

<the horny play boy bunny (jackalope) gets some issue: table of contents>

"Boys will be boys. And even that wouldn't matter if only we could prevent girls from being girls." --Anne Frank, *The Works of Anne Frank* (1959)

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Ira Joel Haber, “Doodle Dandy: Clifton Webb” (1979)

“...in 1994 I was asked to be in a doodles show, and I just happened to look at this engagement calendar and I was shocked ... They looked ill. I decided to add lettering to some of them F. THIS AIDS S. ALREADY and there you have it.”

Ira Joel Haber was born and lives in Brooklyn New York. He is a sculptor, painter, book dealer and teacher. His work has been seen in numerous group shows both in USA and Europe and he has had 9 one man shows including several retrospectives of his sculpture. His work is in the collections of The Whitney Museum Of American Art, New York University, The Guggenheim Museum, The Hirshhorn Museum & The Albright-Knox Art Gallery. His paintings, drawings and collages have been published in many online and print magazines, including *Rock Heals, Otoliths, Winamop, Melancholia's Tremulous Dreadlocks, Barfing Frog, The Raving Dove, Foliolate Oak, Siren, Prose Toad, Triplopia, Thieves Jargon, Opium, Dirt, The Centrifugal Eye, the DMQ Review, Broadsided, Hotmetalpress, Double Dare Press, Events Quarterly, Unlikely Stories, Coupemine, Cerebration, Chick Flicks, Softblow, Eclectica Magazine, Backwards City Review, Right Hand Pointing, Ascent, Aspirations Magazine, Brew City Magazine, Fiction Attic, Blue Print Review, Ellipsis, The Indelible Kitchen, Cricket, Entelechy, So To Speak, Taj Mahal Review, The Fifteen Project, The Externalist, Why Vandalism, Mungbeing Magazine, Lamination Colony, Paradigm, Lily, Literary Fever, Glassfire Magaine, The Houston Literary Review, Lilies and Cannonballs, Wheelhouse Magazine, Terra Incognita, Qarrtsiluni, The Tusculum Review, Multidementional, 34th Parallel.*

Over the years he has received three National Endowments For The Arts Fellowships, two Pollock-Krasner grants and most recently in 2004 received The Adolph Gottlieb Foundation grant. Currently he teaches art at the United Federation of Teachers Retiree Program in Brooklyn.

<hpbb: contributors>

Beach, James : Capricorn, 37. Into: camping, cards, chess, history, live music, meditation, philosophy, politics, sports, the theatre, travel. Also: studying literature, noticing art, doing stuff. Scoring is a prerequisite?! Published in little venues, worldwide.

Fox, Hugh : Born in Chicago in 1932. Polio at age 4, cured by a pre-Saulk experimental medicine that worked. Spent his childhood totally immersed in the arts, was part of the All Children's Grand Opera group run by Viennese genius Zerlina Muhlman Metzger, studied violin and composition with P. Marinus Paulson, art and ceramics at the Art Institute in Chicago, was pushed into Medicine by his M.D. father, finished four years of pre-med and a year of medicine, then got an M.A. at Loyola in Chicago and a Ph.D. in English/American Literature at the University of Illinois in Urbana-Champaign. It was at Urbana-Champaign that he met and married Lucia Ungaro Zevallos, a Peruvian poet-critic who was getting her Ph.D. in Romance Languages, and after the marriage they moved to Los Angeles where he taught for ten years at Loyola-Marymount University and was immersed in the film-world. At the same time thanks to his wife he began to go to Peru to visit his Peruvian family and slowly visited all the major ruins in the pre-Columbian Americas. He met Harry Smith in Berkeley in 1968 and they became best friends and for some twenty years Fox would visit Smith 2-3 times a year in New York City/Brooklyn and work on Smith's magazines, get to know the poets and writers in the New York scene. He was a Fulbright Professor for a year in Mexico (1961), two years in Caracas (1964-'66), which especially made sense because he married a Peruvian in 1956. In 1968 he moved to Michigan State U. and taught there until he retired 6 years ago. While at Michigan State U. he had a Fulbright professorship in Brazil where he met and married a Brazilian M.D., studied Latin American literature on a grant from the Organization of American States at the U. of Buenos Aires, and after beginning to make archaeological discoveries and have his books on archaeology published, he received another grant from the Organization of American States to spend a year as an archaeologist in the Atacama Desert in Chile. He has some 104 books published.

"For decades I was immersed in the novels of Henry James, Evelyn Waugh, Aldous Huxley and the like, although I even wrote the first critical study of Charles Bukowski and was influenced by his super-realistic style. But mainly I like my style to be somewhat 'classic,' almost Jane Austin-ish, getting into the center of the characters' lives/feelings/aspirations. Since I was a child I have been totally immersed in the arts. Polio and then cured, and then shoved into

opera, violin, piano, musical composition, drawing, painting, ceramics, my house practically a library of classics. Then French, Czech, German, Italian, I married a Peruvian, turned into an archaeologist and immersed myself in Pre-History. So there's always the big Overview in my work, man on planet earth, everything that exists the way it is impossible, but still there, so we live in an ambience of total wonder/impossibility."

Ginsburg, Carl : Has been teaching in and later directing professional training groups for people interested in becoming Feldenkrais Practitioners since 1986. During his training with Moshe Feldenkrais (1975-77), he began writing about the Feldenkrais Method drawing on his experience with a number of somatic (mind-body) practices, and his background in science (his Ph.D. in chemistry was awarded in 1964 from Ohio University). He has always loved supporting people in learning and since the late 1960s sought out alternatives to the schooling that we all commonly receive. While his choice to study with Moshe Feldenkrais was a practical way to improve his own chronic back problems, he also intuited that Feldenkrais understood learning and the mind-body complex in more depth than any other teaching he had explored in his life. This assessment is still true for him today, and his continuing work with students and clients bares this out.

Lifshin, Lyn : Her ANOTHER WOMAN WHO LOOKS LIKE ME was published by Black Sparrow at David Godine October, 2006. It has been selected for the 2007 Paterson Award for Literary Excellence for previous finalists of the Paterson Poetry Prize. (ORDER@GODINE.COM) Also out in 2006, her prize-winning book about the famous, short lived beautiful race horse, Ruffian: THE LICORICE DAUGHTER: MY YEAR WITH RUFFIAN from Texas Review Press. Other of Lifshin's recent prize-winning books include BEFORE IT'S LIGHT published winter 1999-2000 by Black Sparrow press, following their publication of COLD COMFORT in 1997. Other recently published books and chapbooks include: IN MIRRORS from Presa Press and UPSTATE: AN UNFINISHED STORY from Foot Hills and THE DAUGHTER I DON'T HAVE from Plan B Press. Other new books include WHEN A CAT DIES, ANOTHER WOMAN'S STORY, BARBIE POEMS, SHE WAS FOUND TREADING WATER DEEP OUT IN THE OCEAN and MAD GIRL POEMS. A NEW FILM ABOUT A WOMAN IN LOVE WITH THE DEAD, from March Street Press in 2003. She has published more than 120 books of poetry, including MARILYN MONROE and BLUE TATTOO. She won awards for her nonfiction and edited 4 anthologies of women's writing including TANGLED VINES, ARIADNE'S THREAD and LIPS UNSEALED. Her poems have appeared in most literary and poetry magazines and she is the subject of an award-winning documentary film, LYN LIFSHIN: NOT MADE OF GLASS, available from Women Make Movies. Her poem, No More Apologizing, has been called "among the most impressive documents of the women's poetry

movement," by Alicia Ostriker. An update to her Gale Research Projects Autobiographical series, "On The Outside, Lips, Blues, Blue Lace," was published Spring 2003. WHAT MATTERS MOST and AUGUST WIND were recently published. TSUNAMI is forthcoming from Blue Unicorn. World Parade Press will publish POETS (MOSTLY) WHO HAVE TOUCHED ME, LIVING AND DEAD: ALL TRUE, ESPECIALLY THE LIES. Texas Review Press published BARBARO: BEYOND BROKENNESS in 2008 and World Parade Books just published DESIRE in 2008. And DRIFTING is just online. Red Hen has published PERSEPHONE in 2008. Coatalism Press just published 92 RAPPLE DRIVE and Goose River Press will publish NUTLEY POND. Clovis Hook Press just published LIGHT AT THE END, THE JESUS POEMS, and Finishing Line Press published LOST IN THE FOG. A new chap book: BALLET MADONNAS, from Mastodon Dentist. For interviews, photographs, more bio material, reviews, interviews, prose, samples of work and more, her web site is lynlifshin.com.

