



*ISSUE THREE*



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PUBLICATIONS

First Class is published erratically (every  
couple of months) by Four-Sep Publications.  
Please address all correspondence, queries, and  
submissions to :

FOUR-SEP PUBLICATIONS/FIRST CLASS  
P.O. BOX 303  
BUTLER, WI 53007

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## Give A Damn

18. July, 96

Dear Jim:

Here I sit. Life is difficult on the road. You see, things change every day. Well, I ate breakfast in a small town. The waitress attached her eyes to my knapsack, and as I left I dragged her stare down mainstreet, bloody globules of stretch-tissue mere inches from the silver clasp that I tucked the canvas strap through, I kicked earth and tumbleweeds and garbage-refuse and cans and dogshit. Yup.

I had lunch. It was greasy. I ate fast food. I pooped before I ordered. The rest of my entourage of famous people stayed in the various vehicles of our mile-long motorcade.

I forgot to tell you.

I am famous.

I am so fabulously famous.

I now possess immense wealth.

Dammit. I forgot to tell you to quit your job.

That's right. Get your woman, charge everything. Quit your job. A plane. You must get on a plane to me. I will have a

messenger tell you where I am. That way you can fly to me. I am fabulously wealthy. Now.

I am fabulously wealthy for being famous. I am famous, so famous, for bringing truth to the world. I lied the whole fucking time. I brought truth to the world.

You may not be relaxed now, Jim, but soon the effect, the nausea, the stillness will envelope you all. As you read this letter, you may be overcome with a shivering, uncomfortable duress. It all depends when you read this, ....whether it was tomorrow or perhaps...today.

Yesterday I went down on the streets to swing my thermometer around to swing it around. You know,...everything was cool. Those people, yes...people were doing it all in the streets and on the sidewalks and in places of business.

I set several dogs who were angry free. I had a close friend punch a cat in the face inside a shopping mall near a jewelry store. I tossed a bitten cucumber into a nunnery.

There were forty or fifty muscle cars parked at the beach and I hired five ten-year-olds and ten five-year-olds to do something. I told them that they would become rich and famous and be able to sell their crazy story to numerous talk shows if they stabbed the shit out of every tire of every car near the beach. I said that I was Mephistophjol-wsesfahjfdk: King of Hell, warning them not to pronounce my name aloud in the realm of the living.

That is just how easy it is.

There was a porcupine in the zoo the other day who related the theory of relativity to an ant who carried it to the rest of the socialist animal world. Bats bit humans and suddenly the nuclear war was supposed to happen. But, it didn't. Restraint.

So. Now I am restrained in my fame and cannot tell the truth anymore and the world is saved. I forgot all about my fame and incredible wealth, so cancel your flight. Those fucking ants. Save yourself. As usual...

-FR PERRY DiDiER,S.J.

## 29 cents

an old man at work  
explained McDonalds' new gimmick  
like he hadn't been laid  
in a long long time  
maybe never  
"buy 1 double cheeseburger  
get the second for the temperature  
at noon on that day"  
it was -23, -20, -17, -12, -6  
then we had a heat wave  
2 above  
McDonalds didn't pay anybody  
for the 2nd burger  
but it was free

at the circus  
half frozen bums sold  
burgers to the audience  
I envied their ingenuity

the peanut vendors wanted  
to feed the bums to the tigers  
I wished the yapping poodles  
would jump through rings of fire  
into roaring lions' mouths

a lady sitting next to me  
munched on a burger

& asked what McDonalds  
was selling for 29 cents

i said, "McCrackers  
catsup between crackers  
with a slice of pickle,  
a vegetarian delicacy"

she replied, "hmmmmm  
sounds delicious"  
there was a glob of mustard  
hanging from the corner  
of her mouth  
she didn't wipe it off

-CATFISH MCDARIS



## Resume

My boss walks by as I write this  
he says nothing  
he never does,

but he goes back to his office  
and scribbles something—  
ammunition  
to shoot down my raise.

He watches me  
flirt (read: trying to seduce)  
with a fantasy blond,  
and writes that down too.  
He's building an arsenal  
for my annual review.

He doesn't understand  
I HAVE to sit here  
and write this.

He doesn't see  
the bleeding inside me.  
He doesn't know  
that these words are the  
sponges  
soaking up that blood.

He doesn't care.

PRODUCTION PRODUCTION PRODUCTION

And if you ever produce  
well,  
it must be in accordance  
with the standard  
operating procedures,  
outlined in Chapter 25,  
Section E-4, pages 34-263  
in your employee handbook.

