

1967

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Cover Page Footnote

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"Ignore it." "Walk around." "Step over it — it's in the way." "Get away from it." Only about three and a half people noticed. The rest just continued in their well-worn tracks.

Oh yes, a doctor and a nurse did presently come, but it was no use trying. The floor was sticky read, and so was the head. They tried oxygen, hand pump, needles. But —

Now a small crowd had begun to gather. "I saw it all. He just rolled off the bench and knocked his head open. No, it didn't jerk around or nothin'. Yeah, but so what — he's dead, ain't he?"

Even with this increase in activity, the quiet guitars were never silent. Three heads never turned; the tempo never broke. The quiet, humble beat of the soft tide could barely be sensed above the angry turmoil of the turbulent seas. But the shore of the island was still there.

The body was wheeled out and barricades were set up around the mess. Some big, slow mop-wielder came around in about twenty minutes and slopped some water on the floor to dilute the mess and then went on to move it from the floor to the mop to the bucket (and then down the drain). He finished up and then removed the barricades and went away. Everything returned to normal but the case still sat at the end of the bench.

And the player-singers continued to play and sing. They stayed on some shady shore.

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As the concrete flows onward
 towards a screaming leaden crevasse
 smothered by a hardening element . . . progress
 A tree laying upon its side
 crying out as timbers are slewn from its side
 and crucified and buried beneath plasterboard
 — a stagnant heap of human refuse
 An earth trembling from explosions
 a broken hill lies dying
 as its limbs fly skyward
 All in the name of a reverent god . . . progress
 destruction of a wooded hill top
 a sandbox constructed from open fields
 Yes — progress truly tis marvelous

—FRANS WETERRINGS