Lowery, Matt : Hailing from central Colorado, he spent his childhood staring at trees and building electrical gadgetry.

He now spends his time as a software developer, designer, and student, working from a small experimental production studio in Denver's Capitol Hill district.

He is a creative thinker and problem solver. Employing these ~wholly remarkable~ talents at every stage of his work, he is able to demonstrate a stylistic edge that transcends traditional methodologies and normals. He is not afraid to go in two or more directions at one time.

When pressed, he will admit that his current artistic interest involves minimalism, formalism, and futurism. His favorite contemporary photographic artists include Abelardo Morell, Robert & Shana ParkeHarrison, Sandy Skoglund, Duane Michals, Jeff Wall, Jay Myrdal, Taylor Deupree, and Hiroshi Sugimoto.

He is currently studying Photography and Fine Arts at Metropolitan State College in Denver.

Mycue, Edward : "DAMAGE WITHIN THE COMMUNITY, a volume of poems out of print since 1973 was republished in January 1977 by Panjandrum Press. In August 1977, Menard Press, London, will publish BEYOND THE SOURCE, which is Volume III of 'The Assault on Summer Triptych' (of which, DAMAGE WITHIN THE COMMUNITY is Volume I). Forthcoming is a chapbook, 'Something Inheres in the Marigold,' a section of Volume II, MUDDY ON THE HORIZON, from Thorpe Springs Press, Berkeley. When the entire Triptych is published altogether, the work I began in 1966 will be complete. Viewing and reviewing my

stay is an art formed in simple words of surviving, growing old, doing a good job necklaced like the world that can change from one day to the next and hangs on. And I stand by the rose without clean hands although summer is over and passages of melancholy loss recess in dreams that curl like the bannister or a squirrel's tail, squeaking, shivering with possibility for the right moment. All the while dewy mornings, azure skies, pussy willow trees---kit, caboodle of dreamers' stocks-in-trade---confront the knife, a tiny blade that conspires like needles, stars, explosions and yet are still not night but light on light: the lake. Between past and future is now, no hands in the stone although breath has many doors to mix retrospect with apprehension, maybe told, forgotten, lost, found this morning."-- from *CENTER*, 1978.

Most recently, Mycue has published *MINDWALKING* (2008, PHILOS PRESS, LACEY, WA).

Plumb, David : His latest book is *A Slight Change in the Weather*, fiction. Other work appears in *The Washington Post*, *The Miami Herald*, *The Orlando Sentinel*, *Beyond the Pleasure Dome*, University of Sheffield, UK; *Homeless Not Helpless* Anthology, *Alimentum*, Food Anthology 2006 and *St. Martin's Anthology*, *Monde James Dean*. He has worked as a paramedic, a cab driver, a cook and tour guide. A long time San Francisco writer, he now lives in South Florida.

Will Rogers said, "Live in such a way that you would not be ashamed to sell your parrot to the town gossip." Plumb says, "It depends on the parrot."

Rosenthal, Barbara : Born in New York, she is an artist and writer who has taught photography at Parsons School of Design and writing at the City University of NY. She has published four books of photography and journal-text, *Clues to Myself*, *Sensations*, *Homo Futurus*, and *Soul & Psyche*, which, along with twenty other works, are in the collections of MoMA and The Whitney. She currently writes art criticism for *NYArts* magazine while filing rejections from literary agents who don't think they can sell her novel *Wish For Amnesia*. emedialoft.org.

XeusZenon : Pseudonym noted. For kicks, this gassy god-element puts Marky Mark and the Funky Bunch song lyrics into online language translators; therefore, love wins.

<hpbb: idiot's note>

“Wood Coin: The Horny Play Boy Bunny (Jackalope) Gets Some Issue” is self-explanatory. For those of you who like explanations, just know this issue, like the others, is unaffiliated with any thing.

Wood Coin offers leisure in the form of mild mental exercise; contains binary theory (x/o); promises art & lit, endorsed by the pros.

For horny guys and in-heat gals, ages 12 & up. Why ask why buck the system when you can ride it with honors.

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James Beach

“Birds, Bees Do It”

“HERE’S an essay topic everyone can relate to,” says the fat-faced professor to his ~~freshman~~ first year! composition students.

The teenagers, numbering ten and situated in folding chairs around a semicircle of tables, share the same vapid vibe. Their reason for coming to class is ticking off a prerequisite, rather than learning.

“When you first heard about ‘sex,’ how was the topic relayed? I’m not talking about cable or Internet porn; what I’m getting at is your person-to-person chat. What metaphors did your ‘teacher’ use? Did they beat around the bush?”

Few students blush, some giggle.

Somebody discreetly crunches into hard candy, quiet with the cellophane.

A collective widening of their WASPy eyes confirms that the topic excites.

Being early in the term, the prof knows only a few names, and he pauses a moment to probe his memory before gesturing at the first hand to venture up in the air.

“My mother told me with a book,” the owner of the hand, a thin girl in glasses, tells the class. “I was six or seven. The book had pastel cartoons of the human body parts—No birds and bees, I’m afraid, Professor. No animals at all, unless you count the human as animal, and most people don’t.”

The prof gives a curt nod, his tweed jacket cuffs brushing the table as he hones in on the ball player tearing at ragged cuticles with his teeth.

“Mr. Trenton,” the prof says, “what does *The Birds And The Bees* mean to you?”

Looking sorry he registered for first year comp, the well-hewn youth named Trenton lowers his fingers, scratches his patchy left sideburn, hesitant.

“A few words to the wise: I am scoring you on oral participation today. Refusing to add to this discussion may cause a full-letter downgrade at the end of the term.”

Trenton glances anxiously at the nearest boy, in a backward baseball cap, who yawns widely. “I guess my dad said something about birds and bees,” admits the athlete. “How girls are like birds, flitting around, you know, unpredictable as hell, and how guys are like bees, just hovering, waiting to use their stingers, all that.”

The response, so unabashedly adolescent, works beautifully; it encourages others to join in, sans prompting.

“No, no, dude, the bees pollinate the flowers,” volunteers a sapphic girl clad from neck to ankle in army fatigues, slowly opening and closing her thighs in subconscious desire. “You surely see the parallels between the vagina and the delicate petals of a flower. Like Georgia O’Keefe’s fantastic oil paintings.”

Screwing up his face, the boy in the ball cap shakes his head. “That analogy makes about as much sense as nothing! Guys are birds and bees in your world, flying around, helping a bunch of women ‘pollinate’ each other?”

