



First Class

#2

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PORTUGUESE WINE

Dear Harry,

Here's a \$1000 check for you and the guys to party with. You're probably wondering what happened to me. I must confess I don't miss the Pizza Mouse Emporium, I've finally hung up my Billy-the-Mouse costume for good.

Look, I need a favor, I want you to find that writer buddy of yours, Hank, and see if he can do justice to my story. I'll lay it out for you.

To hell with it, look at famous Amos, Geraldo, Ollie, and all the sluts in Hollywood making money airing their dirty laundry in public. I've got millions in the bank now, so I can elevate my middle finger to society and be proud. I made it all through sheer luck, so let me brag.

I was still working at the pizza joint, snotty nosed kids crawling all over me, just another monkey on a rope. I was barely keeping my head above water, noticing most of the fellows around me were sports fanatics. Their idea of fun was to go home and masturbate to Sports Illustrated, and I'm not talking about the swim-suit issue. Touchdowns and home runs made them cream their jeans, poontang wasn't in their vocabulary. This suited me fine, more left for me.

I met Juanita at the local watering hole. She was a Latina fox sitting at the bar, curvaceous and a bona fide bombshell. Hills and valleys in all the right places, pouting, kissable lips

sipping from a tall tulip-stemmed wine glass. I took all this in, in a glance.

Strangely enough no one else was hitting on her. I noticed that she kept glancing nervously over at a table of Cro-Magnon jocks watching football on a big screen t.v.

I sat down next to her and ordered a Tanqueray and tonic and signaled for the barman to refill her glass too.

"How you doing?" I asked her.

"I'm sick of beer cans, beer nuts, and beer farts. Are you another asshole like those over there?" She pointed over towards the gorillas.

"No, I'm a poet," I replied.

"Prove it."

"Roses are red and violets are blue, if you leave with me I'll give you head and then you do me too."

"A sad example," she replied.

"All right, what's your name?"

"Juanita."

"My sweet Juanita, you're gonna like my pita, after I eat, your hot taco, we'll lay back and smoke tobacco."

She sat there shaking her head. I was waiting to get the shit slapped out of me, when she cracked up laughing with this deep sexy laugh.

"You got some balls, I like you. See that dude over there," she pointed at King-Kong. "He thinks he's my boyfriend. If you can handle him, we'll go have some fun."

"No problem," I replied. I walked over to the table.

"I'm Juanita's cousin, look buddy there's been a terrible accident in the family and I'll have to take her home immediately. I can see you're watching the game, so don't bother yourself, we'll call you from the hospital."

Kong looked at me, then at Juanita, then at the t.v., like the coach of the football game was gonna tell him what to do. He shook his head and said, "I think you're full of shit."

Unlucky for him I was still wearing my steel-toe child-proof boots from work. After getting over the surprise of my masterful line of bovine manure not working on him, I gave him a Karate Kid kick (I'd watched it five times, the extent of my karate training) square in the nuts. He bellowed like a sea lion in heat and folded. I grabbed Juanita and led her out, you know, to the victors go the spoils of war.

"Let's go eat, I'm starved," she said.

"All right, what do you like?"

"How about Mexican? I know a good place and they serve Portuguese wine."

"Sounds good."

The restaurant wasn't far. The menus were in

Spanish, my Espanol was poor, so she asked me what I wanted.

"Surprise me," I replied.

She ordered something, there was alot of si, gracias, por favor, and buenos. The waitress wore a full skirt and white peasant blouse tied at the waist with a colorful Mexican sash. The ambience was definitely south-of-the-border. She brought me a cold Tecate and a small plate of limes and Juanita a wine glass and a clay bottle of Portuguese wine. I rubbed the lime onto the back of my hand and salted it down, took a big swig of beer and chased it with lime and salt. Juanita smiled her approval, then clinked her glass against my can in a toast.

"I hope you like hot food, I ordered something special."

"The hotter the better, baby," I replied.

I did away with a couple of beers, before the waitress arrived with two steaming platters. There were beans and rice and a little pile of salad garnished with a jalapeno pepper. The main course was two huge meatballs with red stringy fibers protruding porcupine-style from all sides.

"What the hell is that?" I asked Juanita.

"It is called pubic hair of the devil."

"Damn, did they have to cut off his balls too?"

