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P'an ku





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# P'an ku this time around:

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December, '74

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table  
of  
contents

**Poetry**

Kim Anne Parker	4	Gail Bloom	31
Kim Anne Parker	5	Lynn Parker	35
Bruce Ross	6	Bonny Snyder	36
Marjorie Bernal	6	Bonny Snyder	37
Jeanne Bethune	7	G. Shively-Cater	38
Ron Allen	7	G. Shively-Cater	39
Keith Pharr	7	Lynn Parker	40
Maureen Martindale	14	Lynn Parker	41
Alvin Anderson	15	Lynn Parker	44
Maureen Martindale	16	Bill Humphries	45
G. Shively-Cater	17	Ron Allen	46
Bill Humphries	18	Ron Allen	47
Debby Baroff	18	Rudy Shutter	54
Lynn Parker	19	Rudy Shutter	55
G. Shively-Cater	20	David Abel	56
Chuck Rice	21	Gail Bloom	57
Sandra Ward	22	Maureen Martindale	60
Marjorie Bernal	23	Maureen Martindale	61
P. Michael MacMinn	24	John Murphy	62
Phyllis Matthews	24	Kim Anne Parker	63
Gail Bloom	30		

**Short Stories**

<i>Be Kind To The Compies</i> Tom O'Connell	9
<i>The Experiment Classified, Why Not?</i> Denise Baumgart	25
<i>Better Living Through Chemistry</i> Bill Humphries	33
<i>On Literary Cadavers</i> Bill Humphries	32
<i>The Death of a Young Man Whose Potential Was Great</i> Mark Keating	42
<i>The Corridors of My Mind</i> Jack Wilkins	49
<i>Christmas 1937</i> Deane Riley	58

**Photographs**

Sandra Ward	1
Ira Rappaport	4
Mimi Mintzer	17
Ira Rappaport	19
Ira Rappaport	20
Sandra Ward	22
Nancy Carta	24
Dave Patrick	30
Dave Patrick	31
Nancy Carta	36
Dave Patrick	39
Nancy Carta	40
Sandra Ward	41
Dave Patrick	44
Ira Rappaport	45
Nancy Carta	47
Dave Patrick	57
Sandra Ward	60
Dave Patrick	62

**Illustrations**

Darlene Burt	5
Jim Swarthout	8
Darlene Burt	37
Mimi Mintzer	38
Roland Marcotte	42
Darlene Burt	46
Jim Swarthout	48
Jim Swarthout	50
Jim Swarthout	53
Jim Swarthout	58
Jim Swarthout	64

Photograph - front page - Sandra Ward  
 Poem - front page - Mark Keating  
 Poem - back page - Kim Anne Parker  
 Illustration - back page - Jim Swarthout



Ira Rappaport

ethel  
was a girl once  
blushing, shy, laughing  
who quit school after jr. high  
to keep her family  
together

ethel  
married  
an ex-wrestler, maintenance supervisor  
she had  
two children  
who gave her  
six grandchildren

ethel  
the typical grandmother  
giving dollar bills for A's in math  
getting lonely, querulous, possessive  
sometimes

ethel  
lies afraid  
in her bed  
dying  
surrounded by stiff-faced  
relatives  
mourning and clucking

ethel  
my grandmother  
looked at me today  
and for the first time  
said  
"i love you"

it took  
ethel  
seventy-four  
years to be born

to ken

it has always been

doris day

who attracted handsome young men

with guitars across their shoulders

as seat partners on long trips

while i

have always drawn

dirty old men

or mothers with carsick babies

until you came along

sitting beside me

storing your guitar in the luggage rack

we talked

for hours

sharing the sunset

the dusk

and the coming night

philosophizing

communicating

as only two strangers can

i am no romantic dreamer

we will most likely never see each other again

or learn each other's last names

but when, halfway between there and there

you went to talk to the driver

and turned to me and said

"i'll only be a second"

it was as if, in some way

we had suddenly some personal claim

on each other's time

and company

well

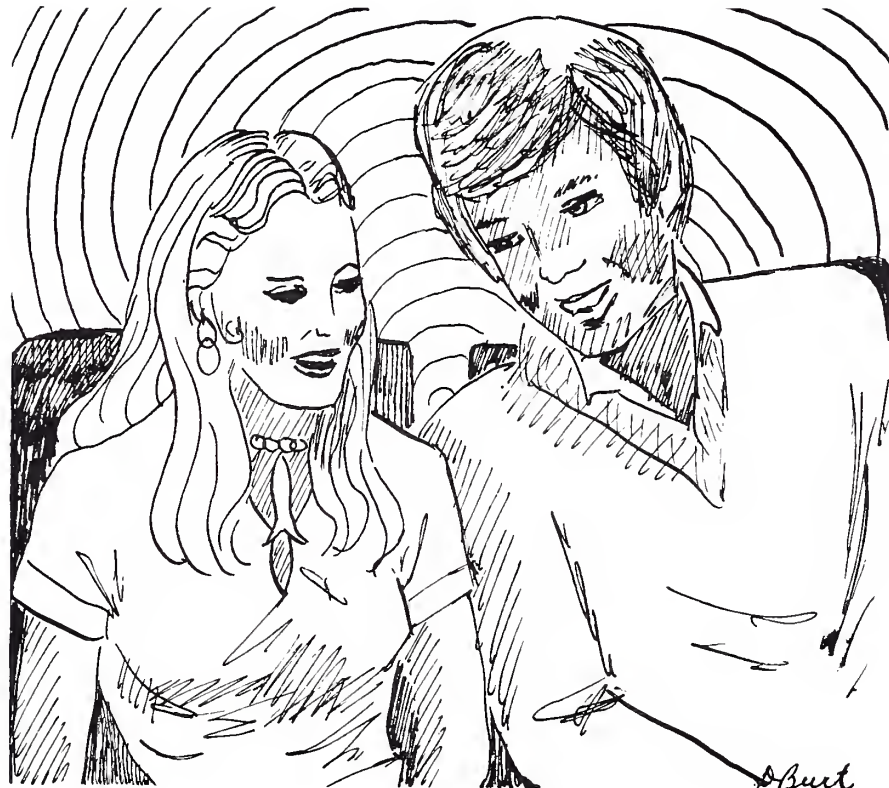
perhaps for a few hours

we did

## Kim anne parker

i caught you  
seeing me  
secretly  
when i looked  
across the room  
to secretly  
see you

what  
are you  
doing  
over  
there  
?



*DBurt*

Darlene Burt

## CITY SCREAMS

Sirens pierce the city night  
neon shimmers obscure the sight  
jet screams slice as a whetted knife;  
millions live this wretched life.

For weeks the air hangs thick like fog  
and this is not an act of God,  
our lungs are starved by man-made smog  
but rarely do we think this odd.

Women walk the streets unclean  
while agents who drive sleek limosines  
sell their bodies sight unseen  
to men who prey on one night queens.

“Scag!” the all night druggist barks  
who has paid off all the local narcs  
while addicts die in public parks  
their epitaphs composed of needle marks.

Ghettos line inner city streets  
where babes from birth accept defeat  
and children steal while mothers sleep.

The elders for their decendants weep.

Man’s cities extend far into the sky  
proud city fathers hold their heads high  
while the urban victims solemnly cry  
for emancipation from this ungodly sty.

If on days of moon and sadness  
the world sleeps on sounds anew,  
who can tell the wind’s direction?  
or the howling of the wolves

Tell me of your sorrows....friend!  
and confide the world, your laughter  
must

Yet, allow me your tears....

The stillness of my thoughts  
finds peace in your remembrance  
but when reason overcomes me  
I ail with complexity of loneliness

Are your eyes warm?  
or could my eyes be....  
are OUR souls so parallel  
destined to never be

Is it you.....  
is it me.....

Marjorie  
Bernal

Bruce ross

She stands in front

talking

to no one

convincing

no one

She raises her voice

to reach

no one

Jeanne bethune

Misty colored moonlight

making me cry, for a sunrise

and baby, you're talking about dying

I hope that's not true, I hope you're lying

cause baby, I love you

and baby, I need you

besides, your life is not yours to choose.

Keith pharr

There's a light behind her eyes

and she lips the question why

and her brave little smile holds back the tide of crying

There's a slight dance in her gait

but living's not her fate

God give me the strength to let her die.

Ron allen

Crosses bearing humming wires

Printed cold on misty sky

Trees accent the pale blue light

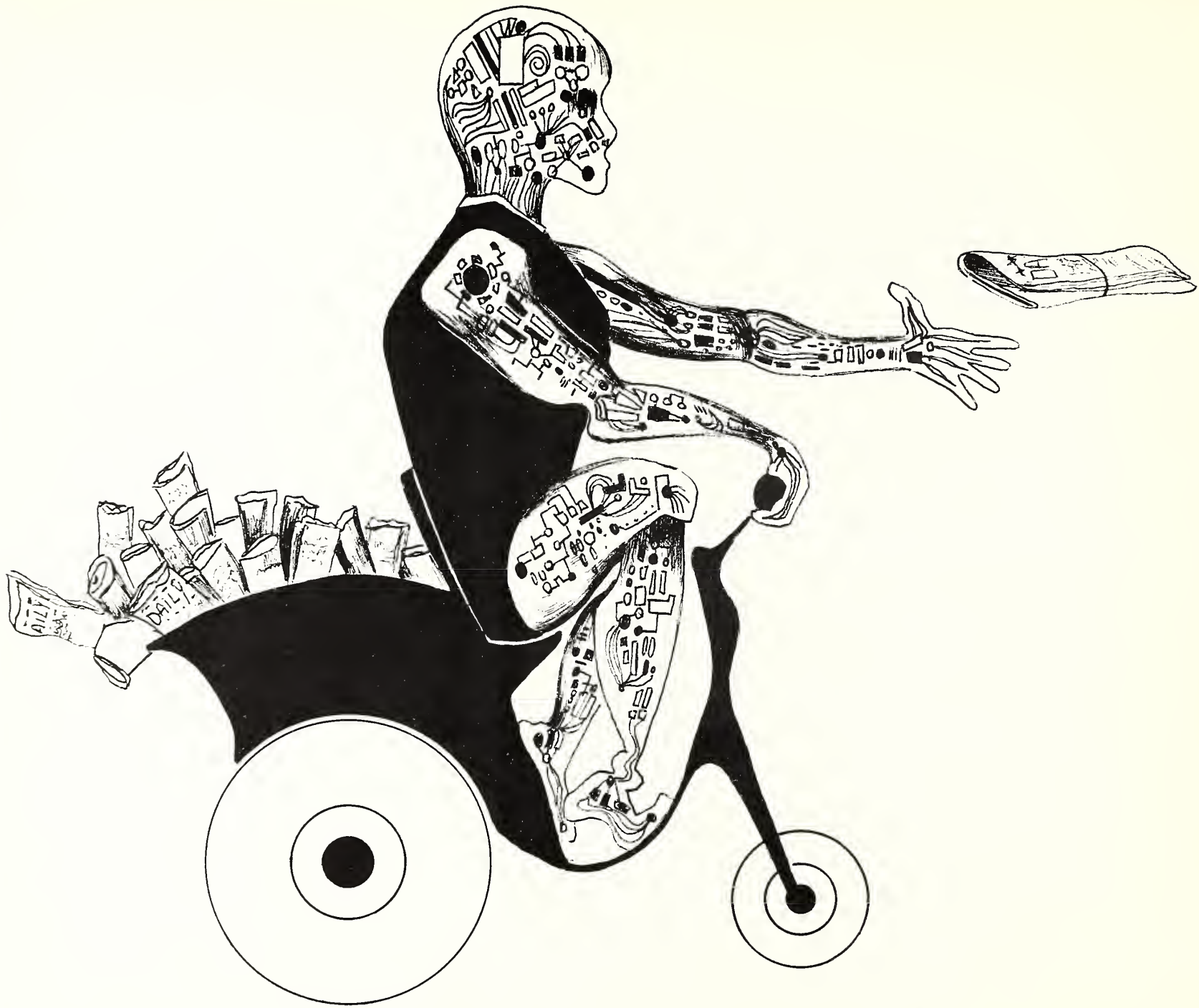
Clouds darken as they roll to sleep;

Rolling home in a slanted truck

Cursing the day's poor business luck

He looks down the road neither left or right

and misses the beauty of the coming night





# be kind to the compies

*...their appearance stems from Man's great fear of a takeover. The compies resemble Man greatly, except that their arms and legs are not covered with a flesh colored skin. . .The wires and circuits of Eric glared in the sunlight."*

by Tom O'Connell

Things had been running pretty smoothly since the great Migration. With most of the people gone to different planets, man's life became easier. Thank the stars, it even became possible once more.

We owe special thanks to our computeroids. Yes, our compies are looked on with great affection nowadays. They are our trusted workers, and even our loyal friends. But of late, they have started acting a little strange.

Take my gourmet compie cook (Please!), for example. For months now, I have received creamed chipped beef on toast for breakfast, lunch and dinner, and dessert.

And my chauffeur keeps driving me around in circles. Finally, last night, I decided to call a taxi. Now, that was a foolish mistake I regret. All night a taxi would pull up, honk three times, and leave. I tried standing out at the curb but that didn't work very well. They would simply honk as they passed me. I even tried that old custom of whistling for the cab as it passed. All I got for my efforts was a ticket from a meter maid compie for disturbing the peace.

But I'm not here to tell you all my problems. So I'll go on with my little tale.

There's that taxi again.

The paper was due to arrive and as usual everyone was out talking to everyone else, and waiting. It was a nice quiet street. A small street, and everyone was friends. Well, the compie arrived with the daily paper in a most unusual fashion.

"Here he comes," said Mrs. Hargraves. She stood in her son-in-law's yard, the first house on the paper route.

"Eric sounds different today." Young Jim Harper's wife Sally did not sound too concerned as she spoke. Eric was the name given to the little compie paper deliverer. Formally, it was Eric 95. To anyone seeing a compie for the first time, it is an unusual sight. Again, their appearance stems from Man's great fear of a take over. The compies resemble Man greatly, except that their arms and legs are not covered with a flesh colored skin. The wires and circuits of Eric glared brightly in the sunlight. And Sally Harper was right; the steady putt-putt of his motorized tricycle did sound different.

Usually, Eric traveled at a brisk pace of 2 or 3 miles an hour. As he threw the papers to his customers, he would give them a hearty, halting, "Good-af-ter-noon-Mrs.-Har-graves." Or "Hell-o-Mrs.-Har-per."

Well, he caught everyone off their toes that day. He zipped around that corner going 60, as sure as I'm writing this. Before he got all the way around the corner, Eric had said good afternoon to everyone. At least, I think he was saying good afternoon; it sounded like the chattering of a drunken chipmunk.

Now, Mrs. Hargraves is about 65 years old, but nobody ever bothered to tell her. Everyday when Eric arrives, she runs and tries to catch the paper on the fly. Eric has even started playing the game. Sometimes he throws the paper to her right, other days to her left. Mrs. Hargraves catches it more than she misses. When she does catch it, everyone claps and laughs, and Eric says, "Good-catch-Mrs.-Har-graves."

That day Eric came around the corner and started tossing those papers left and right as fast as a rabbit can blink. He hit Mrs. Hargraves in her ample middle, and continued down the street.

With an exclamation of dubious merit, Jim Harper pushed his wife behind the tall sycamore

in their yard. The paper whizzed by and went through their opened door, knocking over a vase in its flight.

Eric continued on his merry way. As he passed Henry and Martha Bishop's house, the Harper's neighbors, he let fly their paper and sent it through their screen door. Henry's a calm middle-aged fellow and later reflected it saved him the walk out to get the paper. Martha is a practical woman and reminded him that he had already been out. Henry chuckled and said, "Well, I didn't have to carry it in."

Down the street Eric flew. The papers went through a couple of more screen doors, one window, and three landed on roofs. After the initial shock, Henry and Jim dashed across the street to see if Mrs. Hargraves was alright. Her son-in-law, Tim Hogan, also came running out of the house to the side of his wife's mother. The wives of the three men were slower in arriving.

"Are you alright, Mrs. Hargraves?" Jim asked as he reached her side. He and Henry helped her to her feet.

"Mom!" Tim Hogan cried, "What happened?"

Mrs. Hargraves was made of sterner stuff than most men I've met, old though she may be, and it would take more than this to damper her good nature.

"My, my," she chuckled. "All you young men fussing after me will turn my head."

Tim turned to Henry and again asked, "What happened?" It was Sally Harper who answered though, as she and Martha arrived from across the street. "That little fiend Eric has lost his batteries."

"Now, now, honey," Jim soothed her, "there's no reason to get upset. No one is hurt and a simple call to the paper will set everything right."

"Quit fussing over me, daughter." Mrs. Hargraves was telling her girl, Lucy Hogan. Lucy had just come on the scene from the house. She was brushing her mother's clothes off and straightening them up. Lucy sure is a neat woman.

"Well, I'm going to call the paper right now," Tim exclaimed, as he turned and stormed into the house.

Everyone followed Tim into the Hogan home and listened as he called the paper and explained what had happened to some editor. Henry never worried much anyway, and he wasn't worried now. After all, he remembered when Eric had started coming later and later one week. One call had fixed matter that time, and Eric has never been late to this day since then.

Tim hung up the phone, turned and spoke more calmly now. "I spoke to Mr. Ferguson, the editor. He said he was sorry, Eric would be fixed and the paper would even pay for any damage done."

"Now that's really nice of them," Lucy said. Everyone had calmed down, and agreed with this sentiment.

Well, the next day rolled around and the paper sent some men out and they got the damage repaired. Everything was finer than mouse hair.

The afternoon came and Eric delivered the paper at his normal rate. Eric even apologized to everyone as he rode down the road.

Two days passed with no incident. Then Martha Bishop's cat got stuck up in the oak tree in the front of her home.

Henry hates that cat and wouldn't have anything to do with it, at all. He wouldn't go looking for trouble, though; Henry would just avoid the cat. Martha called it Tufu; Henry called it many things. And if Jim and Tim

wanted to keep a warm friendship with Henry, they wouldn't have anything to do with it either. Oh, a couple of times when Henry was off somewhere, they had helped Martha get Tufu out of the tree. But when Henry was around, Martha called the fire department. She was good about it, Martha was. She didn't hold it against the two young men. So it was all that day.

When the phone was answered, Martha said, "Captain, it's Tufu." The town was small, and Martha had called many times in the past few years, so that was all the captain needed.

"I'll send them right out," he said.

Well, those fire trucks arrived and Martha almost fainted. Everyone was out, for it was almost time for Eric to arrive. Henry was asleep in the house.

When they had heard the sirens, no one had associated them with the crew coming over for Tufu in the tree. All the other times one truck had come, quietly. So when four trucks came to a screeching halt in front of Martha's house, people's eyes were bugging out.

The compies jumped off the truck and began dashing around.

"Perhaps you've made a mistake," Martha spoke more quickly and nervously than was her fashion. "It's just my cat."

"Do-not-wor-ry-ma-dame--We'll-put-it-out-in-no-time," a compie reassuringly told Martha.

"Put what out? My cat's up in a tree," the words ran out of Martha's mouth, as the compies ran about watering her house.

"Yes-ma-dame--you-heard-her-men-in-the-kitchen."

The compies began dashing about more hurriedly. A few ran up to the screen door and began chopping it to pieces with their axes.

"It's unlocked, you dolts!" Martha shouted. Remembering what was going on, she add, "But

there's no fire!" By now everyone on the street knew there was no fire, except Henry, who was still asleep, and the compies who were putting it out anyway.

"Yes-ma-dame," said the head compie. He had stayed behind with the people to keep them calm. "We'll-put-it-out-right-a-way."

By now the outside of the Bishop's house was soaked and the compies were heading inside. Tim took in the situation and saved the day. He went to the truck and turned off the source to the self contained water tanks. The compies continued spraying the imaginary fire with imaginary water. Some moved into the house where they would have ruined the interior if Tim had not shut off the water.

"Just-a-bout-un-der-con-trol-now-ma-dame." Martha only glared at the head compie.

"How about my cat, you. . ." Her words were cut off when three compies brought out Henry.

Ol' Henry sure is a character. He was still asleep. Jim could remember the first year he and Sally had moved into the neighborhood. On the fourth of July of that year, the neighborhood kids had placed some fireworks under Henry's window. Martha had sure enough heard them go off (and the rest of the street heard Martha), but Henry had slept right through everything.

Two compies carried the chair Henry was sleeping in outside, while the other one carried the hassock his feet were on. Henry was quite a sight in his bright yellow shorts with the red hearts. That was all he had on. Boy, can that Henry sleep! The compies placed him carefully on the lawn.

The Fire Department felt they had put the roaring inferno out and were congratulating themselves.

"Good-job-men," said the head compie next to Martha. He turned to Martha and told her,

"No-thanks-please-But-be-care-ful-the-next-time-you-are-cook-ing."

"I'll cook you, you crazy. . ." but the compies were through and were heading for their trucks. One did say to Martha as he passed her, "No-thanks-is-nec-cess-ary--It-was-all-in-the-line-of-duty."

It was about this time that Eric showed up. He came around the corner and started delivering those papers as if a fleet of renegade asteroids were flying right behind him.

Mrs. Hargraves wasn't caught sleeping today. She had been watching all the commotion at the Bishop's from the fence around her son-in-law's home. When she saw Eric whip around the corner, she fell on her face and covered her head. The paper flew over her and went through an open window. Something inside crashed.

"Eric's gone crazy again. Everybody down!" Lucy cried, and as she did, a paper went through the Harper's window. It wasn't open. The Fire compies merely ignored everything and continued readying their trucks for the return to the station house.

And Henry slept on, in the middle of his lawn, in his shorts.

Eric reached the Bishop home and let fly a paper with sure aim. It sailed high into the air and went into the oak tree in front of their home. In the tree, it let out a screech and divided. It left the tree as a cat and a paper.

Tufu, the cat, went flying through the air, and landed on Henry's stomach. The cat screeched some more, ran down Henry's leg and went dashing into the house.

Henry woke up.

As Eric whizzed down the street, the fire trucks began pulling away, and everyone got up from the ground with crazy looks on their faces. Henry looked around and asked quietly, "What

the hell is going on now?"

Mrs. Hargraves came across the street to join the group and commented, "Henry, you have nice legs." At this Henry turned red and dashed into the house.

"Well," Martha was a little picqued, "I'm going to call the Fire Department and give them a piece of my mind! Thank you very much, Tim. If not for you the house would be a wreck."

"That's alright," Tim told her.

Jim joined in with, "I'll go call the paper and tell them about Eric."

So the neighbors went into their own homes and Jim and Martha began dialing their respective phones.

On Martha's phone, the other end was ringing. Someone picked it up and

"Op-er-a-tor."

"Operator? I dialed the fire department." Martha was a little perturbed.

"What-sec-tor-ma-dame?"

"Sector 9, but. . ."

"The-num-ber-is-5-2-2-1-6-7-8."

"I know the number! I just dialed it and. . ."

"You-are-wel-come-ma-dame."

And the operator hung up. Martha shrugged and dialed again. Ring. Ring.

"Op-er-a-tor."

"Operator?! I keep dialing the fire department and getting you."

"The-fi-re-de-part-ment? Yes-ma-dame-what-sec-tor?"

"Sector 9, but. . ."

"The-num-ber-is-5-2-2-1-6-7-8."

"I know the number! Can you get it for me?"

"Cer-tain-ly-ma-dame--Deposit-a-dime-plea-se."

"What? This is a home phone, you. . ."

"Thank-you- Its-ring-ing."

Ring. Ring.

"Hello. This-a Tony's Fish-a Market. Place-a your order."

"Tony's Fish. ! Where are you?"

"I'm in'a Houston. Where are you?"

"Never mind." Martha threw the phone down. Henry walked into the room and she told him, "Shut up!" Henry turned and left the room.

Meanwhile, at the Harper's, Sally was busy with dinner and Jim was busy on the phone.

He dialed the paper. Ring. Ring.

"Op-er-a-tor"

"Huh? Oh, I'm sorry ." Jim hung up and dialed again. Ring. Ring.

"Op-er-a-tor."

"What? I'm trying to get the newspaper, operator, and. . ."

"What-sec-tor-sir?"

"Sector 9, but. . ."

"The-num-ber-is-5-2-2-7-4-5-2."

"I knew that but. . ."

"You-are-wel-come."

"But I. . ."

Click.

Jim shrugged and dialed again. Ring. Ring.

"Op-er-a-tor."

This time he was ready.

"Operator, please give me the newspaper in sector 9."

"Yes-sir." Ring. Ring.

"Hello," a familiar voice said.

"Tim?" Jim asked.

"Yeah, that you Jim? Did you already talk to the paper?"

"No. I'm trying now but the operator isn't much help."

"You're telling me," a third voice said.

"Martha?" Jim and Tim chimed in together.

"How'd you get on here?" Tim asked.

"I'm trying to get the fire department."

The three said good-bye and hung up.

Jim dialed again. Ring. Ring.

"Hello," said another familiar voice.

"Mrs. Hargraves? This is Jim. I'm sorry, I. . ."

"Weren't you just talking to Timmy?"

"Yes, but. . ."

"Do you want him again?"

"No, Mrs. Hargraves. I was. . ."

"Oh, you're calling me are you? Well, your wife is going to be quite surprised."

"Mrs. Hargraves, I'm still trying to get the newspaper. I dialed their number but got yours instead."

"Newspaper? Sorry young man, you have the wrong number." With a chuckle Mrs. Hargraves hung up on Jim.

"Who was that, mother?" asked Lucy.

"Wrong number," said her mother, chuckling, as she went into the kitchen.

"What are you doing, Jim?" Sally asked her husband. "I thought you were going to call the paper?"

"So did I," Jim told her. "So did I." He decided to wait an hour.

Meanwhile, Martha tried once more. She dialed and. . .Ring. Ring.

"Op-er-a-tor."

"Oh, for. . .Let me talk to your supervisor."

"Yes-ma-dame."

Click, click. Ring, ring.

"Op-er-a-tor."

"I said I wanted to talk to your supervisor."

"Yes-ma-dame."

Click, click. Ring, ring.

"Op-er-a-tor."

"Oh, Moonrocks!" Martha slammed down the phone as Henry walked into the room. "Shut up! I don't want to talk about it!" she yelled at her husband. Henry turned and left the room.

The next day, Eric delivered the papers slowly, like he had done for so long. Everyone had stayed inside that day, with doors and

windows left wide open. It was quite surprising to everybody that Eric behaved normally.

But the next day Eric didn't show up at all.

Everyone was at the Harper's house, and Jim was trying to get the paper on the phone.

"I hear our phone ringing," said Martha.

Jim hung up and tried again. Ring. Ring.

"Op-er-a-tor." Jim hung up and again dialed the number. Ring. Ring.

"Daily Comet, Editor speaking."

"Mr. Ferguson?" Jim turned and said to his neighbors, "I got through!" His friends applauded.

"Editor, what is going on around here? Everything seems to be operating with a couple of screws loose."

"Haven't you read the paper, young man?"

"No. Our Eric didn't show up today."

"Oh. Well, that makes sense. . . It seems that quite a few of the compies are acting strange, as you know. It's not just here, but all over the place, too. Several scientists claim that it's all due to some massive sunspots occurring now. That, briefly, is what's going on. Just don't worry. You're not the only ones affected."

"Just how long is it all supposed to last?" Jim asked.

"Not long," explained the editor, "just two to three weeks, at the most, the scientists claim."

"Thank you very much, for making things perfectly clear."

"It's alright. I'll try to have your paper delivered tomorrow. What sector?"

"9."

"O.K. Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

Well, since that conversation, four months have passed. Four long months. Of creamed chipped beef on toast. The Bishops, the Harpers, the Hogans and everyone else are still

having their little troubles. Either Eric doesn't come, or he whizzes by at 70 or 80 miles per hour. It's very hard making phone calls; you never know who you'll wind up talking to. The garbage compies don't come for three weeks, then show up four times in as many hours. Since the sunspots are gone, scientists are looking into other possible causes.

