

The Malcontent

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The Barker's Song

Intro

Welcome to Hell!
Welcome to Hell!

Murder, rape, suicide,
and things that smell!

Welcome to Hell!
Welcome to Hell!

Turn the page,
jump right in!
Love's a joke,
Friendship a sin!
And every story,
You'll see yourself in!

Welcome to Hell!
Welcome to Hell!
Well
Come
to
Hell!

Ed Hoyer, Jr.

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An die ferne Geliebte

There is a quiet center in the middle of one's being that echoes the tranquility of the soul. It is this place where inspiration is born. This is the spot that I retreat to when I'm singing. Not rehearsals. They are a dead time where skill is perfected and near mindless repetition is the unbending rule. It's the stage, the performance that really takes me away. And it's not just the audience that does the trick, although I have to admit that the self satisfaction that comes with the roar of the crowd is its own kind of intoxication. But this isn't a drug. It goes way beyond the high of an audience's gratitude and it's an addiction that I've never been able to shake. I remember the audition I had last week for All-State. Or rather, I don't remember it. That was the most complete resolution into this most holy of places I've ever attained. Any performer worth his sheet music knows what its like. This time, I nailed it. I walked into the audition room, saw the recognition in my judges' eyes as I took my place between the alto and bass. (My director is careful to place me in the first group and with the best of the other three parts, no more bozos like my freshman year auditions for District and All-State. Barely made it because of that strutting gussy bitch in a tight dress.) Got my starting pitch, closed my eyes, inhaled, and... nothing. Don't remember a thing between that and the final chord echoing in the room. I opened my eyes and I saw not just my two judges, but all eight staring at me like I was Moses, beard and hair flying in the wind like the triumph of Almighty God. When they came round we did our scales (Nailed them.) and we left. Mr. Deshanes told me later that I got a perfect score: fifties from both judges.

It is this center spot in my soul (I know no better description than this) that I went to so completely that 4 minutes and 35 seconds.

It was like communing with Greatness Incarnate. And it left no knowledge of its visit other than pure joy and elation. I plan to go there again for my solo this next concert.

Composed in April of 1816, An die ferne Geliebte (Op. 98) is the only song cycle ever written by Beethoven. However, it represents the pinnacle of song cycles and a sense of unity in form throughout its structure that neither Brahms nor Schubert ever paralleled. Possibly written to the order of the Master himself, Alois Jeitteles' poem deals exclusively with love's yearning for a love returned. The piano work accompanying the text moves fluidly throughout the entire piece from key to key and tempo to tempo, making the individual pieces almost impossible to separate. The text of the poem is lavishly incarnated in Beethoven's music and glides from torrid to tepid and back with all the grace and ease of a Master's renown, with the final selection echoing the theme established in the first.

When I got home I called Jaimie. I tried my best to describe what happened but I guess the emotional context of something like that can't be described over the phone. Maybe it's just that she's not in tune to who I am yet. It will come in time. It bugs the hell out of me when she says that "maybe we need to go slower" and "I think I need to take some time to sort out my feelings for you." I've spilled my guts to her and I know she feels the same way about me. So what if we haven't been seeing each other that long, how long does true love take? You know it in an instant, it's there when your eyes meet, when your hands touch, in the flash of an intimate moment and it's forever. I've already got our whole lives planned out, what I'll do after college, where we'll live, how many kids, almost down to what she'll

cook me for dinner on Sunday nights. Does this sound like just one date to you? And I've called her every night since, too.

At this point the characteristics associated with this condition are already prevalent. A subject in this state could at any time tell you precisely what he or she would be doing a month, a year, even ten years from now. This in itself is not abhorrent behavior: any one with a date planner and a healthy sense of purpose could do the same and not be considered even slightly deviant. It is the degree of the phenomenon in conjunction with feelings of violent rage and indignation when the plan goes awry. Even something as seemingly insignificant as, say, a waiter explaining that the restaurant is out of the soup of the day would trigger a violent response. It is this "megalomania," if you will, that is the true sickness.

