



# Fool Courting Dance

## A ROADSIDE DISTRACTION

First eve of their journey SF to Boulder, T-Bone asks Mobility B (MoB for short) to stop in Carson City so he can gamble. But he sleeps thru town, and wakes up in Reno.

"Here we are," MoB announces. He goes into a casino, and the baker loses his dough. Night in some fleabag. Next day Palm Sunday, down US 50 - the road less traveled, and 20 miles past Fallon, the Squid has its second flat tire.

"You know MoB," says T-Bone "I worked as a tow truck driver with a Holmes-440 rig on the LA Freeways. Changed many a spare tire for a lady in distress. "No problem," says T-Bone, "here's what we'll do. I'll jack up this jacked-up car and you with the jack (I'm broke flat) will take of business back in town. How's that sound?"

T-Bone is cashless, MoB has travelers checks. She hitchhikes back to Fallon, a flat tire on its rim under each arm, and calls up 24 Hour Repair. Guy says, "I hope you don't think I'm gonna give you a ride clear out there."

"Oh no, not at all. I'll just hitchhike."

He mounts and balances two new tires. "Well, you still got still half an hour on the clock - I'll drive you out to your car."

"Thanks!"

"But I hope you don't think I'm gonna put em on the car for you."

"Oh no, not at all. I'll do that."

Back at the roadside broke-down squid, T-Bone gets flashed with a 'Ben Franklin' impulse and unpacking his Indian Tiger Kite he walks sagebrush over tumbleweed over cactus out in the desert landscape to 'go fly a kite'. There he spends an hour or two, dancing the Tiger Kite in the freedom of the Nevada wind.

About this time, MoB and Repair Guy arrive at the Squid to find T-Bone flying a kite. Repair guy puts both tires on the car - nice guy! No longer stranded, MoB and T-Bone take comfort in the 1969 Falcon Station Wagon with a black fender, a grey one, the rest of the body gold. A cracked windshield and all their stuff sitting there on the US-50 shoulder. This Squid, a veritable 'bucket of bolts' holds these two fools together at this dead stop, intersection of their young itinerant lives.

## CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

Roll back the clock 4 months, to November in Boulder: MoB gets the Cosmic Kick in the Ass and abruptly obtains an old cheap car and away she goes like a balloon with a hole in it, launched spinning, Alaska-bound, while friend T-Bone stays in Boulder to study computers, baking French bread to make bread.

Before parting waves, parting ways T-Bone lays down some terms and conditions so that MoB and guy can communicate through space time - As retold by the poet, Jaime De Angelo:

*Fox was the only living man. There was no earth. The water was everywhere.*

*"What shall I do," Fox asked himself.*

*He began to sing in order to find out. "I would like to meet somebody," Fox said. Then he met Coyote.*

*"I thought I was going to meet someone," Fox said.*

*"Where are you going?" Coyote asked.*

*"I've been wandering all over trying to find someone. I was worried there for a while."*

*"Well it's better for two people to go together....that's what they always say."*

*"OK. But what will we do?"*

*"I don't know."*

*"I got it! Let's try to make the world."*

*"And how are we going to do that?" Coyote asked.*

*"Sing!" said Fox.*

The deal is sealed. MoB and her Squidmobile are launched on her maiden, epic voyage.....

*Dear T-Bone - thoughts from Montrose:*

*strange town*

*cold night*

*full moon*

*trains*

*Play me that harmonica again.*

*typing*

*stopping*

*why should it distract me*

*that you are baking bread?*

*If I had a job*

*a van*

*needed a cup of coffee*

*I might be there.*

*Instead I have a boat*

*and miles*

*and piles of words*

*to tell the world*

*& hope they want to know*

*& so I go*

*on the great black river*

in my rubber-keeled fish  
    with a beer  
    & the AM bands  
& these 2 hands  
    to guide it all along.

It can't be wrong  
    - feels like paradise  
        under this sky  
    a place to be,  
    & places going by ...

