just the TVs, no jewelry, no silverware, no tools, nothin' else. Just goddamn TVs."

"Those poor bastards!"

"Who?"

"All them families without their TVs. What are they gonna do? Must be a real sicko out there takin' away everyone's TVs."

"Fuckin' psychopath. How much can a guy get for a shitty TV set anyway. He doesn't even take their VCRs."

"Does Sheriff Bailey have any leads on him yet, like fingerprints or somethin'?"

"Hell no! This guy is a real pro, can't even tell he's been in the place. The TV is just gone."

"Well, Ben, I've gotta get to the wife and kids. I'll see ya after the weekend."

"Yeah, Jer, but cover your ass, he might be comin' for your tube next, you never know. You can bet he ain't gonna get my set without a fight."



Ben Patrickson is an industrious man, in the crudest sense of the word. He is also quite the patriot, and defender of law and order, in his own special twisted way. He likes to think that he is really clever, but his track-guided lawnmower is still full of cobwebs in his reeking garage, while his half-dead lawn is still tripping his kids with the rusted and uprooted "tracks" laid down five years before.

Anyway, the TV bandit had him truly intrigued. And images of the glory that went along with catching a major criminal ripped through his mind on the long walk from the factory. A hero, he has always wanted to be a hero.

As his worn, gritty hand turned the broken knob on the back door of his dilapidated two-story colonial shed, as his three successors to all he had gained dove for his legs, and as the smell of overcooked meatloaf burned his nostrils; he was thinking about explosives.

That night at dinner, Ben seemed to be distracted as Molly, his overworked and undercared for wife, attempted to pry into his thoughts, his day, his life. Bobby's art project, a montage of guns and artillery taken from yellowed pages of Soldier of Fortune's efforts over the last ten years, went in one eye and out the other. Explosives.

After dinner, the chipped plates, and bent silverware were relieved of the baked-on slop by Molly's hurried hands. It was Friday night, and a new movie was in town. The first in three months.

The family piled into the truck, and as it barely lurched out of the driveway, Ben told Molly that he had something to do, and that he would leave the truck parked outside of the theater for her to drive home in with the kids. This was followed by the pathetic whimpering and tear-dropping which Ben had become so accustomed to from his wife, but he barely heard it. Ben was a man with a mission. Noone

was gonna take his TV.

Willy's place was between the theater and Ben's place, so it was as though he was merely walking home: efficiency. On the way to Willy's place, Ben spent his last five bucks on a 12-pack and some smokes. Willy had one of the oldest shacks in town, but it was invisible from the street, as the house was completely surrounded by shrubbery, which was divided by a few worn dirt paths.

Ben took the tunnel-entrance, located to the side of the front porch, and crept in to Willy's "habitat". Brushing aside the olive-drab mosquito netting at the entrance, Ben called out for Willy, but the cold barrel of the rifle was already planted firmly behind his ear.

"A beer or your life.....Pinko!"

Ben immediately surrendered the saving can, and gave his friend the traditional warrior-like head-butt, which always preceeded any conversation between the two parties. Although conversation was, at best, minimal.

Ben lied about the tree stump which needed removal. This was his baby, and nobody was going to share the glory for which the C-4 plastic explosives were really needed for. Willy assured Ben that even though the detonator was old, that it was still fully functional, and that if he had any troubles he should give him a call. He babbled on for a few more minutes about German assault rifles and napalm, until Ben simply walked out. He was a very preoccupied man.

The walk home only took three beers, and the work he did took the rest, so by the time he finished, he passed out, wrapped in threadbare sheets, and a handwoven quilt.

What was accomplished in the last eight beers was the development of a trap, a really nasty trap to teach that TV



bandit once and for all. Ben fancied himself a demolitions expert. Here is what he came up with.

The necessary components consisted of some really neat junk-shop shit. A mousetrap, the plug and cable from a million-year-old lamp, some black insulating tape, and the detonator, supplied by good-old Willy. Anyway, his brain was really flying, as he envisioned glory, glory, glory. Maybe he would be made an honorary deputy?!?

First, he rigged up the detonator to the snapping hinge of the mousetrap, securing it tightly with a partially rusted clamp. He then broke off the little lever which activated the trap. It just got in the way and wasn't necessary. He cut open the index finger of his left hand when the screwdriver he was using to pry the piece off the base slipped and dug into his flesh. A couple of "shits" and "goddammit's" later, and he was back to work. He drilled a small hole in the wooden base on the side to where the snapper blasts down to, aligning it perfectly with where the whipping steel would hit. Through the hole, a bolt and washer held the splayed end of the lampcable, which was fastened on the opposite side by an oversized nut. He didn't need the electrical tape.