“We try to discourage individual  
creativity and expression—  
for the benefit of the Company.”

He will never know me—  
he'll never see these words,  
or the words  
I wrote yesterday,  
or the ones  
coming next—  
yet, he will determine  
my worth to this company,  
and my place  
in the class structure  
of America.

It's too bad he'll never  
see these words,  
the last line  
is just for him,  
Fuck you.

-JIM BUCHANAN

## Beard

That belly, that gut.

Hell.

Twenty or ten thousand beers.

I am boring  
you to death.

I am boring.

I am.

I.

The charade is  
pointless.

You shot it down your throat,  
and half-way through it hurt, so  
you stopped, then sipped, then sipped,  
then put it away so we'd sleep together.

So gone. Damn. So gone it hurt.

But you put it away for me with my  
long grey beard, never met me before,  
bad music, and look at me...I ain't shit: skinny,  
scarred, scrawny, ugly.

But you pushed down the shot of  
ICK, yUck, NasTy....

Why? Not to get in my pants.

I am railroad bum,  
dime a thousand.

Right this very small second, I think  
that you forgot to love anyone else,  
chose me,  
and showed me it the only  
way you know  
how.

-COTTON

## Snake Days

not so many hearts

bleed over snakes

so no one's getting wet

under the eyes

or hawking the greater tragedy

because a hundred grown men

with gunnysacks

are roaming the desert

in the heat of the sun

rounding up rattlers

to toss in a pit

back in the center of town

so the women and children

can see fresh evidence

of what it takes to be

a man in these parts

before this latest illustration

suffocates itself

at the bottom of a

wriggling pile

or chokes on the smell

of reptile piss

or suicides by driving

a gut-load of poison

into its own tail

-JOHN GREY

## **I Don't Give A Damn**

19 July 96

Dear Jim:

A spaceship intercepted my last letter and reversed everything.

It was all backwards.

I meant to say that you should quit your life and grab your woman and walk directly to the nearest shop that specializes in pedicures. Because, I will be there getting my toes rubbed. But, I will not let them touch my NOBEL PEACE PRIZE.

If those little fuckheads even attempt to leave their grease behind on my medal...

I was so fantastically wealthy.

Now, I am dead.

But the bullet never hurt me when the rope tightened around my neck as I sunk down to the bottom of the loch. My intestines did not even try to digest the sulfuric acid, they just let the hole burn away in my thorax.

My rectum did not bleed against the edge of the rusty iron spike.

I hovered full of pain.

I hovered and drooled smegma on the pope.

He was so astounded at my resilience.

His command to destroy the Smartest Man in the World garnished applause from industrial nations everywhere. Many bankrolls were at stake,....what with my fame and all.

The last time I appeared in public (besides my death) I wore flippers and the newest-fangled aspirator on the bridge of my nose. When I farted next to my attorney, his lapels melted and he screamed----="fuck him. I guess he is guilty as hell."

I was so smart that I took all of my money and everyone else's and bought a schoolbus.

The trade in hot-blooded pumas was irresistible. They ate children and mulched the yard, aerating the soil with their fangs.



*A couple free demonstrations, and the neighborhood was mine. Except...*

*I was incredibly rich, so I never wanted to work. So I bought rich booze and rich clothes and I opened a video store that only rented movies that were bootlegged onto cheap blank tapes from Blockbuster Video. They caught me and I paid them off with the interest I made off of the orphanage I ran for a week. I can't believe the price people pay for ...*

-FR. PERRY DIDIER, S.J.

## **kremlindrunk**

Fathers and sons. The whole thing about passing down sins. During Soviet times alcoholism was so ingrained and implanted, so much the norm, that the reason older Russian women's forearms are so huge is that they spent most of their time dragging their drunken husbands across floors and down streets and up steps. Grabbing them under the arms with their elbow pits locked under the shoulders on good days, and when the real ripping anger tore their soul, heaving the sopping, limp-necked, dour man by his shirt collar, hopefully giving his head a few cement smacks.

Work sucked. Employment was guaranteed.

Vodka was cheap.

Ah. The good old days. Eh?

There are new toxin avengers out on the streets of Moscow today.