A week left of rehearsals until the show and I am sick to death of Deshanes. We go over and over it and still it's not enough for him. I know it already, lighten up. The music flows like milk and liquid gold and he says I've got to work on the German. Like I was born speaking Kraut. I know it well enough for him, well enough for me, and way good enough for the audience. They're not going to understand a single word of the thing but Deshanes wants me to roll the R's more. I sound like a machine gun as it is. What's he want, friggin' Blitzkreig?

I wish to God that Jaimie would return my calls. Her mom is nice enough when I call her house. Sometimes we chat away real sociably even after she says that Jaimie's not home. Sure I'm scoring points with her folks but I just wish that I could get some sort of response to her. Not even the letters have had any effect and I poured my heart out into them. It's like dropping stones into a well and waiting to hear the clink when they hit the bottom. Nothing. It's so draining to love some one so much who's too shy to tell you she loves you too. And if her friends

don't quit giving me those dirty looks every time I pass one of those fat bitches in the hall I swear I'll fill my car trunk with their body parts.

The dedication of the song cycle to Beethoven's patron Joseph von Lobkowitz belies what many believe to be the true target of the work, Beethoven's mysterious "Immortal Beloved." The dedication was added later, in October, after the piece had been completed for seven months and after Beethoven heard that his old friend and patron was dying. But Beethoven's love interest many not have been the only motivation behind the cycle's recurrent theme of love and loss. It was during this time that several of Beethoven's friends and patrons had drifted away or died. It could also reflect a time when the composer began to abandon his attempts at marriage and forming his own family. It is about this time that his troubles with his widowed sister-in-law and her son Karl begin, a struggle which would only be resolved ten years later with Karl's attempted suicide. Indeed, this song cycle heralds a period of almost twelve months of complete compositional inactivity for Beethoven.

I've never been this agitated about a show before. I actually threw up this morning. I hope I level out for the show tonight. No sense acting like such a rank amateur.

There's something wrong with Jaimie. It's gone beyond not taking my calls, now she's lying to her parents. Last night her mother actually hung up on me. She seemed like such a nice woman, how could she be so rude? "I think you should really stop calling here. This is a matter for the authorities." What is? Is it all of a sudden illegal to call your girlfriend on the phone? Did I miss

something here? Goddammit, don't you freakin' ignore me. I love you, don't you see that? You think I'd do this for any girl?

At this stage the subject exhibits not only blind rage at the recent developments in the situation but also an ignorance of the wrongs he has committed. Notice the insistence of blame in other parties, never himself. It is also during this state that the duality begins. Unable to alert the conscious to the horrible wrongs it suffers under, the subconscious vents in other ways. Physical ticks or even psychosomatic illness, such as we see here, are not uncommon to this level of advancement.

Is she here? Did she come? I can't see past the bright lights as I walk to the center stage by the piano. I'm not well. It must have been the strain or maybe the lights are too damn hot but my palms itch and I'm soaked with sweat. It's a short intro into the first part and I click into the music. I must be off my center because I haven't found my true stride yet. It's odd but instead of focusing on the music, I can hear my voice singing for me, like I'm an outside entity. And I think of Jaimie.

How could I feel such emotion for her and not burst? That night I held her close and intimately beneath me. How I lay beside her and told her how our life would be together, how she agreed with everything I said between sighs. Things were so right then.

I'm getting closer to my center now. The music seems to fill my being and I...

...think of her. How I held her close beneath me that night. How I held her and told her not to go, that I needed her. How, when the passion had left me, I had stood above her and told her her how it would be and how she agreed to everything I said between sobs. Her face...

...tear stained, her make-up running down

her face. My God! Not this face, not here. The bitch here in my spot! In my one spot. The center of my being. My music!

(Why is that jerk playing the same line over and over. What, is he lost?)

My music! All that I am, gone. Her sobbing face in my soul, her ragged voice through my mouth. "Stop. Stop. Please don't. Oh, God. No, don't."