"Try it, I guarantee it will be a moment you

remember," she laughed.

I ate slowly, washing it down with beer and flour tortillas. My forehead was soon dripping with perspiration and I opened my shirt collar to catch a breeze. The meat had those sneak-up-on-you chiles in it, not too hot going down, but when they hit bottom, look out. As we left the restaurant, my stomach started rumbling and grumbling in protest. By the time we got to her apartment several thoughts came to mind, flame thrower, erupting volcano, and forest fire.

We made love slowly, my stomach earthquaked all the way to my backbone. I brought Juanita to climax, just before the watery lava started to flow. I hit the bathroom at a gallop, not wanting to embarrass myself on our first date. I barely got my pants down when I started melting the porcelain. My ass was on fire! I finally raised the lid on the toilet and stuck my ass down in the water. I flushed it several times, for a whirlpool effect, but it didn't work.

I opened Juanita's medicine cabinet searching for some kind of relief. I was in pain and desperate. My eyes lit on the Solarcaine spray, I read the directions, sunburn relief. I certainly had the burning sensation, so I bent over the sink, spread my cheeks, and sprayed. To my chagrin, I was in heaven, a smile of thanks settled on my face.

Juanita was asleep when I got out of the bathroom. I sat down and poured a drink, then wrote this poem titled "Water". What this has to do with the story, I'll be damned

if I know, but here it is.

A whirlpool of insanity
Threatens my existence
I bob, treading the vortex
The genie, vanishes, a plume
Of mist, into a lantern
Smoky shadows chase me
They fog my mind
Figments of unreality
Anxiety mounted on a dark horse
Paranoia dripping, festering
Ghoulisn laughter
Ringing the air
Nightmarish landscapes
Morning creeps up
Sweated sheets, twisted
Blood ridden eyes
Throbbing palpitations
Half raw eggs
Slide and slime across the plate
Realizations
She mails her sorrows
In corked bottles
Kissing each note
With blood red lipstick
Meaningless nothings to the world
A kindred searching soul

The next morning, I told her about the
Solarcaine.

"A typical gringo hustler, always looking for an
angle," she laughed.

From there my idea blossomed. I went out
and bought a case of the sunburn remedy,
pulled the labels off, cut up brown paper
sacks, and made my own labels. I drew a neat

picture of a man eating a pepper, then fire
shooting out of his ass. Cool Your Booty was
an overnight sensation, sales were
phenomenal. Mexican, Thai, and Indian
restaurants were all clamoring for my spray.
Anywhere that spicy hot food was served, my
product was in demand. Julia Childe, Martha
Stewart, and the Ragin Cajun all endorsed my
spray.

Wall Street approached me with an offer to go
public. Lawyers and chemists fought it out
with the companies involved for the rights.

Needless to say, I made big moola. That's my
story Harry, in a nutshell. If you could find
Bukowski to write it up, it would be sorely
appreciated. Let me know if you need some
bread, hey? Party hardy dude!

Your friend
Chavez
Lisbon, Portugal

P.S. Juanita looks better than ever and she's
still drinking that Portuguese wine.

by Steven "Catfish" McDaris

GOLIATH ASKS

Why is it that
winged creatures
the size of
my foot
stay the hell away
from me
and
these buzzing
booger-sized
insectoids
have the balls
to beg my wrath?

A bluejay can
peck out an eye.
A gnat can
drown in a tear duct.

What gives,
my little
David-brave
swarms?

Take my blood
as your food
for thought.

by Fr. Perry Didier, S.J.

BOX, FIGHT, SCRATCH, CLAW

While he baked under the Banyon tree, Lars
crafted a wooden knife and firmly planted it by
Gina, who took the knife, licked the tip, and
gouged a hole in Belinda.

Belinda, now bleeding, clenched her fist and
pounded Steve, now seated. Ken saw Steve
heaving and kicked him where he was weezing.