Crisp mid-April and C. had just rolled off of a train with his comrade M., tired and dazed after a lengthy plunge through Belarus from Vilnius. After a taxicab tear across concrete-Moscow to the accommodations, the two Americans ventured down Prospekt Mira, one of the three-tank-wide

arteries that lead toward the citadel of Russian power. A casual day of exploration was the plan. They left their luggage behind at just after noon, arriving at the Kremlin at approximately two o'clock. Along the way, the streets were clogged with citizens moving about, doing their daily deeds, much like any other metropolis at that hour. The sidewalks were wide except near busy intersections, where humans were forced to rudely jam themselves together and trim their flow between kiosks loaded with produce, cigarettes, soft drinks, and vodka. C. and M. pushed their way along as quickly as possible, just faintly becoming acquainted with the monolithic proportions of Moskva.

They eventually fell into a seemingly empty Red Square with trepidation, stunned by the calm openness, near dullness of the scene. Shit, it was quiet. Nothing red but the bricks. Lenin's tomb looked like a pixilated pimple poking out of one side, separating the pedestrian zone from the immense walls of the Kremlin. Opposite dead Lenin stood the brick barricade holding in the largest department store in the nation. The walls of the commerce zone were dominated by rickety scaffoldings, surrounding the lengthy modern mirror image of the architecture across the square. Wandering near St. Basil's Cathedral, at the far end of the plaza, M. and C. were besieged by a swarm of deaf-mutes or, more likely, deaf mute wannabees. They were waving their fingers at them

and themselves so fast that their digits could have flown off in a snap and put someone's eye out, or maybe flipped through the air and landed in an open vodka bottle, kind of like a tequila worm. The deaf mutes love to surround people and sell all kinds of authentic Russian stuff: fur hats, matryoshkas, postcards, and metal pins. Neither C. nor M. looked good in big fuzzy hats, so they bolted from the mass of cretins and hurried past Lenin's tomb before the great leader himself could rise from the dead and sell them the clippings from his beard.

At the northwest corner of Red Square, the Kremlin walls come to a point, and M. and C. decided to turn left, into a large park which aligned the castle walls. It was calm. The buds of future leaves were still huddled up like warts on tree branches. The only real warmth in the park was hissed from a hole in the tomb of the unknown soldier, which became a blue-red-orange flame attempting to lick the wind and fly out and away. Workers were everywhere: scraping dead grass, sweeping clean cement, and scrubbing marble/granite benches.

There were a few soldiers planting seedlings in the rough soil.

Walking through the park, parallel to the Kremlin walls, they eventually came upon a set of steps that

led to one of the entrances. The wide cement stairs carried them to a large platform, thirty by twenty meters. On the platform were several kiosks. One of them sold snacks and beverages and the rest were stuffed full of available souvenirs: t-shirts, postcards, keychains, and other shit.

The one with snacks and beverages boasted a monstrous variety of vodka bottles in its right-side window. There were small half-liter bottles of rot-gut, with pull-off, unresealable caps. These had faded, crooked labels testifying to the "authenticity" of the bottle's contents, and were extremely inexpensive. The famous "Stolichnaya" was represented in three sizes and as many flavors. Then there were the various imports, from Finland, Sweden, and Poland, perhaps for the big spenders or the special occasions. The left side was crammed with Coke, bottled waters (important in a city with poison pouring from the tap), and Fanta Orange soda. These semi-portable shops dot nearly every street corner in Moscow, with sometimes as many as three or four at an especially busy intersection. The mineral water and various colas may sometimes be in short supply, but there is always the vodka. VODKA.

Moments after their appearance on Grey Square they were again besieged, but this time the attackers could hear and speak, even a little English. In fact, the hounds had mastered the

phrases: "Hey, mister", "only two bucks, not expensive for you", and "everything is so cheap". They were told time after time that "all prices are negotiable". C. bought a couple sets of postcards for a tenth of the price in the kiosk, and blabbed a little Russo-English. After further persuasion, he ended up buying an entire book full of Russian stamps for about ten bucks.

At various times there were four to eight of the hucksters and they swelled around C. and M. like bloodthirsty piranha chucking their teeth through thick leather. At first, the young carpetbaggers seemed like industrious entrepreneurs, taking advantage of the new opportunities available to them since the radical political change in their homeland. They became quick friends with C. and M., hanging out, shooting the shit, hell, it was a crisp sunny day, their classes were out at the University, they knew some English, C. knew some Russian, and they had managed to win a few bright green dollars. Occasionally, one of them would dart off towards a new prospect, returning with either a smile and cash, or a sneer. They were persistent as hell.

