

# Q U E R Y



Under the trees  
by the queen...  
M.S.B.

Some of these pieces  
were written for  
other people's zines.  
Thanks for asking,  
Mike & Donny...



A few days before July 4th  
while walking in downtown Lansing  
in the space of an hour  
I saw three different people  
wearing shirts made out of  
the American flag.  
Twenty-five years ago  
people got arrested for that.

Sun Ra's 'The Magic City',

Hank Williams' 'I Saw the Light',

"Get the fuckin' door, shithead!"  
(the neighbors fighting),

"...all on the same plate."

A firefly outside my window.

7.11.95



Yellow, black, pink, green:  
A goldfinch hanging sideways  
on the cosmos in the rain.

7.20.95

Once upon a time late at night I was walking in what was to become Soho. I turned up an alley and came upon a curious sight: under a dim red light someone was rummaging in a huge pile of garbage. He would drive in, disappear almost from view and reappear clutching a moldy treasure. I recognized Jack Smith and stuff almost as large as he slowly accumulated a pile of watched from the shadows as he slowly accumulated a pile of belonged in the trash. From inside the car a voice faintly said, "Ask him, Kenny." The driver, a very cute but very seedy young man, got out, walked over to Jack and asked, "Do you know the way to The Paradise Garage?" Jack said nothing. The youngman asked again. Jack still said nothing. Minutes passed..... The car backdoor opened and a small middle-aged man wearing an orange-plaid tux with padded shoulders got out and joined the two men. They were a weird trio: Jack towered over the others and was dressed even stranger than Roy Cohn, the man in the tux. "Get back in the car, Kenny," Roy gently said and turning to Jack he asked, "Do you know the way to The Paradise?" Jack said nothing. Both men remained completely still, staring at each other for what seemed like a half-hour, but was probably closer to five minutes. Finally Roy turned away from Jack and got back in the dilapidated car. As the Rolls-Royce started, the rear suspension gave way so that the body was leaning over, riding slanted on the axle & the tire. Jack looked on as the car drove out of the ally with sparks flying & metal grinding out, and very slowly & very, very sadly called out, "I... don't... know...."

A FAIRY TALE OF NEW YORK  
THE PARADISE GARAGE,  
DO YOU KNOW THE WAY TO  
OR JACK & ROY & ME

gay in their uprightness on the plinth or on the imagined street.

There is a kind of artist, and a kind of thinker, who follows a lifelong course of his own, comparatively solitary, staying in a single studio or room, as Giacometti did in Paris, and not being greatly concerned by the public's response to his work, but always expecting to fall short of his own intentions; therefore he works without showmanship or rhetoric and without even the ordinary arts of presentation, and largely detached from the spirit of his age. The beauty of the work of such artists resides in the visible intensity of their concentration, and in the recklessness of their losses, as they try to be loyal to their own sensations.

Among philosophers Spinoza in his

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stuff almost as large as the original piece. I heard a car race down the hill and screamed at him. It was a No. 1-Korso, but I since then forgot it. I closed my eyes again. "The dog," I said, "was a large saintly saint."

The evening that I heard Etnyl Eichelberger died  
The Merchants of the New Bizarre had a show.

I was upset and decided to dedicate my performance to him.  
On the way to the gig I found a sheet of adhesive backed  
small day-glow orange paper dots in the trash.  
During the set Mad Dog, the band's leader,  
stepped back to do a mock dramatic monologue.  
He facetiously said that he 'needed a small spot here'  
(there were no stage lights in the club).

I interrupted 'wait a minute!', jumped off the low stage,  
grabbed my bag and pulled out the sheet of spots.  
I quickly peeled them off and stuck them on Mad Dog...

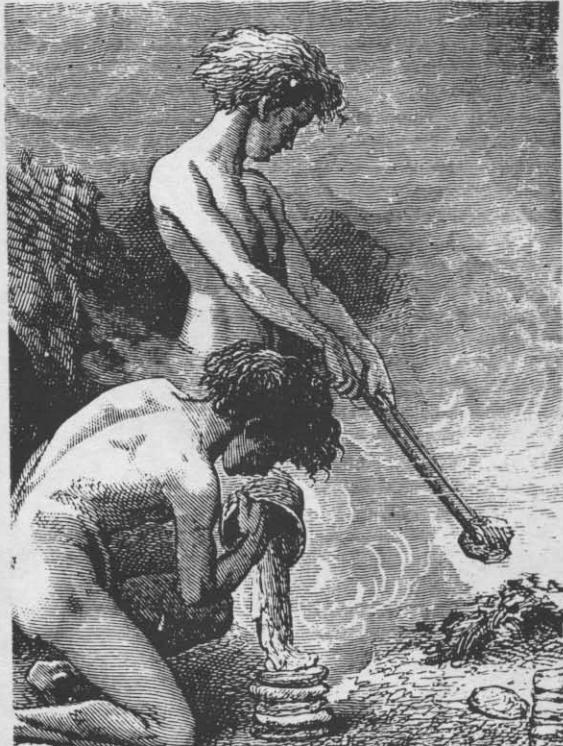
on  
the  
called out. I didn't know  
what to do. I  
had a  
very bad  
day

number five three  
by the numbers  
.8.2.W

D U E R Y

Some people want to be whores,  
but they don't want to get fucked.

8.22.95



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Under the trees  
by the queers...  
W.S.B.