“Besides,” adds a sorority-emblem girl, a sophomore transfer from across the country, Ginger? Gigi?, “O’Keefe hated that everyone compared her renditions of flowers to the female sex organ. She never meant it that way. She wasn’t that gay.”

“How about the rest of you?” the prof goes on, “did you all receive similar lessons about sex? Sandra, you look like you have something to say.”

“I heard about ‘it’ from my friends in grade school,” answers the most overtly religious, massaging the table with chubby palms. “They used the Birds and the Bees thing, only the females were the bees, because we’re smaller, and we make honey, and we’re sweet. The males were the birds, all cocky and strutting around, messy, you know, pooping on everything.”

The sorority girl chastises, “Gross, Sandra.”

A gangly teen in a beret, darkly ethnic-looking amid all the WASPs, says, “So this maybe makes sense of that bizarre-o ‘bees knees’ saying. You know, like the ‘cat’s meow,’ only it’s ‘bees(’) knees.’ Our society is obsessed with women’s legs; it’s from crawling out of the womb and sensing, first off, these giant spread legs.”

“Yes, I was hoping one of you would bring that up,” the professor says, the gleam in his eyes intense. He scans the nubile faces of his students and delights in seeing each one focused on him. “The metaphors, euphemisms and other stand-ins really take us away from the point of sex, which is simply procreation.”

“Are you saying that guys are Birds, and girls are the Bees?” the guy in the ball cap wants to know, beneath his scowl.

“No way,” puts in Trenton.

A perpetually sulky student responds sharply, “Don’t you listen? It’s metaphor, like the flower-as-vagina one; nobody’s any of these things, not really.”

“A bird is a symbol of infidelity,” says the one in the army fatigues. Her thighs are still. Her glare is animosity, defiance.

“I ain’t no Bird, though,” the baseball-capped guy insists, “females have eggs, not males.”

“I do believe bees lay eggs,” the prof says; “the queen, a monogyne,” needlessly.

“One female, many male drones,” adds the bespectacled girl, her head bobbing, nerves alit on a stalk. “I read recently about an all-female ant colony; Professor, is it true that scientists have found a way for female mice to reproduce without the male of the species? What do you think this says about the longevity of the male sex in mice? In humans?”

Shrill, staccato tweets emit from no-neck small birds, perhaps sparrows, conversing outside the classroom.

“You’re talking frat house versus sorority,” the sorority girl says, before she can stop herself.

A silence descends, split between those who know/can guess and those who suspect nothing is amiss in the land of the young.

“Test-tube babies,” says the dark gangly teen in the beret, “before we know it we’ll be birthed out of synthetic pods, no legs in sight. An invasion of intellectuals. Gender will evaporate; we’ll be self-pollinating, self-fertilizing things.”

A crow, or raven, maybe a grackle, swoops in outside and usurps the twittering with its triphthong clicks.

“Does all this talk make you horny, Professor?” goofs the ball-capped youth.

“Not really, no, it doesn’t.”

“It does me,” admits the religious girl, Sandra. Sweat is dappling her forehead, greasing her fat cheeks. “It’s true. This class makes me horny.”

Giggles, a gasp.

The face of the prof is cherubic, plaster of Paris. “That’s what the second part of this essay assignment is about: the misuse of terms, euphemisms, to describe sex. For example, the term ‘horny’.”

Several students scribble notes on their underused paper notebooks.

“I’ll bite,” says the sapphic girl. “What’s wrong with horny?”

“You tell me.”

“Hm, not a clue, Profess...or.”

“What would you guess is the origin of that term.”

“I couldn’t... say.”

“Humor me. Pretend your grade depends on this.”

A fat bumblebee drives happily into the room through one open window and out another, as if happy. The leaves out there are blazing red and yellow.

“An erect penis?”

“Write.”

The sapphic girl—Tonya Steinhouse!—all but slaps her forehead. “Duh; Sandra used the word horny to describe her libido—er, her getting hot. Heated up.” The girl turns to the chubby Bible-reader. “Do you have a penis, Sandra?”

“Leave her alone, dude,” admonishes Gina the sorority girl.

“Like, when a girl says ‘this or that really pumps my ’nads,’” puts in the sulker.

“’cause only guys have gonads,” nods the guy in the ball cap.

“That really pumps my ’nads, when chicks use that ‘term’.”

“It squeezes my ’varies when you dudes call womyn ‘chicks!’” says the Tonya from Sappho.

The thin girl adjusts her specs on her long nose. “A gonad,” she says, “is a term for the testes or ovaries, meathead.”

“Quiet, quiet,” says the prof. He frowns, his ex-smoker’s lips jagged as his tweed. “We all make these mistakes, ’til we become aware of what we’re saying. It’s part of the fun of learning linguistics. The term ‘horny,’ for example, yes, is derived from the ah, erect member, of the male. It resembles a horn. (Hence: giving a blow job.) Further, this is reflected in physical characteristics all through the animal kingdom, with males of certain species growing antlers—can any of you think of any female beasts with horns?”

“Are males and females synonymous, or equal? Yet, what Sandra said, that she’s ‘horny,’ is a common misnomer, for a female, to use.”

“You’re saying women can never ever be ‘horny?’” asks the one in the beret—D... something. First name being an initial, a letter.

The one in the ball cap says, “But they sure can get ‘horned’.”

“LOL,” retorts D.

“A man can get ‘horned,’ too,” says Sandra, defensively. “But the scriptures say it’s wrong, for men to lie with men as they would lie with a woman.”

A typically mute effeminate guy, from The South, says, “That is such a weird interpretation of the Bible verse.”

“Everybody lies,” puts in the sapphic girl.

The prof suddenly feels plenty of sexual confusion and perversion roils beneath his own smug old surface. “The essay assignment is on heterosexual sex, and the ways we go about describing it. Homosexual sex is—well, why not. Discourse on the term ‘gay’ if you like. If you want. If you choose. If you’re happy or sad, prone to worship your own sex, or if you’re programmed, pressured, to procreate... My point is this:”—and here he wonders if he is horny?, rather than intellectually

stimulated?—“All of us were warped, twisted, damaged, no matter who taught us about sex.”

“How so?” asks the thin girl, eyes hidden behind a reflection on her specs.

“We’ve taken a natural, functional, physical act, ladies and gentlemen, and turned it into an abstraction, a morality play. We’ve eliminated mating season in our species. A spawning—unless you’re an ancient Roman or Greek—is out of the question. No offense, Gina.”

“Ginger,” replies Ginger. She arches her back so the Greek emblem becomes prominent across her breasts.

“Ah, Prof, where does this leave us on the bizarre-o bees and birds metaphor?” D. asks. “Which sex is which?”

“Once a bee stings anything, it dies,” points out a cautious but rather astute blond. “Their stingers fall off, and they die.”

This causes the boy in the cap to chew on the inside of his cheek. He grumbles, “What, like I’m supposed to spend my life buzzing around, finally get it on with some female, then my dick falls off and I’m dead? What the hell kind of life is that?”

The thin, bespectacled girl, disturbed, voices: “God, I don’t want to think of myself as a bird or a bee. They’re Lower Life Forms.”

Nodding in agreement, D. leans forward to say, “So are men.”

Trenton, stroking his patchy sideburns: “This century, men are the oppressed—just flip on the tube and you’ll see women whining about yeast infections and ‘dribbling’; about how their husbands won’t boink them anymore; and then there’s women’s libbers kicking guys in the crotch, as comedy, on sit-coms; and then we have the women-only gyms and women-only diets and women-only-books, women-only just-about-anything. Meanwhile, guys can’t watch a shaving-cream commercial without some skank in it giving him a wink. Getting interviews in men’s lockerrooms. Life is a joke.”