The universal symbol among Russians to indicate drinking or drunkenness, or merely the desire to get shit-faced, is to incessantly tweak your neck or adam's apple with your middle finger while looking directly at the person you are addressing with an



empty, glassy stare. The school-chum hooligans had somehow initiated C. and M. into their club, and the money that left the American's pockets for cut-rate souvenirs was now on its way to the kiosk to procure the bottle that would stop the finger tweaking. It was 2:30 PM.

The gaggle of loiterers were serious vodka drinkers. For about half an hour C. and M. tried to tell them, against their wishes, that they would drink with them tomorrow, that they were too tired from the train, that it was too early in the day to engage in some serious swilling. Everyone had descended partially down the cement steps leading to the park. The Russians began to give gifts to the Americans: more stamps, Lenin pins, and postcards. The 1.5 liter bottle of Stolichnaya Limmonaya Vodka towered on the stone edge which ran, ground-level, as the steps descended. The yellow-orange label hovered shoulder high to the members of this international summit. A bottle of Orange Fanta and a stack of plastic cups sat at their feet. They had slunk down into the park.

The requests to join them became commands. There were three outstanding figures among the group. Sasha was soft-spoken. He wore his hair wavy, mid-short, and jock-like. A sweater of unknown fabric and blue-jeans rode over weird looking tennis shoes. Sasha's jacket had many pockets. He was, perhaps, the straightest of the

bunch. Earnest, warm, and friendly. He sold nothing to the Americans, but he was the most talkative and informative. He was already buzzed when the Americans found him but he drank slowly, cautiously, sneakily.

Arno looked like a real motherfucker. He carried no wares, but spoke in strange rhythmic slogans, never really communicating anything worthwhile, merely repeating a tired three-line soliloquy, something about getting "druuuuunnkk". His hair was close-cropped and black. His face carried a few zits and his nose lifted tiny-rimmed, blue-glass shades up to his eyes. The center of his smile was gold, having lost two teeth somewhere. Arno was a serious neck-flicker. He drank his shots straight, sometimes spitting portions of them out in a geyser-like spew, laughing as something drooled down his chin only to be caught by his sleeve. Sinister.

Dima was quiet and stood back and away from his prospects, arms open, nearly begging, putting away his product even before a decision could be made. Luckily he was with his more boisterous friends... Dima drank. Dima drank a lot. Dima simply stumbled about on the periphery of his group. He spoke little, seemingly confused by his surroundings, but never bewildered when it came to the semi-clear fluid from a vodka bottle. He darted in and out of the circle filling and emptying plastic

cups. Hovering. Staggering.

Again, the requests to join them became commands. To turn down a drink is considered an insult, and as one of them smiled (Arno), he growled that we were now in Russia and had to drink like Russians. C. reluctantly accepted a plastic cup with about four ounces of the yellow-green booze hastily poured into it. He had finally, secretly, decided to end his departure from booze due to a bad bout of anal spew (brought on by a Polish pork hock) which had lasted ten days and dehydrated his brain to raisin size. Fuck it, he thought, and busted the wheel off the rickety wagon he was barely riding. M. dove in as well, chasing the warm booze with tepid Orange Fanta.

All of the crazy bastards began pushing back monster Russian-sized shots, thirty meters from the walls of the Kremlin, as if they were in the privacy of their own homes. A second and third bottle were bought. The Slavs had a head start in this race, and the Yankees worked on catching up, which made the Russkies all the jollier. That particularly crazy MF (Arno) was especially drunk, again, slurring and spitting everywhere through his gold teeth. He was still somewhat ominous and frightening, but a four-year-old could have whipped his ass in that state.

Leaving behind the first empty bottle of rocket

fuel, they all moved over to one of the numerous benches in the park, slouching, leaning, and sliding against each other. Sometimes they wrestled. M. stood with two of them in a semi-circle that joined C. and the others forming an arc on the seats. The second and third missile-sized bottles stood on the ground equidistant from everyone, saddled by a crushed half-full Fanta 2-liter and several cups laying on the cracked pavement. All who were present proceeded to drink themselves into oblivion as Russian militia-men marched by between tourist groups. A normal day in the park, if not for that noisy group of punks blasting off into space....

For some odd reason, THE CONVERSATION  
TURNED TO WORK...

The two sides began prodding into each other's source of cash supply. "What do you do to get so much big money to come to Russia...?"..."Where do you get the stuff you sell?"..."Are you rich businessmen in America?"..."How much do you get those pins and postcards for anyway?"..."How long did you go to school?"..."Do you go to school at the university?"...

