

PAN KU


1967

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P'AN
KU

JUNIOR COLLEGE OF BROWARD COUNTY

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The composition of chaos contains containment. And the first cause moved and the Yang grew itself from the surging swirls. And the Yang moved and the Yin took form. And the Yang was one and the Yin was one and the two were one and the one was restless with unfelt consciousness and creation broke upon a rock amid the rocks contained.

And it came to pass that P'an Ku blinked his new made eyes and was aware that his was to hew the Sun and Moon and Earth from these rocks. And he cried to chaos for help and the Tortoise came and the Azure Dragon came and the Phoenix came and the labors began.



And the Unicorn watched and the earth and the heavens spread far eighteen thousand years. And each day P'an Ku grew six feet taller and from the strength and goodness of the dragon and the longevity and endurance of the tortoise and the warmth of the Phoenix came all the creatures of the earth. And when it was finished P'an Ku was tired and he cried and was dead and the earth was born. His left eye became the light of the sun and his right, that of the moon; his tears the rain, his tangled hair the bush and forests, his breath the winds, his last sobs the thunder. The marrow of his bones became the precious stones and his blood the rivers and streams. And the vermin in his matted hair became a creature known as man.



The Azure Dragon still lives and will always — his is the domain of the waters and the vapours and the goodness. And the Phoenix still sings and her feathers are the five virtues, and the Tortoise still gives the strength for hope to the magical creatures.



The Unicorn, whose voice is as of tinkling bells, is rarely seen these days, but it is written that when the work is finally done and again the goodness, the strength, and the five virtues become one, there shall be peace on the land and we shall hear the song of the Unicorn.



The cover by Judy Mathis Homan, is an example of experimental photography that has been created by chemical crystalizations. For more examples showing how abstract art and photography overlap, see page 31.

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April 29, 1967

Dear Reader:

We who have made P'AN KU hope we are representative of our students here at the Junior College of Broward County, and that the work you will find in our pages is typical of our achievement.

Recently our school (and so many others in our country) have received poor publicity to judge us by this evidence alone would make us all advocates of riot, rebellion and rock 'n roll — and worst of all — accuse us all of poor manners and little dignity.

We are young and we wish to learn. The problems we must try to solve are not only our own, but those left unsolved by our elders and contemporaries. But this is our world and most of us intend to live here with pride, dignity and hope.

For those among our student body who have used little judgment and joined the hysteria of the "mob" (even though a small percentage of our enrollment) we feel regret and compassion; and were it not for our own ideals, we might even be tempted to apologize — but this is their responsibility. Instead we choose to explore our differences with rational peaceful means, and until such civilized attempts are exhausted, we shall keep such affairs from the vast third party public who might badly misinterpret our motives and maturity.

So it is partially in the light of the foregoing, we offer you our work — we have taken pain and pride in presenting it — and sincerely wish that you, our reader, may enjoy it and be more objectively informed in judging your fellow citizen.

Sincerely,

Judy Mathis Homan
Editor of P'AN KU

STELLA (OVERLEAF)

There's this guy, Mike Beckham, that's now attending J. C. B. C. You can see him any day trawling across campus. He's easily spotted: a thick shack of neurotic hair, mad clothes, and on choice days a polka-dot tie (which is aimed to have eaten Cleveland).

A many faceted person, Mike has entered some division of nearly all the arts. In theatre, he has had numerous roles; but his best claim is his dancing although he has a long way to go in the field before he will be satisfied with himself as a dancer. Some voice experience, Mr. Beckham claims to sing as well as Danny Kaye. He has written several note-worthy pieces of literature — na Frost or Albee to be sure, but good.

Amid all this, Mike is an art major. That brings us (finally) to Stella, the statue.

Stella is the result of many, many hours of desperate wire clipping, cardboard trimming, papier mache malding, ripping apart, wire clipping . . .

Started as an unavoidable assignment, Stella soon became a sincere artistic

endeavor. Determined to achieve a satisfying sculpture, Mike forged ahead against multiple collapses of her base, torso, and head. When Stella (at that time nameless) started receiving numerous insults on her collapsable habits and her hameliness, Mr. Beckham had to do something. He started consoling her with, "There, there, Stella" and "Don't worry Stella; your type of beauty will come into style — someday." Thus Stella received her name.

Base fortified with wire brackets, tarsi and head now interlocking planes spined and raated with wire — Stella stood. Once molded into shape with papier mache, she was ready for her finish. Mike decided on a surface of mache (choosing not to disguise his media), made from the classified section of newspapers. This task done, Mike and his art instructor, Mrs. Hahn, worked on alternate shifts to age Stella with water and sun. Then furniture stain was added to lower the total key of Stella. Mr. Beckham considered her finished. Stella was put on view and given to a great admirer of her's. She now resides in the home of Miss Banu Gibson, who is kind enough to loan her for exhibit whenever Mike asks.