“You’re certifiable!”

“Plus, these days any female can cry rape, and sick the law on some guy, if he so much as looks at her wrong.”

“Women don’t do that.”

“They do so!”

“We’re exactly equal to you.”

“Except: you get all the advantages.”

“Really.”

“Yup: Work, or not work. Get educated, or not get educated. Play sports, not play sports. Dress up, or not dress up. Grow your hair, don’t grow your hair. Paint your face, don’t paint your face. Be flirty, don’t be flirty. Be independent, live with your parents. Register for the Service, don’t register for the Service—”

—“I’m not going to war.”

“Precisely,” spits the guy in the ball cap. “We have no choice—if the military calls, we need to answer. You can sit here at home, and take over more of our jobs, move into more fields. You don’t have to risk your lives, unless giving birth to a breach baby.”

The astute blond offers: “Men are valiant, designed to protect. Larger physically. More muscle, less fat.”

“That’s because men mature more slowly than women.”

“Bull! You all recently waltzed in on the society men created, and claimed it, and now you’re kicking us guys out of it.”

“Bull. I suppose that refers to the crap men throw out of their butts,” sneers D. “Otherwise the word in the American lexicon would be ‘bovine-,’ or ‘cow’s. But it’s Bulls.”

Paling, the professor tries to push down the noise level with his hands. He says, “We’re getting off track. Gender doesn’t divide the human race into two distinct species, does it? We’re all one and the same, with males and females contributing equally to the Big Picture.”

A pencil rolls noisily across the laminate and onto the carpeted floor.

“I merely wanted to put the idea out there that mincing around fundamental issues with vague metaphors and animal analogies can be inaccurate and confusing, especially for young children. In the case of sex, it stirs up feelings, as you can see for yourselves.”

The vibrations in the classroom begin to diffuse, and the prof is surprised to learn ~~he feels~~ relief when the vapid sheen of daydreaming returns to some of his students’ eyes. He permits the dark gangly D.-in-the-beret to be excused.

The boy in the backward ball cap rotates the visor to shield his face as he glances at the wall-clock.

Trenton draws back into himself, absorbed in thoughts of misogynistic sex, or ball plays.

With chubby palms pressed together as if in prayer, Sandra bows her head to discreetly wipe off the perspiration.

Somebody resumes eating corn-nuts or hard candies.

“I’m thankful I got the book with the pastel cartoons,” says the thin girl in the glasses eventually. “I bypassed a lot, that way.”

2009 Wood Coin: The Horny Play Boy Bunny (Jackalope) Gets Some Issue: Beach, “Birds, Bees Do It”

© 2003, 2009

Hugh Fox

“The Coils of Eternity (part 1)”

A WEEK before he’d left for Colgate thirty years earlier, Richard gave a strange kind of “performance-reading” (his term), a kind of “miscellany” (also his term), part readings on anthropology, part poetry, part prose, and the auditorium in the Communication Arts Building was almost filled. He wasn’t just well-liked, but well-“loved.”

And Eve had defied all conventions and come clothed totally in black suede and lace, not-quite five inch heels, flowing black suede skirt, black lace leotard top and then a black suede poncho that she’d designed and had made just for the occasion. She sat in the middle of the first row, startling the Jesuits and most of the audience, innumerable little pokings and starings and whisperings, “Who’s that, anyhow?” “Eve What’s-her-name? You know, she got her M.A. from here?” “What is she, a hooker or....?”

She uncrossed and then recrossed her legs.

He was right in the middle of a poem about Tiawanaku as the House of the Sun where Father Sun, at the end of the solstice year, mated with Mother Earth, and the New Year began:

Tia-wa-naku,
The Young Lord brings
Life,
Sun, to the Great Mother
at the pivot-point of the
year, and....

Then the uncrossing and re-crossing, nylon against nylon, like a zipper opening. And he stopped, looked down at her. The lighting was kind of strange, not a brightly lit stage and a dark audience, but the audience all bathed in a kind of eclipse-like half-light. He could see her, yes, see her and react, clear his throat, continue.

at the pivot-point of the
year,
and the New Year could (ascending the psychedelic
steps to loop out into
rebirth, re-creation)
begin.....

Loving to see him uncomfortable with her in the first row.

Loving to see him “hungry” for her.

She didn't even really understand why he was leaving. He certainly wasn't being forced out, something inside him wanting out, away from California. All the reasons, at least as far as she was concerned, didn't really add up, that his wife had gotten a job teaching math down at Long Beach State and was buying a house down in Long Beach against his will and he'd have to drive back and forth between Playa del Rey and Long Beach every day, which he hated, and he wasn't really “Catholic” any more and didn't feel comfortable at a Catholic university any more, and he'd reached the top of the pay salary at Loyola, and then there was the argument that he didn't feel comfortable in a “small” college at all, he wanted out, wanted to “de-ghettoize” his life, move into The Mainstream, whatever that was....

All superficially valid arguments, she supposed, but she still felt there were other stories on his seven-storey internal mountain, that she wasn't privy to, other twists and turns and ravines and caves that he wasn't talking about her.

And she wanted it all, no secrets, no separate identities, one spirit, one flesh, and the two shall become one, and what has been bound in heaven -- or hell! -- shall

never be loosed again on earth, and if that sounded scriptural and biblical and corney, then so be it, that was scriptural-biblical HER.

She'd stood in front of her makeup mirror for an hour tonight, doing and redoing her face, the careful layers of plasticish, mudlike makeup annealed to her skin, the eyes carefully outlined, catlike lines out from the sides, subtle shadings on her lids and eyebrows, subtle ruby tints on her high, prominent cheekbones. She wasn't Person any more but Icon, the night wasn't just night but stage, and this whole lecture-poetry reading business was just the prelude to Act One.

Stupid idiot Puritanism, that's what it was all about, wasn't it? Augustinian Manichee dualism, Mind versus Body, Light versus Dark, Heaven versus Hell, as if the soul were some sort of luminous animal trapped inside (remembering the Anglo-Saxon, which he, oddly enough, had taught her) its ban-haus/bone-house....

Well tonight was the night to demolish the bone-house and turn everything into a giant, rolling tidal way of mucosal slime.

Mother-Earth/Reborn-Sun.

And fittingly enough (he'd planned it that way, to be in tune with the theme of everything he was reading) it was the night of the Summer Solstice, that ultimate diaphanous extension of the year's energies before everything began to contract back to its depressing shortest-day-of-the-year beginnings again. Saint John's Eve. Wasn't it Sir Richard Francis Burton who was surprised that the same bonfires that celebrated Saint John's Eve in Europe were also lit in the middle of Amazonas, as if there actually were some sort of separation between New and Old Worlds, and they weren't all one seamless whole a thousand years before Columbus sailed forth into immortal ignorance.....

Richard ended the reading with a daring little poem about the death-resurrection motif in ancient Mediterranean-Middle Eastern myth, with strong implications that this whole death-resurrection motif had been the source for the Christian theology of the resurrection:

.....the rhythm of the year-death,
descending into Hell,
Odysseus
(descending into Hell),
Jason
(descending into Hell),
the tabernacles of the Year stripped bare,
and then the promethean fire-bringing
morning star rush to
rebirth,
the recoming of Adonis

Adon
Our (Printemps)
Lord.