Arno: Iiiii dont give shit! for the university..just to sell these fucking shits and get druuunnk. Asshoole big man in the suit to give me these shit to sell and take the money that I don't buy vodka with....Asshooless! Get the tooooooourists...bring

me dollars!!!...Bring them shit on my bootsssss....My father sits all day with no vodka in the house to give to me and he just sits and sleeps with half a leg. I sneak a bottle to him sometimes...

Arno jumped up and grabbed Dima by the shoulder blades, pushing one while pulling the other, which caused Dima's head to crank back and forth.

Arno: And what do you doooo Diiima...

Dima: I work the marketing of souvenirs for tourists.?

Arno: We sell for piiiiggs. (Labial discharge spewed skyward).

Sasha: We are students with student cards at the university and I happen to have things to sell to rich Americans so that my mother can eat.

Laughter.

Nobody listened to or cared what the Americans did in their real life. It was of no consequence.

The earth began to spin slower.

C. was drinking and hanging and leaning, enjoying the comradery, when immediately after tossing

back yet another one of the sweet, soupy (backwash--they were drinking out of the bottle by this time), sun-warmed shots, he felt the primal urge to regurgitate. As casually as he would have lit a cigarette, he tossed burning bile through his lips, and over his shoulder, onto the grass behind him. Nobody even noticed. He drank some more.

Then, the hallucinations began.....

The head of C. began to loll, as drool became drink in his throat. His eyes pulled down their dirty brown drapes, edged them open again to take a peek, then brought shiny glowing dark-light to haze the cloudy images in his mind. That distillation, that fluid, oh clear, clear vodka. Swirls and pushes and pulls and sucks and spews and tidal wrecking...toss, turn, that brain on the high seas...it is best to dream.

Like a haunted house, the park metamorphosized into a ghoulish gallery of horrors. At first, Lenins of all ages spun out of the center of the Kremlin, tightly helixing toward the gaping hole punched in the clouds by his fist meeting the burning sun. There were five thousand Stalins smacking each other in the face and whacking each other on the head. One Stalin, huskier than the others carried a pistol and strutted the grounds, summarily executing the apparent imposter Stalins. Most of the time he casually placed the tip of his weapon



against the back of the unknowing suspect's head and "poof". There were several occasions, however, in which this super-Stalin would drag one of his imitators to the feet of C., drop him on the cement, kick him several times in the chest and head, then place a worn pencil in the condemned's crumpled hand, and while shaking the downed man's jaw, the s-S would mumble something and scribble a signature out of the limp fist at his feet. The puddle of red goobishness was getting deep at C.'s feet and skull chips coated the ground.

There were loud shouts to his right, and C. noticed that the entrance to the Kremlin was clogged with people pushing, shoving, and walking in several directions at once. There were characters grinding and pulling against each other to both get out of and into the grounds of the government. Huge red banners clashed against each other in opposite concurrence, diving out and crushing in simultaneously. There were several men surfing the tops of auto-sized tanks who continuously circled each other while shaking their fists at the sky and tugging flasks from their back pockets. A procession of bald men, who just got off tank-gassing duty, were moon-walking over the bridge, and were maliciously pummeled by ditch-diggers who happened to have a tomato surplus and incredible aim...head shots, every one of them. The moon-walkers got past the tin soldiers at the gate, but suffered under the treads of the tank

surfers. They were accidently chewed against the red brick road and spewed into the faces of innocent bystanders who happened not to notice the bloodbath in the least bit.

There were several men in garish costumes who walked hand in hand with their children and wives, stepping into and dropping out of elaborate horse drawn carriages. Their wives wore massive draping gowns that scraped the bricks which they strode across, dipping lacy hem edges into the sticky pools of blood at their feet. They didn't notice all of the mindless labor going on around them and the discontent of those who were just doing their daily work of harvesting the turmoil which made up the breadbasket of their nation. The well-dressed were calmly ushered into cattle-cars and safely escorted from the grounds.

Tornados and hurricanes and duststorms and floods occurred simultaneously while the action continued and the head of C. rested for a moment.

He snapped to, and slurped in a breath of fresh air.

C. had a wooly goatee and a stubby head which is a cover for his baldness. The head hair was a little longer than normal, and formed a shadowy half-wreath around the back of his head. Following a stern look at one of the Russians, it was noted that he bore a resemblance to Lenin. They all laughed

about being Communists. Ha-ha-ha. We're drinking with the Lenin. Ha-ha-ha. C. posed like a revolutionary, and as he stood there imitating the great Bolshevik, he noticed that everyone there but his glorious comrade M. had suddenly passed out cold. Silence had finally stuffed its filthy sock in everyone's maw. It was nearly 4:00. Not one of the Russians were dreaming anything but blackness.