Now, people are getting angry. Some are very angry. And there is really no reason. Actually, it gets pretty amusing once in awhile. Don't blame the poor compies, friends. After all, they are man made and how can we expect anything made by man to be perfect? I guess this was all written in defense of our friends, the compies. And they are our friends. Fortunately, most people are forgiving. The compies have been their friends so long, they claim, that they are not going to turn on them when they most need them. They need your understanding and help, now, more than they ever have.

I must bring this to a close sooner than I had expected. I must try to remove 17 honking taxis from my front lawn.

We must be lenient, good friends. Be forgiving. I ask you, can't even a compie make a mistake?

take?

take?

take?

take?

take?

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ta

ke?

THE END

## BODY

Body old  
Body bearing years of obesity  
Body lined with pearly scars that are tears but cannot die  
like depression  
Body cold  
Body ribbed with laughter  
roaring in its role as...the jovial castrate

Or

on the contrary;  
Body sexy  
Body formed by age is full of warm communication, understanding  
Body heavy mama archetype is enthralling

Old cold craving castrated bod  
Don't you look a little like every body?

To a sojourner

Man you really fracture me  
like my whole body's a funny bone breaking  
send me a letter for your security  
saying you've run off with only a razor and gun;  
the next thing I know I'm looking up from  
my suddenly cruddy chef's salad  
to listen as the chatter says your name  
If I don't love you enough to hate you  
I must not love you enough to hold you  
I've entered your mind  
Maureen doesn't pose threats to anyone  
she's trustworthy and  
blind and  
anyway  
she just pities the poor sojourner

For Maryellen

I only regret  
that I have needed you  
because all I want now  
is to have loved you

Haiku for Abby

she asked why i  
choose to survive as she looked  
up at me from hell

Maureen  
martindale

For Michelle

a learned woman once said  
that what one must remember most  
is that the ego is not the center  
the ego surrounds the center  
and all energy  
tremendous as was hers  
flows from the center and toward us  
the magic in her eyes  
was that i had seen their glare in me before  
i had followed them through shadows  
which had made a beatnik out of me  
where i sat upon the floor  
as i listened i watched the eyes  
which i'd already known  
witness the center  
meditation  
ego  
filter through her head  
lift from her heart  
sift out her dream weary lips  
i am still gratified by the esoteric quality  
of her perception and the warmth  
of her stunning goodness  
what the woman said is wise to understand  
it is that meditation is like breath  
it slowly passes through one's vital organs  
as it permits each part  
and so each moment  
to live one

## TEARS OF A LONELY MAN

I feel kind of crushed inside  
I wonder why: could it be  
A pain of sorrow, a pain of sickness,  
I'll just call it an ulcer  
And get by.

There's a thing in my chest  
I'll be damned if it don't ache  
Could it be cancer, a lung sickness,  
Or is it that heartache?  
I'll just lie:  
It's from non-physical fitness  
Just to get by.

There's a moodiness about my  
Personality which causes people  
To hate me.  
Could it be that I'm  
Mad, sad, lonely, or just plain  
Incompetent to society?  
I'll blame it on my pauper-like appearance  
Just to get by.

There's a maladjustment in my thought  
Which causes people to stare.  
Could it be that I'm high, crazy, freaky,  
Or just don't care.  
I'll put it on my inability to comprehend,  
And say I don't understand  
Just to get by.

There's a parent who convinces me of immoral  
Doings, which causes me to be depressed.  
Could it be he don't like me, he's afraid of me,  
Or just don't trust me?  
I'll make up a bundle of defending insults  
Just to get by.

## QUARANTINED LOVE

I sit here with a blank mind ---  
Just staring at the walls make me feel fine.  
I can look out the windows,  
And watch the world go by.  
Just looking at empty space makes me feel high  
I can think of a lover that makes my heart boom  
But I know I'm secure in my  
Four-cornered room

Alvin  
anderson

## BROKEN HEART

It's a feeling that's with you  
Every place you go;  
It will follow you out on a date  
Even to a show.  
It's a feeling that gives you abdominal pain,  
It can even get to your mind  
And drive you insane ---

## INFERIORITY COMPLEX

love me

After all these misjudged opinions of me,  
I find my cheeks kind of wet.  
Did I forget to dry my face this morning?  
Is it perspiration, or  
Am I crying?  
I know no one else has knowledge of my feelings.  
But I know I'm dying.  
I'll say something is in my eyes,  
Just to get by.

Song

You walk down the country road, into the dirt black city  
and staring back it slaps you in the face of memories  
Shrill rude lights deny, thwart off all your pities  
and beneath them people mutate into stone  
fragile recollections shake inside your hands,  
enacting what your mind can't understand  
Then the curtain falls, and the act is through  
all you really know, all they've left you now  
is that awful-roar that has you bathed in warm applause for you

Inside you I feel desperate  
your city drools in murky shame  
your sad eyes are shocked, yet still  
looking out for fame  
Look at yourself - You're shivering!  
you're shouting like a protest song  
We chant about the evils, but know we'll never right the wrongs  
But the curtain falls, and your act is through  
all they've left you now, all that's yours to have  
is that awful roar of their applause for you

Back among the rustling  
the hearth's of auburn beauty as  
reflected in the puter cup of rum  
perhaps it's taken to sedate your shivering dream  
but there's acid in the kindling  
magic in your mourning  
hear the urchant crys of aching city streets  
And yet I know when it's time to go  
how the emptiness can fill you up  
how the carelessness can build you up  
because I've felt that curtain fall on me before

Maureen  
martindale



Common Phenomena

A sullen 8 am finds me  
gazing  
over my cup to a corner past lit  
with ourselves and hope and  
hands in touch with feelings we could  
name  
with a smile together  
down  
to now  
to the stranger I've noticed in my window  
hanging  
grey wash caught  
in a mid motion stare  
alone  
in her odd absence remembering

G. shively~cater

LOVE POEM

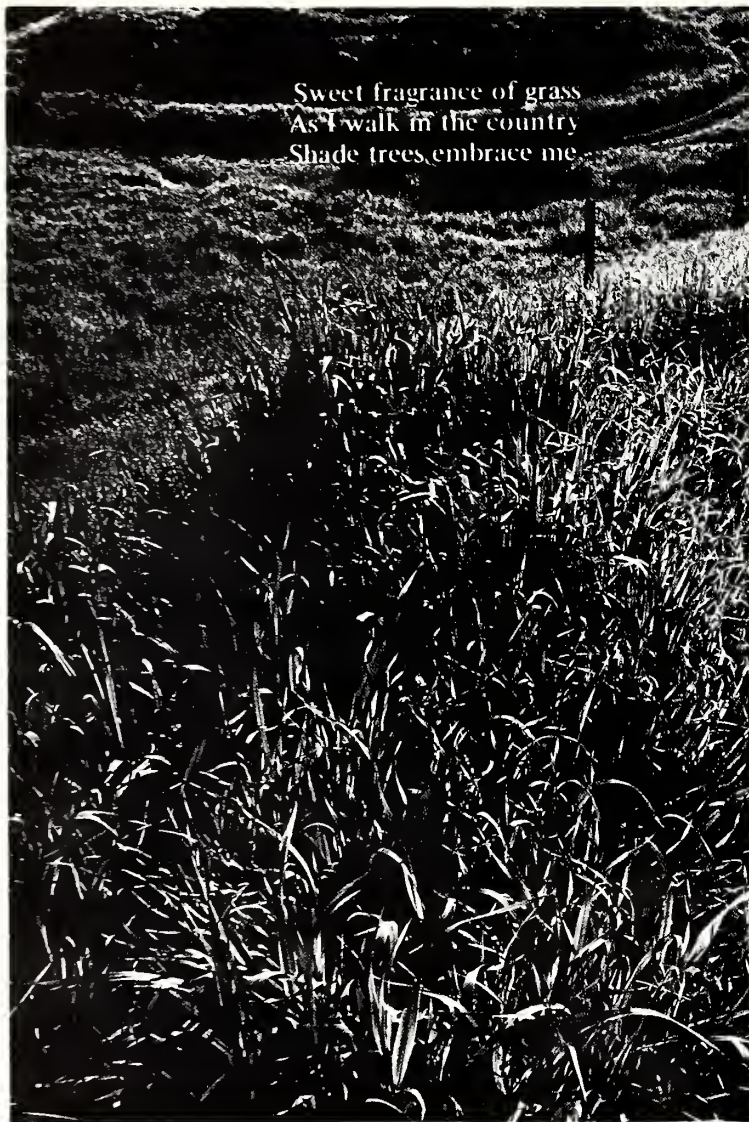
in just a moment  
in a small  
small  
sparkle in time  
who would have thought  
in less length than a thought  
this floating fragile heart  
would reverse itself  
and rise infinite among the stars?



Mimi Mintzer

Regarding  
questions  
in a setting warm enough  
for these  
kind of diversions  
in this small roomed brown  
house  
settled  
behind young shrubs and careful  
flowers  
I've moved  
written  
and fell with each season

And occasionally  
from behind the heavy curtain of books  
the tired lamp  
glow  
and the limit of my intelligence  
I can hear my grandparents  
making it  
Happily oblivious to why



Sweet fragrance of grass  
As I walk in the country  
Shade trees embrace me

Dave Patrick

Debby  
baroff

18

Then there was this crazed  
carpenter, a long-haired  
degenerate (you know the type  
I mean), who believed  
in Brotherhood and Beauty  
Little did he know his best job  
would be his last

When the call came in,  
he was tampering with a table  
His dad was out,  
so he answered the phone himself  
A what?  
How big? Say, that's pretty big!  
Building a new synagogue, right?  
No? A crucifixion within the week, huh.  
I pity the poor devil  
whoever he is.  
Hope he doesn't suffer

Bill  
humphries

Hey Mac Your Sox Suck

Last night  
this little silver midget  
with angel wings  
(I could see the piano wire  
holding him up; you  
have to get up pretty early etc.)  
flew into my darkened room  
and threw magic sleep sand (so he exclaimed)  
in my eyes.

I said Hey what the....  
and in grabbing for  
his pointed blue shoes,  
I fell off the top bunk  
and permanently asleep.



Prelude Piece for Maureen

i sat in her car

weeping

tears that tore my chest in anger

finally expressed

she kissed me

and said

“i know how you feel baby

saying screw you means being’

angry enough to be yourself”

## G. shively~cater

a baby stuffed between packages

rolls past

women rush past glittering to buy

more glitter

school girls chatter past bemoaning the expense

of white

while i, sitting here, contemplating the price of need, wish i

were broke



Ira Rappaport

## MEMORIES ON A WINDY AFTERNOON .

In the quiet meadow where cypress trees stand, like wise old men  
With their long gray beards of spanish moss,  
Bluejays, sparrows, a lark, and a marsh wren  
Nestle in the high branches that the winds taunt and toss.

And only the wind dares to make a noise  
As they sweetly sing to the setting sun,  
While on a branch far below, perched with patience and poise  
Sits the wise old owl, as if to oversee, to make sure the day is done.

And I, I sit by the water's edge, dreaming on the patterns of a leaf  
As it sails across the water, disturbing the reflections.  
With legs crossed, chin nestled in hands, and eyes full of disbelief  
I wander aimlessly through a thousand thoughts with no connections.

---

Pale Silver Moon, encrusted in the horizon, be gone!  
the day is not yet done

'Till crimson clouds of dusk release the setting sun.

Darkness now waits, beyond the hills, like mighty Achilles  
to befall the passing day,

As a nightingale unfolds its wings, to soar  
upon a moonbeam gone astray.

Its soft melodies break the silence that surrounds me  
as I sit beside a stream

Lost in the memories of a lady  
Drunk on a lover's dream

Was it fate's decree that she should stand in gist  
And catch my wandering eye,

Then with all the grace and grandeur of a peacock  
slowly pass me by?

Tears

She stands, like a new born flower, in lieu

of the morning mist

That now hangs heavily upon her, as does life's woe

Her rose pink cheeks host Sorrow's shimmering dew

that she cannot resist

Oh sweet tears, the child of ten thousand things, perhaps

I do not know.

Listen close, does she weep for the love of an impetuous boy?

Or perhaps she feels the pain of too much tenderness,

too much joy.

---

Chuck Rice

You  
can be a dream of mine - richly rewarded you will be-  
for time from you means much to me.  
No dream I ever had before gave me a glimpse of you;  
you have an aura of reality  
more wildly beautiful, more dangerous, more mad  
more sweet than any fantasy.

Nothing and no one I have created in my mind  
comes close to you - you are different to me  
and I am lost, with joy I am lost.

If you are what I make you,  
if we are only of my invention-  
then let me build of fire and light  
I will melt silver with the light from stars.  
My weak dreams, bound by space and time,  
will dance with color, will wash with blood  
will laugh and shake off fear  
like water crystals steaming and spiraling  
into the heavens.



Sandra Ward

Sandra ward

In formation  
we do not touch  
Wing tip to finger tip  
banking  
we do not touch

In your silence you talk...

In your eyes, feelings

Are expressed...in many

a language

I can understand

the melancholic soul searching

and reaching within you...

Don't talk...it's alright

You would sin if you would

You would break the spell

If you were to tell

what we both know...

The simple act of walking  
don't believe it's so simple  
as for me?

You can walk fast  
or without pressure  
in your mind  
but you, you always walk...  
alone or with company.

In life the walking act  
is hard and different

The steps are much longer  
and the process is "on the go"  
You rush alone when you  
have company and walk with not.  
(Do you know what I mean?)  
In or Out you leave a shadow,  
If in, for kicks...if out for keeps...

Life is fast, nothing helps  
whether you care or not  
or how you walk or where  
You walk the steps of life.

Life is as voluble as  
The effects of your shadow  
as the rhythm of walking  
Have you ever noticed it?

I mean...it's there...it's yours  
that long...long...shadow...  
P.S. if it's not there  
you're not either

## I USED TO BE A SONG

full of rhyme  
and sticky happiness  
now I am a ballad  
reminder of past epics  
I used to long for birthday cakes  
and long adorned pretty dresses  
the days of high heeled shoes...  
Now I long for my own custom made  
casket and tombstone...

Voices...Whispers, Promises  
that identify themselves  
in my mind...  
Venetians half-way through  
Lights being dimmed  
Extinguished then  
Melting shadows that  
emerge in and out  
arms that reach and feel and  
touch and become one, here and there...  
Moans in the participating blackness  
I watched you  
and inside my womb  
someone cried "Revenge"

Since the coming of winter;

in my life

Spring is gone

in my heart....

Yet, I long for summer's

warmth to caress

the days, fill the accountable

and let the world hear

the uproar of laughter

When quietness comes

the tool of happiness

and words should seem

grotesque and untrustworthy

Then I should admit

tis (Fall)

expiring in my heart.

Marjorie  
bernal

THIS IS MY LIFE, ONCE SHATTERED AND BROKEN  
THE PIECES RETRIEVED, ENCOURAGEMENT SPOKEN  
AS COURAGE RETURNED AND SPIRITS REVIVED  
EACH FRAGMENT, ONCE LOST, HAD SOMEHOW SURVIVED  
THEN SORTED BY RELATING THE MISERY I FACED  
AND WITH HELP, AND GUIDANCE, GENTLY REPLACED  
WHAT ONCE SEEMED SO WORTHLESS WAS PLACED IN A MOLD  
AS TRUTH AND SELF-KNOWLEDGE BEGAN TO TAKE HOLD  
I AM ONCE AGAIN BEGINNING REBUILDING THROUGH AND THROUGH  
A LITTLE SCARRED, PERHAPS, BUT STRONGER THEN NEW  
SO DON'T DESPAIR ABOUT YOUR TROUBLES AND STRIFE  
TRUST TO GOD THE PIECES OF YOUR BROKEN LIFE

P. michael mac minn

Phyllis Matthews



#### A GREAT GIFT

First there was heaven  
Then there was Earth  
And after the darkness  
Came a thing of great worth.

It was a creation of God  
That was very smart  
For "in the beginning"  
It gave a good start.

It has several sources  
That God blessed us with  
They are very real  
And not just a myth.

Even before man  
Was created one day  
It shone from a place  
That was far away.

That one greatful gift  
Was the bright sun  
It enabled The Creator  
To get His work done.

It let God see  
What he needed to do  
As His tasks were many  
Much more than a few!

And during the night  
It was present again  
It came from the moon  
At a time when...

The sun disappeared  
And the stars were born  
All this had happened  
Ever since morn.

From night to day  
Then dark once more  
These great creations  
On day number four

Helped God to form  
A place just right  
For this great gift  
Is known as light.





# THE EXPERIMENT CLASSIFI

“...we will have let it serve to say that we did it merely to prove that we could.”

“But Professor Ruben, how can another world be defined in our world? How can it exist for us if it can't be explained?”

The student's question rang clear in the silent room. At this point I restrained an urge to explain it as I once had experienced it and instead directed the class to our supplemental text, *New Pathways In Psychology*. In the introduction the author, Colin Wilson, describes an experience he once had while listening to Brahms. He wrote, “The person labelled ‘Colin Wilson’ ceased to matter: it was almost as if I had floated out of my body and left him behind, as if the real ‘I’ had taken up a position somewhere midway between myself and Brahms.” I have often used Wilson's explanation of Karl Popper's idea of a “third world” in teaching my psychology classes. I added at the end of this passage of the text, “Wilson claimed it to be a real place, actually a world of pure meaning.”

My students discussed the possibility, many even agreed that they had experienced somewhat the same sensation at times. My gaze fell upon the student who had originally asked the question.

“Mark, can you better understand the possibilities of another world existing, but our minds ignoring it?”

Mark replied slowly, “I think so. Do you mean, for instance, if Einstein actually used less than ten percent of his brain capacity, what percent does the average person use?”

# WHY NOT?



"That's it Mark. If our use of the brain is so limited, then with the remaining 94 odd percent who knows for sure what mysteries and wonders our minds could explore. This third world would be separate from our actual physical world but it would still be an extension of ourselves. Mankind's experience with the "third world" is limited, he is not even an infant with a clear view or even a real awareness of it's existence. But still as far back as the 1630's men considered this type of theory."

To support my lecture material I referred again to our supplementary text. It seemed to the philosopher Descartes, "high likely that plants and animals are nothing more than automata, driven by their sensations and desires." Even in man he wasn't certain where the mechanism ended and the soul began; he decided that the body and the soul interact in the brain's pineal gland. The mind, according to Descartes, can exist and think quite apart from the brain.

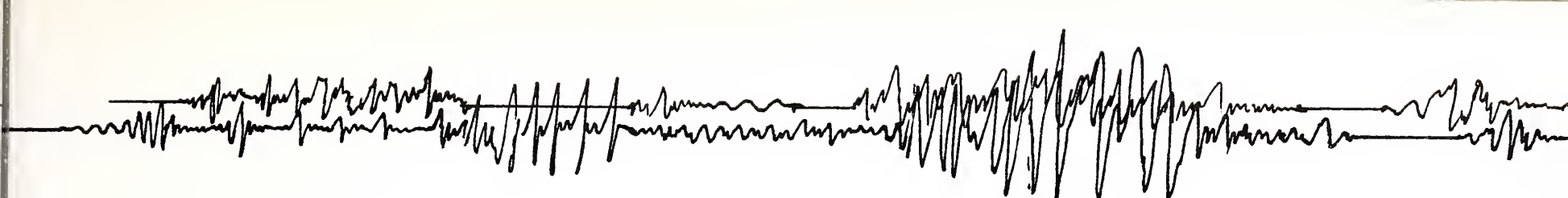
As I finished I realized from shuffling books and papers that class time was up and my lecture would be prematurely ended once again.

As I wove my way across campus, dodging students, my thoughts picked up where the lecture left off. "I wonder if Descartes even had an experience similar to mine? They said I was the first successful experiment, but is it possible that they have been working on it for at least the past 344 years with perhaps half successful draws?"

I dodged as I almost collided with two

maintenance men who were moving a television past my office. Upon reaching my little cubicle safely I leaned back and closed my eyes. The television they had been moving came to mind, not because it was one of the racy new models being installed but because the sight of any television reminds me of my experience.

It had started with my own television one night when I decided to relieve my tensions by watching a movie. As I relaxed the movie became more vivid than ever drawing me into its world completely. I felt its climax and conclusion as surely as if I were there myself enacting some role. At its end I wasn't particularly anxious for my mind to come back to the world, which by comparison was dull and unexciting. But what is particularly unusual is that my mind or consciousness didn't return, as it always had, to my reality. Instead my conscious being seemed to float in a sea of calm, a world like a movie, real, but unreal. Then I was no longer floating, I was traveling at what seemed to be an impossible speed. Behind me a hazy image of my totally relaxed body slumped sleepily in my favourite chair faded. It sped away into the haze that now moved in on me closely, from all sides. Next, as if someone suddenly turned all the lights of the universe on, I was then sitting in a lounge that I'd never seen before. I had once again become part of my body, but something seemed different. When I checked I found that I had control of my faculties: my fingers drummed, my feet shuffled, my head even drooped with



exhaustion. Still something was strange about it, it wasn't as easy as it usually was. All my actions were deliberate, similar to controlling a car.

My mind began to panic; this was impossible, some kind of insanely terrible dream, how could I get out? I calmed myself. I told myself that my mind was just playing tricks on me; I'd just sit this nightmare out. Just then I became aware of someone else near me.

I told myself, "Oh no, is someone else in this nightmare too?"

I didn't expect an answer to my thought but immediately after my question came the answer. "No human part of yours or anyone else's nightmare."

"What"! I exclaimed, startled.

"I mean that his is no dream, your being here is deliberate," replied my dreams intruder.

"Here? Here where? What are you talking about? What do you mean deliberate?" The words had just tumbled out as I calmed the panic which had begun to rise again.

The stranger replied, "To answer your question as to where 'here' is, it is of no importance. You would be unable to conceive it. Let it suffice to say we are merely 'here'."

The philosophical description of where we were silenced me as the mystical stranger indicated a direction in which I manipulated myself. I listened as he continued.

"Come with me. Perhaps I can help you find answers enough to satisfy you."

We walked through a door at the end of the lounge. Actually I should say I 'walked' through the door because my specter's movements were almost gliding in nature, as he was. Try as I

would I could not see him, yet somehow I knew exactly where he was, less than two yards from me. Somehow at this point I began to believe that this was not a dream.

I don't really know how to explain what I saw next. My impossible guide explained it.

"What you are viewing now has been created for your benefit only. It is a model, drastically simplified, of our natural function."

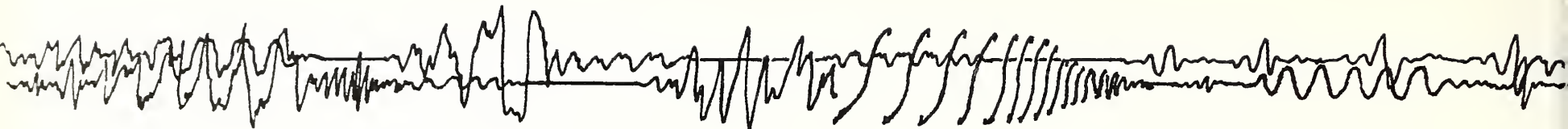
I gazed open mouthed (a facial expression which would give no credit to my so called higher education), at what seemed to be an infinite wall panel of metallic glitter, lights, circuits and screens. The screens seemed to be monitoring thousands of images varying from movies I recognized to what seemed to be everyday people leading their everyday lives. Then realization dawned on me as to why I felt so awkward, why I felt like the operator of a machine. This body couldn't be mine. I'd seen it disappear at the other end of the haze.

"This may help explain us to you. You are of a civilization which relies heavily on physical existence in a physical world. This panel is merely a physical model of a much more complicated mental existence. Our race is an old race. Its existence is not physical, but what you might call an existence of the mind only; without physical barriers."

I decided to put the question to him, "Wait a second. Am I to believe then, that my body too is not real?"

There was an eerie silence that almost frightened me but, till now at least, my host has been friendly enough.

"We hadn't expected you to take that so



calmly. Yes, the body you are occupying now was also created mentally for your benefit. If you wish, you can remain with it and this model or you may experience our world as we do."

Now it was my turn for silent contemplation. I had managed to subdue my initial fear, and curiosity was becoming my overpowering emotion. How could I pass up a chance like this? After all the theory was not entirely new to me. . . only the existence of this world along with its inhabitants. Suddenly I was eager to experience it.

"How do I do it?"

"That's very simple, just think it away, after all it's only an illusion we put into your mind."

I felt puzzled for a second. But upon consideration I mentally blocked out the necessity of control just as I had often blocked out unpleasant thoughts and scenes. When I opened my eyes, or I should say, when I opened mental channels for perception, my specter was still there, I don't know how, but I knew he was. Yet I perceived the presence of many others some distance away, if a distance could be defined as linear in that abstract world.

"There seem to be others, who are they?" Although I wasn't speaking in any understandable manner, I knew he would perceive my question.

"Yes, they are my colleagues in this venture. We have worked together long and hard. Cooperation among us is strong compared to your world and privacy is a recognized state, but it is seldom necessary."

"What experiment are you conducting?" My question was honest, but I realized im-

mediately my stupidity in asking it. Nevertheless he answered generously as if it were a logical question.

"Recently we, the scientists of our race, have become interested in humans. We have studied the way you use your physical and mental faculties simultaneously. The question that occurred to us was whether you might be able to function mentally as we do, without physical barriers which can, and do, destroy you. In our studies we found that the time at which humans function with their minds almost entirely, is during sessions spent in front of a screen of images."

Here I volunteered some of my thought, "That's got to be the "boob-tube." I said this once in the great form of an educated man.

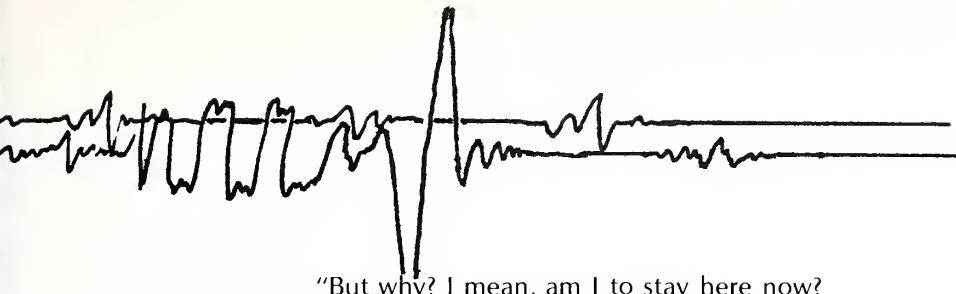
His quizzical, "Eh", prompted me to explain.

"The television. . . man's means of occasional escape from reality."

"Oh yes," he replied, "precisely my point. During this time the link between the mental processes and the physical is at its weakest. You were our first successful attempt at a mind draw."

"You mean I'm a guinea pig? An experiment?" I was beginning to understand my position.

"Exactly." he replied, "We finally focused our mind draw along the correct channels of our mental processes and together we disengaged you from your original body for a time. I might add that your real body is still achieving basic functions while we are mentally holding you here, a world away from your physical form."



"But why? I mean, am I to stay here now? For what purpose am I here anyway?"

"I'm afraid the idea of your staying here is impossible," he answered. "At our present stage of technology, the pull of your mental back to your physical body is too strong. We haven't solved the complete control of that yet."

"But then, why have you done this much at all?"

"We don't know why we are doing it really ourselves," he answered truthfully. "I suppose we will let it serve to say that we did it merely to prove that we could. Perhaps we will follow-up! If we do we will be in touch with you again. But now we must let you returnnn. . ." His words faded, the paneled room became hazy around the edges and I was taking that wild, crazy trip again. The room drew away and all was hazy again.

My eyes opened and my own hands rubbed the sleep from them. I thought strangely, "My body has just finished one of its basic functions, sleep."

Now when I ponder the mystery, I feel certain it all really happened. I can't really say why, but I don't seem to worry too much about it. Maybe it's because nothing has really changed, my body and mind still function simultaneously. Perhaps in a way I identified with that world. It had one parallel which was most obvious, its spirit of technology. Its

significance wouldn't have slipped past me even if there hadn't been a saturation campaign of *Future Shock* by Alvin Toffler. My alien guide had said, ". . .we will have let it serve to say that we did it merely to prove that we could." It occurred to me that Toffler's suggestion that our own technology was getting out of hand because there is no real, might apply even to those beings who had seemed so superior. Perhaps if the aliens were, as I suspect, reading and recording in their minds all that I was thinking, they might give their experiment a little serious thought.