Proud of herself that she picked up the play on Adonis (Phoenician) and Adon (Hebrew), even remembering the night he'd "lectured" her on the Phoenician spring-god, Adonis, and explained how close it was to Hebrew: "I mean Solomon was forever having chats with Hiram of Tyre. And their language...languages? It was about the same as me talking to someone from Northumbria, same language, different twist. Maybe even like a Texan talking to a proper Bostonian." At the Pieces of Eight. At the Marina. One of their favorite places to eat out at. She'd pay the bill one week, he'd pay the following week, which was the same as a perpetual policy of each of them paying their own way, but the way they did it always gave it a sense of someone treating, built-in specialness, festivity.

And the Jesuits, instead of taking umbrage at Richard's heterodoxy, were wildly enthusiastic. Even old Father Cavanaugh, who would never have been asked for a passport in County Cork, Professor of Old Testament, one of Richard's best friends, he was up on his feet applauding, tears in his rheumy, guileless old eyes. Ah, they'd miss him. He was this bright comet that had streaked across their dark sky. She felt just as teary-eyed as old Father Cavanaugh, could have easily just stood there and wept big crocodile tears, but refused to give in to her emotions. She had her mask, her war-paint on, and she refused to sully or smudge it. Applauded wildly but refused, refused, refused to cry. Like he himself always said (about his own anti-climactic, low-key career) "It's not over until it's over!"

"It's a shame he's leaving," said Mrs. O'Malley, the Head Librarian in the Von der Ahe Library, as they filed out into the lobby for the little reception they were having in Richard's honor, one last thud, after the big bang of the lecture itself, "it's that silly ceiling they have on salaries. Especially if you have a bunch of kids like him...."

Not seeming to even notice Eve's Big Vamp outfit.

What did Mrs. O'Malley care? She lived in her own head. Nice woman. Simpática. But the world "out there" could have been just big blank spaces for all she cared. She was all card-catalogues and the Dewey Decimal System, "Which Dewey invented it anyhow, John Dewey, the philosopher, or Admiral George Dewey of the Battle of the Maine fame?" Ha, ha, ha, ha....jocular about the most un-jocular things. But when you were looking up stuff on Amazonian mother-goddess pots, she was a real bibliographical tiger....

Out into the lobby, a couple of glances at her black lace-suede glory, more from faculty wives than faculty, there was a pause while everyone got in place, got a glass of champagne and a little dish (not paper-plates but real -- albeit the plainest white cafeteria --dishes) of goodies. Got the gooiest, chocolatey things she

could find. Her little Jean d'Arc voices inside her telling her "Give into it all tonight. This is the one night in your life that you totally dominate!"

A confused babble, then a dip of expectation, and Richard came in and everyone started applauding again, he smiled, handshakes, embraces, kisses. You'd think he was coming back from some sort of triumphant lecture tour, instead of leaving, leaving, leaving forever. "Adieu! Adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades...up the hill side, and now 'tis buried deep in the next valley-glades. Was it a vision or a waking dream? Fled is that music. Do I wake or sleep?"

They actually had hired a little stringed quartet, placed them up on the balcony next to the big tapestry portraying the risen Christ that covered the whole back wall of the foyer. Now they began to play. (Something Debussyian, wasn't it? The last string quartet? One of Richard's favorites....she'd gotten him various versions over the years. Which had seemed silly to her, but he'd convinced her: "Things never get played quite the same, in fact sometimes very, very differently. I mean you can always tell Bernstein's Mahler, the way he hangs on things, dwells on things, drags it all out, deep, melancholy suspense...meditation...")

And once the music began it became just another party, "unfocused," and Richard was free to come over to her.

"You did a beautiful job of distracting me, if that's what you were up to!" he said, smiling, popping a little pita bread roll with a salami center into his mouth, taking a sip of wine.

"You were great!" she said, "and I understood it all, even the Adonis-Adon bit...."

"My best student!"

Smythe from Philosophy passing by, not a line in his face or body that didn't point down, like he was made out of wet sandbags. "Great job, pal!"

"Thanks."

"Too bad you're leaving."

"Well....."

Eve suddenly feeling like a sleek, black, glistening, towering cobra with an outspread hood, hungry to strike.

"Listen," her voice suddenly secretive, secretory, umbrageous, umbra, penumbra, the eclipse was about to occur, "I'll give you, say, mmmmmm, twenty minutes of this transfigured glory, and then I'll be out in my car, parked just to the right of the chapel...."

Catching him off guard and enjoying watching his teetering disequilibrium, like a tightrope walker caught by a sudden strong wind while walking over Niagara Falls.

“Well, I don’t know if.....”

“You’re such a gifted inventor, invent!” she said, suddenly put down her plate, and walked out into the night. Chilly. It was always chilly in June. The hot-spot in the year was September. L.A. climate totally divorced from the continental U.S., all Pacific Basin. If she took off from here, black night-hawk, bat, condor, and went straight west, she’d end up two weeks later in....Nagasaki wouldn’t it be? Nagasaki-Hiroshima. Hiroshima, Mon Amour. Her favorite, favorite film. The sense of emptiness, existential (and urban) isolation, and then, in the midst of the emptiness, Love enters, and.....

Easily walked down the steps of the Communication Arts Building, loving her highest heels, past the fountains, then right, past the administration building, cafeteria, down into the rose garden, L.A., the L.A. basin out there fuzzily in the distance, although there were days, just after a rain, when you could see it all as clearly as Chicago or New York, flying in at night, one of her favorite things to do, circle in on a huge, sprawl of a city and see it all spread out, yellow lights and tiny bug cars, the cities of God, man....god-man.....really wishing she had wings now, black pterodactyl, up, up and away....there must be a way to keep him here, keep him from going at all. She was too tied into him. She should never have allowed herself to get so, so involved.

Getting into her car, sitting back, adjusting the seat down as far as it would go, an odd twist of exhaustion and over-excitement, hungry for him, almost ashamed of herself, after all she was as much a product of dualistic Catholicism as he was. Or at least was supposed to be. Who was it, Father Moriarty, who used to always say “Oh, the Irish were the lustiest people in the world before the Christians came. Read the Irish pre-Christian epics. The coming of Christianity was the most radical change that had ever been visited on any people in the history of the world.”

Feeling very earth-motherish. The earth-mother as lizard, hedgehog, groundhog, spider, Mother Sea, Mother Cave. She loved the lycra pressuring around her legs and thighs. Rubbed her legs together a bit, for one mad moment (after a careful glance to be sure that no one was around) cupped her breasts in her hands. Stretch net bra. Not a detail lost, everything down to the last fiber planned so that she was uniformly soft yet firm, sleek yet yielding, covered with black films, fibers, her whole body whispering across the night to him “Touch me, touch me, touch me, I am yours,” and, even stronger, oh, so much stronger, “ You are mine....”

When he finally did appear, knocking gently on the window of her car, she was in a strange sort of almost trance-state in which time had become Time, feeling like

God (an image she very consciously borrowed from Johnathon Edwards' "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God") looking down at the flow of events from a timeless perch somewhere in the hills of Eternity.

She opened the door and he got in.

"According to the record," he said, "I'm overwrought and unhappy and need to go down to the beach and walk it all off," he said sadly, reaching over and kissing her on the side of her neck as she jacked her seat back up and started the car, "so what now?"

"Can you just put yourself in my power, entirely and totally, just once?"

Which kind of amused him. "I can try. I'm in a funny kind of vagabond mood anyhow, casting off, ten years tied to the same pier and now....."

"And what's she going to do about her job?" Eve asked, hoping to hear that, no, his wife wasn't going with him, the split between them had moved from merely existential to operational, easily imagining herself also leaving here, finding a job in, where was it, Hamilton, New York. Not the slightest idea of where or what Hamilton was, but she could learn.

