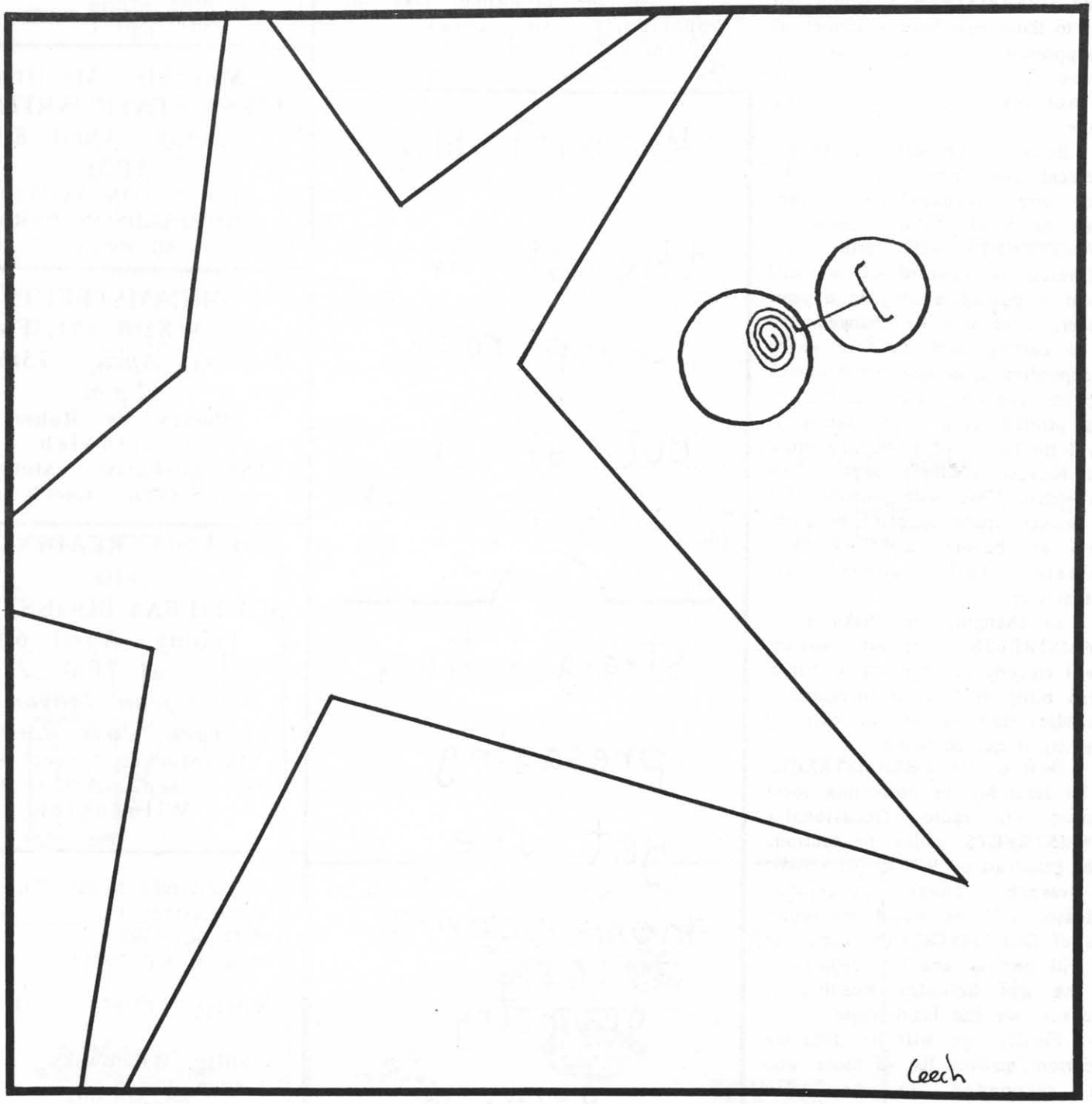
DREAMSTREETS

Number 14 — Eostar 1990



GOOD NEWS AND BAD NEWS

With this current issue of DREAMSTREETS we have completed our commitment of publishing eight issues for the year which began May 1st 1989. That's the good news. the bad new is we have not reached our goal to break even with the cost of production -- let alone grow beyond eight pages per issue. However, this fact alone does not warrant our ceasing publication. For one thing, trashing DREAMSTREETS would not be fair to those who have welcomed us and supported us -- sometimes very generously -- with their contributions and advertising revenue.