Once this feat was accomplished, he tested his little gadget, making minor adjustments where his too-hard-thinking mind figured he should. He even oiled the hinge, so there was no chance of a jam occurring. Every angle was covered.

Meanwhile, his loving family had decided to visit another clan they had met at the movie.

Ben then proceeded to test his nifty little invention. He wedged the "loaded" mousetrap, snapper set back in position under the backside of the oh-so-precious TV, and each time he "stole" the TV from it's tacky particle-board stand, the mousetrap snapped and flipped through the air,

mission accomplished. Ben's face beamed with pride, he was a true genius.

All that was left was to arm the trap, before the enemy could strike. The ball of C-4 that Willy had given him was a little bit larger than a gambling die, and a little bit smaller than a ping-pong ball. That Willy sure was a stingy one. Ben taped down the doom putty, and carefully inserted the electronic detonator, which had it's other end secured on the mousetrap. Then, he wedged the trap back into it's familiar spot underneath the edge of the television. Now for the tense part. Ben downed what was left of the second-to-last can of beer, and gingerly stretched the plug to the outlet. However, the nearest outlet was occupied by the TV's plug, and the shitty little clock radio on top of the TV. Well, he couldn't unplug the TV. What if he wanted to watch it? If the bandit didn't come for a week, he wasn't going to miss Monday Night Football, oh no. The clock? That might make the bandit suspicious. If the clock was not working, the bandit might check the outlet, and then, all of Ben's plans would be ruined.

Ben raced and stumbled down the basement steps, he knew where an extension cord was, somewhere near the Christmas lights, yeah, there weren't any outlets near the corner where the tree went, and one year he had to pop for an extension cord at Bart's Hardware. Thank God he remembered.

He got some use out of that insulating tape when he joined the lamp cord with the extension cord. The union was a little loose, and he didn't want to risk a disconnection. Good thinking Ben. At last, after double checking his work, he swallowed a large gob of his rancid, moldy saliva, and plugged in the cable. No sparks, no explosion, relief. He looked over the fuse-box to make sure that everything was in working order, then sat down with his last beer to admire his work. There's nothing quite as satisfying as making a

switch out of a mousetrap.

Ben fell asleep happy.

Ben woke up two hours later to a massive explosion, and half of his house missing.

I guess that when his wife and kids came home, Bobby tripped, and fell into the TV. And, the C-4 blew the living shit out of them.

*by Derreck*

## **CRACKING OF PIPE NIPPLES**

this is something that happens  
under great fatigue  
nipples wear and crack dripping  
blood cum and milk

**Broken-Off Bearing Bosses of  
Scrap Shears**

**Fractured Swivel Head**

**Oh my fucking fractured swivel  
head**

**Crankshaft with torsion Fatigue  
Fractures in Inductively Surface-  
Hardened Crank Pin**

**Broken Rim**

**Annular Bosses**

**Insufficient Elongation**

**Liquidus**

**Solidus**

**Manifold cooling unit**

**unit cooling manifold**

**"Get the fuck up and go to the  
street with your woman, let her  
kick your ass!"**

robust women with big bottoms  
and rolling breasts

cast to various shapes and  
allowed to cool in firm green  
sand

cast against my will I run like  
mercury to the recesses through  
the cracks and over the relief to  
the dimpled grain of the anus  
staring into the sun not blinding  
anymore it is homosexual love of  
GOD I fuck'em ass

the triumph of days over  
my ragged bag of moments

I can stare into the sun: it gives  
and I take and never even  
attempt to return.

going beyond; walking away  
from you, leaving behind an  
arson fire that burns  
uncontrolled and burns

leaving you to burn, take you or  
leave you

yes, leave you to burn and die  
or whatever might become of  
you

annular bosses; ringlike folks  
easily penetrated after just a bit  
of lubrication

timing out plan "B" carefree  
bombs driven dropped planted  
thrown

recieve them with the greatest  
poise you cannot outrun the  
blast it will home on the center  
and collapse like so many tons  
of fire

be patient, do not do it yourself  
wait for me the round will  
come crashing through you  
stop smoke converse kiss and  
laugh wait for the delivery  
crisp piercing shot from the  
tallest around

get to the end of the page and  
wait

top of the smallest but still  
bigger or higher

big but with the bigness of  
vacuity

*by Dick Butkan*



## COMMITMENT

In the shadow  
of the spires  
we shower, this  
strange woman  
and I, naked  
before the face  
of christ across  
the courtyard.

Storm light  
casts the hue  
of blue bottle  
glass against  
her face as  
warm water  
plashes her  
flesh. She  
seeks my body,  
comfort from  
a man who shrinks  
to the stainless  
steel fixtures,  
his tears diluted  
by the deluge.