I tried that harmonica  
    - where'd you find those notes,  
        that train-whistle-moan  
        that mournful tune?



Asphalt busy with campers  
    jeeps, trailers, trios in orange.  
Kill those elk, fill that freezer,  
    maybe something  
        for the mantelpiece.  
We swim concurrent on the highway  
    in our different streams  
-Could they really be nearer  
    than you?

Play that train again,  
    I'll let you know.

A Cool November Night  
Monday  
Well, well, well

There you are. Cool blueberry country. Home of the Stamper family. "Never give an inch." Miles down the road. How ya doin?, Miss Mobility?

Here I sits. Little House on the Prairie, North Boulder style, me Augusto, Justin & Julie stashed in their rooms watching Jane and Papa Henry Fonda in a movie. Time winds down to the holiday season and sometimes a lot of things happen when you're standing still.

In Bend  
They don't extend  
that helpin hand  
tho friendly as can be.  
"No Boy Scouts we &  
owe you nuthin  
oh you nuthin"  
don't y' see  
ain't nobody poor  
'cept fools like me  
footloose & free  
But they don't give  
a time of day  
to anyone who lives my way  
- "You have no phone?  
Scram you can't  
wash dishes here  
Why they're standin in line  
Bribin each other to get lost  
they want this \$20 a day  
job so much"  
So "You know where your  
job fits the best  
-put it there -  
I don't wanna take yer test  
Think I pack m' bags &  
head north, north & west

Into land of fog & rain  
I am the Fish's nose again

Skeezo  
Frenic news

"I'm here to welcome you to wherever you think it is you think you're at."  
- X Swami X -

"Poetry's trash, mere cloud of words, comfort to the hopeless. But this is no cloud,  
no syllabled phantom that stands shaking its sword at you."  
- Unferth to Grendel -

"Sounds like you got a Tennessee to be Seattled in Washington for a Weil. Well good  
for you. With a little luck we may vectorize at some future date. But vector rays are  
hopelessly divergent lines. Think about Heisenberg's Law - "If you can see her, she

doesn't exist." Ergo ~~~ if she's far away she's probably doing O.K."

I have a room that's pretty bare:  
there's one low table, still no chair.  
Not a dresser for my clothes -  
Boxes stacked are holding those.  
The closet's large, with many hooks  
and hanger space and shelves and nooks.  
There is a lamp, and ceiling light  
but neither of them's very bright.  
The wooden floor could use some wax  
to cover many cuts & cracks,  
but then, the ceiling's fairly high,  
there's lots of space, it's warm & dry.  
Alaska's hanging by the door  
the bed is adequate & more.  
The kitchen's nice - the stove is gas  
(they're hard to find up here - alas!).  
The Iron Squid down on the street  
is parked beneath where sparrows meet.  
Poor Squid! I'd like to keep him clean  
But then where park the old machine?  
Athlete's foot creeps between toes  
- I have those Coastal Climate woes!

Well, guess I'll send this off to you;  
if you get the urge to rhyme back, do!

MoB -

Slip-sliding away, the closer to your destination the more you go {drawing of slope  
written slip sliding away.

I realize that Boulder ain't happening for y'all but I thought your direction was  
headed towards the LAND (no mention of Spanish Peaks homestead in  
correspondence). My prejudice is to get something concrete out of this place before I  
splits elsewhere. & I have unilateral Arian drive to get computer job security under  
the belt (or at least to give it the ol college try).  
Journey to Folk Arts Music. (Sing song to strangers on the street). Present song to  
local folk artists (& croissants for a good review) Man on phone bluegrass artist,  
with an air of silence that conquers all. He speaks quietly, "That was an agent for  
Nashville Studio they want me to go cut a record, \$50,000 guaranteed." (Yesterday  
he played Molly's for nickels & dimes). Played my pitch to his pitch -

### Battle For a New Oil Lease

Iran in the cameras  
Iran in the papers  
Iran in the White House  
Where the oil money flows  
Iran so bad  
Our Army couldn't touch em  
They took our radar bases  
In the Gulf of Texaco



Later lying at home, wishing I had someone to go to Molly's with bluegrass Ned was going to sing my song tonight. DARN.

