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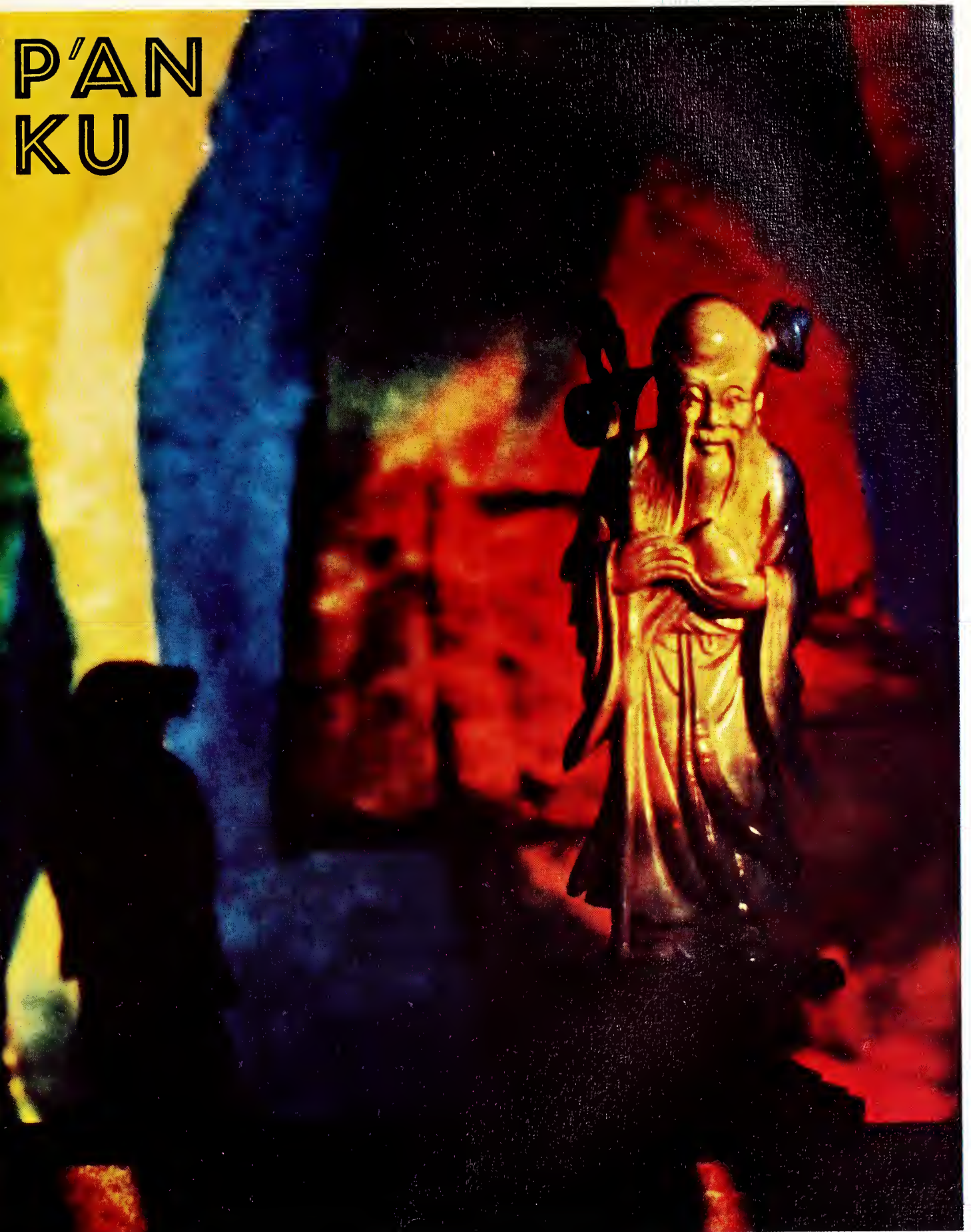




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P'AN
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JUNIOR COLLEGE of BROWARD COUNTY



**For those who realize the
world pretends too much
and in their own pretending
try to set it straight**

We, the staff of P'AN KU, wish to thank all those who helped us, particularly our Administration, our Faculty, and our Contributors.



THE CULTURAL ACHIEVEMENTS
OF
THE JUNIOR COLLEGE OF BROWARD COUNTY

DECEMBER, 1966

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | |
|----------|--|
| 4 | Hands - Benningan |
| 5 | Homecoming - Marilyn Rohr |
| 7 | Peon, Peasant and Private - Jim Black |
| 8 | The Late, Late Show - Ann Townsend |
| 9 | Experimental Prose - Ben Weisel |
| 10 | Message to Emily - Ruth Howard |
| 12 | Poem - Lamar Anderson |
| 12 | The Mods - Cris Cunningham |
| 12 | No. 1 - Mike Beekham |
| 13 | Ballad of the Freed-Man - Tom Kinney |
| 14 | Whose Wind Blown Faith - Phil Kuhn |
| 14 | Glad Summer Gone - Sheila H. Summers |
| 15 | Dream - Little Girl - Maryan Douglas |
| 16 | Talkin' B. J. C., Opus 12 - Jeffrey M. Bial |
| 17 | Montage - David Porter |
| 18 | The Last Death - Jim Higgins |
| 19 | I Left My Love by the Sea - Jim Higgins |
| 20 | Kaleidoscope - S. V. Senter |
| 23 | Retribution - Sheila H. Summers |
| 25 | Dissertation - Robert Collins |
| 26 | Didactic Dialogues, 5 and 6 - Roy Yater |
| 27 to 32 | Portfolio of Art |
| 33 to 39 | Portfolio of Photographs - David Porter |
| 40 | Conversation - Catherine McDonald |
| 41 | Consume Purple Rage - Julie Poole |
| 42 | Innoeence in Metamorphosis - Michael D. Newman |
| 43 | A Shadow's Shadow on the Beach - Michael D. Newman |
| 44 | Life and Love in an Inner Tube - George Griffin |
| 45 | Journey's End - G. Edward Taylor |
| 46 | Try for the Sun - Caroline King |
| 46 | Death Makes Liars of Us All - Bette Martineau |
| 46 | Moon Lover - Cris Cunningham |
| 46 | An Old Man's Prayer - Terry Noonan |
| 46 | On a Sunny Day - Julie Poole |
| 47 | Little Questions - Marilyn Rohr |
| 47 | Advice to the Dreamer - Marilyn Rohr |
| 48 | Water Theme - Catherine McDonald |
| 49 | Had I Never Loved Before - Dawn Lincoln |
| 50 | Gabrielle - G. D. Eisman |
| 50 | My Love - Cris Cunningham |
| 50 | Untitled - Susan Fetzer |
| 51 | A Desert Speaks - Judy Mathis Homan |
| 51 | The Poetry Lesson - Helen Reminger |
| 52 | Death at Four - Susan Voss |
| 53 | Untitled - Ben Weisel |
| 54 | Untitled No. 7 - Bill Cael |
| 54 | Sonnet No. 3 - Candy Manusuthakis |
| 54 | Thoughts of Things - Samuel Maynard |
| 55 | Meditation - 2 - David Rossi |
| 55 | Peter Pan - Michael Beekham |
| 56 | Illustration - M. Sanders |
| 57 | Last Stage to Someday - Maryan Douglas |
| 61 | A Letter From California - Michael Newman |
| 64 | Musie - Cheryl Pfann Kuchan |

JUNIOR COLLEGE OF BROWARD COUNTY
Davie Road
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

December 9, 1966

Dear Reader:

The written word is without dynamic expression, sans facial expression, sans passion, sans angry inflection! But its very paucity in virtue belies its advantages — it remains through all interruptions and defies change of subject. It even has patience enough to wait and wait; walk away and it's still there when you return. In addition it doesn't change its mind, but persists in its viewpoint, unable to adapt to the sophomoric inadequacies of its own argument.

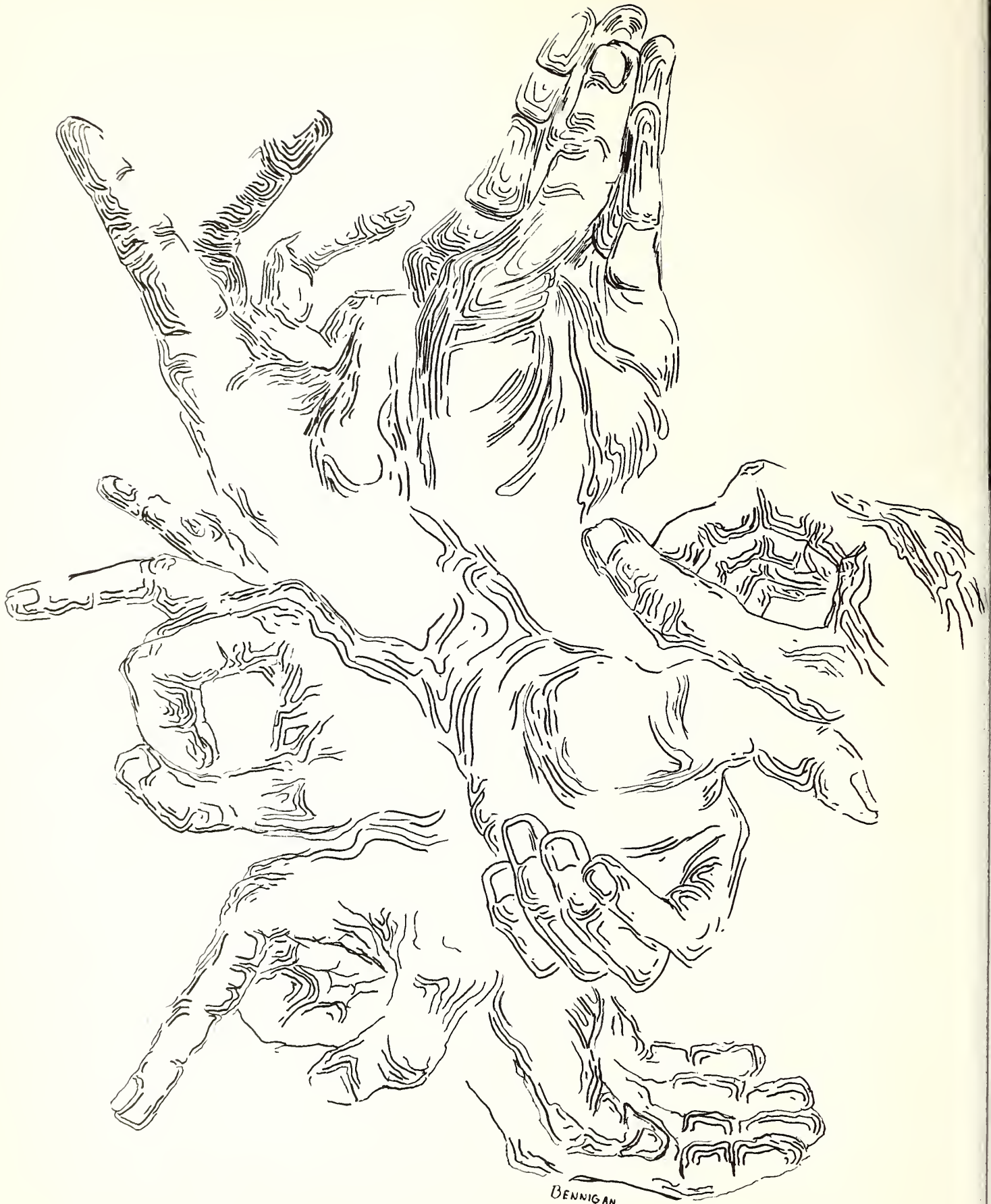
The written word is incapable of additional sophistry to wheedle the listener to its views. It has such an excellent memory that it can recall the minutest detail at any time without prompting, without association, without need, — and without any more than the original error it may have contained in its meaning.

If it is ugly, its ugliness remains. If it is beautiful its beauty is not tarnished by time. If it is true, its truth is universal and eternal — only outside reference points can change, altering contract and relationship — but not truth.

So sometimes it would be wise to speak only with this constancy and this way avoid pettiness and resulting innuendo.

Sincerely,

Judy Mathis Homan
Co-Editor of P'an Ku



BENNIGAN



by Marilyn Rohr

When summer comes they pick wild Petunias in Manasas, and along the stone wall beneath Marye's Heights, dandalions peek into a strangely mute world, where silence has no ring. Waiting is rewarded not by sound, but preception . . . some distant drone . . . a sigh . . . breathless indistinguishable words.

Corporal Clinton Adams crouched beside the stone wall, retching convulsively. The blue uniform became soiled and trickles of red ran down his hand as his fingers bit savagely into the sharp uneven rock.

Somewhere above Confederate cannon belched, and the earth shook, scaring the hill with deep gashes of men and dirt. Retrieving his rifle, Adams wiped his face against his sleeve and brushed at the offensive stain on his vest with disgust.

"Get moving boy. Rebs got snipers in back and artillery in front." He recognized the familiar voice, but wanted suddenly to run. Away from the noise, away from this place, away from Rafe lying back there, his gray coat soaked red by a Union bullet . . . perhaps even his own. . . He jumped the three-foot stone wall and dropped into darkness. The trench was cut deeply into the side

of Sunken Road. Something fell hard against him and he instinctively clutched his rifle, bayonet forward.

"Hey boy, it's me . . . put that damn thing down."

Adams recognized the mud stained face. "So that was you doing all that shouting, Walsh?" Grimacing, he added, "You're a pretty scary looking sight, you know that?"

The big sargeant loosened his cap slowly, "Well now, I ain't exactly no southern gentleman like yourself," he drawled sarcastically. In Boston Adams had almost forgotten his youthful ties. Now he knew two years in the North did not make a Yankee. He had joined the Army of the Potomac because he believed in the Union, because slavery had always been distasteful to him. Now the issues were clouded, boys were being killed . . . like Rafe. . .

He concentrated on watching the litter carriers dodging up the base of the hill, gathering wounded quickly, like heavy sacks of grain. Some of the heads lay off the stretchers, bobbing as the bearers ran back across the road into the shack behind the trenches

Waves of Union men moved slowly up the incline only to fall and be replaced by other waves of men who fell and were replaced. Burnside had led them south to the Rappahannock River, opposite Fredericksburg. They had waited for the belated arrival of the pontoon bridges, while Lee fortified the heights.

Walsh took aim and picked off a Confederate soldier who had run madly down the hill shouting something.

"What a fool thing to do," Walsh observed coolly. "Them rebs ain't got no sense."

"What was he yelling?" Adams asked. He had to shout himself because action began to increase around them. An officer was calling to men at the far end of the trench. The fifth company was lining up to take its turn at the Heights.

"Dunno. Sounded like 'Freeze' or something. Probably got cold up there, thought he was some damn bird and just come flying down. I saw you with that other one." Walsh indicated beyond the wall with his head. "What took you so long? Thought he might be some kissin' cousin of yours."

Funny, Adams thought, he had for-

gotten. For a minute he had really forgotten about Rafe, even as he watched that Reb. He should have asked Rafe about Lee Ann. Should have said, "Hey Rafe, how's your sister? Do you two still walk on our mountain?"

Now he knew. He would find Lee Ann; tell her about Rafe. Maybe it wasn't too late. Maybe there was something she could do. Perhaps he had been wrong and just thought. . .

The Randolph farm lay just beyond the Heights, over their mountain, not far at all.

Something reached out, pulling him back and he struggled savagely. The mud was soft. His ear stung.

He saw Walsh leaning over him. Adams was hot and sweat poured down the side of his face. Wet sticky sweat.

Walsh held out his kerchief and the Corporal was surprised at his concern; then he was cold and felt the stick of his own blood in his fingers.

"Now what the hell were you trying to do?" Walsh asked in his gentler gruff voice. "You Rebs are all alike. You just got the wrong side of the war, boy."

He was tying the kerchief around Adams' head. "Damn near got your ear blown off on that one."

A field commissioned lieutenant, his stripes hurriedly torn from his sleeves and a thin white strip attached loosely to his coat jumped into the gulley beside them.

"What are you two men doing. I said line up. What are you, a couple of speculators or something?"

Walsh looked up. "This man's been hit, sir."

"Can you walk, boy?"

Adams was pulling himself up groggily.

"But I said he's hit sir," Walsh protested. "Damn near got his ear blown off," he repeated.

Adams adjusted the kerchief. "I can make it, Sir." Not far to go, just over the mountain."

The lieutenant turned quizzically. He might have been a young man but dirt emphasized the lines in his forehead, deep lines of worry and fatigue.

"Yea, just over the mountain soldier." His mouth twisted as if to smile. "It's not a big mountain. You sure you're all right?" "Hell no, he's not all right, Sir.

Can't you see he's half out of his head."

"No" Adams snapped. "It's not far now. Just a little way!" It was December. Bruised clouds dug icy fingers into the rims of the earth. The warm air of life pushed little breaths of steam against chilled gray space and the unmistakable order of pungent sweetness nibbled at the boundaries of its prison.

Men were falling all around him and Adams awakened from his dream. He was standing at the foot of the shrine of death and he could taste it, feel it, smell it.

Something shrewd within him quieted panic. He could get away, even now he could get away. Slowly he moved man by man toward the left of the ascending troops. The line was uneven and side movement not difficult. Some of the more eager troops were already falling from the barrage. Others slipping on the blood of their comrades were pulling themselves up the rigged slope by their finger tips. He was almost half-way to the other side. Once there, away from the knowing eyes of those that had seen him begin, he would fall suddenly, back down to safety and remain unconscious until the nightmare ended.

From the center he could see straight up to the top of the hill, and the glimmering of past pride of possession returned. He pushed past the men who were ahead of him. He could hear the Rebs shout now. He was out in front; in clear range.

Twice he stumbled and staggeringly caught his balance. Now they were not more than ten yards from him. He could see their faces and it surprised him that they were only men.

A brief cheer sounded for him from the Rebel ranks, and then he heard a sandy haired boy who looked like Rafe shout "Please don't." The Reb poised his rifle again and pleaded, "Please, don't Yank, please."

Adams was closer to him now. He could see the circle of the rifle tip. Suddenly it all seemed so foolish. The boy screamed "Oh my God." Adams wanted to smile.

From somewhere in the distance, above the natural noises of war, he heard the beginning of a single rifle's snap.

The warm caress of summer romps with playful winds while Fredericksburg curls beneath in little splashes of blue and yellow, partitioned by white frame and red brick. The smiling visitor rests his hand upon the cold flesh of the squat cannon and fingers it idly. The relics petulant quixotically fixed remembers wind-mills of another day.

Behind, in the thick green grass, thousands of small white stones stretch out to the east and west, beyond the roll of the hill.



by Jim Black

Simple peon, peasant and private, I condemn you!

Was it Pontius Pilate who drove the prejudice spikes, which pierced and contained the flesh of the nonconformist of love, upon the splintery cross of agony?

No; it was you peon, peasant and private!

Was it the Pope who physically lead the children's crusades, in the name of God, with intent to murder in the name of God?

No; it was you peon, peasant and private who must bear the burden of the injustice, of thousands of innocent children, who were enslaved on this parade of hypocrisy!

Was it Hitler, a petty insane beast, who lit the gas infernos, who jerked off the multitude of bloody, grotesque bullets, into the unprotected bodies of hundreds of persecuted human beings? Did Hitler shovel the sickening ashes of once living flesh, crush the white bones of humanity, and conquer in the name of a "race" considered superior—even to God?

No; it was you, peon, peasant and private who committed these atrocities against your fellow man!

And I ask you—peon, peasant and private, will it be your hands that continue to relentlessly create the death weapons; will it be your minds that discover new and more efficient means of silencing the innocent's cry; will it be you—peon, peasant and private—who obeys with a "yes sir" and marches to a triumphant annihilation of all humanity?

I beg of you, and all mankind, rise above the masses, the mobs and the professional murderers, allow your conscience to be your leader. Work for the yellowing wheat and not death and defeat. Labor for seasons of love. Humanity, rise above your insantiy and you shall be the beneficiary and you shall gain a soul.



The Late, Late Show

by Ann Townsend

What did I see in the sky last night around midnight? Flying saucers? An electrical storm? No, my objects and scenes didn't fly, choosing instead to remain in momentary suspension low on the horizon. So, have I found a solitary soul to vouch for anything unusual occurring in Plantation, Florida on September 23rd, 1966? Well no — But, believe it or not, here's what really happened.

Being a night prowler I had gotten up as usual to walk around and get a drink of water in the kitchen. After padding around in the dark, burglar style, so as not to awaken Johnny (no need to fear awakening our son, Kelly, he sleeps like a cat sprawled on the hearth) I leaned over the sink to rinse out the glass. Through the window I saw a light flashing in the sky. Searchlights? I decided to investigate. I pulled aside the filmy curtains separating our kitchen from the screened patio porch, opened the sliding glass doors and stepped out. There I stood spellbound for forty-five minutes watching a celestial spectacular.

The night, as always here, was very dark — the sky gray and deep ultramarine blue and the grounds of the apartment building, the fields and distant houses were almost too dark to distinguish. There are three huge palm trees spaced about fifty feet apart looming a hundred feet from our porch that make sharp black silhouettes against the sky. It was within the frame of the irregular squares measured off in the sky — between these trunks and the black horizon and the palm fronds that the pictures flashed. Most of the scenes and objects had a reddish hue with one now and again exploding in a blinding white light like the glow of an acetylene torch. Some of the pictures had a lightening-like thread running through the washes of color. There were rolling banks of clouds laying in the dark of the sky and these flashing lights, randomly striking them, made pictures like a series of sunsets, dotted with 4th of July flares. Each flash lasted but a second. This one small area of the sky was alive with these changing shapes. The pictures would change momentarily, then the screens would go blank for a minute only to begin again taking up either small parts of the screen or flooding it entirely,

the color sometimes spilling out from under the borders of the frame. One flash was like a huge protractor, the arch very clear, another the skirt of a minueting china doll; there were variations of a huge and eerie three pronged fork, and I saw the delta of the lightening streaks converging upon one large jagged bolt. Once the sky exploded in a wide pale red arch framing a cloud.

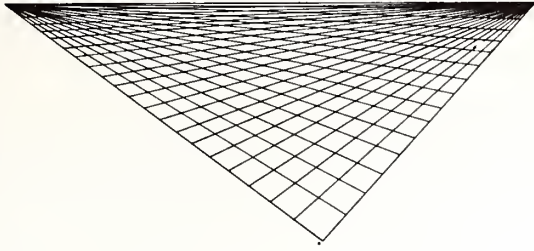
I thought to wrench my eyes away long enough to see if the balance of the horizon looked stormy or different in any way. The only thing unusual were the rows of street lights in the distance looking like Christmas tree lights wrapped with angel's hair. They were fuzzy and diffused, and perhaps because my eyes had become accustomed to the night, I could see mist hanging over the fields.

Back to the sky. For nearly an hour I watched what must have exceeded 100 of nature's strangest slides. I remember thinking that if only the day hadn't been quite so busy I wouldn't be so tired and I could think of the related experiences that were tugging at the back of my mind.

Of course, our Aurora Borealis! If certain atmospheric conditions associated with cold cause dancing lights, nights with temperatures in the nineties might conceivably cause an event just as strange. And how about our "sun dogs"? Once, in Anchorage, in the late afternoon, I was driving up Romig Hill when I saw three "sun dogs". Pulling over to the side of the road, I observed their iridescent quality that almost shone; these tree-high splashes of sharp pink against the frosted birch trees. They had the shape of stubby arching arrows and remained for ten minutes, gradually fading into nothingness. Also, as a girl in Sitka, I remember hearing endless accounts of a phenomenon that made headlines in all the local newspapers. It seems that on one eventful night several local residents saw objects arching across the sky. Each witness saw an entirely different shape. The only vivid description I remember was that of a huge and ornate picture frame moving across the heavens. The editors did exhaustive research and finally came up with some scientific explanation.

This morning, of course, I awakened bubbling with excitement and gave a full report to John and Kelly. You could tell by the free advice I got that they didn't know whether to believe me or not. So, to play it safe, they gave out dual instructions: "the next time something strange is going on at night WAKE US UP" — "nix on the cheese before bed!" The inevitable chiding can best be summed up by a chuckle from Kelly and his remark, "It makes a good story, Mother, but don't tell anyone outside the family." Johnny agreed. "We understand, but if it gets out that you are seeing things, they'll be after you with a net and we'll have a heck of a time getting you home again." So, by the time breakfast was over, they'd pretty much concluded that I have a very peculiar habit of seeing things that may or may not exist. Kelly was still chuckling as he went out the door, and he couldn't help asking with a wink, "You feeling any better now, Mom?"

EXPERIMENTAL PROSE



by Ben Weisel

THE BEGINNING

Loner-ness would seem to be a turning away from society and an inward turning to the soul (whatever that may be). The Outsider is paradox.

The solitary man is one who prefers to turn within himself. To brood in silence is his ideal. He has no need of conversation except to gain the knowledge of others. Being a thinker (we shall assume so) he tolerates not the fool. His social life, having ignored society which in turn ignores him, is nil. His interests are varied; his passions controlled. Books are his gods; Knowledge is his mistress. "Of what use is knowledge without application?", you ask. "Of my own use . . . I am selfish."

He is dogmatic without doctrine; opinionated without fervor; exasperating with intention; irreligious with religiousness. A paradox.

"Mr. Newton?"

"Yes?"

"May I come down?"

"NO!"

"Why, Mr. Newton? Why can't I come down?"

"Because, sir, you are not an apple."

THE MIDDLE . . . THE END

Insider: *In the beginning you would speak. Now we must be at the end. You only sit now, in your silly, cross-legged way, with your eyes glued to the book cradled in your arms.*

Outsider: (Thinks) *Why do you speak in riddlistic symbols?*

Insider: *What do you find in the words?*

Outsider: (Thinks) . . . *beauty.*

Insider: *I was satisfied with you as you were . . .*

Outsider: (Interrupting) . . . *only satisfied . . . ?*

Insider: (Ignoring; but pleased to hear the voice) *Your hair is still curly and dark (aside on top your empty head) and your pretty, well-formed head contains the same eyes that once twinkled. But you have chosen to dull them with study, no sleep, and . . . (Outsider has long since returned to his book) I can't stand this . . . WHY DON'T YOU DO AS I ASK? SPEAK!!!*

Outsider: (Calmly and deliberately) *Your friends are all the dullest dogs I know—they will sit up and bark at your command.*
(New Scene . . . somewhere far away)

Outsider: (To himself) *I find myself fit for nothing so well as studying and seeking truth.*

Francis Bacon: *I read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, not to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.*

Outsider: *That's all very nice, Mr. Bacon. If you'd have waited a sec I'd have said that.*
(A new scene . . . the old scene . . . the same scene . . . it's all the same)

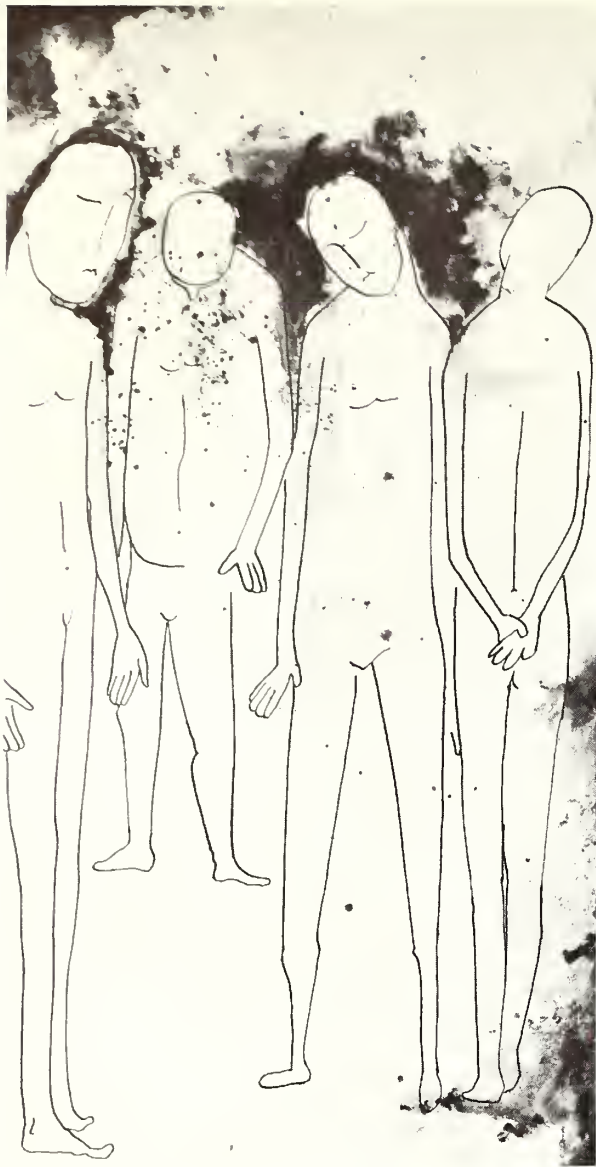
Outsider: (To the world) *In your unsocial, merely gregarious, society, I find no place. To think, one must be intelligent and educated; not opinionated and a college passman. One must be progressive, imaginative, disciplined — not factitious, superstitious, and cowed. The universe of Isaac Newton has crumbled before the criticism of Einstein. Newton's universe was the stronghold of rational Determinism — everything was Calculable — everything happened because it must. And now — now what is left of it? All is caprice; the calculable world has become incalculable.*

"Mr. Einstein?"

"Yes?"

"May I come down, now? Puleeze?"

"Who in hell told you to get up there?"



MESSAGE TO EMILY

by Ruth Howard

Emily looked reluctantly at the other patients as she heard the door close behind her. There was a rattle of keys outside and then the heavy footsteps of the attendant disappearing down the hall. She stood awkwardly with her back against the door remembering a timid rabbit she had once trapped.

The only noise that broke the heavy silence was the monotonous creak of a rocking chair as a woman swayed back and forth with determination. Some stared at her, but Emily avoided their eyes and searched the room for a place apart from the rest. Finding none, she hesitatingly walked among the chairs occupied by lifeless people and sat down beside a hard-looking blond on a bench next to the wall.

The blond laughed suddenly as if a joke had been told, and soon the laugh grew into an uncontrolled cackle. Emily didn't look at the woman beside her. She only hung her head and cried silently; each within a world of their own.

From within the nurses' station an aide glanced from Emily's chart through the glass to where she sat huddled on the bench. Turning to a trainee who shared the glass cubicle, the aide remarked casually, "The new one that just came in is scheduled for shock treatment in the morning so remember not to let her have any water when she gets up." The trainee acknowledged with a grunt while she continued counting out little white pills.

The two women continued putting the pills in tiny paper cups like the ones mints come in, and then the aide slid back a glass window and matter-of-factly announced: "Medication."

The patients responded like robots, leaving their chairs and benches to stand mechanically in line at the window. Emily got up and joined them without question for this was not new to her. The state mental hospital was just the end of a long road. When it came her turn she looked on the tray for the little slip of paper marked Dalton under the cup that contained three pills: one white, one green, and one yellow. It was there as always just as it had been at Memorial, and Pineview before that.

