

MAGIC BULLET

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Adam & The Ancient Mariner

A brief dialogue for students of the Fall



Scene

Adam & the Ancient Mariner are standing in Adam's garden, the Mariner having just told his tale.

Adam

But what I don't understand is, what brought you to kill the bird in the first place. I mean, what outside force was involved? I just can't imagine anyone falling from grace on his own initiative.

Mariner

Oh Adam, will you think a bit before a point you make. Yours was the fall of every man as brought bought by the snake.

So when the idea came to me,
the albatross to shoot,
'twas the evil of your own fall
that in me had taken root.

Adam

So, it's me, is it, that you're trying to blame for all man's miseries. I could stand here and take this, but I've got to get back to my hoeing.

Mariner

Your fall from grace has made you bitter and just and rightly so.

But, sit awhile and hear me out before you start to hoe.

So, when you fell from Eden's grace man's hopes you did not kill.

These miseries are but side effects that come with knowledge and skill.

Adam

Right, I see your point; that I'm a symbol for all mankind. I've known that all along but considered myself mostly at the lower end of the scale. I felt so stupid and embarrassed when I ate that apple, and then to be kicked out of paradise; that was downright degrading.

Mariner

But, Adam, you're looking at your fall as if you were just one man. You're just a victim of circumstance, first step in God's master plan.

Don't be sad, just think if you hadn't eaten the apple, Mankind would now be cooked like a lowly piece of scrapple.

We'd be forced to spend eternity in a dull and dreadful life Without Knowledge, Skill or Afterthought in the name of Paradise.

Adam

So! I'm not to blame after all. Mankind should actually thank me. Gee Whiz, all this time I've considered myself like dirt, while I should have been up there on a pedastal like Christ, St. Augustine, or Martin Luther.

Mariner

I'm glad you're now enlightened, but let's not go too far. I'm afraid you'll get too self-righteous, acting the way you are.

Adam

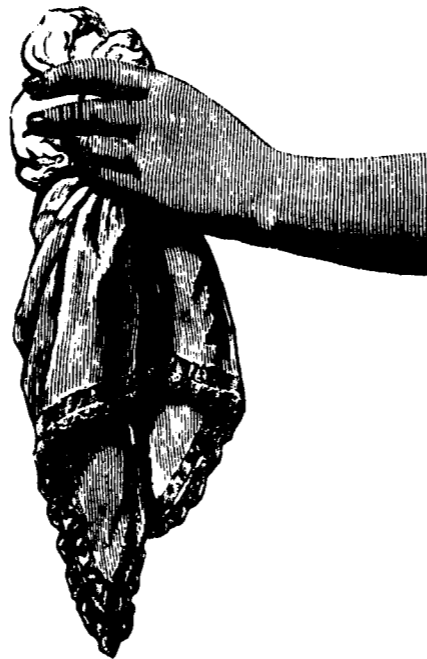
Right, right, but I've got to tell Eve. (looks off left) Whoa! Here she comes now. I'm in big trouble for not finishing the garden. (jumps behind a rock)

Eve

(entering) Hello?

Mariner

(pointing to the rock and sighing)
Madam, Here's Adam.