Denn vor Liebesklang entweicht jeder Raum und jede Ziet, und ein liebend Herz erreicht, was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

Is the subject competent to stand trial? Yes, I believe he is. Despite his mental collapse, there is still a great deal of his psyche still intact. You can thank an overweening ego for that. It is not uncommon for a schizophrenic patient to develop one persona that will keep the subject held together, if you will, to withstand and carry out most day to day functions. Is the subject capable of accepting the charges of rape? In my estimation, not at all. Although the subject knows what he did, this part of his conscious mind is still far too delicate and repressed to be subjected to anything but the most structured of surroundings. I recommend that he be declared mentally incompetent and remanded to the care of the city facilities, there to be treated until such time as the board sees fit to review his case. The victim and her family need not worry for their safety, he will be there for a long time.

Ben Ide

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Church

In the house of Death
 the part-time priests
 hover around you
 like a cloud of mosquitoes.
 Even though you look dead,
 they cry
 that your life
 was always theirs.
 They hypnotize you
 and you can't resist
 their invitation.
 You've lost track of the time,
 and you don't know why
 you came here.
 They cry
 that this choice
 was made long ago.
 In the half light,
 as you tumble toward sleep,
 you're stunned to hear
 that nothing is sacred.
 And you know
 that this is the end.

Ed Hoyer, Jr.

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Ecstasy

The Gypsy girl sings like a nightingale.
 We taste her voice, and we can fly. The
 music plays, and we dance on the clouds.
 The night is so lovely, we don't need
 another.

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Endgame

I am trying to remember
 the way out of here.
 I can no longer run from the hounds.
 I am tired of the world,
 the sky seems much larger now.
 In the morning,
 I give up this uniform
 as a way of breaking free.
 I ignore your pleading eyes,
 your rivers of salty tears.
 How much more obvious can I be?
 Help me wash my life away.
 My hands are cold,
 the scars hardly show.
 We may as well pretend
 that this was the dress rehearsal.

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CTB

I wish I could see a sunset
 without crying.
 I am driven by memories
 and dreams of these four walls.
 It's not fair
 that you are one of them.
 Sometimes, I think of myself as whole
 but there is no hope
 and I can't get warm enough to sleep.

Ed Hoyer, Jr.

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Amnesia Should Come In A Gel-Coated Capsule

Heat.

Muggy, hot, clinging, cloying, annoying, disgusting, putrid feelings abounded around and inside her. She turned the music up louder and louder and louder until she could barely distinguish between what was sound and what was pure noise. She wished that she could turn it up louder, so loud and obnoxious and noxious that she couldn't even hear, nevermind think.

All she did was think. She was sick, just SICK of thinking. She wished for a chance to just black-out her mind for one day. One day of not thinking of all her shortcomings and misfortunes and disappointments. She just wanted to be free of all her pent-up emotions, free of her turmoils and envy. So much envy. She despised her envy, her jealous tendencies, her always wanting what she didn't have. She saw everyone as her enemy.

The sound spewing forth from the speakers seemed so low to her. She needed it to reach a level of sound that was so high that you couldn't even hear it anymore, she needed it that loud. Just something, anything, to block out her life. Drinking didn't help, it just made her remember everything that was wrong instead of making everything seem right. Drinking was such a lie. Such a lie. She thought that it was supposed to make you feel good and make you forget and make you think that things are bathed in a fabulous soft light of goodness.

She realized that everything, absolutely everything was a lie. She had such hate and ugliness inside her and she wished that she could display her true self, her distorted, true self to the world but she was scared to. She didn't realize that one person could possibly have as much anger inside her as she did. She just hated everything. Nothing made her happy and even if something had the audacity to try and make her happy, she really

couldn't be.

She was always searching. Searching for that one perfect thing, person feeling that would make her stop feeling this lonely, pathetic, angry way.

There wasn't enough noise in the room for her, she needed more, more vibrations of sound pulsing through her body. She turned the air-conditioner on to cool her off, to generate noise, to calm her down, yet keep the hostility going. She was such a stupid paradox.

Air-conditioner on high, volume on ten, anger and emotions off the scale. She paced around the room still thinking, still thinking of what she had no desire to think of, tearing at her hair, grimacing at her reflection in the mirror, body so tight she thought that she would snap at any second and then she did.