Lars, who started the rustle, told Sarah not to
fuss, then Sarah spit on Lars who was
screaming at Russ. "Fight me you festering
little worm" said Herm to Vern. Vern, not a
fighter, started to tighten and closed his eyes
to wait. Herm took a breath, beat his hairless
chest and socked poor Vern in the ear. As
Vern started falling the captain came calling
and yelled as they scurried to hide. The
captain, who was drunk, grabbed Vern by the
shirt, and pleaded to tell him why. Vern, in
pain, couldn't even say his name, for he was
deaf from the punch from Herm.

by Chris Bray

UNTITLED

mother
mary the saint
and never the whore
son marry the saint and
never the
whore

sister
with your belly
like a swollen dome
pull the hot pearls
from your nipples
and give birth
to a brother
and son that
will not run
bleeding down
your thighs like
a month gone by
without
worth

father
the cast
iron man
demands
that our
sons become
fathers
providers
fighters
fuckers
never
friends
or
lovers

by Dick Butkan

WHORES AND CABBIES

Love me do
you love the
boy who runs
with such refuse
through the early
morning dimness
on a wire
with a needle
or a bottle
in a taxi
with a whore
who is no
more than
mary with
a habit?

Do we even
know who
the whores
are anymore,
father?

by Dick Butkan

THE ICEMAN AND THE RAT

The alley was dark. After scouting the neighborhood, I let my eyes adjust to the night. The jewelry store's security system was a miniscule inconvenience. I put my pry bar into the window jamb. A voice loomed from below.

"Hey, where do you think you're going?"

I looked around, seeing nothing.

"I'm talking to you, asshole."

I looked down into the beady eyes of a rat munching on what looked like a Fig Newton.

"Let me read your mind. You're gonna tell me you never seen a talking rat. Don't waste your breath. Liked the way you went through that alarm, used to be second story man myself. Until I burgled this witch's house, she turned me into my present form." The rat seemed to shrug.

I started to give the rodent a kick and get on with the business at hand.

"You could use someone like me. All kinds of things I can do, that ain't possible for a human. You keep me in eats and buy me a gerbil or a hamster for a little hanky panky," the rat winks. "We could be a team. What d'ya say?"

"Let me get on with my caper and we'll talk later," I replied. Hallucinations, meant

definitely time for a vacation.

The safe was open and I had the ten perfect diamonds tucked away in under three minutes. Cat footing it the two blocks to the Mercury I'd borrowed for the job, I thought about all the smaller stones I'd left. This was strictly a commission job, no haggling with a fence. As I neared the car my sixth sense registered alarm. Nothing definite, just a vague feeling something wasn't right. No alternative plan in mind I hopped in the car and sped off. Suddenly cops were swarming in every direction. Flashing red lights and roadblocks. I shoved the stones under the seat and thought I felt movement.

Detective Sergeant Murphy with his big, ugly mug smiled into my face.

"What have we got here, Timmy 'The Iceman' Doyle," he said in his Irish brogue. "Out of the car, Timmy. It's all up, we've got you red handed with your hand in the cookie jar. Where'd you stash the ice?" he asked. Pulling me from the car and kicking my legs apart, as I assumed the position.

"Check the car," he ordered two uniformed cops. One reached under the seat and jerked his hand back cursing.

"Something alive under there, Sarge," he exclaimed drawing his service revolver. They shined a flashlight under the seat.

"It's a fucking rat," the cop said. The purple Crown Royal bag I'd stashed the stones in had a large hole chewed in it. The rat jumped from

the car winking at me and scurried down the alley.

The police tore the car apart and strip searched me to no avail. No evidence, no proof.

Me and the rat have become quite lucrative. And people say diamonds and cheese don't go well together.

by Steven "Catfish" McDaris

A PERSONAL HISTORY LESSON

Yes, it is true
I was once
a member of the
infamous SS.
I knew all of the
nazi dignitaries:
Goering, Goebbels
Himmler; even the
Fuhrer himself
once pinned a medal
on my chest.

I am guilty
of something
but I have
never really
killed
a man or woman
directly.
I marched
saluted
sang the hymns
and counted
cadence for battalions
of stormtroopers
but I never believed.