"They think they can deaden me with tranquilizers," she thought defiantly, "but it's still there." And she almost screamed as she reached for her head which burned inside with agony. But the aide stuck a glass of water in her upstretched hand and she obediently took the pills and returned to the bench.

She was aware that some of the patients were talking to each other in short incoherent sentences from time to time, but she made no attempt to communicate with them. Emily had not spoken a word in six months.

She cried. She cried during the day and while the others slept at night. And always in her mind was the last time she had seen him. His face with that horrible, forlorn look branded on her memory and the same thought over and over again, "I killed him. I killed him."

She went through the routine here as she had at the other hospitals, accepting the shock treatments without balking. She had lost count. When they came for her in the mornings she quietly climbed up on the table and let them wheel her to the room where they strapped her down and placed the wires around her head. The last thing she would remember before the electricity knocked her out was the way her legs would rise all by themselves and how her tongue kept hanging out of her mouth. Then nothingness until she would awake back in her own bed in the ward.

He would enter slowly, hesitatingly like he had the last time she had seen him. But he was always there, coming through the door into her mind, like the door in the post office

that day she had been with Mike. She hadn't wanted Mike to know about him so she had turned away, but not before their eyes had met. He had looked so horribly rejected, so terribly ashamed. The next day he was dead.

As she saw the scene over and over in her mind, she didn't turn away as she had done then. Now her tortured conscience called out, "Come back. Come back. I love you, Daddy. I didn't mean it." But it was too late. Again in her imagination he hung limp and ashen gray from the rope around his neck.

Suddenly a knock at the door distracted Emily momentarily from her painful thoughts and she stared vacantly at the doctor who entered and pulled up a chair beside her bed. As he began to talk she turned her head away and looked straight at the ceiling.

"Now, Emily, I know you can understand me even if you won't talk to us. We don't feel it would be wise to give you any more shock treatments, so you are going to have to come around all by yourself. They gave you a series of seven at Memorial and we've given you another seven. We want to help you, Emily, but you're going to have to open up and talk to us. Do you understand?"

Tears streamed from Emily's eyes and her throat made a grotesque sound, but she said nothing.

The doctor's voice lost its firmness as he began turning pages in a folder he was holding. "Your record indicates, Emily, that your illness started shortly after your Father's suicide. Now I assume that you must be holding yourself responsible in some way, but I've conferred with your family and they say your parents had been divorced for several years and as far as they knew you hadn't had any contact with him for quite some time before his death." He paused and stood up looking down into the anguished face, "Now if this is the thing that is bothering you, Emily, let's get it out and talk about it. We want to get you well so you can get back home. Now wouldn't that be nice?"

She turned over abruptly and buried her head in the pillow to stifle the sobs.

The doctor sighed and said that one of the attendants would be over soon to take her to breakfast. Then he walked slowly to the door and was accosted by a patient in the hall who demanded that the animals be let out. She thought this was the zoo and that she was a kangaroo. After a moment's persuasion she hopped back to her chair.

In the days that followed, Emily's depression deepened until she was almost catatonic. She seemed oblivious to her surroundings which were sometimes violent and sometimes suspiciously silent. The other patients ignored her except on one occasion when a burly inmate had tried to beat some life into her with a broom. Emily had sat unmoving. Only her mind remained in constant motion, tormenting her continuously with the thought, "I killed him. I killed him."

One afternoon as she sat staring at the wall she became aware of a strange voice. She never noticed the others talking, but this voice was piercing the layers of distance that sep-

arated her. It was asking something of her, something that sliced through the darkness and turned on a light within. She caught the words and looked into a grizzled face that was asking, "Ain't you Joe Dalton's girl? Sure you are, deary. I remember seeing you come in Harry's place where I worked. Your pa was a good customer of ours, God rest his soul. He used to speak of you real often." She had stopped and waited for Emily to say something but unperturbed by the glassy stare she received the woman kept on. "Yes, your pa used to say what a loyal daughter you was coming to meet him at Harry's joint so's your ma and her fancy new husband wouldn't find out. Imagine us being in this here place together. Why I feel like I know you, honey."

Emily showed no inclination to talk, which didn't seem to bother the woman, so the one-sided conversation continued as she bent closer and said secretly, "I don't belong here myself, mind you, but this is better than the pen. They had me committed for stabbing some good-for-nothing bum that was tearing up the place. Now your father was a gentleman when he was drunk. Not like the low-down trash you get off the road."

She paused wondering why Joe Dalton's daughter was in a place like this but thought better about asking. People's business is their own unless they want to tell it. She had learned that from working behind a bar all her life.

The girl looked interested, she thought, and God knows you have to pass the time somehow so she rocked and talked telling Emily how her father used to come in Harry's to get drunk because they all knew about it and understood. "Yes, siree, that's a terrible thing to live with. No telling how long he had it."

Emily turned to look at her and a questioning frown outlined itself on her forehead.

"We all knew he would kill himself before long. Whenever he was real drunk, he would think up different ways. Used to say he was going to do it as soon as he saw you married to that young fella you was going with. Joe said he would watch you all from a distance going down the street cause he didn't want your young fella knowing you had a drunkard for a daddy. A real gentleman he was. I guess the pain got to be too much for him. Probably spread all over his body, don't you guess?"

The confusion that was etched on Emily's face slowly receded as her awareness came to the surface. Her eyes focused with comprehension on the old woman as she opened her mouth slowly and haltingly spoke one word: "Cancer."

As Emily rose and walked toward the nurses' station the ancient barmaid continued talking and rocking, unaware that she had lost her audience.

The doctor who was standing within the glass cubicle giving an aide instructions saw the difference immediately and hurriedly slid the window aside as Emily approached. As she leaned forward and looked directly into his eyes she asked pleadingly, almost painfully, "May I speak with you?"

The Mods

by Cris Cunningham

We're Much too busy being gay
To worry about a judgment day.
And certainly you won't find any Mod
Who believes in an old archaic god!
We're all aware that this ball of mud
Will one day go up in a hydrogen thud,
So don't ask us to reach for stars —
We're much too busy being Fashion Czars!

POEM

by Lamar Anderson

It is spring
and a young man's thoughts turn to love
and the sea
o l
r l s endlessly over myriads of sand
and the clouds
d-r-i-f-t through an infinity of blue
and the trees
sing of wind through their arms.

It is summer
and a young man finds his love
and the flowers
show a kaleidoscope of color
and the grass
s beneath his feet
w
o
r
g
and the world
screams of the pleasure of living.

It is fall
and a young man enjoys his love
and the autumn leaves
fear not love but TiMe
and the stars
SHINE less THAN HE
and all nature
rejoices in everlasting splendor

It is winter
and a young man has lost his love
and all the green
turns brown with frost
and a snow
f
l
a
k
e
falls on an upturned cheek

No. 1

by Mike Beckham

We are living in a go-go world;
A hopped-up existence.
The incessant beat of "do"
Drives us on;

Melodies of better sway us,
The cacophony of it all
Kills.
It drives us
Into the flashing lights,
Never to be seen
Or to see again.

We're all in it;
All of us in this
Discoteque world.
Some are the leaders of
(the) nothing in the
Middle of (the) all.
Wallflowers listen
Think and watch "do".
A good group,
The wall flowers.
A curb on the mania,
Delay to progress —
Degradation.

Try to sing a song as
The wallflowers do.
With a different beat from
"do" — contrast with (the)
All.
Don't blow your suave
Maintain your cool.
The all glares
The wallflowers shrink
. . . Watch

the coloured lights.





BALLAD OF THE FREED-MAN (Dylan-esque)

by Tom Kinney

Well, I was walkin', down the street one day
 I just got out of jail
 I was headin' for the tavern
 to drink a little ale

When a strange ole man came up to me
 givin' me a pressing much alarm
 "The Commies are after me," he screamed
 and he grabbed me by the arm.

"Oh, help me, help me, friend
 'cause they gonna shoot me dead,
 and I don't want to buy my farm
 from a dirty Commie Red"

I said "what the hell, so what
 Why do you pick on me
 I'm deaf and dumb and blind and broke
 As you can plainly see."

I turned around to run away
 I thought he was psychotic
 He swiftly kicked me in the groin
 And called me unpatriotic

I walked two blocks and then turned left
 Thinking I was in the tavern
 But to my vast amazement
 I was in a Ku Klux Klavern

I didn't care too much for it
 And when I looked about
 I thought I'd kinda make 'em mad
 As I started to walk out

So I stopped when I got to the door
 And they all stared at me,
 I screamed I LIKE MARTIN LUTHER KING
 AND THE N Double A C P

A bullet shot wizzed past my head
 I was not too amazed
 I took off from that doorway
 As scared as hell and dazed

They chased me on down the street
 I could have laughed at that
 They were swearing and a' calling me
 A Nigger-lovin' Rat

My next stop was my brother's house,
 I didn't stop to think
 I ran right in and slammed the door
 And hid beneath the sink

About that time my kin came in
 And said hello to me
 He was flyin' low and talkin' high
 Really gone on L S D

He told me of the Green and Purple
 Snakes under the bed
 I told him he was crazy
 I could see tht they were red.

I thought I'd ditched the Klan by now
 And my brother was gettin' mean
 So seein' it was 3 a. m.
 I thought I'd flee the scene.

Out upon the street once more
 Tried beggin' for a time
 A nickle here, a quarter there
 And now and then a dime.

I ran into a phone booth
 Took off my clothes and then
 Found I had lost my Superman suit
 So I put 'em on again.

A man came floating by just now
 Upon a toy balloon
 And said he was an Astronaut
 Heading for the moon.

I asked if I could come along,
 And much to my dismay
 He said he had strict orders
 For no hitchhikers today

Well, I never did get to that bar,
 Or get to drink that Ale
 But it's only been twelve hours since
 I got out of jail.

By now I start to wonder
 Why the hell they let me loose
 I'm gonna give 'em back my bail
 And return to the Calaboose.



Whose Wind Blown Faith Is Challenged?

by Phil Kuhn

Whose wind blown faith is challenged?
A vile prostitute has more solidity.
Sanctity, saving and sanctuary in
truth are not found here.

The righteousness of the holy is more
than the thinking man can stand
Ignorance is overwhelming and very
seldom understood; could it be
that man made God?

Hatred is spread and the multitudes
flourish. Christianity smiles and
the hand is spread but man
and his existence is not comforted.

Can we, mere humans, then look
and overlook His existence?
A god without God, applicable
To one's life and an additive
to essential being.

. . . for it is life

What is this thing all about
rambling and raking our past?
We know of nothing sweeter
and God knows of nothing more playable.
It is here, now, if you can stand
up to its challenge. (A harder thing to
do than any other) Take, take its
offerings. Apply them to your best
with your best. I have no saving to
give you, no rest, but take it,
take it upon yourself to enjoy this
what is most precious. A better
thing to do than to wander a hopeless trail.
"Take this wine I give you, and drink,
for it is life."

Glad Summer Gone

by Sheila Henault Summers

HARVEST OF THE WINTER WHEAT:
BRITTLE CHAFF BENEATH MY FEET,
BITTER GRAIN UPON MY TONGUE,
GOLDEN STRAWS TO LIE AMONG.

I

GLAD SUMMER GONE
THAT CHASED THE RAINBOWS FROM MY SKY;
AND BURNT ROSES
ON THEIR TWISTED, THORNY STEMS MUST DIE
THAT ONCE WERE DELICATE
AND BRIGHT WITH DEW,
AS BRIGHT THE SPRING
THAT BLESSED MY DAYS WITH YOU.

II

NOW ALL MY NIGHTS AND DAYS ARE LENT
A CERTAIN, AND YET CONSTANT HUE,
AS CLEAR LIGHT THROUGH
A PRISM IS FINALLY BENT
AND SPLINTERED
LIKE A SHATTERED JEWEL,
SPILLING COLOUR WHERE IT BREAKS,
SO ALL THE LITTLE THOUGHTS OF YOU . . .
CONTENT . . .
TO SUFFER SPLENDOR FOR YOUR SAKE.

III

NOT PERFECT AS A CRYSTAL IS
WITH SCIENTIFIC SYMMETRY AND LIGHT
THAT WAS FOREVER AND FOREVER
IT SHALL BE.
NOR LIKE THE FURLED, UNBLEMISHED PETALS
OF A PORCELAIN FLOWER
PRESERVED IN WAX
OR SAFE BENEATH A GLASS.
BUT PERFECT
AS A REED THAT STRETCHES FROM THE GRASS
WHICH FOR A DAY OR TWO
GROWS TALL AND GOLDEN BRIGHT
THEN BENDS AND BREAKS
AND IS BUT DUST AGAIN.
THAT LOVE SO PERFECT
BREATHED ITS LIFE FROM GOD
BENT IN THE RAIN
AND FELL WHERE ALL THE PERFECT THINGS
ON EARTH HAD LAIN;
AS DUST UPON THE SOD.



Dream - Little Girl

by Maryan Douglas

She went to sleep on Christmas Eve
Her silver eyes glowing with
Peace on earth good will to
Man.

Out of the nowhere
Of her sleeping mind,
Woven of the fabric of
steely days,
Tightly knotted by a printed word,
A spoken word, a conversation
Overheard
She came up in the darkness screaming.
Nightmare creatures,
Black
With white hands and faces yellow
Savagely ripped and tore and
Rent.

And they were brutally, fiercely
In

Her too large world.
Hush darling, her mother said,
Ssh, hush.
It's almost Christmas now. The tree
Blazes bright
The creche shines soft and soon
Tomorrow,
Christmas.

The Tressy doll stared glassily
at th synthetic Christmas
Tree.

Her little girl cologne awaited her thin
neck and arm and
Unformed breast.

Hush darling, her mother said,
Ssh, hush.

It's Christmas Eve
And in a straw crib a baby lies
Curled.

Your world lives yet awhile.
Hush darling, ssh, hush, your world lives.
Yet awhile.



Talkin' B. J. C., Opus 12

Three years at the senior high,
 By '65 I thought I'd die.
 Then the principal comes (not a moment too soon),
 Says, "My friend, Jeff, you can leave this June."
 Graduation.

I was joyful, For eight or nine or almost ten
 Had a crawful. Weeks or more I was on vacation.
 Didn't do nothin'; nothin' at all,
 Just washed my ears and went to the pool hall.

Lost my money,
 Drank some honey, One funny mornin', sleepin' on the floor,
 Hustled Loretta. Mom kicks me in the arms and says I'm a boor.
 Says, "Sinful livin' has made you a fool,
 So I've gone and signed you up for the B. J. school . . ."
 In Davie,
 Roads unpavey,
 Folks unshavey,
 Students too,

I was so depressed there, the skies were dark,
 An hour to find a dry place to park,
 When a man says, "Wait a minute, son, you can't park there.
 That's a reserved spot for students with . . . red hair,
 Computer people,
 Sterile teachers,
 Not you."

Finally parked my Chevy Biscayne,
 A mile from campus and it started to rain.
 I flew like the wind on that golden sand,
 But I stopped like dead when I seen a man,
 Named Lawrence,
 On a camel named Florence.
 Indubidibly,
 Beastiality.

I was so hungry now I could eat an onion,
 So I walked into the student union.
 I said, "Give me a coke. I'm a student with thirst!"
 They said, "Go to the Phys. Ed. department and see a nurse."
 Walked on over.
 I'm a lover.
 Waved to Lawrence and Florence.
 Must've been an ornamental horticulture student.

Well, I love the library out at school.
 Mention the library and I pant and drool.
 I put my change in the Xerox machine,
 And my homework comes out starched and clean.
 Teachers treat me with affection.

I won the S. G. A. election.

I ran.

You run.

I'll vote for you if you vote for me.

Math, Science, Art, History;
 All the classrooms look the same to me.
 Curvy, colored chairs, formica-topped desks,
 Raise your hand and the teacher thinks you're a pest.
 Think they know it all,
 Except for Mr. Theriault.
 He knows he knows it all.
 You're never too old to learn.
 Just too dumb to.

Soon I'll depart from the campus at Broward.
 Don't want Uncle Sam to think I'm a coward.
 But though they send me far across the sea,
 I'll never forget old B. J. C.
 The Planetarium,
 The Gymnasium,
 Fun in the sun.



The Last Death

by Jim Higgins

Green, the grass grow
The elms, just bare
until the leaves of hibernation
moves through its stem
from the thawing earth
spreads its hidden love
through its branches

and twigs
ever budding greenlets
peeping through its naked bark

and sheltered skin
to the dawn of a new spring
Open wide the door of life now

for a while
and bidding God with forever reaching branches
as time unchanged by the sands of the hour glass

Beware!

The sands of the hour glass changed by time
the rain unfroze and cut the earth
for centuries of forests to take its place
if time be so kind as the one who wept for every dying man
unlike his neighbor who cried for aunts and uncles and kin of hers
but sheds not a tear for her dying neighbor next as none of hers
his is all that matters

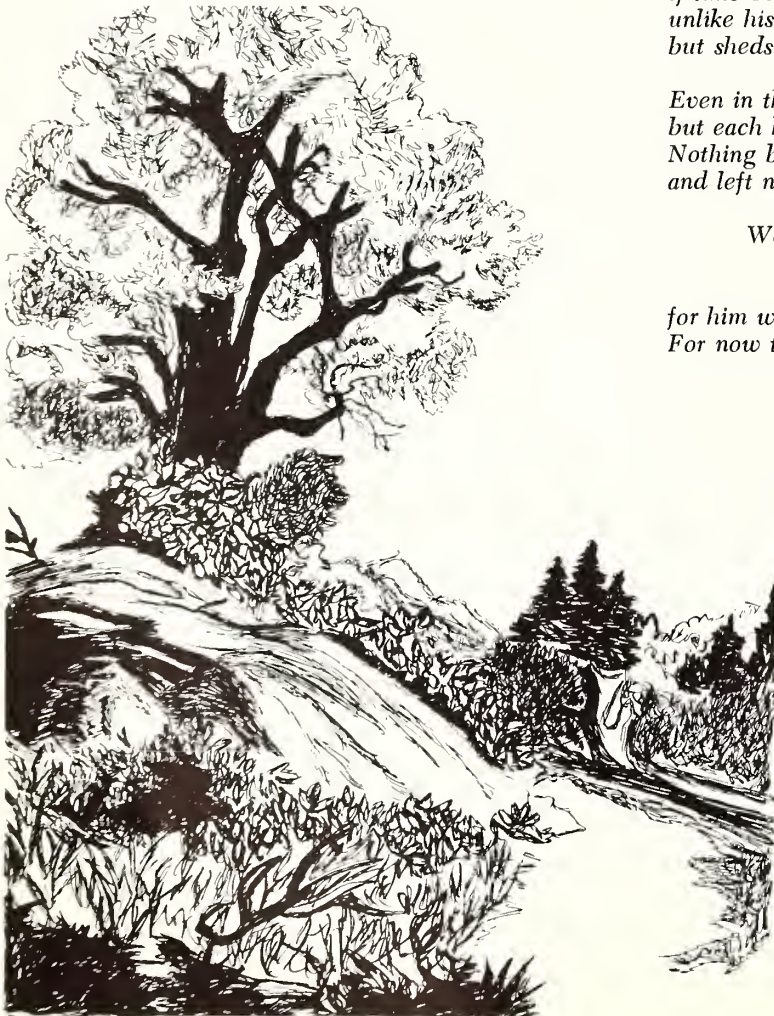
Even in the Fall all leaves are of one and none are left to weep
but each has wept for all

Nothing be near as tragic as the death of one who died
and left none to weep

as the last leaf to fall
Weeping I wept for all

Now down the snow fall

And cover the trees of life
for him who died last and wept for those before
For now the whole world must mourn for all.



I Left My Love by the Sea

by Jim Higgins

It is a winter night
Fever and chill rummage the blind cars
On lovers' hill
Sounds of night whisper through the waving palms
Along the seashore

waves
Like endless time
break
then ebb

We walk the sand
I half listen to your talk of love
While sand and salt corrode the earth
And my summer's promise is still to come

Now even as salt spray brushes our cheeks
I think of this place warmed by moonlight
I turn, your eyes grow warm and darken
as we kiss

Soft and sweet your body whispers
against mine

But this is dream, for I have heard
The west winds sigh down the
Dozing shore its past naming our future
The tide of restlessness is mine

Not less than itself this image
Summons me to where new waves break
Toward a fresh sea

You are your Mother's child
Your face tells me that we will never be
Your happiness in life is yet to come
The lights of life beckon me hence to new adventure

Now the hour calls you home
But I draw you close
I smile a little
And you cry against my shoulder

We stand in this heavy air
Knowing that all we'll share
in this embrace

The sky above us palls
Salt spray glistens as it falls



KALEIDOSCOPE

by S. V. Senter

Commissioner George Scott Railton shifted his position on the overstuffed horsehair seat of the small coach as the timber-burning locomotive chugged its way over snow bound tracks to Philadelphia. The Commissioner shivered with a chill as he unsuccessfully attempted to generate friction heat by chafing his mitten-covered hands together. He glanced with envy to the front of the coach where his companions sat sleepy and rosy warm around the old pot-bellied stove maintained by the coachline for the comfort of the passengers.

The Commissioner blamed society for his discomfort; society and the rules of etiquette that demanded ladies first. For his companions, all seven of them were ladies. Ladies of the highest rank and station from the finest homes in England; good Christian ladies who were journeying to the savage United States to do their duty to physically, mentally and spiritually resurrect the southern Negro who had suddenly found himself to be a free man.

The Commissioner had been sent to pioneer an organization similar to the one already operating under the guidance of General William Booth in London. The Salvation Army it was called; an army to fight the battle against hunger and disease. General Booth had gained the love and admiration of thousands in England and around the world for his driving determination to reduce the poverty and death around him to a mere fraction of its present size.

The Commissioner had hopes of becoming the sainted hero of all the poor and undernourished survivors of the Civil War. His great assurance of success was surpassed only by his ego and the guilt he felt when he presented himself as a lover of the homeless. For in truth, he despised these Americans, particularly the dirty ones. He felt no burning desire to touch them, feed them or bathe them. Their everlasting gratitude was not his goal.

The Commissioner saw himself as receiving the admiration of the rich people, those with whom he would mingle socially. Standing in the middle of a tent hospital over the suffering body of some poor wretch was a fine atmosphere for a Napoleonic pose, but after the camera flash, he would flee to his private quarters to bathe away the feeling of filth he always experienced when surrounded by beggars.

Leave all the noble sacrifices to the ladies; the Commissioner wanted only to attend parties and comment sadly upon the bad state of affairs at the hospital and praise the ladies for their magnificent job; only to be told by some frilled and powdered heiress that he was entirely too modest. These things appealed to the Commissioner and he would not allow anything to stand in his way.

The March wind sliced its way across the countryside and caused small whirlwinds in the powder-like snow.

As the Commissioner gazed out of the sleeted window, he longed for a hot cup of Edinburgh tea. He supposed that for appearances it would be best to display a fondness for that black

muddy coffee these mad people insisted on drinking.

A porter ventured into the coach long enough to feed the fire in the stove and ask if the ladies wanted a robe for their feet. They declined saying that someone else might need it more than they. The Commissioner wanted to say that he was that someone but dreaded the look of shock that would appear on seven faces.

The porter had just gone out the door when in came a dowdy grey-haired woman. She smiled to each of the seven around the stove, looking carefully into each one's face. Her gaze traveled back to where the Commissioner was now trying to doze. She gathered her cloak more closely about her and made her way down the aisle.

She peered into his face waiting for an invitation to join him and when no invitation came she settled herself in the seat directly across from him. He stared at her blankly; women seldom traveled alone and now since there were so many men moving about the country it was considered folly to journey on a public conveyance unaccompanied.

She seemed to sigh as though completely exhausted. Her face was careworn, her hair unkempt. She had a knitting bag with her and as she began to employ it, the Commissioner began to exercise his favorite mental game.

Who is she and what is she doing on this train? The bright red color of the scarf she was knitting seemed to have a hypnotic effect on the Commissioner. It was as though she were now the one in control of the locomotive. At each movement of pearl one, knit one the Commissioner felt he was being drawn closer to this strange woman.

She looked at him out of the corner of her eye and seemed to smile to herself. The Commissioner had been caught staring and began to redden guiltily. He focused on some other direction trying to disentangle his will. Her shoes caught his attention, they were the high-button style of many years before; very dusty now seeming to match their owner in their look of abuse. The woman looked at him, smiled and wiggled her foot.

The Commissioner was properly taken back, he did not wish to be accused of flirting with some old hag while travel-

ing to his temple of virtue. He glanced to the front of the coach and was amused to discover that four of the seven ladies were fast asleep. He considered making his way in that direction to engage in conversation just to get away from this mad woman; but rejected the idea, he could stand anything better than the jabberings of Christian ladies. He settled deeper into his seat trying to force himself to sleep when a movement by his side caught his attention.

The woman had moved into the seat beside him and was knitting faster than ever. The Commissioner forgot about sleeping and concentrated on trying to dodge her knitting needles as they danced near his ribs. He stared in a trance when she suddenly glanced his way and then settled her gaze on his thinning hair.

"You shouldn't wear a hat everyday."

"I beg your pardon?"

"A hat. It's impossible to have nice thick hair if you insist on wearing a hat. I know, my husband had the same problem."

"Madame, do you make it a practice to speak to strange men?"

"He just wouldn't listen to me. It was the same with his boots; insisted on wearing those stiff leather things even after I made him comfortable slippers."

"Madame, I don't feel that my head or my feet are any concern of yours."

The knitting needles danced more gaily. The woman was enjoying herself, the Commissioner was miserable.

"He died of it, he did. Wouldn't keep himself warm like I told him to and he just up and died."

"Madame, I am not interested in your husband or you; please stop your squawking."

"Well, you needn't be so rude. I was only trying to make conversation."

"I don't wish to speak with you. Please be quiet."

"My husband's name was Joshua. His family always fancied such names. Named our boy Jeremiah."

"I'm sure it's a good enough name."

"The boy was forever in a pinch; trying to live up to a Bible name. When his Pa died and he became the mai, he was more than glad to quit school. Didn't like the other boys making fun of his name."

"I'm sure he's a fine boy."

"Not no more. He's dead like his Pa."

This was stated so matter-of-factly that the Commissioner was shocked. There was no quivering in her voice, no tear in her eye. It was a simple fact.

"He did his best to earn a little money but his mind was on the war."

"I suppose almost everyone was interested."

"Ran off one night and joined. Wasn't nothing I could do. Said his age was eighteen and they believed him. Wasn't but fourteen at the time. Always was big for his age though."

"You mean they allow that sort of thing over here?"

"Seventh Pennsylvania. He fought at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. Died at Gettysburg."

"May I convey my deepest sympathy."

"Went to hear the speech. Didn't understand much of it. Said a lot about nations and peoples."

"I read of it in England."

"Been alone since the war. No family left. He was a good boy, a little wild but a good boy just the same."

The Commissioner looked out the foggy window. He was surprised to see a shadow pass in front of the glass.

"Been looking for a new husband. Since they came back from the war all crippled up, I figger it won't be too hard to find one that's lonely."

The shadow reappeared. Now seeming to take form and shape.

"Like one not too old. Don't want to tie myself down to an old man."

The shadow turned into a man. Only the chest and shoulders were visible but the Commissioner had an uneasy feeling about seeing the face.

"My man was comely. Boy was nice looking too. Had pretty yellow hair. Blue eyes like his father. Crazy with pride. Least little thing said and they both got fighting mad."

The man had on a uniform of some kind. The Commissioner could see brass buttons gleaming on the blue cloth.

"Wouldn't stay home with his Ma. Had to go to war to prove he was a man."

The man was not a man but a young boy in a uniform much too large for him.

"Do you like children, Mr. . . . uh What is your name?"

"Railton. Commissioner Railton."

"Oh, are you in the army?"

"No. Civil Service."

"Go away, leave me be," he wanted to shout to the boy outside.

"Do you like the color red, Sir?"

"What? No, I detest it."

The boy's blue eyes seemed to be burning a hole through him. The Commissioner noticed for the first time, the frayed collar and the torn braid. The entire uniform was dusty.

"My boy liked red. Said it was a jolly color."

The blond hair caked with mud seemed to shine in the night.

"I never really thought that much of the color myself. I fancy blue more."

"Would you please stop talking and leave me alone."

"Had to go to war. Wouldn't listen to me."

The long thin nose and jutting chin almost pressed against the glass itself. The Commissioner wanted to flee, to run madly in any direction.

"Did alright for himself before he were killed. Never did want for courage."

"Please, please leave me alone," he whispered to the vision just outside the glass.

"I always used to knit things for my boy. I'm a good cook, too. They used to say nobody could bake a pie like my peach pie."

The Commissioner closed his eyes hoping that the boy would vanish when he opened them again.

"My boy used to love peach pie."

The Commissioner opened his eyes. It was no use, the boy was still there. A snarl twisted his lips. The Commissioner felt fear for his life. If the boy could reach him, the Commissioner knew he would try to kill him.

"There, that about finishes my scarf. Took me most of a week to do this one."

"It's very nice," the Commissioner said weakly. The boy outside changed his expression to one of pity; that human emotion the Commissioner had never experienced. He shook his head to clear it. The boy had pity for him. The Commissioner began considering his attitude about his post in Philadelphia. Perhaps, he had been wrong.

"Who are you knitting that scarf for?"

"My boy, Jeremiah," she said simply and smiled to the vision in the window.

by Sheila Henault Summers

IT WAS SUCH AN EASY JOB, HE THOUGHT, AS HE RAN TOWARD THE DOCK . . . A RADIO, WATCH, AND A WALLET . . . NOT MUCH MONEY, ONLY EIGHT DOLLARS AND FIFTY-ONE CENTS, BUT IT WAS MORE THAN HE HAD BEFORE. HE SAT FOR A MOMENT ON THE DOCK; THE RADIO WAS STILL PLAYING THE SAME SONG. HE TRIED TO FIND ANOTHER STATION, BUT THE SAME MUSIC PERSISTED.

HE SHUFFLED THROUGH THE CONTENTS OF THE WALLET: CARDS FROM A GIRL'S COLLEGE IN THE NEXT TOWN, NOTES, AND PICTURES. MOST OF THEM WERE OF ONE GIRL WITH SEVERAL DIFFERENT PEOPLE, AND THOSE INDIVIDUAL PICTURES PEOPLE SWAP WITH FRIENDS WHILE IN HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE. THERE WAS A POEM NEXT TO THE PICTURE OF A NICE-LOOKING BOY. THE YOUNG THIEF LAUGHED SOFTLY WHEN A PIECE OF BLUE CARDBOARD FELL OUT! ON IT WAS THE ANCIENT SYMBOL FOR WOMAN. HE HAD EVERYTHING THAT IDENTIFIED THE OWNER, INCLUDING HER PICTURE ON A LAMINATED I-D CARD.