COME OUT, COME OUT

by Ellen Loughlin



CAST OF CHARACTERS

CHARLES: Tall, thin, quiet, and fastidious. His speech is somewhat formal. He has a poker face. He is hard to make friends with, keeps to himself. He is a superb actor.

DANNY: His body is nicely formed. (*A little on the thin side.*) He is a fair actor. His voice is high-pitched and fast. Danny is quite a comedian . . . quick-witted. Should be nice-looking.

LYNN: A new-comer to the group, basically a writer. She dances and sings. Her long hair is dark, her skin is pale. She and Charles have a mutual affection for each other. She is intelligent, sensitive, and very intense for one so young. She has a faintly amused, watching expression on her face . . . peculiar to most writers. Her interests are varied.

ANN: Her clothes are always tightly stretched across her figure which she believes to be good. She is loud. Her voice is childish and annoying. She is an exhibitionist.

TOM: Dresses sloppily. He is a lousy actor . . . not too intelligent. Likes dirty jokes. He seizes on every opportunity to turn situations into something they're not.

PAT: Small and dark, with acne-pocked cheeks. She borders on ugliness. Wears no make-up. Her lips are thin, nose broad, face is square. Her voice is strong, clear and velvety. It is her best quality. She has a good sense of humor. She is a truly fine actress. Everyone likes her.

EVERLYN: Pretty, but rather on the heavy side. Good actress . . . good voice, shy at times.

SETTING

The tomb is usually a quiet place to go. Its name is befitting. In reality, it is nothing more than a large area behind the campus theatre. Aspiring young actors congregate in the tomb for a quick smoke, and perhaps a cup of coffee between classes. These student-actors arc under the wing of a Mr. Emerson and a Miss Scott. They teach their pupils the art of acting, in a sense, and also protect them from the outer world. The tomb is a good place to hide.

In the main part of the tomb is a couch. Tables and chairs are scattered about. Old theatre manuals lie in heaps of disuse on the floor. Numerous props from past productions are clumped in corners.

The next main part of the tomb houses wardrobe, make-up, and a great amount of old props and scenery.

To get from the first main part to the second main part, it is necessary to bend down and creep through a hall-like structure, being careful not to hit one's head on the low stone ceiling. In the hall-like area lies another couch, an easy chair, plus a number of shields, swords, silverware, and crockery. Odds and ends are scattered about, but nothing looks like junk. Instead, in the dim light, old bird cages, a stuffed teddy bear, a fake rainbow, and other delights, transform into gifts from a fairy world. This, then, in part, represents the behind-stage scenes of the college little theatre.

SCENE I

Pat, Tom, Lynn, Ann, Evelyn are in the tomb. They are sitting in the first main part. The hall-way with teachers' offices leads to the tomb. Mr. Emerson and Miss Scott have just left. The other offices are also empty.

ANN: I'm hungry. *(Others are studying. Tom is kneeling on the floor, looking for a prop. U. L.)*

TOM: *(Still looking.)* Get something to eat. *(Mumbles.)* Where's the damn prop?

LYNN: *(Looks up.)* What are you looking for?

TOM: *(Checks prop list.)* It says here . . . uh, a water pitcher.

PAT: Wouldn't it be back with the other glassware and table settings?

TOM: No. I looked. *(Keeps looking.)* Jeff said it might be up here.

ANN: I'm so hungry.

PAT: You've been saying that for the last half-hour. Why don't you get something to eat? *(Not unkindly.)*

ANN: I don't want to go alone. *(Looks at Tom.)* I want someone to go with me. *(Tom ignores her.)* Isn't anyone else hungry?

EVELYN: *(Eagerly.)* I'll go with you.

ANN: *(Disappointed.)* Oh.

EVELYN: *(Gets up.)* Let's go.

ANN: Well . . . let's wait awhile. *(Stalling.)*

EVELYN: *(Puzzled.)* I thought you were hungry.

LYNN: *(Snickers . . . keeps on reading.)*

PAT: It's so close to dinner-time. Why don't you both wait? *(Pacifying.)*

TOM: I found it! *(Holds up water pitcher.)*

LYNN: *(Disappointed.)* It's cracked.

TOM: *(Kidding.)* Shhh . . . We won't tell anyone.

PAT: When do rehearsals start?

EVELYN: *(Sits down.)* Next week.

PAT: I'd better study for my exams now. *(Worried.)* Everything's been so rushed lately.

EVELYN: *(Consoling.)* I'm sure you'll do fine.

ANN: I won't. But it doesn't matter. I'm going to Hollywood to be a star!