This is nothing but a dirty lie.
I am a stinking rat who deserves
the most excruciating of tortures
and I shall have my sins engraved
on my balls till the day of my death
which will not be soon.

by Slim Bitters

UNTITLED

when alone
with bulging
crotch
and shaking
hands
I drop
my pants
and dream
of a future
laden
with
women
broad assed and
brunnette sitting shitting
on a porcelain throne
queens of shithouse glee
till death do we fart.

by Slim Bitters

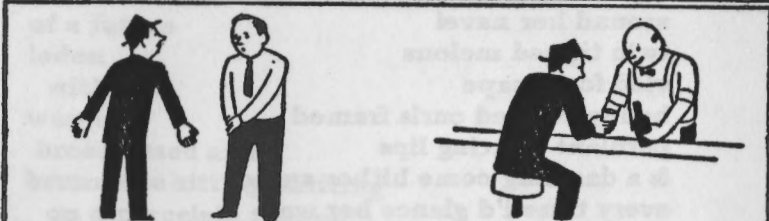
GLISTENING IN THE SUN

her long tanned body
smelled of coconut
blonde fuzz started
3 inches above her knees
swirling its way up
to the turquoise mound
of a bikini bottom
a golden tuft peeked up
around her navel
twin tipped melons
vied for escape
honey colored curls framed
petulant pouting lips
& a dazzling come hither smile
every time i'd glance her way
she would reach for her lotion
with cherry manicured fingernails
squeeze cream on her stomach
or thighs & rub it in
in slow slow circular motions
sweat beaded over my entire torso
i covered my lap
with a beach towel
she noticed my discomfort
"are you all right?" she asked
standing over me
the enchanted forest thrust
almost in my face
"just a touch of sunburn" i replied
she eyed the tent i was
making of my towel
"i'll be right back" she said
returning with her lotion
she raised the towel
"oh my goodness, we'll have
to give this immediate attention"

A CASE HISTORY OF AN ALCOHOLIC



HE BEGAN TO DRINK TO FORGET WORRIES AND LOST HIS JOB



HE BORROWED MONEY TO BUY MORE LIQUOR



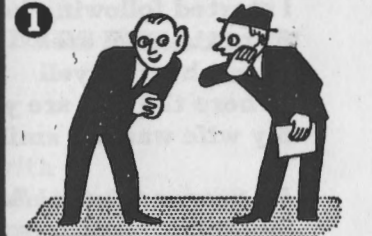
THEN FROM THE GUTTER TO A PSYCHOPATHIC WARD



MODERN THERAPY HELPED AND HE WENT BACK TO WORK

GRAPHIC ASSOCIATES FOR PUBLIC AFFAIRS COMMITTEE, INC.

THESE ARE DANGER SIGNALS



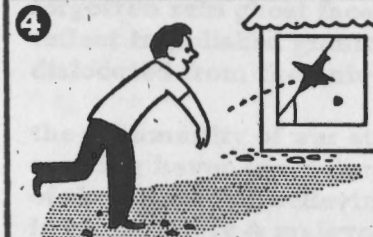
RUMORS



RACE INCIDENTS



DEMAGOGIC GROUPS



JUVENILE CRIMES



POLICE BIAS



BAD HOUSING



JOB DISCRIMINATION

GRAPHIC ASSOCIATES FOR PUBLIC AFFAIRS COMMITTEE

**i started following her
from the pool area
then i heard a yell
"where the hell are you going?"
my wife was not smiling**

by Steven "Catfish" McDaris

WORDS FOR DEAD FRIENDS STILL ALIVE

**Chewing leaves of coca
astride a flying llama
seeking yage & children with
no bones & jars of shrunken heads
junkie gringos shoot mezcal worms
from women's cabezas**

**the Andes comb the sky
for clouds of thunder
pain dances on the horizon
with Aztec dragons & jaguars of jade
Saturn & Jupiter make love in Orion**

**frequent coincidence is not happenstance
a force beyond comprehension drives
forgotten rain ghost faces & sun priests
reflect in polished granite
dislocated from the universe**

**the inhumanity of war strangles
creating havoc of soldiers
of the magic flag believing
in invincibility & malevolence**

**sad bitter eyes look
upon a world stretched
reading nuance of gesture
& futile sound modulation
euphoria snickers behind jealousy
envious emotions & stolen hearts**

**greedy fools cripple eternity
& I'm only looking**

looking for the way

by Steven "Catfish" McDaris

09.MAY.95

The Peter and Paul Fortress was founded by Peter the Great in 1703, and is the cornerstone of Saint Petersburg. Upon entering the Neva Gate, near the Commandant's Pier, which leads to the Neva River, it is impossible to miss a huge sign, in both Russian and English, warning visitors to obey certain rules, one of which forbids topless or swim-suit-clad women. The other very important rule besides the fact that there is no sledding allowed, regards the rooftops of the fortress, and the necessity of staying off of them. There are large, ramp-like bastions, which lead to the top of the wall which surrounds the fortress, and it is OK to walk up on them and take in the view of the river. What is not OK is to walk along the roof which covers the length of the walls, and get a better view. Not only is it somewhat dangerous, because the roof is covered with slippery, flexible tin, but there is nothing to hold on to, and there is a slight angle which leads to sure death on the sand twenty feet below.