The Old Man That Lives Across From Me

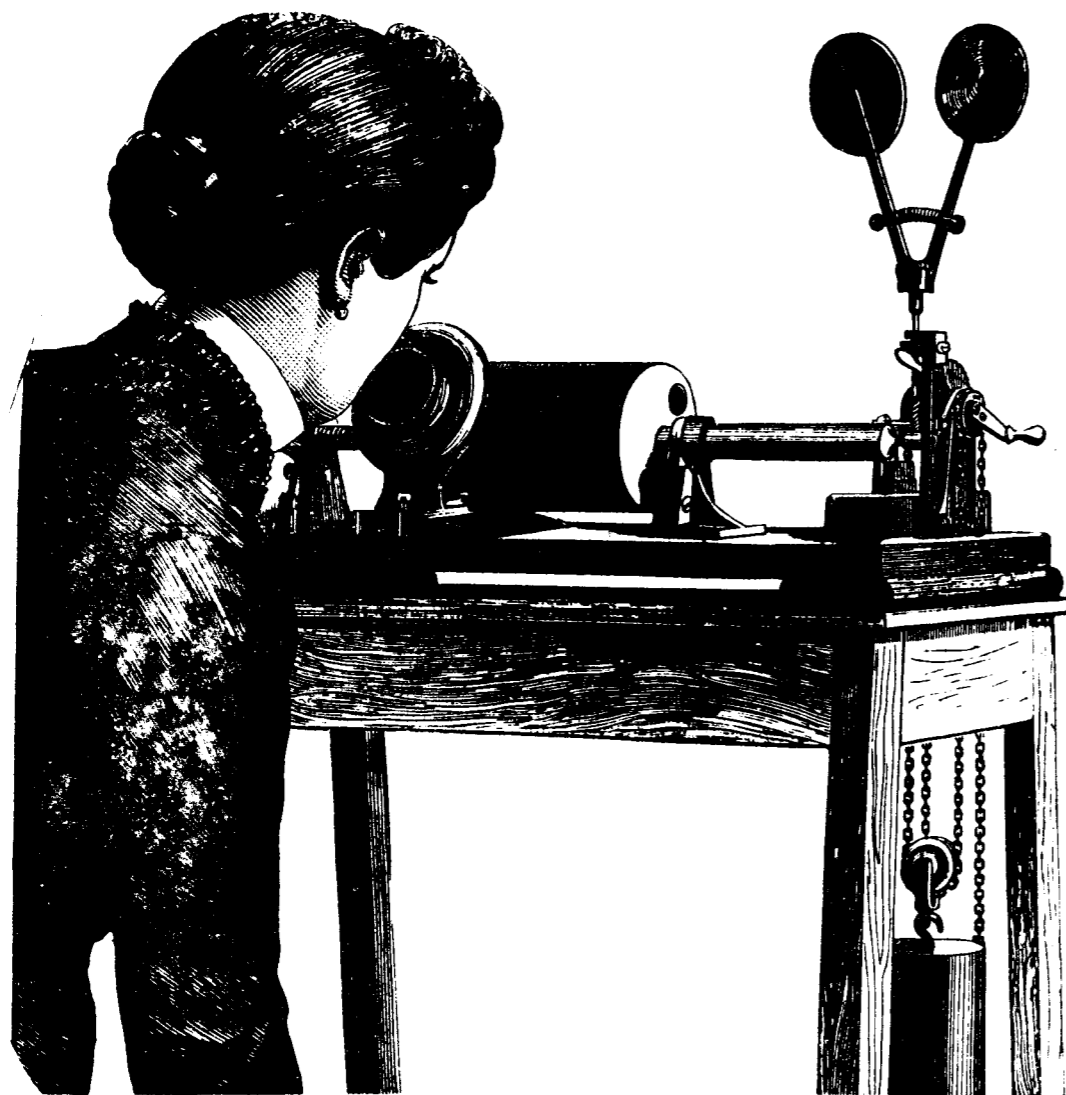
The old man
Who lives across from me
Keeps his shades up.
I can see how he lives.

Alone at night,
He sits and watches television
On his leather couch.
He watches every night
Until eleven
When the lights go out.

In the daytime
I see him on my street
Making his way to a restaurant
For breakfast or for lunch.
He doesn't stop to say hello
To anyone.

On the weekends
The routine is the same.
No grown-up children,
No grandchildren come to visit him.

John peered out the window
At him once
And said,
"It must be nice to live that long."
"No.", I said,
"Not if you're alone."



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Part 13.

That night, as she was dressing for dinner, Wanda Ases couldn't shake reflections of the man Brian S'pence had become. Every time she glanced in a mirror, there he was, looming in some dark corner that would turn out, invariably, to be merely a flaw in the glass. Not like the Brian S'pence she'd known in college. She remembered the wobbly way he'd had of dancing, the mild diffusion about his eyes. It plagued her to wonder how he'd become so hateful.

And it annoyed her that she'd accepted his invitation to dinner. But after seven nights holed up in her room, afraid to venture out against the volver a venir, she found herself craving some sort of experience, even a bad one. And even if she didn't particularly like the present Major S'pence, she surely felt safe in his company.

As she rummaged through her closet for something that didn't cling hideously to the sweat on her body, Wanda wondered what exactly he was doing here. She knew that the U.S. Government had advisors in Buena Salida. She also knew of the private armies held by heavily invested corporations. Even her own company, Seven International, employed a cadre of goons and influence peddlers to guarantee a respectable annual return. Could S'pence be working for one of these? Could he really have become a soldier of fortune?

She dropped a loop of pearls around her neck and adjusted her garters and walked outside to meet his driver.