TOM: Good luck! *(Sarcastic.)*

EVELYN: *(Kidding.)* Send me a postcard. *(Danny enters.)*

DANNY: Hi. Someone going somewhere?

ANN: I am. To Hollywood. To be a star.

DANNY: *(Enthusiastically — grabs her hands, pulls her up, whirls her about in dance.)* Oh, isn't that great? A star! *(Stops — turns to them, laughing.)* She'll be a star.

TOM: *(Mutters.)* If there's anything I can't stand, it's a screaming faggot. *(No one catches it but Danny and Lynn.)*

PAT: What'd ya say?

TOM: If . . .

LYNN: *(Interrupts.)* If there's a goal you have, you'd better go after it. *(Smiles at Tom.)* Isn't that what you said?

TOM: *(Embarrassed.)* Yeah.

DANNY: *(Nervously sits down.)* I agree with you. *(Looks meaningfully at Tom.)*

TOM: *(Hatefully.)* You would.

DANNY: Ann? *(Concerned.)* Are you leaving?

ANN: *(Placidly.)* Yes. I'm going home to eat dinner.

DANNY: You knew we were kidding?

ANN: Yes. So was I. *(Walks out.)*

PAT: Poor girl. I wish we could all be stars.

LYNN: *(Happily.)* Impossible. Besides, then we'd be wishing we were super-stars.

DANNY: *(Downcast.)* You can't win.

TOM: That reminds me of a joke.

DANNY: Doesn't everything?

TOM: Not everything . . . *(Looks at him narrowly.)* You don't. Except maybe in a very odd way.

DANNY: *(Tensed.)* What way?

PAT: *(Snaps book shut.)* Well, another day has come to a close. Time to go home.

EVELYN: Guess I'll go too. *(Looks at Lynn.)* Aren't you leaving?

LYNN: No. I'm waiting for Charles.

EVELYN: Well, see ya then. *(Exit.)*

PAT: Bye.

DANNY: Bye, you luscious treat. (*Lecherous.*) I'll pick you up at eight.

PAT: (*Laughs.*) Sure, lover-boy. (*Winks. Exit.*)

TOM: Oh, he's a regular gad-about-town.

DANNY: (*Chooses to ignore remark.*) Lovely girls. (*Looks at Lynn.*) (*French accent.*) And, now I'm left with you, my sweet.

TOM: And me. (*Laughs.*)

DANNY: Well, everything can't be perfect. (*Ignores him.*) Your hair is lovely. (*Leans toward her. Takes hair in his hand . . . strokes it.*) So are you.

LYNN: Thank you. (*Humors him.*)

TOM: (*Looks at Danny.*) So are you.

DANNY: (*Jumps up.*) Look . . . you excuse for a human.

TOM: (*Eagerly.*) Yes?

DANNY: (*Checks himself.*) Forget it. (*Looks at Lynn. Sees she's startled.*) Don't be frightened. (*Dramatically.*) He'll evaporate soon, along with that nasty stain. A little comet here . . . and swish! Down the drain.

TOM: (*Gets up.*) You're getting better. I have to go to work. (*Looks at Lynn.*) Sorry to leave you alone with him. But, you will be safe at least. (*Exit.*)

LYNN: What is it between you two?

DANNY: Isn't it obvious? Forget him. I have a scene to work out. Will you help me?

LYNN: Sure. What is it?

DANNY: It's from "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?"

LYNN: That's a little hard for me.

DANNY: Try it. (*Hands her the book.*) It starts here. (*Points.*)

LYNN: (*Reads.*) "No more games George."

DANNY: "Yes, baby. One more game."

LYNN: "No more, please. No more tonight."

(*Charles enters, standing in the doorway, looking down at them.*)

DANNY: "Yes. You're going to get a little life in you." (*Slaps her across the face.*)

CHARLES: *watches grimly, eyes staring . . . deep in thought.*

LYNN: "Stop it, George." (*Notices Charles.*) Hello, Charles.

DANNY: (*Friendly.*) Hi.

CHARLES: Hello. (*Walks in, puts books on table, sits down stiffly next to them. He opens a book and pre-*

ILLUSTRATION BY MARJORIE VOSS



tends to read. Danny looks at him, amused. He suddenly jumps up and begins a jazz dance. Charles ignores the display.

LYNN: Bravo! Bravo! (*Laughs.*) Bonissimo. (*Claps hands.*)

DANNY: (*To Charles.*) Can you do this?

CHARLES: (*Keeps reading.*) I wouldn't even try.

DANNY: (*Laughs.*) Let's do something. (*Still dancing.*)

LYNN: What? (*Enthusiastically.*)

DANNY: Ask Charles.

CHARLES: (*Pretends to be bored.*) I'm reading.