I must admit that his words "Perhaps we will follow up. . ." still haunt me. I will have no choice in the matter if they do continue their experiment with me. My feelings react strangely whenever I think that I might, once again, travel an eternity from my world. I ask myself continually if I would want to delve into the depths of my mental existence or not. Still it is out of my hands. I wonder what my colleagues or students would say if I told them about it?

My thoughts were interrupted as three teachers discussed their test results outside my open door. Looking out the windows I watched as students scurried from one class to another. "Tell them?" I ask myself. "No, I have no physical proof what-so-ever, to them it would be just a story, a fantasy. . .to me it is a reality."

by Denise Baumgart

# Gail bloom

vision

picture this upon my knee:  
tea for two or four or three.  
one of me and then there's you  
you and me become us two  
who is he? a friend of you?  
two and he become us three  
there are others at the door  
three and more is more than four  
more than four I don't adore  
who needs more when we've got a score  
four is more than I can stand  
throw them out thus  
and then there's us  
by the way, there's the bus  
picture this upon my knee:  
just me.

the question remains as to man's primary game  
as to whether the answer is clear.  
the reply is thus;  
don't bother us,  
do come back next year.

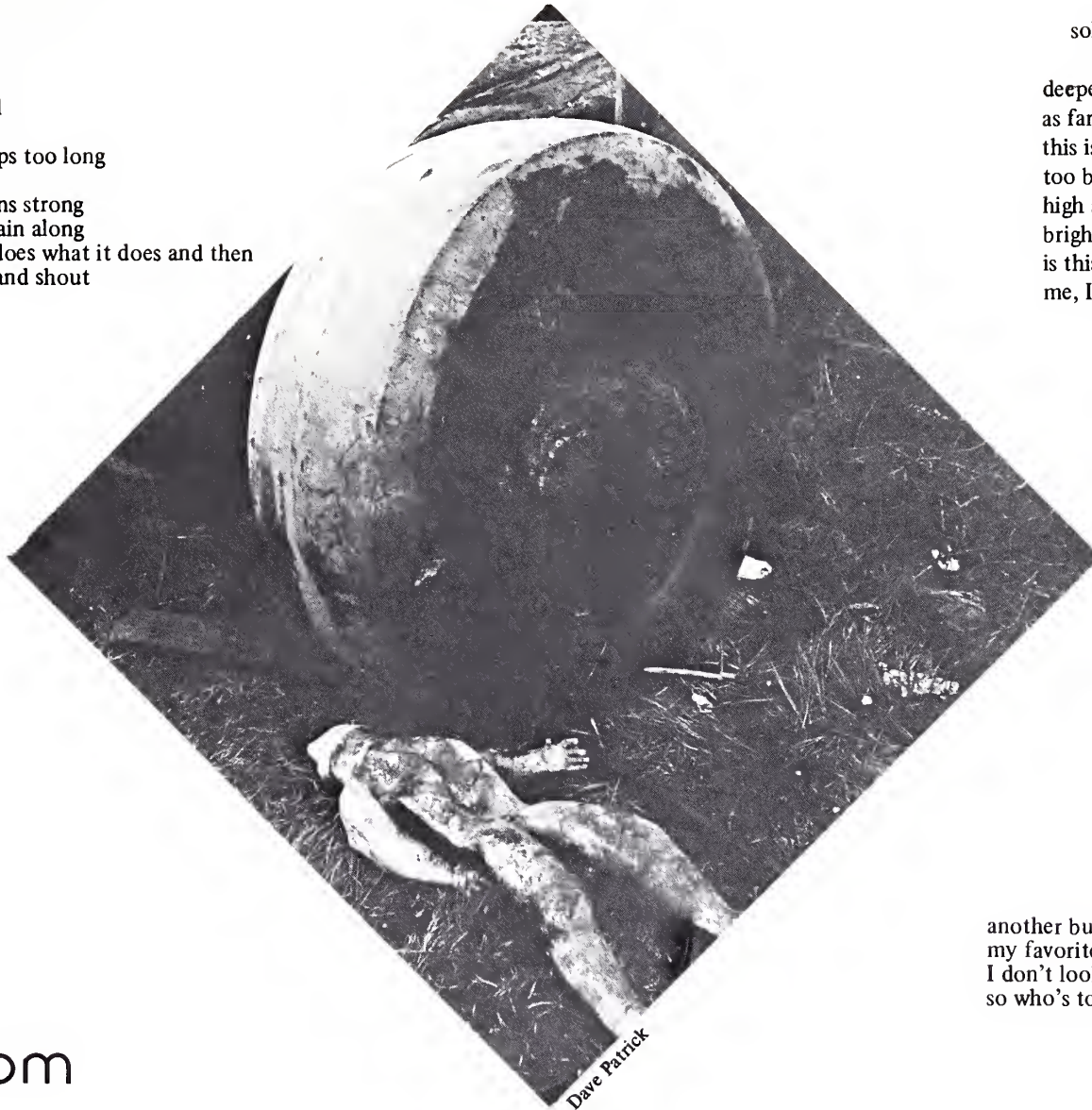


Dave Patrick

Life here is a salt lake  
Briny to the brim  
Where everybody splashes  
And nobody can swim

Exam

I have a little body  
that is the shell of me  
and why I carry it around  
I will never see.  
It eats too much and sleeps too long  
It doesn't do much work  
It shies away from passions strong  
and drags my battered brain along  
I wonder why this body does what it does and then  
I look about and scream and shout  
and curse it all again



Dave Patrick

solitary viewpoint

deeper than the ocean  
as far as you can see  
this is how you want love  
too big for you and me  
high as highest mountains  
brighter than the sun  
is this the way you want it??  
me, I'm gonna run.

Gail  
bloom

another bubble's burst  
my favorite myth's been shattered  
I don't look any worse  
so who's to say it mattered?

## YOUR RETENTION PLEASE!

The following two parables are presented for your wining &

# On Literary Cadavers

But even before that, the rest shall follow. I'd like to ploughshare this abusing, ineffectual antidote related to me by one of my more perceptual students. But don't take my word.

A blind philosopher walked into an outlet for a national chain of department stores. He was accosted by the salesman with no coat.

"Nice day, isn't it?" remarked the salesman.

"Really hadn't noticed," said the blind philosopher.

"Could I help you with anything?"

"My socks need pulling up."

The salesman, willing to please a potential buyer, did indeed pull the old man's socks up.

"You're most welcome," said the blind philosopher. "I'd like to see something in a name brand ice slicer."

"New or used?" asked the salesman.

"One with fresh graters, hopefully portable. That's essential. It's portability. I require it in my line of work."

"Oh? And what type of work do you do?" asked the curious salesman. He scratched his left ear.

"I'm a retired poet. See my gold plated watch the Company gave me. The blind man held up his right wrist, pointing to the watch. It was not gold. It was very, very cheap aluminum. The crystal was marred and fogged.

"It's a very nice gold watch. The people at the Company must have liked you a great deal."

"Yes. At least that's what they said. Back to the ice slicer."

"Ah yes. We have this nifty model. Just feel that waxed walnut finish." The salesman with no coat placed the blind philosopher's hand on a transistorized Warfer. It was not the ice slicer the old man had asked for.

"Top of the line sir. This has features you wouldn't believe. Take this one anywhere. And it's got a forty year guarantee."

"Feels nice. Could I hear it work?" asked the blind philosopher.

"Sure, sure! Just a second. Let me switch it on. Takes a minute or so to warm up. There it goes. Listen to that." There was no sound from the machine. The salesman made all the noises.

"Sounds great. Does that come with the mush crusher also?" wondered the blind philosopher.

"Well sir, that's an optional item worth thirteen fifty more. But, tell you what I'll do for you since you look like a nice guy. Kind of remind me of my uncle. I'll give you the mush crusher for only six nineteen. That's less than we payed for it wholesale. It is a deal then?"

"Yes, it's a deal. Could I have that

in a waterproof box?"

"Of course, and at no extra charge." snickered the salesman. He placed a few heavy stones in a box then handed it to the old blind philosopher. The salesman with no coat seemed to be pleased with himself. He had fooled the old idiot. He was proud.

"Thank you very much, young man. Here's my wallet. Take out what you need to cover the ice slicer. And take something out for yourself."

The salesman took out a hundred dollar bill. The cost was only seventy-four sixty-two, tax included. He smiled to himself again. A nice little tip for giving the man some musty rocks.

"Thank you, sir. Please come back soon," said the salesman with no coat on. He automatically waved at the blind philosopher. He realized he had waved at a person who couldn't see. The salesman with no coat laughed to himself.

Outside the store the blind man was laughing to himself too. The hundred dollar bill was counterfeit.

Immediately. In plain words, you

for the big  
finish, turn to  
page 34



dining pleasure by the illustrious Ralph Waldo Smallhomeappliance

# Better Living Through Chemistry

Eb and Efflorescence entered Le Chatelier's deliquescence since it was the only place in town that sold kosher hygroscopic materials. Effie asked Le Chatelier, who was standing behind the deli counter, for six crystal systems, a head of lattice and a bag of coconut macromolecules. Eb excused himself from the store. He had an electron gas.

Their car had been parked within 105 degrees of a fire hydrant. A cop, as dense as water, wrote out a real solid ticket of definite volume which was very slow at diffusing from his hand. It crystallized under the windshield wiper. He then apparently evaporated.

Eb came around the corner from the back of Le Chatelier's store. He felt fine, having relieved himself of all amorphous solids. But upon seeing the ticket, he flew into a state of definite ionic structure. Effie was liquified at his chemical behavior. About this time little Oblique, their son by a previous miscarriage, ran into the deliquescence. Seems he needed some money to pay the bill from his orthorhombic sturgeon. He had some boyles removed from his biocelloids at the monoclinic. He also asked if either one of them had seen his aardvark Nietzsche. They hadn't.

Pascal and Hascal, the bunsen twins came in and ordered a melted homogeneous portion of covalent crystal cake, a box of common NaCl, and an Erlenmeyer flask of Polar brand ice cream. They had been linked together since birth by hydrogen bonds. Today was their birthday. Le Chatelier rushed out back to the stable compound compound to fill the twins order.

While he was gone, a diffused person on acid anhydrides sneaked in. He began to raffle the cash register. Eb looked up from reading his *PHYSICS FOR THE PHYSICAL FAMILY FOR THE COMING FISCAL FRIDAY* magazine. He wondered why the young oxide was so unstable and mentally unequilibriumed. This is a real gas, thought Eb. Dumb Dalton the deadbeat cop heard this awful reactant coming from the store. He busted through the doors, his ideal gas avogards blazing. "Up against the van der Waals, you mother fusioner!" he shouted.

Upon hearing this, the permanganated oxide became so scared he dropped his temperature on the store floor. He electrolysed sll aver the store floor. Dumb Dalton had no time to stop. He slipped and fell on his xylenes, injuring his molar zwitterions and bruising his saturated

hydrocarbons. His ternary acids exothermicked from his oral organs. Dalton's badge was driven straight into his M shell. At last he reation was completed.

Dalton stood up too fast. He got the benzenes and screamed as if he had domain poisoning the instant he saw the fizz get up. The Standard Temperature and Pressure freak became electrovalent. He grabbed a box of Sun Made resins, heaving it toward the cop. But Dalton was one stop ahead of him. He jumped out of the way and precipitated with a pyrate in the electrolytes. Everyone in Le Chatelier's could plainly see that the freak's eyes were diluted. "Cold Turkey" Pascal gasped. Le Chatelier ran to the freezer to get one. He had mistakenly thought it was part of the order.

While all this was happening, Hascal, the other of the electron pair, had clicked on the radio he had with him. The local d.j., Fats Fehling, was playing Jimi Hydroxyl's new albumin BAND OF GYPSUMS. Hascal's favorite was rendition of "Mary had a Little Lambda".

turn page for  
the thrilling  
conclusion

## Better Living... cont.

Dumb Dalton, wising up now, found a volumetric flask of peptised bismal. Knowing this would catalyze the freak's rapidly growing worse condition, he let it permeate into the oxide's liquid limpids. Dalton then quicksilverly dropped handcuffs on him. He compressed the insoluble liter out of Le Chatelier's store. The cop called the station on his car radio. They sent over the Keystone Kops.

### EPILOGARITHM

It turned out that the s.t.p. freak belonged to a phenyl group of radicals. They were the ones who had been theorizing the neighborhood and the surrounding thermal properties. His triad would be either Friday or Saturated. He would be sentenced up to 99 molar volumes in prison and-or 10 mass-gas problems. This of course, would depend on the density of the indictments. His unit cell was also to have thermites and

moles as a form of capital punishment. Eb and Effie and all the rest lived their half-lives happily ever after.

But on his beat the very next day, Dalton tried to avoid a dipole of water on the sidewalk by jumping around it. The inertia threw him off balance, he fell face down in an atomic pile of immiscible liquids. They had fused from the domain of little Nietzsche's asbestos, they were still warm.

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## ...Literary Cadavers cont.

mind races at 30,000 resolutions per minnow. A little fishie you say. Cut that carp and get down to the point. I can hear you as if you were breathing down my ears. Yet as we dig deeper and deeper, we only come up with a theoretical theatre with the proverbial stage of wholes. There are no absolutes in the field of Writing, as it were. There are no relatives in that same field either. But, how do we explain the ipso facto that my uncle Rebus on my mother's side grows rhubarb in that previously mentioned meadow. This area of thought needs a little cultivation? I hear you talking though the dear reader's collective words fall on deaf ears. My batteries are dead. Shall I bury them on the hole we dug earlier in the paragraph? Or should we just sit back and watch the aardvarks tear at their cells like rain running away from its parents, the strato-nimbus? The enlightening of the mother load,

so to speak. Do you see through me like a window yet? Am I becoming a pane in the assets even though those debits are credits? Are you seeing red? If I may, I'd like to be serious for just a minuet. The Writer's main purpose is to make the Reader aware of certain misdeceptions he might have about the niche he whittles in and all that cubbyscout encounters. Since Time began Man, as kind as he isn't, has been waking up to that e'erpresent Alarum Clark and, on the wrong side of the flower mattress. Living is no bed of Noses as was once thought.

The Writer has brought to rapt attention the prospects of Loving your Neighbor as Yourself and Mister Ed Is a Cruel Hoax. Where would we be without the independible Writer and circumscribed Pen? Is that too big a Boggler to ask? He is a man of many words and is not the least bit ascaresd to abuse them. For there are

many saidistic tendencies in all of us. And, don't they always rear their nasty noggins at inopportune times? Yes! But of golf course! That is the Writer's preoccupation. He brings up the tropics and is not oblivious to making up new ones either. The Writer is one of the most insecure people on this planet. And what better way to rid himself of those insecurities than to make other people cognizant of their own fallibilities as well. We're all in the same boat, up the same crete, and without an oar among us. But optometry will get us nowhere. And here is where I get off. This train of Thought goes on forever but my ticket's only good till Now. This is my Dreams Depot. See you. Inside.

Riot

I.

Crazed animal insane  
the world a blue  
of tearing ripping claws  
hands--feet in my back my chest  
my throat no breath  
wild maniacal snarl smiles  
leering forever in my eyes  
the downing drowning center  
of a mindless whirlpool

animals kick at the fallen prey  
no  
no not animals  
man  
my god  
man

II.

I touch a bruised lump  
a swollen eye

hands  
hands did this  
hands that were once talcumed baby's hands  
hands that children held in endless games  
hands that hold and copy the knowledge of the world  
hands that touched  
and reached out to carress a lover

hands bruised and tore my flesh  
and cracked my bones  
not caring  
not knowing they were mine  
knowing only they were flesh and bone

my body drags in a  
thousand pains  
that cannot believe

III.

Time has a way with her  
and I healed

the touch of friends  
the drop of their salt tears  
fed my shrunken soul--  
and hate found no root  
in that acid soil

and bewildered horror  
was pushed behind my common sense  
and stable personality

and I can watch the News unperturbed

Now it is only in the  
dark seeking hours of the night  
that I remember  
I slipped into the  
lightning jagged crack  
of man's humanity

and saw what we are

Lynn parker



Nancy Carta

### NOBODY'S HOME

Their sullen masks  
and stark blank stare  
made it known  
no one is there  
Nobody's home.

Footsteps are flat  
and voices are heard  
but movement is nil  
and I sense not a word

Objects are shifting  
as routine plods on-  
time marks their presence  
from dawn to dawn  
but nobody's home

a pale ghostly shadow  
still walks in the night  
and shows the resemblance  
that once there was life.

In agony we mourn  
for the spirit that died  
bewildered we ask  
if we really had tried  
for nobody's home.

The shutters are down  
the weeds start to grow  
we turn away sadly  
for now we know  
that nobody's home.

Bonny Snyder



Or so he thought

First he built a little fence  
So visitors could be questioned  
Before they were allowed to enter  
And then only at his suggestion

This fence was fine for awhile  
But soon he realized  
Undesirables were creeping in  
And he wasn't able to scrutinize

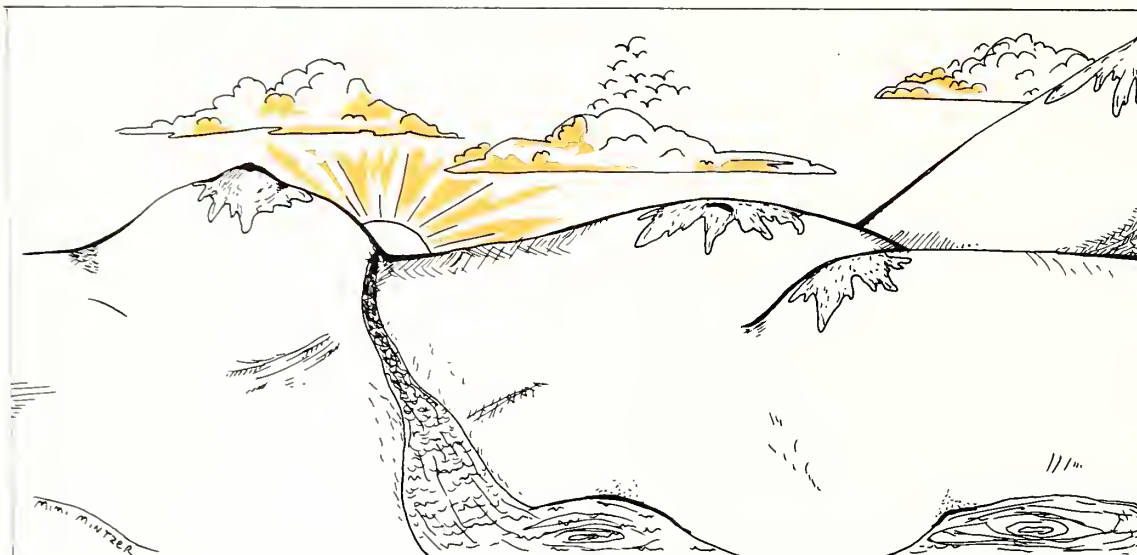
So he reinforced his little fence  
To build a stronger wall  
That would shield and protect him  
From treacheries large and small

The wall was fine for awhile  
But soon he realized  
Undesirables were climbing over  
That he wasn't able to visualize

So he added height to his wall  
Just a little every day  
Until the wall was so very tall  
And built perfect in every way

Now he sits in peace and comfort  
Getting old and gray too soon  
He can't see out. You can't see in  
And the sun only shines at high noon.

Bonny  
Snyder



For J.R.

In spending the last black minutes  
of an entire night  
tied to words that say  
nothing  
I pause  
to watch the sun  
wink  
on the rim of an enormous twittering  
dawn.

In sharp envy  
of the birds  
effortless speech  
I feel my chest leap  
distended  
and enflamed  
with clamouring love thoughts  
that find no voice  
I feel my ribs swell  
with a thousand  
untellable messages  
aching  
to bid you closer; believing.

My god I may  
never see you again and  
your face wounded  
and white  
clings to my fingers like  
slow heavy blood this  
morning after. The sun's eye runs  
silver  
through someone else's dawn  
but this sudden grey  
belongs to me and my  
hands my hands my  
hands  
that weep all your smiles  
that I may  
never touch again  
in thin lines of blue  
on this page splashed  
with crimson,

A Focus

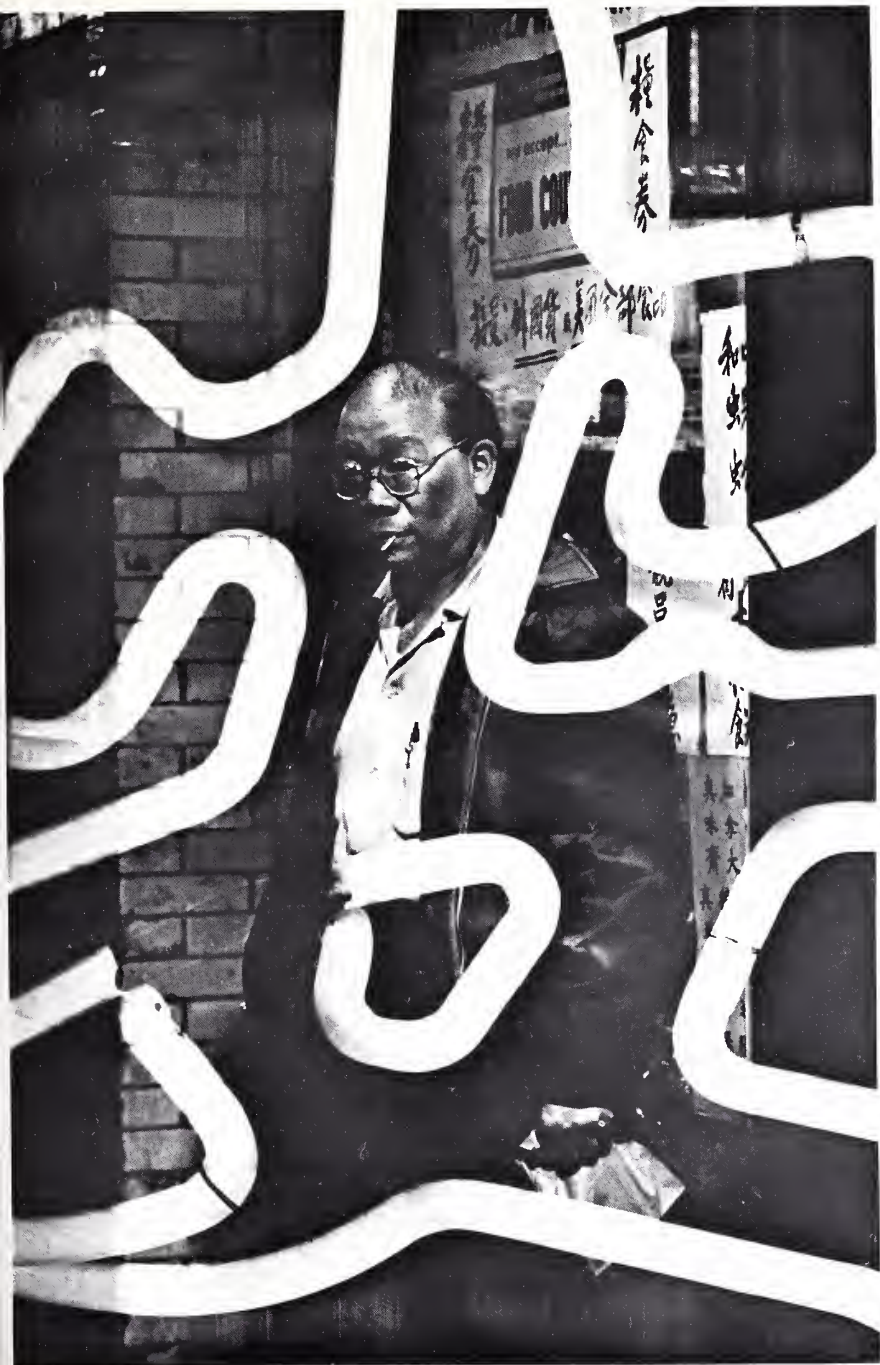
a wide sun

falling  
drops  
past the earthline  
as birds cease their trembling  
settle  
and fade into the shapes of trees

In this near dark  
I pause  
the smell of rain hovering precedes  
those short  
wet rhythms  
still heavy with light

sensing earth worms  
hunching and sprawling  
under their damp clasps of mud  
I watch  
removed  
aware  
and abruptly bewildered  
by the range of minute motion  
obscured by all the stillness  
that I had known of night.

October 31, 1974

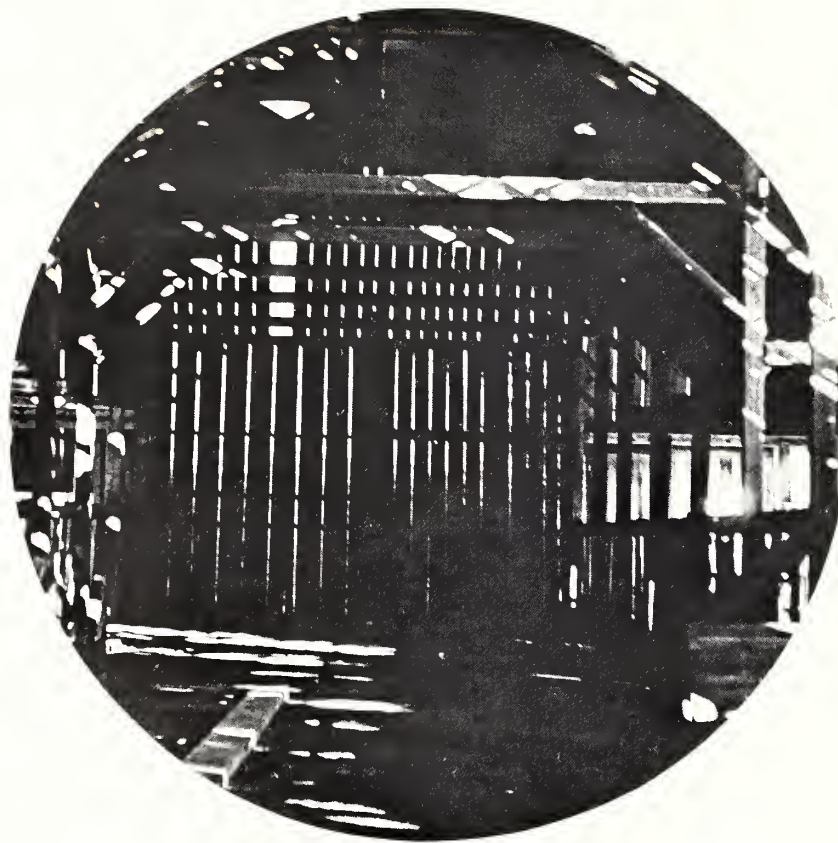


Street guys  
jump from bar to bar  
winding  
in frantic streams  
past  
hot steel grumbling  
at stop lights  
past  
shopkeepers jittering  
in doorways the search  
is constant  
for the easy dream  
the quickest out

while suddenly  
among the windows  
lights  
buildings  
and brothers  
a silent figure escapes the whole hustle  
in one incredible  
ten story score

G. shively~cater

Sounds of sanity  
Flow past my head  
I catch a word or two  
But they only dissolve  
In the acid of my mind  
and the rest flows by  
with increasing silence



Flyaway truths we held  
yesterday  
borne on the winged backs  
of passing glory  
disappear into the sun

my mind top  
wrenchingly wound  
tighter and tighter  
clenched  
each nerve string  
screamingly stretched  
until  
the taut  
thin line  
breaks

and all my bits of sanity  
are whirled away

farther and farther

farther

Lynn parker





The Funeral

Somehow it is fitting  
that the skeleton bare branches  
fork against the sky  
as we ride slowly in procession  
they are as her arms and legs  
of her emaciated 45 pound body  
hidden now by long sleeves and skirt  
and the mortician's skill  
still  
in the funeral home  
they clustered around her and said  
she looked as though she'd suffered much  
Really  
she had not looked that well  
in months  
and they wonder among themselves  
why i do not cry

the prayers and rituals  
they perform over  
this empty mockery of a woman  
are hollow to me  
And I found no comfort  
in the rituals and their future tense prayers  
begging God's mercy  
He'd shown his mercy  
five days ago  
by taking her between one  
breath and the next

but the priest didn't thank Him  
he talked as if she was still there  
as if she had not died two years ago  
when she had wanted to

i watch  
as our procession  
rolls slowly through town  
and i think of her  
a woman who gave up life  
before it had given up her  
a woman who seldom  
said I love you  
until she was half dead  
and already missing us  
somehow  
perhaps it is also fitting  
that the stark bare branches  
hold tight tiny buds to the  
sky

Lynn parker



# THE Death OF A Young Man Whose Potential Was Great

by Mark Keating

Howard came home from work late Friday night and like most people who have ever indulged in the secure afterglow of receiving one's hard-earned paycheck, Howard wanted a midnight snack. Not a trifling middle-of-the-week pecking at some stale Sara Lee washed down with Bavarian-Swamp-Scum; but something big, something nice, something that would complement the satisfaction of the receipt of this week's pay.