Midnite

Back to the ovens.

No more Cinderfella stories.

*Briefing for a descent into a boiler... Tomorrow I get to put in a ~ 24 hour shift taking measurements of wall-thickness in aforementioned place. Scaffolding, heights, bad smell, long hours, numbers.*

Do you sing? Do you dance?  
Do you laugh without a joke?  
Ever swing, take a chance, share illegal smoke?  
Do you jive while you drive, let your spirit free?  
Do you miss that fishy kiss, do you think of me?

Anyway  
should I say  
what you are to me?  
Someone kind (scale & fin) to ( ) unbindingly  
(You won't like it if I write it so I leave ( ) blank -  
Friendship's fresh air without pressure, nothing if not frank).  
Send me a letter, I'll write a poem better -  
I never know what I'll say.  
Just take a blank sheet, the ink & the words meet,  
follow it all of the way!

### CALL & RESPONSE:

So I went down to the Crossroads, just to spend some time.  
In these still moments, lettuce take time to look ahead at our divergent vector rays  
and consider these possible scripts, well ---

1) MoB goes to Canada marries an Eskimo.

Naa.

2) T-Bone goes to IBM, marries a Computer.

Hope naa.

3) MoB goes to North Pole, polar bears hate alfalfa sprouts, comes back to  
Boulder huff buff.

Nope. [I wanna go forward! No Boulder Buff!]

4) T-Bone scatters in April.

Yep.

5) MoB comes back to Boulder CO, MoB & T-Bone link up .

Y Not?

6) T-Bone: I've a mind to give up living and go shopping instead.

Don't buy it's all inferior goods  
high prices & who needs it?

### Inquiry:

Everytime I find myself empty-handed & things are dull I Fold Paper.

Tonight I make Kangaroos.

The paper is Creased

Pinched

Curled

Pointed

then isn't Just Paper

What sort of financial future

might an Origami Artist

carve out

(fold out?)

of a 1980s (!! ) society?

Into what circles

of that society

might I Fold

Curl

Point

my way

to manipulating some

material



clay  
 paper  
 sometime  
 metal  
 stone  
 wood  
 food  
 words  
 Making  
 birds  
 turtles  
 Stirring up  
 the cup of wonder  
 Cutting adult webs asunder  
 to free the child  
 living under ----  
 An elder child  
 a Fool  
 must be  
 But I would rather  
 Fool and Free  
 Than smarter be in  
 Misery.  
 If someone laughs  
 & lights those eyes  
 I feel I have done  
 something Wise  
 so why not awake  
 by an image I make  
 some slumbering corner of mind  
 where a person is kind  
 can have joy  
 a free heart  
 in this world  
 not apart  
 Is there such a  
 market  
 today?  
 Intelligence is  
 What You Use  
 & Luck of the Muse  
 Not just Logic  
 & Pedagogic conclude.  
 Bend a thought or 2 my way  
 & le'me know what you have to say.



MoB  
 Good Friend of Mine  
 Thanks for the Note  
 Thought I'd drop you a line  
     The trouble, it seems  
     If I follow your rime  
     Would be Making cents  
     While unfolding time  
         The solution we find  
         Is not much of a  
         problem  
         We'll put you to work  
         In a big Kindergarten!



Alas & Alack  
 She moans with a scorn  
 "I've really no use  
 for the not-quite-yet born."  
     "If I'm to return  
     To my land as a native  
     I must strike out new  
     With a task that's creative."  
         Want ads are wanting  
         Who needs a position  
         When with words and with paper  
         You're a folding magician.

Now girl, here's some lip  
 From a new age visionary  
 I've looked into the future  
 And sister, it's scary.  
     Scarcity, hunger & famine it seems  
     May be riding the crest of an American dream.  
     Without any roots we're just tumbleweeds  
     Blowing around in the Dustbowl of need.  
         (In the world of the doomsayers  
         Life's never too rosy  
         T needs MoB or  
         He'll never be cozy)

MoB needs busy  
 Or she'll never be happy  
 T [bone] it seems  
 Is going quite daffy.  
 (On cold days at home  
 We used to make taffy).  
 Stop.