DANNY: Oh? Well, can't you tear yourself away from it for a minute? (*Sarcastically.*)

CHARLES: (*Off-hand.*) No.

DANNY: (*Looks at Lynn. Stops dancing.*) It must be very interesting. (*Tiptoes behind couch, bends over book.*) Hah! Astronomy! Very interesting for a drama major.

CHARLES: (*Not unkindly.*) Flake off.

LYNN: Leave him alone. He'd rather read than talk to us. (*Pretends to be hurt.*)

CHARLES: (*Gives up pretense of ignoring them.*) There. I've put the book down. (*Looks deeply into Lynn's eyes. They hold the look.*)

DANNY: (*Creeps behind couch on floor and comes up with a ball. Puts head between theirs.*) Boo! (*Startled, they jump.*) Look what I have. (*Holds up ball.*)

CHARLES: (*Annoyed.*) It looks like a ball.

DANNY: So perceptive. (*Stands up, walks to front of couch - C.*) Let's play baseball. (*Bounces ball a few times.*)

LYNN: Oh? Are we to regress today? (*Humoring.*)

CHARLES: (*Sarcastically.*) He regresses every day.

DANNY: (*Ignores remark.*) (*Rummages around. Finds silver wooden sword.*) And this shall be the bat. (*Triumphantly.*)

CHARLES: Are you kidding?

LYNN: (*Amused.*) And what shall you be?

CHARLES: (*Goading, but in fun.*) Yeah. That's a good question.

DANNY: (*In good nature.*) Silly. The batter, of course.

LYNN: Why should you be the batter?

DANNY: Because I thought up the game, naturally.

CHARLES: Naturally.

DANNY: And you, Charles, can be the pitcher.

CHARLES: (*Pretending*) Really? Really? Can I really be the pitcher? (*Nudges her.*) I can be the pitcher!

(*Lynn laughs.*)

DANNY: And Lynn can be the ump. Hey, ump. Watch that pitcher. He's too eager.

CHARLES: It's the spirit of the game.

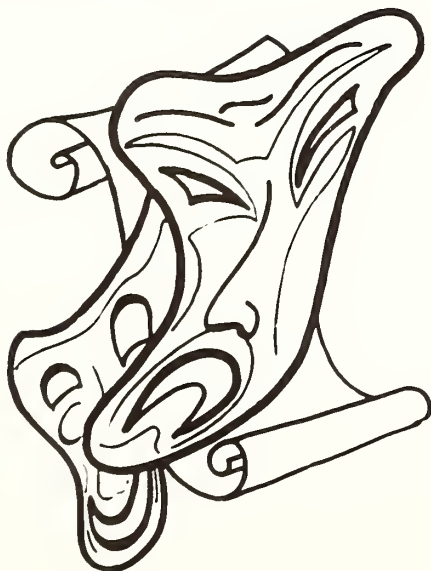
DANNY: (*Throws ball to him.*) Here. Pitch fair. (*Takes batting stance.*)

LYNN: Wait. I don't know how to be an umpire.

CHARLES: (*Kisses her cheek.*) Just rule in my favor. You can't go wrong.

DANNY: Aha! Foul! Foul! Bribing the umpire. (*Dances around excitedly*)

LYNN: (*Laughs.*) Play ball!



DESIGN BY JERRY MITCHELL

SCENE II

About ten minutes have passed.

LYNN: I'm tired of this game.

CHARLES: (*Is up to bat.*) Ohhh . . . (*Swings.*)

LYNN: (*Gleefully.*) You're out!

CHARLES: That was only my second strike.

LYNN: (*Tired, falls on couch.*) I'm the umpire, and I say you're out. (*"so-there" attitude*)

CHARLES: (*Walks over to couch.*) O. K. (*Terse.*)

LYNN: (*Smiles up at him.*) Sorry. (*Whispers.*) The game bored me.

DANNY: Let's play another game.

CHARLES: (*Interested.*) Like what?

LYNN: Let's talk. (*Tired.*)

CHARLES: Don't you want to give me a chance to win over him? (*Hurt.*)

LYNN: (*Hesitates*) All right. What shall we play?

DANNY: (*Thinking.*) How about checkers?

CHARLES: (*Dismisses it.*) Too boring.

DANNY: How about hop-scotch?

LYNN: Too exhausting.

DANNY: Why are you so tired?

LYNN: Had a fencing match today.

DANNY: (*Nods head.*) Hmmmm.

CHARLES: (*Moves closer to Lynn.*) (*Takes her hand.*) I could think of a good game for two.

DANNY: (*Sees movement . . . disgusted.*) How about lose the lover?

CHARLES: (*Angrily.*) You bet!