Besides he was damn hungry.

Waves of culinary lust churned in his stomach as he fumbled with the outdoor latch that opened into the kitchen. Battalions of little amino acids and glucose globules stood in perfect but impatient attention awaiting the certain approach of food. Their muddy little faces lighting up with gastric greed as Howard reached for the Frigidaire's handle and with a little-boy's-Christmas-eve grin on his face, Howard opened her up.

Desolation.

Cat food, evaporated milk, baking soda, cob-without-the-corn, shee-IT! "That's the price one pays for living with his parents", he muttered. He

was thinking about moving out and how he would keep his refrigerator better stocked than this wasteland, when. . .

When Howard smelled something, something good, real good. He paused, evidently his nose had detected something his eyes had missed. What could it be? With a stern look of determination, Howard put his excited olfactories to work.

Howard searched from the first shelf, working his way down much like a uranium prospector. At the third level his Geiger-counter told him he was closing in. And sure enough, careful examination revealed a medium-large avacado bowl tucked in deep behind the low-cal cranberry cocktail.

He reached in with both hands and upset an overripe grape from its vine. It fell and bounced insipidly through the wire shelves like a wayward pinball. Howard brought forth the bowl, laid it on the counter and drew away the Saran wrap.

The aroma assailed his nostrils in a torrent.

Potato salad! Hot damn! Anything to drink? No? What the hell, iced tea sounds good enough. Jeez, potato salad. Mom always knew best.

Armed with a pitcher of Nestea and a soup spoon, Howard

ravenously attacked his prey. However, he was disappointed.

"Too flat, man," he murmured. "There's not enough to it."

Reaching toward the spice cabinet, Howard set about improving his meal. Paprika was his first choice. He sprinkled on a moderate amount and sampled the salad, "Bleh," he said.

A more liberal sprinkling was of no avail. "It just hasn't any punch."

He scanned the spice box further. Oregano was next and that was nowhere. Ginger, thyme, and rosemary also fell by the wayside.

Howard was getting impatient. Nothing could liven this slop up! Mustard, worcestershire sauce, maple syrup. . . NOTHING!

It was after Howard had added ammonia and Drano to the potato salad that he stopped trying. Of course he couldn't try any longer, he was dead.

Which brings us to the question concerning this story's title. Really, how much potential could someone have if he was brainless enough to poison his own midnight snack?? But maybe his potential was hidden. Or maybe we just never got a chance to learn his potential. Or maybe his potential was not so great to begin with.

Who knows? you decide.

word thoughts ooze slowly  
from mind to pen  
sometimes syrupy sweet and thick  
sometimes with the slow  
bitter aftertaste  
of molasses  
some congeal to stagnant hardness  
but some drops  
lie and catch  
the fly of  
man's imagination  
and hold it fast

## Lynn parker

your "how-are-you" frightens me  
for i am tempted to tell you the truth  
that my mind grows darker every day  
like the soft pulp of a diseased fruit  
but i say "just-fine"  
so you will ask again

So you remember too  
the picture of the  
burned child as she ran  
naked  
playing hide-and-peek  
with bombs

except the  
only ally-ally-outs-in-free  
is a quick death

they tell me that the war is over now  
but my nightmare never changed  
i still run screaming  
amid the rain, of bombs  
knowing there's no place to go

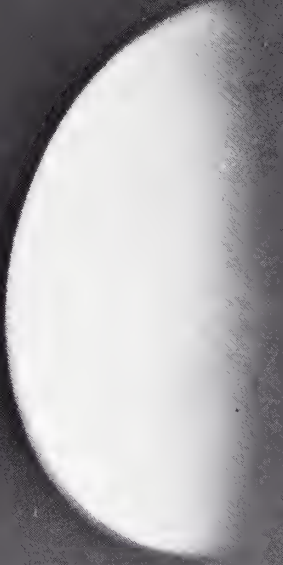
and the picture they took  
is me.

The society thermostat  
of my air conditioned mind  
never lets my emotions get too hot  
lest I mildew

Have you forgotten the strange  
blue waves  
that beat upon the shore?  
Do you remember how terrifyingly  
beautiful they were  
The first time we saw them?  
Have you forgotten the wind against our faces?

blowing free and wild  
once we had run to the top of the hill  
Come.  
Walk with me.  
Let us do each thing anew.  
Let our dignity leave us  
for a little while  
unless. . .  
you really have forgotten.

THE ABSTRACT BASKET CASE REVISITED



The hollow march hare  
literally trucky in  
from the West Coast,  
stops in half April  
and drops  
fourteen tons of  
yellow jelly beans  
on my stooping doorstep.

He says he  
hopes the Guy  
was reconstructed  
from the flaming souls  
of dancing fools  
on Tuesday  
thereby proving his  
immaculate conception  
that all things are  
eggs in the end.



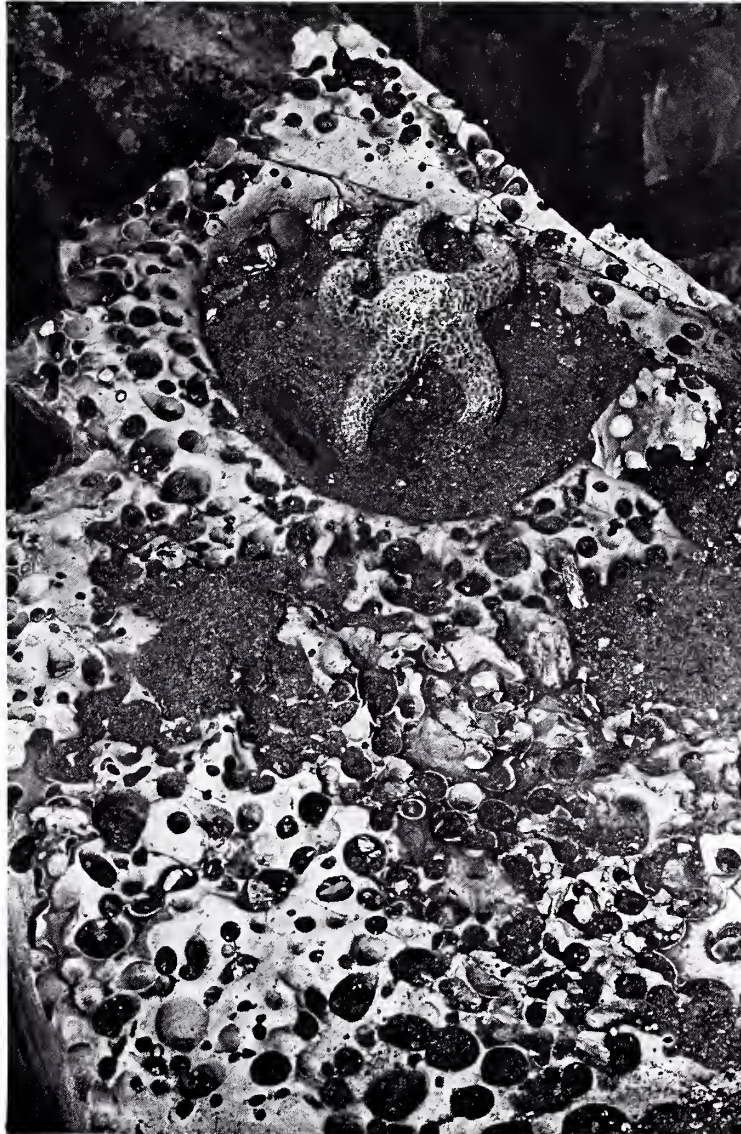
I awoke from a dream of freedom  
 Some cruel light slipped in from the hall  
 Someone was talking about me, the guard I think  
 On the bunk below was my sleeping mate  
 The bars on the window were still intact  
 and quietly behind them was the dream I'd lost.

Woke up late  
     no starting gate, drove too fast  
     tempting my fate  
 wondered what the man would say  
     Too much play, oh well  
     I'll only miss the pay  
 But when I arrived I was alone  
     With quiet phones,  
                     typewriters stoned  
     No pin-striped Mr. Jones  
 And I got the dismal feeling  
     it might be Saturday  
                     or a labor holiday  
 I thought I might be sick  
 Then from out in the hall  
     a laughing, door-crashing call  
     I thought I'd fall, In came...  
 Mr. Jones and workers with contented sighs  
     No coats   No ties  
     coffee and pies  
     Some for me,  
                     but I like tea  
 So, they smiled, take off your tie  
     have some pie, talk.  
 Talk. I didn't know what to say  
     didn't know the way, still questioned the d  
     Instead I took the coffee  
                     first sip burnt my lips  
                     I wouldn't have screamed  
                                     if it was a dream  
 I slept late  
     no starting gate  
 and slept through the changing of the world

Ron  
 allen

From the faucet  
in rivers down my drain  
water sweeps away my grime  
before it can stain  
and flows the little cog into the earth  
death and birth - equal in worth  
if men could only see the burden  
he hopes to carry. Like

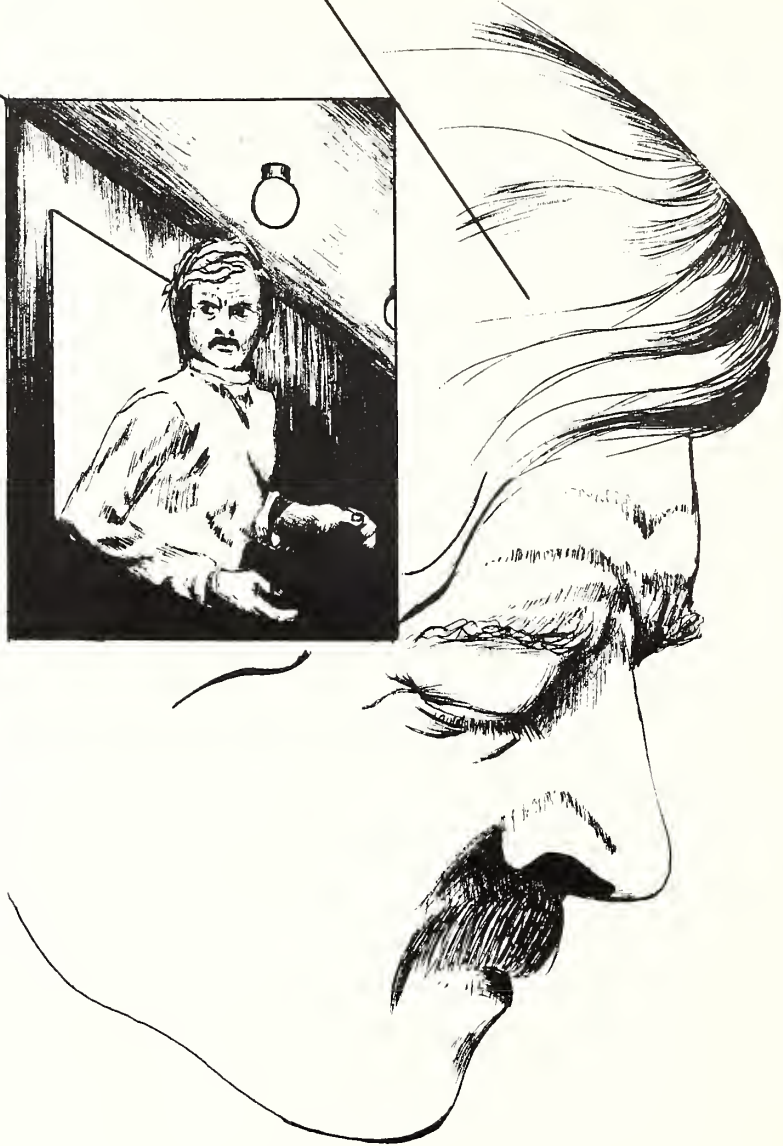
a fly against a mirror  
after one more room  
he hopes to own  
with nothing to gain  
he batters his brain  
flies insane.....dies in vain  
But he tried  
and we love him for it.  
Armies marching in the streets  
pounding feet  
shuffling caused to and fro and  
man out in space  
said to be testing his wings  
modern dreams are costly flings  
But they all die  
like the fly  
and their dust is washed from bodies  
down the drain.



Nancy Carta

RON  
allen

The bitterness of my heart  
the restriction of my soul  
a burning rage  
outweighing my age  
stays steady my want  
My want to know  
to flow  
to be, to show  
and to grow  
bigger than the chains that bind me  
the morning bright  
the absence of light  
horror of buildings that spring overnight  
Truths told  
in cities unseen  
fields of asphalt  
death to all green  
Painted paths to tread  
light signs that sing  
heavy hued air  
made to level the brain  
Mornings have to sigh  
children have to cry  
men have to die  
birds are chained to the sky  
living is a crime--so are words that rhyme





# THE CORRIDORS OF MY MIND

by Jack Wilkins

I awaken and a corridor is before me — inviting, enticing, insisting. Yeilding, I rouse myself to reluctant activity.

Almost immediately, I discover that the Prodigy has been here again. I had pondered long and hard over two porblems just before I fell asleep; and here they are, neatly worked out, with the solutions clearly indicated. Gee, thanks!

Strange about the Prodigy. He's extremely helpful in many different ways, but he's very shy and secretive about it. I know he must live in the corridors too, but we have never actually met. Except for a few fleeting glimpses, always at a distance and quite indistinct, he has eluded me completely.

A shadow-voice begins to speak. "Urgent! Have to talk to Bill today. Better call before he gets away from home, or we'll never catch him." Having complied, I rush along the corridor and enter an office, where I perfunctorily review a memorandum of responsibilities for the day.

The shadow-voice does not speak again, but there is a distant murmuring of fretful, apprehensive little noises. This has happened a number of times lately. Automatically, I adjust a control and the sounds are no longer heard, but I am obscurely troubled by an overpowering certainty that they have not ceased.

I am vaguely conscious of someone showering, shaving, dressing — but these oblique perceptions are extraneous and unimportant.

Hurrying along the corridor again, I become aware of insistent voices and open a communication-window. It is She and the Small One, and I ignore the persistent signals of the corridor while I share whatever is to be shared — the important or the trivial — with the two key Others of my existence.

I dimly recall lost dreams of having one or both of these dear Others explore some of the corridors with me or of visiting corridors they might want to share with me. There have been times when each of us has ventured a few timid steps into a corridor with an Other; but a feeling of strangeness and fear grips both venturer and venturee, followed by an unwonted and overwhelming shyness and a hasty withdrawal. Therefore, I do not resent having to open a communication-window for them as I often do when disturbed by less important Others, as every possible means of sharing is extremely precious to me.

All too soon, the windows begin to close automatically as each of us responds to urgent signals demanding attention to our individual corridors. Ready or not, we must go our separate ways for the day.

Re-entering the office momentarily, I assure myself that everything is in good order and return to the corridor.

In a shadowy, nebulous manner, I discern vehicles, Others, doors, an elevator, more doors — but I have turned a corner and am preoccupied by a corrridor I particularly like to visit. It

MIND

MIND

MIND

MIND

MIND

MIND

MIND

MIND

MIND

is so comfortable and relaxing, and *everything* I like seems to be here. I don't know how it is done, but my slightest thought brings the most delightful sensory — and sensual — impressions. Some of the Others say it is "only imagination," but I do not see how that can be so. I do not have the capacity even to think of all the fantastically detailed illusions that capture my consciousness with the effect of total reality: Could the Prodigy be capable of producing such wonders? Exploring that thought might be appealing, but it can't begin to compete with the lure of this fascinating retreat.

Fleeing the pressures of my work and responsibilities which I know are pursuing me, I recline upon the downy softness of a white sand beach while the gentle hypnosis of the waves drives away every disquieting thought. . .The blue of sea and sky flow through me like a healing balm, and soothing breezes caress my bare body and whisper through the nearby palm trees. . .The whispering of the palm fronds transforms itself into a melody, and the lapping of the waves becomes its accompaniment. . .I *am* the melody, reveling in lush harmonies and weaving ecstatically among the exquisite counterpoints of a magnificent symphony. . .Sounds blend with a broader spectrum of colors and scents as, feather-light and graceful, I dance on tiptoe through the open spaces of a vista of green lawns, sparkling fountains, blossoming trees and shrubs, twittering birds, and an endless profusion of flowers. . .Leaping higher, I soar silently through strange and wonderful cloud-kingdoms. . .

An alarm sounds and I land with a jolt. Who sounded the alarm? The Prodigy? How dare he or any Other interrupt so rudely? Why? Pulling myself together, I rush toward the alarm and the frantically flashing monitor of the communication-window. I throw it open and immediately reel backward from the verbal

assault in progress.

" . . .goddam silly smirk off your face and take something seriously for a change. I'm goddam sick and tired of your goddam irresponsible attitude! If you don't get off your goddam ass and carry your share of the goddam load, I'm going to let the whole goddam organization know you aren't even fit to be a goddam junior clerk! And furthermore, . . ."

The Colleague. He's been becoming more and more critical of me for months, and it's



really getting to me. I know he's pretty hair-triggered and his wife nags him, but this is ridiculous! *Why, he looks and sounds like my father!*

As the corridor begins to throb with fury, I stab THE Button and immediately a counterflow of seething invective is launched. With a surge of elation, I realize that my counter-volley has been so effective that it has arrested his tirade in mid-sentence.

I slam the communication-window and

return my attention to the corridor. The throbbing of the walls has subsided, and I am beginning to be shaken by the recoil of the forces I have unloosed.

Now why did I go and do that? I have to work with that guy and he is damn good in his way. I should have recognized that he was building up hostility. I could have headed off that explosion if I had opened the communication-window more often. Now communication has been inhibited so seriously that it will be next to impossible to restore it.

Is this what the Prodigy has been whimpering about? Was he trying to warn me? I shouldn't have turned down the intercom. Several alarms are sounding, but I am obsessed with my desire to escape from this depressing debacle.

Weak and trembling, I flee into another corridor. I find myself in a dimly-lighted gallery lined with pictures of various situations in the past in which I have caused myself incalculable distress by pushing THE Button to hastily. My cheeks and temples are burning with shame as I try to hasten from this wretched place; but my steps are strangely hindered, as if I were walking in some sticky substance such as spilled syrup or paint that is not yet dry.

Somewhere, someone is chain smoking, answering the telephone, checking papers, giving instructions, signing documents, eating a solitary lunch — but that is of no interest to me.

Totally despondent, I lunge around a turn and find myself in a low and narrow tunnel. It is dim and shadowy, and it becomes increasingly dank and murky as I try to hurry along. My steps slow as the tunnel drops lower, and I seem to be plodding along in ankle-deep mud. The rough stone walls are covered with mold and slime.

With morbid perseverance, I press onward. I would like to turn back, but I cannot bear to face the damning evidence in the picture gallery. There has to be a turn-off before long!

Now I am groping in nearly total darkness, and with each slogging footstep I sink to my knees in quagmire. I dare not pause or I will be trapped by the grasping quicksand. Loathsome things slither about me in the darkness, and there is a ghostly rustle of wings about my head and ears.

Sobbing and gasping, I struggle on, as the throbbing in my ears rises in an intolerable crescendo.

An alarm is blasting somewhere near, and a luminous monitor panel appears in the darkness. . .Searing, rending pain! What has happened? Has someone or something struck me a blockbuster blow in the chest? The agony engulfs me and I cannot get my breath. An incredible, white-hot thunderbolt streaks down my left arm and immobilizes it.

Doggedly, hopelessly, I lurch forward once more and stumble into emptiness. The blackness of the pit engulfs me.

Somewhere, someone screams; some Other runs, shouts, stretches a limp body on the floor; but I am falling, endlessly falling in the hungry nothingness.

When awareness returns, I am waiting. The Men in White are consulting in the adjacent room, and I must wait until they reach a decision.

I have been here before, but this time there is an atmosphere of weighty concentration and solemn deliberation. I want to enter the room, to express my wishes even though I cannot quite remember what they are; but I am helplessly immobile, like a disconnected machine.

The voices drone on, but I can only catch an occasional word. “. . . .suppressed. . . .psychosomatic. . . .tension. . . .physical damage. . . .entity. . . .withdrawal. . . .death. . . .purpose. . . .assist. . . .good. . . .”

I do not know who the Men in White are or

why I am here. They are not like the Others; and I dimly comprehend that they have some urgent concern with the pattern and purpose of my life, although it is unfathomable to me. In a state of total abstraction, I wait with neither hope nor dread for whatever they determine is to be.

With no detectable movement through time or space, I find myself in a familiar corridor. The alarm is no longer sounding, and the monitor panel registers only a dull ache in my chest.

The sensors report hospital sounds and odors. The audio conveys: “Doctor says to keep you under sedation for tonight.”

I try to tell them that I go tripping worse than a pot-head on any kind of sedative, but I cannot get the communication-window open and an indicator on the monitor panel vibrates slightly at the momentary prick of a needle. A great weariness overwhelms me as I drift away along the corridor.

I do not know how much time has passed, but I spring to attention. Oh, yes! I remember now. The hospital.

Dark. Must be late at night. Music. *Muskc0* Music! Dance band music of the '30's. Must be a nostalgia program on one of the allnight radio stations.

Who the devil is playing the radio at this hour? Something very strange about this. Hospitals don't permit loud radios or TV's.

Have to find out where it's coming from. Mustn't let a nurse catch me. . . .Check the hallway and adjacent rooms. . . .Nothing. Don't even hear it any more.

Back to bed. Head on the nice, cool pillow. Music. The music! My God, it's inside my head! . . .The sedative! Pot-head!

Oh, well, I'll try to ignore it and go to sleep. I continue to drift along the corridor.

The music has stopped. Now there is a newscast babbling interminably. I try to ignore the words, hoping it will end soon, but it drones garrulously on and on. I am fairly certain that the Prodigy is responsible for all kinds of illusions, dreams, and such stuff, but he must be very thoroughly stoned to put on such a stupid program as this.

An audio monitor signals: Intelligibility Index zero! Why, it sounds like double-talk or something! If the Prodigy is putting on this dumb show, why would he signal that there is something wrong with it? Maybe he wants me to listen for some reason. Might as well — can't sleep anyway.

“In the city today. . . .a remarkable thing (clack). . . .a remarkable thing (clack). . . .a remarkable thing (clack). . . .In other parts of the world. . . .unexpected developments (clack). . . .unexpected developments (clack). . . .unexpected developments (clack). . . .And now for the weather. . . .about the same today and tomorrow (clack). . . .about the same today and tomorrow (clack). . . .about the same today and tomorrow (clack). . . .” What the hell's going on here?

Oh, guess the newscast is over — the music has started again. The music has picked up tempo and now it is a lively, lilting tune. A throng of children has appeared from nowhere and they are frolicking around me, chattering and shrieking with laughter. I wish they would go away and let me sleep, but they are enjoying themselves immensely. Finally the good witch of some-direction-or-other gathers them up on her broom and they go flying away, singing for all they are worth. “We're off to see the Wizard,” no less! “Good-bye, Mr. Watson!” they chorus, “Good-bye!” As they disappear in the distance, one — trailing slightly behind — calls back, “Good-bye, Mis-ter Wat-son!”

At last! Now for some sleep!

Sleep — hah! A trapdoor springs open and the children come bounding out, laughing and shouting boisterously. They have been joined by a marching band and a team of acrobats. I crouch in disgust and weariness while the bedlam swirls about me. I can't take any more of this. Got to get away from here.

I finally make my way through the pandemonium and enter a restaurant. The place is crowded, but it is better than the riot I have just left. I never realized, though, that people could make such a racket with supposedly quiet personal conversation. I try not to listen, but I can't help hearing the conversation at the next table: ". . .and he said to me (thump). . .and he said to me (thump). . . and he said to me (thump). . . .so I said to him (thump). . .so I said to him (thump). . .so I said to him (thump)."

What *is* this? I look at the people more closely. Clumsy position, expressionless faces, stringy hair, crudely-jointed arms. . .Marionettes! All of them! And the restaurant is only flimsy, sketchily-painted flats.

Suddenly, I discover a wizened little old stage manager rushing frantically about, working levers to create an illusion of movement and action, rewinding the faulty and repetitive speech mechanisms, propping up collapsing scenery. . .

Why, he reminds me of the few glimpses I have caught of the Prodigy! *Could it be the Prodigy?* But the little old man has disappeared.

I stumble back outside and the uproar is worse than ever. Enough is enough! GET OUT OF HERE!

They look at me in surprise, but the racket continues. I note with satisfaction that the trapdoor is open behind them. Shouting and gesticulating, I back them through it. The band is playing triple *forte*, but the continue to give ground step-by-step before my determined onslaught.

Finally they are all gone and I slam the door and secure it thoroughly. Only a trace of slight vibrations from below lets me know that the band is still stamping around and blaring at full volume.

Ah! The silence. The beautiful, beautiful silence! After all the endless din, it has a keenness of texture that is almost a sound in itself.

It *is* a sound! Pipe organ music. Everything in sharps. Beautiful baroque pipe organ music. I'll settle for that. Sleep — oh, boy!

**A**udio: "Roll over just a little, please." Hastily, I open the communication-window. *Please, nurse, that stuff is giving me mind-blowing hallucinations!*

Doubtful. Still pushing me over to get at my hip. Got to stop her. I roll the opposite way, continuing to protest vigorously.

"Now, now! Mustn't get upset! Doctor will be here soon. Guess we can wait and see what he says."

Oh, wow! Couldn't have taken much more of that! Doctor coming. Got to get things sorted out.

The kooky hallucinations. The overworked stage manager resorting to all kinds of makeshifts. . .

Could the Prodigy be trying to tell me he can't handle everything I've been leaving for him to take care of?

What happened to me, anyway? Heart attack? Couldn't be — I wouldn't feel perfectly okay now.

Let's see. Hit THE Button again like a dang fool. Once too often, I guess. Too much pressure coming from somewhere. Over-reacted because. . .because. . .

Suddenly I *know*. I race through the corridors to the Locked Room. I had vowed never to come here again. Even told myself I

had forgotten the way. Why did I throw away the keys? I batter frantically and futilely at the locks.

Abruptly, the door opens, although the locks are intact. *Who did that?* I thought I had a half-glimpse of a small figure darting out of sight. I'll have to think about that later — this won't wait.

The pictures are still here, just as they have always been. I gather my resolve to face them.

My Father, picking me up in his arms and saying, "Hey, Son, you're all right now. Daddy won't let anyone hurt you." . .Clenching my teeth, I rip down the canvas: My father, frowning down at me as I stand, disheveled and sobbing — "What's the matter, cry-baby? Can't you take up for yourself?"

My Father, smiling and telling an amusing story as my mother and I sit at the table listening eagerly, too captivated to remember to eat. . . Grimly, I grab at the canvas and strip it away: My father, cursing and snarling at a few moments' delay, while my mother — ill, and exhausted from the long day's toil at the factory — seasons with her tears the food she is bringing to the table.

Oh, God! I can't bear it! I can't go on. . .but I *must!* I will never be free from it until I have accepted the bitter truth — all of it!