"Well, she's trying to get a job at Colgate too....."

"And if she doesn't?"

"Who knows....?"

Carefully pulling out around the drive that passed in front of the Spanish colonial chapel with its stucco walls and red tile roof, looking very much like a mission church interchangeable with its cousins anywhere from California to Southern Chile, some people coming out of the reception now, wishing she were invisible, could put up some sort of shield of invisibility around the car and slip by unseen, not wanting to have to deal with what people usually did or didn't do, feeling, somehow, she was in her own ether following her own rules, a kind of extra-terrestrial who just hadn't been able to (or wanted to) adjust to the ways of Planet Earth.

One trouble with driving a black Lotus, though, was that it attracted attention.

And as they passed one small group of people in front of the library, one of the professors (Jenkins? Poli-sci? She wasn't sure) looked very intently into the car windows and saw Richard, shouted to him "Good job, pal....we'll miss you....."

"Professor Gossip. It won't take him twenty-four hours: 'You can't imagine who I saw Dick driving away with after his farewell 'performance,' you know that blonde in the black leather, well.....'" Richard laughed, "but I don't care any more.

It's been more than a little medieval around here, the fourteenth, the greatest of centuries, and all that. You remember Couglin, after he got divorced, what God has joined together, let no man rend asunder and all that, they actually edged him out of his job. He's at Rohnert Park or something. Up in the Yeti country....., "80th street west, down to the Pacific Coast Highway, then south, "Hey, where are we going anyhow?"

"You've never been to my place, have you?"

"You know I haven't. Manhattan Beach?"

"Palos Verdes!"

"Ah, one of my favorite places in the whole world. I used to go scuba-diving off Palos Verdes when I first came out here. One of the Van der Ahe boys was my student. No tanks. Just free-diving. Wet suit. Great, I thought it was really great, until the sharks started coming close, great big mothers, I never saw anything like it. Whale sharks. I didn't know a thing about sharks, and I didn't want to learn. At least not first hand. And then when they found this headless diver in his wet-suit, well, that was it for me. But it was fun, all these big old goldfish, Garibaldi fish, and the richness of the sea-bottom, I was all set to get scuba equipment, the whole schmear, but after they found that headless diver....."

"I like pools. It's a great way to begin the day, " she smiled, "it keeps me blonde..."

"Come on!"

"Really! I'm one of the black Irish, as swarthy as a moor."

"Come on!"

"Come on, come on, come on!" she mocked him, reached forward and switched on the radio. P APC, Pacifica Radio. Perfect music, a rich tapestry, bejewelled music, like a bejewelled crown, she was terrible at remembering titles, "What is this? The name's on the tip of my tongue."

"Rachmaninoff's Symphonic Dances. He was living on Long Island. All kinds of mental problems. Or I don't know if they were really mental problems or 'reality' problems. I think if you really, really see REALITY that's the biggest problem of all, see it all from 'up there' somewhere. Like my ten years out here could have been ten days...."

The music lurching crazily, then the fragment of a sad, romantic theme, like pieces of beautifully rich pottery, thinking of the Gulbenkian museum in Lisbon, all the rich glazes of the Muslim world...

Ten years as ten days. And another ten years like another ten days. And another, and another, and another...and then....? A sudden impulse to just pull off the road somewhere and park, go down to the beach, anywhere, expand the Now, like a high-speed photo of a drop of exploding water, turn Time into an exploding atomic mushroom. He was such an innocent and she felt so motherly, sisterly, like a daughter, best-friend toward him, every way she could feel toward anyone.

What a crappy way for it to end, before it had ever really begun.

Butterfly image. Blue butterflies. A flutter in an Amazonian glade, and then gone.....

But she didn't stop, wanted to take him down to her place, her territory, sow her world with their imagery, as if, once it was sown, it would always, always, always be there, as if nothing really ever 'disappeared,' you could still go through Roman North Africa and see the ruins, Balbeck, even Carthage now, the Carthaginian museum in Tunis...what was she saying to herself, that all she'd have after tonight would be the faint traces of ruins...? Wanted to ask him if he loved her, but was afraid of what he might answer, and even if he answered yes, he did, then what? Why hadn't she ever married, what kind of desert-hermit lived inside her soul that couldn't make contact, an inability to splice, bond, inter-link.....?

"I'm gonna miss you like hell, you know that," he suddenly said, unsnapping his seat belt and turning toward her, his hand lightly carressing her leg, "I don't know, you're so 'together,'" his hand moving further up her thigh now, pantyhose with a built-in open lace crotch, the voices inside her screaming at him Go all the way up, don't stop now, on the road, off the road, under the road, wir haben nur einmal, einmal und nichts mehr, gewesen zu sein, we have only once, once and nothing more, to simply BE... but he stopped, kissed her again on the neck, lightly fingered through her hair, "I really love you," and then retreated back to his corner, retreated back into himself, like time-lapse footage of a blooming flower run backwards.

2009 Wood Coin: The Horny Play Boy Bunny (Jackalope) Gets Some Issue: Fox, "The Coils of Eternity (part 1)"

© 2007

Carl Ginsburg

"The Dancing at Joinville"

Old Jacques &
smooth Pierre
the ladies'
skirts riding their
thighs
heels flashing.
Pierre moves like an
arrow,
perfected
he swirls his old
black laced girl
inescapable
as a clock.

And we dance too
the old tunes blaring
over the Marne.

We eat
frites & fried minnows
while laced hems
black & purple
move to the inevitable
dance

/

this life
& that tune
its old harmony
haunting the
precise
movement
of bodies.

2009 Wood Coin: The Horny Play Boy Bunny (Jackalope) Gets Some Issue: Ginsburg, "The Dancing at Joinville"

© 1997

Lyn Lifshin

“Fitzi in the Yearbook”

grin muffled but
sneaky, slithering
out like his penis
did in the Drive In
a June before I could
imagine anything so
slippery sliding up,
let alone inside
me after months of
Saturdays in my
mother's grey apartment,
my sister giggling
behind the couch,
a tongue pressing

between lips should
have been a warning in
the blue Chevy I felt
he was all whale
crashing with his
now you've done
this to me, you have
to, everything in
me sand he
collapsed on

2009 Wood Coin: The Horny Play Boy Bunny (Jackalope) Gets Some Issue: Lifshin, "Fitzi in the Yearbook"

© 2008

Matt Lowery

“Soundfield 002”

Please refer to the PDF image (click on the artist's name) for greater clarity.

2009 Wood Coin: The Horny Play Boy Bunny (Jackalope) Gets Some Issue: Lowery, "Soundfield 002"

© 1980

Edward Mycue

“A Man Came Out of a Tree”

A man came out of a tree,
She tugged on his coat.
He said he didn't touch her, tried
to dodge.
Then the horse,
a big beautiful horse
in his dream
came against him
crushing his handsomeness
against his chest.
He kept trying, failing
to unlatch
the door at his back.
Yes, he said, it was
a dream, but the horse,
so big and handsome
frightened me.
I was afraid
he would crush me into him.
So, he said, sir, please
don't open the door.

2009 Wood Coin: The Horny Play Boy Bunny (Jackalope) Gets Some Issue: Mycue, "A Man Came Out of
a Tree"

© 2008

David Plumb

“HORSE”

“AHHHHH, Yes!” Harry said, “You don’t know.”

Marie glanced at him in the mirror. “What don’t I know?”

“You don’t know the real and ungodly truth.”

