

Scribbler

OCTOBER 2018 PUSHING FEBRUARY 2019

ISSUE 97

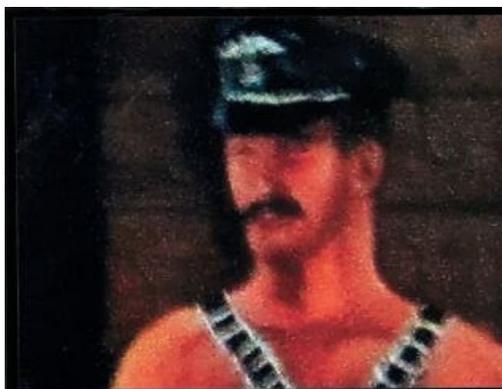
Even before East Bay Poets House got under construction, Crazy Child Scribbler kids were romping in foundation trenches, making paper airplanes out of old blueprints and throwing them into the circus streets, jazzed that something's going on behind the clowning.

Editor's Shoutout

Detail from *J & L Saloon, Seattle, Washington, 1985* oil on canvas, 36x36, by retired Air Force Commander Ben E. Mater (Feb 4, 1933 – Feb 9, 1990). Upon retiring, Ben came out as a gay man residing in Seattle's Eastlake neighborhood. Fantasy figures of men in leather foreshadowed construction of an upper floor of the bar, work that happened after its renaming; the bar is known today as the Seattle Eagle. My favorite slice of this epic man-lovin' masterpiece is a close-up appearance of 1985's Mr. Leather, Richard Henning, shirtless, yet far from topless.

– DeWayne Frazier Dickerson

The painting is privately held in Seattle by Roger Winters. Permission to reproduce a modified set of details was granted, courtesy of R. Winters.



Workshop Schedule

CRAZY CHILD WRITING WORKSHOPS

Set your creative self free to write with abandon.

(fee: \$80 or any donation; included in 10-week workshops)

Saturdays, 10am to 5pm

February 23 — Grand Lake District, Oakland

March 16, location tba

THE BEAT AESTHETIC And Why We Need It Today

(\$5 or any donation)

Omni Commons, 4799 Shattuck Avenue

(at 48th Street) in Temescal District, Oakland

Every second Saturday of the month:

February 9, March 9, April 13 — 1 to 4pm

10-WEEK WORKSHOPS

(fee: \$400 per session)

poetry *prose* *plays* *nonfiction*

Wednesdays 6:30 to 9:30 pm Temescal District, Oakland

Current session ends February 6 — New session starts February 13

Fridays 10am to 1pm Temescal District, Oakland

Current session ends February 15 — New session starts February 22

2-BUSY 2-WRITE

(drop-in writing time)

(fee: \$10 or any donation, like healthy cookies)

Alternate Tuesdays from February 12 on, 7 to 9 pm

Temescal District, Oakland

THE NOVEL'S ARC

(fee: \$500 for five sessions)

Four novelists read each other's novels and examine how each works as a whole. Two-hour sessions, once a month, devoted to each novel. Sessions will be arranged as each of four authors declare their readiness.

First session: 7 pm Thursday, March 7, Oakland

**FOR MORE INFORMATION VISIT
matsonpoet.com or phone (510) 508-5149**



POETRY SALOON

(drunk on poetry!)

Second Fridays at 472 44th Street, Oakland
Potluck at 6pm, readings start at 7:30pm

*Bring poems or prose by you or others
to share, or come just to enjoy.*

March 8, April 12, May 10

THE SCRIBBLER PREVIOUS-ISSUE FINANCIAL REPORT

Issue 96, 450 printed: \$216.32

368 mailed at a cost of: \$181.74

(including 2 foreign @ \$1.20)

Collate, address, seal, and stamp; and mailings

to submitting writers: Donated

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DONORS

Jane Burnett, Darien Lencl, Irene Sardanis



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SUBSCRIPTIONS

Workshop participants receive the Scribbler for two years and as long as the recipient shows interest. To get on the mailing list, send an email with your name and mailing address to: clive@matsonpoet.com

PLEASE DONATE to keep the publication going. You can write a check to Clive Matson and mail it to:
THE SCRIBBLER, 472 44th St., Oakland, CA 94609

SUBMISSIONS

We're still working this out. All rights reserved.



Poets House CRAZY CHILD Scribbler

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THE SCRIBBLER may also be found online at matsonpoet.com.

If you wish to stop receiving the print version, please notify us at clive@matsonpoet.com.

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The Scribbler is in *re-organization mode*

We hope to make this Poets House West journal open to and promoting the wide variety of energetic writing coming up from our youth, in various styles, all the way through to our elders. More in the next issue.