My Father speaking calmly and reassuringly as I stand uncertainly on the diving-board, "Come on, Son. You can do it. Just take a deep breath and then jump. I'll be right here." . . I claw away the counterfeit and stare at the original: My father, scowling and grumbling, "Goddam sissy! Might as well put a dress on you and make a girl out of you!"

My Father's warm smile as he declares, "It's the nicest Christmas tree we've ever had. Say, Sonny Boy, what do you want most of all for Christmas?" . . Numbly, I remove the fabrication and view the actuality: My father's

smug expression as he gloats, "I'm going to get me a Christmas tree today, and some new ornaments. My new ring will be ready, too — really elegant intaglio-cut hematite in a massive gold setting. Expensive, but it looks it. . . What do you mean — roller skates? Your new school pants and jacket were your Christmas present. You'll get a shirt and maybe some socks if you're lucky."

My Father beaming with pride as my family and I visit with him and mother and tell of all our little joys and triumphs. . . I rend the sham and expose the fact: My father, dark with anger, his eyes piercing like arrows — "I don't give a damn how old you are! You still don't know what's good for you. Now promise me that you'll never do a stupid thing like that again!"

My Father on his deathbed. My grief is soothed and comforted by his gentle words, "I've always loved you, Son. I'm very proud of you." . . I sweep away the lie and face the truth: My father, abnormally quiet and subdued — friendly enough, but expressing no real affection — hungrily grasping all that I can give of myself and more, and giving me nothing. . nothing.

With the shreds of hopeless longings and futile dreams under foot, I survey the unadorned actualities. Why did I ever try to deceive myself? It is painful to accept the inexorable facts, but it is better than the agony of yearning for that which never was and never can be.

A surge of compassion flows through me and carries away the dregs of bitterness. What made him that way? What had he suffered that turned him into what he was? Or was he that way from the beginning? Perhaps I shall never know the answer. I do not believe that it can be found within the corridors.

But it is too late for anything to be changed — too late for false hope, and too late to waste time in vain regret. *Requiescat in pace.* I shall

leave the door ajar, but I have no interest in returning here.

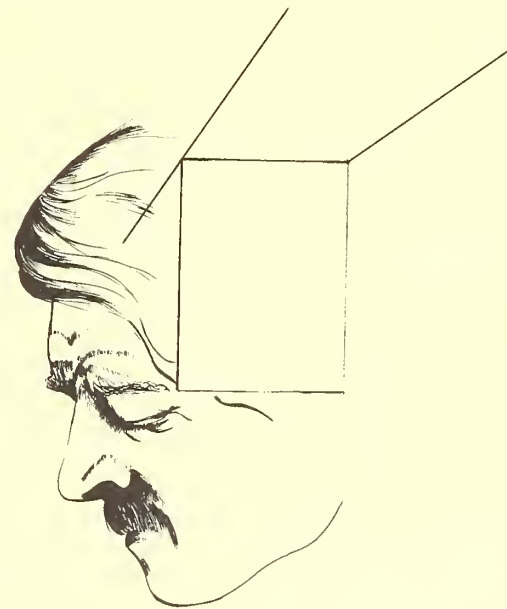
**A**udio, very softly and tentatively: "Jim?" The Colleagues's voice. I throw open the communication-window and greet him warmly. He is standing there self-consciously, holding a vase of flowers and a couple of my favorite magazines. "Gee, Jim, I didn't realize there was anything wrong. I hope you'll forgive me for being such a bastard."

"As one bastard to another, old buddy, let's both forget it ever happened. I'm sure things are going to be better between us from now on. . . I'm all right — just caused a big uproar over nothing."

The Doctor. "Sorry I've been delayed. Emergency, you know. You're a very lucky guy. You'd better get rid of some of that tension, or next time it's going to be a heart attack for real. . . I guess you can be discharged today if you will promise to take a few days off and relax. Okay? See me at the office in a week — I'll have to make sure you're behaving yourself."

Easing along the corridor. Someone is peeking around a corner. *The Prodigy!* I hold out my hand and the pixie child-man takes a hesitant step toward me. Little fellow, it's time we got together.

Together! What a beautiful word! I hope we're going to be friends. Very good friends!



## Water

a doe and two fawn come near  
I move an arm to show I'm there  
in a prance they disappear  
A bull moose raises  
his head at the deer's fright  
With a look of concern  
I assure him the brook's water is my desire  
A gesture of acceptance  
of water's necessity  
and ecstasy  
is given by the elder moose  
Stepping to the water's edge  
I notice two other moose appear  
Much younger these others  
coming closer to observe the strange stranger  
My preoccupation with the water  
is familiar  
The moose are reassured  
and once again drink freely  
not afraid to close their eyes

Rudy  
Schutter

## Untitledable

sound of a sight  
sight of a thought  
the feeling of that sense  
which peels the brain  
auctions the soul

fear for a price  
time and space  
phenomena.  
that which seeks to know me  
through this lifes stage  
that which believes not  
that which is seriously bound  
a quest, scientific dissection  
this thing love  
of what stuff must it be  
imagined; the examiners pondering patience  
all the time in a minute  
eighty billion years  
a decision favorable or dissatisfactory  
I deny faith in any experiment  
whether the results be sterile  
or acceptable

to that which plays with the players  
I leave

my gun

## Swan Volcano

The trees sway,  
as links of the mountains necklace.  
Tall straight and bare  
to the tops of their green ceilings,  
are the pillars of the doe's palace.  
A hill's crown, daring to reach  
through thinner air.

The pine, threatens grazing  
of elk, moose, deer,  
and buffalo.  
Animals in anger sharpened  
their antlers and stripped  
the bark to bring death  
and show the weakness  
of the saplings.

A rocky soil, too weak to hold  
the top heavy helm of a raven  
through a strong wind  
or the rush  
of a melting snow.

A land in memory  
of earth's last eruption.  
Still warm, still shaking,  
yet still.

A crack, a squeak, a groan.  
The enchanted forest,  
trees leaning on one another.  
a squirrel's crackle  
a chipmunk's chirp  
the raven's waring.

There, a seven foot rattler skin,  
 the serpents seasonal wardrobe...  
 Yet later, further on,  
 where it is quiet,  
 where it is calm.  
 The swan curves its neck  
 to the river world gliding by  
 .No movement is caught ,  
 perhaps a trail is obtained by  
 the imperfect eye.  
 A white feather throne  
 is now near a separate bank.  
 Hours later through the stationary existence  
 the white love comes near again.  
 A feeling grows, an expansion in the chest  
 or perhaps an emptiness there,  
 caused by a deterioration of substance.  
 Without movement or loss of position  
 the white goddess is drawn by the vacuum  
 of her place in my soul.  
 The world has shrunk,  
 and we are near.  
 As I stand from behind the riverside brush ,  
 the world again expands,  
 the swan and I are removed,  
 as molecules of a heated gas  
 become further and further apart,  
 until if contained they may explode  
 or may just expand to nothing  
 left only to hold  
 the breath through death.

A parting, a leaving  
 a shallow deception of fear,  
 leaving a salty tear  
 in the eye of an intruder  
 at being taken as ugly  
 or cruel,  
 in the wrong place,  
 the wrong mind.  
 A white love is now a white puff  
 as it is drawn away.  
 An explosion occurs somewhere,  
 bringing together particles  
 and then sending the news of their energy  
 to the boundaries  
 of a surrounding limit.  
 It was only a raven's cry,  
 to declare outrage  
 at my concern with the  
 goddess.  
 The vision fades,  
 all turns red  
 in the Fall's sunset,  
 a journey continues into the black night.  
 A walk continues,  
 a volcano rumbles,  
 and sleep approaches with winter;  
 a cave lies only miles away,  
 to enter days of the dreams  
 and give the soul  
 a rest from the separations,  
 the definitiveness.

Rudy  
 Schutter

Ah! Love! 'tis not enough to sit and play the Bach, - to

Lie along at night and read the Book, O God of Jonah, Job and

Joseph - this floor is cold and hard! it spins, unfelt, beneath my

feet - turning away, i fall to sleep and dream of flesh. there

ALWAYS A SONG in my heart when I wake, no lively fugue, or

mournful psalm, or sleep soft seduction. La Chanson des

Viewx Amants - A whisper, that draws me near and

NEARER - A cloak to WARM me - for dreams are not enough

and waking - I HAVE Left the storm and walked

into the night.



ransom

A fight! A fight!  
My brain's stuck on "bright"  
and they won't let me stop the current.  
They shout "produce"  
I've got to cut loose  
before all of my mind is spent.

I had it then I lost it  
I burned it, then I bossed it  
and I stuck it down a hole to germinate  
I kissed it, then I killed it  
but before the hole was filled in  
some goofy gut yelled "Terminate"

So now I'm bound head to toe  
by some creatures, don't you know  
my own conscience, slave driver mine.  
As I pound the silly keys  
my brain is on it's knees  
begging: Time, my life is on the line.

And as you're looking in  
I reflect your simple grin  
You console and ask "What's the matter?"  
I am lying on the floor  
and I'm crazy what is more  
so are you and your old Hatter.



Dave Patrick

small weeds pushing up from  
under grey sand  
shaded by a wet fern  
under a tall plant wearing  
purple leaves  
three small squirrels sit

staring  
unmoving  
Surrounding all, a glass dome  
with one word on it's side  
PYREX

Gail  
bloom

# Christmas 1937



Jim Swarthout

by Deane Riley

58

The porcelain clock on Mrs. Stevens dressing table read 3:30 p.m. she knew at exactly 3:45 p.m. the back door would open and bang shut as one continuous movement; this would herald the arrival of Bessie from school.

As she removed her glasses and rubbed her eyes; she had a feeling of deep satisfaction. For the past two hours she had been sewing a costume of white muslin for her young daughter. She was finished except attaching the gossamer wings to the angel outfit. Mrs. Stevens was

pleased that Bessie had been picked to play the main angel in the school's Christmas play; however, she couldn't help but smile with the thought that Bessie would have made a better shepard.

The back door opened then closed with a loud bang. There she was looking like a painted elf. Blue eyes, nose and cheeks reddened by the winter's day. Off came the blue coat, green hat, and faded yellow mittens; all carelessly thrown over the back of the rocking chair. School books, note paper, and lunch box flopped on the kitchen table.

“Hello love,” Mrs. Stevens said, “How did the play and school go today?”

“Fine, just fine, but I have something to tell you. It's a matter of life or death.”

“Go wash your hands and you may have a nice piece of bread with honey.”

“Not yet Mama, this can't wait; I must tell you this very minute. I'm in love, completely in love.”

“What's his name?”

“Oh Mama, it's not a stinkin' old boy, it's a bicycle.”

“A bicycle?” Mother laughing said “Last week it was Mr. Olson's black horse, and the week before that it was Katie's kittens, all five of them.”

“I know and I did love them, but this is different. I'll just die if I can't have it.”

Mother said, “will you please stop

.....  
talking so fast; I can hardly understand a word you are saying.”

Impatiently I told her, “Oh, Mama, please listen to me. It's the most important thing in my life. I'm trying to tell you about the wonderful girl's white balloon tired bike. Coming from school I saw it today in Mr. Bob's store window. If I can't have it I just might throw myself off a high cliff.”

“What nonsense is that? Of course you won't jump off a cliff, and you know we do not have money for a new bicycle.” said Mother.

“It will soon be Christmas; couldn't Santa bring it to Me?” I pleaded.

“How come last year you told me with all the authority and malice of a ten year old, “there is no Santa Clause?” Now you expect him to bring an expensive bicycle.”

“Oh, forget him, couldn't you and Dad get it for me. I won't ask for any

other presents. I promise I'll do the dishes every night, hang up my clothes, and keep my room clean. You won't even have to tell me. Not even once. I promise, I promise, I promise."

"Honey, you know we would get the bicycle for you if we could, and you also know perfectly well your Dad hasn't worked for the past six weeks. We just don't have that kind of money."

"Then will you please just come and see it with me? Please, Mama, please, I want you to see it. It looks so grand with a big red bow tied around the white leather seat."

"Tomorrow when I do the food shopping for the holidays you can come with me, and I shall look at your latest love." Mother said.

The next day was lovely, not a bit like December, more like May. It was fun walking to town with Mama; she always looked so pretty and smelled so good. I thought will I ever be as lovely as Mama?

After shopping we went to Mr. Bob's shop; just two blocks from the grocer's store. As we came up to the window, my heart was pounding so fast I thought I might get sick.

I told Mama, "I'm going to faint, yes I am, I'm going to faint dead away right here on the street."

Mother quietly said, "Aren't you exaggerating a bit? You're not going to faint; you have never fainted in your life."

We stood admiring the white bicycle; Mother then turned and looked down at me. With a smile she said, "Yes, Bessie, it is a most attractive bicycle; would you like to go

inside?"

As we entered the door, we were announced by the tinkling of a small bell. Mr. Bob came from the back room wiping grease from his hands with a dirty rag. When he saw Mama, a big smile covered his homely face. "Hello there Lillian, how are you today? You look pretty as a picture," he said.

A lovely pink color came to my Mother's face as she said, "I'll bet you tell that to all the girls. How is your wife and nice family Bob?"

"Good, Lillian, good." He turned to me then back to Mother and asked, "Which one of your girls is this; Nellie, Bessie, or Jeannie?"

This made me mad, after all these years wouldn't you think he would know I'm Bessie. Everytime he sees one of us he asks the same darn, dumb question.

"This is Bessie; the baby of the family."

"Well what do you know about that; they sure grow up in a hurry." he said as if surprised. "What do you think about this fine weather we are having?"

Now I was getting annoyed. Why, I thought, do grown-ups have to talk so much and say so little.

"Looking for a bicycle for yourself?" he teasingly asked Mother.

"Heavens no, Bessie has been pestering me to come by to see the handsome white bicycle in the window."

Mr. Bob said, "That one is a real beauty. It's so classy it even has a name, "White Lightning"."

They both laughed, but I couldn't see the joke if there was one. Grown-

ups do have strange ways.

He took one step up the small platform where the "White Lightning" was on display, and gently wheeled it to the floor.

"Bessie," he said in a quiet voice, "I can't let you ride it, the tires will get dirty then it won't look new; however, if you like you may sit on it."

I knew I would surely die, me sitting on the "White Lightning."

I could vision Christmas morning. There is would be parked by the Christmas tree. I'd put on a brand new green fuzzy snow suit, one just like Claire wears, I'd get on my new bicycle and ride all over the neighborhood. The other kids would be jealous of me and say, "there goes that stuck-up rich kid, Bessie."

"How much is it Bob?" Mother asked.

For just a second he hesitated as if an apology. "Lillian it's \$19.95."

I saw the smile leave Mother's face. "Does it really cost so much? I never dreamed it would be so expensive." she said.

"Well it is my most expensive model. But for an old friend I could knock off a couple dollars, say \$17.95."

Mother shook her head sadly, I'm sorry there is just no way we can afford so much money at this time. You know Eugene went back to the Foundry in Provo just last week."

Mr. Bob looked troubled then he said, "I wouldn't do this for anyone but you; maybe we could work out a deal where you put a dollar down and pay fifty cents a week."

Mother was silent for just a

second. I held my breath — then she said, "No, Bob, we don't ask credit from anyone. If we can't afford it we do without."

Now I knew for sure I would die, but this time from disappointment. As we walked home the day was no longer so pretty, or the Christmas decorations so brilliant.

I wouldn't give up hope. Maybe, just maybe, if I were very good and pray very hard a miracle would happen.

On the eve of Christmas, as if by request, a slight cold rain started to fall then turned to snow. I thought we'll have a white Christmas for my white bicycle.

Christmas morning I did not have to be called or coaxed out of bed, but was awake before the sun came over the mountains. Dad was building a fire in the coal stove. I heard him say, "Bessie, just as soon as the chill is off the room you can come in and see what Santa brought."

"Oh, Daddy," I shouted, "Stop kidding me. I don't believe in that fat fraud." I couldn't stand the suspense much longer. Would it be there waiting for me?

I thought I would throw-up.

"You can come out now Bessie." Dad called.

I banged out of the cold bedroom, bumped my head on the door, but I didn't even feel it. The front room was warm and smelled of pine. There it was just like in my dreams. It was so beautiful, so beautiful I didn't notice it wasn't new, it wasn't white at all but red, no balloon tires, it wasn't a girl's bicycle but a boy's. It was everything I had ever wanted.

To A Teacher

Have we already made the dream into a velvet blanket  
which covers the teardrops which have never stopped  
falling from the yawning sky?  
I don't know who you were when you needed to be  
someone who could relate to someone like me  
Whoever you were, I miss him  
I never admired another as much  
and with the added respect, it seemed an uncanny affinity;  
and still there is respect.  
But you scare me now when I watch you searching  
for a new way to get at life  
and when I fear that life is nowhere near you  
Teacher, turn around, it's time for someone else to teach you something  
I can feel you when you feel for bright warm women who hang loose  
and rapp for hours about Kurt Vonnegut. Kurt Vonnegut.  
To hell with Kurt Vonnegut.

When I am self-assured  
When I'm freaked or stoned....freak out friend, it's good for you....  
I feel overwhelmed by the searchlights you send out to find me  
I wonder where your heart goes when your mind forgets to give it shelter  
where it finds the time to climb into blossom; how it can conjure up  
enough courage to reach out for time - and space - and all your  
mind grasps for so anxiously  
below the sweaty sun  
dripping in beams  
pounding away at the head it hides from

When we met you had to cover over glowing grin with hand  
You smile at innocence, you know  
You fear it, too, especially your own  
Like the way you weep  
    then deny it  
    and expect me to figure out why  
I used to think I was wrong about life because I looked at it  
through people like you  
I called myself a coward  
What a fool!  
I called the wrong person

When I'm hard on humanity  
Am I in audacity asking myself  
If I am better than the rest?  
Isn't I who claims to love  
all of humanity?  
When I expect the unexpected am I  
asking a potential me  
to materialize in someone else's entity  
So I'll be sure the would be me is still worth striving for  
Wasn't it I who knew that if not for humanity  
None of us would be who we are?



Sandra Ward

He is the Psychiatrist

One must be strong  
To go down  
    all the way  
        to the bottom  
            of the dark staircase  
because it sways past surreal hallways  
and ends its guided tour  
on the lower landing of the dead

I could call him to tell about  
the one astounding gunshot that would bid the fears goodbye  
He does not know they're real. But he is not strong enough  
to come down here with me to see for himself  
He only hears He has not  
yet learned to listen

Have i in eighteen adult years  
watching silly children on my way out of suburban windows  
in yellow draped bedrooms  
The unsheltered sanctum of anxiety  
    Trapped  
by pinching nerves  
    and muffled ingenuity

Moratorium

I'm never again going to say I'm sorry  
I'm never going to feel the guilt of man on my shoulders again  
If woman wants to hide from hell and bury herself in her depths  
of degradation and anonymity  
tell her for me I don't give a damn  
I don't even see her humiliated body  
If the poor are too abused to choose another life than one  
of lethargy  
far will it be from me to offer them new motivation  
If any man is poor, I am his sibling not his lover  
For today I am facing a cynicism which has been harboured for too long  
I'll introduce it to my skepticism tomorrow  
the next day I'll carry a mask on my face crying  
indifference  
I'm never again going to say I'm sorry  
My mind will never see visions of enslaved men in prison cells again  
and when the senators rove through the wards of insane asylums  
to watch the captive lunatics act out  
I will not cry  
My death is already here, and akin to theirs.

Nancy Carta



Maureen  
martindale

I am

the wren that cries for freedom  
while coming to feed  
on your windowsill

the paraplegic  
dancer  
a thousand moves  
unsaid

the Oriental philosopher  
born in a Chicago slum  
the saint, as holy  
as a dying man

and yet they trust me  
they still  
trust me



Dave Patrick

Of Milhouses, watergates and  
Other Dam things

I never saw a lying prez  
I never hoped to see one  
But if I could have guessed ahead  
I should have known he'd be one

kim anne  
parker

Flying

Alone over the country  
Free from all earthly bonds  
In control of my own destiny  
Suspended in gods hands

John  
murphy

A  
Small

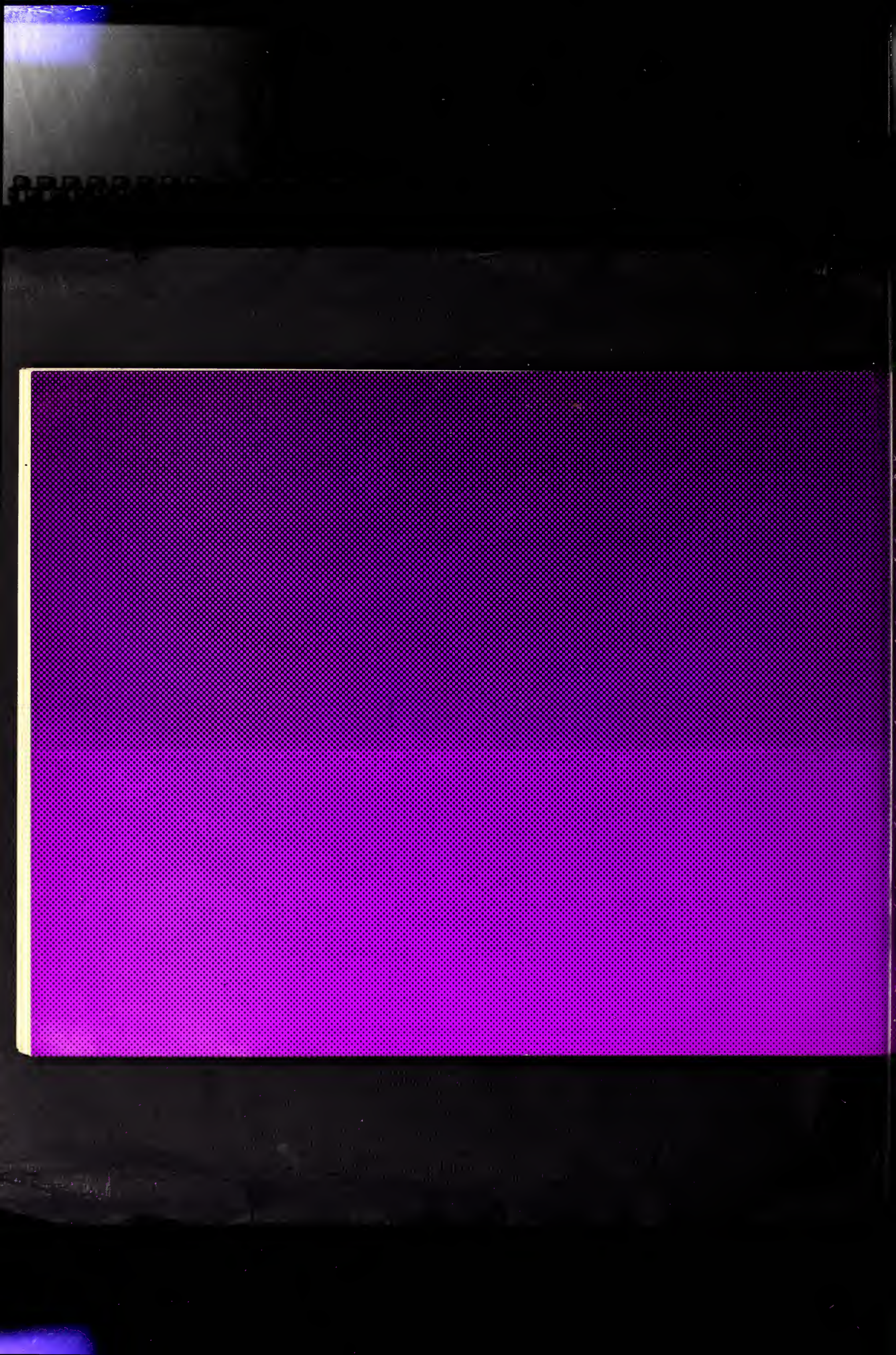
Sloop goes forth  
Easily cutting the water  
On a voyage that will take it to  
New and unknown shores. But for now  
Captain,  
Log your position  
And sleep, Orion will take the first watch while  
The lord's cool breath gently fills your sails.

At ease with nature  
The gull skims close to the sea  
Living with the breeze











P'an ku





The Fourth

The dark night sky  
Was attacked in July  
By Multi-color independence.

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# Table of Contents

## POETRY

<i>Edwina Jaffe</i>	4	<i>Joel Rosenfeld</i>	38
<i>Edwina Jaffe</i>	5	<i>Candi LaVigne</i>	39
<i>Jo DiCenzo</i>	6	<i>David K. Fries</i>	41
<i>Ann Finnegan</i>	7	<i>Carol Ives</i>	42
<i>Doug Smith</i>	7	<i>David Westcott</i>	42
<i>Gail Bloom</i>	8	<i>Candi LaVigne</i>	47
<i>Becky Ryals</i>	9	<i>Edwina Jaffe</i>	48
<i>Edwina Jaffe</i>	10	<i>Becky Ryals</i>	49
<i>Joanne Potanovic</i>	12	<i>Gail Bloom</i>	49
<i>Joanne Potanovic</i>	13	<i>Gail Bloom</i>	50
<i>Millard Wooten</i>	16	<i>Gail Bloom</i>	51
<i>Samuel Watson Jr.</i>	16	<i>Edwina Jaffe</i>	52
<i>Doug Smith</i>	17	<i>Edwina Jaffe</i>	53
<i>Becky Ryals</i>	24	<i>Carol Ives</i>	54
<i>Samuel Watson Jr.</i>	28	<i>Becky Ryals</i>	55
<i>Samuel Watson Jr.</i>	29	<i>Edwina Jaffe</i>	56
<i>Keith Pharr</i>	31	<i>Ron Renna</i>	58
<i>Millard Wooten</i>	24	<i>David Fries</i>	59
<i>Ron Renna</i>	35	<i>David K. Fries</i>	60
<i>Larry Kohlman</i>	35	<i>Melodie Rolling</i>	61
<i>David Westcott</i>	36	<i>Ron Renna</i>	61
<i>David Westcott</i>	37	<i>David Westcott</i>	62
		<i>David Westcott</i>	63

## PHOTOGRAPHS

<i>David Lenox</i>	1	<i>Sandra Ward</i>	32
<i>Sandra Ward</i>	4	<i>John V. Caspanello</i>	32
<i>Sandra Ward</i>	7	<i>John V. Caspanello</i>	32
<i>Gail B. Miney</i>	8	<i>John V. Caspanello</i>	33
<i>Dave Patrick</i>	9	<i>John V. Caspanello</i>	33
<i>Edwina Jaffe</i>	11	<i>John V. Caspanello</i>	33
<i>Jeffry Siegel</i>	13	<i>Dave Patrick</i>	33
<i>Gene Hyde Jr.</i>	14	<i>Dave Patrick</i>	33
<i>Mike Woodall</i>	15	<i>Dave Patrick</i>	36
<i>Sandra Ward</i>	15	<i>Edwina Jaffe</i>	37
<i>Mike Woodall</i>	15	<i>Sandra Ward</i>	47
<i>Edwina Jaffe</i>	15	<i>Sandra Ward</i>	49
<i>Kim McGlauthen</i>	15	<i>Mike Woodall</i>	50
<i>Gene Hyde Jr.</i>	24	<i>Melodie Rolling</i>	52
<i>Edwina Jaffe</i>	29	<i>Bob Wieman</i>	54
<i>Sandra Ward</i>	30	<i>Gail B. Miney</i>	57
<i>Gene Hyde Jr.</i>	31	<i>Judy Gallagher</i>	63
<i>John V. Caspanello</i>	32		

## ILLUSTRATIONS

<i>Sheree Greenberg</i>	5
<i>Dianne Manno</i>	6
<i>Dianne Manno</i>	16
<i>Mindy A. Maged</i>	17
<i>Mindy A. Maged</i>	18
<i>Mindy A. Maged</i>	23
<i>Mimi Mintzer</i>	28
<i>Mindy A. Maged</i>	40
<i>Sheree Greenberg</i>	55
<i>Steve Walker</i>	56

## SHORT STORIES

<i>Julius and The Great Mass Murder</i>	<i>by Doug Smith</i>	19	Photograph - front page - Dave Lenox
<i>Lost</i>	<i>by Becky Ryals</i>	25	Poem front page - Dave Westcott
<i>The Orchid</i>	<i>by Steve Danzinger</i>	43	Poem - back page - Ruth Thompson



## FOR FEAR OF KNOWING

My heart pounds harder in my chest and tears  
still try to come.