LYNN: (*Patronizing, strokes Charles' arm.*) Now, now . . . (*Danny and Charles smile forgivingly at each other.*)

DANNY: (*Snaps fingers.*) I've got it!

CHARLES: Get rid of it.

DANNY: (*Looks at him.*) Very funny.

LYNN: (*Covering up.*) What is it?

DANNY: (*Small voice.*) Hide 'n seek.

LYNN: Hide 'n seek.

CHARLES: (*Disgusted.*) Ohhh.

DANNY: (*Exuberant*). It'd be fun. There are plenty of places to hide in here. We'll hide and you (*To Lynn*.) can look for us. O. K.? (*No reaction*.) Oh, come on. Don't be party-poopers. (*Pleading*.)

LYNN: Charles?

CHARLES: (*Washes hands of it*.) Don't look at me.

LYNN: Well, here's your chance to win. Find a good place to hide. (*Winks at him*.) I'll count to fifty. (*They start to leave*.) Wait. Danny? (*He turns back*.) I want the sword.

DANNY: What for?

LYNN: (*Dramatically*.) When I catch you, I want to stab you.

DANNY: (*Laughs weakly*.) Oh. (*Recovers*.) Sure. Here. (*hands her the sword*.)

LYNN: Good luck. (*He salutes her sharply, then rushes off*.) One . . . two . . . three . . . (*Counts loudly*.)

CHARLES: (*Off*.) Watch it.

DANNY: (*Off*.) Hide there.

LYNN: (*Listens . . . snickers*.) seven . . . eight . . . nine (*Does a little dance — pirouettes around*.) fifteen . . . sixteen . . . seventeen (*Does some arabesques*.) twenty-five . . . twenty-six . . . (*Fixes a cup of coffee from container*.) thirty . . . (*Drinks coffee slowly*.) thirty-eight . . . thirty-nine . . . (*Finishes coffee*.) . . . forty-three . . . forty-four . . . forty-five . . . (*Makes a few lunging steps with sword*) . . . fifty! (*Lynn listens to sounds*.) Here I come, ready or not. (*Walks slowly back, bends over, creeps through hall, peers behind objects*.) Better come out before I stab in there.

DANNY: (*Leaps out*.) Ahhh . . .

LYNN: (*Startled*.) I didn't know you were under that blanket. I thought it was an old chair. Why'd ya give yourself away?

DANNY: Well . . . (*Embarrassed*.) . . . I was afraid you might stab. And, the position I was in to make up that chair shape wasn't too healthy.

LYNN: (*Looks at him knowingly . . . laughs*.) Awww! Would I stab you?

DANNY: You might. (*Laughs*.)

LYNN: (*Laughs*.) Well, come along while I look for Charles. (*They stumble through hall into second main part, peering under chairs and at different wardrobes*.)

DANNY: Yoo hoo. Charles . . . (*Wheedling*.) Here we come.

LYNN: He must have found a good hiding place. I wonder where he could be.

DANNY: Quiet! Shhh . . . (*They listen . . . hear no sound*.) Nothing. Not even breathing. (*Adds gleefully*.)



Maybe he's dead! (*Sits on trunk*.)

LYNN: Oh, sure. (*Sarcastically*.) He just decided to kick the bucket . . . Nothing else to do. Right?

DANNY: (*Sweeps hands out*.) Could be . . . (*Arms knock huge concrete block off table*.) Uh-oh. What luck! It didn't break. Miss Scott would have my head. (*Tries to lift it . . . too heavy*.) Uh . . . could you give me a hand? (*Both lift block. Lynn strains. Can't lift it to table top*.)

LYNN: (*Gasps*.) I can't. Put it down.

DANNY: Quick! On the trunk. (*They plop block on trunk*.) You O. K.?

LYNN: I think so. It was too heavy for me.

DANNY: Yeah. Well, when we get fun-boy out of hiding, he can help me lift it to the table. (*Good naturedly*.)

LYNN: Does it matter?

DANNY: It sure does. Miss S. and Mr. E. want us to leave everything in its place. DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING. That's their policy. Besides, I think this is part of the stairs for our upcoming play.

LYNN: Really? I love the new play we're doing. (*Dreamily*.)

DANNY: (*Emphatically*.) I don't.

LYNN: Why not?

DANNY: It doesn't give me enough chance to show off my fine acting talent.

LYNN: (*Sarcastically*.) Naturally. What play has?

DANNY: You're a real comedienne. But, one day, you're gonna' get yours. (*Half-serious*.)

LYNN: (*Offhand*.) Threats! Threats! (*Searches more of room*.) Where are you, little star? (*Sings*.)

DANNY: (*Laughs*.) That, he wishes.

LYNN: He just might be. Someday . . . he has ambition!
(*Emphasizing the word "he."*)

DANNY: Oh? What does that mean?