Luckily, C. and M. managed to make it home on the Moscow Metro, but not before M., sitting on a concrete planter with his head wagging between his knees, drooled a Nile-length river of puke down a busy street corner during rush hour, while C. chatted with two blond Russian chickies that had appeared out of nowhere.

The women fled, skinny arms and all, at the sight of such a putrid display of international relations. They had never seen anything like that before in their entire life...

In Russia, work sucks, employment is never guaranteed, and vodka is still cheap.

-CHRIFTOR MAROVSK

## Fine white sound

today as soft  
as murdered children

the fine white sound  
of rushing wind  
as cars burn along  
the side of the highway

we hear rumors  
of the hand of god  
found buried  
in a mass grave

we build shopping malls  
and condos  
at the edge of the ocean

in the hills  
the bombs have been dropped

the government insists  
no civilians were hit  
and we believe  
what we're told

the crisp autumn air  
fills with the smell  
of burning bodies

some things  
we learn to ignore

-JOHN SWEET

## **a killer exploding**

this will be  
a year of plague

i recognize  
the signs

i don't want to be  
the bleeding horse

don't want to be  
a killer exploding  
in a small town

i have  
no words of  
comfort  
for the dead  
or the living

i keep the curtains  
closed

turn away from  
the ringing phone

i'll be  
dragged by my feet  
into the public  
square

and ripped to  
pieces  
when i'm finally  
caught

this is how  
civilized societies  
work

for now  
i listen to my  
blood

i wait

already  
my bones begin  
to show

-JOHN SWEET

## **HOW MUCH BLOOD SHALL I**

squirt into your capuccino, sir?  
"Harsh as a lark is this painting's  
scenery. Not even Buddha could

elucidate it." Sensibly I re-gallery myself  
into the Hall of Knot Art. Here also the  
morally impaired can untie all this

significance. And some example's shown  
for every unsafe neighbor-hood. Abruptly  
one observer starts unzipping so I

realize my options, recalling the old adage  
"being fully clothed is the right arm of a  
work day." Thus too soon my once-secure

haven has vanished like a  
sand painting in rain.

-JIM DEWITT



## PUT THE BLAME ON MAM...er, GRACE

The single blonde hair discovered upon my yellow jacket's sleeve was her very last one. But now I've got it, so secretly I mount it and kiss its frame. Gives me the correct quota of shivers. Plus enough inspiration to write a poem about "premature extinction of hair."

Then another & another till overnight I have penned reams of hair poems which I stuff into my special coif duffel, to take them all out into the world. To read on street corners, place on train rails to have squashed, cram into earwig entry holes.

Furthermore by a freak of fate I find myself gracing the covers of tabloids, getting "marriage" offers from all three genders, being wheedled into diving deep down to the famous Titanic's decks.

And what's to come next? Only the fattest ribbit frog on Keester's Bayou's largest lilypad knows for sure.

-JIM DEWITT

## DESPITE CLOUDS OF LETHALSPRAY

There once appeared the tiniest of termites who dared speak up "I refuse to leave this house." And continued gnawing & crawling everywhere thru its accustomed tunnels jaw-carved into joists, studs, etc. "I learned my ABCs among these walls. Now reluctant am I to abandon in panic."

So as each succeeding season keyed forward to the next our smallish bugfriend chomped minute noises-as-usual amid night's silences. Yet it came to pass the sensitive-eared mistress of that mansion could stand the gnawing no longer, going daft as with some constant faucet drip.

"Enough already" spitting into her gruel onefinemorn with resolve "that does it. This very sunup I'm setting my anti-termite tarantula loose against that persistent pest of my palace."

Indeed, soon came the tell-tale shuffling sounds of doomhour. Tiny echoes detected, as Tiny Termite sensed the stark truth of his life-stay being threatened. But did have "up his sleeves" one last-ditch plan which was this: first befriend that gullible tarantula (as all of this species are wont) and then teach her the delightful passions of cellulose chewing.

In short, his plan worked well. Success. And to this very day they both might be found lurking in the vast catacombed tunnels of the Mighty Mistress' Palatial Mansion, gnawing & chomping & chatting about their verygood life together there. Plus, verymuch driving Her High & Mightiness stark daft.

-JIM DEWITT

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