1970

Saturday Afternoon at the Movies

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1114

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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 hand, 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.