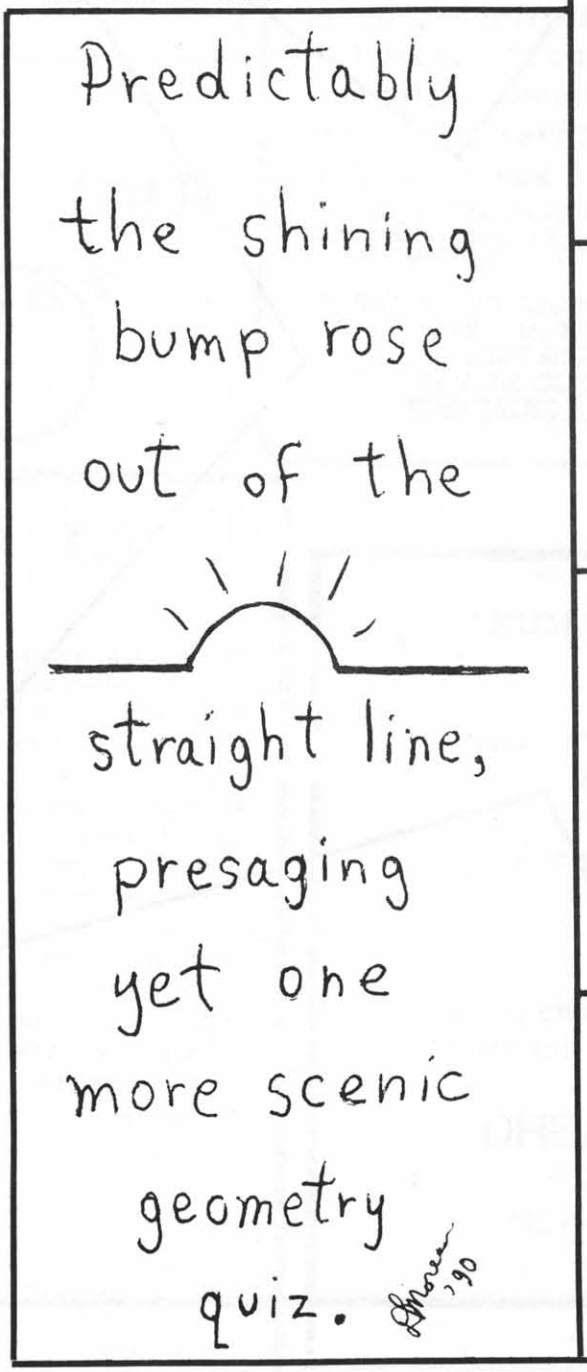
Because we can no longer supplement production with our own monies and revenues from other sources at hand, futures issue of DREAMSTREETS will reflect our actual resources. First of all, we will continue to publish eight time a year. However, there will be changes. We will be cutting back to four pages and, depending upon how much money we have, reducing the number of issues printed each time. Secondly, we will no longer be publishing prose fiction because it simply takes up too much space. We will probably not have enough space to print as much poetry as before and we will eliminate full cover art illustrations.

In changing the make-up of DREAMSTREETS to fit our resources we will embody the philosophy that if we can bring more local literature to our readers then we will at least tell you where it can be found.

First of all, DREAMSTREETS will be returning to presenting local literature via radio. Occasionally DREAMSTREETS radio productions will be broadcast on WXDR (91.3 FM) in Newark. These occasional broadcasts will be listed in future issues of DREAMSTREETS. Listed as well will be any and all readings -- like the 2nd Saturday Reading at O'Friel's -- we can learn about.