Gary L. Gehman



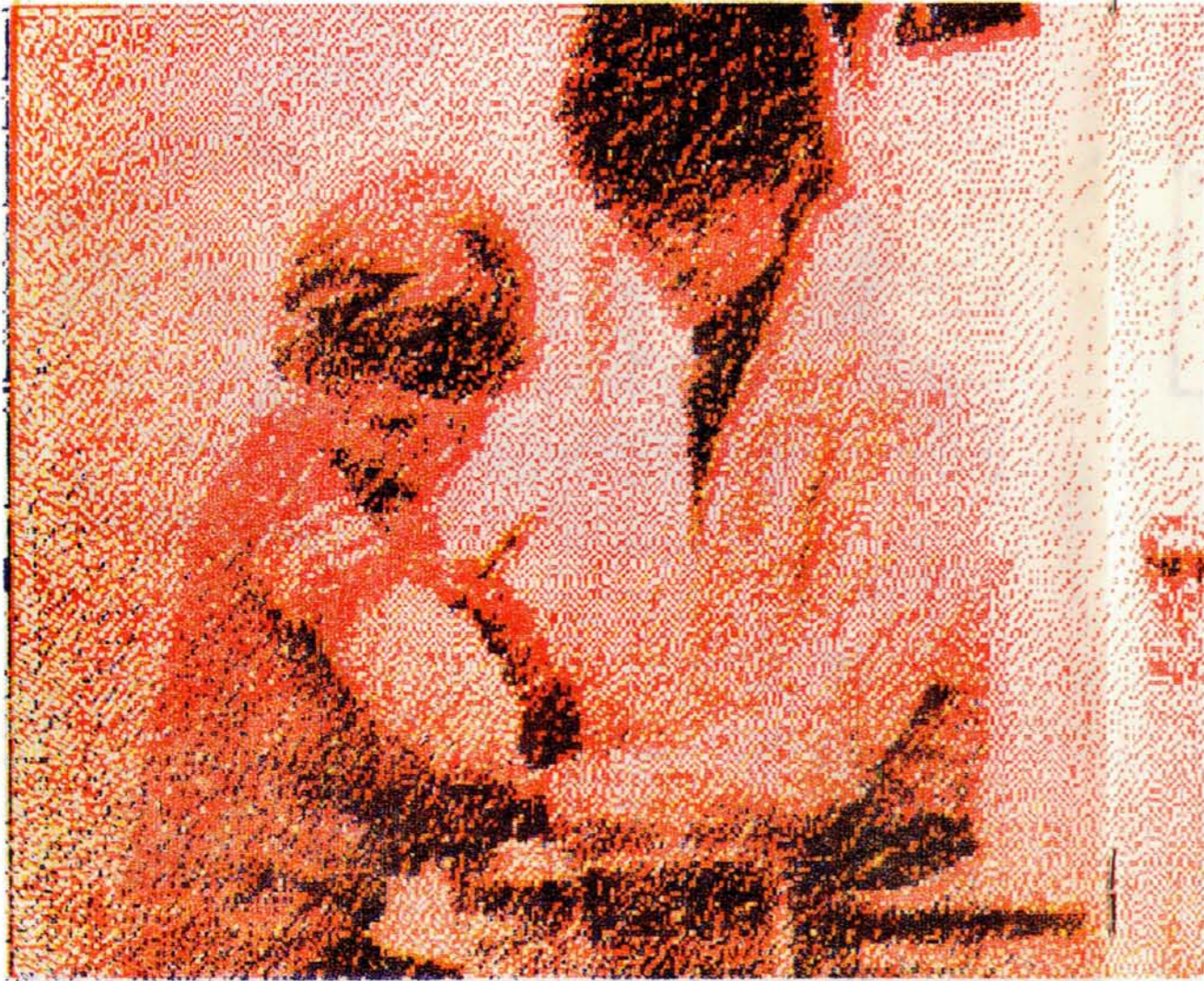
In the street, teenagers were everywhere, chasing each other in adolescent lust; playing out the ritual codified in their holy day's delirious symbolism. Wanda felt a sudden gust of hot steam as the hotel chef threw open a window. It billowed around her, pasting her blouse to her shoulderblades.

She jumped sideways, and was just as suddenly seized by strong arms. Before she could react, she was thrown into a car and sped hundreds of miles into the darkening jungle.