She started to scream. She screamed like she's never screamed before, ripping her tape player out of the wall and flinging it across the room, kicking the air-conditioner until it sputtered to a defeated halt, knocking chairs out of the way. She abruptly stopped screaming when she noticed the smoke pouring from the vents in the air-conditioner and she fell. She fell to the floor laughing and cackling and howling at the top of her lungs and she continued to laugh until her entire body ached and she felt calm. She felt calm and at peace and tired. So completely drained and limp. She fell asleep on the floor in a curled-up position, hugging her legs close to her chest, listening to the deafening silence, enjoying the stillness and utter calm.

Janine Wilkins

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Nightwords

Confess your ignorance, you say,
beneath the canopy of stars,
as the darkness closes in around,
eagerly awaiting the final silence.
The desert air holds us in its grasp,
unidentified voices
mingle with the clouds.

Sometimes, I dream
I can imitate your confidence,
pretend fear is not real.
I do not think of
the end of the earth,
or the voices that insist
you traded love for death.

Give me your power, I say,
hold my hand just for a moment,
until my strength comes back.
I realize how much you want me.
We can go on forever
unless I wake up.
Even pleasure has its limits.

Ed Hoyer, Jr.

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The Galleon That Sank

Her sails unfurled blowing in the wind,
rocking and swaying like a baby in a cradle,
on the sea under the full moon,
while sailors sleep beneath her decks,
dreaming of home on dry land,
not knowing fate has chosen to sink,
in a storm howling like a wolf,
but no sailors awoke
for they were dead from starvation.
Slowly,
like a tiger creeping,
the ship sank.

Beth Hoyer

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It's Hot.

I didn't do anything today. I stayed home and endured the July heat. I'd shut all the doors and windows, and closed all the shades. I was hoping to chase the heat away, or at least, convince it that I wasn't home, and that it should go visit someone else. It didn't work. The heat found me anyway, filling my room with its stifling grip.

I sat in my chair, and let the table fan blow a cool breeze on my overheated body. I'd put the air-conditioning on, but my roommate hates it. He likes it hot, and has a long speech about it being better to be hot than cold. I don't. I hate the heat. I should move out. But not today. It's too hot. Maybe I'll just kill him.

Ed Hoyer, Jr.

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Nine Beers And This Is My Penance

Just leave me alone. I don't feel like talking to you, I can barely even hear you because of the music blaring throughout the cavernous room. OK, I can see that you're not going to go away, so, what is your name? What? What? I can't hear you. What. Is. Your. Name? Forget it, forget it, I don't even care what your name is. Yes, I go to school. I'm twenty. Uh-huh. Please stop saying I'm pretty. I have a boyfriend. I. Have. A. Boyfriend. No, he doesn't live around here. Do you have a girlfriend? Do you have a girlfriend, I said? Is she here? Oh, Okinawa. Will she be coming to America to kick your sleazy ass soon? Stop saying I'm pretty. I. Have. A. Boyfriend. And stop touching my legs, just because they're in shorts doesn't give you free reign. No, no, I hate this music, why do you like it? It sucks. I don't even want to be here and I don't want to be talking to you, stop smiling at me. Stop it now. Where did my friends go? This is so rude. I can't even enjoy being drunk because Japan's answer to Don Juan won't leave me alone. Give me one of your cigarettes. No, you may not flick my Bic, nobody even says that in real life. Catch up. I don't even smoke and you're making me so stressed that I have to do something. It's too crowded to find my friends and I'm scared to walk down the steps to the main floor for fear of tripping. No, I don't want to go out sometime. Yes, I do have a job. Not here. No, not around here. Please just go away. Give me another cigarette. I don't believe this. Thank God I see my friends. I gotta go, it was nice talking to you, stop kissing my cheeks. Stop kissing me! Get your hands off my damn legs. I. Have. A. Boyfriend. If I had a gun I'd kill you right now. Give me another cigarette before I go and leave me alone.

Janine Wilkins

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I Hate You

I hate you
I hate you
You know the reason why

I hate you
I hate you
I wish you would die

I hate you
I hate you
I scream it in my song

I hate you
I hate you
Then again, I could be wrong.