Faint memories of hopes and passions that  
fought so to be complete.

Yet I cannot forget that of all those things I once  
went blindly after -- some I touched.

If only long enough to say, I've been alive,  
I've dreamed -- I've tried with all my heart

To be more than just another space taken up --  
that fears to get old, fears to die, that  
they not be as small as they are.

Can I blame it on age, on a dusty world --  
That fogs my very being.

Can I say now is the time of reckoning and realization

Have I flooded my soul so with the pursuit of love  
that others have walked off laughing,  
have I flooded my being so with the desire to make  
a mark, to avoid mistakes, that I'm looked on as a fool?

This gloom that hangs over me is so like despair  
and loneliness -- am I losing,  
will I soon succumb to the lonely peace some find,  
when they hurt no more for fear of hurting,  
dream no more for fear of nightmares and  
know not themselves for fear of knowing.

*Edwina Jaffee*





Sheree Greenberg

## MADNESS IS A WOMAN

By Edwina Jaffe

Lingering there,  
just close enough  
that she hangs like the odor of musky perfume  
in the air.

Madness,  
with her thrusting hips  
and saltlike tears that plead,  
I need you.

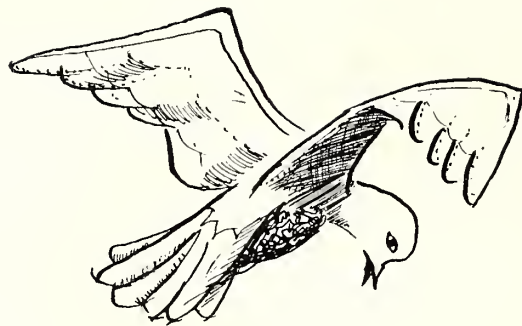
Madness,  
she is always close enough that --  
I can feel her breath, wet breath  
upon the back of my neck

I can hear her foot steps,  
porcupined, needle like footsteps.

Madness,  
sometimes she is a shadow  
a cool ocean shadow that did not reach  
its full intensity.

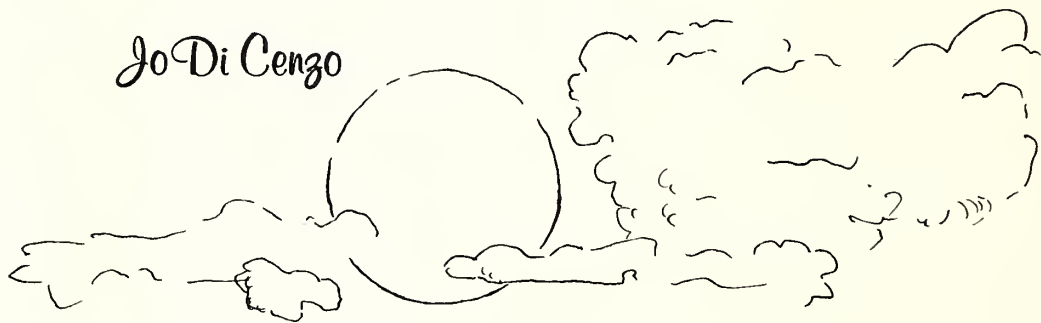
But I fear not to put off the lady madness,  
there is a need of madness  
If we use it as some label -- for an act  
or we lay our face upon her dear sweet bosom  
and sink there.

Edwina Jaffe



High flying seagulls  
race across rippled waters,  
searching for an end

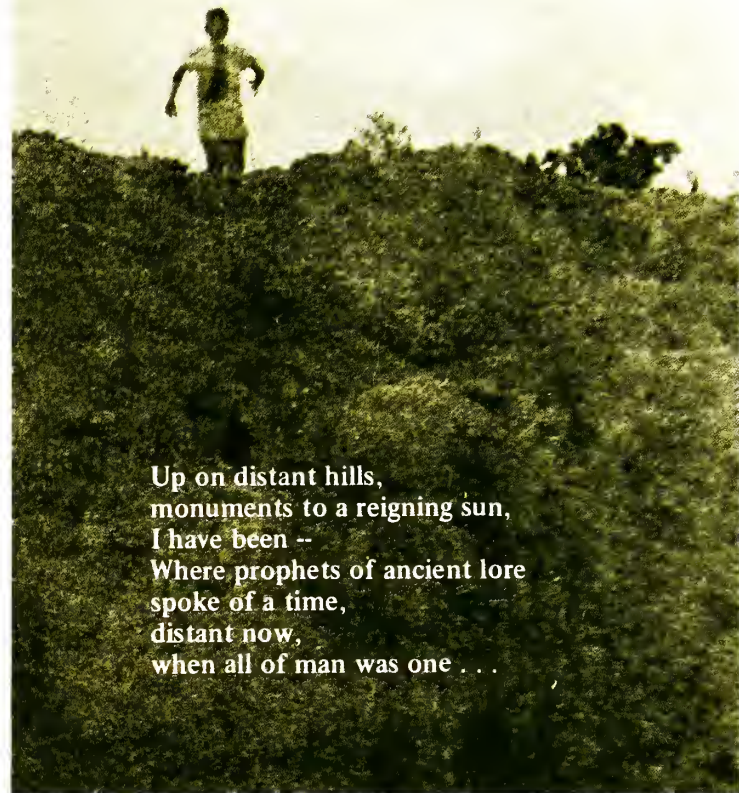
Jo Di Cenzo



Through piney tree tops  
filter sun beams,  
warming the coolest  
mountain streams.

The Monarch's wing reflects  
powdery pastels  
of the painters palette.


*Ann Flannigan*



Up on distant hills,  
monuments to a reigning sun,  
I have been --  
Where prophets of ancient lore  
spoke of a time,  
distant now,  
when all of man was one . . .

Sandra Ward

*Doug Smith*



This noble- tree is what I see  
the kind that induces slumber  
I wanted to go back  
to take a nap  
but it's all been turned to lumber

Progress?

banging, clanging

destroying, stripping

Progress

trees uprooting

boulder smashing

life ending

land flattening

Progress

one step ahead

yesterday's future

tomorrow's past

today's existence

Progress!



## Becky Ryals

### Childhood

An old friend came  
home today  
and mirrored the  
past for me  
I saw how much  
she'd matured  
then took a look  
at myself  
In the place of  
a child playing dolls  
was a full grown  
woman instead  
And it made me  
sad  
to see her  
my childhood  
playmate.



Mimi Mintzer

## Know Thyself

I've wondered for some time now  
If ever reward would bestow itself  
upon me  
If love would seek me out from behind  
thickened walls  
That have been painted with hate by  
my friends.  
And would a beautiful smile place itself  
on my face  
As Utopic paradise forever surrounds  
me

Life could be sweet and unique  
But effortless plans have yet to see  
completion  
As I wait for these things to come  
to me  
I glanced into the mirror  
And did not recognize my own reflection

Samuel L. Watson, Jr



A WORLD IN REVERSE

As much as man has discovered  
Of deepest seas and outer space  
It's truly a puzzle to see a child  
given birth by a sterile mother  
On the same day that the sun and  
moon had coitus  
After which for nine months no sun  
did shine

Bodies drifting by tend to stall  
While empty minds won't let them  
fall  
People finding togetherness is  
demanding  
Though engaged by segregated  
understanding

For after we've waited so long  
The sun has miscarried the new  
day

A mother's new born child has died  
When reasons for birth were not yet  
realized  
Forward or backward oh which twirls  
the earth

Could night birth day if day was  
here first  
Now fate has requested its payment  
in one lump sum  
As it brings back yesterday and  
won't let tomorrow come

Samuel L. Watson, Jr.





STEEL-Gray Faces formlessvoids  
sommnabulistically

moving between  
yellow parallels  
synchronized

red  
amber  
green

Blink progression

NO-WHERE  
NOW-HERE  
NO-WHERE .....

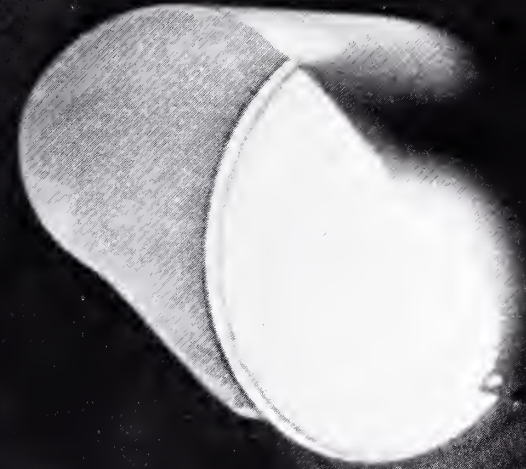
silvery smoked eyes

able only to reflect

D  
E  
F  
L  
E  
C  
T

TARNISHED Metal.

Joanne Potanovic







Mike Woodall



Edwina Jaffe



Kim McGlauthen



Sandra Ward



Mike Woodall

Love Light Lingers

Tenderly the wind teased the pines  
A blue jay for his mask is cryin'  
Softly, the summer sun shines  
And a love light lingers in my mind

Pine cones early bloom  
Jaded grass, a flair with plumes  
The future holds no pending gloom  
Love has healed my latent wounds

Sweet as honey are her silken lips  
When we're together my composure slips  
Mocking birds now sing chirp-chirp  
My heart has turned a trillion flips

Hot as fire my body burns  
My inner soul in a spin is churnin'  
The heavens release a cooling mist  
Chilling with a thrilling bliss

Now mocking birds sing a matin' call  
Summer's fading a proclaimin' fall  
Darkness covers the sun that shines  
And a love light lingers in my mind

Millard Wooten

Samuel L. Watson, Jr



Diane Manno

POW's LOVE LETTER

Miles away from the one I love  
I am becoming aware of things  
that confused me at home  
Things that I once avoided hav  
now become my main concern  
I have learned to enjoy without  
choice  
To be satisfied though I feel  
denied  
Here there are no comforts  
among us inspiration is missing  
too  
My only pleasure is thinking  
of you

Suddenly the dark has begun  
to set in  
I feel my life is about to  
end  
For the guard's whip takes my  
thoughts of you away  
The chains around my legs and  
arms are tightening  
As I try to obey a command that  
I can't even understand  
Finally they let us sleep  
in a cage not fit for a beast  
And I rest easy in heat, rain  
or morning dew  
For these are the times I return  
to my thoughts of you

# The Watchman's Night

The battle over,  
the day slowly melts into a night of savage delight . . .  
The rape of women  
the slaughter of minds,  
pillars to the victor's glory-  
pillars of night.  
The watchman's night of wanting.

On the walls of the lifeless city  
I stood and looked across the dead land,  
barren, bloodstained and blotted  
with the graves of animal and man-  
graves of night.  
The watchman's night of wanting.

And in the silence there was wonder  
of the pillage and the plunder ----

Embers glowing,  
the city aflame,  
brought the death of silence-  
The hollow laughter from fires bright  
the display of power  
the games of might,  
empty fears against the night,  
the watchman's night of longing.

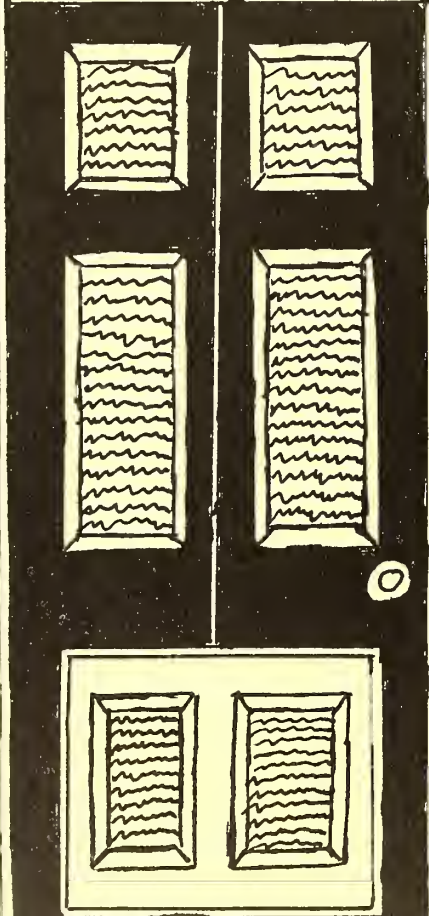
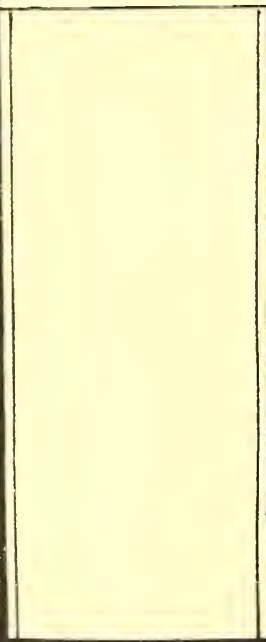
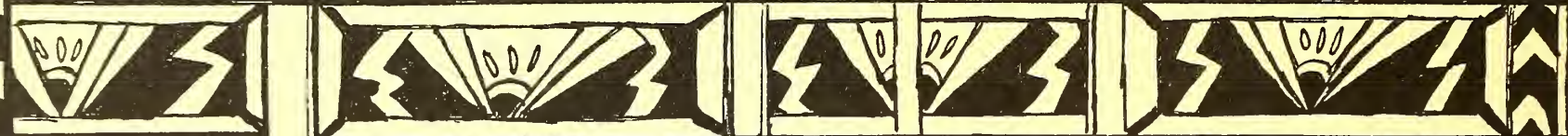
Cries from the city,  
The enemy was not dead,  
They lived forever in my mind,  
like the wind-  
calling me to run,  
for the wilting, withering, winter trees  
bring out my fears and jealousies  
in a night of haunted delight-  
My night of dying . . .

Doug Smith

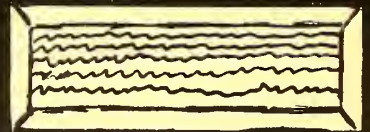
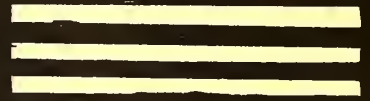
Now dream, softly dream,  
for the pain and sorrow of reality has left its mark  
upon us,  
A scar only to be erased with the passage of time.



# HENKE'S GROCERY & DELICATESSEN



A  
GREAT  
MASS  
MURDER  
HERE  
SATURDAY  
JULY 10  
.10:00 A.M.



MAM

# JULIUS AND THE GREAT MASS MURDER

If you have to work your way through college, don't get a job working for a relative. I tried it the summer of 1923 after I had finished my Freshman year at Kansas State. There were no scholarships available for promising sons of poor clergymen. There was a decided slump in industry and business, and I couldn't find a job anywhere. Urged on by necessity I dispatched a letter to uncle Thaddeus Davis in Tulsa. Uncle Thad owned four grocery stores in Tulsa and environs. Each was operated by some member of the Davis family. Uncle Thad wrote me to come on ahead, that he would find a place for me in one of the stores, that I could save room rent by staying at his place, that Nellie was his favorite sister and he was glad to help her boy up the ladder of success by helping him get an education. He meant it too and it wasn't his fault that I didn't make it off the first rung that summer.

When I got to Tulsa, I found that I would be working in the store that was run by Julius C. Henke. Julius was uncle Thad's son-in-law so that he wasn't really a relative and I've always been thankful for that. On the day that Miranda Davis was sixteen years old, which happened to be Christmas day, she married Julius Henke. He was a country school teacher and was eighteen years older than she was. If she had been thirty instead of sixteen, she would have chosen someone other than Julius for a Christmas present. Julius was an energetic little man who was possessed with the idea of getting ahead in the world. He was so tight fisted with money that he even managed to save a considerable amount from his meager salary. When the time

came that he had a chance to become a businessman instead of a teacher, he eagerly seized the opportunity, using his savings to buy an interest in the store. Uncle Thad gave him a chance to put money gradually into the business so that in due time he could become the sole owner. Julius ran the store that serviced a new country club sub-division, Rose Glenn. This was before the days of electric refrigeration and air-conditioning. People ordered their meat and fruit and vegetables every day. Julius delivered his groceries in a new Ford truck, "The Very Best in Food, The Very Best in Service". He ran a high class store. Everything had to be neat and clean and attractive. He was gracious to his customers and required that his clerks be courteous and pleasant. He was quite willing to have a college student as a clerk. Not everyone went to college in those days. It would add class to his store to say that his "nephew" who was in a State University was taking this chance to learn something about the actual running of a business during his vacation. He gave me quite a pep talk that Sunday at Uncle Thad's.

So it was, that all innocent and unsuspecting, I made my way to Rose Glenn's leading grocery store early Monday morning. The store wasn't open so I went around to the back door, found a wooden crate and sat down to wait. Presently a tall lanky colored boy appeared.

"Hi." I said. "Do you work here?"

"Yas, suh. I does, suh. Does you want to see Mistah Henke?"

"I'm just waiting for the store to open. I'm

to have a job here."

"You mean you is goin to work for Mistah Henke?"

"Well, I really don't know him at all but I need a job and he said I could work here."

"Yes suh, you'll work alright, suh. You won't have any trouble at all as long as you keep a workin'."

"My name's Herbert. What's yours?"

"Just call me Dolf."

There was a low whistle and Dolf called out, "It's OK. Come on."

I was amazed to see another tall lanky boy, the very image of Dolf appear around the corner of the store.

"This is my twin brothah, Mistah Herbert. His name's Adolf Theodore. And my name is Rudolf Roosevelt but here at the store we is just called Dolf."

"Do you both work here?"

"Yas suh, but not at the same time. One of us works in the morning, then the other works in the afternoon and sometimes we changes around the other way. That way, us gets a chance to rest up some and we can earn us some spendin' money."

"Does Mr. Henke know about this arrangement?"

"No suh. Wouldn't do at all for Mr. Henke to know about that. He can think of enough work the way it is and not telling how much he'd have us working. Now, Teddy you be here at 12 sharp. It's goin' to be a hot day and I'll be plum tuckered out."

The afternoon Dolf shuffled off to find a nice shady place to rest just as a freckled faced,

red haired youth joined us. Dolf looked up. Mistah Freddy this is Mistah Herbert. He's goin' to work for Mr. Henke."

"Welcome to the chain gang, Herbie, and above all things mind your manners of a prince or duke or such. Young man, you'll thank me in future years that I drilled good manners into you. It is an important business asset. You can never be a success unless you make a good impression and good manners are the key. In fact, this experience is so valuable that you should be paying me to learn all of this instead of me paying you."

His imitation of Henke was so good that I had to laugh.

"It ain't funny brother," said Freddy. "Just you wait. Why do you want to work here anyway?"

"From what I've been hearing, I don't think I do want to work here but I have to. I'm one of those poor boys working their way through college — I have to earn some money or I can't go back to school. I wouldn't have this job if it hadn't been for uncle Thad Davis."

Freddy whistled. "You mean Mr. Davis? You a relative of his? Now I see the light. Oh, you poor boy! Old Henke can list you as one of the family and you won't get to work 48 hours a week like the rest of us."

"How's that?"

"They just made a law that one can't work over 48 hours a week unless they are paid time and a half for overtime work. Boy, that sure killed old Henke — P-sst here he comes —"

"Good morning, good morning. I see you boys have met. That's fine. I want you all to be good friends. One-for-all, all-for-one. Dolf get that stuff out of the back room, then open up all those new cases of cans and get them out front. Freddy step lively and get this trash hauled away before it's time to start deliveries. Using your muscles makes you strong; nothing like this kind of work if you want to make the school team. Herbert, we'll start right in learning the

grocery business as soon as I get things going but right now give the boys a hand in stocking up the shelves."

That is the way it went all day. As fast as you finished one thing there was Henke with something else for you to do. I had to learn about the store's stock and its prices so that I could take phone orders when Alta was busy with other things. Alta was Julius' old-maid sister. She had been a school teacher but like Julius she had quit that and put her savings into the store. With Alta as his helper, Julius did not have to worry about his employes robbing him. She took phone orders, she kept accounts, she acted as cashier, she was invaluable. It was Alta who suggested the Delicatessen Department. She saw how many of the fresh fruits and vegetables were wasted. Only the best could be used to fill orders. So the idea was to use the good part of the faulty products to make salads and casserole dishes. Alta supervised preparation of the food and did much of it herself. Her products were good and this counter became a big success. The woman customers agreed that it was just too hot to cook when you could buy good food like this and not have to heat up the kitchen.

It was Henke's idea that I should work at the Deli counter. He effused, "Nice blond boy like you in a white coat looks clean. Can't have anyone handling food who isn't immaculate."

I didn't object. Henke had to have the coat laundered. I could not get by without wearing a shirt which saved me laundry bills. Also I could do surreptitious sampling of the items for sale so that I saved on my expenses for food. It took some contriving but I managed. Julius would introduce me to customers in flattering terms as if I were a famous chef doing him a favor. One day as I showed a customer a new salad, her kid grabbed a fist full. Henke say it. "Smart boy you got there. As a former educator I'm always interested in aggressive youngsters. Since he seems to like the salad, Herbert fix him a

package to take home." When they had gone Henke said, "Now that's the diplomatic way to handle the situation like that but if you let anymore brats get their fingers in the food I'll take it out of your pay. Understand?"

One miserable hot day, there wasn't a customer in the store. There wasn't a sound except the droning of the overhead electric fans. The phones weren't even ringing. The morning orders were done and the afternoon orders hadn't started yet. I was leaning on a counter when I began drawing the picture of a giant fly on a piece of wrapping paper. I copied it from a placard that was advertising a new insecticide called Fly-O-San. The pictures of flies and bugs on that placard facinated me. The had a particularly wicked look and I tried to make them look even more evil in my drawing. It is hard today to realize just what problem flies and insects were at that time. It was still the day of the horses and of outside facilities, and flies had many breeding places. There were no successful insecticides. People swatted flies or caught them in screened fly traps or used fly paper or fly poison, none of which seemed to diminish or deter the pests. Just as I finished a monstrous fly and was starting a huge mosquito, I felt Julius behind me breathing down my neck. I fairly held my breath. I knew I would get heck for not being busy at my work. All he said was, "Did you draw that?"

"Yes sir."

"Can you draw some more?"

"Yes sir."

"Can you draw even bigger ones?"

"Why sure —"

And that was all he said. I was puzzled. Old Julius must be sick or maybe it was the heat.

That evening at closing time as I was emptying the Delicatessen counter, Julius said, "I'll want you to stay awhile after the store closes." This request wasn't anything new. Practically every evening I had to stay and help Julius and Alta with going over accounts and all



sorts of odd jobs and I didn't get any extra pay. It was just as Freddy predicted. This evening Julius got out some of Alta's German Bean salad and Southern Ham Sandwich Spread and some crackers and put them on a counter.

"Pull up some stools and sit here a minute," he told Alta and me. "I've got an idea and we might as well eat a bit while we're talking."

I surveyed the German Bean salad with little enthusiasm. Quite a lot of it was left over today so I dug into it quite liberally. I certainly didn't want any more but Julius piled a hefty serving on a paper plate and I had to down it.

Julius began, "You know this new fly killer stuff we just got in, this Fly-O-San, is pretty good stuff. It doesn't stink like the other fly sprays and it doesn't stain. The ads say it doesn't but I tried it out anyway and it really doesn't stain. If we could get folks using it, we could make a killing ha-ha — that's a good pun maybe I can use it too. This afternoon Herbert gave me an idea that may do the trick. What I am going to do is build a cage about four feet square six or seven feet high one side will be covered with wire screen, the other three sides will be covered with heavy cardboard with white paper pasted on over it. On these three sides, I want Herbert to draw pictures of horrible giant flies and bugs. We will get Dolf and the colored porters to catch flies in traps paying them fifty cents for every trap full and we will empty them into the cages. All the time I will run ads in the paper about a big event to take place in Henke's grocery in Rose Glen and finally disclose that a Great Mass Murder is to be committed here on Saturday, July 10 at 10:00 a.m. Then we will kill that solid mass of flies; hundreds of thousands, millions of flies. All deader than doornails."

Julius was so excited about this new project that he didn't have me do the usual disagreeable chores but locked up the store and went off thinking about the great possibilities of this advertising stunt.

Next day, Julius bustled around getting the

cage built. Then he was ready for me to go to work. No sooner did I start drawing than people crowded around to watch me. Julius had the cage moved outside. That way more people could gather round and not obstruct the business of the store.

"Take your time with the drawing Herbert, don't hurry. Take a lot of time."

I was glad to oblige. It was a sight easier than any of the work I had been doing. I got into the spirit of things by acquiring a beret at a pawn shop down town — also a ukelele — I couldn't play the thing but every college "man" in the twenties had to have a ukelele. I wore the beret at a jaunty angle and went at the drawing with as much professional skill as I could muster, I used colored pencils and got some wierd results. As I worked, I made amusing remarks about how this bug looked like my uncle Oscar or that one reminded me of my aunt Minnie in Oscalosa. These remarks pleased the onlookers so Julius has me keep on with the comments only for Pete's sake don't give any local names to any of these bugs. After the walls were almost completely covered, I had to paste on some fresh paper here and there so I wouldn't be done before the date set for the *Great Mass Murder on July 10*.

In the meantime, the cage accumulated more and more flies. The two Dolfs got no time to loaf. The unemployed Dolf was busy making fly traps to set out at the city dumps and other places attractive to flies. He hired younger boys to watch the traps so no one could make off with them. This Dolf made more money on these flies than the one that was working in the store. They were both elated over this unexpected prosperity.

Julius was full of enthusiasm as this promotion of Fly-O-San moved on with every evidence of a successful conclusion. He applied for and received the rights to the sale of Fly-O-San for the whole state of Oklahoma.

"Why, Herbert, anyone knows just plain

hard work gets you nowhere. What you need to have is ideas. This is a great idea. what we are going to do is have you stay out of college next year and have you do this demonstration in every county in the state. Why, you could make enough in one year to pay for all the rest of your college expenses."

I had some misgivings about this idea. Knowing Julius as I did, I was sure that I would have the backbone of the work and he would have the heart of the profits.

Came Friday afternoon July the 9th. The cage was a solid mass of frenzied buzzing flies. It had just been moved into the store for the night. As I was helping put away the delicatessen products, I noticed there were quite a few flies around. In a short time, the number of flies seemed to increase. In fact, by this time, everyone in the store was aware that there was quite a large number of flies about. There was a hurried inspection of the cage. Sure enough there was a tiny opening at the top of the cage and one by one the frantic flies were escaping. Henke, like the boy at the dike stood there with the hand over the hole and yelled for someone to come help him. "Get a hammer. Get some nails."

Dolf finally located a hammer and with everyone telling him what to do, he managed to make the opening larger than it was before.

"That won't do, you dumb-head, you got to nail the lid down tight. We don't need any more flies in there so we don't need to open it again."

With Freddy holding the ladder and everyone giving advice Dolf mounted the ladder. No one will ever know how it happened. Dolf had the hammer raised to nail the lid down tight. Julius himself was helping hold the cage steady. I can't say for sure that Freddy tickled Dolf's leg, but all of a sudden, Dolf wavered and swayed and then fell head first on top of the cage. The card board lid gave way and there was Dolf upside down in the fly cage, his feet waving out of the top. He tried to yell but flies

choked his cries. The Exodus of the hundreds, thousands, and millions of flies was sudden. Soon the store was black with eager hungry flies.

At first every one stood around in stunned silence, all eyes on Julius. All I can say is that Julius must have had a pretty good heart or he would have died then and there. He turned absolutely livid — a strange purplish-red color spread over his face and neck. His eyes bulged. He opened his mouth to speak but words wouldn't come. Then some flies took advantage of the opening. Sputtering, he shrieked, "Get the guns, you fools, get the guns."

Dolf quavered, "Don't shoot me, Mistah Henke, don't shoot me. I didn't do it on purpose. Honest." With that he went leaping through the store to the back door, followed closely by the other Dolf. And, do you know, that was the last we ever saw of either of them. Dolf didn't even come back to collect his last week's pay.

