

EDITORIAL

THE O^ADMO

The history of the universe is, of course, a history of people, their successes and failures, and their relationships with one another.

Our founders twenty-one years ago held high hopes for the success of an institution that was soon to find its place in the western sun, then on the national scene and, finally, on the international stage.

Our business strategy is based on keeping the initiative, staying 'in with the outs,' and exploiting the inevitable. Keeping the initiative is obvious.

I will never forget a remark of my father upon being asked, 'When was The O^ADMO completed? He replied, 'It never has been.'"



The Hospital

On April 5, 1861, a mere two months after Jefferson Davis stood on the portico of the Capitol of the Confederacy at Montgomery, and was inaugurated its first President, a twenty-seven year old physician sat by the flickering light of a kerosene lamp, took his quilled pen in hand and made the first entry in the book of admissions of "The Alabama Insane Hospital." The physician—Peter Bryce; the entry read as follows: "A forty-eight year old soldier from Fort Morgan, Alabama; suffering from Mania A; alleged cause, unknown; exciting cause, political excitement."

In one of his reports, Dr. Bryce tells the following story: "By far the best and safest work I have ever found for the average insane man is moving soil in a wheel-barrow. He can perform this work in the open air, and at an easy, go-as-you-please pace. Working alone, as it were, and with an implement which cannot be turned to harm he is in little or no danger of being imposed upon, driven too hard, or injured by other patients." He said that

PUT FREEZE ON VERSE

Lamantia has said: "But the fact remains, we have reached the point in 1975 that the act of reading Ginsberg and Olson or any of their epigone is interchangeable with the scanning of Time or Newsweek. I maintain this is no accident but clearly delineates the false consciousness of poetry proliferating within the shifting gears of decadent capitalism.

It seems clear that whatever may be shifting within the gears of decadent Capitalism, it's mostly sawdust. Enough has been said already. Let's hear no more claptrap about the false consciousness of poetry. As everyone knows, the best way to eliminate the boll weevil is not to plant the cotton, so C.M. says let's have a four-year moratorium on poetry. This is not to ask that the

one of his patients remarked to him "very wittily, as well as wisely" that he thought "a crazy man and a wheel-barrow must have been made for each other."

Of Paresis he said, "Paresis, or the general paralysis of the insane, an incurable and rapidly fatal disease of modern life, and which seems to be fearfully increasing both in this country and in Europe, is thought by many to be due, in a great degree, to inordinate sexual and alcoholic indulgences. In fact, the same train of morbid influences referable to the same causes may be said to seize upon and degrade the entire organism by destroying that nice balance and coordination of the various powers, both physical and psychical, which are inseparably connected with mental integrity."

Of the "moral imbecile" (or psychopath as we know them today) he expressed the view that they were incurable. Today, we know this to be a fact.

poets stop writing, any more than cotton farmers should be kept from propagating their private seed stock. No, nothing as harsh as that. We ask simply a temporary quiescence on the publishing end. And what better time could a poet choose to lay low than during the Reagan years? Send us your opinion, Box 591, 66044.

WOMEN FIRST

At last a woman sea captain has shown good sense. Wrecked on the fourth off Hormigas Island, the captain came from her cabin immediately, hesitating to go toward bow or stern or mount the bridge, then jumping into a life boat, crying, "Every one for herself!" Neutrodynes with knives between teeth and officers with revolvers in hand also saved themselves.

me' oneba

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O. You can arrive at that figure by taking the atomic number of krypton, dividing by the last two digits of the year in which Alf Landon was nominated by the Republicans, add the radix of the decimal system of enumeration and multiply by the number of stories in the Sinclair Building.

C.M. What a time for a foe to conspire to attack us!

O. I agree. Commander Lindy is a blind running maniac. He wants to make a pumice of earth, I suspect. We will fry one day like hogbelly in lard if Lindy has his way.

C.M. Should we vote for Eunice? She seems full of hope.

O. No. She is a one-issue gal. Indeed, what is the BIG SHIFT, anyway, but an updated diaspora. No, psychiatrists can help people who are mentally disturbed but have never come up with anything to cure a damned fool.

C.M. Tell us, when you go the next time, how'll we bury you?

O. In a lace nightgown, in a Ferrari, with the seat slanted comfortably. I want my little cocker Mulligan beside me, snapshots of Mitzi Gaynor pinned to the sun visor. Hire a backhoe if you must, move mud, get me in deep. Leave an air space within, so that beetles and annelids have free passage.

C.M. You played the game of baseball once.

O. I was a rookie with Cincy. They elected me to the All-Star Squad. That year, Wally Post electrified the bleachers with his 565-foot homer. But Gus Bell was the best.

C.M. What do you call the periods of no life?

O. It isn't really a period, it's a place, a city, called Radiola, named by its founder, the Italian Marconi. Neutrodynes bide their time there. There are plenty of cheap flats, all-night restaurants, the works. I had lunch one day with old Ike. He was looking good, all quivery though. He spit up whatever he swallowed. His uniform was a sour mess. He wasn't adjusting to Radiola's dead life very well. He appeared discombobulated, petty and annoyed. Somewhere along the line he'd lost the tip of his nose and the spot was festering. I wanted to smack the son of a bitch in his face for the hash he made of Normandy Beach. I must say that a feature of living in Radiola is that one's temper is always on the edge of eruption. One feels forever anxious, clumsy, skittish. It isn't all that bad a place, but neither is a bus station. One spends one's time waiting there, that's all. And waiting is such a nuisance, even to the dead.

C.M. OK, you're in your bomb shelter. Commander Lindy has mounted an attack on us. You turn on the radio, but it is silent for a moment while transmission is being set up. You have screwed the blast plugs into the air vents when there is an urgent knock on the door. Is this the moment you've been dreading? Is this the moment when everyone, according to the newspapers, is supposed to shoot his neighbor?

O. Oh, no. Let them in. Misery loves company. You'll be glad to have them after a bit, no matter how thin the food supply. Group death has always been a better road than the lonesome one. And, of course, there's the benefit of all that extra meat when the going gets tough.

C.M. The word is you're plagued with pranksters.

O. That I am. I want to speak to the ones who hid a large syringe filled with what I believe to have been weed killer, pointed upward in my buggy seat. Well, I sat on that needle and the pressure of my body operated the plunger. I did not get the full injection, but I did become ill. If it happens a second time, I intend to stomp some rump.

C.M. What do the neutrodynes want?

O. Music is the fourth material want of the neutrodyne nature. The first is food, raiment, then shelter. When those wants are satisfied, comes music. In Altobello, when the neuts are out, it is a circus of noise. They slap knees, rattle spoons, knuckle one another on the head, yodel and jam.

C.M. What of the disappearance of Myron, Reno speedwriter, do you know?

O. Very little, really. Only what the papers have reported. He had dined with friends at Billy Haa's Chophouse, waved goodbye to them and hailed a cab. He has not been seen or heard from since. The chances are 1000 percent that Myron will never be found.

C.M. It's been a delight to talk with you, Oneba.
O. My pleasure, friends. Rock 'n' Roll.