At the time, I did not know about the bastions which gave easy access to the rooftops. Standing in the courtyard, we noticed a multitude of people climbing a metal staircase to the top of the wall. The really bizarre part was that there were two locked gates, about three feet high, that people were climbing over and around on the outside of the railing, fifteen feet off the ground. Most of them were the wild young hellions who were rampaging the city on this wonderful holiday commemorating the 50th Anniversary of

Victory in the Great Patriotic War. I also spied 50 year-old men in suits and overcoats stretching their limbs and bruising testicles in an effort to make their way up the steps.

Unable to pass on this adventure, I scaled the rickety scaffolding-like structure, gingerly resting my nut-sack on the jagged edge of the railings, and only glancing down once to increase the thrill-factor. The view of the river may be the best in the city, and it was a great joy to be breaking the rules along with everyone else.

Navigating the rooftop required special attention to balance, one mis-step meant a quick trip to the beach far below. The spastic, flailing Russian youths, those fearless, sure-footed brats showed this old man up by flashing past at full throttle, unaware that the worn soles on their shoes gave them little traction on the roof that to me felt as though it was coated with grease. These little bastards made 3-foot leaps over twenty-foot drop-offs with their eyes only on the shaggy head of their buddies they were trying to overtake.

The kids in Petersburg, with their reckless abandon and fearless zest for adventure, remind me of what I imagine children of the 50's in the US to have been. They wrestle with each other, conquer any obstacle, and appear to be invincible as they avoid their parents at all costs, posing in their seeming toughness, members of a secret club. The only thing missing is a slingshot in their back pockets, and an air-powered rifle on their Christmas list.

On the wall, at the corner known as the Naryshkin Bastion, there is a small stone watchtower, with three circular windows. I was hanging around outside of it, taking in the scene on the beach, and decided to shoot a few photographs from the inside. Stepping into the one-man-sized room, I noticed a foul, rancid stench. I looked down to find a squashed turd, with most of it's original size missing. Of course, the rest of it was embedded into the bottom of my boot. Pissed off that I had once again stepped in the mess of a filthy hound-dog cur, I began the process of scraping it off on the material below my feet, mixing it with dirt and grass, which grew in odd patches on the roof, in the hopes that it would eventually erode away. After I had pulverized my third weed, a horrific realization came to my mind. I noticed the smell to be more pungent than that of an Alpo-diet-mutt's fertilizer.

Then it dawned on me that a dog would have a bitch of a time scaling a three-foot gate, and why would a dog want to be on top of a wall on an island anyway, and since when do dogs find a nice private hovel to drop their load in??? After the initial stomping and cursing, I was so shocked that the idea became hilarious to me. I thought about how funny it would have been to see some drunk bastard squatting out a log in that circular cement room, while his friends hung their feet out over the edge of the wall, talking and dreaming about whatever they talked and dreamed about. Another important thing to add is that there was not a scrap of toilet paper to be found....

My foray into the heart of darkness had it's

rewards. Through one of the windows, I noticed two people swimming in the Neva, like ice cubes in a poisonous cocktail. One of them rose from the water, shaking huge versions of my favorite mammalian protuberances. She proceeded to strut past a few soldiers digging holes in the beach, and finished her walk by stopping just below me to shake herself off, and do a few calisthenics. When she sat back down in her spot along the wall with her friends, my eyes flew out of my head like cannonballs as she took off her top, casually exposing her globes before pulling on a shirt. Yikes. My heart was still machine-gunning in my chest when a combat-ready, baton-wielding man in blue suddenly appeared above me, blasting me with rapid-fire Russian. M. had wandered off, and I knew that the lawman wanted me to get the hell off the roof. I pretended that I did not understand the words for "100,000 Ruble fine", and the only English he knew was "now, to the land". He was ushering me in a direction I did not want to go, which was along a particularly thin, angled rooftop, which begged for me to slide off of it to the densely-packed sand/land below. I did not know how to tell him that I had just stepped in human fecal-matter, and that my boots were too slippery to grip the tin ramp safely. So, with my heart in my throat from the tits and the law, I skittishly crept along the roof. And yes, I did slip once, on the shit-sole-shoe, and almost left the planet far from the way I would have wanted it. G.I. Ivan jogged along the edge, curtly escorting the lawbreakers "to the land", but didn't spoil anyone's day with a fine. Cool.