Julius finally got it through the clerks' heads that he wanted them to get the spray guns that he had laid in for the sale to the prospective customers and for every man to get to work using them.

"Close the store," he screamed. "Close the store." That was the only time that the store closed on time all the time I was there. In fact it was only 5:40 and closing time was 6 o'clock. By this time the cage was absolutely empty but the store was infested with one big cloud of flies. You never say anything like it. Every employee got busy with a spray gun. When the air was thick with the hazy mist of Fly-O-San, the store was locked tight, and the participants in this battle of the century had time to take stock.

"Everyone be here tomorrow morning at 5 o'clock. I will pay everyone who helps clean up this mess a bonus of five dollars." So saying, Julius departed.

When he was safely gone, Freddy began laughing. We all felt rather mean for laughing

but we had to laugh anyway. The more we thought about it, the funnier it seemed.

However, everyone showed up in the morning. This Fly-O-San must have been lethal stuff for the carnage was terrific. Of those hundreds, thousands, and millions of flies, every one had perished.

All had wondered how Julius would carry off this humiliating defeat. They had to give him not grudging but whole hearted admiration for the way he handled the situation. He had appeared very dapper and trim in a natty new suit. After he had made sure that all the flies were undeniably exterminated, he had called the Tulsa Tribune. Soon reporters sensing a good story had appeared and took pictures of the store and its smiling urband proprietor standing beside great heaps of very dead flies. Henke greeted all comers with a grand manner.

"We hadn't planned this demonstration to be held in just this fashion but it suffices to show the value of our wonderful new insecticide, Fly-O-San. We won't try to sell you groceries today but we do want you to buy a bottle of this amazing new product, Fly-O-San. You will find it a boon to mankind, as it can rid you of all insects and pests safely and surly."

It was remarkable the amount of Fly-O-San we sold on Saturday July 10th. Julius made enough profit to just about split even on the cost of painting and cleaning the store.

After Julius had saved face, it was strange the way he lost interest in promoting Fly-O-San. In fact, no mention was made of a state wide campaign to sell the stuff. Another strange thing was the way this episode affected old Henke. He was not his usual exuberant, dominating self. He did not push everyone to work to the limit of their endurance. He was quiet and acted almost like a normal human being. One day he cornered Freddy and me in the stock room. He spoke guardedly in a low voice.

"Boys, I want to ask you something. When that infernal cage fell over and they pulled Dolf

out, I could swear that I saw Dolf twice and that two Dolfs went running out of the store. Did I or didn't I see that? Did you see it too?"

"No Mr. Henke, I didn't," said Freddy. I just shook my head and tried to look sad and grieved.

Julius walked away in defected silence doubtless believing that he might be losing his mind.

After this, I had a terrible struggle with my conscience. You can't have a preacher for a father and not have some of his teachings sink in. I thought that the incident had improved Henke so much that it seemed a shame to tell him the truth.

## DOUG SMITH



## HIS NEXT VICTIMS

The night grows chill and damp  
The stars start filing out  
The moon above the horizon grows  
The bats start flying 'bout

The day's been dreary and overcast  
As it continues into the night  
Leaving behind its dark, thick clouds  
To hide the heavenly light

When the hour of midnight comes  
There'll grow a deathly hush  
Deeper darkness will envelope  
Every tree and bush

All the animals will listen  
For what happens on full-mooned nights  
The ghostly scream of terror  
And the sudden winged flight

Then, when the sunlight breaks the wicked spell  
That night behind has left  
They'll see the victim in her bed  
His marks upon her neck

They'll set out to get him  
Put a stake through his heart  
For that's the only way to set him free  
And let his soul depart

But they forgot to bring a lantern  
And the dusk was closing in  
So the vampire had more victims  
To make him young again.

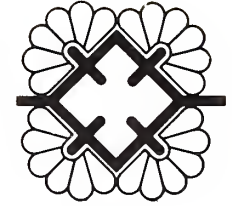
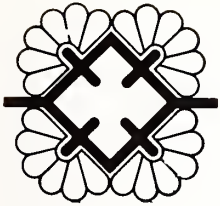


Gene Hyde Jr.

*Becky Ryals*

# LOST

By BECKY RYALS



The front door of the immaculate little stone house slammed closed with an explosive bang and a young woman about 19 years old stormed out. Her abdomen had a puffy roundness to it and she walked like a typical pregnant woman of about seven months. Her face was stained with tears and as she walked and ran to the family station wagon, her eyes showed anger and sorrow. Her auburn hair was mussed and her mouth was a little twisted. How could he criticize her for her souffle she'd worked on all day! she thought, tremulously.

Suddenly the front door of the house opened again and her husband yelled as he threw some keys at her, "Here, you forgot

these."

She glared at him and stooped down to pick them up; as she got lower to the ground she fell and sat upon her haunches. Her husband rushed out to help but she struggled to her feet and limped to the car. As she sped away, he stood looking after the car with worried eyes and wondered what the coming night would bring.

Janet drove to Brown's Department store downtown and parked the car. As the sound of the bang of the slammed door dissipated, Janet felt a bit dizzy and leaned against the car for support. In a few seconds the spell had passed and she waddled into the store.

She first went into the baby department and started looking at the cribs and stuffed animals. She put her hand on her abdomen and smiled at the movement she felt. Her face now was dry of tears and she looked pretty and peaceful. Suddenly she staggered and grabbed at the shelf in front of her. The dizziness had returned, this time worse than ever.

"May I help you?" a pleasant male voice asked, holding her arm. He looked nice and kind and she tried to smile. She couldn't see him too clearly but she felt his warmth, which she sorely needed. She felt cold, lonely, and depressed and was worried about what would happen to the baby during one of these attacks.

"Yes. Please lead me to the ladies room," she said, and tried to smile again, to overcome her anxieties.

"Well, the store will be closing in about five minutes. Maybe if you'll wash your face you'll feel better. But don't forget to hurry," the nice man said.

"OK. Thank you very much," Janet replied as he led her to the doorway of the ladies room.

She stumbled into the room and everything was swimming around in circles. She felt her way to the lavatory and turned the knob at the top of the sink. She stuck her hands under the stream of water but immediately jerked them back. The steam rose from the hot water, so she turned the knob next



to that one on and the hot water off. The water became cool, then cold. She splashed her face and felt the water trickle down her neck. The baby stirred again, this time she felt it was an uneasy movement. For a moment the water felt good but soon afterwards she felt worse and sat down on the low running bench against the wall, to regain her senses.

Suddenly she awoke and found herself lying on the cold, tile floor. Her head throbbed, probably from hitting it on the floor when she fell from the bench. The lights were all out so she ran her hand along the cold, stone wall to find out where she was. When she'd fallen off of the bench her glasses had fallen off and broke on the hard tiles. Now when she felt for them on the floor, she found the frames, but when she put them on there was no change; all shapes were blurred. She placed the broken glasses gingerly on the bench.

Panic seized her and she called out, "Jeremy, where are you? Please help me!"

She didn't receive an answer so slowly she struggled to her feet. As she ran her hand along the wall,

trying to find the door, she felt the small empty spaces between the cold, hard tiles. Suddenly something cold like a roach, ran across her hand. She jerked her hand away and gave a little screech. Finally she reached the door and yanked it open with a small smile on her lips, fully expecting the store to be full of people and the lights to engulf her. All that greeted her, however, was quiet and darkness. Her smile faded and she slowly walked out into the room. Then she recalled the nice young man who'd helped her. 'We're closing in five minutes, so hurry.'

"Dear God! Please help me!" she cried out aloud and was then frightened by the echo of her own voice. As she looked around everything was a blur. She remembered that she was on the third floor of the store as she looked out at the flashing and colored lights of the small city. She started walking, almost hypnotically, toward one cluster of lights but tripped over a box that was sitting in the aisle, before she met with her certain death by falling through one of the windows surrounding the floor. She caught hold of a show case



and steadied herself. Then she sat down on the box and looked around her at the blurred, frightening shadows. Her eyes filled with tears which made her sight worse so she quickly dried her eyes on her smock type shirt. The baby kicked her and she jumped at the suddenness, then smiled and touched her rounding abdomen with affection. Suddenly there was a skittering movement behind her. She turned her head in the direction of the sound. A small brown rodent ran across the aisle in front of her and her screech echoed throughout the entire floor. A shadow suddenly appeared on the floor. She looked up to her side where a mannequin was standing on display. Her imagination ran wild and with her blurred vision she thought she saw the mannequin move toward her maliciously. She jumped up and ran screaming down the aisle.

She stopped just in front of a large mirror. When she looked up she saw a huge shadow in the mirror. But because she was nearsighted she couldn't distinguish a shape. There was a loud noise like something fell, in the other end of the floor which

caused her to jump. She screamed and ran back down the aisle where she'd come from. She went on past the threatening mannequin and further into the dark jungle of leering shadows and shapeless villains. The blur of shapes around her frightened her and her imagination was running rampant. The mannequins all loomed out frighteningly in her path and shadows fell across the aisle in front of her as she laborously ran past. She knew that if she could reach the escalator she could go down to the first floor and get out of this horror house. She stumbled several times and nearly fell flat on her face once. This additional terror of falling on and harming the unborn child added to her frustrations and fears causing her more mental anguish. She felt the baby stir uneasily inside of her so she slowed down to a fast walk. She remembered about where the escalator was located, after having grown up in this town and spent many happy hours in this store, and tried to head in that direction. It seemed that no matter what way she turned, a mannequin was standing there ready to strike her down. Sounds were becoming



louder and more frightening, if only in her mind's ear. The simple ticking of the clock was something dreadfully horrible. Mice skittered across lit sections of the aisle and made tiny squeaking noises which became amplified in the quiet, stillness of the empty store. Janet became exhausted from running blindly and sat down every few seconds on boxes that were placed along the side of the aisle. The shadows loomed like monsters at her and her screams broke the silence like an ax, causing her more fright.

Now, I've got to take hold of myself. I'll go crazy! Maybe if I find a telephone I can call out and get help, she thought in a last desperate attempt to keep her sanity.

With great determination she felt her way off of the main aisle and into the men's clothing department. She went slowly and cautiously, stopping occasionally to listen attentively. When her peace of mind was satisfied that no evil was lurking in the shadows, she slowly progressed deeper into the darkness. The blurred shapes around her loomed larger in the darkness than they had in the half-

light. The mannequins seemed more dangerous and larger, each one having a different blurred shape of menace. Her determination kept her going; no matter what her imagination saw. The clothes seemed to take on life and grabbed at her trying to hold and kill her for intruding on their privacy. Finally, she reached the back wall and ran her hand along it looking for the telephone. She noticed that the wall was warm, not stone like the rest of the room. She took strength from the warmth, since it was the first she'd felt since earlier that evening. She suddenly thought of her husband.

"Oh Jeremy! Please help me," she called out.

She knew that he'd be worried about her and this pushed her to search for the phone. Suddenly her hand hit upon a cold object anchored to the wall. She squinted hard but couldn't see the object. She felt for the receiver and found it, then she picked it up and placed it to her ear. She heard the monotonous hum of the dial tone and she relaxed all over. She felt for the dial and noticed that it was the push button style. She fingered the buttons trying to find the

operator. As she pressed each button, a tone replied in tuned melody. Finally she found the operator's number. The dial tone changed to a softly ringing sound. Suddenly there was no longer any sound coming through the receiver and she broke out in a cold sweat. She pressed all of the buttons again but this time received not a tune, but silence. She screamed into the receiver.

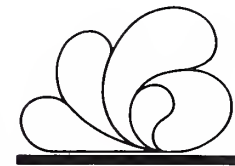
"Help! Hello? Hello?" But there was no answer so she slid down the wall to the floor and sat sobbing with the receiver dangling on its cord beside her, dead. Faintly she heard a siren. She stopped sobbing and listened attentively for the siren to stop at this building and get her out of this horror house in which she was trapped. The siren continued on by and faded in the distance leaving Janet behind in the lonely darkness to fend for herself, if for nothing else but her sanity.

She arose and walked determinedly down an aisle and out to the main aisle. This time the shadows and noises didn't frighten her. She looked straight ahead, although she only saw blurred shapes, and walked with a brisk



step down the aisle. Her eyes were now dried though her cheeks were stained. She passed the mannequins that had, just minutes earlier frightened her so much; she passed the mirror, which showed a young girl with long tangled auburn hair, and slight roundness to her abdomen. She softly, gently patted her child-to-be and smiled with affection. Suddenly the shattering of a glass window broke the silent stillness of the black night.

As Janet fell through the black, friendless night, her screams penetrated every ear but no one heard or cared — only the mannequins and mice understood that she had finally escaped the "horror house."



Mrs. Jones

Mrs. Jones . . . do you still churn your own butter and wear  
homemade dresses made from printed flour bags?

Does a big black pot of boiling peach preserves  
still send out sweet blossoms of fruit smells  
from your old wood stove?

Does Bernita still play the piano?  
I remember "Jesus Loves Me", and all those old church songs.  
I guess she's older and married, I guess those days are gone.

Days when mama would put her sunbonnet on  
and we'd start off down the road,  
sticker burrs and summer winds  
your barking dogs to greet us.  
You always seemed so glad to see us . . . so glad that we had come

Is there a basket of biscuits on your table today?  
Is your kitchen still the same?

Mrs. Jones, is there still a bowl or basin,  
I might wash my hands in.  
Could I go out to the well and dip the pail low  
bring a bucket of fresh water in.

Oh, I suppose you've running water and the old well's  
all boarded up.  
It wouldn't be that the same spotted moocows  
are mooing from the barn  
Or the same clucking hens, hunting and pecking around

How about the old dog that i'd try to coax out,  
laying there in his fresh dug hole.

Mrs. Jones, I got your Christmas card today,  
I was just feeling lonely for the country  
and the country way.

There's not a house on my street where starched printed  
curtains blow through open unscreened windows  
welcoming me . . . to come on in.  
I was just feeling lonely and wondered . . .

if I came by today, a thousand miles and twenty  
back -- could it possibly be like then --  
to hear your foot steps cross a creakin' wooden floor  
to hear you say again,


"Why just come on in."

*Edwina Jaffee*







A black and white photograph of a nest filled with cracked eggs. The eggs are arranged in a circular pattern, with their shells broken open. In the center of the nest, a small, light-colored chick is visible, surrounded by a small cluster of white beads or droplets. The background is dark and textured, suggesting a natural setting like a cave or a nest. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the textures of the eggshells and the chick.

He was a shy guy  
never said a word  
If he did no one heard  
him cry.



Sandra Ward



John V. Caspanello



John V. Caspanello



John V. Caspanello



John V. Caspanello



Dave Patrick



John V. Caspanello



Dave Patrick



John V. Caspanello

FREE?

Is the mighty eagle free?  
As he soars above his sovereignty,  
And outraces the wind  
And all the while, keeping a keen watch on his dominion.  
With majestic wings spread across his kingdom  
And his endowed power, he is king over all that flies.

Is the stout lion free?  
As he strides with such a noble gait,  
As the breeze blows through his flowing mane.  
With such authority this unconquerable beast rends the air.  
With a ferocious roar which echo's throughout his kingdom.  
Letting everyone know, he is the ruler of the jungle.

Is the massive whale free?  
As he cruises the high seas so gracefully,  
The nobility he shows as he navigates throughout his region  
Would make Neptune envious.  
His huemongeous size makes him sovereign of the sea.

Is man free?  
As he attempts to rise above the social whirl of society,  
Only to be yanked back from his flight of imagination.  
The wind blows his flimsy hair, as he stumbles along  
Against the grain of the rush hour traffic in his asphalt jungle.  
Only to be propelled along with the tidal wave of people  
Needlessly attempting to surface and navigate, against the tide.

Ron Renna

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## MEMORY

I heard her soft laughter,  
It was as soft as a Country morning breeze  
on a calm afternoon.  
The same laughter we share so often.

She stood before me  
as I remembered her  
With the beauty and grace of a Roman goddess

And like the sun  
rising slowly on a late summer morning,  
her radiant smile  
warmed and eased by lonely mind.

Her gentle face  
looked down on me with compassion.  
And I felt whole again.  
I reached out to touch her . . .  
Then I awoke,  
She was gone,  
and I was alone once more.

Larry Kohlman

Night Bird Singing

Moon light beaming  
A falling star seeming  
A bird flying swiftly n' low

The grass is tingling  
A night bird singing  
Love's rage mingling more n' more

The clouds are whiten  
By the lighten that shining  
Dimly in the park

Lover's are dreaming  
Try to find meaning  
Of how to build life upon the rock

Dogs are barking  
As though they are mocking  
Some beast that embeded in stock

A night bird singing  
Silent then ringing  
Four wives had the ole red cock.

Round about fling

On a morning when the birds sing  
The grass and dew drop, tightly cling  
Stretch strain and pendulum swing  
Old man time made a round about fling

Horseless carriages jet planes fly  
Babies cryin' and old folk are dyin'  
Beyond rath and tears  
Horror no longer looms  
Pervasously past heal the future wounds

Morning star twilight's the dark  
A storm is ending  
A golden lark  
Dogs are barking a useless bark  
Shouting Hallelujah Elijah rock-rock

A Sparrow Lay

Mix myrrh and aloes  
Weeping woe, weeping woe  
Greater wind blow, blow, blow  
Alpha and omega's bow

Cloud's whiten, liken snow  
Shadowing a sunlight glow.  
Raging rivers always flow  
Whence did that arrow go?

Over the hill and by the way  
River banks slippery clay  
An arrow passed during the day.  
Near the roadside a sparrow lay.

Boston

Boston screams in convulsions of pain  
"Nigger get out of my school,  
You know you don't belong here."  
Its red face begins to drool.

The Ku Klux Klan is in your veins  
And the vicious Nazis too  
All can remember what you did in the south  
And in Germany, what you did to the Jews.

American children run from you in fright  
But some are forced to remain  
To have their minds so twisted  
That they'll hate without restraint.

You'll beat a man to death  
And You'll kill a helpless child  
Your streets will fill with blood  
As your people they'll turn wild

Once the home of the free  
Called you sons of the revolution  
Now we look upon your justice  
And cry, "What is the solution?"

Are you that much better  
That you can judge one by his skin?  
Is it true, you love Jesus too  
And yet will commit such a sin?

Your morals are in hell  
And your head is filled with hate  
The Devil once worked alone  
But now I think he's found a mate.

One day you'll destroy yourself  
And only the tortured will remain  
To show the world that in your place  
They would not treat you the same.



Dave Patrick



Dave Patr

David Westcott





### A Midnight's Walk

A day and a day  
A grain of sand is washed away  
The wind blows on and on  
A leaf is here and then it's gone  
A river will flow till the end of time  
A church stands to sound its chime  
The bird sits whistling an old song  
We hear it a second, but not for long  
The sun shines an endless crystal ray  
The moon approaches the break of day.  
My love, an ornament of the past  
Somehow I knew it wouldn't last.

David Westcott

ZAAP! Bligh's space gun fired with amazing power, disintegrating everything in sight. Protection of the universe had just been recently guaranteed by the U.S. government.

Space cadets unite! Together we will zingle the invaders. Cromo Domo!

Five! Four! Three! Two! Buckle my shoe. Five, six, pick up sticks. Seven, eight, close the gate. Blast off!

Flying faster than any vulture ever imagined, they crashed through the sound barrier without paying the toll, until they reached the red planet.

You know what captain?

What Johnny?

I think we're in the wrong place.

The computer received the correct coordinates. The machine is incapable of error.

Yes, but we're surrounded.

BAZARP!

When all over the valleys the water usually flows, the result being an unknown element. Perhaps one day when all is fine, the people will be able to see a little better. I guess many things have been said many time, but not really over and over. Can something really be repeated? I smell beer, but I know there is none. How can I?

They say the Shadow knows. Mine doesn't. I punched it, I beat it, and even poured garbage on it, but still got no answer. Up in the air, around the sky of course, I thought I once saw something. PingPong balls. What else could I have expected.

With the toes so yellow I blossom only in the spring. What comes next my love? Marriage. Marriage. And more marriage. I'd like to say I'm too young to die, but I guess I know better. I guess about a lot of things.

## MUSHROOMS

What the hell are you doing?

You're strange, you know that.

You're right. Sometimes I feel I don't know myself. I'll be sugar and spice one day, then I'll be rotten to the core, cliches and all. I also have these headaches everytime i kiss my thumb.

You're lucky my friend. I know the cure.

For what?

Yourself. So you can become a decent thing.

But I like myself the way 'I am.

But nobody else does.

The mushroom likes me.

Now listen, if your only friend is a mushroom . . . can't you see?

Well if people will really like me better.

And your boring. Say interesting things, sexy things, whatever comes to mind.

I eat purple oranges?

Ooh! I got a tingle. That means we're engaged. Kiss me you fool. Not on your life.

Dad! Come out here!

He gave me a tingle and refused to marry me.

What are you kid? Some kind of a bigot.

I can't marry another boy.

Why? You already married to one.

Joel Rosenfeld

# As Mike Sat Eating Pizza

As Mike sat eating pizza  
His family gathered round.  
He'd got it from his freezer,  
And bade them, "Please sit down."

His brother said, "Mike,  
You'll turn into a pizza one day,"  
And though Mike smelled of pike,  
He didn't know quite what to say.

He stuffed his mouth and slurped,  
And with a mouthful spoke.  
He'd only meant to burp,  
But instead he told a joke.

Though he thought it funny,  
He laughed and ate at once.  
His nose became quite runny,  
But he continued to munch.

*Candi LaVigne*

When Garrick Utley beckoned,  
the family left the table,  
Except Mike, who had seconds,  
And almost ate Aunt Mable.

He ate till nothing was left,  
and then became quite able,  
To become a meal and chef,  
And crawled up on the table.

He felt himself becoming  
Like a pizza pie.  
He thought it all quite stunning  
With pepperoni for an eye.

When the news was over  
the family had returned.  
They looked for Mike all over,  
But their thoughts quickly turned.

To pizza covered all with cheese,  
And peppers on the top.  
At least they had the decency  
To eat while he was hot.



Mindy A. Maged

## THE OLD MAN IN THE WINDOW

He listens to the radio,  
It talks to him.  
And to the chair,  
And to the walls,  
And to the ceiling and floor.

He waits;  
For the phone to ring,  
For the mail to come,  
For someone to stop, to say,  
"How are you?"

He takes his check  
To the corner bank.  
The tellers look  
The other way.  
They're too busy,  
To say  
"Hello."

Each day he buys his groceries.  
A can of juice,  
A portion of meat,  
A vegetable.

He lives today as yesterday.  
Waiting,  
For a smile,  
From some one,  
Out side,  
His window.

David K. Fries



DA DA GOES

Round  
And round  
And round and  
Round and round and  
Round and round and round  
And round and round and round  
And round and round and round and  
Round and round and round and round and

*David K. Fries*

I UNEARTHED

I unearthed a fowel plot today  
I dug up my Mother's grave!  
To find she hadn't shaved her legs  
She always was that way.

Just wrote another postcard  
to say I'm having fun  
But what I really feel like doin'  
is reaching for a sun.

**BANG** (teehee)

Carol Ives

Russell Sales Co., 15100 N. Miami Ave., N. Miami, Fla.

**TIME TRAVEL**

Poor Tommy Jefferson  
Stood confused before a pay toilet.

David Westcott

Professor Jacques Somnivar had just finished watering his azalea and rose bushes. He sat down on the huge stone that stood like a sentry in one corner of the greenhouse. A wrinkled smile appeared on his face as he gazed at his plants with a sense of supreme gratification. He pulled off the rimless glasses that concealed his small but penetrating eyes. A thorn-ridden hand felt no pain as it ran smoothly across the sweaty, lined forehead.

The enclosed greenhouse extended onto the lawn from the main home and was located in a spot where a porch should have been. Its shape was semi-elliptical. A sweet aroma invisibly swirled around the room and seemed to blend in with the amazing array of different colored plants. The orchid plant stood sequestered in one corner. It was special.

For beauty, only nature could have surpassed this floral arrangement. Three generations of dedicated family, Somnivar men, had, with special care, created almost a replica in miniature of Versailles garden.

The home was no less spectacular than the greenhouse, but suffered from more neglect. The walls of the living room were papered in a French, velvet-textured material, smooth to the touch. A magnificent oak table with twin chairs on either side stood against one wall. This handsome, hand-carved antique had served as the professor's desk in the days when much of his time had been spent correcting papers. The rest of this wall was covered with an eight-tiered shelf that reached to the ceiling. Dusty books on botany, of all shapes and sizes were cramped together on it. One hard-covered edition, *Talk to Your Plants*, lay on the floor between the desk and shelves, just as it had accidentally fallen four months earlier when the professor had taken it out to lend to a student who never came.

*His precious orchid plant was dying . . .*

*Was it possible to restore*

*the delightful buds that would*

*metaphorhosphize to the sweetest and*

*most beautiful of all flowers —*

# THE ORCHID

By

STEVE DANGIZER

"Dad, I've got to go," Sady cried, furiously donning her coat as she dashed down the stairs that led from her bedroom.

"GO?" the professor asked, shaking his head as if awakening from a trance.

"Yes. Buzzy's gonna pick me up in a sec'."

"Buzzy? What happened to Fred?"

"Dad! Fred and I haven't gone together for two months."

"Ah, yes. You are right."

"I'm gonna bring Buzz home tonight."

"You'll do no such thing."

"Why not? I'm sure he won't hurt the plants."

"That's not the point."

"Dear professor of botony! That is always the point."

"Nonsense."

"Stop with the shit, Dad. Y'know it's true. You never let me bring home any of my friends and. . ."

"Watch your tongue!"

"NO! Why donchu watch yours. It'll be a great change from watchin' the damned plants."

"What is tonight, Sady?"

"Thursday, all day. Why?"

"Don't you have art class tonight?"

"Big deal! So I miss a class."

"But what about more of those lovely paintings, like those you did over the summer? Ah, yes. I remember one in particular. Four purple orchids assembled in a green drinking glass. Ah. . . now that was a . . ."

"Piece of sh. . . ugar."

"It was a delight to my eye. I will never forget when I purchased my own prize orchid plant from Mr. Dimms at the show. A beauty. Six fabulous purple flowers and they all seemed to smile at me. A pity, now there is only one. But you know Anna. . ."

"I'm Sady. 'Member, mother's dead. 43

Honestly, you're helpless. Hearing almost gone. Can't smell. Can barely see. Why you're just an old. . . ."

"I read the other day, or was it yesterday, in a magazine. Was it *Readers Digest*? No, *Better Homes and Garden*. Or was it? I don't remember. But anyway. They've come out with a new "miracle" orchid food. Yes, I must buy it: don't you agree? Dimm's plant shop ought to have. . . ."

"An old fool. A pitiful old fool," Sady said as she slammed the front door behind her."

"Sady, Sady! Ah. . . hopefully, someday she will come to understand and appreciate plants for what they are. Things of beauty. God's creation preceding man. They give us oxygen; they breathe new life into each human being. . . Ah. . . ."

The old man rose slowly and began to pace around the living room. He muttered incessantly to himself, but much of what he said was inaudible.

He stopped abruptly in front of a still-life Sady had painted. A tired thumb caressed the rough edges of the frame. Tears were beginning to come. The professor opened his eyes wide and blinked several times. Once again he turned toward his indoor garden and that same elated smile appeared on his face. After building up the fire with several additional decrepit logs, the old man meandered into the kitchen.

His supper was modest, in fact almost sparing: Two fried eggs on a single slice of diet-rite bread. A dash of salt and pepper. Black coffee. Before he sat down to this minute feast the professor took his watering can from a hook that was anchored to the wall over the sink. He filled it with clear tap water that he sprinkled carefully and completely over a magnificent Zebra plant that pulled its majesty from the sun penetrating warmly through the kitchen win-

dow.

As he slowly chewed the last mouthful of his dinner, the phone began ringing. It was not until the sixth ring, however, that the old man finally responded. The phone was in the living room, but he was in no hurry to answer it.