LYNN: Some of us got it . . . others of us don't.

DANNY: (*Angry.*) Yeah? I got it! (*Corrects himself.*) I mean, I've got it. (*Trying to impress.*) Did I tell you my agent called today?

LYNN: (*Unimpressed.*) Trying to collect his fee?

DANNY: (*Hurt.*) No. He's trying to get me a part in a new play.

LYNN: Well, good for you. Even if you don't have ambition. (*Laughs.*)

DANNY: Thay. (*Imitates fag.*) We can't all be great in your eyes. Foo mush. (*Waves hand limp wristedly.*)

LYNN: Too much?

DANNY: Thure. (*Sure.*)

LYNN: My. But you're gay today.

DANNY: (*Half-angry.*) I am not gay!

LYNN: Today you are. (*Smug.*)

DANNY: (*Sits on trunk beside block.*) (*Recites.*) Little Lord Fauntleroy ate Goody Little Two Shoes.

LYNN: Danny! Really!

DANNY: I think so. At least that's the way dear old Mother used to tell it, bless her heart. But, then you haven't ever met the old lady, have you? She fills me with bliss. What style . . . considering her age.

LYNN: (*Throws up her hands.*) And what a son.

DANNY: Of course. What else would you expect her to have? Sex being so difficult these days.

LYNN: Oh? The newspapers hint it's become easier. (*Lightly.*)

DANNY: Because more people do it? Hah! That just proves it's more difficult. Everybody's always trying to outdo their neighbors. (*Lewdly.*) Why, do you know what kind of unusual practices have come into being lately?

LYNN: (*Turns away.*) This isn't helping us find Charles.

DANNY: No. But it's fun.

LYNN: Dear. (*Looks at watch.*) It's getting late. Maybe we should quit this game.

DANNY: And spoil Charles' fun? Hide 'n seek seems to be his specialty.

LYNN: Pure talent. But, listen, all kidding aside. It is late.

DANNY: All right. (*Calls.*) Hey! Charles. Lynn has to leave. Come out. (*They wait in silence.*)

LYNN: (*Calls.*) Charles? Are you coming?

DANNY: (*Laughs.*) What's the matter? Are you stuck?

LYNN: (*Hits Danny in jest.*) Charles?

DANNY: Hey, come out. Your woman is beating me.

LYNN: (*Hits him harder.*) Quiet.

DANNY: Ouch! That smarts. (*Gets up, walks away as if insulted. Turns back, looks up and down.*)

LYNN: (*Laughs at Danny.*) Charles? Must we look for you?

DANNY: Probably. I told you. He hates to have his games spoiled.

LYNN: (*In defense.*) So do you.

DANNY: My games are too good to spoil. His stink. Take this one, for example. Keeping you in suspense and boring me.

LYNN: If you're so bored, leave.

DANNY: (*Ignores her remark.*) Why doesn't he come out! (*Calls.*) Charles? Charles? (*To her.*) Just like him. Old stoneface cracked.

LYNN: Shut up. What do you know about it?

DANNY: (*Taken aback.*) Sorry.

LYNN: (*Calls.*) Charles! Charles! Come on out! You've won. The game's over.

DANNY: (*Shifts uneasily on trunk.*) Well? (*Pause.*) Where is he? Charles? (*Calls.*) Really Charles. This is unbearable. We'll leave you if you don't come out.

LYNN: No we won't. We made an agreement. We'll find him.

DANNY: He's trying to teach us a lesson. Just because we interrupted his reading. (*Shouts.*) Damn astronomy! (*Back to her.*) He holds grudges, you know. Always has. (*Darkly.*)

LYNN: He doesn't hold grudges. It just looks like he does because he's so quiet. He's really profound.

DANNY: Profound? Hah! Hey, Charles. (*Calls.*) She thinks you're profound. Maybe if you hide longer, she'll throw more compliments your way. (*Sits back, smiling, urging her to continue.*)

LYNN: Please be serious. Everything isn't a joke.

DANNY: Don't you think I know? (*Serious.*)

LYNN: I don't know what I think you know. But I know I'm tired.

DANNY: Come on, Charles. The jig's up. Lynn's tired.

LYNN: (*Concerned.*) I've never known him to continue so long in something.

DANNY: (*His concern for Lynn is making him angry with Charles.*) He's being very inconsiderate. He could at least be a gentleman.

LYNN: Charles is a gentleman.

DANNY: I know. He usually is. But, he's not acting like one now. Charles? (*Calls.*)

LYNN: I'm going to look for him. (*Searches around room.*)

DANNY: Go ahead. I refuse. (*Looks at trunk he's sitting on.*) What's in here? (*Off-hand.*)

LYNN: A bunch of old clothes. I watched Miss Scott fill it the other day.