Finally, we will be trimming our current mailing list of those who have responded to us with ambivalence. After all, ambivalence is costly. We will continue to mail DREAMSTREETS to those who have supported us during the past year with their creativity and/or money. But beginning with the next issue we will only add names to our mailing list based upon subscription. Subscriptions will be inexpensive: $5 for eight issues, which is a little more than the cost of postage. The remainder will be for our trouble. If our resource situation improves over the upcoming year and we have the opportunity to grow, then subscriptions will be a bargain.

In the meantime, take an opportunity to check out DREAMSTREETS' Literary Listings in this current issue.



DREAMSTREETS
Literary Listings

O'Friel's 2nd Saturday Reading
April 14th 6PM

Beverly Laws
Mary Beth Howard
Dawn Bailiff

ADMISSION FREE

Monthly Meeting
FIRST STATE WRITERS
Sunday, April 8th
3PM
8 WINSTON AVENUE
RICHARDSON PARK
All Welcome

DREAMSTREETS
on WXDR (91.3FM)
Sunday, April 15th at 2 p m
Poetry by Robert Chartowich
"The Eucharist", story by Steven Leech

ART LOOP READING AT THE SOUTH BAY BOOKSTORE
Friday, April 6th
at 7PM
e. jean lanyon
Delaware Poet Laureate
814 Market Street Mall
(next to the Grand Opera House)
Wilmington

Dreamstreets
P. O. Box 4593
Newark, DE 19715

STAFF:

Phillip Bannowsky
Steven Leech
Douglas Morea

Unwelcome Guest

by e. jean lanyon

a gypsy wind
swirls by the door,
disturbs the ivy,
startles the birds,
brings with it
a light chill.

a gypsy wind
rushes in uninvited,
stirs small objects,
our thoughts, and
interrupts the day.

cat hackles rise
with dry leaves
thrown in the air.
a gypsy wind
beguiles,
bearing fickle gifts,
then travels on.

NFE 501

by Brian James Russell

Maryland
rust colored
Nova
mag wheels

she passes me
on the way to work
each morning

blond
bandana hanging
from rear view mirror

NFE
any fear
no fear
and if he...
never fear

NFE -- nefarious

501
tight jeans
the pH of a slightly acidic solution

501 -- the weight in pounds
of a healthy young heifer

Maryland
NFE 501

Hey Hero

by Douglas Morea

Airplane far high small in the big sky
from my kitchen window.
Hello Mr. Airplane, I'm Mr. all alone
kitchen sunk and dishing.
I've given up on progress, things don't get better
they just get clean.
Hey hero, what would you do?
Like hey hero you have what you have until you
don't have it anymore.

Once upon a time I had a wife and kids living in a
mamma bear and papa bear and
and now it's
and it's the old joke the plates are so clean
you could almost eat off them
Boy am I clean. This place is a goddam looking glass and
china bone dry.
Hey hero, you come to dinner
and say never die.

Hey hero
your world goes off in all directions.
Where am I?
You say how about party time? Home is where
yeah-sure is.
Time to get out, step out, have a ball gallivanting
dancing. I'm going to town, painting the
want-ads read. Where
does a fire go when it goes out?
Hey, I'm naked this month
in the centerfold of the local help-wanted section.
World goes off in all directions
never die.

Now I'm single again
Find myself performing unnatural acts, for
mature adults only, like
yesterday I looked under the sofa.
I understand that what I'm really looking for is something
anything to be proud of
I found 3 tissues (used) a small red rubber band
and a dime.

Hey hero tell me how long.
How long is yours, can you show it to me?
Long as the day got away from me?
How tall a tale?
Hey hero get away, you get away from me
with your tale too tall. Mona Lisa's a postage stamp
loveletter small.

Hey great spirit hero
right now I don't want the telephone to ring
I'm standing here red handed, washing dishes, watching soap
operas in my mind's eye.
I don't want the witnesses to sing.
I'm still in mourning you see, so please pardon
my black armband, it
doubles as a blood
pressure cuff.