SUDDENLY THE MUSIC STOPPED AND THE WATCH HANDS FROZE IN PLACE. HE FELT A STRANGE MELANCHOLY DRIFT OVER HIM. THE MONEY CRUMBLED INTO GREEN DUST, THE PICTURES YELLOWED IN THEIR PLASTIC CASES. THE ANCIENT SYMBOL ON THE BLUE CARDBOARD BLURRED AND SHARPENED, AND HE FELT AN ODD WEAKNESS ENTER HIS BODY.

WHEN HE LOOKED AT THE WATCH AGAIN, THE TICKING BEGAN; BUT HIS ONCE STRONG HANDS, YOUNG AND MASCULINE, TOOK ON THE THIN TAPERED CHARACTERISTICS OF A GIRL'S. THEY WERE FEMININE HANDS WITH PINK POLISH ON THEIR OVAL NAILS. HE SAW HIS FEET, NOW SHRUNKEN TO ALMOST HALF THEIR ORIGINAL SIZE. THE BLACK HAIR WHICH HAD CURLED ABOUT HIS ANKLES HAD DISAPPEARED, LEAVING ONLY A SOFT GOLDEN TAN. ALL MANNER OF THOUGHTS ENTERED HIS MIND, AND PEOPLE HE HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE HAUNTED HIM WITH MEMORIES HE HAD NEVER LIVED. HE HAD A STRANGE COMPULSION TO THROW HIMSELF INTO THE SEA; BUT WHEN HE LOOKED AT HIS REFLECTION, THE FACE OF A YOUNG GIRL STARED BACK AT HIM.

FEAR AND FRENZY GRIPPED HIM AS HE DASHED AWAY FROM THE DOCK. YET AS HE RAN, THE TICKING OF THE WATCH GREW LOUDER AND HE BECAME WEAKER WITH EVERY STEP. HIS HEAD TINGLED AS A YOUNG MAN CAME TOWARD HIM, SMILING WARMLY, THEN FADED INTO THE NIGHT. A CHILD WITH DARK HAIR AND GREEN EYES REACHED OUT TO HIM. HE FELT A TENDERNESS FOR THE CHILD AND CALLED OUT A NAME HE HAD NEVER HEARD BEFORE. SHE RAN TOWARD HIM AND THEN DISAPPEARED INTO THE FOG. TWO OLDER PEOPLE LAUGHED AND HE LONGED TO LAUGH WITH THEM, YET HE CHOKED AT THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE.

SUDDENLY THERE WAS BLACKNESS AND THE DIM NAUSEA FORCED HIM TO CEASE RUNNING. HE RAISED HIS HANDS TO HIS HEAD AND FELT THEM STILL TAPERED AND FEMININE, YET WRINKLED AND OLD. THE DARKNESS LIFTED WITH THE ROLLING FOG. A WISP OF WHITE HAIR FELL ACROSS HIS FACE, AND A DAMPNESS SETTLED OVER HIM. A WEIGHT PRESSED AGAINST HIS PETITE FORM AS HE FELL. HE CRIED OUT, BUT HIS VOICE WAS HOLLOW AND HIS MOUTH FILLED WITH DUST. THEN A SOFT HAND REACHED DOWN AND LAY A ROSE UPON A BRONZE PLATE.

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HE SAW THE FACE ABOVE . . . THOUGH OLDER NOW, BUT STILL THE DARK HAIR AND GREEN EYES. AND YET HE KNEW HIS OWN EYES WERE CLOSED. HE WHISPERED A NAME HE NEVER KNEW, AND SHE SEEMED TO SMILE . . . AND HER SMILE REACHED DOWN THROUGH THE BROWN EARTH AND THE WOODEN BOX. THEN THE FLESH MELTED FROM HIS BONES AND HIS BONES CRUMBLLED INTO DUST.

THE FOG LIFTED AS DAWN APPROACHED. A SMALL CROWD WAS GATHERING ABOUT THE YOUNG MAN LYING ON THE WHARF. SOMEONE CALLED THE POLICE AND AN AMBULANCE, BUT THE BLOOD WHICH HAD TRICKLED DOWN THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD HAD DRIED HOURS AGO. WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED, THEY INSPECTED THE BODY AND FOUND CLUTCHED IN HIS HANDS A RADIO, AND A BROWN LEATHER WALLET WITH A GOLD WATCH STRAPPED TO THE CLASP. THE PATROLMAN FILLED OUT THE REPORT . . . APPARENTLY THE THIEF HAD TRIPPED OVER A LOOSE PLANK, HIT HIS HEAD ON THE PILINGS, AND DIED INSTANTLY.



MICROGRAMM **placard** **GOETHIC**
SERIES **LIBRA**
HERALD **A Dissertation on the Liberality** **FOLIO**
GRAPHIQUE **In Contemporary Semantics** **Schoolbook** **COPPER**

by Robert Collins

An English professor once intimated that I was pedantic in my compositions because of my diction. Now that I am a second term sophomore and perspicaciously informed, I would like to take issue with her imputation.

Any freshman fresh from the ersatz erudition acquired in secondary education can be duped into employing words on the basis of their common usage. Only the discerning scholar, after much scrutiny, is proficient enough to winnow out the proper and correct word. I might aver that it is axiomatic that there are few, if any, synonyms in the English vernacular. I will agree that the consequence of the defiling of English into Americanese has given connotations to many words making them appear analogous to other words.

Alas! Even that epitome of stalwart speech, that rock of rote, **Webster's Dictionary**, has been ground into the sands of satanic sayings. It has succumbed to the socialized liberalization of language. For instance, "to get there" used to mean "to arrive at a destination," now it is also interpreted as meaning successful. "OK", an impossible combination of letters, is designated as approval. Shades of M. Van Buren! One now plowing over the contents of the lexicon becomes as soulful as a social security pensioner making purchases in today's supermarket (and that's a product of American hyperbolic jargon).

It has become increasingly manifest that the liberal arts student is going to

have to man the bastions of precise prose if we are going to elude the invasion of foreign phrases because **je ne sais quoi**. After all, are we not immune to the heterogeneous Hellenic dialectical process that Hegel philosophized upon? From our unadulterated Anglo-Saxon semantical patriarchy has come the bedrock of English capable of withstanding the permeating rain of immigration, the tempestuous wind of sectionalism, the disintegrating frost of ignorance, and the shriveling heat of liberalization.

These students have fought the battle of sustaining prose as a means of communication just as the progenitors of Western Civilization so courageously fought — and lost — the cause of poetry. With symbols, systems, sublimity and shots of sagacity, either in profusion or on the horizon, the pen must now submerge the test tube as well as outrace the ampere. Our weapon? Poetry had its iambic pentameter, prose has its idiomatic punctiliousness.

Unite! Fellow scholars, instructors, and administrators, close your ranks, load your pens and open your minds. It is purely academic if we but only fathom what we write. Then we will have the advantage of attorneys. Nor will some commoner likely confuse the issue with facts or sensibility. And now you know why I have been unjustly accused of being pedantic. What do you mean this dissertation is sophomoric?

Didactic Dialogues, 5 & 6

by Roy Yater

Pardon me. I had a flat . . .

Come in, come in.

What's that?!

A picture puzzle.

It's enormous.

Yes.

Where did you get it?

It was here when I moved in — the pieces,
that is.

How long have you been doing it?

Ever since.

It's huge.

Yes.

You haven't done an edge. One usually starts
with an edge.

I don't think there are any edge pieces.

Really? How absurd.

Perhaps not.

Hello there. What are you doing?

Dying.

Oh. I thought you were just changing a tire.

Well, I am, but that's not the important thing.

No, I suppose not.

Cancer, they say.

Cancer.

Yes.

Well — Christ!

What?

What?

I just wanted to help.

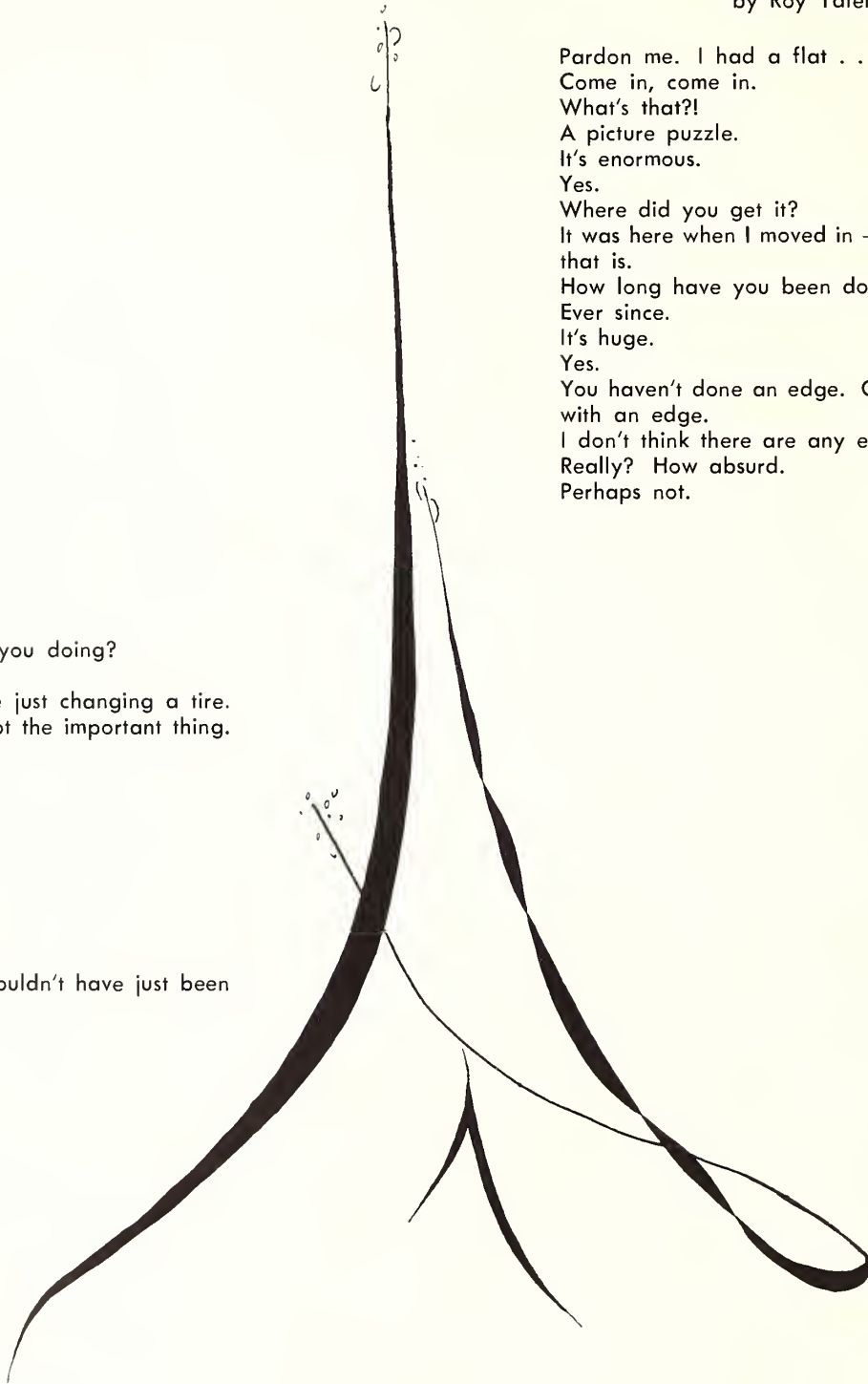
Oh. That's very kind.

I don't know why you couldn't have just been
changing a tire.

Neither do I.

Well — so long.

So long.





50
18





by D. Erwin

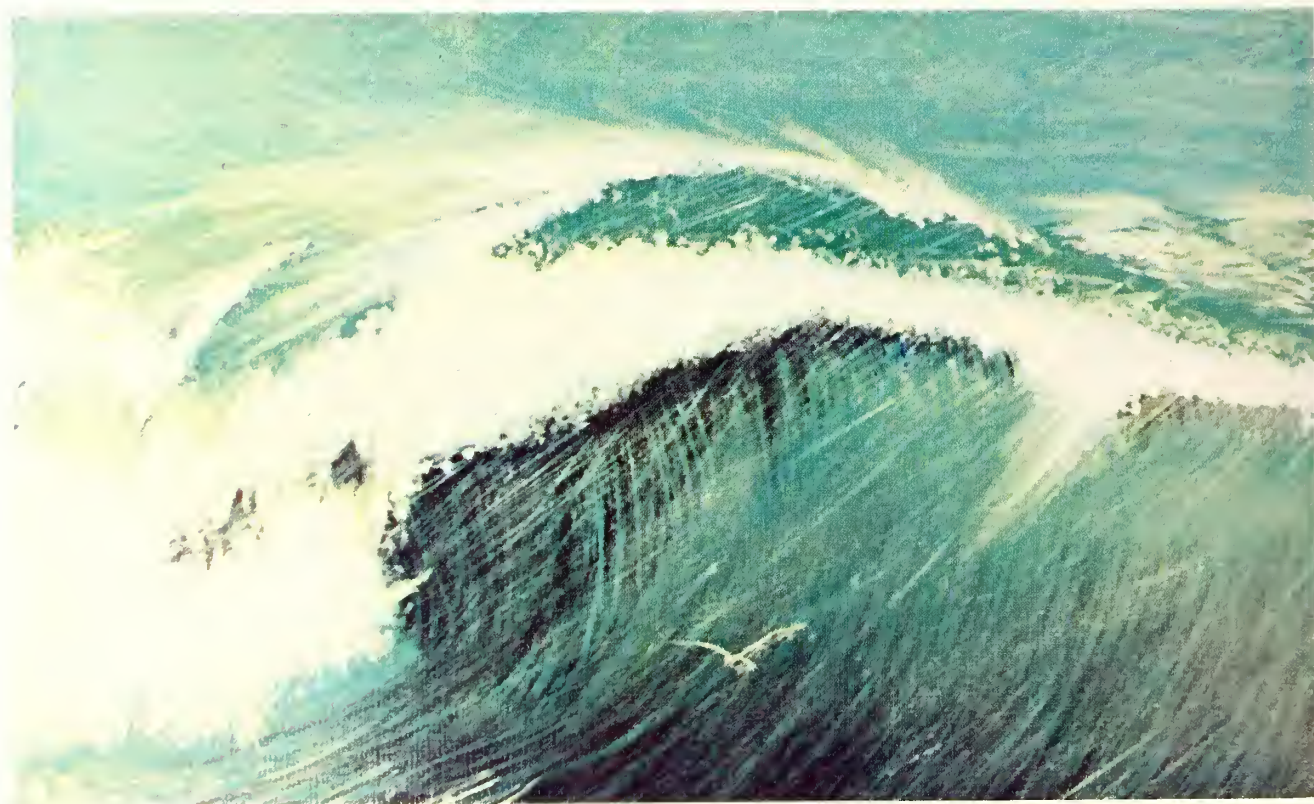


by Howard Buck



By Peter Ingersoll

By Roy Barrick



By Ed Dedecker





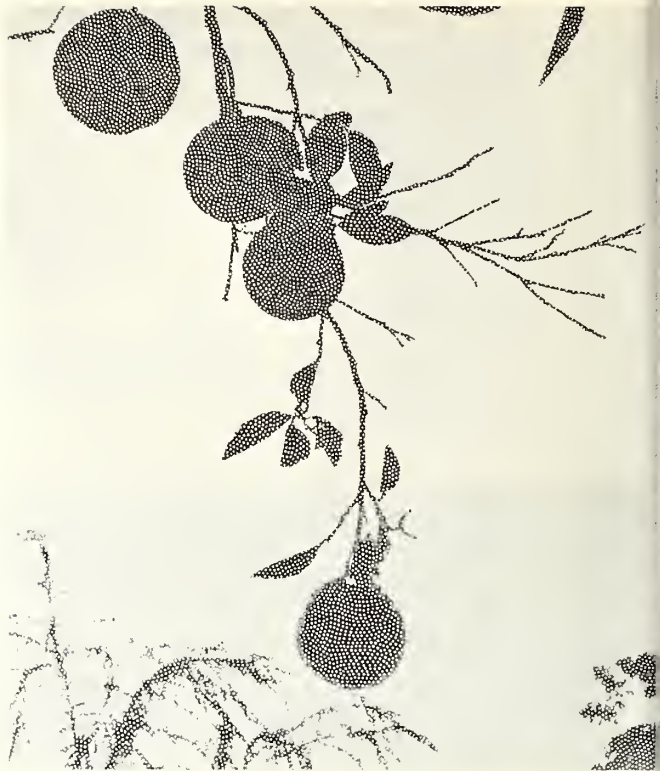
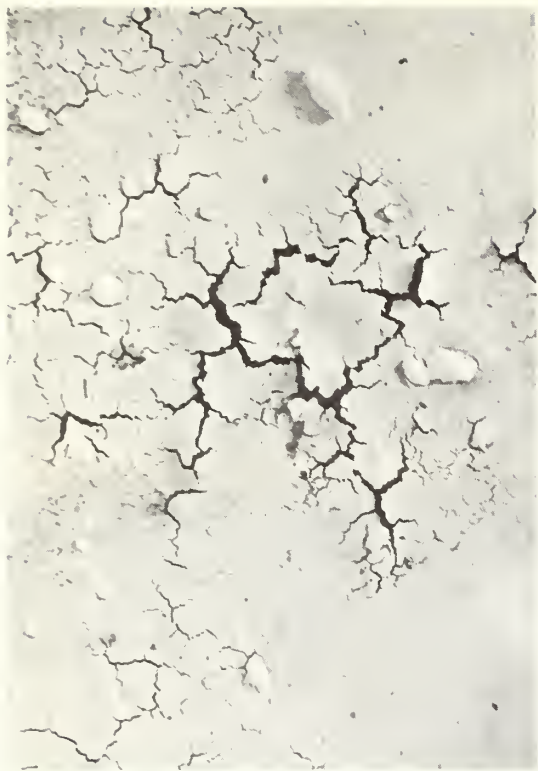
The photographer can be an artist, as evidenced by these derivations. Instead of paint and brush on canvas, his tools include: a lens, a camera, a negative, a sound understanding of chemistry and the physics of light, a good sense of tone and composition, and above all, an eye for the beauty about him and the infinite patience to capture a portion of it.



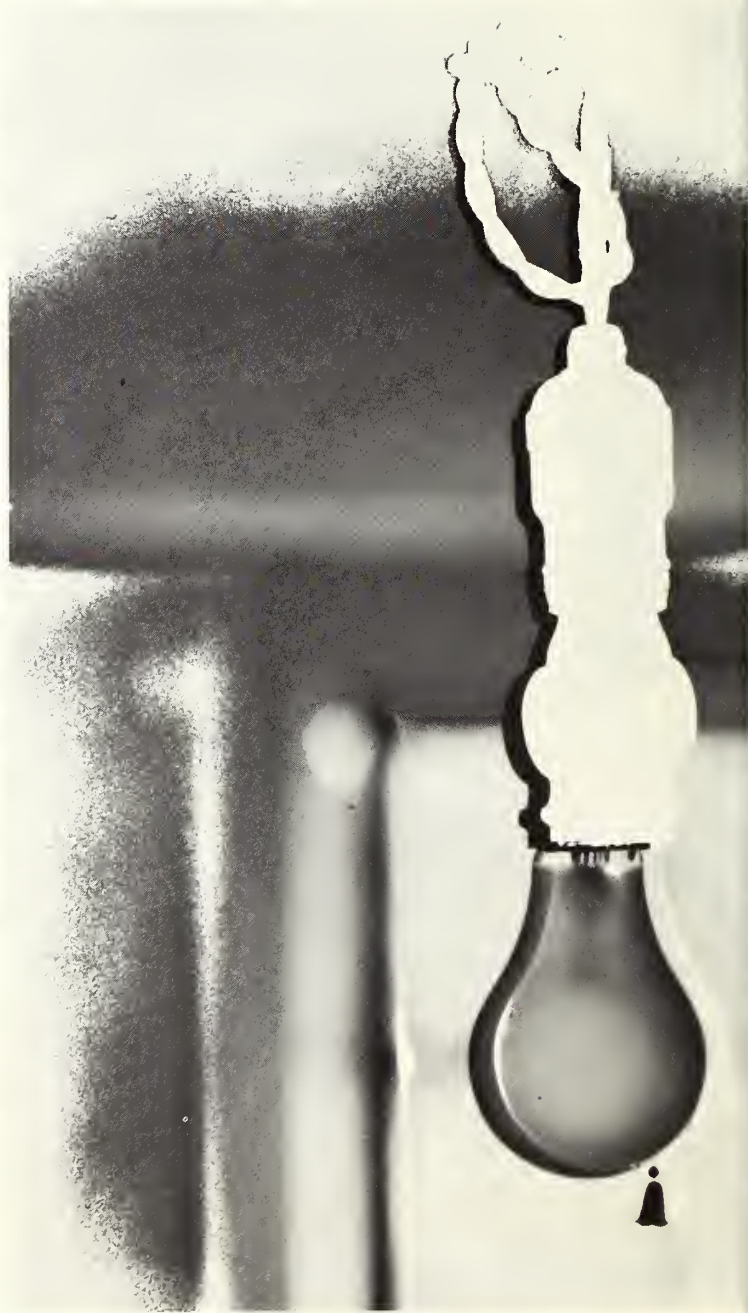
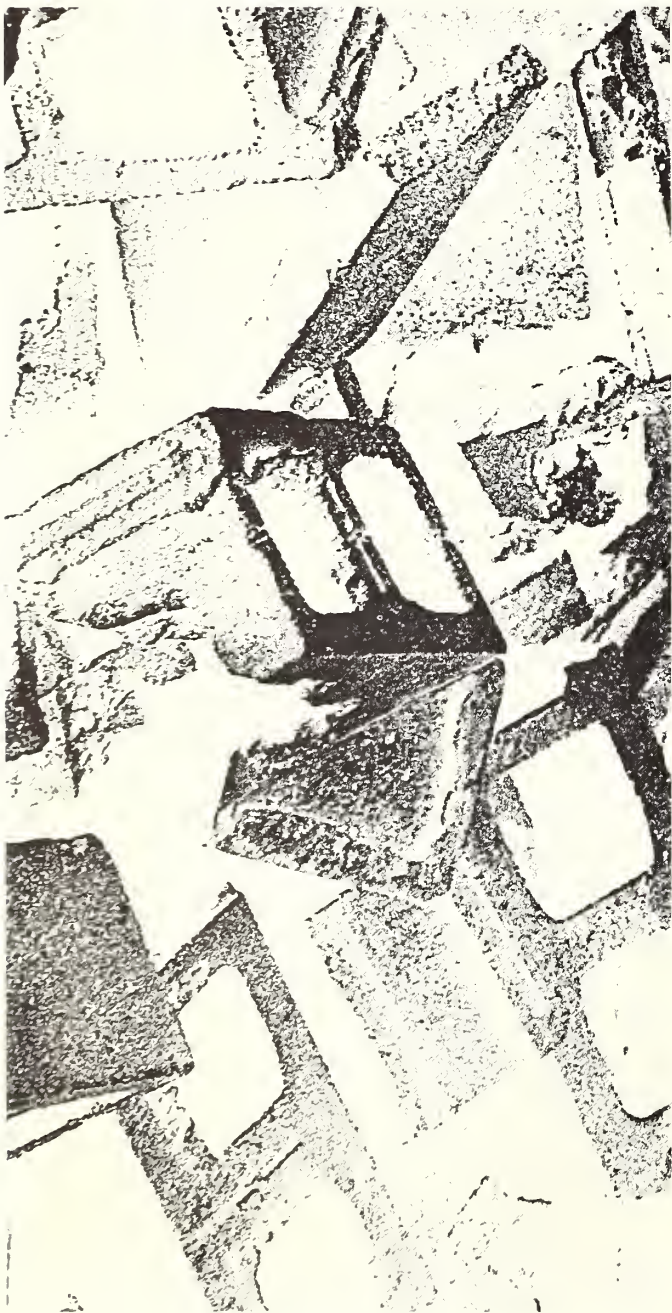
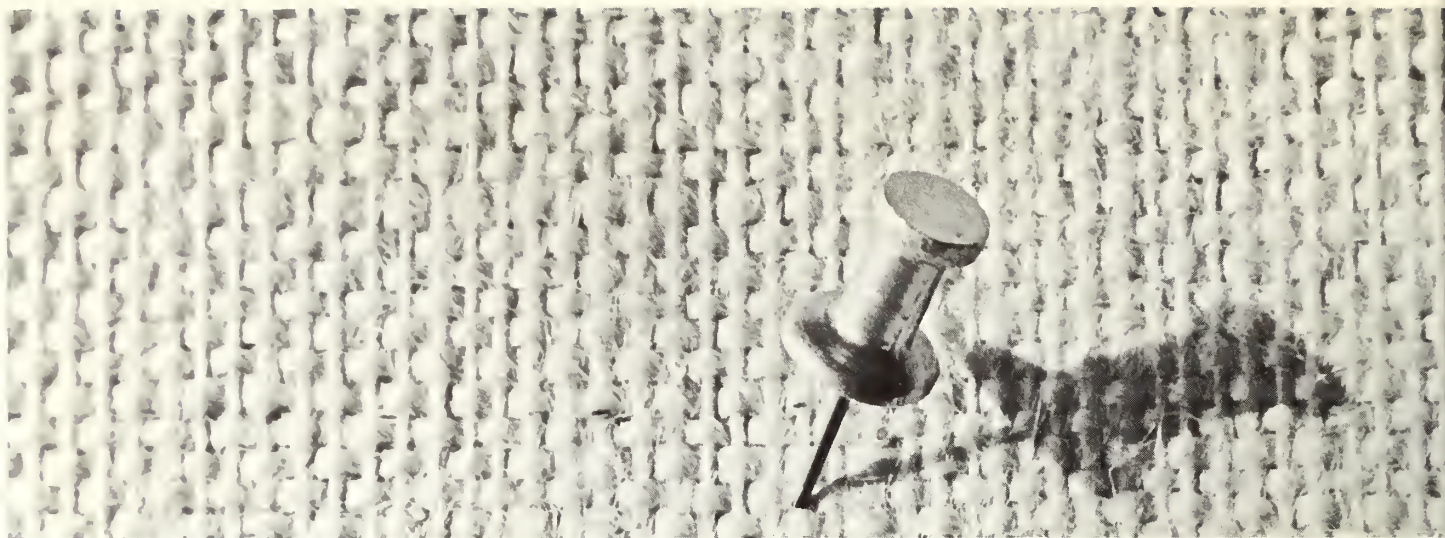
Dave Porter, in four short years of photography has achieved a solid beginning for his life work. He has won first place awards from the State Junior College Press Association and the State Scholastic Press Association. Active on all publications staffs at the Junior College of Broward County, he says, "working on P'an Ku has been more of an inspiration in creative photography than any other challenge in the past."

Dave plans to study Commercial Photography in California after his service in the Naval Reserve.











Conversation

by Catherine McDonald

or

If This is the Appetizer,
What's for Dessert?

"TOMMY, TOMMY, get off the road with that bike."

"Oh, hi, dear, that boy is going to get run over yet. Sit down, read your paper, supper will be ready in a minute. How about a cold drink?"

"I sure could use it. It's been a long day."

"Here you are, say you don't look so good. What's the matter? Trouble?"

"No, not really, I guess."

"What do you mean, you guess?"

"Well, it's not really my trouble but I feel bad about it just the same."

"I could tell something was bothering you. Wait 'til I check the stove. Oh! I put the mail at your place. Nothing important. Dentist bill, letter from your sister, and some assorted ads. I wish everybody wouldn't cook supper at the same time. This stuff is taking forever. Guess it'll be another ten minutes. All right, tell me about it."

"It's really not our business. Maybe I should just skip it."

"Well that's up to you, pet, but if it's trouble, I can't help if I don't know what it is."

"No, it's not trouble, just kinda . . . , I don't know just what it is. Discouraging, I guess."

"Well, what?"

"Well, you remember me talking about Sid Smith? The one that was always dropping things and hurting people?"

"Remember you told me he was so gloomy and always starting an argument so you changed your lunch hour so you could eat in peace?"

"Well, yeah, but also because somebody needed to be on the floor at all times. But, anyway, that's the one. He's been bugging the whole department for months and he finally got everyone down on him. Everybody just stayed out of his way and when they had to work with him they'd just get done as soon as they could. I wasn't the only one changed lunch hours either. In fact everyone else did."

"They did? I guess he got the point, huh? . . . Well, did he?"

"Did he what?"

"Did he get the point. Surely he must have seen something was wrong when everyone . . ."

"No, no, it wasn't that way, I mean, we just sort of found excuses one at a time. It wasn't everybody at once."

"So?"

"So, he was getting worse and worse. Even the boss was down on him."

"And?"

"I guess he would have got fired sooner or later. But he fixed that."

"He did? How?"

"He pulled a doosey!"

"Just a minute, let me see what the kid is doing. TOMMY, better start getting things put away. I said, PUT - YOUR - THINGS - AWAY. Supper in a few minutes. Okay, where were we? Oh yes, Sid pulled a doosey?"

"Yeah, he sure did."

"Well?"

"Well - remember I told you he took the day off - sick we thought - sick all right. We found out today how sick."

"The poor man, what's wrong with him?"

"The poor man's dead, that's what's wrong with him."

"Dead! . . ."

"Yeah, he got himself a bottle, fixed his car up with the vacuum cleaner hose, crawled in, turned the motor on, and went to sleep."

"Vacuum cleaner hose?"

"Vacuum cleaner hose, through the window, and when they found him, he was blue."

"But why?"

"That's what we've been trying to figure out. Sure he wasn't very popular, sure maybe we all could have treated him a little nicer, but, I mean, like taking the pipe, well, we weren't that mean. Why it was just sorta like trying to get him to straighten out and fit in. I mean we didn't mean anything in particular. Just like a hint maybe, but not serious. Know what I mean?"

"Of course you didn't. But don't you know anymore. No other reason? Money?"

"No, he wasn't rich or anything, but he was pretty well fixed."

"His wife?"

"I don't think so. They were married twenty-eight years."

"Some bad disease?"

"We thought of that, but he was such a big husky guy it just doesn't seem possible. We talked about it all day trying to figure it out. We just don't know what to think. Everybody keeps trying to think of something they could have done to him, but like I said, he wasn't very popular but still, you know, not bad enough for that."

"His poor wife. It must be bad for her."

"I guess so, he had some kids too, I think."

"Oh, what a shame! Had the boss said anything about letting him go?"

"You don't understand, when I said he probably would of been fired, I didn't mean now. No — he's been with the department a long time. Been there longer than anyone. They even brought the boss in from another department. No, I just meant with him being so grouchy, telling everyone how to do his job, and trying to run things like he owned the place. Always losing his temper and slamming things around. You couldn't work near him without getting stepped on or bumped or hurt some way. How long do you think that could last? The boss is pretty nice and he puts up with a lot, but there's limits."