by Chriflor Marovsk

INTO THE NIGHT

Coming home from work tonight
I turned right on Division St.—
Grand Rapids' home
to punks junkies gangs
thieves hustlers homeless
hookers bums & drunks.

Although they've cleaned up the street a bit,
you can still find what you need
down there
if you know where to look.

I pulled to a stop light,
on the corner was a dive hotel—
broken down cars out front on blocks,
broken down people on lawn chairs
taking long pulls from brown bag bottles.
A tall skinny redhead,
pretty but used,
bounced out the front door
buttoning the top button of her
pink skin tight
sleeveless shirt
with her ripped blue jean shorts swaying.

I watched her closely,
wondering—where she stashed
her hard earned money—if
she swallowed or spit—practiced
safe sex—faked
an orgasm—douched when
she finished—or,
if she had a few spare minutes
before I drove home...

The light turned green,
I took a deep breath, turned

left & headed back to my
life,
while the object of my desire
walked straight ahead
into the night.

by Jim Buchanan

A BOY'S BEST FRIEND

A boy spends more time looking at his boner
Than looking at his face in the mirror,
Enjoys playing with his newsprungcock
More than any other part of his body,
More than reading or listening to music,
More than smoking grass or watching TV,
Just to get off by himself and consult
His miraculous oracle—he is familiar
With its every visage from limp to stiff,
From shrunk from swimming to super-bloated,
From many a jackoff holdoff brink, amazing!
What is more fun, more mystical, magical,
Meaningful than those secret chosen moments
Alone with your newgrown pubertydick—
Just you and it!! You know how they say
A dog is a man's best friend?
A boy's cock is a boy's best friend.
A whole night together—a boy delighting
In his beautiful, boundless, insatiable,
Inquisitive, playful, mischievous prick.

by Antler

NO DOUBT

No doubt the boy hippopotamus
longs to frenchkiss
his boyhood hippo friend.
No doubt boy snappingturtles inspect
each other's cloacas
under waterlily pads.
No doubt boy koala bears sniff
each other's armpits
when no one's looking.
No doubt boy tube-nosed bats
glide with erections
and ejaculate
just from the sheer joy of flight
No doubt boy bushbabies circlejerk
in the lightninglight
as a ritual.
No doubt boy mandrills get erections
watching boy mandrills get erections.
No doubt pubescent lemurs compare
erection sizes in astonishment.
No doubt tumescent boy chinchillas
make cute little comecries
when they're jerked off.
No doubt boy badger boners are proud
under the starry summernightsky.
No doubt boywoldongs just as much fun
to boywolves
as boyslothdongs to boysloths
No doubt erect boyhyenapenis jumps
when boyhyena earlobe nibbled.
No doubt boy leopard phalluses
are miraculous to boy leopards
as they see them emerge
all shiny and huge.
No doubt the horny pronghorn's prong
is as velvet as his velvet horns.

No doubt armadillo lad's secret boylove
 moonlight rendezvous.
No doubt homosexual heroworship among
 orange-rumped aguoti.
The jaguar cock exists.
The virgin jaguar boycock
 that gets erect in boyjaguarsleep
 and can spurt boyjaguar semen
 six feet
 soon will glory in ensheathment
 in girljaguar vagina.
Now boyjaguar jag off.

by Antler

THE THIRD TIME

The diamond-studded ring slipped off at the least perfect moment. It rolled across the floor and tinkled through a crack in the hardwood, landing with the others on a dry, steel heating duct, among dust and strands of life-like hair. "Shit, that's the third time this week." A barely post-fetal rat slid his moist head through the greasy encircler, crowning himself boy-king, as the human reached for his plastic bag of rubber bands, and finished off on his elastic love.

by Chriftor Marovsk

CONTRIBUTORS

ANTLER : Nationally-recognized poet, residing in Milwaukee. Oft-published in numerous small-press rags.