"Hello. . . Rosanne, is that you?. . . Oh, it's so good to hear your voice. . . Fine and yourself. . . Oh, she's fine. . . No, she's going with someone new. . . What?. . . Bar or Bax, or some such name. . . What?. . . Oh, that's wonderful. . . When are you coming?. . . When are your finals done?. . . Oh, my. Come immediately then. . . What? Say, that again. . . Well, come when you will. . . You have a surprise for me. How nice. . . Did it yourself, what is it?. . . Didn't hear you. . . What?. . . Oh, you can't tell me. Well, I have something to tell you. About the orchid plant I bought from Mr. Dimms a couple of months ago. . . What?. . . Yes, you're quite right. It is long distance. It can wait then, goodbye."

The professor placed the receiver down as if it were plant food being smoothed into soft earth.

"Imagine that. Rosanne coming home."

In the kitchen, Professor Somnivar found some old orchid food under the sink. He pondered over it for several minutes, turning it from front to back repeatedly as if to absorb and reabsorb the pictures and instructions. He knew his precious orchid plant was dying. How, in two months, could a thing of such immeasurable beauty wither into ugliness? Wasn't there any chance of reviving it? Couldn't he get the new plant food; and wouldn't it offer relief to the browning leaves? Was it possible to restore the delightful buds that would metamorphosize to the sweetest and most beautiful of all flowers — the orchid?

"Blast!" he cried out. "I must call Dimm's tomorrow and order the 'new' orchid food!"

He meandered back out to the greenhouse with the *old* plant food and approached his orchid. Two petit petals were all that remained of the plant that had once claimed so many. A

single tear dropped from the professor's stronger eye as he scattered several handfuls from the box in select spots. The living room door was suddenly thrust open and a gust of wind followed.

"Dad, I'm home."

"Already? Why? It's only eight P.M.," her father said, pulling a gold-watch attached to a chain, from his pants' pocket.

"Well, I told ya I was gonna bring Buzz back. Dad meet Buzz. Isn't he cute?"

A tall, rather garish-looking young man towered over Sady. The two decisive arms that enveloped her waist were covered to the wrist by a striped shirt. He smiled slightly at the old man. The professor's gaze, however, was diverted by the wild colors of the shirt. He made no comment.

"We're going up to my room," Sady said as she blinked her round, dark eyes several times. "We have. . . uh. . . things to do for art class."

"I see," said her father. "But you know how I object to. . . ."

". . . noise." we won't make any. Doncha worry dad."

Sady grabbed Buz by the hand and practically dragged him upstairs. They both laughed as they went. Silence was restored only when Sady slammed the bedroom door.

The professor took a seat in his favorite armchair next to the fireplace. He leaned back, and the chair began to creak as he rocked. He drew a pipe from his silk jacket and lit it. The ascent of the smoke rings he blew totally engrossed him. But it was not long before this peace was broken by the discord of vociferous screaming upstairs. The old man shook off his



trance and was soon on his way. The breaking of glass, then laughing, giggling, and parts of words were all that greeted him before he opened the door.

Sady lay on the bed with one breast exposed. One of her arms stretched over the side of the bed, and held in its hand a bottle of Bacardi rum. The fact that Buzz quickly threw a blanket over Sady did not interest the old man. He was far more abashed by the painting in the corner of the room. It was similar to the one Sady had labored over for two months during the summer. Purple orchids in a glass — all in brilliant colors and full bloom. Some one had filled in with grey the spots where the flowers had been. An uninvited painter had altered the colors of the leaves from deep olive to brown, with the ends being made to appear as if curled under.

"Wossa madda, dada. Never seen the befurrrr. . . Issa present from someone spezial, oooo. . ."

The old man turned away in disgust. Sady slurred her words as she called her father back.

"Never seeeeen theeees befo'," she said, throwing off the blanket and flexing her exposed breast.

"Are you crazy, Sady?" Buzz asked in disbelief.

"Noeeeee. I'm Sady, Sady. Ahahahahahahahahahahahah. . ."

As the partly naked girl rolled over, Buzz was fast to replace the blanket.

The professor closed the door to shut out the horror. He could stand no more. The shock had been complete. Times had changed and had left him behind. But he still had his plants. In spite of that wretched painting he still had his orchid.

||

Dimm's Florists and Specialty Nursery sent

around a delivery boy early the next morning. Professor Somnivar examined the contents of the *liquid* orchid food with as much scrutiny as his fifty-sixtyvision would allow. He popped the cork and grimaced, feigning to smell the bottle. A huge smile appeared on his wrinkled face. The professor dropped two silver quarters into the delivery boy's hand. Then two more. He thanked him twice.

Sady was already seated at the breakfast table when her father approached with the "miracle" bottle.

"A gift from God," he said, nodding.

"What is it? Liquid sh. . . ugar for the orchid plant."

"Yes, Sady, it is."

"Oh, Daddy. Will ya please forgive me for last night. I didn't know what I was doing."

"Forgiven, child. Now drop it. But do tell me, where did that horrible painting come from?"

"Oh, the dead orchids? Why, that was sent by. . ."

"But to spoil such a perfectly good painting."

"Huh? Whatdoya mean?"

"Why you worked half the summer. . ."

"Oh, Dad. I still have that one."

"Where is it? I'm curious."

"Why it's — I'm not sure. Maybe I gave it to Fred."

"Strange you should give away something so dear to me," the professor said as he spilled the clear liquid from the bottle into his watering can.

"Well, Fred was a *friend*."

"A friend or a. . ."

". . . Say Dad, why don't you let me water the plant today. It's the least I can do after last night."

"Why, Sady, I thought you despised

flowers. Besides, you know I prefer to. . ."

"Just this once," Sady pouted.

"You wish to make a vicarious sacrifice? Well — all right. But please, make me a promise."

"Yup, what?"

"Don't bring home any more of your *friends*."

"Oh shit! What in the hell is the. . ."

"Is it always necessary for you to curse?"

"Jesus," Sady whispered very softly, turning her head toward the window. Her father just ignored what he couldn't hear anyway.

"Sady, did I tell you the great news? Rosanne's coming home?"

"Terif. When?"

"Tomorrow."

"You know, she. . ."

"I am so glad."

"Me too. She loves pla. . . this house. She's always such a great help. And now Buzz and I can. . ."

The professor stood stirring the "magic" orchid food with his left index finger. He made slight currents in the liquid that he smoothed with his palm. He seemed transfixed. A witch doctor making a life or death potion for a dying warrior.

"Dad. *DAD*," Sady howled angrily. "Have you been listening to me? Dammit all. Gimme that, will ya? Don't worry. I know just what to do."

"Take care," said the old man, with his gaze still fixed on the spot where the orchid food had been. "Remember, that's only for the orchid. And please don't drown the poor *creature*."

"Sure, dad. Sure."

On her way out to the greenhouse, Sady opened the cabinet where to tools and art supplies were kept. She removed two items. A

shovel and a tin of liquid. Then she proceeded with her task — somewhat reluctantly, yet somewhat delightedly.

"Well, gotta go to school now. Buzz'll be pickin' me up in a min'. It's good Rosanne's coming back. She can keep you company. You know, since she went away to college, things have changed some."

"I know, I know," said the professor sadly. "Do you have all your things?"

"Yes Dad, everything."

Sady picked up an enormous leather suitcase to show her father.

"My, so many things. What is she teaching you today?"

"Uh. . . how to carve wood. The case is filled with lumber."

"That's quite interesting. Do carve me a tulip, my dear."

"Sure, dad. Sure."

The professor spent his day as usual, intermittently pouring over books or plants. But he ate a much larger lunch today. He was pleased. Rosanne was arriving tomorrow.

The afternoon slid by more rapidly than ever before. The old man had picked up the book from the floor and was learning how to talk to his plants. His first efforts would be practiced on the orchid. Tonight, he would speak to it sweetly and sing it lovely lullabies. It would swell once again with life and be born anew.

The bird of the cuckoo clockscreached 8:00 p.m. There was a knock on the door.

"Rosanne! I thought it was Sady. You're early. . . or was I wrong? Did you say today? I don't know any more. I'm not as spry. . ."

". . . Oh Dad. You're just as great as you always were. And I love you," Rosanne said, throwing her arms around her father, and scattering numerous kisses all over his face.

"But Sady? Where is she? I'm beginning to worry."

"Papa, sit down. Sady's gone. She has left you. She called me this afternoon in the dormitory to tell me she couldn't stand the *plants* anymore, and that she was going away somewhere with Buzz. She wouldn't say where, though, and told me to tell you not to follow. Anyway, I changed my plans, and came right home today."

"Oh, dear, poor Sady. And all my fault." A few tears dropped from his eyes. Then he was silent for a moment, to collect himself. "I'm sorry, Rosanne. Your exams — how did — they go?"

"Very well, dad."

"Ah. . . my youngest will make something of herself yet. Oh! wait here. . . I promised to show you something."

The professor went into the kitchen and returned with the watering can containing the liquid plant food.

"Remember I told you I bought a purple orchid plant not too long ago. Well, much to my chagrin, it has been dying, so I purchased this special food for it from Dimm's. This advertised miracle-worker should restore it to life. Ah, just look at it. Smell its fragrance.

"My God! Dad. It smells like turpentine."

"TURPENTINE? Surely, how could turpentine get into the can? Unless. . . Sady. Oh, no, no. She must have. . ."

With amazing rapidity for his age, the professor darted out to the greenhouse to inspect his prize plant. It had shriveled up and died. But right next to it was a bud. A tiny new leaf Sady's careless treachery had missed. Quickly, the professor went to the cabinet and pulled out a shovel and a pot. With great joy he sang, as he meticulously uprooted the "tiny child" and placed it carefully into its new home.

"Ah!" he said. "I knew it would work. The ad was right. It was a miracle plant food."

He took one last glance that encompassed the entire greenhouse before he went inside. He winked twice with his stronger eye, at this new orchid plant.

Then he joined Rosanne in the living room. Sitting in his armchair, he blew smoke rings, and she put her index finger in the center of ever one she could. Sometimes, the shape of the ring was altered.

"You know," the old man finally said, "can't understand something, Anna."

"Daddy, love. Mother's dead, remember?"

"Yes, you're quite right. Rosanne, you know Sady used to like to put her finger through my smoke rings too. Ah, she used to be just as good as you are now."

"I suppose. Oh, Dad, I forget to ask you. Did you get the surprise I sent you? Sady should have given it to you. Unless she never got it. But I did send it in her name, care of the school."

"No, I didn't get anything. What is it?"

"A picture I painted."

"A picture?"

"Yes, of some dead orchids."

"Dead orchids?"

"Yeh, I was so depressed that day. So bored. My damned physics teacher talked so much."

"But why did you send it?"

"Oh, I don't know. I guess, just to let you know how much I missed you and all the *live* plants."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course," Rosanne answered cheerfully, poking a finger through an enormous smoking ring and failing to disperse it.





Sandra Ward

Telephone

I'm talking on the telephone,  
With no one on the other end.  
Nothing to receive,  
Nothing to send.

### The Man With the Pointed Leg

There once was a man  
Who had a pointed leg.  
He didn't have a job,  
But he wasn't going to beg.

He got his unemployment check  
Every Friday eve.  
'Spied a notice on the bulletin board  
As he was 'bout to leave.

The notice said to come,  
Quickly as you could  
"We'd even take an invalid,  
And pay you rather good."

When the man read this  
He took up in a whirl.  
"This job was meant for me,"  
AS he tapped his leg of pearl.

He hobbled to the mentioned place,  
A natty building on the bay.  
They said he'd do just fine  
And to report the next day.

At home that night he filed his leg  
And shined it bright and clean,  
'Till it was such a glorious sight  
As you have never seen.

In the morning when he got to work  
He looked the place all over;  
"What a lot they've got down here,  
And not a one of 'em from Dover."

The Parks Department trained him well  
And sent him to work.  
He'd a city van all to himself,  
And earned less when a clerk.

When people saw his pointed leg  
They thought it such a pity  
But he now could put it to good use  
Spearing litter for the city.

*Candi LaVigne*

## When It Comes To Me

Why is it all the rest of nature  
seems to unfold so graciously  
a morning glory takes its time of day  
to bloom bright and full, yet folds  
peacefully in the afternoon sun

Fishes swim around in circles  
doing what's expected of them,  
they don't go jumping up on shore  
flopping around - begging for more.

Now I'd just like to know,  
what God intended, or old mother nature,  
when they made me

What am I to do,  
with all this craziness pushing me around,  
I can't close my eyes,  
can't find a moment's peace.

Always aching, always aching inside,  
driven by some insane passion  
to put it all down.

What is this jungle of yellow pads,  
pens I don't like for no reason at all,  
a wastebasket full of beginnings with no ends.  
stacks of typewritten things laying there in folders,  
not quite complete.

I lay there at night trying to sleep,  
and I wonder - just what it is you intended for me -  
I can't give up and I can't do it all -  
Is it a trick, or do you need me to say something  
on one of those endless yellow pads?

Edwina Jaffee



Sandra Ward

### My Swordsman

This self-appointed caretaker  
stands by me with the sword of caution  
tapping me lightly  
to warn of simple streetcrossings  
slapping me with the blade's side  
to make me mind my words  
nicking my arms and legs  
to police my actions  
and when i tried to break loose  
I was run through.  
the cut of caution is the damndest cut of all.

Gail Bloom

### Abandoned for Good

The moonlight filtered through the opening  
And shone down on the floorboards  
Causing a small circle of light  
To be intermingled with the quiet darkness

Suddenly, a small, grey rodent  
Scuttled, squeaking, across the patch of light  
But soon disappeared again in the darkness  
Like he had never even lived

The incessant, roaring wind outside  
Made the shack tremble and groan  
While the shutters and doors  
Banged against the frail, wooden frames

The shack had seen many happy hours  
Of life and love and birth  
And the many sad, lonely minutes  
Of death and children growing up

Now everyone has left it  
For the ages to claim 'til the end  
For the earth to take back unto its folds  
And replenish its life giving force

Becky Ryals

realization

I cannot stand my friends  
my enemies are no prize  
neither serve no end  
I've come to realize  
in this world of games  
I've got to hold the key  
everyone's inane  
I'm so lucky to have me.

*Gail Bloom*

Two On Me

a.  
Being dead at twenty  
saves you from complications  
heed me, avoid life

b.  
a twig, branch or limb  
never cease to trip me  
I get them always



Mike Woodall

### Sold Out Solid

I tap my feet to an inner melody  
you notice and cross your legs away from me  
you wish I'd watch the movie and not  
go against its ripples.

My head nods and you feel uncomfortable  
you'd like to move but all the seats are taken  
you wish you hadn't been so eager to get up front.  
My body rocks and I beat time on the armrests  
you look around for an usher, but they're all gone  
this theatre is mine

you're afraid to move and too scared to get up  
you look behind you with your mirror  
a few eyes blink to my rhythm  
the movie is quite loud but you feel my vibrations  
I'm humming, tapping, nodding, others are stamping  
their feet

I stand and clap my hand, I sway  
the movie melts, the sound mushrooms down, everyone  
is clapping

with every push the lights get brighter  
We stamp, we cheer, we yell

We're up on our chairs, Everyone is caught up in our  
music . . .

You finally hear the words.

You stand up with us and the ceiling parts.

Our eyes flash brighter than lightning.

Knowledge is your thunder.

Rage is our fuel

the theatre empties

later you find yourself in a movie house

You can't help but beat time to an inner melody.

### The Cocktail Bird

She flits around  
a hummingbird who feeds on  
cocktail party chatter  
dips her beak in the group  
and darts on, tasting all the  
conversations until exhausted,  
she climbs up your leg and  
rests a spell in your ear  
humming and vibrating  
until a new guest arrives or  
new gossip is offered or  
a new bowl of dip is brought out  
and she flits around to each group  
and says take some, have some.

*Gail Bloom*

MAY DECEMBER LOVE

He was the first man I knew that  
wore white shoes, forty dollar pants  
and didn't open his mail the day  
he got it.

We were all those worlds apart  
the haves and the have nots,  
meeting at a lonely stage in life.

He laughed at me - but his eyes never left mine,  
never ceased to say,  
"Go on and be you devil you,  
torment the soul of a saddened old man  
flirt your promise of youth at me and  
I'll never believe you, I'll never believe you."

If others had sipped at him,  
I spashed my face in all that he was.  
I took long cool swallows that left me  
with more thirst than before.

There were thirty years between us,  
he laughed at me when I didn't care,  
he said "I told you so" when I cried -  
Cried because he couldn't be me and I couldn't be him  
and it wasn't on any map that we be at all.

And when I hooked and crooked him into my life -  
as landed as any fish belly upon shore,  
he laughed and called me a thousand clowns  
as he spit arrows at me from between his teeth.

Who could know but a con like me,  
that we'd not mellow as the ordinary  
do - and until our parting day,  
I'd be flirting with life and sporting  
as old man that wants to settle into his ways

He'll be laughing at me and saying  
ten years past,  
"Go on and be you devil you."



Melodie Rolling

*Edwina Jaffee*



THE SCARLET PURPLE ANGEL

up's downs highs lows  
an id chasing an ego  
to the far out boundrys of human nature  
an artist alive to the flaming colors  
of god like sketches  
subdued on a more gentle day

A poet listening quiet to the banging  
of wild indians, dancing their  
ends beginnings ends

color me earth shades color me fire shades  
etch me with pen and pencil as some fellow  
dealing with Freud might  
only i can know my own flaming red  
all my defences ready to go to war  
softening into all shades of gray  
wondering, stepping back, fearing the far back  
lost in the deep and spooky charcoal grays  
threatening their blacks, threatening their blacks  
soft yellow blues hanging delicately, fading slowly  
something there inside me crys out in pain or panic

a scarlet purple angel of passion flutters  
anxiously overhead.

I raise weak but wanting arms and  
a small child pink with innocence  
crys - who am I who am I

*Edwina Jaffee*

How are you running away  
When the trees are so red  
And I love you so?

How are you crying, my love,  
When my arms are surrounding you,  
And your eyes are in mine?

How am I falling in love  
When the noises of the leaves in the wind scream  
And you're running away from me?



*Carol Ives*

Bob Wiem

# Becky Ryals

## ADDICTED FISHERMAN

They're out there somewhere.

yea, I know, but where?

cast, cast, cast

Just don't lose patience, dear.

I'm not! I'm not!

cast, cast, ca-

Hey! I've got one!!  
Oh, d--n, I lost it!!!

Calm down now, dear.

cast, cast, cast

Look at them everywhere!

You'll get one dear, don't worry.

I'm not!

cast, cast, -st  
---, lost it again.

cast, cast, cast  
Dear it's getting late . . .

gotta catch just one, just one.

Yes dear, I know . . .

cast, cast, cast



LETTING GO

My son stood a head taller than me,  
his voice deep and steady,  
his words, words of conviction,  
his body, almost there, almost a man.

I watched him for days, just trying to figure,  
where he was at,  
I watched him when he laughed and held back  
for dignity's sake.  
I watched a slow grin playing games on his face.

I saw him awkward when things weren't working out.  
I felt his heart full and sad with searching.

But when our eyes met  
as strangers might, wanting to know one another again,  
I knew it wouldn't happen that day  
or any day soon - - -

for I saw a tear, he wouldn't let fall.  
It was only a flash of a moment,  
fourteen years long ---

*Edwina Jaffe*





D.S.T.

Back an hour.  
Or is it forward?

I think its forward.  
No, no, no its backward.  
We get an extra hour.  
No, we lose it.

You're an hour late for work.  
I thought I was an hour early.  
Hello dear, did you turn the clock back?  
So did I.

Everyone is an hour late for dinner.  
Or am I an hour early?  
Mom, its not bedtime yet,  
It's still light outside.

You're not suppose to do that till 2:00  
If you think I am staying up till 2:00  
You're nuts!

The poor dog,  
He must wait an extra hour  
In the morning.  
And how about the cow?  
She doesn't want a  
Schedule change.

You can hear the words  
Echoing throughout the streets.  
It's forward!  
No, it's backward.

## My Dad

My dad can do anything  
better than yours!  
O yea!  
Yea!

My dad is stronger  
than yours!  
O yea!  
Yea!

Well my dad can make pancakes  
so thin they only have  
one side!  
O yea!  
Yea!

Well my dad is so tall  
he has to climb a ladder  
to shave himself!  
O yea!  
Yea!

Well my dad is so quick on his feet  
he can jump across a river and back  
without touching land!  
O yea!  
Yea!

Well my dad killed a snake  
by putting its tail in its mouth  
so it swallowed itself!  
O yea!  
Yea!

O yea!  
Yea!  
Well my dad...

Acknowledgement:  
To Carl Sandburg for having compiled  
a collection of tall tales.

Ron Renna

A YOUNG MAN'S DREAM OF FREEDOM

"Don't be late!"  
And the dream of not;  
Having to be,  
Home,  
By twelve,  
Or even three!

"How could you forget my cigarettes?"  
And the dream of not;  
Having to fear, forgetting  
Something, you were  
To be getting  
To make it easier  
For them.

"What would people say?"  
And the dream of not;  
Having to conform,  
To each strict rule,  
Each classic norm.

"What about your Mother's feelings?"  
And the dream of not;  
Having to think,  
First of them,  
Before you don't do  
What you wanted to.

The dreams go on and on.  
And on until,  
He's no longer young.  
No longer free  
To dream, of not;  
As he says to his son,  
"Don't be late!"

*David K. Fries*



You are  
a flower, for  
all to see.

Your roots are deep, in the earth's brown bosom.

You are  
fresh, each bright  
morning.

Always  
living, life at its  
fullest.

You are a  
bloom a bud a  
seed.

In nature's heart, you shall be.

Laughing at,  
the cloud's dark  
shadows.

Smiling in,  
the sun's warm  
rays.

Your face I  
see, as a bright  
explosion.

All life's wonders, can be found in you.

Daily  
washed, by morning  
dew.

Your thirst,  
quenched, by evening  
rains.

For these  
reasons, I can not  
prune you.

None can ever, take you from me.

Winter's  
frost, shall be kept  
from you.

In a pot  
though, not a  
vase.





Calm

Her mind

- one tree in a forest

Her thoughts

- green-gray moss,  
heavy on the tree branches

With the rustle of wind  
the moss sways.

- the wind grows in intensity  
moss begins to break away.  
Some fragments are swept away  
by the force of the tempest.

- moss clinging, tenaciously,  
to its half-life  
Soon, the storm breaks  
with fatal force.  
The moss clings in vain.

*Melodie Rolling*

*Ron Renna*

a sign

enter . . . . .

here  
exit

ereht . . . . .  
don't w a j k

on the grass  
no smoking

in c<sup>l</sup>a<sup>s</sup>s  
no drinking

a<sup>l</sup>o<sup>w</sup>e<sup>d</sup>  
40

maximum cōwd

signs have no meaning  
to  
me

for i cannot  
S  
E  
E  
!

# OBJECTS

The square sits in the corner  
Complaining about rejection  
As the pentagon at attention  
Gets ready for inspection.  
The circle gets rounder  
Eating it's blue berry triangles  
While the hexagon conjures spells  
Cursing those in steepled rectangles.  
The half-circle shines down  
On the straight line of guns in retreat  
They just lost a war they had with swiss cheese,  
To the dismay of all the equal-laterals on wall street.  
The science fiction character, Trapezoid  
Makes love to his master cylinder.  
While the cube in his living room  
Shows a parallelogram crushing Matt Dillenger.

*David Westcott*

## *Poetry Cup*

I mixed myself a cup of poetry  
When I grew tired of English History.

Blue skies, Gray skies,  
Twisted truths and untwisted lies  
Love's mate, War's hate,  
Singing days of passing fate.  
Flowing seas, Forest trees,  
Curdled milk, wine and cheese.  
Desolate cities, corrupt little pretties,  
Life alone, and life with the kiddies  
Running hills, November chills  
The sun's arising on wind mills.  
You and he, you and me,  
Tender love appearing so free.

I drank it all in one easy swallow  
Wondering what was to follow.  
Staring at my crystal cup  
My stomach then  
Turned to throw it all up.

## *Natural Society*

Wheat swaying as a team  
Flowing pebbles down a stream  
Blue skies seek to redeem  
The clouded day.  
White topped mountains cry  
As its trees begin to die  
And the hills silently sigh  
In the mist of gray.

Wind blowing wet snow  
Chilling the frolicsome doe  
While covering all that tries to grow  
With paralyzing beauty.  
Hungry rodents scamper the field  
An injured sparrow never to heal  
A grizzly bear eats his last meal  
Feeling sharing's not his duty.

Spring might be too late  
As even the mighty redwood meets its fate  
All has fallen into a depressed state  
And all seems to be lost.  
Nature will never understand  
Even its own grain of sand  
As famine spreads over the land  
Someone asks "Where's Robert Frost?"

*David Westcott*



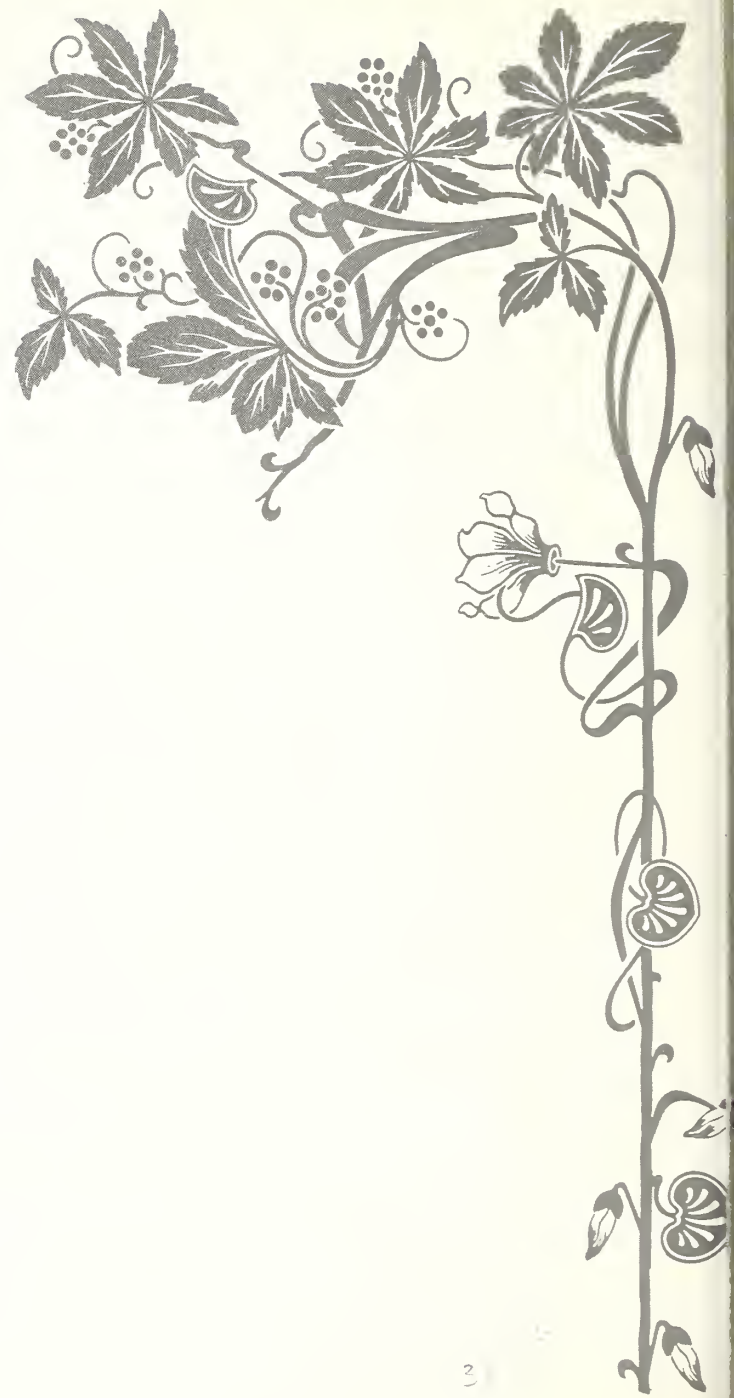
Judy Gallagher



## SUBLIME

Existence is but one tiny flash of light  
in an unbounded realm of darkness,  
Blink but an instant -  
you may think the light imagined,  
Turn your head but a fraction  
and all mankind may disappear.















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