Breathe.  
Maybe these ramblings aren't crazy  
If we can stretch the mind's vision  
Like that old home made candy  
And pat it around in the palms

There's a chance we'll  
Create a Confection  
That's Grand!  
(Watch out now, it's HOT)

Luv,  
T Bone

[FADE BACK TO THE ROADSIDE SQUID]

Fools Courting drive off into the great Salt Lake desert, alternator light blinking red and dark while semi truck mudflaps slap road grit and sleet snow into Squid's cracked windshield. MoB lies prone on the seat, unable to watch, while T-Bone guides the sliding wheels, driving half blind into the night.

So after those rhyme-times, they take a chance -  
in Boulder, he finds he can hold her,  
she finds it's no colder -  
Just what he told her -  
They stoke the fire so it won't smolder,  
Each offers a supporting shoulder -  
living by whatever rules  
pop out of their molecules  
Silliness and wit their tools.  
There we leave our courting fools.

[SEGUE WITH HARMONICA]

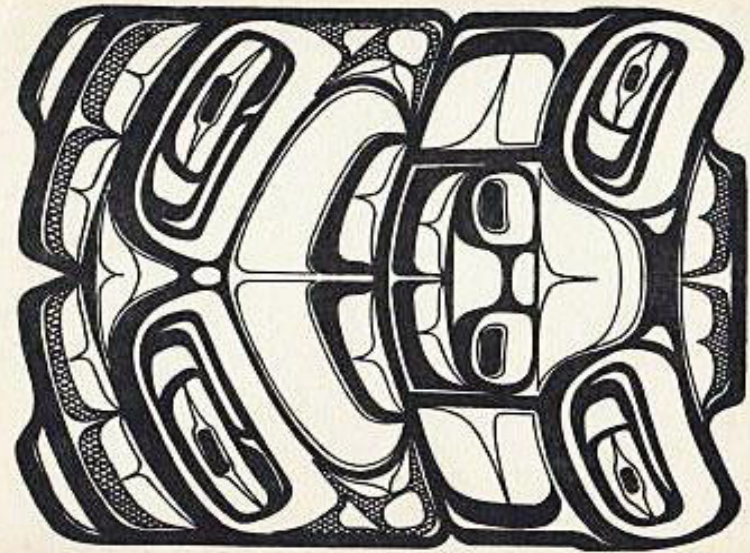
I tried that harmonica  
- where'd you find those notes,  
that train-whistle-moan  
that mournful tune?

Play me that harmonica again.





# ILLUSTRATIONS



Grasshoppers



"TWO ZEN POET MONKS": WOODBLOCK PRINT  
KOREAN EXHIBIT AT BURKE MUSEUM.



# 'If You Want to Be a Writer, Find A Way to Support Your Habit'

By Helen Dudar

New York

**B**J. CHUTE sold her first short story 50 years ago. She has published 14 books, including six novels, among them "Grenwillow," a best seller which was the basis for a Broadway musical. Last year, her fiction brought in \$270. She writes to please herself and teaches to keep the landlord at bay. "If you want to be a writer" she tells her students at Barnard College, "you had better find a way to support your habit."

Although it may seem as if paperback and movie millions now rain down upon American authors, B.J. Chute is here to remind us that many writers live in perpetual drought. And, while she is indomitably sunny about her own lean economic circumstances — "It wouldn't bother me to scrub floors if I had to" — she worries about those of her colleagues.



B. J. CHUTE

At least ten times a year, PEN's Writers Fund will be asked to forestall the problem of writers like B.J. Chute.

publishing house and evaluator for federal Title I projects. "There was never a moment," he says, "when I didn't consider writing my sole occupation."