"I can see that. Say, what about flowers?"

"We took care of that. Everybody chipped in, mostly a buck, so it should be a good sized bunch and a card signed from the department."

"That's nice. Should I send a card from us personally?"

"No, I don't think so, we really don't know them that well. I only knew him the couple of years I been working with him. First day on the job I was warned to be careful he might run over me or something so I just kinda stayed out of his way. I really didn't have much to do with him at all. Hardly anything as a matter of fact. But still and all, if I'd had any idea what he had on his mind I'd tried to cheer him up. Maybe invited him on the bowling team or something. All day long we've been talking about it. Everybody feels pretty rotten. Sure made a long day."

"Well no wonder you're blue. A thing like that. He must of been off his rocker

some way. It couldn't have been anything you did. You just stop thinking about it. A thing like that could really get to you. Let me get you another drink. I'll have supper in just a minute. Just relax now, just forget it. Read your paper. I'll have everything out right away. Just sit. You'll feel better soon as you eat. TOMMY, TOMMY, supper."



Consume Purple Rage

by Julie Poole

I'm not a joiner

I hide in dark places

A thousand people
May gyrate dance hotly
To songs — I play here
All alone quiet soul-ly
In dimlit rooms holes

I act my life lonely
To walls and never
In sunlight bright glaring

I talk to walls yes

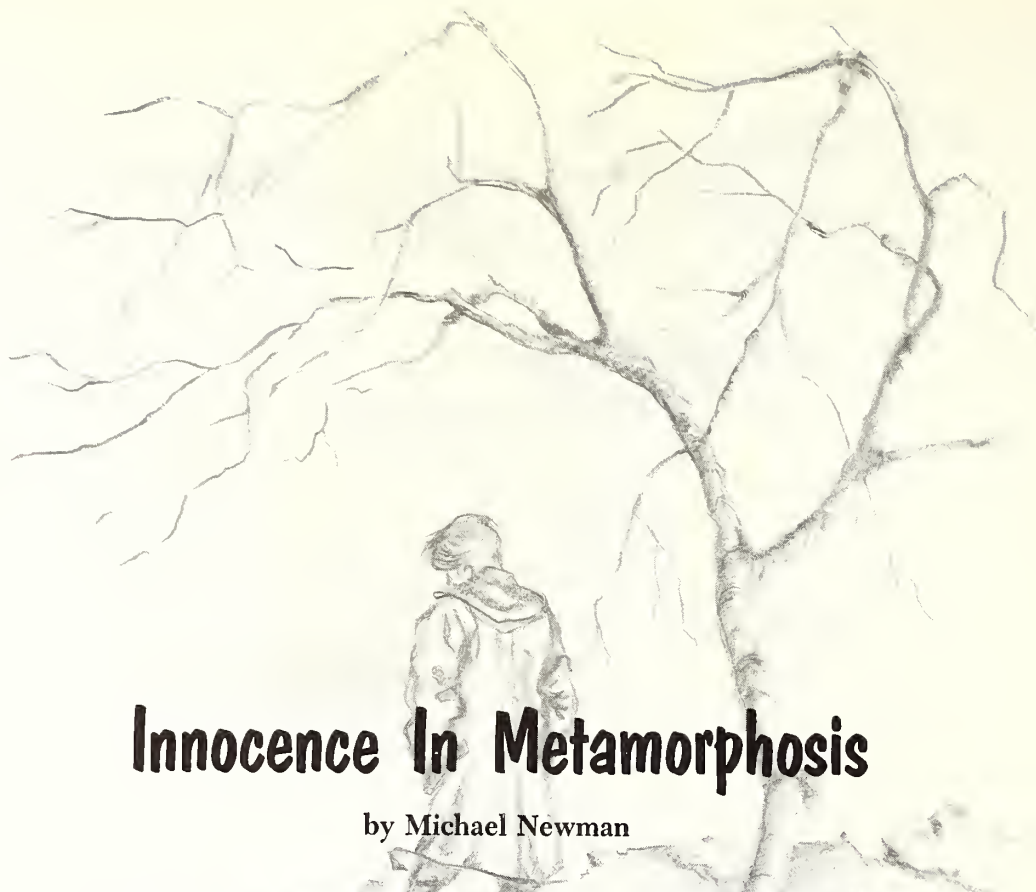
If grey to black turns all
I flick on candles
And uncork wine sadly

It flows out purple
Like rage in faces bitten

I drink it slowly

A world wild world raging
Is there to consume





Innocence In Metamorphosis

by Michael Newman

A young boy with a collie dog beside him stood on a high hill beneath a clear pale-blue sky, looking out upon a patchwork valley of manifold color, infinite shadings of green, careless splotches of purple and red. He took a deep breath and sighed in wonderment. The valley was imaginary, a golden impress on the spirit of all men. So too, the boy hadn't flesh or personality, being Innocence at the Thershold, solemnly eager, ingenuous and wise. And the dog was Friend — also an ideal. Theirs was a silent closeness, an unassuming, proven friendship without faulty, imperfect words. These two were perfect because their world lay before them empty, green and promising.

The boy saw a giant spectre, a shadow, stride slowly across the valley and disappear. It was the Great Transversal, Time. He knew.

He watched himself climb out of himself and down the mountain with the dog beside him placid and alert. Calm and silent, eyes alive with curiosity, he wandered between rows of flowers, soft, delicate petals uplifted; and he knelt down, his face close to a flower, listening for running fluid, for the bustle of industrious protoplasm, for a heartbeat. And then, turning away, he met and languished in the joyous, intoxicating sweep of color, the warm, sweet fragrance lifting from each sawying bloom, the sky's deep serenity, and the sleepy peace. He sat dumbfounded, savoring his emotions. But then, surrendering to regret, he saw himself fade like a dissolving mist.

Now, the boy watched from the hill as heavy, running feet trampled over the valley, coming from nowhere, flooding the silence with noise. He watched violet feet smashing flowers under their heels, smearing the dead, sticky ooze over the ground; an oblivious horde, wearing one face — dull, ludicrously intent — madly scrambling over the valley, over the dying rubble of the valley, toward the sun. The sun, red and heatless, hung like a gravestone over the horizon, then descended under the coming darkness.

The boy on the hill quivered, first with fright, then in anger, and finally in despair. He sighed into the approaching darkness.



A SHADOW'S SHADOW ON THE BEACH

by Michael Newman

A gaunt, balding man and his wife stood in the predawn hours on the beach as a lazy, flat surf played with their bare feet. The sea sprawled out to a thin rail of horizon on which a freighter crawled patiently toward Mexico, its lights staring at them in the distance. A high, full moon laid a golden ribbon across the black liquid sea. Behind them the flimsy dawn peeked above the Gothic mansion to which generations of her family had made summer pilgrimages for many, many years. It was an established structure, old, with a conical cupola and two stately chimneys catching the first yellow tinge of the rising day. It stood proud and overbearing, still-swathed in ominous shadow. Gradually, it had declined into mustiness with the slow evaporation of familial wealth. Yet the house was imbedded in the family and remained like an old battle scar, a vestige of erstwhile glory. The man hated it — the childish pretense, the stagnating lie. But at the same time he felt its subduing attraction; its hollow bigness intimidating, established, immutable. Although he faced the sea, he could feel the chilling presence of that house, its squat shadow, coaxed on by an expanding glare, creeping toward him. He watched the ship intently. He was a man stuck, at the age of forty, with a stomach ulcer, an adding machine, and a wife who spoke in droning monotone of the lovely view, and the lovely beach, and the house so full of tradition. He hadn't heard her. Entranced by that battery of little lights floating slowly along the horizon, he had forgotten her and the accounting office with its frenzied clicking and its endless spewing of numbers that added up, in the final calculation, to the verge of madness.

The light of another day intruded on his gamboling dreaminess. His wife, not used to the early morning, had quietly retreated into the dark gullet of the house, leaving him a shoeless, lonely figure on the beach. The ship had plodded several miles down the horizon and, as he tracked it, the shadow oozed imperceptibly from the house and swallowed him.

Life and Love in an Inner Tube

Like plastic molds,
we've been cast the hollow men.
The half-filled ° half-empty
liquid emittance of the spittle of God.

By a bungling mistake of Evol.
we're just a half-step above an ape.
But light years from the heavens —
Proudly thinking it our inheritance.

We steadily pump our ego,
and our neighbor pumps his.
Like two capons we but strut and crow.
The World °
is equal to °
an overinflated inner tube.

The patched up inner tube ballons slightly on one side,
but Johnny buttons his sweater and pumps on.
He's unquestioningly pedalling to church, even though —
they say "GOD HAS DIED."

Johnny's Mom and Dad — well, they finally saw the town ALL red.
They're home now wishing they were dead.
Johnny's pretty pumped and pooped out,
when arriving and hearing the sermon shout.

"The SOUL of Man was made —
into the image and likeness of GOD.
But his total remaining value of 98c
sure as hell doesn't carry His imprimatur."

Johnny's fulfilled his duty —
walks out the front door,
and discovers some "big bully" was here.
His tires are flat.

by George Griffin

Journey's End

by G. Edward Taylor

Come to the aspen covered hills,
That swell against the sky,
A place on this earth
Unchanged by the birth
Of man and his lustful eye.

Put your feet in the rich black sod, my friend
And feel how it cools them such,
How relaxing, endearing,
How soothing, and nearing
Your heart with it's loving touch.

Put your hands in the soft deep grass, my friend,
Lay your head down on it and rest;
You're tired, you're weary,
The road has been dreary
At times in this earthly test.

Feel the air as it tickles your nostrils, friend
How fresh! How clean! How gay!
There's no chance to choke
On the pillaging smoke,
From the factories far away.

Close your eyes as you lie there and think, my friend
As to why you were born to this world,
Have you done what you came for?
Have you done less or done more?
Was your flag ever really unfurled?

You say that you've led the best life that you could
And so now you have come here to die,
You've fought each day's hours
With all of your powers,
And now you pass on with a sigh.

You've come to the right place to sleep, my friend
These hills are so full of God,
The grass is His hair
His soul is the air
And His heart is the rich black sod.



TRY FOR THE SUN

by Caroline King

We stood in the "windy city"
 The Gypsy boy and I;
 We slept on the breeze in the midnight
 With raindrops and tears in our eyes.

We huddled in the derelict building
 And when he thought I was asleep,
 He laid his poor coat 'round my shoulders
 And shivering lay down at my feet.

We cracked the dawn with our laughter,
 Our breath turned to mist in the cold.
 Our years put together weren't thirty,
 But our eyes told the dawn we were old.

And why must they always say,
 We can't understand when we're young?
 You and I are together today,
 And we're going to try for the sun!

DEATH MAKES LIARS OF US ALL

by Bette Martineau

Perceive that Death makes liars of us all.
 The same old faces that we would have scorned
 At once are to be kissed, and missed, and mourned
 When He, in robes of darkness, comes to call.
 Amazing how our tears begin to fall
 While kneeling by a corpse when it's adorned.
 Surprising how we men are so forlorned
 To gaze upon a body, and recall
 The things we could have done for him in life.
 Too late we see his need for us, and hear
 His cries for love we could not hear before.
 But Death arrives and with his gleaming knife
 Cuts loose the flimsy cord of life. A tear
 Can't quench the thirst which rages never more.

MOON LOVER

by Cris Cunningham

You come out of the sea gashing the sky with a huge,
 Red wound which swiftly heals into a soft, silver disc
 Changing the ocean to a treasure chest of sparkling
 Diamonds and the sand and palms into silver raiments
 For night. You are a lover that stirs the fires of
 Desire that, without you, are only soft glowing embers
 Of a passion that used to be. A lover whose cool, gentle
 Touch ignites like no hot, harsh sun could ever hope to do.

AN OLD MAN'S PRAYER

by Terry Noonan

Hear me, O Lord, for I'm a'callin' to Thee
 To come and take a sinnin' soul like me.
 No learnin' have I to be a'callin' to You.
 Many years are gone by, my day's about through.
 I've carried scalps and panned for gold.
 My wagons are safe and my pelts are sold.
 The Alamo's done—all their tales are told.
 Custer's gone and the seventh went with him.
 This old world is damn full of sin.
 My plains are wide, my Rockies are high,
 About all that's left of my life is a sigh.
 I've heard tell of a feller named Christ,
 On a cross He saved the world without a fight.
 The padres say that He can save me too,
 He can damn well show me a thing or two.
 If He still wants, I'll be lying here,
 Under my white oak, and callin' Him near.
 I'll give Him my hand, my heart and soul,
 But I'll be damned,
 If I'll take back all the whoppers I've told.

ON A SUNNY DAY

by Julie Poole

To be free
 As the day awakes
 And people travel
 On their everyday journeys,
 Would be a gift
 Of the world.
 The sun peers
 Through a mist
 And the air I breathe
 Is like wine.
 The sun pats me
 On the head
 And pulls me
 By the hand
 To see the wonder —
 The birds balancing,
 The butterflies fluttering,
 The lizards darting,
 The children coming out to play,
 Places to be explored,
 Moss hanging,
 Weeds tangled, towering,
 Yellow, purple and blue flowers.

The sun says,
 "Walk forever
 Like this with me.
 Sample beauty.
 Live.
 Be free.
 Breath."
 And when I see
 All the beauty,
 I am free,
 Alive and breathing.

LITTLE QUESTIONS

by Marilyn Rohr

The other day Tom said to me: "Mom, what happened to the grass?" and I just said, "It went away, it's winter now."

"Did something winter eat it up, or was it just pulled down?" "It's gone, just gone," I said, "The winter came."

"Well did he hide it somewhere else, to play a little game? And will he really put it back?" So I just said, "Not now."

And then he said an awful thing that gave me quite a chill,

"Will the winter come for us and dad and throw us all away?"

I shuddered when I almost said,
"Yes but not today."



ADVICE TO THE DREAMER

by Marilyn Rohr

Find yourself a place called tomorrow,
And depart the land of now.
Let a breathing shadow find the color of its form.
Forever cannot be today,
Concealed in torn gray trappings of despair.
It's there,
Within the jewel,
Languishing beside the golden dust of promise.
Find yourself the dawn of day,
And hold it in your hand,
Lightly,
Knowing that it is the purpose of mankind.
Caress it like a fading flower,
And lie it gently beneath the marble mountain,
Then fly beyond,
To your home.

WATER THEME

by Catherine McDonald

I stand at the edge of the ocean
 the sand gnaws at my
 ankles with a million
 tiny teeth
 the wind-born water
 batters against my
 eyelashes
 and I feel excited.

I stand upon a tilted deck
 the prow pushes aside
 blue water to make
 a frosty white petticoat
 the unreefed sails gleam
 brightly above my head
 and I feel happy.

I stand on a strip of concrete
 the shadows slip across
 upright slabs of stone
 and glass
 the excretions of air conditioners
 bead like oil on my skin
 and I feel dirty.

I stand beside a hospital bed
 the fevered body twists in
 a nightmare of sweat
 and smell
 the tortured teardrops
 sear my upturned palms
 and I feel helpless.

I stand beneath a metal fountain
 the crystal drops march
 in double time precision
 across an arcing rainbow
 the tiny flagellants bring
 warmth and color to
 my flesh
 and I feel comforted.

I stand beside an enamelled well
 the steaming water gurgles
 and splashes in a
 rising tide
 the movements of my hand
 cause soapy bubbles
 to break against my
 wrists
 and I feel useful.

I stand in the center of a
 forest glen
 the rain cascades in
 twirling rivulets over
 the green leaves
 the freshly laundered breeze
 whispers around my face
 and I feel clean.

I sit atop a rumbling wing
 the clouds roll and billow
 in gigantic whipped
 cream towers
 the high rare air brings
 the sound of singing
 to my ears
 and I feel humble.

I stand on a slippery train step
 the slanted sheets of water
 shatter the pools of
 captured neon light
 the bright drops dance on
 the beaming faces of my
 waiting sons
 and I feel loved.



Had I Never Loved Before

by Dawn Lincoln

*Had I never loved before I'd be free to love you now.
The thought of you would make me warm,
I'd find my shelter in your form,
Had I never loved before.*

*Had I never loved before my naive eyes would see in you
The man who, through life, I'd adore,
The man whose burdens I'd endure,
Had I never loved before.*

*Had I never loved before I'd innocently give myself
Til all my passions were no more,
Oblivious to narrow scorn,
Had I never loved before.*

*Had I never loved before I'd never know that if love ends
Its only souvenir is pain;
But, knowing this, I must abstain.
Oh, had I never loved before.*

GABRIELLE

by G. D. Eisman

The child of Saint Sulpice sits before the membrane lock
Building clocks without hands out of tinker toys and blocks.

People fall from the mother's breast to pass by Gabrielle
Not knowing if their quest be for heaven or for hell!

"Why, my Gabrielle, the mystic smile upon your face?"
"Because, my faith-blind pilgrim, to live is a disgrace."

MY LOVE

by Cris Cunningham

My whole being aches with the need of You. My eyes
Strain for the golden sight of You as my nose waits
For the fragrance of You. My lips hunger for the
Taste of You while my ears listen for the soothing
Sound of You. My arms quiver for the strong feel of
You, and my heart pants for the warm love of You.
My soul longs for the gentle air of You, oh come
To me My Love.

UNTITLED

by Susan Fetzer

I settled myself in my window seat,
Held my coat close to conceal my heart beat,
Smudged my nose on the window pane
And watched the land sink without a strain.

Leaving the sandy beaches between city and sea,
The pancake terrain and the tropical trees,
And soaring high in a clear dawning sky,
I watched a season dress before my eyes.

The north was gently nudging summer away,
And fall crept and cuddled into casual array.
Puffing hills matured to Appalachian mountains,
And the waking sun yawned into a spraying fountain
Of brilliant yellow beams that berathed upon the land,
Dissolving a nestling fog between the valleys, and
The country became carpeted in red-orange and gold . . .
Seeing a season dress is a sight to behold.
It creates an atmosphere where concepts are conceived,
And I found myself asking:

"How can anyone not believe?
What makes people content in their ignorance?
What makes others lives without significance?
What makes something right and something else wrong?
Is it up to the culture to which you belong?
Is it society's rules with which you abide?
What's wrong with letting your heart decide?
What is life like without a true friend?
Will there always be war, will it never end?"

I could have asked more but it was time to descend,

So I forgot all the questions; I forgot all the whys
Caused by a season dressing before my wandering eyes.

A DESERT SPEAKS

by Judy Mathis Homan

I am a desert talking to myself; sans poetry —
sans relief.
 Always thirsting, I feast
 On light — blinding, fearing night
a thief.
Eroding winds add their measure;
 Serving yet another purpose.
 Revealing,
 Concealing my mistakes
along with theirs
 Adding design.
 Serving to refine.
I am a desert talking to myself,
 warning night to walk swifty while I
have no sandy heights
and
cast no shadows.

THE POETRY LESSON

by Helen Reminger

He showed hyperbole, apostrophe,
 And then quatrains complete with metaphor
 He read them all with smooth ability
 The words of Frost, John Keats and many more.
 Then he remarked quite loud for all to hear
 Please write a verse — next week it will be due.
 Alas, now I am not a sonneteer,
 And words that rhyme for me are very few.
 Nine lines I have, I know I need five more
 I think, perhaps, that is synecdoche.
 Would you believe this is a pleasant chore?
 May I call that a big hyperbole?
 Should you suspect I lack sincerity
 This is for class, not for posterity. . . .

DEATH AT FOUR

by Susan Voss

Why are you at the table still
That rests below the window sill
Where you were left, my friend, to stay
When your young mistress left to play?

Remember how you slept in bed
And snuggled to her curley head?
Now dress yourself in blackest veils,
Rise, and sing your tearful wails.

Why do you sit in disarray
The same as you were yesterday
Still waiting for your mistress to
Come home and serve lunch to you.

She brought you honey in a jar
And told you tales of afar.
Now pick soft flowers, fern, and moss
And lay them at her tiny cross.

With cakes and cookies all pretend
And hot tea of a special blend
Of tenderness and loving care
For all the dolls and Teddy Bear?

For you shall now be put away
Perhaps until some other day
When you shall be another's pet
But never, never shall forget.

Don't you feel a kind of chill
And see above the window sill
The flowing of the curtains black
And realize she won't be back?

What keeps you in your tiny chair,
My plump and spoiled Teddy Bear,
Within your world of make-believe
Without a thought to mourn or grieve?

Remember all her lullabies
And how she soothed your sleepy eyes?
How sing out to the summer's breeze
Your sorrow's songs and elegies.





UNTITLED

by Ben Weisel

I am something
 . . . to somebody . . .
 and nothing or something
 Different to all others.

* * * * *

Multiply the stillness by one sound;
 By one syllable of her name . . .

* * * * *

Come let us die —
 As unto the wind flies dream.
 And the heaven that we know
 Surely will not be ours.

* * * * *

*I lay in the canescent heaven between dream
 and day*

*Grieving to see you pale and fearing,
 That was in a dream. Like pure silver,
 The metal-moon engraves your likeness;
 Winding roses in your hair,
 And soft a sad wind stirs.*

*I feel your presence in the common day,
 And when I wake and when I sleep. You are
 Risen with the sun and placed against the sky;
 Slender, alone. And you have made the world
 Large and like a word that yet in silence ripens.
 And as your will take in the sense of it,
 Tenderly your eyes let it go . . .*

*There is strength in the song, but
 Real singing is of a different breath.
 Against the longing, the sobbing, there is
 SILENCE! the soul may softly turn
 Home to the flooding and the fullness
 Where she lived, growing wide and wise:
 Constrain not her tender playing.*

*Out of my infinite yearnings is risen
 The one to see the bottom of time.
 Behind that comes stillness. I have
 Laid my eyes upon you wide;
 They hold you gently and let you go
 When something stirs in the dark.
 The nights are not made for all
 And from all others the night divides you.
 I sense the winds that are coming:
 I must live . . .*

When in the morning of our love
 your face arose and lighted my
 crumpled world, I felt new life
 from the new warmth of your sun

* * * * *

o moment stop
 you are so beautiful

* * * * *

I never got
 over the first
 Dazzlement . . .
 It

got
 over
 me!

* * * * *



UNTITLED No. 7

by Bill Cael

I fling the chariot
 Past rough hewn granite of youth
 Fabricating in the quarry
 Visions of holiness

The dawn not yet set upon the day
 Has furthered the darkness
 Of blinded eyes
 While death seeks to hail the soul

Sighs of terror guide obscurity
 Through passages of deep caverns
 Though truancy from the wells
 Endures not time and
 That which is preordained
 Places on the scrolls
 The legacy of flesh
 Meeting its destiny of stone

But the pawn rises
 To battle the regent's singular hoard
 Only to have its breast beseeched
 And trod upon
 Like a cobble on the street of Hell

Sun has found the day
 Hiding in a silken cave
 Then pulling the blankets of stupidity
 From its head
 Relives tomorrow
 And salts the wounds of yesterday

Thoughts of Things

by Samuel Maynard

How much of what I see of form,
 So tangible and fair, is really there,
 And how much is in me?

I look at earth and find
 A world as fair as mind
 Bright and real as a revery.

What shall divide the stream,
 And separate the dream
 From the reality?

I look at the sky and find it hard
 To tell which one is starred,
 The depth of space or me.

Sonnet No. 3

by Candy Manusuthakis

I remember
 walking through a field of golden cattails
 that danced to the intimate whispering
 of the wind.
 I held the beauty of your hands in mine
 and pressed them to the warmness
 of my breast.

I remember
 the trilling of a thousand wings
 of birds flying from secret nests
 when I screamed
 at the blush of a polished red sun
 and we watched the red darken
 and the cattails fade

And I remember
 the sound of your laughter saying
 love is only a summer day —
 your hands becoming stone —
 the birds drowning in black grass
 I remember and cry.



MEDITATION - 2

by David Rossi

It's two o'clock
 And the strings of my guitar are
 Stilled
 And the hard metal of the strings is
 Chilled.
 I am here in my separation from tomorrow
 The threats of the future
 Are muffled
 By the blanket of dampness called night,
 The time drips on, and here, in a puddle
 of its idleness,
 I look in and see
 Myself
 And am appalled at my separation from me,
 And at the trail leading from my puddle-eyes
 Through the dry hair myself
 Into me.
 My machinery cries for sleep,
 Buy my mind must think,
 Must rifle through the mounting clouds of
 Time, as they draw my mother further into
 Yesterday, my father further into obscurity
 Myself further into the motion of my protons,
 And neutrons and electrons as they whirl away
 Toward their cataclysm.

Peter Pan

by Michael Beckham

The other night, in fact, a month ago, I had such a happy experience, a magic moment, that I must record it or lose it to man's mania of fallibility. Then what proof would I have for myself of ecstasy — of which there are many kinds to discover.

It came so stealthily this beauty, and took me by such pleasant surprise. It came in breathless wonder — a simple scene.

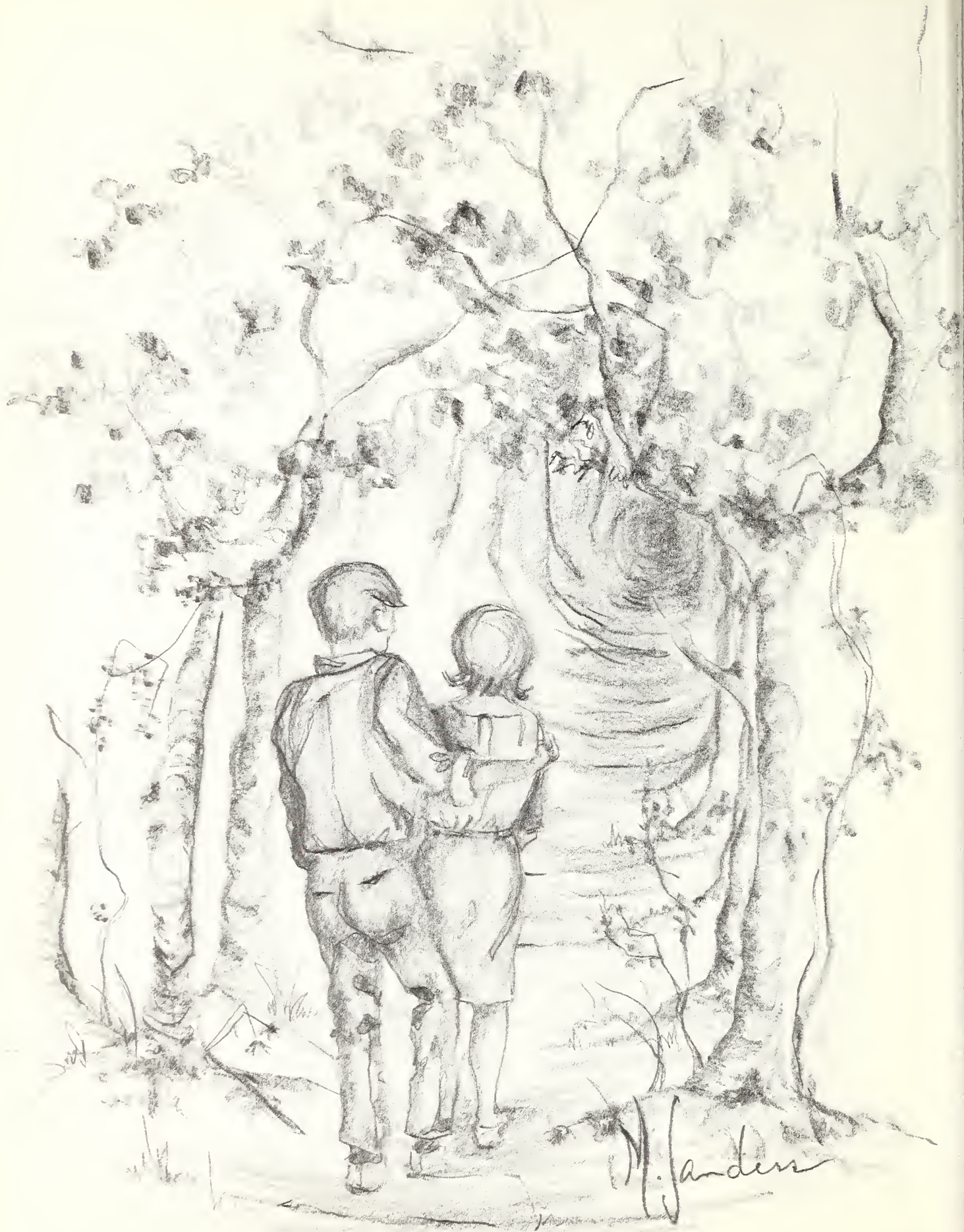
As I opened the drapes to close the windows in the wee hours one night, my mind reeled and drug my heart with it at what I saw. The wet streets glistened like an onyx cross at the intersection of, under ordinary conditions, plain old thirteenth street and sixty-ninth terrace. But that night, this corner was an illustration from an Old Hans Anderson book, or one of those old Christmas cards that smell so lovingly of storage in an old stationery box, in an equally old trunk. The streets of onyx gleamed on, out of sight in every direction, like they were a jewel band that circled the whole earth and knotted here, in front of my house.

They, tiny houses that line the streets, were also fairy-like. It tells me I would still like to believe in the goodness of storybooks, their white-pebbled roofs reflected the bright glow of the moon, appearing gently snow-capped. Over the suburb-turned-village, the moon floated, supported sturdily by the still night, the pleasantry of after-storm.

Silvered generously by the dreaming disc, a lone cloud spread itself thinly across the night, artistically spaced below the moon, it was softly spread, a lovely smear of silver.

Here and there a tiny star, only a few, they exhilarated me. It seemed they were more beautiful in their scarcity, more precious.

The whole scene, an ancient and fragile tintype, filled me with a joyous anxiety, a longing. It filled me with emptiness. I wanted to see it forever, this scene. I felt sure if I waited long enough Peter Pan would come and save me from the world that wasn't like this. But sleepiness betrayed me and I betrayed the tintype, and Peter Pan, for sleep. A foolish move. When I awoke the scene had vanished to sunshine and reality. I'll bet that he did come. But he won't come now, to ordinary thirteenth street and sixty-ninth terrace.



LAST STAGE TO SOMEDAY

by Maryan S. Douglas

There was a moonlit winter night, somewhere near the end of my junior year in college when my face looked up at me, from the silver phosphorescence of a crystal lake, with eyes which weren't my own.

"You're me, and you're not me," I whispered. "I'm you but I'm not you. I'm chasing something I won't recognize when I catch it and I don't know why." Suddenly angry at having confided in the shallow water I stirred it with my finger and broke it into a thousand pieces.

Will McNulty, my very good friend and Geology lab partner, walked up behind me and looked at the mess I had made of the beautiful water.

I sighed, huddled deep into my coat, sighed again, my eyes strolling into the glistening woods, across the spangled shell of sky and coming back to the profoundly patient figure of Will McNulty.

"What's wrong with me," I wondered on a long drawn breath.

"Nothing time won't cure, Hon," Will said with an indulgent chuckle.

"And when will that be?"