Wide open sky's a graveyard sure enough
Hey hero
you have what you have what you have
in all directions
never die.
Meanwhile I do the stations of the
ride-'em-cowboy resurrections, flies in the buttermilk
skip to my
old soft shoo
Children still believe there are
Hey hero
give the sky a spit-shine for my baby blue.

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

by Steven Leech

They got Harry Bye right where they want him. Pay him just enough to get to work the next day. Make him slave make him secret soldier. Violate his body like no rapist can. Got life hold over him. Harry Bye can't live without going to work. Got no scam no stocks bonds securities none of that surplus value soaked in petroleum. Harry Bye can't save his own labor in banks. Must sell it to only those who can pay.

Harry Bye got no skill except those for free. Harry Bye free because they won't pay. Harry Bye slave to those who do. They buy only Harry Bye labor paired down to his flesh. It's cheaper for those who pay. It's cheaper for us they say nothing personal.

Harry Bye got all kinds of wages got real wages goin' down got nominal wages goin' up got relative wages just the same. Harry Bye got the price just barely.

Yeah, Harry Bye got real wages goin' down got nominal wages going up got relative wages where boardrooms ancestors petroleum plotting take difference to finance means to their own aims their own end. That's who they be.

Harry Bye buy whatever he have price for. He buy as little petroleum as possible and that ain't easy. Don't buy any that shit poison ground poison air. Only petroleum Harry Bye buy on purpose the kind that perfumes rare air stamped into vinyl petroleum secret disc jockey Harry Bye be.

Harry Bye know who they are he one of them. Got memory go way back. Got memory Saigon. Got memory Vung Tau. Got memory Chemical City 19th century. Got memory 1776 stark November around Ground Zero. Got memory enough tell him real truth. He know they make him soldier secret from all others. But Harry Bye see through all their illusions. Harry Bye see through all their crap.

Crap in products manufacture petroleum manufacture clothes manufacture cars road tires and all their upholstery manufacture packages lots of packages implements all kinds manufactured by the invisible in places look like Vung Tau Saigon Mexico City too. Even money arranged in neat polymers vinyl shiny embossed easy to carry easy to use.

Harry Bye work in order to liv -- liv in order to work. Far as they're concerned Harry Bye got no other reason for being except to work to buy things manufactured by people who don't know they are soldiers manufacturing things mostly cars made out of crap made out of illusions.

Harry Bye harbor no illusion. Harry Bye see casualties with broken souls some with broken bodies broken hearts. Harry Bye chase no dreams. He know he made alien right where he got roots go deeper than ancestors robbers slave holders white Anglo Saxon Protestant con men in boardrooms where currency dollar petroleum interchangeable.

Harry Bye no fool. Got no credit strung out petroleum. Strictly cash and carry. Harry Bye know exactly what cash can carry. Got price for exactly what it takes to stay alive with just enough left over for a few minutes of perfume in rare air secret disc jockey that Harry Bye be.

"Yeah," Harry Bye say to Kim Lee Chouy, "at least I hang onto some personal property make livin' a little easier." Harry Bye got no dreams not anymore. Harry Bye know dreams only exist in private property not in personal property not his anyway. Harry Bye's personal property convey only sweet memories in rare air secret disc jockey that Harry Bye be.

"It ain't like the old days," Che Pancho say. "They ain't trying to divide up the whole world anymore. Now they squeeze what they have make 'em pay. Make 'em pay the pricetag for whole other countries whole economies. No more of this penny anny corporate merger mania shit. That's behind 'em. Now they got it all in the bank with all your labor like all your and my and everyone else labor with all your dreams. Out here where the squeeze is on it's a nightmare. Nightmare of war. War with no front lines like in Vietnam. And no one knows why. No one declare war just got corporations make war banks make war."

Harry Bye turn to Suma Fujaba who know which money's been washed dried dry cleaned.