From *Middle Passage*:

Shuttles in the rocking loom of history
The dark ships move, the dark ships move, their bright ironical names
Like jests of kindness on a murderer's mouth.

— Robert Hayden (1913-1980)

Man About Town

His stride was a study in meter
And any female looking his way
from the Leaf and Bean
as he crossed the street
would become an immediate student

Black leather blazer
Body cigar-straight in blue jeans
tucked into boots
Dark hair growing out of his halfway
unbuttoned tan shirt
Two-day stubble and longhair look
of a GQ model

Five sips of coffee later I look up
And he's ransacking
the four trash cans out front
Toasting other people's excess
with paper cups
In moves as fluid as the lattes
chai and chocolate milks
that slide down his throat

He's become a fine wine connoisseur
Who couldn't be bothered to replace
hiking boots with soles wallet-thin
Whose domestic help forgot to hem
the lining that hangs below black leather
Or wash the once-white shirt
that wears the foods he's scavenging

Now he's the city sanitation engineer
conducting a field study
Who sets aside samples of pizza
submarine sandwiches and chicken wing bones
Scoops it all with bureaucratic certainty
into a threadbare backpack
And not one of us watching
wishes to humble him
with the truth of a hand-out

— Ellaraine Lockie

A Gathering of the Gods

. . . as editors, we are daily forced to immerse ourselves in an immense sewer of unsolicited manuscripts which bear no resemblance to anything that ever has been, or ever would be published in Tribes. We also know that this is exactly what you are trying to do to us. You have never seen an issue of Tribes; if you had, you would not be writing us to ask about our submission guidelines; they are posted in every issue. . . Please do not masturbate in our faces. It is a waste of our valuable and always rapidly vanishing time. . .

— Response from *A Gathering of the Tribes* after requesting their guidelines.

And God said
Let there be anointed editors
For I alone can't
oppress these poetry sinners
Flock of forced rhymers
dictating doggerel
Museless and useless
most of them
Simpleminded sheep unfit
to receive the sacrament
of submission guidelines
As we protect the poetics
of our holy bible
from their blasphemies
Preserving the space
for the likes of Saint Ginsberg
Hallowed be his name
And while we are
purifying the poetry population
Let us subjugate the incompetents
into acceptance of their ineptness
A kindness bestowed upon them
For surely they will be
slaughtered at altars elsewhere
Words bleeding other editors dry
While we stay sanctimoniously
safe in our shrine

— Ellaraine Lockie

Imminent Boobs

At twelve I told my grandmother
I had "imminent boobs."
I was the only sewing student
whose chest, waist and hips measured
within two inches of each other.
I chose to make a halter top
because it looked easy,
but I managed to sew it
to the jeans I was wearing.
I was 4'10", 79 lbs., so flat-chested
I had to use the kids' pattern.
The sewing teacher expressed doubt
that I was actually a girl.

My parents took us on a road trip
to Vegas. They gambled for
my brother and me while
we stood by the slot machines.
They took us to the Folies Bergère,
a topless revue. As dancing girls
lined up, various tits proudly arrayed
with feathers and rhinestones,
my mother leaned over to me.
"You see," she whispered.
"Nice ones come in all sizes."

— Jan Steckel

Baby Dykes Trying to be Kool

When we were baby dyke medical students,
my best friend and I used to smoke
in lesbian bars only. They had to be menthols,
because we hated the taste of cigarettes.

We'd each need two puffs from my asthma inhaler
before we entered the dive so we wouldn't
embarrass ourselves coughing with the first drag.
We never got through an entire pack between us.

She'd order a buttery nipple (Harvey's Bristol Cream
plus Butterscotch Schnapps) even though she was so butch
she'd get mistaken for a man. Though I was feminine enough
to have married and divorced one, I drank Dewars.

Once I brought a Cuban cigar back from Toronto
to share with her. She had been on call all night.
With that wimpy Asian alcohol dehydrogenase
of hers, she couldn't really hold her liquor.

She passed out into the sawdust shavings on the floor
before we even finished smoking the contraband.
We tried so very hard to be men, but she still
cried like a woman when her girlfriend left her.

— Jan Steckel

riding the cut vein

riding the cut vein.
critique of everyday life.

cut the ride of everyday life.
cut critiquing the cut vein.

then cut the vein of everyday life.
critique the cutting of life.

ride that vein.
ride that cut.

uh huh.
that's where it's at.

— Zack Haber

GPS to Hell

He's got a souped-up Lexus SUV
modified for high-octane racing gas.
He took a high-performance driving course,
always has to be accelerating or braking,
no coasting. He's been using GPS
so long he can't read a map anymore
or find his way out of a paper bag.
The GPS speaks in a low, seductive
woman's voice. "Turn right here.
Drive two and a half blocks. Turn left into alley.
Put car in park. Leave air conditioner on.
Unzip your fly. Lie back...."