"Someday, my child. Someday!"

My eyes made a quick search of his unhandsome, honest, young face and found no knowledge of my secret rendezvous, hence no suspicion of mockery.

He flipped his cigarette into the lake, caught my outstretched hands and pulled me to my feet. For a second, caught there between the cobwebby strands of shadows and moonlight, our eyes on a level, I had the peculiar thought that Will might kiss me.

"You're nice, Will," I said, patting his cheek.

"Thanks a lot," he replied drily.

When he left me at the dorm he said the same old thing.

"See you tomorrow, Hon."

You'll see me, I thought, watching him walk away, that's for sure.

Andrea, my roommate, was sitting cross legged on her bed, sleek and luxurious as a well loved pussy cat. She licked a cookie crumb from her finger with the tip of her tongue. Andrea was always pretty, always serenely confident, always cheerfully antici-

pating some nice tomorrow. And always hungry.

"You had a phone call," she said.

"Oh GREAT," I exploded. "Hey Mitzi! O la la! What are you doing Saturday night?"

"How did you know?"

"Simple," I answered. "I was out with Will and no one else calls me except the bored creeps whose girls aren't speaking to them, so they pick a likely sounding name out of the school directory. Now just name me a likelier sounding name than Mitzi Smith. Next year I'm not having my name in the book."

"But don't you want -"

"I don't want anything," I snapped, plumping down on my bed.

But I did want something, and what hurt was that I didn't really expect to find it.

Even Will had unknowingly tantalized me with it.

"Someday, my child. Someday."

My mother made me the Someday promise when I was eight. When I was eight I wore hand made dresses because I was a size eight wide and a size twelve long. When my mother introduced me to her friends as 'my LITTLE Mitzi' they did a polite double take. It got through to me very early that I simply did not look like a Mitzi.

So, when I was eight and a half I announced to friends, neighbors and acquaintances that I was now Marie Antoinette, and yes, of course it was all right with my parents.

I made the mistake of not checking with them in advance. It was NOT all right with my father. He ranted and raged and made Mother have a talk with me. Mother insisted it was only a stage I was going through, but she agreed to talk.

She took my stiff, sullen, black browed form into the circle of her arms. I glared into the soft apology of her eyes. Since it had been my fate to bear a thin, prickly, tangled kneed resemblance to my father, it did seem they could have named me accordingly.

"Clifford?" mother wondered disbelievingly.

Marie Antoinette, of course. But they had named me Mitzi and she made it quite clear to me that Mitzi was irrevocably my very own name. She tried gently to ease the blow.

"A rose by any other name —" she began. "I'm not a rose," I wailed, "I'm a cactus plant."

She looked sincerely regretful.

"Sweetheart, you were so tiny when we named you — we just — well, its just that with babies you can't — oh my!" She looked hurt and I scowled blackly.

Mama made one last effort, and it was then that she dangled Someday before me.

"Baby," she said, "Someday, well — someday when you are older —"

She sighed helplessly, shook her head and the conversation was over. She had wafted the bubble of Someday, blown it gently into the future, and I climbed on a unicycle of optimism to pursue it.

When I was fifteen it came up again. I no longer thought of myself as Marie Antoinette. I leaned toward Henrietta at fifteen. Paul Johnson asked me to my first dance. Well, no! He didn't! My mother made a suggestion to my father who mentioned to Mr. Johnson (a junior partner in the firm), who mentioned to Mrs. Johnson who told Paul who asked me.

I was five feet ten when I was fifteen. I liked to consider myself willowy, tawny and golden eyed. No girl can bear to think of herself as gangly, flat chested and BLAH. Inside I wasn't blah; not even tall and thin. Inside I felt small, cuddly, and cute.

Nobody mentioned to me that Paul was five feet two. They didn't seem to consider it important. Mother bought me a yellow organdie dress, nostalgically like the one she herself had worn at fifteen. When she saw it on me in the privacy of my room, without the distracting, pink cloud of memories she bustled a busy circle around me, patting seams, straightening things, puffing out others.

"Someday," she promised out of an echoing silence. "This is just a stage."

I had a suspicion that doubt flicked her as nastily as it did me.

When I presented myself to my father for inspection I hoped he would go all misty eyed and sad as I twirled, an emerging butterfly cloaked in beauty, before his enchanted eyes. He cleared his throat, mumbled something and fled to the kitchen for a drink. Paul's reaction was largely the same except that my father blocked the avenue of his escape.

That was not my night of triumph. I had expected this ever since the day they hadn't allowed me to become Marie Antoinette. But I held the philosophical thought, as I sat and stared at the wall, that my Someday would come.

I rather expected to find Someday nestled at the foot of my bed at the University, with a pink bow around its neck.

Nestled at the foot of my bed, with a pink bow in her hair was my roommate, Andrea Stewart. Elegant, talented, radiant, she was the perfect college girl. She inspected me coolly, walking a contemplative circle around me. I stood with the deceptive calm for which I had a knack.

"You are not what I expected," she said finally.

"I never am."

She slid a companionable, forgiving arm around my waist.

"Never mind, honey. As soon as we get rid of your mother's influence you'll work out fine."

She disposed of Mama's influence with a snap of the fingers. We discarded the navy blue school girl dresses, the blue check party dress and the socks. We used half my three month allowance to buy matched skirts and sweaters in shades of bronze, gold and beige.

As my own most severe critic I was forced to admit that there had been considerable improvement. I really was willowy, tawny, golden eyed, and finally, filled out. I could hold tightly to some small hope of fulfillment. The fulfillment, I suspected, would be for Henrietta, not for Mitzi.

The fundamental problem pinpointed itself and became a dragging pain in my morale. When I was fifteen I was an airedale with a poodle name. At seventeen I was Henrietta with the volcanic splashings of Mitzi bubbling away deep inside.

In any case, had I been Henrietta, I would have been spared the absolutely inevitable reaction which I had learned to dread, and which took place the first day in Geology. Professor Warner called my name and there was a general stir among the twenty eight young men in the class. When I unraveled to my full length it was simply a mass reaction. The only other girl in the class, one Whitney Blake, came in a neat, five foot nothing package.

When I gratefully sat down my partner at our farthestmost table grinned at me.

"Hi Hon," he said. The warm welcome in his night-shaded eyes gave me the feeling that he had been waiting, and knew I'd be along sooner or later.

But Will McNulty was not the Someday picture I had in the frame of my mind. I resolutely rejected him until it became apparent that he was, for the time being, my only hope. My ideal was six feet four (at least). He wore bermudas, played tennis, and drove a convertible, any color.

Will McNulty, with the sensitive tenderness in his mouth and the comprehending kindness in his eyes was just barely my height. He was stocky, so ruggedly sturdy that he look as if his feet had been planted and he had grown straight up from the earth on them. His hair was black, thickly curly and he wore black rimmed glasses. He didn't drive a convertible. He rarely got the family car, so we usually walked. I talked more to Will than I ever had to anyone.

With bland assurance and a good deal of endurance, Will became my very good friend. He was unfailingly patient in the face of my tempestuous moods; he brought me cinnamon buns every Sunday morning after church. And when we went riding on moonlight nights I was still searching for Someday.

On a particularly wretched Wednesday afternoon I sat on my bed and practiced computing the height of a mountain from some dismal little rings on a map.

The telephone rang and I ignored it. There



were desperate footsteps in the hall and a last minute lunge.

"It's Will," Andrea said, sticking her head in the door.

"Tell him I'll see him in class tomorrow. I can't leave this stupid stuff right now." I wanted to be miserable without the cheerful persistence of Will to reproach me.

Andrea dropped her brown caracul coat on a chair, and joined me on the bed.

"He'll call back later to see where you want to go Friday night," she said, whipping out a bag of lemon drops. I turned away, nauseated.

"Aw Mitzi, are you depressed?"

She leaned toward me, her voice confidentially lowered.

"I think you picked up a trauma."

She looked into my eyes with such intensity that I backed off in alarm.

"Do you have impulses?" she wanted to know. I flushed angrily.

"Of course I have impulses." Henrietta was awash with Mitzi impulses.

"Well, there you are!"

"Where am I?"

"The impulses. Someday you need to let one take you over. Just run away with you."

"Oh shut up!"

But the sneaky thought had been planted, and persisted, that maybe Someday waited in a Mitzi impulse.

On Thursday morning I told Will I would go to the movies with him Friday. On Thursday afternoon Biff Durdy called. He was junior class vice president; he was varsity track and basketball; he was six feet five. He was bored.

His voice purred across the phone, distilled essence of goose bumps. I purred back in a Mitzi tone which I had privately cultivated in a case I ever had the courage to use it. He asked me if I'd like to go out with him, and another couple, Friday night. I swallowed a couple or three times and came up with a convincing murmur.

Andrea breathed heavily at my elbow, mouthing 'Impulses, impulses, impulses', and made frightening gestures. Obviously she was trying to tell me that if I didn't give in to this particular impulse I was headed for the nearest nuthatchery. In the meantime the reassuring molasses of Biff Durdy trickled into my ear and I said I'd go.

Then I collapsed, glassy eyed with shock.

"I'm not going," I said. "I don't know Biff Durdy."

"Don't be stupid. Everybody knows Biff Durdy."

Thursday night and Friday I vacillated between panic and rapture. When Andrea called Will and told him I was sick, a terrible feeling of loss swept over me.

"That's natural," she pointed out. "You are used to Will. A change will be good for you."

I supposed it couldn't do me any harm and it might — oh, it just might — maybe — Someday!

At five minutes of eight on Friday night I had acute stage fright. At eight I wished Biff would come. At five after eight I wished I were dead.

I huddled forlornly on the couch in the living room and when the doorbell rang I leaped up with a smothered shriek. It took awhile for me to persuade him that I really was Mitzi Smith. I could see the picture of a Mitzi disintegrate in his mind. But Biff Durdy was an All American good sport. He didn't even try to react like Paul Johnson.

He introduced me to Candy and Mike with hearty optimism. If their glances were pointedly significant I told myself it was my imagination. Their repartee was quick and sharp and I waited eagerly for an opportunity to throw in something gay and clever. Pretty soon it sunk in that I was out in left field with my mouth open.

Biff had the top of his convertible down and the icy air bit through my clothes, into my very soul as I sat alongside him. I was intellectually, socially and physically frost-bitten.

We drove to lover's leap. Straight! And we parked. Immediately! Candy and Mike gathered up blankets and pillows, unfurled a few acid admonishments such as "Good luck, Boy. Be careful," and went off through a thick clump of trees.

Biff pushed the button that put up the top of the convertible. He pushed the button that rolled up the windows. I looked at his face silhouetted against the pale, cold night. It was the same face I'd imagined a hundred times. The face of my dream man! I wanted to cry. There was something wrong with the face of my dream man. It was an in-looking face. I had become accustomed to the out-looking face of my good friend Will McNulty.

Biff rubbed his hands briskly together and with an un-selfconscious lack of originality said,

"Boy, it's cold. Scoot over and I'll warm you up."

"I'm warm enough," I chattered.

"Okay! I'll come over there."

The door handle ground into my ribs as I retreated. He let his arm drop, tentatively, across the back of the seat and I turned to look suspiciously at it. I sighed sorrowfully. It was more fun to talk to Will. This Biff was, somehow, falling short. He must have misinterpreted the longing in the heartfelt sigh for, using the hand which was not draped casually across my shoulder, he turned my face to his. He kissed me. His aim skidded off toward my ear as I jerked away.

Biff Durdy's aim was better than that and he was only too well aware of it, so despite a momentary confusion, he tried again. As his lips touched mine I found myself demanding indignantly how he dared kiss Will McNulty's girl, with little regard for the logic implicit in the fact that Will McNulty's girl occupied the front seat of Biff Durdy's convertible. The question came out a muffled, moist splutter. Bill looked at me with genuine disbelief.

In that instant I knew with absolute certainty that Someday was not a parked car with a dream man who didn't care anything about you except that you were a girl. Suddenly angry with myself, with the whole lifetime of idiocy which had brought me to this



idiocy I slapped Biff.

"What's the matter with you?" he yelled.

"You mean after you have been a good enough sport to put up with me even though I am not a cute, cuddly Mitzi right out of some stupid fiction, why don't I fall right into your arms?"

"Oh Hell!" he exclaimed with exceptional eloquence.

"Take me home."

"We have to wait for Candy and Mike."

"NO! NOW!"

He leaned over and cautiously looked into my face. Then he moved back to his side of the car, leaning on the door handle with his chin in his hand.

"Oh, Hell!" he repeated and rolled down the fogged window.

I had never wept becomingly, and I didn't that night in the car with Biff Durdy.

"Take me home, Biff Durdy," I blubbered, "I'm not THAT kind of a girl."

"Now she tells me," Biff said to the chill woods.

"Well, I'm not just a pick-up."

"You are here, aren't you?" he pointed out cruelly.

I reached out to slap him again because I was sure my father would want me to, but he anticipated the blow and caught my arm.

"I'm not Mitzi," I sobbed. "I'm Henrietta. I'm not even sure I'm her."

For a few ridiculous seconds we were suspended, like frozen Indian wrestlers. I jerked my wrist from his grasp and surprised us both by jumping out of the car and hurling myself down the dirt road as fast as the high healed pumps would allow. Not very fast. I had never been much of a sprinter. Biff's voice searched me out in the darkness.

Even though I hated myself for the childish impulse to flee from inadequacy, I lurched desperately down the dirt road. The fragile heel on my brown pump snapped and I fell. I got up, clutching the broken shoe and stumbled on. The car motor broke the congealed silence and the lights plunged through the darkness. I looked around for a place to hide, but sometimes there isn't one. I limped stiff leggedly along as the car pulled alongside me.

"Come on, Whatever-Your-Name-Is, get in the car," Biff begged.

"No thank you, I'd just as soon walk."

It was obvious even to me, Whoever-I-Was, that this was a galloping untruth. I was freezing and my ankle hurt.

"I tried to tell you it was a crazy idea, Biff," Mike offered in a stiffly starched voice. "You never know what kind of a nut you'll get out of the phone book. I'm damned if I know what you are shopping for?"

I turned and looked very hard at Biff Durdy. Him too? Biff too? What *was* he shopping for, I wondered, and what am I really shopping for? Would it turn to feathers in our hands. But it already had. We were all searching for Someday. A feeling of warmth swept me. No, not all of us. Some of us, like my Will, were so sure, so quietly strong, so giving. More than I'd ever wanted anything I wanted to be back at the dorm so that I could call

Will. I got into the car and scrunched back in my corner of the front seat. My mind played happily with the tentative edges of my little, newly born realization. Will, I thought wonderingly, it's been Will all along.

When he walked me to the front door I offered my hand in a gesture of friendliness.

"Maybe some other time," he said sheepishly.

I nodded agreeably, but I knew there would be no other time.

Andrea was sound asleep but I burst into our room and shook her awake.

"I'm in love. I'm in love."

"You're an idiot," she replied.

"He is so great. So perfectly great."

"Go to bed. You'll be okay in the morning."

"No, I have to call Will."

Andrea's eyes flew open.

"NOW? At midnight you have to call and tell him you love Biff?"

"Biff? Are you out of your mind? How could I love Biff after three years of Will McNuity?"

She slithered under the cover. I pulled it off her head.

"Andrea, I can explain."

"Please don't." She stuck her head out just long enough to say, "Will came by tonight." Panic left me weak.

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him you were sick. And he said he sure hoped Biff wouldn't catch whatever you had."

"ANDREA!"

She shrugged.

"Biff has a big mouth, I guess."

"What did Will say then?"

"Oh Mitzi, I don't even know." She sighed.

"He said to tell you Biff's real name is Aloysius. I asked if he wanted to wait and he said sure, as long as he had to, then he went away." She dived back under the cover.

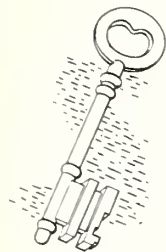
Mrs. Aloysius Durdy, I thought shudderingly as I got into my pajamas. Mitzi Durdy! Ugh!

I snapped out the light and somehow, in the darkness, I seemed to see Will's face, his good, outlooking face. When I looked into Will's deep eyes I saw my own reflection, unwavering; and a girl with a future looked back at me. She was a girl without a name, except Hon or Sugar. She was that nice lady who makes the wonderful cakes for the PTA. Maybe, someday, she will be wise, but probably not. She is no one and everyone, and that's the way it is.

Being called a rose, I thought, doesn't matter at all. And Mama had never told me that Someday is when you stop running so the future can catch up with you. But Will, whom I liked and loved, Will had known it all along. So, I thought, Will's ears are too big, his nose isn't straight, and he wears horn rimmed glasses. He's only perfect, that's all.

Just before I fell asleep one last, happy thought came to me. First a girl baby, I whispered to the darkness, a baby girl to look like Will.

"We'll name her Vivi, I think, after Mama. It's such a darling name."



"A Letter From California"
by Michael Newman

December 9, 1966

Dear James Bond, Jr.:

Having thought and thought for so many long, desolate hours about the nature of the universe, etc., I thought I might unload some of my accumulated wisdom on you who are caught in the middle of a mass of presumptuous teen-age people (and I don't think they have invented an age more chaotic and in need of good, solid, qualified lectures) who KNOW they are right about everything under the cover of **Playboy Magazine**.

I want to play around with values for a while and what other people are for, why they exist, and what use they are. Everything I am about to say, if I can articulate it, applies to us humans who do not quite know who we are. That minute minority who have established their identities are excused to play chess or something. More and more we are letting other people tell us what to do and what to believe. No particular other people, just members of our little groups, the people we work with or play with or see on television. They are telling us what is important, and they themselves have become enormously important. The glue that sticks this gooky mess together is **POPULARITY**. That is the god that people are bowing down to now. Offend not thy peer lest he reject you. **SMILE!** Be pleasant. Be courteous. It is true that these are genuine values of long standing, but what is so meaningful is that they have become so compulsory, so vitally important. More than they should. People are craving for approval. They are prostituting themselves for affection. People no longer merely want to be liked, which is natural, but they almost obsessively need to be liked. **THEY MEASURE THEIR VALUE AS PEOPLE BY THE POPULARITY VOTE OF THEIR FRIENDS.** This leads to a very subtle kind of humility that is not really humility at all — not the kind based on respect and appreciation of another person, but the kind based on fear and a very uncertain notion of what is absolutely right.

Besides popularity, fun is one of today's values. What is it? Doing things. Playing games like bowling, golf, basketball. (Nobody says that you cannot really enjoy these things, **IF YOU REALLY LIKE THEM BECAUSE OF SOME INNER SATISFACTION AND NOT BECAUSE SOMEBODY SAYS THEY ARE SUPPOSED TO BE ENJOYABLE.**) Going to dances is fun — automatically, whether you like it or not. Parties are fun, and you are supposed to laugh and be happy at them. Friends are to have fun with. Notice that all these things, and I could have mentioned dozens more, including the fads, are **EXTERNAL GOALS**. They are outside of yourself. People get together and have fun by concentrating on things outside of themselves. They escape themselves, and this, sadly enough, gives them pleasure.

Let me tell you my idea of morality. Lying, to me, is the greatest sin. When you make something out to be more than it is, when you place it above those things which are more valuable, then you are lying. I firmly believe that there are definite values that APPLY TO ALL PEOPLE AND HAVE A DEFINITE ORDER OF IMPORTANCE BASED ON HUMAN NEEDS. I know there are human needs and I believe there are corresponding human values. When you violate one by lowering it from its proper place, then you are being false and phoney, violating first your very identity and finally your own needs.

Sex is important. It satisfies a human need, first the physical, and second the psychological need for comfort and security. But there are other better, and certainly more permanent, ways to achieve security. Competence is one of the best. If you have a developed ability, which is the main function of education, you can carry your security along with you. Security is confidence; it is knowing that you can. Sex, in that sense, is a false security, trying to make comfort do instead. While sex is important, it is also complicated, because it involves another person. And more important, it involves yourself in relation to another person. And here is where you run into the golden alternative that sex offers. You can use sex as an END, a goal in itself, something purely to give YOU pleasure; if you do that, the other person also becomes an end, a thing (which is again a violation of basic value, since a person is not a thing) and exists only for yourself. This is what the moralists object to about sex. But again, there is another side to it. You can also use sex as a means to an end. Because basically, at least psychologically, sex in all its degrees is a kind of communication with another person. Ultimately it is feelings, good, bad or indifferent, that give sex its meaning. You could write a whole book on feelings. There is nothing more important in the world. Real feeling is the only way to escape the prison of isolation, to ever really connect yourself to another person. AND THE WHOLE POINT OF THE LECTURE IS THAT YOU CANNOT LET SOMEONE ELSE TELL YOU HOW OR WHAT YOU

ARE SUPPOSED TO FEEL. When a society gives something a value, it tells you how you are supposed to feel about it.

For a person who does not clearly know his own feelings, what are other people for? They are to help him identify those feelings. They are to be used for that purpose. Feelings are always felt in relation to other people. Feelings both about yourself and others require at least one other person. How can you tell how you are different from or the same as somebody else if that somebody else does not exist. People are the testing ground and the proving ground for your own personality. But you have to be very careful. It is too easy to take their words and their values as a standard for judging yourself. You have to build your own values from your own experience and out of your own mind and then apply it to the world. You have to think as well as act. That is why reading is important. Ideas that match reality, how things really are, how people are, how you are — these are the things to discover.

Conformity and individuality are involved in this matrix of feelings. Conformity is what you are supposed to feel; individuality is what you do feel. Conformity is what they want you to do; individuality is what you want to do. You have to know what you want and what you feel. And above all, YOU HAVE TO KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO. Your own ability, your competence in handling the world, in using your mind and your talents, will tell you, beyond anything that your friends will tell you, whether you are valuable or not. This is your work, your occupation — not to make money, but to make yourself, as it were, a person. How you feel about yourself will inevitably determine how you feel about other people; what you are able to do to and with the world, how well you are able to understand it and cope with it and relate to it will determine how you feel about yourself.

You are an individual who is just now beginning to realize the fact. So here is a little advice from somebody who thinks a lot. Don't say other people are as good as I am, or maybe better. Say instead: I am as good as other people, in some ways better, in some ways not

as good, but always as valuable because I can learn and think and do and develop.

O. K., so I am not telling you what to do, but I did tell you in the last few pages what I think about universal things that apply to you and to everybody else for that matter. You can think about it and apply it if you wish. You have the ability. I would not waste the energy and ink if you did not have it. Of course these thoughts are all just words and ideas and mean nothing by themselves. They gather meaning when and if they fit what is outside and real. If you see the truth of the idea in experience, then the experience makes the idea real, and the idea makes the experience understandable. The great enemy of the individual is confusion because it drives him into conformity in hope of finding someone to tell him what is right or wrong, true or false, to explain

away the confusion. But good hard thinking in the midst of the experience — both used together — will also scatter the confusion, and much more truly. It is hard to realize that most people live their entire lives either ignorant or in a deliberate lie. They create their values and manage to live by them whether they are true or not. And they manage to endure, but never truly live. They live blindly and narrowly, missing the whole panorama of life.

Well, so concludes the lecture. I just felt like giving it. I will probably never get another chance to. Now I'll invite your comments and any questions you would like to ask. You have just heard an entire philosophy painstakingly devised, so treat it with reverence. If it makes any sense, use it.

Thinkingly,
Michael Newman

THEME AND VARIATIONS IN C MINOR
PIANO CONCERTO IN C MINOR
by Sergei Prokofiev July 1906

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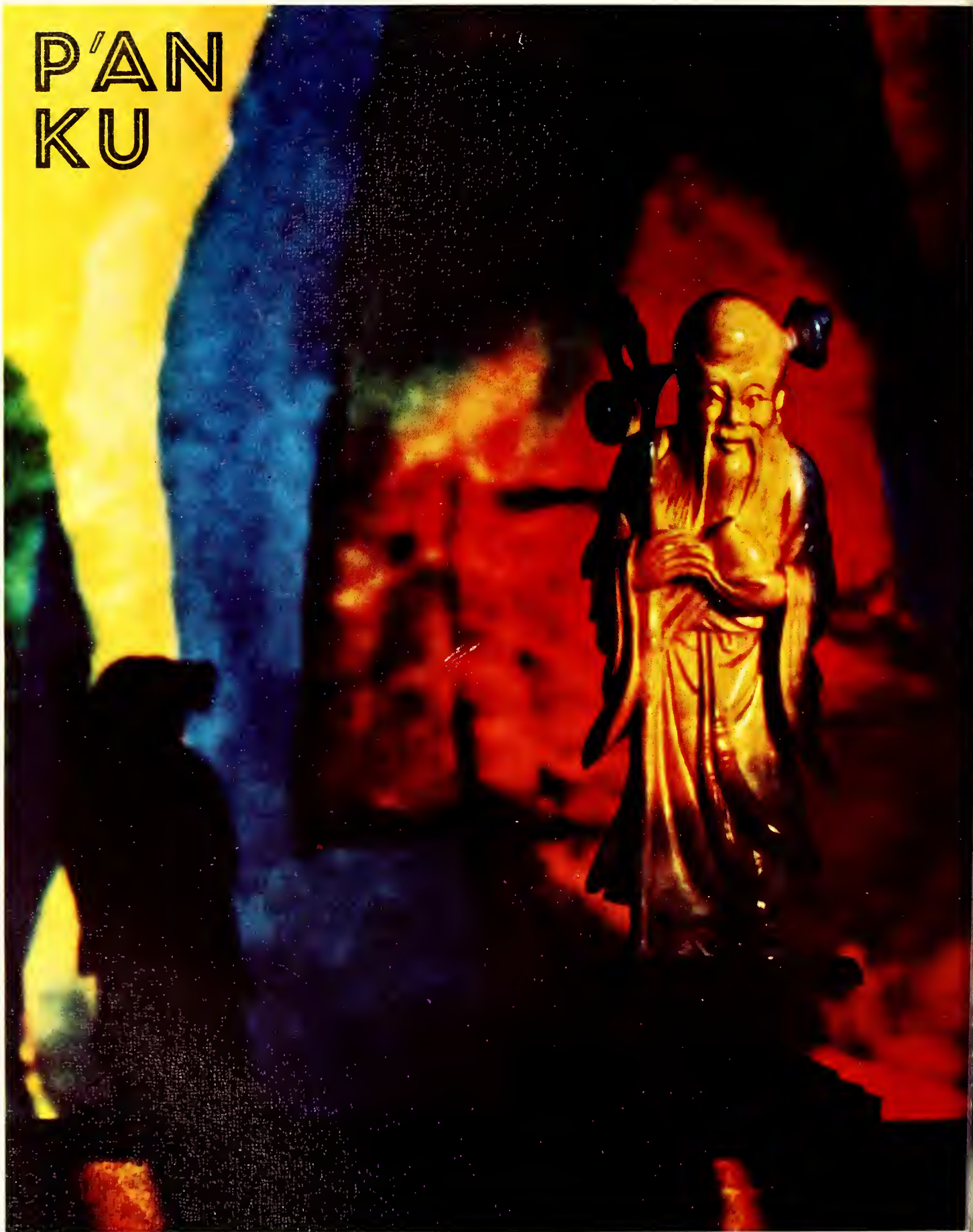
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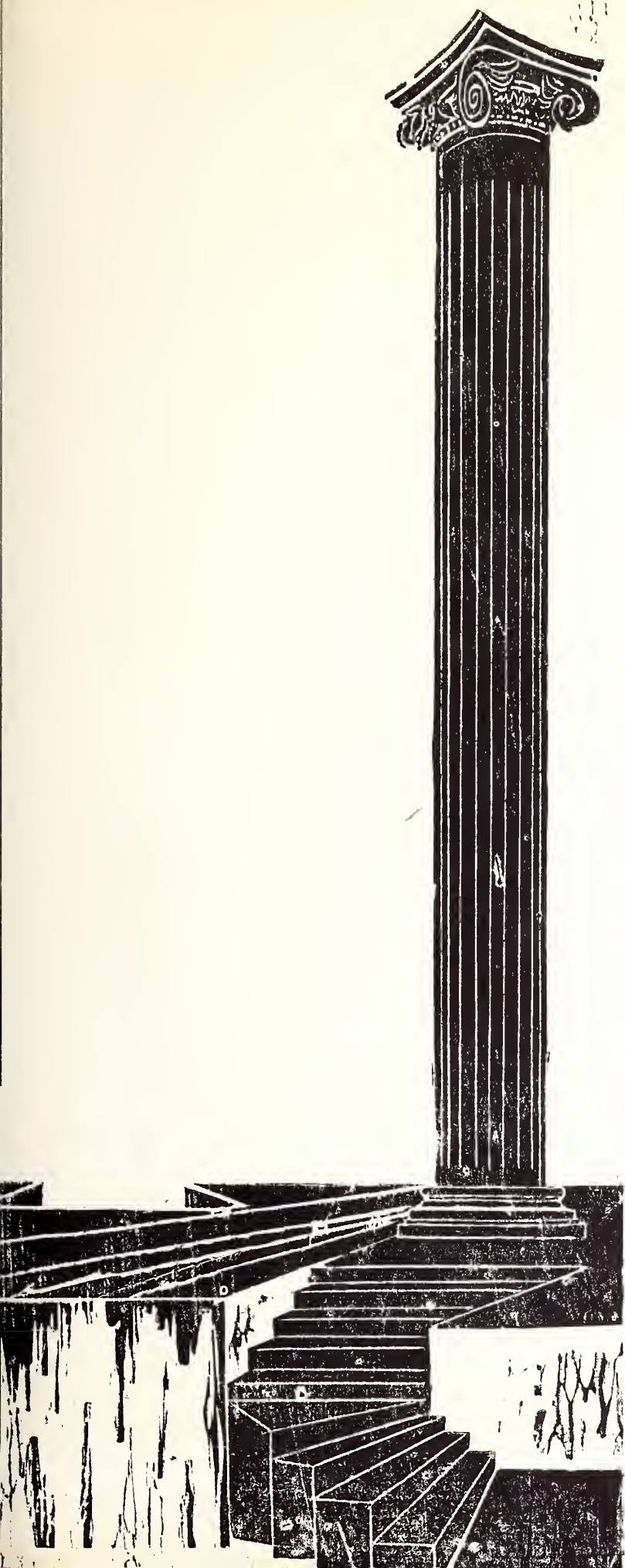
CAME THE THUNDERSTORM;
GONE THE IVORY TOWER;
IT WAS MADE OF SOAP.

Judy Mathis Homan

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JUNIOR COLLEGE of BROWARD COUNTY



P'AN KU '66



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MY WAR EXPERIENCES

by JEFFREY BIAL

One of my earliest recollections into that instinct-acquiring period known as childhood is of my first memorable war experience. This is important to point out, because it shows the hostile surroundings in which I was raised.