"It's the money that can easily flow into places where it can subvert better than other currency. It's as slick as crude goin' through the pipeline," Suma Fujaba say a sly smile quickly flash across his face.

Harry Bye know what America he in. Harry Bye in America where price of wealth is poverty. Harry Bye in America under yellow cloud burls nobody see. America where poisons wait to lurch. Harry Bye in America where whole world come together. He see it in color of faces of Kim Lee Chouy, Che Pancho, Suma Fujaba. See it in faces of those with names as old as Barbelo herself. All of 'em poor starving eating their own children in barrios ghettoes bantus Saigon in automobiles abandoned buildings forgot in backstreets Chemical City even in suburban Elsewhere.

WHY DO THE PANS LOOK SO NEW?

by Beverly Laws

Panamanians dance in the streets
cheering the fall of Noriega

they bang on pans, smiling for the media

Why do the pans look so new?

my pans don't look that good

which Dictator do I have to
get rid of

to get me some new pans?

Harry Bye know the feeling. He could buy get credit petroleum that never lets go. Harry Bye could buy whole alien culture that shits radio active glowing slag microbes'll refuse to die in landfill poison. But Harry Bye know he never pay up until his own soul the last installment. Harry Bye know that. Kim Lee Chouy know that. Che Pancho know that. Suma Fujaba know that. They soldiers in full consciousness of themselves look for others to let them know too. Got fires all over in places where world come together in America. Harry Bye, Kim Lee Chouy, Suma Fujaba, Che Pancho let them know fires stoked with bodies of losers who fall out of bottom of disposable society, kindled under compost of illusions crap piled on and cooking up in heat of low intensity conflicts over whole world. That what competition do. Produce losers drowning in swill of petroleum by products under yellow poison cloud burls.

"Whatever happened to co-operation?" Suma Fujaba say the question rhetorical.

"We got it right here," Kim Lee Chouy reply.

Only problem is they kept too busy. Got to work labor long hours get less cash for little less to carry.

Allegiance bought with survival.

Loyalty bought with sustenance.

War is peace quote Harry Bye from ancient text George Orwell. Ignorance is knowledge. Illusion and crap interchangeable.

"But we must help," say Suma Fujaba in mock caricature white face mimic clownlike of those asleep with illusions with souls infused with crap and credit, "we must serve those who buy whole countries never on the slave auction block before. We must serve up our bodies and the bodies of our children in order to buy whole economies of enemies of ancestors petroleum boardrooms plotting. We must sacrifice to deliver into the hand of those who take patriotic gods into their veins. For only then can we win the war."

No one laughed. Not Harry Bye. Not Che Pancho. Not Kim Lee Chouy. Suma Fujaba play at foolery designed to purge reign and storm of illusions relentless on battlefield Chemical City Saigon ghettoes bantus suburban Elsewhere all forgot.

It's no laughing matter when war of whole world in heart of losers. But hope resides where there is no debt. Harry Bye got no debt. Nor do Suma Fujaba. Nor do Che Pancho. Nor do Kim Lee Chouy. They free they truly free. Their souls still pure from poisons microbes'll refuse to die. Their spirits're free of crap illusions petroleum boardrooms ancestors of Harry Bye plotting still plodding toward their own peculiar conflagration hidden even from themselves.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTIZERS

Prove it to us !

Prove it to us that you can make us get rid of this ad; we're tired of running it anyway. Look, it's just the three of us who put out **DREAMSTREETS**, with only one and one-half cars and 2 bicycles among us. We've got the moral, spiritual and, on occasion, financial support of those who've appeared in **DREAMSTREETS** - or will soon appear. But it still costs money. If you're a sympathetic small business - or you know someone who operates a sympathetic small business - tell 'em we're now accepting advertising. The costs of ads in **DREAMSTREETS** are designed to meet the costs of our production and not to make us a profit. We're in this for the literature not the money. Inquire by dropping us a note or a few dollars to:

Dreamstreets
P. O. Box 4593
Newark, Delaware 19715