Spencer, who is 34, has had a handsome critical and financial success this season with his third novel, "Endless Love," and reports exuberantly, "I've made a lot of money." Who would begrudge it to him? The other day, he figured out that in ten years he had written two novels, which attracted paperback sales and movie options; had turned out a number of short stories, some published under a pseudonym in a woman's magazine, and ghosted three non-fiction books, all for a grand total of

## LETTER FROM NEW YORK

not quite \$50,000 or an average of less than \$5,000 a year.

"Endless Love" was completed in a low-rent cottage in Vermont and financed in part by unemployment insurance payments. Spencer calculates that the benefits he collected balanced the failure of the National Endowment for the Arts to give him a grant to finish his novel. NEA funds are recent boons to struggling writers, but there are always more strugglers than grants.

Some years ago, B.J. Chute, for whom writing comes hard and rewriting is a constant preoccupation, was invited to lunch by an editor. "Any day but Tuesday when I teach at Barnard," said Chute. "Oh," said the editor, "so you're working now." Chute, of course, never stops working but she hears things like that all the time.

57 REDWOOD CT.  
XALOP, COLO.  
80301



NATIONAL  
CHILDREN'S  
DENTAL HEALTH WEEK



NANCY ("OF THE YUKON") B-BALL

...and your MIND now shows you how to

re  
and  
gh

amatic results  
hundreds of pa-  
nd metabolic mal-  
g were nervous,  
ile up to par. In  
a history of such

GIRLS GO TO MARS  
TO CATCH CANDY BARS  
BOYS GO TO JUPITER  
TO GET MORE STUPIDER,

— ANONYMOUS —





THIS  
MAN  
IS



VITAL

New RECORD - Woodstock Mts. 3.  
(Music from Hun Acres)

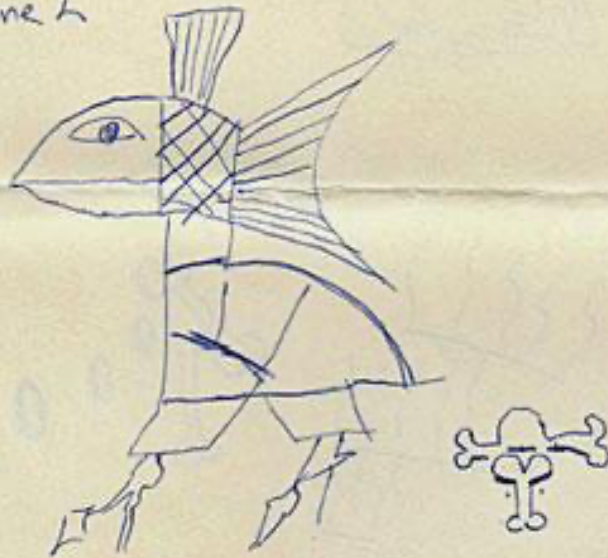
PAT ALGER & ARTIE TRAUMA & FREZZ  
MEMORIES OF CHATAQUA HALL

Act 2

Scene 1

"Don't go chasing a girl if  
she's short & thick  
She'll have you chasing lions  
with a thin ol' walkin' stick"  
- Doc Watson -

Act 2  
Scene 2



end of Act 2

WHEN YOUR  
STOMACH

IS

UPSET













JELLO BIAFRA

association . . . Hank Williams Jr. and Commander Cody play December 9 at the Berkeley Community Theater.

★ ★ ★

In the Chronicle office pool to guess how many votes Jello Biafra of the Dead Kennedys would get in his race for the mayor, 49 of the 55 entrants guessed lower than Biafra's actual total. Chronicle political correspondent Larry Liebert, on the other hand, had the penultimate estimate, 2000 votes more than Biafra's final tally, but what does he know?

Cellist Charlotte Moorman performs "Opera Sextronique" by Nam June Paik (right) where score calls for topless soloist in gas mask. At this concert, plainclothesmen waited until she finished aria, then arrested her as audience stomped and booed them.



Fishing is Great in the Northwest - they're great dancers!



Riding a new wave!!!