“Which is?” she said, wiping the toothpaste off her mouth with a towel.

“That, I Harry Bothwell, am the MOOSE!” Suddenly, moose antlers made of wiggling fingers sprouted from his head. He butted Marie. She dropped her towel on the floor.

“This is the moose butt,” he said. “Thee Moose poketh the Moosette.” He poked. “Poke, Poke.” He butted her left shoulder with his finger horns. He humped her left leg. “POKEth the Moosetina.” He butted her shoulder again. He dipped his head to butt her breasts. “The Moose poketh the good parts.”

“What kind of moose are you anyway?” she said, trying to back out the bathroom door with him butting after her.

“I am the Moose for a better understanding of POKE!”

“Really,” she said, backing into the bedroom.

“I’m the Kierkegaard Moose,” he said.

“The Kierkegaard Moose? What does the Kierkegaard Moose do?”

“He tells the Moosetina that Jesus was only the truth when he said it.”

Now Marie felt the back of her knees against the bed. Harry dipped his moose antlers in search of an opening. She felt the antlers dig into her left breast. They were soft butting antlers.

“And then?” she said.

Great Moose pressed against his Moosetina. He pushed lightly and she fell back on the bed. He butted her legs and then he slid along the top of her.

“And then the MOOSE has his way with her.”

“He does?” she said.

“Yes he does,” he said.

“How do you know?” she said.

“I am an experienced Moose with Moosetinas such as yourself.”

“You mean to say there have been other Moosetinas other than myself?”

“I confess there have been other Moosetinas other than yourself but none as beautiful nor so sweetsmelling muskily in the right places as yourself.”

“Well that’s encouraging,” she said as the Moose licked her neck.

“I am the Morning Moose at evening tea,” he said.

“It’s 6:10 PM,” she said.

“I’m the late Morning Moose. I have come to perform High Moose.”

“I have never experienced High Moose. And what is High Moose?” she laughed as he sucked on her left ear.

“It is somewhat like Low Moose, only a bit more refined?” he nibbled.

“And?” she said.

“And now?”

“You’re tearing at my clothes,” she shrieked.

“I am,” he said. “And not only am I, I shall continue to do so.”

“What if I resist?”

“Ahhhh, yes. Resist my Moosetina.”

“What if I don’t want to resist?” she said.

“Hump,” said Moose.

“Hump?”

“Hump and hump!”

“Is that all?”

“Not quite,” he said.

“When?”

“Now,” he said, “I am slipping out of my Outer Moose and slipping into my Greater Moose. Are you ready?”

“I think so,” she tittered.

“Ahh,” he said. “Ahhhhhhhh. My Moooooosetina!”

Later they lay on the bed staring at the Society Finches in the cage by the back window. The sun was down, so all they saw were the silhouettes of the birds clicking high perch to low, to the vacation feeder on the floor of the cage and back to the upper perch. In a few minutes they'd hunch in one corner of a perch. One would climb on top of the other. They'd sleep part of the night like that.

“Where did you get the Moose?”

“It came with the landscape,” Bothwell said.

“Do you ever run out of words for it?” Marie said.

“Not for that.”

“Did you ever wish you had a moose?”

“Moose were never high on my list,” he said. “I had a cat and I had a few chickens. One dog, a Dalmatian named Anastasia. Somebody had beaten her. She was crazy. She ran in front of cars. That's what got her. A car.”

“I'm sorry.”

“Don't be sorry. She was a crazy dog.”

“I wished for a horse once. A big white horse. It was crazy. I was nine years old. We had this old barn out back of the house where we kept the family car and the lawn mower. I got to wishing on a star. Every night I'd stand outside and say, 'Star light, star bright. I wish I may, I wish I might, have the dream I dream tonight.' I do this every night for weeks all winter long. After awhile, I begin to think it's working. Every morning, I run down to the barn before and after school to see if my horse is in the barn. I'm going to buy the hay and Dad will build the proper stall. We'll get oats and a feed bag, and oh boy, a saddle. A western saddle because I was a cowboy. Me and half the neighborhood. Star Light, Star Bright. Every night with the North Star, it's 'Wish I may, Wish I might.'”

“One morning in late March, when there were still patches of wet snow on the ground, I ran down the old wooden cellar stairs and out to the barn. I press my face to the barn window and I see the HORSE! A big white horse is running in around in my barn. It's the most gorgeous, biggest, most splendiferous horse anybody has ever seen. He's got a long white mane like in the movies, or like Silver. He must be a male. Did I know they rode geldings or mares in the movies? Did I know Lassie was a he? So I got this horse. This white stallion. WOW man, I'm going to have my own white horse!”

“I go to school and I don’t tell a soul. All day I sit in class thinking about my horse. I got this secret horse. So I’m walking home in the slush with Billy Martinelli. We only lived a long block from school. Billy Martinelli lived across the street. His father came from the old country. He didn’t speak English. I didn’t understand Italian. Billy’s mother went to church three times a day. The Madonna sat in her living room. If she wasn’t praying, she was making spaghetti.

“So I’m walking along and I say to Billy, ‘I got a horse.’ And he looks at me like I’m crazy. I leave out the part about wishing on a star. I just tell him I got a horse in my barn and does he want to see it? Sure he wants to see my horse. I take Billy down in the back yard and I tell him to look in the barn window. He presses his face to the glass. ‘See it?’ I say. No, he doesn’t. I think maybe it’s the glare or the angle. ‘See my horse?’ He keeps pressing his face against the glass. I swear to God, I see that horse in there. I really see that flash of white mane.

“Billy has his hands cupped around the sides of his face. ‘Nope,’ and he backs away from the window.

“After he left, I looked in the barn. I went nearly blind staring into the dark. No horse. I never saw the horse again and I stopped wishing on the star. Billy never again said anything about the horse, or the fact I’d mentioned a horse.”

“So how come you never got a horse?”

Bothwell got out of bed and slipped the red cover on the bird cage. “I never even rode a horse. In fact, I’m afraid of horses.”

“You’re not afraid of horses.”

“Yeah, I am,” he said walking to the foot of the bed. “I’m terrified of horses.”

“I would have never thought you were afraid of horses,” she said.

“I’m afraid of a lot of things. Moose and Jesus freaks.”

“I know you’re afraid of a lot of things. That’s why I love you because you tell me you’re afraid of things. I’m glad you’re afraid of things. But you’re not really afraid of Moose.”

“I am.”

“And what about Moosetinas such as myself?”

“I am more afraid of Moosetinas such as yourself than I am of Moose.”

“I don’t believe that.”

“Well I am.”

“And why are you afraid of Moosetinas when you are so good with Moosetinas and you have met other Moosetinas such as myself even if they were not the same smelling kind of Moosetinas?”

“That’s it.”

“What’s it?”

“Not the same smelling Moosetinas I have met.”

“What’s that?”

“I love you Moosetina.”

“How can I be sure? How can I ever really know?”

“One can never really know, my Moosetina. Nobody can ever really know. Sometimes you can die and never really know.”

“I don’t like that, because I know I love you.”

“That’s because you’re an immortal Moosetina.”

“Don’t you ever wish you got that horse?” Marie said.

“No, I don’t,” he said.

“Why not?”

“Because then I’d have to take care of it.”

“Don’t you want to?”

“No, I just like the idea of the horse.”

“But you love me. You take care of me.”

“And you take care of me,” he said.

“You don’t need the horse?”

“Of course I do.”

“But for different reasons?”

“For the same reasons; which is why I am the Moose and you are the Moosetina.”