Ed Hoyer, Jr.

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Time Has Come

The time has come
and you must cry
It really doesn't matter why
I am here
and you must go
The reason doesn't matter so
The knife is sharp
the blood so red
One of us will soon be dead
But have a laugh
for we'll soon be
a mini-series on TV.

Ed Hoyer, Jr.

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Dominion

The gods of confusion ask for your autograph, and deny that they have destroyed everything you love. They promise you nothing, they scream at you to shut up, and demand that you hand over the keys. No matter what excuses you invent, the shadows whisper a warning in your ear. Is this only a game?

You are willing to admit that your dreams don't mean anything, and that it's time to grow up, but you are convinced that greed will save you. The night is filled with the sound of your breathing, and you find out it's only the end of the first round.

The gods who chain-smoke all day explain their political positions until you are exhausted. They suggest various tourist attractions just for the pain of it. You offer to demonstrate how a small conspiracy of gardeners secretly control the world, but you find you cannot hide. They tell you you are beautiful, but small children still point at you on the street. It has been true since the beginning. Is this the reason you were born?

In the night, you feel afraid. Despite everything you know, you don't like what you see, and you start imagining that your innocence doesn't convince anyone. The shadows whisper your deepest secrets in public. You need more practice, but there's no real chance. Spiderwebs are clouding your vision. There is only one way out, and you fear this exit leads to remorse. The steel is cold. Gradually, the pain fades.

Ed Hoyer, Jr.

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Ode to Euterpe

Her soft voice beckons in my
mind
Calling me to go
I cannot
It is not my time to go
Hands become fists
Clenched in frustration
As her beckon grows stronger
And I know she is leaving
Yet here I stay
It is not my time to go
A single, solitary tear runs
It's slalom down my cheek
As her voice fades to a whisper
Yet, I smile in contentment
For had I followed her call
She would be gone
And so would I

Robert J. Lutinski

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Awating...
The environment creates
Anticipation...
and a long forgotten longing
Gives way to waiting
For that eternal moment
Until excitement
Abounds...
As the senses become aware
The waiting is over
Arousal...
ensue, until that gentle first taste
When bitter reality crashes down.

Robert J. Lutinski

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Machine

4 haiku

What do the voices
say to you when a winking
red eye calls you out

The ghost of long dead
heroes, trapped in a box, and
you watch them for fun

Vivid light, captured
shelled, tortured with electricity:
it dies, burnt out bulb

Rip the day to shreds-
fingerless hands sweep around
the face eternal

Ben Ide

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NOX

Perception,
Reality,
Chaos,
Law,
Night.
She Cares For Her Children.
For We Are All
Children Of The Night.
She Cloaks Us And Hides Us
From Our Worst Enemy
Ourselves.

Robert J. Lutinski

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Alone.
In the dark.
More than just the black of night.
It is the darkness of my soul.
Bitter, Uncaring.
More chilling than the vacuum of
space.
To go here is truly
To boldly go where no man has gone
before.
Before me.
I am afraid, and can go no further.
From the vast apothecary of my brain
Comes self-loathing.
Fueled by this,
And the singleness of my wish...
To die,
I am moved.
Beyond personality.
Beyond ego.
Beyond awareness.
Here I stand.
Alone.
In the dark.
Beyond the darkness of my soul.
I see light, and love.
Experiencing this,
I am no longer alone.

Robert J. Lutinski

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Citizens of Pain

Citizens of Pain
 with Weathered Hands
 And
 Sunken Eyes
 Lie Like Corpses
 On The Ground;
 Introducing The Pavement
 As Their New Home
 Welcome To Elm City!
 Drop A Quarter
 In A Can
 Or Take No Pity.
 Telepathy Says,
 "Get A Job"
 A Fallen Tear Speaks
 "I Have No Home I'm All Alone
 My Heart Is Swollen, My Pain Is
 Growing And My Spirit
 Is Obsolete."