SLIM BITTERS : Grey hair pokes from the temples of this Milwaukee-area consumer of vegetables and caffeine. See "Special Features" section to order his astounding adventure "Freedom Five", also by Four-Sep Publications.

CHRIS BRAY : Lives in Minneapolis. Infamous for his empty wallet and asinine antics. Cool and suave, this is his first time in print.

JIM BUCHANAN : The editor of *Angelflesh* out of Grand Rapids, MI. Contact him at: P.O. Box 141123, Grand Rapids, MI 49514.

CONTRIBUTORS

DICK BUTKAN : Recently passed away after developing complications following an industrial accident. Second time in First Class. These are examples of his earlier works we call the "Young Butkan".

FATHER PERRY DIDIER, S.J. : A fellow of esteemed letters, recently embroiled in a low-profile conflict with his superiors regarding social conduct befitting his affiliations. His self-published small-press collection of works "It Chokes My Throat" available in various locales. Second time in First Class.

CHRIFTOR MAROVSK : Russo-phile, vodka-phile, world traveler. Currently holed-up near the industry and stench of the East-European-like Port of Milwaukee. More installments of his observations in future issues.

STEVEN "CATFISH" McDARIS : Postal-working poet, author of numerous chapbooks, including *Van Gogh's Ear* and *Pyramids On Mars*. Organizer of the Wordstock poetry readings in Milwaukee. Check him out.



SPECIAL FEATURES

FREEDOM FIVE by *Slim Bitters*

Short work chronicling the adventure of one man's devious, spontaneous pursuit of norm abandonment. A tale that skids from the high road to the public washroom. FS#101

I THINK '93 by *Cat Sobaka*

Short collection of sporadic bursts of opinion. "Humorous, insightful, wierd"—M.P., Minneapolis. Written in 1993. FS#103

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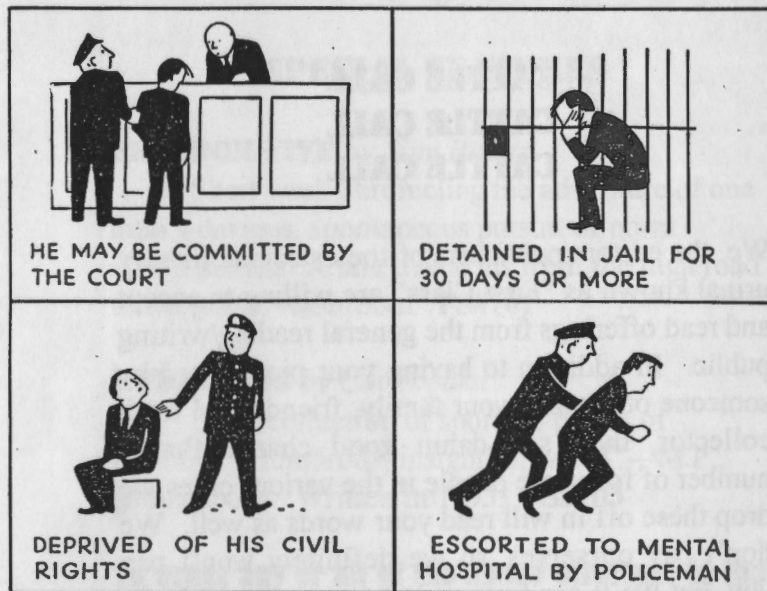


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it should. Often legal procedure runs counter to the best interest of those it should protect. Patients are compelled to face the humiliation of court commitments as if they were criminals, are "detained" in jails for thirty days or longer, taken to the hospital by police officers,

A MENTALLY ILL PERSON IS NO CRIMINAL BUT THIS IS THE WAY HE IS TREATED



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deprived of their civil rights. Far too often there is no provision for impartial, frequent inspection of institutions or adequate supervision of their administration. Most states fail to provide any help or service to the patient during the crucial period after he leaves the institution.

Thorough revision of the law is needed to correct these practices and bring our legal treatment in line with a scientific and enlightened attitude toward the mentally ill. State legislatures have been largely indifferent to re-

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