-- To Be Continued! --

August Pastry

Jack Moskovitz



In this house are many fans but none wants his autograph. He walks, for love, to the corner. On a porch are six couples. They stop laughing. He calls for chocolate cake. One slice please to prevent sweet darkness. He won't fall this close, they wager. No thrills offered, no heart attacks, they reason while cuffs catch wind, then onion odors when he enters the diner from the alley. Gold fish should not hire piranha, he thinks, sleeves rolled, fingers in grease. Diners should not hire the addicted, licking digits. Don't push the cake, he winks. Pastry is disposed of at closing in lieu of a decent wage. One hour until closing and he is safe; the cake is within eye touch; he watches his quiet love. The fantasy is of a virgin until... After a day of pool draining the pool master thinks about those kids depending on the pool for survival. Tough for them, swimming in cement. The pool man insists on swimming in frosting, pyramids and swirls, belly flopping in black. Kitchenside bellowing will not deter; like a New Yorker he can close off the extraneous. The waitress recommends; the pool man's dry dream is set and solid. His dentures will darken. His wife will suggest a furious brushing. The waitress slaps the cake cutter against the addict's palm. Are you cutting, or staring and crying? Words for this injustice cannot be articulated. A glance before carving. During surgery he considers denture snappers. Cake stealers. The injustices of the world.

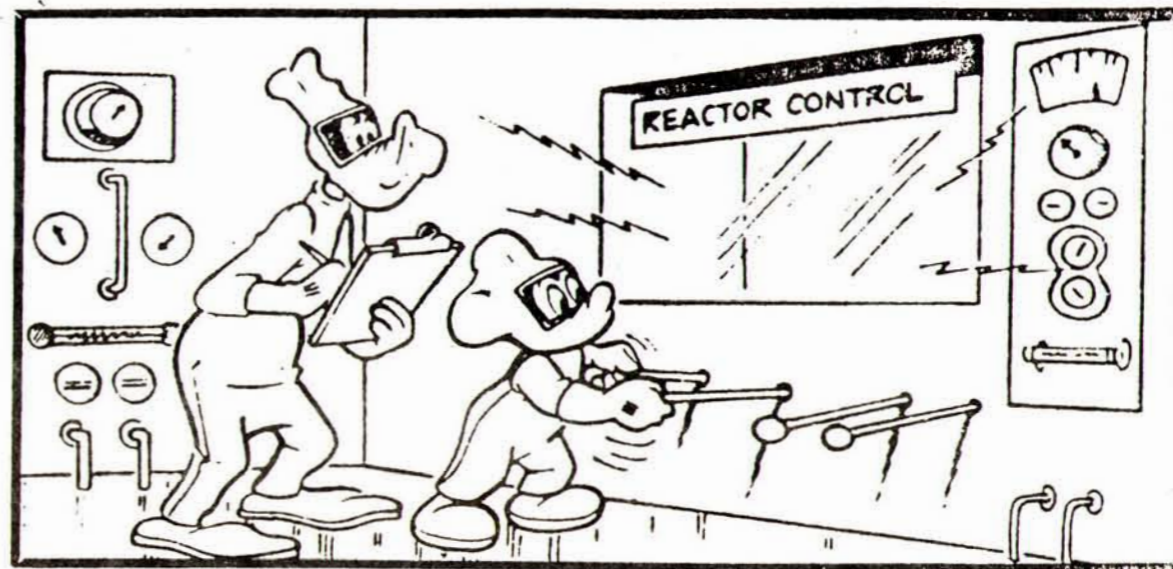
Paradoxia

*There are times
when
I really want
to hurt you
just because
you
are there*

and yet

*I do not love you
any less
than I always
have*

Scarlett Faith



Bee Politics In Samoa

A medley of Bee Gee songs rings rhapsodiously through this tender grove of coconut trees. Suddenly I remember I am not here only due to the lack of primates. It is more, more than the heartless cribbage games played by God, more than the slimy toenail paint on which He nibbles. There are vicissitudes of cheese and fiddle-playing mosquitoes, but I have found them all and they are insipid. I must locate the outrigger canoe and die.