“Do you think that’s normal?” she asked.

“As normal as it gets for some people,” he said.

“I have my doubts,” she said.

“You are not alone,” he said.

2009 Wood Coin: The Horny Play Boy Bunny (Jackalope) Gets Some Issue: Plumb, “HORSE”

© 1984, 2009

Barbara Rosenthal

“Four Violations”

THE first time she was violated, little boys from the neighborhood lined the crack of her ass with twigs. Her mother cleaned her out but didn't get angry. Not being punished made her very uneasy.

The second time she was violated her mother was at work, so she could run home to an empty house from the man who locked her inside the front seat and lay on top of her and pretended to need her help fixing some hard-to-reach place under the dashboard but really was rubbing himself against her. From underneath him she saw Retarded Joanie ride by on training wheels and she thought of Joanie's peanut butter mouth and knew it wouldn't help to call for help.

The third time she was already 16 and doing a little too much flirting. She liked the balding young man who played tennis, and they took a drive in the country. She liked it when he kissed her. She pretended she'd go further but she never pretended she'd go all the way, and refused. He put a rubber on, awkwardly. His car had itchy gray upholstery and still she refused. “Turn over,” he said. (She didn't understand.) “Let's have your ass,” he said. (She'd never heard of such a

thing.) He began to roll down the window and roll off the rubber. "Oh no, don't," she said. "You can't get pregnant this way, little fool!" They looked at each other and realized their bargain. The rubber stayed on as he entered her high gasping pain.

The fourth time was on a rainy night in Rome. The pensionier collected both their passports and made Enrico take two rooms. She and Enrico were drunk and she was only too glad to get laid. But Enrico began to get pushy. Enrico wanted everything too fast. Enrico tore her dress and tore her stockings. He pushed her down; he bruised her elbow. It was very damp and cold. Enrico bit at her. There was no pleasure, only claminess. She pushed him away and he threw himself down on her and shoved himself inside her faster, faster, faster, pulling on her shoulders for leverage, pulling on her hips. "Have you had it yet, baby? Have you had it?" She faked an orgasm but stayed until morning.

2009 Wood Coin: The Horny Play Boy Bunny (Jackalope) Gets Some Issue: Rosenthal, "Four Violations"

© 2007

XeusZenon

"Me simply it is that?"

Who has with whose nature? What medicine artist does open? Whether I do want to dance? Then I? If I want to dance, takes the anesthetic to be able to need. Possibly I can induce the speaker to enter the sober public creative movement. That sounds, looks like something I'd like doing. Whether isometric female soft gymnastics will count? I want to know. Whether I do have diabetes? Any voice leads the human to pronounce. Does contacts us the first president to the violence. What's the voice deal? When is lasts somebody to hug me? Whether that is with previous time is different I to hug somebody? I played the basketball recently, that'll must do. I go to several years ago sledding. I once had the cat. Texas tea. Tasting. The apple picks. Dandruff. Has a friend's huge new nickname. The land rides the bicycle. How does the neck operate. Closure police. Pollen and bee saliva. Or

that someone receives who it types? Is art what kind of medicine at on? Did I think that we want dance? Me simply it is that? Actually I thought that the necessary justice daughter who is all medicines we want dance. Perhaps I surround the movement inside my own myself spokesman of the catalytic action which is the general originator.

2009 Wood Coin: The Horny Play Boy Bunny (Jackalope) Gets Some Issue: XeusZenon, "Me Simply it is that?"

<hpbb: quotations>

Man is most nearly himself when he achieves the seriousness of a child at play.

Necessity may be the mother of invention, but play is certainly the father.

What is genius? - It is the power to be a boy again at will.

There isn't any symbolism. The sea is the sea. The old man is an old man. The boy is a boy and the fish is a fish. The shark are all sharks no better and no worse... What goes beyond is what you see beyond when you know.

The American ideal... of sexuality appears to be rooted in the American ideal of masculinity. This idea has created cowboys and Indians, good guys and bad guys, punks and studs, tough guys and softies, butch and faggot, black and white. It is an ideal so paralytically infantile that it is virtually forbidden--as an unpatriotic act--that the American boy evolve into the complexity of manhood.

I tried to be a boy,/I tried to be a girl/I tried to be a mess,/I tried to be the best/ I tried to find a friend,/ I tried to stay ahead/I tried to stay on top...

Every genuine boy is a rebel and an anarch. If he were allowed to develop according to his own instincts, his own inclinations, society would undergo such a radical transformation as to make the adult revolutionary cower and cringe.

There comes a time in every rightly constructed boy's life when he has a raging desire to go somewhere and dig for hidden treasure.

Shall we never have done with that cliché, so stupid that it could only be human, about the sympathy of animals for man when he is unhappy? Animals love happiness almost as much as we do. A fit of crying disturbs them, they'll sometimes imitate sobbing, and for a moment they'll reflect our sadness. But they flee unhappiness as they flee fever, and I believe that in the long run they are capable of boycotting it.

- Heraclitus of Ephesus, from his surviving fragments (ca. 500 BCE)
- Roger von Oech, *A Whack on the Side of the Head: How You Can Be More Creative* (1983, 1992)
- James Matthew Barrie, *Tommy and Grizel* (1915)
- Ernest Hemingway, to critic Bernard Berenson in 1951; *Selected Letters*, ed. by Carlos Baker (1981)
- James Arthur Baldwin, an interview in *Playboy* (1985)
- Madonna, "American Life," *American Life* (2003)
- Henry Miller, *The Books in My Life* (1951)
- Mark Twain, *Tom Sawyer* (1876)
- (Sidonie-Gabrielle) Colette, *Break of Day* (1961)

<hpbb: rising issues>

You've Reely Scored a Movie Issue.

Okay, so the pun on old movie reels might get dropped by the time this baby goes live. Really. I mean, like, for reel, 'cause, like, "talkies" are like, no longer on celluloid, right? They're, um, digital... Anyway, who hasn't been influenced by a film or hundreds? The theme for this one is vividness, imagery, motion pictures arising in our minds, arising from mere squiggles, symbols

(words!punctuation!structure!) on the page. Certain pieces can do that, like, cinematically.

Religion, Spirit, Prophecy/ Issue.

A rule of thumb for socializing with new people at parties: Never discuss religion, politics or sex. And then, you all know the rule about rules being made to be broken... what would religion be, without temptation to break rules? what would spirituality be, without freedom of the spirit? what is prophecy, but prognostications based on current social and sexual mores? etc. Thou shalt not get too heavy!

Of Drains and Ladders in this Life Issue.

As children most of us played a simple game called Chutes & Ladders; it was fun, exciting, to rise and fall, fall and rise. As a metaphor for life, though, it's only partly accurate... The game's designers omitted the force of gravity. Ah, the joys and perils of existing and existentialism.

<hpbb: salute>

The Jackalope*: Mythical stag bunny, mix of antelope and jackrabbit, a hybrid, like the almighty Griffin of lore. It drinks whisky, allegedly. It can imitate the human voice, allegedly. It only breeds during electrical storms, allegedly. It's been sighted in movies: "Brokeback Mountain," "First Snow," "The World's Fastest Indian"; it's been heard on the radio: Brown Shoe, Clutch, Colonel Claypool's Bucket of Bernie Brains, Jakalope, Laika, Shonen Knife, Soundarcade, Steve Earle; and it's part of gameland: Age of Empires III, Deadlands, King's Quest VII, Rampage, Redneck Rampage Rides Again, SSX on Tour. *Note: Really should be spelled Jackelope, as there's no jackal in its ancestry.

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