My father gave me a plastic six-shooter. It shot plastic bullets that were propelled by a spring in the constantly empty chamber, closest to the barrel. My father didn't say that it couldn't be lethal so I killed my brother. I didn't kill him for any particular reason; I did it to watch him die. And he died wonderfully. I sometimes thought that nobody in the world could ever die like my brother. Every time I shot him he would clutch his stomach, scream like a Banshee, fall on the ground and writhe about until he was really ready for the grand moment. When this time came people from all over would stop what they were doing and usually run to help him (he was that good). With bated breath and smoking six-gun I watched for the coup de grace; legs thrown high into the air he would feign regurgitation as best as he knew (remember the people who came to help him) and rolled over with his mouth full of dirt and his boots on. He was fantastic.

I became his protege and was soon an expert corpse-pro-temp. My brother was also a trained commando thanks to television and he soon taught me all the valors of dying for God and Country.

I was, by the age of five, an avid war-monger. By six I was a squadron leader and a veteran of a dozen or so campaigns. I was a fighting machine. My father drilled me each night before I went to bed. At eight I got something I always wanted: a uniform. I had joined the Cub Scouts and received a beautiful and gallant looking blue and gold uniform with a neck-kerchief quite like the ones worn by the soldiers on the Rin-Tin-Tin Show. I was in heaven. I was a man.

But I was still a dependent and a student in war. So I had to do some exploring.

At the age of ten I did the first independent act of my life. I decided to see a movie without going along with someone who was older than myself. I had no idea what the movie was to be about and less of an idea of what it was called. I took a friend and had my parents drop us off at a now defunct theater. Soon the screen brightened up with the familiar sound of the J. Arthur Rank gong. The film was "Gunga Din," with a lot of English actors and a lot of dying. It was militaristic, imperialistic and I loved every minute of it.

I was hopelessly in love with war and dreadfully brainwashed by all the major toy companies in America, the land of the free, to believe that war was nature's way and the best thing to do was to get daddy to run right out and buy for you the latest in death-dealing toys. (" . . . be the first on your block . . . ").

But the man who really molded my life was that tower of manhood; that defender of the innocent; the champion of the oppressed; great, tall and the single motivating force that compelled us to win over the bad-guys in W.W.II: John Wayne.

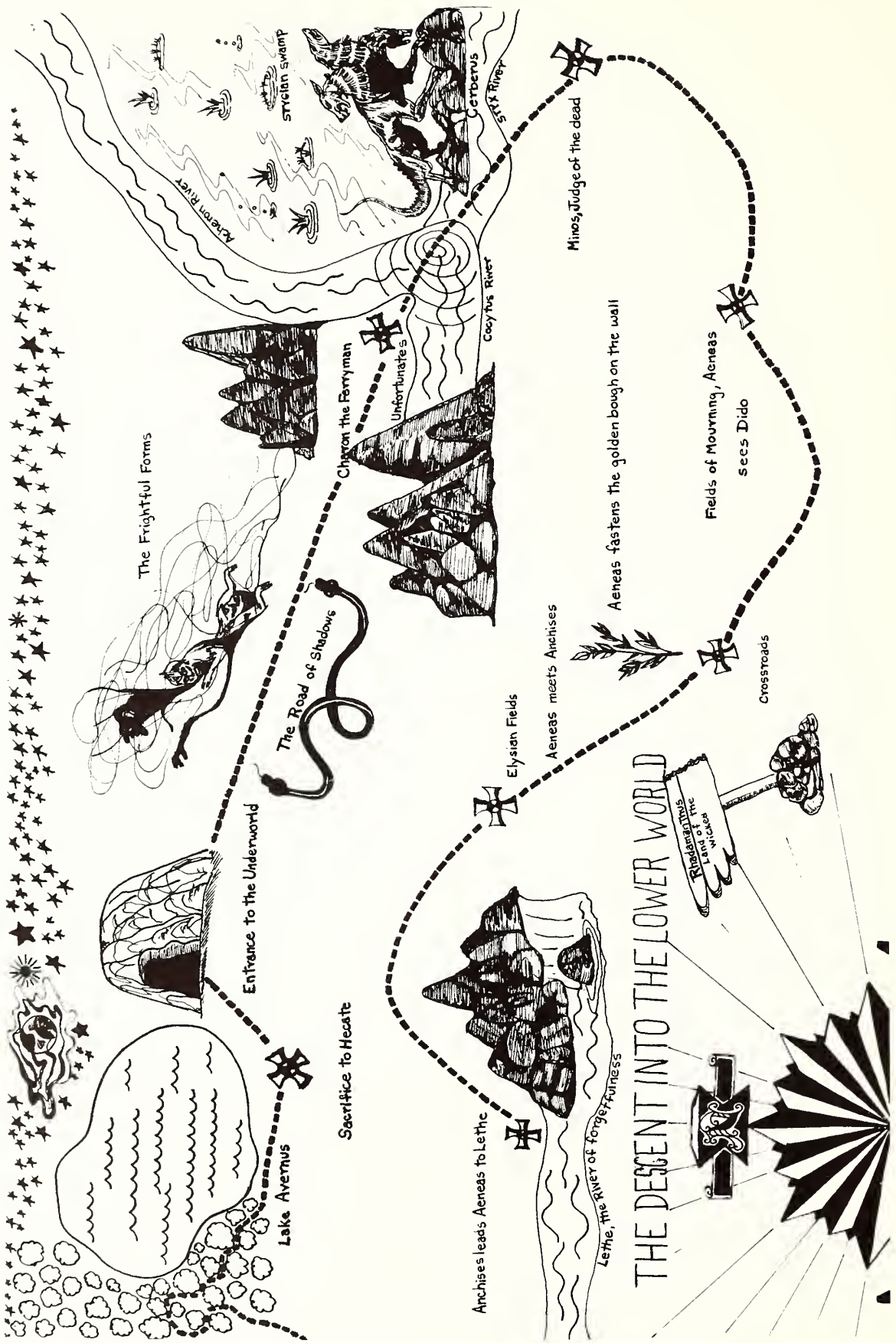
Yessiree, he knew all. He was a personal friend of the president and taught Sgt. York how to shoot. The only way to properly dispose of a German machine-gun nest was his way. And if you needed advice in driving the Japanese in your neighborhood off the beach all you had to do was consult the proper Wayne film. He was infallible. There was nothing he couldn't do without success. The bullet wasn't cast that could kill John Wayne. I stuck with this truth until the sandy movie, "The Sands of Iwo Jima," where John stopped one and got himself killed. Boy, was I disillusioned and disheartened. For the first time the ravages of war really affected me. Previously it was all glory. But now I saw what war was. If it could kill John Wayne it could come to no good. And when he got it again in "The Alamo," I cried for the futility of it all. With tears in my eyes I looked up to the silver screen and cried, "War is hell."¹

With war all around us now (Viet Nam, Dom. Rep., movie revivals) I have become a pacifist. It's unrealistic I know, but it is great fun at parties and political rallies. For violence I turn to other things. For instance: I let out all my latent hostile feelings by listening to the last movement of my stereo recording of the "1812 Overture." Try it sometime, it's really quite nice.

These are my war experiences. I'm sorry I never fought in a real war. But some day, if my grades fail to meet the standards, I might. Wish me luck.

¹ Attributed to William Tecumseh Sherman, made in an address before the graduating class, Michigan Military Academy (June 19, 1879), in a letter published in *The National Tribune*, Washington, D. C., November 26, 1914.





THE DESCENT INTO THE LOWER WORLD

THE DEMENTED TRUSS
THE LAND OF THE WICKED



ULTIMATUM FOR THE INEVITABLE

by BILL ROWLAND

The final Judgement was over, the world had ended with the coming of dawn, in a maze of fire and brimstone like some ancient long forgotten book had said it would. My fate or destiny was decided at the crossroads of infinity and it was then that I knew that of all the complexities and intricacies of the mind, of all the erroneous realities, the one insertion I had been missing was conscience. My sentence was pronounced and now I left along with the others who would share my fate.

We descended the ledge on our deciduous journey into the engulfing agony of the damned. Our feet hit hard on the hot rocks and the reeking, seething heat rose and blistered our flushed, fevered skin, clouding our vision as our sweat rose and mingled with the stench of hell's tormented anguished damned, the pores in our skin clogged, suffocating our breath and our thoughts.

Shrieks, moans, yells of eternal torment pervaded the air, the pain of hell permeating the walls. Down, down, deeper always deeper our hearts in our scorched throats, as the want of salvation panged at my mind. Grotesque, bizarre, hideous we sat devouring hope, a living pyre, ghastly and gruesome, examining each lost soul, judging, giving out degrees of pain and torment while encircling himself with his ethereal appearance.

A demon out of time which belonged only to a nightmare became vivid and alive to us. A horrible sight, aglow in repulsion, abhorrence, and dread fear, as souls lie in pain and agony sprawled out on hell's bottom, crying flames and bleeding smoke. Flesh smoldering, sizzling, burning, yet, never ashes. The damned clung to the walls melting into the rock, but always solid flesh, hanging from the walls void of blood, always viewing unable to yield. Hell's fire blinded all, but still sight. The thing spoke and each time pain engulfed the damned and, as was their fate, each time they winced or screamed in pain, they were doomed to suffer greater pain, each time they utter greater agony.

In remorse I took my place.

IMPRESSION OF THE WRONG ESCALATOR

It becomes quite shocking when one begins to realize that death has become a unique playground for all sorts of jolly abstractions. Every author seems to take a shot at it at one time or another. Virgil comes down to us as an antique example of frivolity in this matter, especially in his coloring book, color the empty spaces, style. To make a short story long, the Aeneid takes the star-struck reader on a first class accommodation tour through the netherworld. One plunges into the bowels of the earth and emerges on the other side feeling very much like an ignored laxative. I traced my footsteps very carefully, through pavement and crabgrass, tickling the threats of odd beasties who belched acetylene fumes and stuck their digits in my ears so that I wouldn't hear the truth, and still I creased the escaping haze only to find things as superficial as they were trying to be before. Turn left at the second traffic light and watch the eternally damned surfer as he sits on an eternally calm ocean; sneak up on him quietly and you can see him swishing the pacifistic Pacific with his eternally damned hand. Splash! Look up quickly and you might see Dido Rabcnowitz fleeting by in her frayed bikini with a rusted butterknife protruding from her knobby spinal column. Hello there! And if you are real lucky you just might have the opportunity to visit the Elysian Fields and see the yet to be Julius Caesar screaming at full and sonorous pitch, "I don't wanna go; hey, man, like forget it!" Such peacefulness. Such promising memories of things yet to come. Oh yes, this is one heck of a tourist attraction. Reservations are now open.

SEVEN HAIKU

by P. S. MARKO

Shell of the attic
still as a dust covered skull
whispering sea lore.

Among bare branches
frost boasts of death forever.
The earless roots sleep.

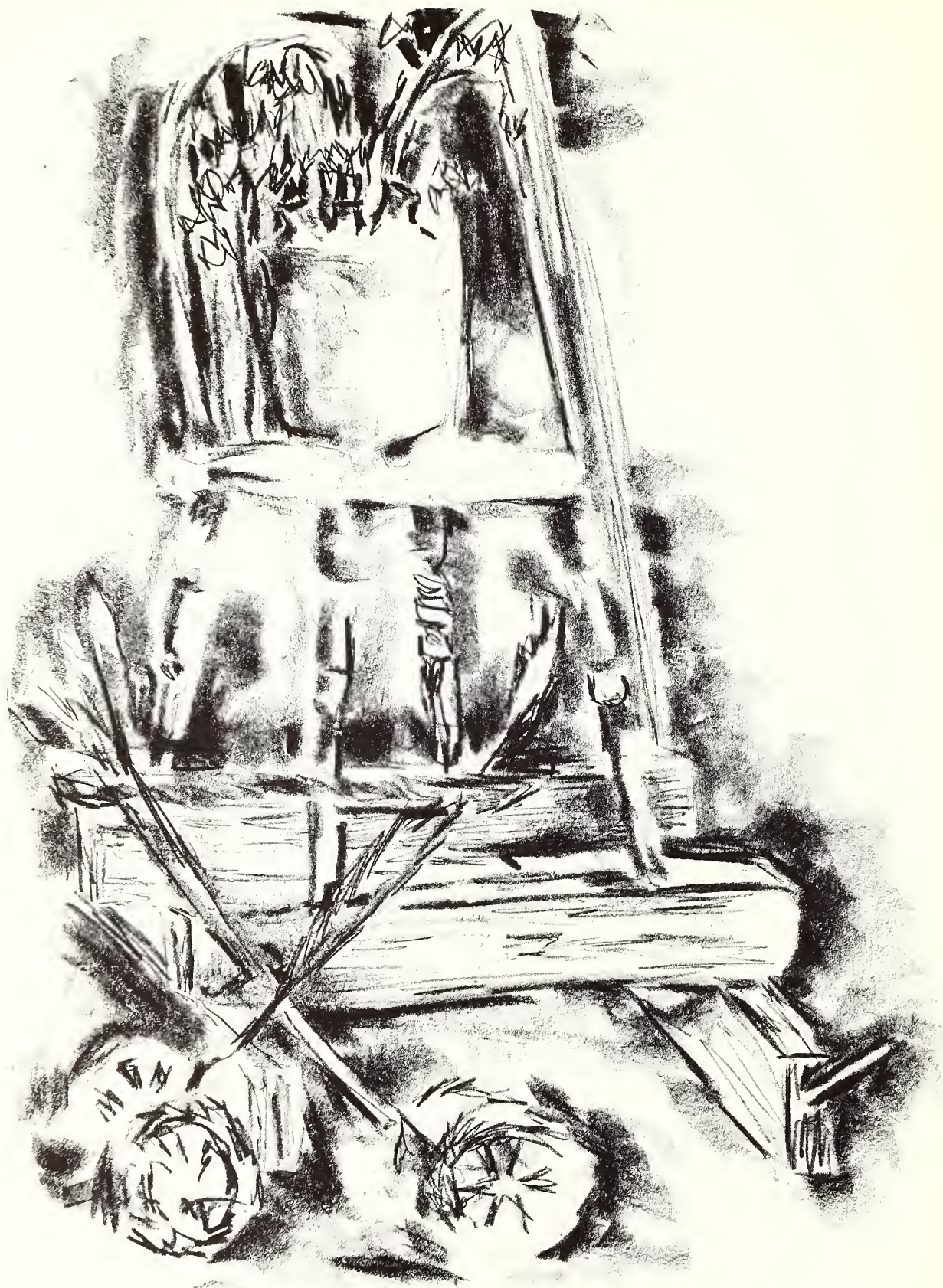
Barren jaw of fall
close forever as you must,
hush the empty spring.

Winter's icy gale
may sack the earth but leaves no
trace across the sea.

Fickle leaf of fall
lets go life's pulsing burden
descends gratefully.

Seasons bore the Oak
whose limbs firstborn forever
know time's illusion.





FOR MEMERE

by MER KLINGLER

In grandma's lap
I lay my head to dream of an
aproned meadowland.

ON BAHAMA SOUND

by MER KLINGLER

Sucked thin and bitten
the moon is like a lozenge
leaking lemoned light.

JOURNEY WITHOUT MAPS

by MER KLINGLER

Toads are deftly crouching over my silent waters
Observing in their quivering faces, my poetry.
The ripples carry these words, my words,
Up to the one moonlit candle where hope . . .
But the face of the moon is a judge
And returns my soul in its white envelope.

I sit in the faint evening expecting giant animals
To subdue my thoughts. I begin to live in words,
Where there are no pages, and only occasional dreams.
I cannot move because there are no movements
To make in this world. Instead, my heart moves,
Lifting my sad eyelids. The world is truly a blank page.



MY SUMMER HOME

by S. FETZER

“Memory is the diary that we all carry about with us.” When I think of home and all that is secure and familiar I turn the pages of my memory to June, July and August.

The warm tropical sun shines all year around at my home. But during the summer months it overflows with affection. In its enthusiasm it cuddles into exposed bodies, mellowing them to all shades of red and brown.

But, June, July and August have more to offer than sunshine. Whispering their way across the sea, zephyrs play hide-and-peek among scattered palm trees. Just a hop over the boardwalk is the haunting aroma of crisp French-fries and juicy hamburgers. Now and then, the piercing shrill of the lifeguard's whistle commands the swimmers closer to shore. The whole area buzzes with a carefree, lazy excitement. At any time of the day, laughter and shouts of encouragement ring through the air from the courts behind the restaurant. The games of paddle ball and basketball are always at a colossal climax.

The sea unfolds into a giant-ringed circus with the surfers and water skiers as star performers. They are all colorfully dressed with the ruddy cheeks and the creamy lip salve of a circus clown. The boaters race about, causing waves for the surfers to ride on and wakes for the skiers to fall in. The entertainers tumble and roll with the sea.

The audience watches from the shore, never guessing that they, in turn, might serve as an amusement to the maritime performers. Marching, they make their way, armed with weapons of blankets and mats, glasses, radios and umbrellas. They all gather for front row seats, the skinny-thin and the towering-tall and the stubby and stout with their jellie-pot-bellies. But scattered throughout the audience is the wonder of them all, the size fourteen in a size ten bikini.

June, July and August have been all this to me and more. But I can be sure that these summer months aren't complete until at least one toddler loses his bathing suit bottom and boldly leaves the water without it.



"SIBONEY"

by AMELIE RILEY

The loud tone of a juke-box playing "Siboney," a very old Cuban song, made me stop for a minute on one of downtown Miami's busy streets while my mind drifted back six years to a glittering and gay Saturday morning on Galiano, one of Havana's main streets.

Because on Saturday morning all offices closed in Havana, people were anxious to get their shopping done for the week. Women dressed in their best, knowing that as they walked down the street they would meet friends and relatives. Men would stand at the corners talking politics, business or baseball, while their glances took in women as they walked past.

I could see so plainly, in my moment of ecstasy, the warm embraces of friends meeting. Maybe they had seen each other the day before but at the moment they shared the excitement of the downtown atmosphere. Children were pulling at their fathers' hands trying to get them to buy a balloon from "Pepito," already walking down the street yelling at the top of his voice: "Globos a dos por peceta" ("balloons, two for a quarter"). Shoe-shine boys, boxes under their arms, were trying to get an extra quarter by chasing the generous tourists who shopped for souvenirs to take back home.

Suddenly a deafening yell echoed through the street: "Cuatro-cinco-seis, cuatro-cinco primer premio, comprello!" ("Four-five-six-four-five first prize, buy it!). Yes! It was Saturday, when the drawing of the national lottery took place and at which many tried their luck. Young boys strolled up and down the streets calling out the numbers they were selling.

Carlos, an old country man, who had a "churro" stand at a busy intersection came to my mind. I stopped many times to talk with him while he prepared a bag of the long, crispy, flour-made "churros" sprinkled with sugar. He would give me all the latest news, but most important of all he would let me know how many of my friends had already entered the "Restaurante America," across the street from him, where we would usually gather to decide on the show to see that afternoon.

All of a sudden the music stopped and again I found myself standing on Flagler Street in a different kind of gay atmosphere. The melody of "Siboney" had brought back all those happy memories and at the same time left a melancholic emptiness for something I knew to be very far away and which would never return.

Who can explain the magic of music, which is usually a portrayal of happiness, but which at times has the power of bringing tears to one's eyes?

IT'S MINE! IT'S MINE!

by JOHN CHARLTON

The steady buzz from the electric alarm clock reverberated in Ralph's ear. Without visibly moving another part of his body, he arched his arm, brought it up just higher than nightstand height, then like a Venus-fly-trap let his hand fall, his fingers encircling the buzzing metal annoyance. This reflex action was followed by another: his retreating arm busied a sharp edge of the nightstand in the course of its free-falling descent. His whole body moved this time. The sting had accomplished what the frantic alarm had failed to do; Ralph was awake. His hurt arm dangled between the side of the bed and the nightstand. Within seconds of the incident, the phone issued its noisy ring.

At seven a. m., a ringing phone meant Monica. From past and frequent experiences, she knew that Ralph ignored his alarm clock daily. Ralph drove Monica to class. If they were ever to make it to the Curtis Campus on time, it meant that she had to mommy Ralph. Ralph and that goddamn bed of his!

"Yes. Yes. I'll be there. Give me about twenty." Click . . . again, another irritating buzz poured into Ralph's still stuffed ear. He dropped the phone back onto the cradle by swinging the mouthpiece high over his head and letting it plunk rather haphazardly. Every bit of litter on the nightstand wobbled from the force of the phone and the thousands of dust particles sprang upward and swirled in the rays of penetrating morning light that filtered into the bedroom. Ralph let his head plop into the pit of his pillow, then rolled over on his stomach and groaned, face down, into the muffling pillow. He lay there spread-eagle and very still for many seconds. Then, for lack of fresh air, he abruptly heaved his body up so that he was in a kneeling position, facing the headboard. His hands on his knee-caps, he swayed there squinting at the pattern upon his headboard until his eyes became clear and he could focus on the distinct grains elipsing in geometric progressions in the pine stained headboard. Ralph surveyed the bed, loving it.

Satisfied with his vision, he now trusted himself to be capable of making it out of bed, oh that warm and comforting bed. Both feet hit the floor simultaneously and with equal force. As Ralph sprang from the bed, his body slouched exhibiting an attitude of deprivation.

His rather large body resembled an ostrich pouncing on a sand pile. His waist had widened due to a combination of years, a grand total of twenty-two, plenty of good eating, beer drinking, and de-exercising. Since he was sixteen, he had been driving a car which when added to the fact that he was more on the intellectual rather than the athletically astute side, his legs never received the benefit of walking exercise. Thus, he matured into the long legged ostrich looking fellow that he was. Standing at the side of the bed in the clump of sheet and bed-blanket, he appeared as a statue on a pedistal somewhere in the Audubon Museum.

Realizing that it was impossible to meet Monica in the twenty minutes to which he had agreed, he began hurrying so as not to make the wait become too obvious. He darted into the bathroom. Rather, he hopped into the bathroom . . . his toes got caught in the pile of blanket which he dragged part of the way. Once inside the bathroom, he began the perfunctory chores of going to the toilet, washing, shaving, and brushing his teeth; gaining speed with each accomplishment. He beamed as he looked in at the clock upon his shirt chest. Seeing that he had cut these monotonous rituals down to fifteen minutes, he was subconsciously adding the amount of sacking out time that could be gained by the speed he was acquiring in his morning grooming. Oh, what warm, endearing sack. Engulfed in bed, what a wonderful condition, Ralph thought to himself. While racing through the flat, dressing and grabbing fruit salad alternately, he managed to switch on the radio. The eight o'clock traffic was winding up. Ralph, while Q-tipping his ears, was unable to hear whether he should take the expressway or local drag to campus to avoid the morning rush, of which he was a member rushee. Either road was slow moving so instead of calculating, he decided to take pot luck when he left the apartment. At the most, it would only be a ten minute drive to Bristle Hall, Monica's dorm. As he checked the house before leaving, he scrutinized the clock and beamed to notice it was only seven twenty-eight. When he arrived at Bristle Hall, via the expressway, Monica had been waiting only seven or eight minutes. As soon as Monica got into the car she began her customary vivacious talking. This morning, Ralph paid little attention for he was gleaming over the fact that from the time he got the call from Monica to the time he pulled up to the dormitory, only forty-five minutes had elapsed.

Monica with a smile, mocked rather sarcastically, "You're early-late today. You fracture me, you really do! What would Dr. Sayer say if he saw me walk in on his lecture before the hour was over?" Not expecting a reply, she threw her head back in childish laughter.

Ralph turned to Monica and gave a mechanical smile. He liked to look at her; she was short, had freckles and a disarming smile. She wasn't a typical Tri-Delt. What made her an atypical sorority girl was that she never questioned whether Ralph was a Greek or not. Even if the girls called him an ostrich, she liked him for what he was, warm and kind. He loved her for what she was, a woman in a child's body.

Ralph realized he was making Monica uncomfortable by staring for such a length of time, but he couldn't help it. This is the first girl that he had loved.

"Oh here," she leaned over and kissed him on the ear, "Good morning!" She proceeded to fill him in on current gossip from the sorority. She wanted to talk seriously with Ralph, but hadn't really known how to phrase what she wanted to say. Besides, Ralph was oblivious to what she had to say right now anyway. She decided to plan to talk to Ralph at lunch, perhaps then he would be ready to listen.

The hourly news began; somehow they were late again. Ralph scrambled into a parking place and they both ran to separate classes.

Dr. Sayer's lectures on Feudalism were too banal for Monica, especially today. Ralph consumed all her thoughts. How was she going to talk to Ralph? She had always been able to talk freely to Ralph, but today she wasn't so sure. Why doesn't he take me to his apartment? He's had that apartment for a term already and he won't let me go near it. She stared out the window at nothing.

"Ralph," Monica held her breath for a second, "Why don't you take me to your place?" She quickly stuffed some salad in her mouth so as to appear casual about the question.

"You never asked me," replied Ralph.

"Yes I have, lots of times," she pouted.

"What's the matter?" Ralph was irritated, "We've used my brother's house whenever we wanted to." He knew what Monica was after. How could he prevent it?

"Is there something wrong with me Ralph? Are you ashamed of me?"

"Don't talk like that, I love you." He squeezed her tightly.

"Is there something you don't want me to see there?" She was persisting.

"No, it's just that the place is a mess. My brother's house is furnished better." Ralph began to show his panic, his face lost its color. He wanted to leave Monica, to run out of the coffee shop. Monica's face flared — she had to know what was holding Ralph back.

She was so afraid, "Oh god, Ralph, you don't love me. I'm your whore. Why did you use me. You used me!"

He couldn't compose himself. He grabbed Monica's arm. He pulled her out of the booth. A water glass spilled. He ran, he pulled her out the door. When he reached the car, he said "Get in!" Still frightened, her eyes bleary with tears, she obeyed!

Was it over? "He's ditching me," she could only think muddled incomplete thoughts. She felt the car speeding in wild directions. Her head sagged against the car door.

The engine cut off. She looked up. The car was parked in front of the duplex. One of the apartments belonged to Ralph. She looked up at Ralph. His face was radiant. The rage that was in his face at the cafe was gone. He had a smile, a radiant warm and compassionate smile upon his face. He patted her hand.

"Welcome to my place, honey!" Monica was rocked with love, pain, wonder. They went inside. He kissed her tenderly then went away, closed his bedroom door and went to the kitchen to fix two drinks.

"Want a beer or scotch?" Ralph called out to Monica who was standing in the living room, stunned.

Ralph brought two beers into the living room. Taking one, Monica said, "Forgive me; I'm sorry. I want you to

love me. I had to know what you're ashamed of. I like this place. Please let me come here." They sat on the divan and finished their beer.

Ralph said, "Let's go for a ride. I know a beautiful view not far from the lake. Let's go get your swim suit."

"Aren't you going to show me your humble abode?" questioned Monica beginning to relax.

Ralph lost his smile but jokingly replied, "This is it. A mess ain't it?"

She disregarded the brush off, "What's in there?" she pointed coquettishly to the bedroom door.

"The Boogy man" answered Ralph pulling her to her feet and facing her toward the front door.

With wild laughter she pushed Ralph away. She ran across the room, opened the forbidden door, ran and jumped on the bed. "Weeee!"

Ralph froze. Monica invited him in to bounce on the bed. Ralph fell to the floor and rolled as if racked with pain. He moaned words. Monica screamed! What had happened?

"They got everything. Daddy, I hate you, I hate you. They've taken everything away. Mommy gave me that bed; she never took that away from me. Daddy took everything. Now you're going to take it away. I hate you. It's mine! It's mine!"

Monica simpered and fell caressing Ralph's head, "I won't take it, I won't. I love you!"

Ralph remained in a heap on the floor. Monica placed his head in her lap and stroked his hair.

Ralph cried until he finally lapsed into a sleep.

"I won't ever take it from you. I love you. You're going to be all right. It's going to be all right." She held him for a long time. She got up went in and took a pillow off the bed and propped it under his head. She closed the bedroom door, kissed Ralph's eyes, and walked out the door — she cried softly.

RUNYONESQUE

by JEFF SARROW

I am standing outside Shulman's Delicatessen buying the News when who comes up and greets me but Stein Erickson, whom I had not seen since the Yankees lost a pennant. Stein Erickson is a big, blond Finn who is once the husband of Miss Sadie Lovenia, before she was killed by that hit and run driver nine years ago. After exchanging pleasantries with Stein Erickson, he says to me with overwhelming sincerity, "You must help me, for I'm hopelessly in love with Miss Millie McChug, who dances nightly at the Bijou Theater, and I am sure that she holds a spot in her heart for me too, for when I see her each night from my ringside table, she throws me a wink and a big smile." Now it just so happens that this Miss Millie McChug is without a doubt one of the three best looking dolls in this man's town, and she is also the daughter of Mr. Horace McChug, who is the biggest beer magnate this side of the equator. So Stein continues to spill out his sorrows and I learn from him that Mr. Horace McChug wishes his daughter to settle down and be a wife and mother instead of pursuing the honorable profession of stripping, and he plans to find her a husband by holding a beer drinking contest with Miss Millie McChug as the first prize. "As you know," Stein continues sadly, "I have not drank competitively since before my marriage to Miss Sadie Lovenia which was back in '27, and I do not think that I am in the physical condition that such a rigorous endeavor shall demand, so I was wondering if you could get me into shape so that I shall have a chance at winning the hand of the luscious Miss Millie McChug, and if I do, you shall receive a large financial reward. Oh, by the way, could you stake me a sawbuck for a wager on a horse by the name of Green Nostril in the 5th at Aqueduct tomorrow?"

"First, what is the nature of this contest?" I ask. "Well," Stein says, "it is a speed contest; whoever finishes four kegs followed by two fifths of Jack Daniels wins not only the hand in marriage of Miss Millie McChug, but also a cash prize of \$10,000. It should not take more than 4 hours, and I feel that if I can regain my old form I will stand a fair chance."

So I tell Stein I'll help train him for a P. C. of his ten G's, and I also loan him the sawbuck to lay on Green Nostril. After bidding each other farewell I saunter into Shulman's to partake of one of his fabulous corned beef sandwiches with a cup of hot coffee.

Stein Erickson, whose real handle is Karl Erickson, received his nickname in the German Beer Halls after the war and proved he earned it well when he came back to New York. Stein was undefeated in ten years of competitive drinking, and was considered the unofficial World's Champion, but now he was 20 pounds under his former weight of 245, and it was obvious that he had not been drinking on a large scale for 12 years. His chief opposition would be in the round form of Fatty MacBeth, a longshoreman in the Bowery, who has become known around and about, here, there and everywhere as The Man.

Fatty MacBeth came into prominence eight years ago as a 19 year old kid, and many old timers on the Great White Way said that he was as good if not better than Stein Erickson. A big boy, Fatty MacBeth weighs in at 310 and stands 6' 5", and I can certainly say that Mr. Fatty MacBeth would have to be labeled the favorite. But I have 3 reasons for helping Stein Erickson:

1. I need the "G" he would give me.
2. It would be a great feeling for us along Broadway to see Stein Erickson in action once again.
3. I would like to help Stein Erickson marry Miss Millie McChug, daughter of Mr. Horace McChug, internationally famous beer magnate.