Mike Norris

Renewal of a Holocaust

Michael Abrams

Vast fields of whiteness
 No bones remain
 No pictures of the dying.
 Vast fields of nothingness
 Where the complex architecture of a
 hundred generations stood.
 Amazing technologies of human communication.
 Result of iron walls of unwilling cooperation
 No escaping peasants
 No hiding from invading soldiers.
 Result of angry leaders
 Blotting out the sun
 Renewal of a holocaust.
 Vast fields of whiteness

AGE



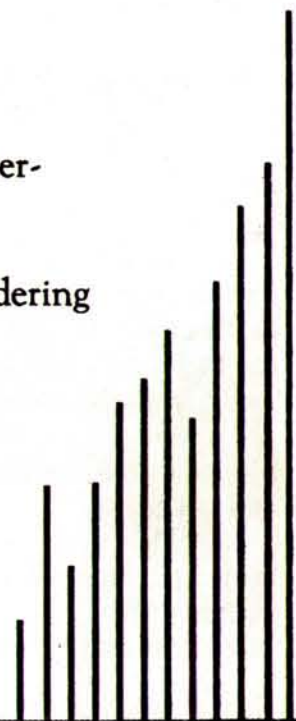
Elder is old of skin
 Child
 is young of skin
 elder lives and accepts
 child
 denounces himself as being
 yet all die in skin

Johnny cooper

I never met a 4 I didn't like

chris stroffolino

In winter
 struggling through the snow
 a hitchhiker-
 Passing by
 warm in a datsun 280z
 is me wondering
 Should I ask
 my driver to pick him
 up.
 I didn't-
 but I thought about it
 a lot.
 Is this, perhaps, what poets are made of?



The Last One Chosen

I too was always the last one chosen in
 Pick-up baseball games and what bugs
 Me now in retrospect is not that I was a
 Poor athlete but rather that some
 Set of social values had me stand there
 Until I was the last one chosen for some
 Inconsequental ball game when I could have
 Spent that time learning a Beethoven Sonata
 Discovering laws of thermodynamics or
 Reboring an automotive engine block.

Walt Gebhart

flying saucer

Gramps hollered
he'd be damned but
he was going to ride
that new sled

down
that ski slope

and nobody could stop him
as he churned up
the beginner's run
away from the trees

popped onto the chartreuse saucer
and pushed off

crouched forward
he hung tight
in a cross-legged hump

slicing
a flourescent stripe
down the hill

hit a rut

bounced high
did a double flip

and landed
saucer down

snow cloud puff
burning cigarette glowing

in place
streaking on



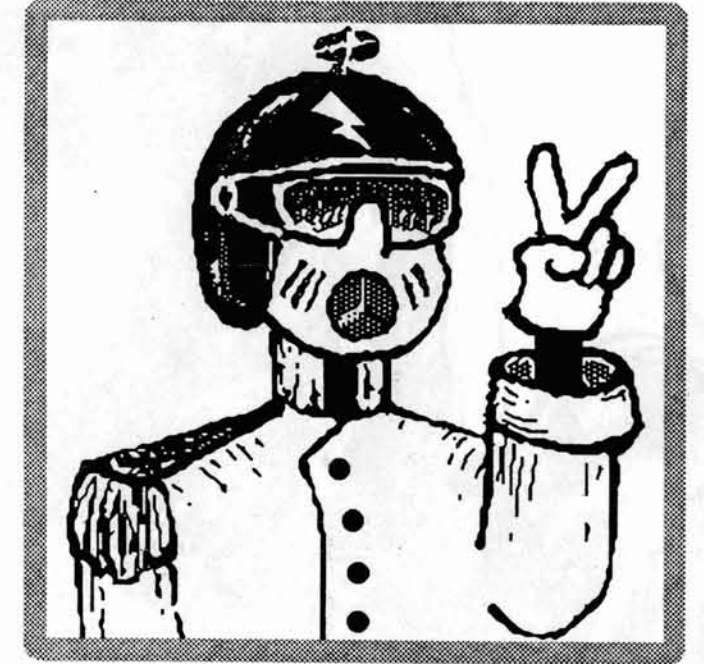
Sheryl L. Nelms

Free Beer!!!

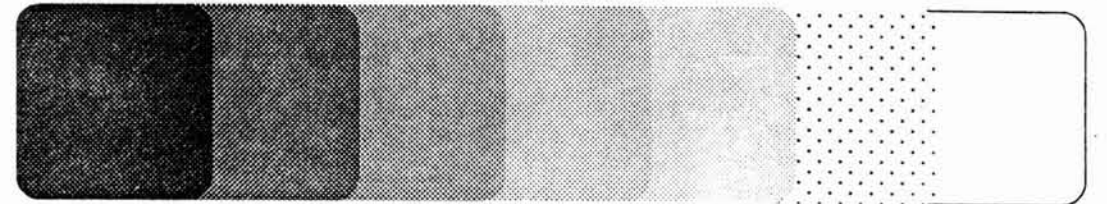
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Our Founder





...the woman was lame...
...happy...
...the woman was lame...
...the woman was lame...

That's to
Kelly or Kelly