Shaunda Holloway

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Golden Day

He wants to ascend from earth
 to exchange mayhem for mirth
 but he must live
 He bargains for streets of gold
 and the presence of the omnipotent force
 Reality leaves his heart cold
 He feels there is no goodness to unfold
 But he must obey
 So strongly wishes to trade the night
 for infinite golden day

Shaunda Holloway

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Images, Images
 So Readily
 Seen
 Have Been Defined
 By
 The Blind
 Under
 The Dictatorship Of Every
 Vogue and Glamour
 Magazine
 Images, Images
 Available Unto You
 Making Those Who Copy
 Appear
 Like Fools
 Could It Be That We
 Are
 Like Mere Puppets
 on
 Geppetto's Shelf?
 For If We Could,
 We'd Be Made Of
 Wood,
 Constructed and Controlled
 At The Hands of
 Someone Else!

Shaunda Holloway

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The Barker's Song

Outro

You've been to Hell!
You've been to Hell!
Wasn't it dark?
Didn't it smell?
Wasn't it scary?
Wasn't it swell?

Well come back to Hell!
Well come back to Hell!
Buy another ticket,
take another ride!
See all the secrets,
you try to hide!

Well come back to Hell!
Well come back to Hell!
Well
Come
Back
to
Hell!



Is There An Afterlife And If So Do They Show Reruns Of Cop Rock?

Saturday night I was forced to see The Warrens. The Warrens are a family who supposedly are able to raise the dead and I guess what they do is true because they were able to get my roommate out of bed. He and I paid three dollars to see what a person can usually see on an episode of "Unsolved Mysteries." Sitting in the darkness I began to wonder if we really do go somewhere after we die; and if so, do they have group rates. And when the living dead get scared do you think they say "I was so terrified I saw my entire death pass right in front of my eyes?" Suddenly it hit me that no matter how famous or rich or popular I become someday I'm going to be dead. If this is true then I paid way too much for my stereo. Realizing that life was meaningless, and there are no consequences for what we do, I wondered if the blond haired girl in the second row would let me spread cream cheese all over her body.

Then I thought death wouldn't be so bad as long as there was no Hell; aside from Jersey that is. Because if Hell is the scariest place you can imagine, I will have to reevaluate disco clubs. What do you do for fun in Hell, play "Trial At Nuremberg, the board game?" And when a person who lives in Hell goes on vacation do you think he goes to Florida? Imagine in one place being able to meet Hitler, Napoleon, Stalin, and the creators of "The Chevy Chase Show."

I was so scared that I ran out of the auditorium and into the bathroom. Who do you think was in the stall next to me? God; and to my surprize he was circumcised. I guess the Christians were wrong all these years. As I looked at him I thought if we are really created in this man's image why is my nose so big?

"Mark," He said, I am omnipotent, I know all, ask anything of me and it shall be

answered; unless of course it deals with Julia Roberts' marriage."

"God," I said, "there are so many things I want to ask you; why Nazis, why Aids, and why Dan Quayle? However, the one thing I need to know is; where do we go after we die and do they have cable?"

"Mark," He said, "that is a very easy question to answer."

At this point I was having serious doubts about this man. One, because he was dressed like Tom Jones and two, because my name is Steve.

"When you die you go to a place where you are taken care of. A place where you do nothing all day and live in comfort. A place that is rent controlled and is in a good neighborhood."

"Heaven?" I said.

"Better," He said. "You move back in with your parents."

And then with two shakes of, He was gone. He didn't even bother to wash His hands.

As I walked back to my seat I knew my life would never be the same. Never would I fear my existence, never would I doubt the Almighty, and never would I move in with my girlfriend.

Mark Caplan

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Mr. Caplan submitted the following biography:

Mark Caplan is a graduate of Southern Connecticut State University, a humanitarian who speaks out against the mistreatment of liberal democrats and likes biker chicks. Mr. Caplan's thesis, The Catholic Church, The Pope and Child Molestation, won him many honors, including the Lee Harvey Oswald Award for Outstanding Achievement by Doing Nothing.