It is 3 days before I hear from Stein Erickson again, and he is calling me to come up to his apartment on 138th street because Miss Millie McChug had paid him a very unexpected visit. When I got to the apartment, Stein Erickson first introduces us, and then proceeds to tell me that apparently Mr. Horace McChug did not inform his daughter of the pending contest, and it is quite obvious that she is extremely unhappy at the prospect of having to marry a party by the name of Fatty MacBeth, who she hears will be the winner, and the reason that Miss Millie McChug does not wish to marry Mr. Fatty MacBeth, is because she is in love with Stein Erickson, which anyone might be able to tell you from the lipstick on Stein Erickson's face. It is at this point that I decide to tell Miss Millie McChug about Stein's glorious past, and if he can get into his old groove he will stand better than two to one to defeat Fatty MacBeth. This bit of information seems to comfort Miss Millie McChug no little, for her tears stop flowing, which is a good thing because the water is already past our ankles, and she kisses Stein Erickson and says she must be going to work around about now. With that she runs out the door leaving Stein Erickson and myself to mop up the flood which she had produced.

During the next 3 weeks the major topic of discussion was Stein Erickson's coming out of retirement. The elder statesmen of the Broadway set held Stein Erickson as the sentimental favorite but the newer generation backed Fatty MacBeth, for in a contest of skill and science such as this, size and stamina are great assets. As for Stein Erickson and myself, we were out in the Catskills training; Stein was running 8 miles per day, drinking 4 gallons of milk per sitting and practicing yoga.

Four days before the said contest of skill and science I received a phone call from none other than Louie the Lout, who is known far and wide as the toughest racketeer in the East, so naturally when Louie tells me that he is happy to hear of Stein Erickson's reentry into the world of competitive drinking I am greatly relieved, and when Louie the Lout asks if there is anything he can do to help Stein Erickson along the comeback trail, like putting the "hit" on Fatty MacBeth, I tell him that it won't be necessary, although at times I wonder if it would not be such a bad idea at that. Furthermore, Louie the Lout informs me that Sam the Gonoph, who operates one of the biggest books in this man's town has put Fatty MacBeth down as a 4-1 favorite, and that he took a G's worth of action on Stein Erickson. Louie the Lout also tells me that Fingers Baker will act as judge to make such that all contestants swallow the beer and not let it spill out of the 48 ounce pitcher that will be put into use. This facet of the rules makes me feel very good, because Stein Erickson has had more experience with the 32-oz. pitcher, in fact he won the championship of the Lower East Side with a finishing spurt by downing 4 pitchers inside of 43.2 seconds to break his own world's record of 45.8 seconds.

The contest of skill and science was to be held in Mullaly's Warehouse on 49th street which is only three blocks from Shulman's Deli. By eight o'clock everyone was there; Louie the Lout, Foghorn Tucker, Sam the Gonoph, Fingers Baker, Mr. Horace McChug and his daughter, and many other parties whose acquaintance I had not yet made. When Stein Erickson and myself walked in, the warehouse was beautifully decorated; in the center was a long row of 14 kegs with three more behind each one, and two bottles of Bourbon atop the last keg in each row. Twenty feet in front of the row of kegs was a platform with Mr. Horace McChug and his daughter Millie McChug who looked better than ever. On the sides and in back chairs were set up for the spectators and Sam the Gonoph was still roving around covering a few last minute wagers. By and by Mr. Horace McChug decided to begin the event, so he stood up on the platform, called for order, and then proceeded to elaborate on the rules, the beauty of his daughter and a contest of skill and science such as this, and the merits of the McChug Brewing Company. Finally he borrowed a 38. from Louie the Lout and started the contest.

Fatty MacBeth was off to a fast start by finishing the first keg in a little under 45 minutes while Stein Erickson took 6 minutes longer. It was evident from Stein Erickson's style that he was a former champion, with his head tilted back and forearm parallel with the ground and the pitcher barely touching his lower lip. At the end of three kegs Stein was still a bit under 3 minutes behind, and the whole warehouse was silent, except for Millie McChug's voice yelling, "Hurry Stein, hurry." Midway through the fourth and final keg, Big Mike Flaherty said that Louie the Lout who says to me, "Fatty MacBeth is rumored to be a slow bourbon drinker. If Stein Erickson can break 4 minutes on the two bottles he should win. If not, I'm sure I can arrange a little bit of an acci . . ."

"Louie, I'm surprised at you," I says, "Anyway, I'm sure Stein Erickson will be able to finish the fifths in under four minutes." Fortunately Louie the Lout did not know that Stein Erickson's best recorded time was 4

minutes 11 seconds at the Tucson State Drinking Festival in '22.

Fatty MacBeth held a 53 second lead going into the first fifth, but Miss Millie McChug's rooting spurred Stein Erickson on and his time for the bottle was 2:11. He was still 20 seconds behind Fatty MacBeth when Stein opened the last bottle and saw Miss Millie McChug making like Niagara Falls. Through superhuman effort he drank the fifth of bourbon without once stopping for breath, and the last few ounces the crowd gave him a standing ovation as he beat Fatty MacBeth by 6 seconds. As soon as he finished the last drop, he smiled at Miss Millie McChug, who was running toward him, and then fell to her feet.

A few days later, when they revived Stein Erickson, he and Miss Millie McChug were married in the biggest ceremony Broadway had ever seen. Mr. Horace McChug told one and all how proud he was to have a great champion like Stein Erickson as heir to his fortune, and how he remembered the old days when Stein was the world's champ, however, I am inclined to disagree with Mr. Horace McChug because I cannot recall seeing him around or about any of the big contests of yesteryear. After the wedding, Stein Erickson and his bride, the former Miss Millie McChug, thanked me for all I had done, and told me that Stein is once again retiring and they plan to live out in the country and have children. So I wish them luck and then proceed to go down to Shulman's Deli for one of their fabulous corned beef sandwiches and coffee.

It is eight years since I see Stein Erickson and his wife, the former Miss Millie McChug, but there they are, walking right up Broadway with a six year old boy, who is undoubtedly their pride and joy. I go up to them and say hello and before you can say "cold borscht" we are reminiscing about old times and talking at length about this and that. Suddenly, Stein Erickson excuses himself and runs up to his son, who had sauntered into Happy Smith's Bar, and lays on a beautiful left hook to the jaw and says, "Do not ever go into such a place as all forms of alcohol are evil and can do you no good." He then comes back and bids me goodbye, leaving with his family in tow.

I shrugged my shoulders and headed toward Shulman's Deli and I find myself saying, "That Stein Erickson sure is a funny guy, for no reason at all he slams the kid for looking into Happy's Bar. I just can't figure it out."

TWO POEMS

by BARBARA DROMGOOL

Not easily
are such things as this forgotten.
Even Time,
and the sweet anodyne of Youth,
Can only stanch the bleeding of these wounds . . .
are powerless to heal them.
Slowly (and sometime never) the flesh, rotten
with pain renews itself.
There are, in truth,
things harder than Death.

The sounds
that tear the throats of men
enduring Life are proof of this.
(You could delay my dying with a kiss.)
Even if I should live
I will bear your memory
like a sword
to come between me
and my troubled lord.

So must it have been for Andromache,
seeing Hector
(slain by the relentlessly courageous Greek)
dragged like carrion round the walls of Troy,
mingling blood and dust.

Some things are universal.
Heroes have a way of dying,
leaving you embracing the forgetful air.

WHERE CAN I TURN?

by JUNE PERRINE

Tomorrow I shall live, but today I must be content with the soul of a superficial being. The world is my stage and I play each day a role, thus creating the cold, unfeeling heart of an impersonal actor striving to project his virgin emotions. Each character I portray encounters a dedicated audience, who seek to absorb my resplendent rays. I seek desperately to penetrate one heart, in order that I too shall find happiness. Unlike the nomadic vagabond, I desire a permanent identity and not the translucent image reflected in fantasy. Yet, the imagination and insight, which I stimulate, is primarily captivated by the mirage in which I engulf my hollow shell. My conscience screams "Fraud!," but truly can one be classified so harshly by one's very soul? To justify loneliness in terms of deceit is fatal, for soon one must forsake his native identity, the only mark of individuality that is distinctly original. The mask of glamour and intrigue associates flirtatiously amidst an atmosphere, which chokes and strips the innocence from experience. This vicious role is out of character, for the casting appeals exclusively to the observer rather than the personality in which this callous soul must tread. "Soul, awaken to thy cold and crumbling heart! Seek ye out thy own identity and know thy self!" Today the curtain must be drawn to a close. For a final encore, one will witness a rebirth. My renaissance shall be enriched by the reality of living and the satisfaction of breathing in all humanity. My body will pulsate with life in a desperate struggle to survive. And survive I will! No longer shall I lay hidden beneath a mask of deception, but boldly shall I seek to enjoy the pleasures of "life's richest blessings." "Conscience, unleash this will, for I am born and I shall know; and tomorrow I shall grow and flourish in the love of all mankind."

PARABLE

by ZITA MCAFEE

The earth passed through space, existed, slept.
Something in the passing through time stirred.
And the rays of the sun made a Rose grow, and woke
the Earth.
The Earth felt the Sun's rays and reveled in her Rose, and
the Rose grew and flourished.
The Snow and Rain and Breeze caressed the Earth and
touched the Rose.
And while the Earth knew them, she could only feel the
rays of the Sun.
She looked only for the Sun, and the Rose covered the
Earth in Sun.
And while the Earth had been all her own world, now the
Earth existed only in the Rose, and breathed only
in the warmth of the Sun.
And the Snow and Rain and Breeze caressed the Earth,
and in their turn would become Suns, but now the
Earth lived only in the Rose, breathed only in the Sun.

But the Sun shone on other Earths and the Sun's rays
went out in many directions.
And the Earth called to the Snow and Rain and Breeze,
but the Sun's rays burned her now, and now the Rose
withered with the Sun's cold and the Earth's autumn.
And now the Rose seems to die with the burning blast
of the Earth's winter.
The Earth caressed the bitter roots of the Rose and wept
for the Rose and turned from the Sun, jealous of its
burning rays.
And the Earth slept.
And now the earth dreams.
Only fools grow Roses.

Spring will come after the Earth sleeps.
The Rose may bloom again.
Will it bloom in Snow, or Rain, or Breeze?
Or will it bloom in Sun?
Or will it bloom at all?
Only fools grow Earths.

THE SEARCH

by LYNNE VANDERVEEN

Flailing arms, I looked for love in each face bent over
my crib.

Walking unsteadily, I sought love to pick me up and set
me on a lap.

Older and still searching, I read of love in novels and
saw it on the screen.

The search is over for love has found me.

I now know that one can not hunt love as an animal is
snared

But it must come of its own accord—

Sometimes as quickly as a ray of light pierces the darkness,

Or it creeps into a life like the sea edges up the beach.

Thanking God, I pray that others may end their search.

SEARCH

by LOU BLACKWELL

Where calm is captured in a frozen well,

There buried, dying,

Ensnarled below by barbs, above by fancies,

Escape-free to the naked eye,

Is found the entity

Which, though freely given,

Finds comfort in anonymity.

COMMUNION

by JEAN CLARK

From my unmanfully assembled parts
I call to you
Partaker of my flesh, my blood:
Build of me in your shape
The shape of man
Young in vessels under the tongue
Honed with yearnings after hands
Vizard up or at the feet, unhinged,
Halation palpable, alive.
Make of my taste the smack of love
And of my blood unfrozen crystals in the cave.
Breathe into membranes never full before
And I shall be with your mouth, forever.

WHERE IS FREEDA PRUFROCK

by KEVIN BUNIN

Somewhere in this self-conscious, unconfident, inactive nutshell world is Freeda Prufrock, woman of the world, connoisseur of good food, champion of the office workers, intellectual, waiting for her J. Alfred to come along and sweep her off her feet and up to the marriage altar. Will J. Alfred go to Freeda? Does he dare? Does he dare? J. Alfred does not know Freeda is waiting for him, and if he did he would not know where to go or what to do because he lives in his own nutshell world of snobs, self-conscious prudes, and stuffed shirts. They keep him pinned down in his grooved circular life of eating, sleeping, and tea parties. Hence, J. Alfred is unable to climb out of this groove, not that he does not want to, but because he is weak, meek, and tweaked.

If J. Alfred is an example of modern man, who labeled him such — the same society that formed him? If this is true, who does society consist of, more Prufrocks? It is a sad thing indeed when monsters can create monsters. When a lonely man stays lonely and does not attempt to ascend from depths which he is discontented with, he creates the Freeda monster of the world. Likewise, the Freedas may create the J. Alfreds, and neither will meet the other halfway.

Even though J. Alfred is a social eunuch, his physical urges are still intact. The physical urge to impregnate most every female homosapien that passes his acquaintance persists, but does he dare? Does he dare? No, he thinks all things will come if he waits, and while he waits and waits, he grows old. Soon he begins to wonder, "Where is my Freeda? Where is Freeda Prufrock?" Freeda is waiting too, and as the wrinkles on her face become more numbered she begins to wonder, "Where is my Alfred? Where is my J. Alfred Prufrock?"

They are nowhere, yet they are everywhere. It is unfortunate the world is full of lonely people who feel secure in their work and would not jeopardize their position by making remarks not apropos to the situation at hand. They would not express their own opinions on a subject because it is contrary to what the majority or the boss believes. If they did, it would make them the laughing stock of the tea party, cocktail party, or any social gathering of this sort. Unfortunate indeed, but there is one bit of advice that if followed might change your life. "Rise up Prufrocks of the world! Tighten your belts, suck in your breath, and venture out into the vast world that surrounds you, for there you will find — Freeda!"

THE DECISION

by MICHAEL NEWMAN

"Arthur, I hate you!" whispered Charles. Hunched over furtively, he shivered at the ocean's sibilant disapproval. A sharp wind slowly filled his tracks with tiny grains of sand. Almost immediately a hot shadow seemed to fall over him, and he shot a glance behind him into the darkness. "No, no, that's wrong. What a silly . . . what a terrible thing to say," he said to himself, or to the ocean, listening with long despairing sighs. Charles smiled at the ocean, a tight, appeasing smile that left his eyes worried. The ocean was a huge thing, the dark clouds thick above it, and the moon a garish ball of red. Charles stood facing the ocean with his short legs, slightly spread, planted in the sand. He was a puffy man, a sagging man, as soft as a pillow. Standing there, he let his mind turn dull, lose all its contours to the wider contours, swell and recede in a dull, rhythmic mimickry of the sea split by a red moonbeam.

Arthur wasn't a bad sort, really; a little loud, a little demanding — he said everything twice because he was nervous. But he had a right to be, perhaps even an obligation, because he had responsibility. Someone had to give the orders, or nothing would get done. "Poor Charley," he'd say, "my sloppy friend. Tuck your shirt in. Straighten that silly collar. You expect me to be seen with you . . . the way you look . . . you don't really expect me . . . did you buy what I told you . . . both bottles? Good, good."

"Yeah, sure, Arthur," he'd say, "just like you told me."

Arthur always knew what to do, what to say. He seemed to fit naturally and completely into Charles' life, like he was born to him, a genetic inheritance. He strode, he glared, he commanded. Arthur was unbending precision. He knew one bottle wouldn't be enough, so he had expressly, instinctively ordered two — large ones, to fill the entire weekend. Two bottles, two women, and the two of them together, always together, in an unshakeable partnership.

It was amazing! Where did he get the women? It was like magic, with all the fantastic improbability of magic. Just thinking about it made Charles giddy. Because of Arthur the very air he breathed seemed full of happy bubbles. It didn't matter if they weren't pretty; they were nice. He watched his woman in the half-light of the apartment as she settled into the rumpled sofa. He watched her body softly come to rest, large and maternal in the cotton dress, her neck whitish, her face soft and broad and laid with rouge. A certain flicker of gentleness shone from her large brown eyes. "It's nice and warm in here," she said. "It ain't natural for it to be so cold outside this time of year, but it's real comfy in here." She was sitting next to him — she was such a beautiful mystery, coming out of nowhere — and, languidly reaching out her hands, letting them drift gently to his shoulder, she drew him toward her, his head to the broad lap of her dress. "You ain't much for talkin', are you honey?" But he had drowsily surrendered now, and could only shake his head.

He was only dimly conscious of Arthur, somewhere close to him — always close — muttering something vaguely to some dark, indistinct form. Arthur could be very funny sometimes; he could pour out a steady stream of senseless banter, nonsense, sometimes, that would latch on to immediate images and make them ridiculous. The blind man they had met on the street to whom he loudly made out a check for a thousand dollars and signed the President's name, saying, "This should hold you for a while, old man; go get yourself a new dog." Sometimes Charles could hardly keep from yielding to convulsive laughter, a strange, controlled shaking in his stomach that he would puzzle over even as it happened to him. Arthur could be irresistibly funny, so he wasn't surprised to hear the dark form giggling now. He heard her voice broken by her shrill and helpless merriment.

"Where did you ever find him, Arty? He's unbelievable."

"Oh, he was scratching at the door one day, cold as hell out, and you couldn't tell if him or the wind was howlin' louder, so I got soft and let him in. I don't know what I'd do without him, right Charley? Not too bright though, but nobody's perfect. Ain't that right Charley, you ain't too bright, are you old boy?"

"Oh cut it out, Arty," the soft, maternal woman said. "I think you're mean."

Charles flushed; his forehead tightened. He felt strangely surprised and lost in the conversation. Conversation didn't belong to the warm darkness, not this strident, sudden kind. It didn't fit the slow, engulfing comfort that he had begun to enjoy, and he resented the jarring interruption. Only indirectly, through the shattered atmosphere, had he heard the words. And he was shocked at what happened. It wasn't his fault. It came involuntarily.

"Yeah, cut it out, Arthur," he had said.

Arthur took the women home an hour later. It was getting late, he had stammered suddenly. His timing may have failed him, too, because they finished both bottles in that hour. They should have lasted much longer. Arthur drank silently, laughing in occasional spurts that seemed to cut themselves off and hang in the silence. Charles brooded. From the time he felt the pang of fear 'til he heard the door bang behind Arthur and the two women, he seemed to sink into a strange, random contemplation. Thinking was always very hard for him to do. Words were wonderful and enigmatic, but always so useless to him. But now he felt a strange need for them. He needed them to contain this new electric restlessness he felt; and the annoyance, the resentment, and the fury that he could only vaguely define. It all was happening too suddenly, without warning. He wasn't ready for it.

When Arthur had noted the time, fumbled in the darkness, and left, Charles was able to grasp the idea, perhaps for the first time, that he was alone. It was a startlingly simple idea. And he seemed entranced by it. Under its power, he rose from the sofa, groping in the dark to the desk, and put what he knew would be there into his pocket. He then walked quickly to the door and into the street where a street lamp splashed a lonely puddle of light at his feet. He lingered over it only a moment, then turned sharply toward the beach a block away.

No, he decided, it wasn't a silly thing to say at all. It was true, and there was nothing he could do about it. No, there was one thing. That was the solution. The ocean had almost made him forget. He looked one last time at the bloody moonbeam severing that vast, indifferent ocean exactly in two — that ocean in whose roar the sound of the gun was completely lost.



LIVING OR EXISTING?

by JUNE E. KINCAID

There are individuals who believe that they are insignificant living beings who accidentally exist in a fraction of infinity. These individuals believe there is little reason to exert themselves to accomplish anything of real value, because in the next generation or two there will be no living person to reflect upon their efforts and achievements of their lifespan. Listening to this type of philosophy can be "contagious." We must erase from our minds this intolerant degradation of human life. Human life is valuable. We must utilize our capacities to the fullest extent. We must strive to grasp life's purpose in the small fraction of time we are allotted on earth. Awareness and attainment of life's purpose will personify meaning and bring value to our existence. If we believe that we are placed on earth to fulfill a worthwhile purpose, and adhere to this belief, we will derive an immeasurable amount of contentment and happiness. If we believe that our life's purpose is insignificant and immaterial to others, our life is meaningless to others, and consequently, our life is meaningless to ourselves.

We simply cannot get away from ourselves. If we break every mirror, turn off every light, and stand utterly motionless and silent, we cannot get away from complete awareness of ourself. We can get away from people, places, problems, and things, but we can never get away from ourselves. Since we are our own constant companion we must be content with our self-image. We must learn to enjoy our own company. When we are alone we have a choice of a wide variety of diversions, interests and activities. We have our imagination and memories, and our philosophy and psychology. These abstract things are wonderful to explore, but we must not meditate excessively. To be a hermit with our thoughts will eventually induce boredom, and ultimately, dissatisfaction. We must have outside interest and activities. Music, education, hobbies and club activities are a few of the activities we can pursue. Pursuing outside activities we will derive self-improvement, self-respect and happiness.

There are many activities we can pursue that are enriching and gratifying. We can join a book club devoted to the classics, or if we desire, the best sellers of the day. If we are persistent and read these books to the end, we will soon learn to enjoy them. Besides being alone with our chosen books we can go to lectures and concerts, even if we do not understand them. In time we will comprehend the lectures and concerts, and they will become informative and pleasurable to us. We can also derive pleasure from classical music that is far more gratifying than we can imagine. In order to understand the higher forms of music we can consult adult educational programs that will develop our appreciation for music. Adult educational programs can also be consulted in order to pursue other interests. Courses, such as language, history, sociology, psychology, art appreciation, English composition, and a variety of others will open new "avenues" for us to determine our purpose in life. Life's purpose we "march" toward will be for others' benefit and our self-reward.

We live in a marvelous age where the opportunities and advantages are beckoning for us to pursue. To pursue the many opportunities and advantages we will become aware of our purpose in life. To fulfill life's purpose will not only benefit society, but we will be rewarded with contentment and self-satisfaction. To ignore our complex society and live a life of "sweet simplicity," will result in a life of no consequence and little purpose. In order to avoid an empty and meaningless existence we must do our utmost to live an active life. We must exert every effort to contribute what we can to society. "We have hard work to do and loads to lift. Shun not the struggle, face it. 'Tis God's gift."¹ It is beyond the scope of society to tolerate a life of "simple simplicity." We must exert our physical and mental capacities for the benefit of mankind, and our reward will be an immeasurable amount of self-satisfaction and happiness. By attaining self-satisfaction and happiness we will be living, not merely existing.

¹ Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

A FARMER'S WINTER

by MAVIS HARDY

One night and day in the winter is so much like the night and day before. All three rooms of the house seem to be quietly waiting for something, yet I know not what. It is a special kind of quietness reserved only for winter on a tenant farm. The lonely stillness is peaceful. Each morning is faced with breathless awe. The sun tiptoes lightly and peeks playfully over the treetops. The sun's soft golden rays dance upon the glistening dewdrops on the slender brown blades of grass and shimmer on the rooftops of the barns. The tantalizing aroma of cured ham frying in the big iron skillet and round golden biscuits baking in the oven meets the nostrils. Suddenly we realize that we are hungry.

Eight hungry children dash for the corner of the kitchen where the wash basin sits beside the water bucket. All that can be seen is fingers and hands reaching for the dipper handle. The clink of ice against the bucket and dipper, the splash of water in the basin, the soft plunk of the soap in the soap dish (usually a syrup bucket lid), short scuffles over the towel, and the splash of water being poured out at the window are the activity in the corner for about ten minutes. The last one to wash his hands has to clean the basin and pour hot water from the kettle for Daddy. The kettle is always full of steaming hot water. Its whistling tune is heard through every meal. A change in its tune tells us when to put more wood in the stove. All eyes are on Daddy while he washes up for breakfast. As soon as he is seated all heads dip as if we were puppets controlled by a single string. Daddy says grace and we all wait for a respectable interval to signify that we know and understand the solemnity of the grace.

With breakfast over, everyone goes to his own job. Wood for the stove and fireplace must be gathered. It is stacked on the front porch against the wall like the sticks of peppermint in the glass case at the company store. Some of us shuck and shell corn and put it in a big clean bag to be carried into town to the grist mill. There the miller grinds it into corn meal. Next, the animals must be fed. One of us draws the water while the other carries it and pours it into the watering troughs.

With the crops gathered and less work to do, Mama takes down all the pretty print feed sacks and begins her yearly dress-making session. While Mama sews, we go out to the corn crib and take down a sack of dried peas or beans. We take it outside and lay it on the ground. Then we all scurry about in search of big sticks. We then take turns beating the sack full of hated peas and beans. Before long the hulls are beaten to tiny pieces. The peas are then poured into a big dish pan. We hold the pan of peas high and pour them into another pan on the ground. The wind catches the crackly brown hulls and sends them dancing and bobbing to the dirt. The pan of peas is then taken to the well, where we wash them in fresh water. They are then ready to join the big chunk of red streaked salt pork in the black iron pot. The cold peas stop the bubbling water from boiling. While they are cooking, one of us makes fat pones of bread and a pan of biscuits. Sometimes Mama makes a tall sack of thin layers of cake. She smears gobs of homemade black-

berry jelly between the layers. The red violet jelly melts and runs down the sides, leaving gooey red streaks behind.

After dinner we all go back to our work. Before long it will be time to eat supper. We drink our cool milk and eat chunks of hot buttered corn pone by the light of a single kerosene lamp. The lamp always sits in the middle of the table, nearer to the head of the table where Daddy sits.

While the supper dishes are being washed, Daddy helps us take the chairs from the kitchen and arrange them in a semicircle around the fireplace in the front room. Pans are brought from the kitchen for everyone. We line up at the foot of Mama and Daddy's bed while Daddy measures out the peanuts from the bag behind the bed. The amount of peanuts each of us receives depends upon our ability. We sit around the fireplace and shell the peanuts carefully. We know if we break the nuts they will not be fit to plant in the spring.

The only light comes from the fireplace. A giant chunk of green oak wood fries and the sap oozes out in little bubbles. As we shell the peanuts, we throw the hulls into the fire. The flames dance about the chunk of wood in frolicsome leaps. The snap and crackle of the burning hulls are friendly, and the yellow, red, orange, and blue flames seem to laugh at us. Daddy tells us about his boyhood or he tells a story from history or from the Bible. One of his favorite stories is about Joseph and his coat of many colors. Then the flames make me think of Joseph's beautiful coat. Just before we finish our peanut shelling, Mama gives her peanuts to one of us and gathers up the broken ones. She then takes them to the kitchen. Shortly we smell peanuts parching and syrup cooking. With the heavenly odor drifting around, we shell faster and act surprised when Mama comes into the room with a giant platter of peanut candy. This is truly a winter night to remember.



TIME

by JOHANNA BROCKER

What was once real and good
Hides itself as a memory—
Cloaks itself in echoes,
Fades quietly, stealthily, definitely
Into the years.

Karen — a friend I knew once
Brown-haired, laughter-light
Song-sweet, sorrow-kissed.
A friend who read meaning
Into the sky,
 the goodness of brown earth,
 and the gentleness of silence.

Karen — the word rings hollow
In the empty shell of years.
The days slip into years and
Pale the time.
 The friendship is buried in
The dust of old, forgotten words—
In the hollowness of lost laughter—
In the living death of memory . . .

as
 the blue beauty of violets
 hiding beneath a moss-green log
 is lost
 to the whistling of wind
 in winter snow and sky.

No. 8

by MARCI COYLE

It rained
And the deer rose
And shook herself
And the baby that
Was born to her was
Spring

Everywhere the fawn's
Feet touched ground
Flowers bloomed
And the brown grass
Turned green

Where the baby drank
From the stream
Ice broke and
Floated away

When he slept beneath
A tree the sap flowed
Upward to starved branches

And the baby grew
And became summer
A starving dry old wolf
Slew the young buck
And autumn came
And as the wolf turned white
Winter came

A WARM MEMORY OF THE COLD

by JAMES SPEARS

Cold, crying and huddled together in one bed, my three sisters, three brothers and I were desperately trying to keep warm. I gazed intently at the flicker and disappearance of the last flame from the small, charred, potbellied stove. Having incessantly devoured each portion of fuel stuffed into its mouth, this squatty, cast-iron monster had now gobbled the last morsel of firewood.

From beneath the covers, I watched the trembling and drawn figure of my mother as she passed close to the dimly lit oil lamp. The light silhouetting her face revealed a tear slowly inching its way over a tender quivering cheek. Although Mother never uttered a sound, I knew she was crying from the extreme tension caused by the overwhelming problems confronting her. The firewood had been extinguished, the food supply exhausted, and now our only water supply, a spring about half a mile from the house, had completely frozen. The ground was disappearing under a heavy white blanket caused by the seemingly endless barrage of snow. The deep drifts were quickly erasing any detectable evidence of the once easily distinguished trail that lead to a seldom traveled county road.

The extreme drop in temperature made our hands and feet unbearably cold. Being clothed in every scarcely attainable garment and covered with mounds of blankets, we still clung together as closely as possible for even the most minute measure of warmth. While we were whimpering from the sharp pains of the bitter cold, Mother was pacing the floor and breaking our furniture into kindling in her hopelessly futile attempts to warm the house. Having tried countless ideas and failed, she began a hazardous four-mile trek, although inadequately clothed, through several feet of painfully cold snow to seek help from my grandmother.

Approximately two hours later, all of us were comfortably sitting around Grandmother's big "Warm Morning" stove nearly bursting with a radiant happiness that beamed from each red and smiling face. Although the hardships we encountered were numerous, there is not one of us who would consider exchanging a single priceless moment of those unforgettable years together.



THE PARK

by THOMAS J. KEHLE

Smelling the brisk fall air, hearing the leaves crackle with each step, and catching a glimpse of an occasional squirrel scampering up its tree, I continued toward my destination. I looked back only to marvel at the familiar way the afternoon sun painted our house with its deflected rays. It was a warm sight that gave me a feeling of strange minuteness. On some days the same sight could also be cold and give a feeling of loneliness, but today was a good day. I reached the sidewalk that divided the park and decided to walk on it awhile. I liked the sound that my shoes made scraping over the cement. At times I would pretend I was a man wandering through an endless desert, dying of thirst. The scraping of my heels against the cement was the sound of the sand beneath my parched feet. The sidewalk led me to the shelter house, the center of my summer life. I recalled how the kids from all around would flock there to play everything from chess to strip poker. At times Madeline would also come to the park along with her much hated older brother. Madeline was my secret desire, and I believe I was hers. During the fall the shelter house was a gray building that emitted a peculiar smell, something like the smell of a freshly waxed and vacant dance hall. I had never smelled any dance halls; I just knew that's what they must smell like. To bring back memories I decided to climb the steps that led to the porch of the shelter house. The day I beat Dale Wachowiak in chess, the day I out jumped Tim Sullivan, the day I held Madeline's hand, they all came back to me. Summer was a time to remember and to look forward to. For some unknown reason I started pelting the shelter house with acorns. I must have looked rather peculiar to the squirrels. I would walk a few steps, turn and let fly a volley of acorns that would certainly have killed an innocent passer-by.