DANNY: No mothballs?

LYNN: Not in there. Why?

DANNY: I thought it might be fun to stuff a few down Charles' throat when we find him.

LYNN: Aren't you afraid old stoneface might crack your skull?

DANNY: (*Jumps off trunk.*) Charles? (*Happily.*) Not him. He's not the fighting type. (*Looks at her intensely.*) Not the loving type, either.

LYNN: (*Suspicious.*) What do you mean?

DANNY: Look, Lynn. (*Soothing.*) You're wasting your time. I know.

LYNN: Strange that you should judge. I suppose you are the loving kind? (*Sarcastic.*)

DANNY: (*Correcting her.*) Type. That's hard to say . . . irrelevant, too. After all, we weren't discussing me. Were we?

LYNN: No. Why should we?

DANNY: (*Ignores her.*) But, we were discussing you.

LYNN: We were discussing Charles.

DANNY: Actually, you.

LYNN: A weird interpretation, then.

DANNY: Perhaps like this game of hide 'n seek.

LYNN: (*Whirls.*) Must you . . . (*Stops.*) . . . I need some fresh air. If Charles decides to come out, tell him to come out after me.

DANNY: As you wish.

(*Danny waits until she leaves. He jumps off the trunk. His movements at times are jerky as if he can no longer stand the suspense.*) Charles? Charles? She's gone. Come out. (*No answer.*) Charles. (*Voice rises.*) Charles, I can't hear you at all. This is ridiculous. Why are you

being so childish? (*Calms.*) I know. You're thinking I'm childish. And, maybe I am. But, have you ever known me to go this far? (*Waits. No answer.*)

DANNY: Charles, we've been friends for a long time, but you're making me mad. I think you must be a sadist. (*Regrets words.*) No. I didn't really mean that. I know you think this is funny. And, it has been to a point. But, the joke is wearing thin. Now, why don't you come out like the nice guy you are? (*No answer.*) Bastard!

(*Hears footsteps. Jumps back on trunk.*)

Lynn enters.

DANNY: Feel better?

LYNN: I felt fine before.

DANNY: But, now you feel better?

LYNN: (*Uncertain . . . laughs.*) Yes. If you insist.

DANNY: I hardly ever do. Charles hasn't come out yet.

LYNN: So it would seem. (*Looks about . . . slightly afraid.*) Charles (*Calls.*) Please come out. I want you to . . . (*To Danny.*) Maybe we should get someone in here.

DANNY: Who? Miss Scott? Mr. Emerson?

LYNN: Someone . . . yes.

DANNY: And what do we tell them? We were playing hide 'n seek . . . just an innocent little game. And we lost Charles. Isn't that terrible? Will you help us find him? We never were very good at hide 'n seek.

LYNN: (*Distract.*) Stop it.

DANNY: (*Smiles sadly.*) Sorry . . . but it would sound like that. Make us look pretty stupid. Which is probably what he wants.

LYNN: Oh, he doesn't. You know that. (*Looks at him searchingly. Sees he doesn't know it.*) You just don't understand how he really is.

DANNY: Maybe I don't want to.

LYNN: (*Searches more of room.*) Charles really has been hiding long. (*Worried.*) He must be terribly uncomfortable.

DANNY: His natural state.

LYNN: (*Ignores remark.*) Are you sure you didn't see which direction he hid in? After all, you were together.

DANNY: You forget. I hid in the hallway. He bounded past me and back in here somewhere.

LYNN: Well, didn't you hear him?

DANNY: Not a sound. I wonder if he's even in here?

LYNN: What do you mean?

DANNY: I really don't think he's in here. Would you mind waiting here alone? I'm going to call his house.

LYNN: No. I don't mind. Maybe he'll come out after you leave.

DANNY: Yeah? Maybe I shouldn't leave you then.

LYNN: *(Laughs.)* Don't be silly.

DANNY: I'll hurry back.

LYNN: I'll wait.

(Danny leaves. Lynn wrings hands. Looks around room.) Charles! Charles! . . . you will come out now, won't you? It's late . . . my parents will worry. Charles . . . you've got to be in here. I can't believe you'd just walk out and leave us. *(Thoughtfully.)* Charles, why must you force people to always look for you? Why can't you just be there? *(Silence prevails.)* Charles . . . hasn't your joke gone far enough? Come out . . . I won't be angry. Danny won't either. We'll forget about it. We'll pretend it never happened. *(Wistfully.)* We always were so good at pretending. *(Opens cabinet. Peers inside. Throws clothes off bed to see if he's there. Pulls screen back . . . looks behind it.)* Charles. You're not here. Are you? You're really not here. *(Sadly.)* You would've answered me a long time ago.