Memories Of My Father

Last night, I awakened to find a large colony of midget wrestlers had taken over my apartment. They said they would hold me hostage until I got them the lowest numbered tickets for the deli line. I asked why they had chosen me for such a deed, but one of them slapped me in the face with a large cooked ham. The next thing I remembered, I was being hoisted up onto a large piece of rye bread.

Whenever my father would say "Watch out for the midgets," I just passed it off as if he were crazy. I now know the old man was not crazy. Of course, he did wear a dress occasionally.

Mark Caplan

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Poolside Lament

Black bikinied bleached blonde
standing in the pool
from the waist up
she looks so cool
She steps from the water
everyman's dream
but from the waist down
she makes me wanna scream!
Her legs are fat
full of cellulite
I close my eyes
to shut out the sight
From the waist up
she looked like a jewel
Why does life have to be so cruel?

Ed Hoyer, Jr.

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Barney, Not!

I hate you.
You fear me.
That's the way it's supposed to be.

With a gnarl, snarl, gnash, bash,
bite you through the bone.
Jurassic Park is where I roam.

I have a big smile,
with rows of teeth.
I just wish you were in my reach.

With a gnarl, snarl, gnash, bash,
bite you through the bone.
Jurassic Park is where I roam.

I'm twenty feet tall,
and I'm real mean.
I'm a ten ton killing machine.

With a gnarl, snarl, gnash, bash,
bite you through the bone.
Jurassic Park is where I roam.

Ed Hoyer, Jr.

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Yokel Records

53 Louise Road
Dorchester, Dorset
DT1 2LU
England

Mr. Richard Gabe, *Proprietor*

English and American Punk

Sales Trades

Please Send 1 IRC for Our Catalog

Thief

Am I the thief who
 breaks into an apartment
 realizing too late the
 student who lives there
 tidies up
 leaves five dollars
 a loaf of bread
 gallon of milk
 and a note that says
 “Call your mother”

Am I the thief who
 steals into the Louvre
 with dark purpose
 only to stare into
 the face of Madonna
 the smile of Mona
 Monet's fields
 Vincent's madness
 and leave the way
 he came in
 empty handed

Call me the thief of hearts
 and I'll be content
 to make this my last theft
 I'll retire with
 this one last prize
 slink back into
 the concealing dark
 and you'll never see the thief
 in me again.

Ben Ide

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**Doublet Birthday Wishes
for couplets in love**

I'd throw a party, I would invite you,
 But Tupperware would not excite you.
 Of birthday gifts you thought I'd think,
 But I spent my money getting drunk.
 Shorry. (hic)

Just sending you a birthday wish
 It's nothing big, it's not gold fish
 It's not a toaster, it's nothing small
 It's nothing sold in the Hamden Mall
 It's nothing short, it's nothing tall
 In fact, it's really nothing at all!

Of all the great poetic bards,
 How come none wrote for greeting cards?
 You're quite a poet, a creative guy:
 I think that maybe you should apply.
 With birthday wishes bonafide,
 Here's love to you

from,

Ben Ide

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Remember:

DR. SEUSS ISN'T DEAD.
(He's just in a really, really deep sleep.)

You will never see me scrawling
 A quote from a shooting star
 Nor from any musical score
 Be it from here or afar
 My pen will never copy
 From another novelette
 My character is mine own
 And that's a solid bet
 The idea that I've been stressing
 At least until sofar
 Is the importance of original thought
 No matter who you are
 For when a situation arises
 In which you know not what to say
 Refrain from the Cliches
 It will mean more that way

Robert J. Lutinski

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A Note from the Editor

The editor would like to thank everyone who has contributed their work to **The Malcontent** over the past three years. Your talents have made **The Malcontent** a publication of merit.

A Note on Shadowpanths

The second part of **Shadowpanths** is undergoing rewrite, and was not ready for this issue of **The Malcontent**. The author hopes to have the further adventures of Eric Skyler finished for the Fire 1994 issue of **The Malcontent**. Thanks to everyone who expressed their interest in **Shadowpanths**.



The Editor is accepting poems and stories for the Fire 1994 issue of **The Malcontent** which will be published in May 1994.

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