1970

Saturday Afternoon at the Movies

John Logan

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SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT THE MOVIES

Movies are badder
than ever
in San Francisco.
Man, if you wish to go,
then perhaps you should listen
to what a midwestern
buff has to say:
They
showed nude girls before
(crotch shots looming up near)
and, usually on alternate days,
they showed nude guys.
Next they let the naked fell-
ow pretend to ball
(rather softly)
the wildly
frenzied, faking girl.
But some of these
amateurs could
not help taking their scenes
harder than they were told.
So now there’s no pretense—
and, hence, this melancholy singing.
Frisco’s dirty flicks are really into something!
Fucking, blowing, sixty nine.
And, che sera
sera
let whatever comes, come.
Trouble is I’m not at all at ease
with the technicolored surfacing of sperm,
sentimental music piped behind.
Trouble is
the patterning of pubic hairs
is not
abstract.
Trouble is inside the cunt
I see more than a hint
of a human face
hooded, primitive, unfinished.  
And there's a face in the head  
of the erect  
cock. A changing face rolls  
in the balls  
    as they make a further thrust.  
Also a face at the breast  
that will  
gather  
round the eye or  
the little  
tough nose of the nipple.  
There's another, more hairy face  
in the man's chest.  
Or in the back of the caressing  
    the hollows of the thighs.  
And  
    always there is this  
face  
    in the face.  
For our conscience views itself  
in the mirror of the flesh.  
Saturday  
afternoon  
at the movies.  
A far cry from the  
Grande Theatre in Red Oak, Iowa.  
Shit. With the porn  
there's not even any popcorn.  
So what should a boy from the Iowa farm  
do when  
    he finds himself in San Francisco at a pornographic film?  
Well, I guess  
    he should just face the facts  
and get his ass home.