

## Mutiny!

James Wm. Broom III came home to his spicandspan apartment after his usual dull day at the insurance office, made himself a peanutbutter and jelly sandwich, poured a glassmilk and settled down in his easychair to do the crossword puzzle in the Times.

He always did the crossword puzzle in the Times.

But this evening, his clock seemed to be tick-tocking much louder than usual.

He tried to ignore it and concentrate on a four letter word meaning 'Paleontological findings.'

But the clock stopped.

Chimed twice.

And he raised his eyes to see the hands racing around and around the dial with a maniacal intensity that froze him with horror.

Then the television set turned itself on and a man with nice teeth said RUSH OUT AND BUY!

James Wm. Broom III was halfway into his coat when the typewriter, all by itself, began clacking out Newton's Formulae of Motion.

And the refrigerator door swung openandshut, openandshut, openandshut, playing merrily with its own light.

And the airconditioner began whistling The Old Rugged Cross and the reading lamp turned itself from yellow to red to green to yellow to red to green like a hysterical traffic-light and the plumbing suddenly flushed itself and splashed and spewed and sprayed and played with water water everywhere and the Hi-Fi played Madam Butterfly backwards and the garbage-disposal began eating the sink.

And the refrigerator.

The television set...  
The air-conditioner...  
The typewriter...  
The tictocking clock...  
And James Wm. Broom III.

#### And A Prose Poem

I live in a roomfull of clocks -- electric clocks, allarrum clocks, grandfather clocks, cuckoo clocks. They tick, they tock, they click, they whirr, they hum, they buzz, they chime. I wonder what it is like -- bong -- to live --bong-- in a world -- bong -- where there are no bong clocks?

-- Bernard Epps

Bury, Quebec, Canada

#### Temporal Pleasures

(for Jim Callahan)

Said the hedonist/ I must insist that life to be life must contain good books, and food and wine and (of course) a sweet one with gently mounded buttocks and belly and alive brown eyes.

Said the priest/ Evil! Cast off desire -- resist all -- be as I -- I can resist all the temptations except (of course) the temptation to save a lost soul.

-- M. K. Book

Lincoln, Nebraska

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A first-edition classic-of-sorts for fifty cents: Journey Beyond Tomorrow by Robert Sheckley -- a Signet Book, The New American Library, 501 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. (1962) still available.