As I walked, the pungent scent of burning leaves filled the air. I wondered how it would feel to be rich and powerful, to be happy all the time, to have enough money to buy milk every day in school and maybe some candy after school, to buy clothes and to have two pairs of shoes. That's why I like Madeline so much; she represented wealth to me. I wished that they would allow eight-year-olds to marry! I would certainly marry Madeline. I would marry her for wealth, I would marry her for beauty, and I would marry her for the opportunity of being able to sneak up on her brother while he was sleeping and get a good head-lock on him before he knew what was happening. Then I could also have my own room with a big desk and a lamp and new school books. I just wished so much at times that reality would escape me.

Then a piercing cry broke my silence. It was a Litten, a member of an outcaste clan even on a lower economic status than I. It was Howard Litten presently being beaten up by his arch-enemy, his brother David. Normally I would have watched and encouraged the underdog, but today was too nice a day to be blotted by the yelps of a Litten. Maybe I should throw rocks at them; no I'd better not. I didn't feel like taking them both on right then. I knew I could easily beat both of them to a pulp, but there was always the chance, when fighting a Litten, that their older wench of a sister might emerge from the shadows with her much respected claws.

I could see Dale's house through the trees and two houses down was John's house and behind his was Bill's. Dale was my best friend. I thought how much more intelligent he was than I. I thought I might drop in on him, but I expelled the idea because I had already wasted too much time with the Littens. Dale was going to Notre Dame when he grew up. I had always thought Notre Dame was in France; but Dale, being wise, told me different. He said it was a school for grown-ups that were rich. I guessed Notre Dame would never see me. I knew Dale was wise. Who in the world would be looking forward to going to school? But, then again, Dale always had new books and new clothes. I'd better not talk about school around him any more. Even though Dale and I were the strongest and handsomest kids in our class he could make me feel awful weak at times. Like the time we built boats that were supposed to resemble the "African Queen," he made me name mine the "African King." I first thought he had finally realized my superiority. However, I realized myself that taking the unauthentic name was taking second place. Dale was a crafty one.

The cold wind blew through the trees, hitting me squarely on the face. It would probably snow next month. I hoped I could talk my brother out of his snowball-throwing gloves. I thought I would be a little more respectful to him; maybe I would call him *Anthony* and tell him that he was a good football player and all. Then it happened. I knew today was a good day; right in front of me was the largest acorn I had ever seen. I picked it up and imagined how it would look after I had carved it out and made it into a pipe. Normally, I would have hollowed it out right on the spot, but this acorn was so large and special I thought I had better not chance cracking it with my knife. This one called for my brother Jim's knife, a more worthy tool. I carefully placed it in my coat pocket. I walked on with the feeling I possessed great wealth, I was gifted, I was appointed by God to be the owner of the largest acorn.

My destination, the drugstore, came into view. I reached into my pocket to confirm my good fortune when, stunned, I realized I had placed it in the pocket with the hole in it. With my daydreaming way of walking it would be impossible to back track.

I picked up a cinder and threw it at a passing English racing bike.



A REALIZATION OF DEATH

by BARBARA GLOWASKI

*dedicated to the man in the elevator
November 1964*

What is Death?

Death is a drunken driver behind the wheel of a speeding
car,
a bottle of sleeping pills,
an airplane long overdue,
a bullet that destroys a brilliant man,
a hand grenade tossed into a foxhole,
a mushroom cloud shrouding a city,
a young man hanging from a cross.

Death is the run of a torpedo towards an unsuspecting
ship,
a fire that rips through an old hotel,
the slip of an abortionist's knife,
the power failure of an elevator,
man's nuclear contamination of God's air,
a small child playing with a plastic bag,
the splattering of a president's brain.

Death is the constant fires of the crematory at Dachau,
the pink elephants and purple tigers caged in a bottle,
a cyanide pill dropped into a small sanitized green room,
cancer, tuberculosis, or leprosy that is ignored,
leaping from a ten story building unto a crowded
sidewalk,
a stillborn child,
a bomb in a church basement on a quiet Sunday
morning.

Death is the price sometimes paid for an act of courage,
the realization of an overpowering fear,
the acceptance of despair,
the loss of honor and self-respect,
the absolute denial of love,
the final step in the cycle,
the invariable constant.

Death is more tragic to those that live than to those that
die.

If death does not have more meaning than life,
Then why must each of us die?
Death should not be feared or shunned,
Because death has a holy purpose.
What is death?
Death is the beginning of life, not the end of it.



BLACKBIRD

by MATTHEW FAISON

Pack up all my cares and woes . . .

The lyrics whispered softly in his brain but his lips were still as wilted flowers.

This was his fourth summer at the hotel, his fourth try. As always they had helped him in and out of the cab, or wheeled him to the elevator or brought him out to the swimming pool, but the smiles of the servers were made of plastic and no one called him by his name. No one called him by his real name.

He had tried so hard to be remembered. At first it hadn't been so difficult. His friends were never too far away. They knew him. They remembered his music. "Here I go, singing low . . ." How many times had they made him sing that song? It was his life, and they called him Blackbird then, four years ago. It stuck with the man like a last breath and he clung to it.

Some of his friends wept for the man with the frozen face. Chicks went to his lavish parties and turned politely away when he tried to turn ruined muscle into music. In Birmingham, his parties had been legend and so had he. At first it was the family name they tagged after and sought out, the name they saw lettered across the giant signs above two of the largest steel mills in Alabama. During the world war his father had taken his several small blacksmith shops and bullied and pushed his way into the growing steel industry, but now he was dead and his business was handled by the crippled son.

He had hated being known only as the son of the Man. He wouldn't have minded the accident so much if it had happened then when nothing much mattered. They thought he was nothing. He was a fat man with pink ridges around his eyes that gave him the appearance of always being on the edge of tears. His complexion was sallow and where there should have been the wrinkles of smile lines, there were only cracks in his skin. His mouth was small and his lips were the color of raw liver and constantly wet. He had only one thing of beauty about him.

His voice. He could drag it out into a slow sharp twang if he was speaking to a laborer or boom it across a conference table at a union boss and turn him to ice on the spot. It was deep and resonant like a noon horn in the fog or high and sharp like a carriage bell.

His voice was something he discovered, mined like precious metal and when he found it the summer before his joy was endless. He sang and they flocked to him. He made friends. They did not want his money or a job; they only wanted to hear him sing.

That was the summer. That was the summer that Red Nichols and a group he called his Five Pennies sang about a sad man coming home. The son had taken the music to his friends.

No one here can love or understand me
Oh what troubles they all try to hand me
They loved him and he couldn't stop singing the song.
Where somebody waits for me
Sugar's sweet and so is she

They called him Blackbird.

That was the autumn of his father's death and the autumn of his crippling. The plane had crashed on takeoff and his father and the pilot, who were both in the cockpit, burned to death.

The first year in the hospital dragged on miserably. They finally brought him home in a wheelchair. The parties began. Bootleg liquor flowed and the old friends came back.

He thought back on the parties as two of the bell-boys helped him out of the chair, shrouded him in an inflatable life preserver and lowered him into the warm water of the pool. He wondered why the two young men didn't remember his song. Why they didn't remember his name. They were fools, selfish fools. Blackbird, why couldn't they remember that? It wasn't that hard to remember.

The warm water made it easier to relax, easier to recall.

The party-goers changed after the accident. They were unreal to him. Everyone moved in a small circle of his own. All the circles were concentric and he was the center of every orbit, but no one spoke to him or looked at him straight out. It was as if they were deadly certain of their destinations and had no time to stop along the way. They reminded him of carrion birds. He panicked and fled to the hotel.

Reluctantly as if it were aware that things would not be the same on its return, the summer sun began to set. The swimming pool was almost empty. The fat man had fallen asleep in his harness of rubber and air, and drifted aimlessly about the pool like a ragged vessel seeking safe harbor. A small child had touched him on the arm to wake him, but the mother hurriedly snatched the

little girl and marched her off to the room shouting whispers at her.

A young couple splashed noisily in the shallow end where they could safely stand up when they needed to. Work shift changes were made and the lights began to come on in the hotel. The shadow of the tall building crept across the manicured lawn over the padlocked pool-house across the fake redwood chairs and slipped silently into the turquoise water staining it dark blue. Its presence woke the Blackbird.

He felt the coldness. Before he opened his eyes he felt it. Water was splashing quietly against his throat. He was sinking. Where were the bellmen? Where the hell were the foolish-faced oafs who could not even remember his name? He had told them to be back by four, and now it was almost dark. Panic began to touch his chin like a black-gloved hand. The wind had died leaving him adrift directly over the pool drain in ten feet of water. Only his face and chin were dry.

He was facing the shallow section of the pool and its only other occupants. Blackbird watched the man and woman. The man took the strap from her bathing suit and pulled it down over her breasts. He pulled her to him and kissed her hard on the mouth.

Blackbird knew he was going to die. It made him think of his music.

Make my bed and light the light,
I'll be home late tonight

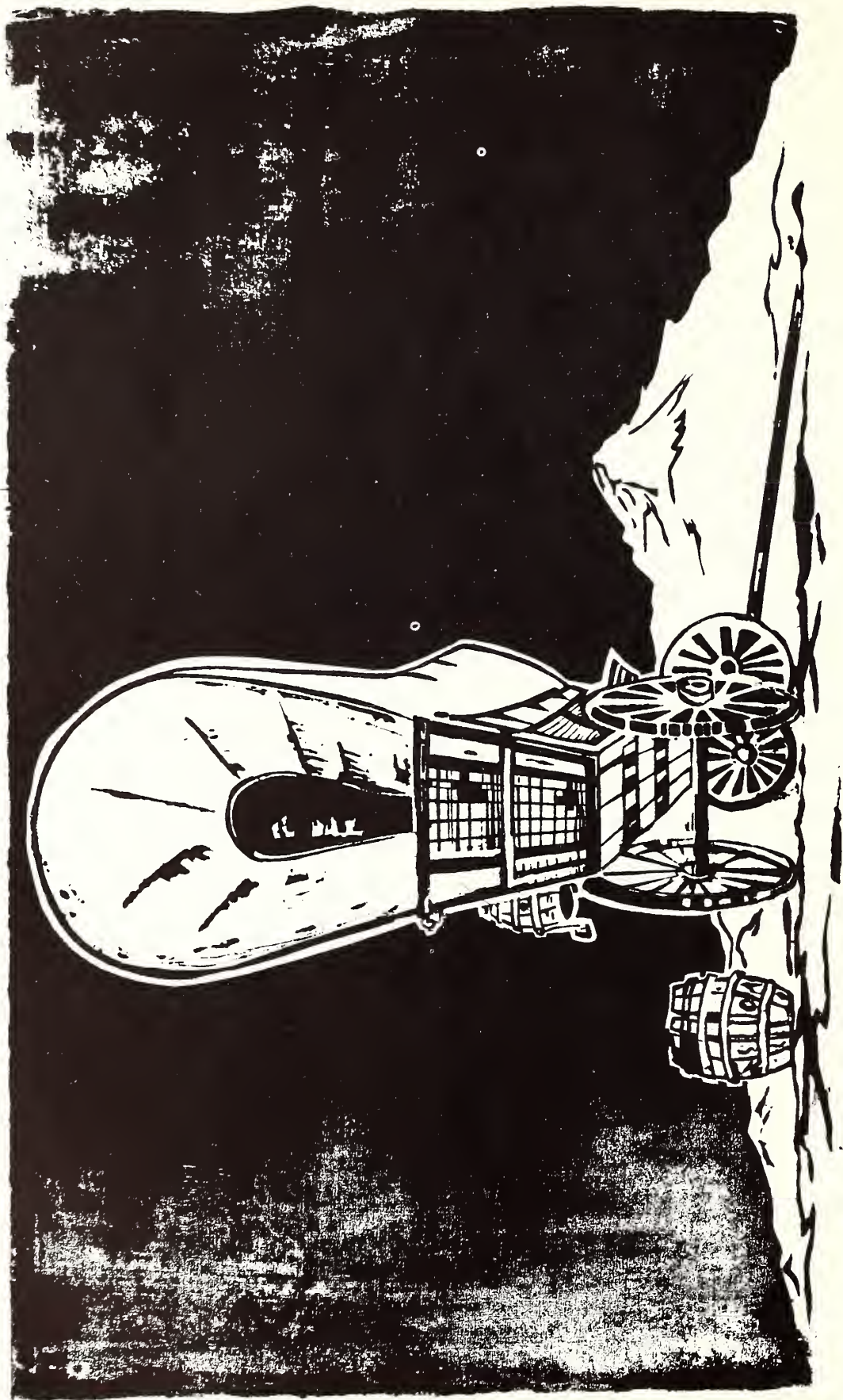
The water touched his lower lip. It had a sweet taste.

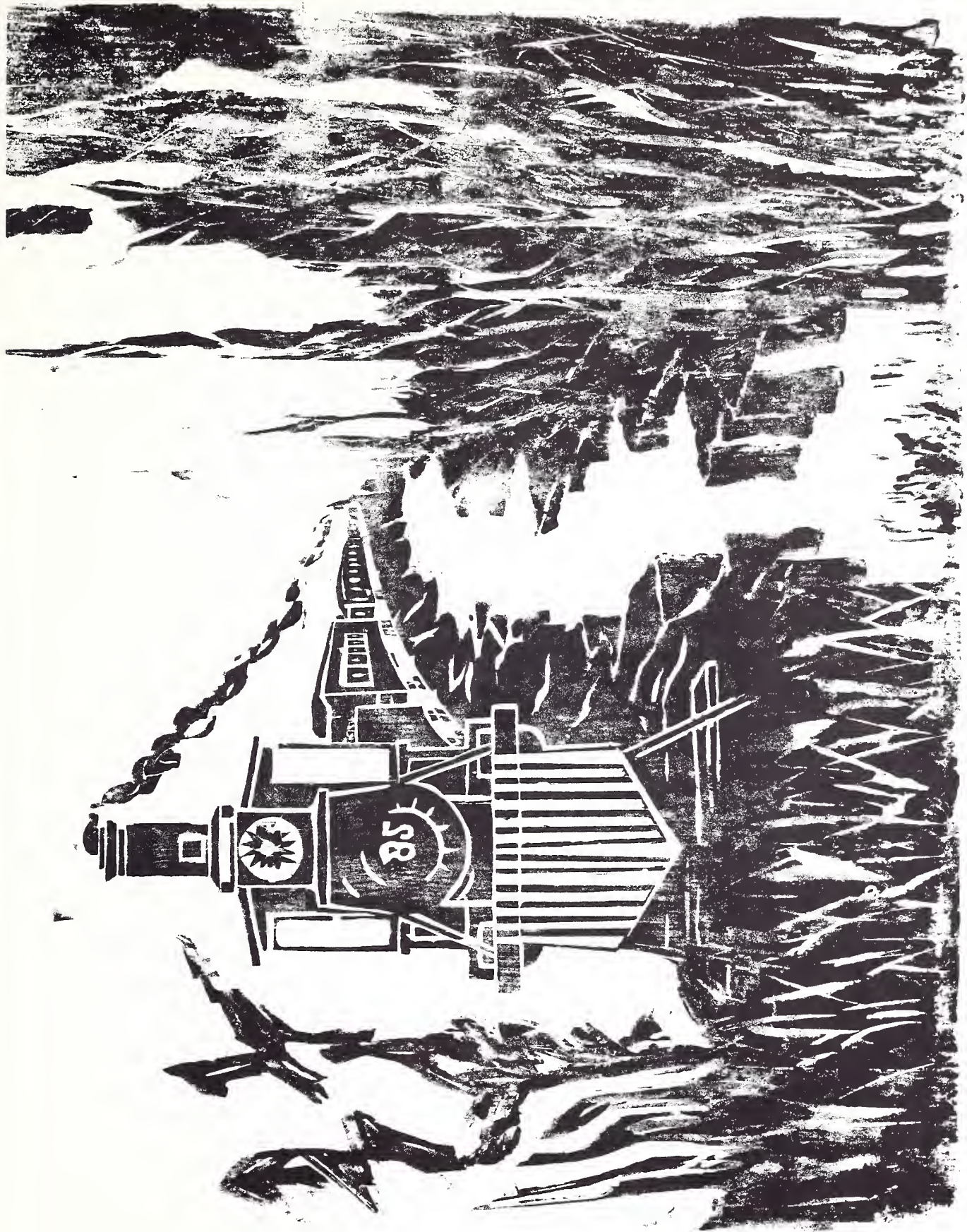
Two bathing suits lay on the side of the swimming pool. The couple began the frantic dance and water frothed around them.

Blackbird's eyes bulged as water filled his mouth and he tried to breathe through his nose. Spray from his nostrils fell softly on the water making little circles, and bubbles from the punctured vest hung beneath the surface of the water.

The woman screamed.







A WELCOME HOME

by BILL LOVEL

The train pulled into the station
And the man with an air of contamination
Stepped out of the train seeking news
From his old faithful servant with the blues.
"How've things been while I've been away?"
"Well, boss, there ain't much to say."
"Are you sure?" said the man in his stride.
"Very well, sir, your horse has died."
"My horse! My horse! But how?"
"He ate old Betsy, your burnt up cow."
"My cow! My cow! By my crown!"
"That was right after your barn burned down."
"My barn! My barn! Did you give it a dowse?"
"No, sir, boss, I was busy with the fire in the house."
"My house! My house! But how did it start?"
"From your mother's funeral candle; she died from a
broken heart."
"My mother! My mother!" he said in dismay.
"That was right after you wife ran away."
"My wife! My wife!" he said now in a quiver.
"That was right before your son drowned in the river."
"Where are you going?" said the servant about to cry.
"Back to the city where in peace I may die."
And the train pulled out of the station.

DIDACTIC DIALOGUE No. 4

by ROY YATER

Some people think you're strange, you know.
Really? In what way?
You make people disappear.
Oh, that.
Well, it's a bad habit. People don't like to disappear.
It's not done with malice. In fact I have little control
over it.
It's a terrible power.
Perhaps it's a weakness.
How do you mean?
I think I have tunnel vision of the mind's eye.
Meaning?
I can "see" only one person at a time.
And the others disappear.
Exactly.
But Roger was here moments ago and now he's
disappeared.
For you too?
Yes, for me. How do you account for that?
You're in the tunnel, I suppose.
But it's your doing. You pulled me in.
Not voluntarily.
Nevertheless.
Do you want out?
Yes. I'm uncomfortable. It isn't polite.
Very well. *Roger. You're daydreaming. How's your
project coming?*
What? Oh. Reasonably well. I've started to . . .
where's Jack?
I don't know. *Go on.*
Well, I've started to isolate some of the . . .



POEM

by ANDY MAZUR

Mine is a world of fallen angels,
And when all my cherubs have descended,
What have I left?

People

Mine is a world of drunkards and fools,
And when all my loved ones sell their souls,
What have I left?

Roxanna

And evil yet is not satisfied,
It must torment her until, terrified,
She flees from me, and her delicate soul,
Lies twisted and hurt. Grief takes its toll.
For we had a love that was clean and rare,
It screams for freedom, it screams for air,
Suffocating beneath the damnations of a cruel, confusing,
nauseated world . . .

Mine is a world of insanity,
And when all the insane have been shut away,
What have I left?

GOD

POEM

by GEORGE GRIFFIN

Speechless, exhausted I lay.
Not an ounce of strength, to move an inch of ground.

Speechless, exhausted I lay.
No I wallowed.

I wallowed in—amongst the wages of war—Death.

In and amongst ally.

In and amongst foe.

He who I didn't have the time to love.

He who I didn't have the time to hate.

But I do love him —

For we wallowed together;

But her a little faster.

Because, while he gave me a butt,

I patched up his wounds.

But I do hate him —

For we wallowed together;

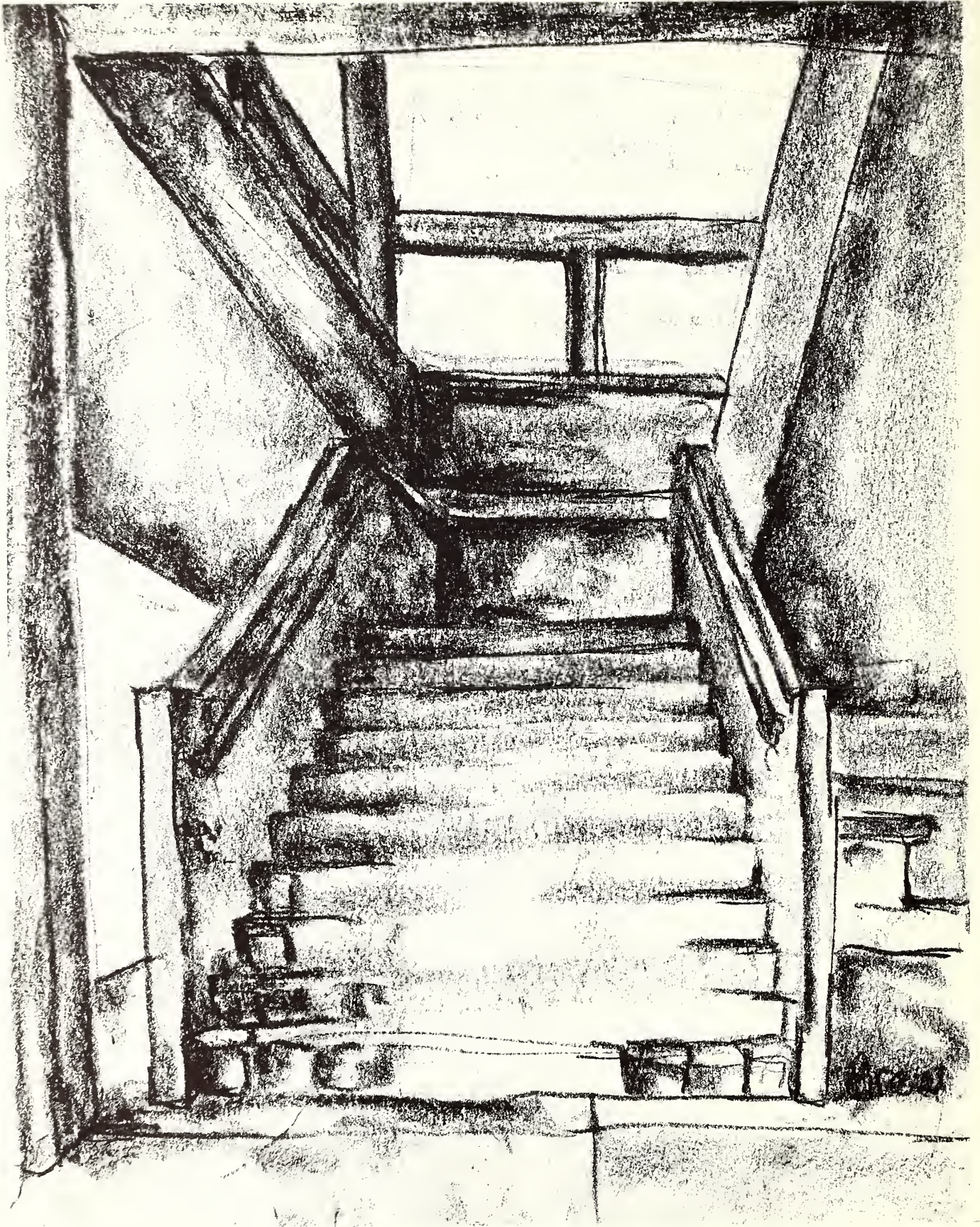
But he a little slower, aimlessly.

Because, while his itty bitty bullet left me speechless;

My juicy pineapple didn't leave him much.

Speechless, exhausted I lay,

I wallowed, I died.



POEM

by CHRISTINA MURPHY

Seared claws grab at the frightened wind.
Charred spires impale the tangled haze
that imprisons the sky.
Writhing with silent pain, contorted with endless agony,
They stand like despairing angels,
guarding the gates of hell.

Silhouettes of death etched against an orange sky.
Twisted limbs, entrapped by convulsive flames,
wave in a mad, blistered despair.
The stench of death – a graveyard of ashes.

Their devastation wrought,
the feral messengers of Doom withdraw.
Corpulent strands of smoke,
rising from the smoldering timber,
Witness their departure.
Silent and alone, weeping but uncomforted,
the swaying, white smoke stands on the wind
Like a vanquished ghost.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

by SHARON ROESCH

The merry-go-round whirls and dizzies
Those
Who are not used to it.
Some laugh
Aloud
Even as others fall off into the
Dust below.
I don't want to be a part of the
Merciless machine
But neither do
I wish
To fall and turn to dust
Under the feet of those who
Laugh
Aloud.
Should I cry
STOP
And stuff their smiling
Mouths with
Clean, bristling pine cones
Or would it be
Better to frantically
Kick
The little painted horse
Below me until
I too turn to
Plastic
Laughter.





FOR THE CATCHER IN THE RYE

by GILBERT THIBEDORE

A lazy afternoon and little children
Play in the green grass of a summer sun.
What do they play? A game I say:
"Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's;
You owe me three farthings, say the bells of St. Martin's."
Why doesn't somebody warn them!
What: that it is dark on a far off mountain?
Or that well to south
By the river's mouth
A pale, lonely, haunted heron
Screams anguish into the moonlit silence and dies?
And destroy Innocence?

VIET NAM

by ANN BARDSLEY

I am twenty years old. There has been no peace in Viet Nam since the year I was born. In that year the Vietnamese people rebelled against the French. The first American aid was sent to Viet Nam in 1950, and five years later American advisors took over training of the Vietnamese army. In 1962 there were only 4000 U. S. troops in Viet Nam. Today, at this writing, there are well over two hundred thousand American soldiers in Viet Nam, some of whom went to high school with me.

I've grown up with this perplexing half-war, understanding about as much and as little of it as any other citizen. From the time I first became aware of the conflict in Viet Nam I trusted in the wisdom of our government, and supported everything it chose to do there. I have read the newspaper and magazine accounts of the war, seen it on television and newsreels, and listened with great interest to the debate during the televised hearings of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. I have tried, over the course of a year, to understand our government's policy in Viet Nam. Instead, I am convinced that our involvement there is a tragic error.

Believing this, I find myself, with some surprise, among the ranks of the dissenters — congressmen, diplomats, educators, soldiers, businessmen, and ordinary citizens who love their country too much to follow her blindly down the road to war. Like them, I could not consider myself a loyal citizen if I did not raise my own small voice in warning and protest against the dangerous course my government has chosen.

I've tried to analyze my reasons for opposing the war, and I find that they are both moral and political.

I believe that war is morally indefensible. It is wanton destruction of the tools of our civilization and mass organized murder of our fellow human beings. It is rationalized only by the doctrine that the end justifies the means, for we all know that the sword cannot kill an ideal.

Politically, my reservations about our Viet Nam policy are far more complex.

Why, in terms of political expediency, did we get into Viet Nam in the first place? The Administration reminds us that we are "committed" to aid the Vietnamese, but are we not also committed to the agreement we signed at Geneva, promising to stay out of Vietnamese affairs? And what of the United Nations charter which we signed in 1946, seeking peace for the world?

We were not and are not defending a free and democratic nation struggling against an aggressor. There have never been any free elections in either North or South Viet Nam, and it has been ruled by a succession of dictators. As for the will of the South Vietnamese people, no one seems to know just what it is. Some of the villages have resisted the Viet Cong rebels with great courage. On the other hand, most of the guerillas are South Vietnamese. It is almost impossible to carry on a successful guerilla war without the support of the populace, and the Viet Cong have gotten plenty of it.

The only people that seem to be interested in pursuing the war to its bitter end are the ruling junta and the munitions makers.

As for our own advantage in carrying on with the war, Sen. Richard Russell (D.-Ga.), a leading congressional hawk, spoke for the majority of his colleagues when he said that he deplored U. S. intervention in Viet Nam, and wondered where it would lead. He said:

"I thought, and so stated at the time that it was a mistake to get in there in the first place. I have never been able to see any strategic, political, or economic advantage to be gained by our involvement (in Viet Nam)."

The war has divided our country and ruined the consensus gained in the last election. It is causing a raise in taxes and a cutback in needed domestic projects. It has already taken the lives of thousands of our finest young men. Perhaps worst of all is the strange war mentality that is beginning to absorb the people of the United States. This is the fever of fanatic patriotism that cries "treason" at even the most responsible of dissenters, which urges conscription of student protesters, and which prompted the U. S. Congress to pass an inane law against the burning of draft cards.

The disastrous effect of this war is already making itself felt in our relations with our allies. Most of them trade with North Viet Nam. They have given us only lukewarm support for our effort in Viet Nam, and even that support is politically embarrassing at election time.

Is the outlook for the future any better? From the viewpoint of the experts, the picture is bleak.

Sen. Mike Mansfield, (D.-Mont.) the majority leader of the Senate, led a bi-partisan fact-finding team of senators to southeast Asia last fall. They made the trip at the President's request, to inform him of the prospects for a settlement of the Viet Nam conflict.

When Sen. Mansfield returned, his report was grim.

"The situation as it now appears offers only a very slim prospect of a just settlement by negotiations or the alternative prospect of a continuance of the conflict in the direction of a general war on the Asian mainland."

Sen. William Fulbright, a foreign policy expert known for his opposition to the war, was even more specific in his warning.

"Both unconditional withdrawal and complete victory are unrealistic. Unconditional withdrawal would dishonor the American commitment to those South Vietnamese who have fought so long and so hard against the Viet Cong and would reduce American commitments all over the world. Complete military victory could probably be won, but only at the cost of an extended war involving incalculably greater suffering by the Vietnamese people who have already suffered so long and so much, and the danger that the conflict would explode into a general Asian or even a world war."

Sen. Fulbright's fears are already being realized, for President Johnson has warned us to be prepared for a long war and many sacrifices.

Our armies in Viet Nam are fighting in the shadow of Red China. We found ourselves fighting the Chinese in Korea, and now in Viet Nam, war with China is again a distinct possibility. War with China would, of course, be disastrous, for our armies would be swallowed up in the sheer mass of China. Since China does have atomic capability within her own land, nuclear war lurks just below the surface.

Even if we were to press on in Viet Nam until the last Communist were defeated, what would we gain? Having won the military war we would face the political problems of rehabilitating the land, winning over the people, and setting up a stable government. Such a project might take many years and many billions of dollars. The threat of renewed subversion by Hanoi or Peking would always exist, and along with it the possibility of next having to fight in Laos, then in Burma, and then in India, until we are exhausted.

In Viet Nam, then, we are enmeshed in an impossible situation in which it is dangerous and fruitless to remain, and impossible to abruptly withdraw.

The best ultimate solution probably lies in the United Nations. The U. N., however, moves slowly, is hindered by financial problems, and cannot deal directly with China since she is not a member nation.

Until, if ever, the U. N. can take over or some kind of a settlement negotiated, the most rational course for America to follow is a gradual descalation of our involvement in Viet Nam. We must draw back from the brink of world war and leave this family quarrel to the Vietnamese themselves. Distasteful as it is, we have no other choice but to back away from a situation in which we have no moral or political advantage to gain, and an entire civilization to lose.





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