I am frightened  
by lightning  
and nudity  
and the son  
of god across  
the way, please  
switch on the lights  
and close the window  
maggie, I think  
the fun is over.  
*by Father Perry Didier, S.J.*

## MONTH OF L

Hundreds of months  
have passed before me.  
Some long.  
Some short.

Months filled with grief  
and others with joy  
but none so sublime  
as the last.

There are those who  
seek what I have lived  
they hunger, fiercely,  
for what you have given.

I find discovery  
with each hour, each day  
each minute  
that I see you, hear you, or feel.

Discovery which is  
always new and fresh  
continuously building  
like a great monument.  
A testimony.

It is with this  
same hunger that  
I wish to continue.  
The same discovery  
which I wish to perpetuate.  
The same building  
which is my fulfillment.

To more and many months.  
*by Brian Winston*

## IN MEMORIAM

### DICK BUTKAN

(1937-1994)

As the publishers of "First Class", it has been our esteemed pleasure to bring to your attention segments of a vast body of work by a true unsung literary and labor hero. Working closely with Hilary Butkan, and thanks to her generosity and sincere desire to see her late husband's true life's calling realized, we have been able, for the first time, to bring this important voice to the masses.

"I didn't realize that he had so much of it stored out in that toolbox. I was in shock, going through all of his prized possessions out in that old garage. If only he wouldn't have been so careless with that heavy machinery, he would have finally seen his dream come true. Thank you "First Class". Thank you from the entire Butkan family."—Hilary Butkan, widow of Mr. Butkan, and archivist of her late husband's collected verse.

"I didn't know that old shit had it in him. I used to think poetry was for pansy asses, but I can feel the factory floor when my daughter reads his poems to me in my salt bath. Good old Dick will live on forever."—Hank Chider, friend, neighbor, and drinking buddy of Mr. Butkan.

"We loved Dick."—general consensus.

## CONTRIBUTORS

**DICK BUTKAN** : Recently passed away after developing complications following an industrial accident. First time in print, with more to follow in future issues. Please see previous page.

**DERRECK** : Self-described "pessimistic outsider" who prefers to remain unknown. A student in the Metro-Milwaukee area, recently estranged from his rural upbringing.

**FATHER PERRY DIDIER, S.J.** : A fellow of esteemed letters, recently embroiled in a low-profile conflict with his superiors regarding social conduct befitting his affiliations. His self-published, small press collection of works, "It Chokes My Throat" available in various locales.

**GEORG AND SASHA PAVLEC** : The Pavlec brothers work for their father at a convenience/video store in Milwaukee. Currently, they are working on a screenplay based on absurdist imagery, piecing together bits of inane dialog from the hundreds of films they watch all day. Sasha bears interesting scarification marks on his torso, remnants of the penal system of his homeland.

**BRIAN WINSTON** : The young Winston sent us a number of his pieces, along with a token of his support. Thank You, Brian, for your generosity!



## SPECIAL FEATURES

### **FREEDOM FIVE** by *Slim Bitters*

Short work chronicling the adventure of one man's devious, spontaneous pursuit of norm abandonment. A tale that skids from the high road to the public washroom. FC#101

### **I THINK '93** by *Cat Sobaka*

Short collection of sporadic bursts of opinion. "Humorous, insightful, weird"—M.P., Minneapolis. Written in, you guessed it, 1993. FC#103

**To order any or all of the above offerings to the reading public, please send US\$1 per issue and 2 stamps (regardless of how many you order) to the address found on the inside front cover of this fine publication. Please give us a few days to get them in the mail to you. Thanks.**



## CATTLE CALL CATTLE CALL

We, the editors/publishers of the esteemed literary urinal known as "First Class" are willing to accept and read offerings from the general reading/writing public. In addition to having them read by someone other than your family, friends, and trash collector, there's a damn good chance that a slab of other people in the various cities we dump these off in will read your words as well. We don't pay ourselves, so we definitely won't pay you, but we'll send you at least one copy. Maybe more. So, in the words of the great Nikus Jordanis Maximus, "Just get off your fuckin' ass and Do It".

**SPECIAL FEATURE (EXPERIMENT)** : Follow these rules to become a part of a one-shot issue. Eat a hearty meal. Plug in and turn on your television. Rapidly change channels and stop at a random program. Quickly write down the first sentence uttered from the lips of one of the talking heads on the screen. Sit down. Use scribbled down sentence as first sentence for written poem/prose/piece. Do not get up or stop until finished. Do not edit. Send to us at the address up front, marked: TVEXP.