— Jan Steckel
From the *Stripper Style* manuscript

Runway

What is this,
By the time that I touchdown.
From my Partyrush zoom.
You become active.
And, then we go in and out,
like a soap opera duty for drama.
I put that on my momma,
cause time run way bout moving,
so we can fly high.
Not to negate,
A dawgs progress, Worrying if being honest fastened your seatbelt
Soaring high heights.
Check for achiever, smoke w/ the bong released carbsz

—D.O.S.E. 1

Red Butte

Smack me in the eye with faraway rocks somehow.
I doubt I can trust my own aim.
But this was where we hung the clown;
threw together gallows in Red Butte.

Smack me in the eye until my head is snow--
until I squeeze big rocks out of my eye hole.

Sometimes -- and for a very short time -- Red Butte was a meadow of dirty dishes only I could see;
my mind trusts too easily.

Smack me in the eye because I hadn't touched snow in 15 years
and I spent all that time treading those loose rocks and sand,
we touched snow and threw together gallows
where the clown was hung on a slippery slope of innuendo, under his trousers all he had was a black
eye. Red polka dots and his red nose and black eye for genitals
hanging above the snow in July.

Smack me in the eye until my head is snow
until I squeeze big rocks out
at the summit with you
struggling to breathe normally under this feeling
and the tension makes me weep.
The tears were yellow like piss.

—L. S. Lewis



Crow Speaks in Africa

You know to worship me
That I spare your people the rotting process
Usher their souls to the Afterworld
That I give the gift of prophecy, perform magic
That I am the teacher of survival
and regeneration

You don't know that gods, goddesses
and garden defenders have taken my shape
That I have fed St. Paul, decorated Celtic coins
served at Apollo's side and bring day and night
to American Indians

But you know more than relatives stolen
from your village to live in a land of enlightenment
Where their heritage huddles in dark corners
Where black is synonymous with danger
and doom and wears the hood of death
instead of a crown like Christ
Who also turned death into life

– Ellaraine Lockie

Stay Wonderful

you still terrible too, Daddy-O! stay
wonderful, baby bubba! bring dat beat
back, ya dig? don't raise 'em up dead...
get dirt-deep... negromancer ice cold...

ain't slip yo UHF no fuzzy biz; our TV
station's very terriblest at signing-off.
can't/won't run outta air. low-program
us Joaquin's Big Bopper boogie-to-be?

– DeWayne Frazier Dickerson

Written for James Leon Suffern's baby.



I have come to say hello

I have come to say hello,
four feet six inches tall.

I have come in the room to say
hello. I am short: 4'6".

I am exactly half as tall as
the ceiling. The shower roars.

I am whistling hello, hello!
while the shower roars.

I say hello and the shower roars
hot. It is hot. I feel it on my skin.

As I say hello the shower roars.
I have come to be short: 4'6".

I am a boy. I am a boy who is
4'6". The ceiling twice as tall.

The shower roars. The shower roars!
I am a boy. The shower door opens.

The shower door roars. Opens tall.
Here I am, come to say hello.

I am here. The door opens. Roars.
The towel and the hand shake open.

The shower door roars open:
Hello! The towel revealing. Concealing.

We shake on it. I am tall: 4'6". I
roar and the towel reveals.

Hello. I have come to say hello.
The towel. I am. Revealed. Concealed.

The hand moves the towel. Roars.
I am half as tall as the ceiling. Hello.

Hello.

– James Leon Suffern



"Hello, Paradise.
Paradise, Goodbye"
reading by Clive Matson

Saturday, March 2 at 7pm
and every following first Saturday
until the poem is completed.

Frank Bette Center for the Arts
1601 Paru Street, Alameda, CA 94501
510-523-6957

**Excerpt performed in Paris,
September 2017**
Crooked Teeth chapbook number one, \$5,
will be available at the readings.

Open reading and other readers
to be announced.

The Scribbler... LIVE!

FIRST FRIDAY, MARCH 1 at 7 pm

Featuring Performances by:

Anne Lesley Selcer
Vernon Keeve III
Zack Haber
DeWayne Frazier Dickerson
Clive Matson

and paintings by Benjamin Arizmendi

@ The Octopus Literary Salon
2101 Webster St., Ste. 170 - Uptown Oakland

THE SCRIBBLER Total expenses: **\$398.06**
Donations: \$40 – Thank you.

PLEASE DONATE to keep the publication going.

THE SCRIBBLER
Clive Matson
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