DANNY: I've been thinking it over . . . he could have sneaked out by now.

LYNN: *(Puzzled.)* How?

DANNY: Well, if he was up here when we were searching back there, he could've gotten out easily.

LYNN: But, we looked up here first.

DANNY: Yes. But, not too carefully. He could've been here somewhere. *(Both look around.)*

LYNN: I can't believe he'd do that.

DANNY: I can. *(Looks sharply at her.)* Listen let's get some coffee. If he's here, he'll tire of his silly game soon. No reason why we should be uncomfortable.

LYNN: *(Looks about room.)* All right. For a minute. *(Brightens.)* If he did sneak out, maybe we'll see him outside.

DANNY: If we do, I'll strangle him. *(Cheerfully.) (Exit.)*

SCENE III

About 10-15 minutes have passed. They both enter.

(Danny enters and hears her speak.)

DANNY: He's here. *(Lynn whirls around.)* He's here all right.

LYNN: Did you call? *(Fearfully.)*

DANNY: Yes. His mom said he hasn't come home yet.

LYNN: Maybe he went somewhere else?

DANNY: His car's parked outside.

LYNN: Maybe he walked to another building?

DANNY: Barefoot?

LYNN: What?

DANNY: *(Holds up shoes.)* He took off his shoes before we came back here.

LYNN: *(Stunned.)* Barefoot?

DANNY: His books are on the table outside. It's quite evident that he's still here.

LYNN: But . . . why?

DANNY: You see . . . Lynn. If he cared for you, would he do this? I told you . . . he's not a fighter or a lover . . . he's nothing. *(Sadly.)* That boy has no feelings. None at all.

LYNN: Leave me alone.

DANNY: Let me take you home. Tomorrow is another day. You'll look at things differently then.

LYNN: And, leave him here?

DANNY: He'll find his own way out, I'm sure.

LYNN: *(Looks at the floor. Then, at the trunk.)* Well . . . *(Stops. Freezes. Her eyes rivet to the floor near the trunk.)*

DANNY: What's wrong?

LYNN: *(Gasps.)* Clothes.

DANNY: So. The place is full of clothes.

LYNN: But, *(Leans over, picks up dress.)* this dress. I saw Miss S. put this dress into the trunk.

DANNY: Into the trunk? But why is it on the floor? *(They both look at each other. Her eyes make him understand.)* Charles! Oh, God.

(Lynn begins to laugh hysterically.)

Lynn? *(Grabs her arms, she wrenches away.)*

(Danny kneels down. With great effort, he shoves block off trunk. It cracks. He flips the trunk open. Screams.) Jesus! *(Looks at Lynn. She is still laughing. He grabs her arms. Shakes her. She stops laughing.)*

Don't look. *(She does.) (He pulls her away.)*

LYNN: *(Sobs. Lunges for trunk.)*

DANNY: No. *(Pulls her back.)*

(Lynn falls to floor, doubles over as in pain. Holds her head, sobs and moans.)

(Danny looks down and starts to gag.)

A MOTHER'S ANGUISH



ILLUSTRATION BY PAT WEST



by Katherine Young

The lightning rips through the sky in short, jagged spurts as if not certain which direction to pursue in its race to reach some distant point.

So my thoughts jerk back and forth grasping for assurance. Why has God sent this storm into my universe? Threatening, ominous storm. Foreboding grabs my senses as I think of the little tree I so recently placed into the earth. Powerless to do more, I can only trust that when the darkness lifts, the bit of life I planted with love and hope will have bent with the forces which now seem intent on its destruction.

It will have lost some of its freshness, but it had deep roots for one so small. It was young and in its first bloom; God makes young things supple. But it is so vulnerable and at the mercy of the elements; it is probably stranger than that old pine with its knarled limbs thrashing about. But the pine has weathered many storms; perhaps the little one has experienced storms I know not of.

I suffer an unbearable sense of helplessness. I cannot see it from the window so do not know

how it is withstanding the tempest which is battering indiscriminately at all living things caught in its path. I subject my memory to endless probing: Did I neglect it in its early days? Terror fills my consciousness — could I have done more to give it strength in emergencies such as it is facing now? Did it get enough sun, enough moisture, the proper nourishment? Hope returns as I recall the two strong stakes on either side to prevent it from being uprooted.

Assuring myself of its survival, I wonder how badly damaged it will be. The pale green leaves may all be gone, but with time and care they will reappear — perhaps not as lacy and fragile, but nothing remains the same forever.

The experience will give new majesty to a thing so young. Having survived the impact of nature's assault, it will reach upward in greater appreciation of the soft summer breezes which it had previously accepted as its legacy.

I sense a weakening of the winds and brace myself as I reach for the door.

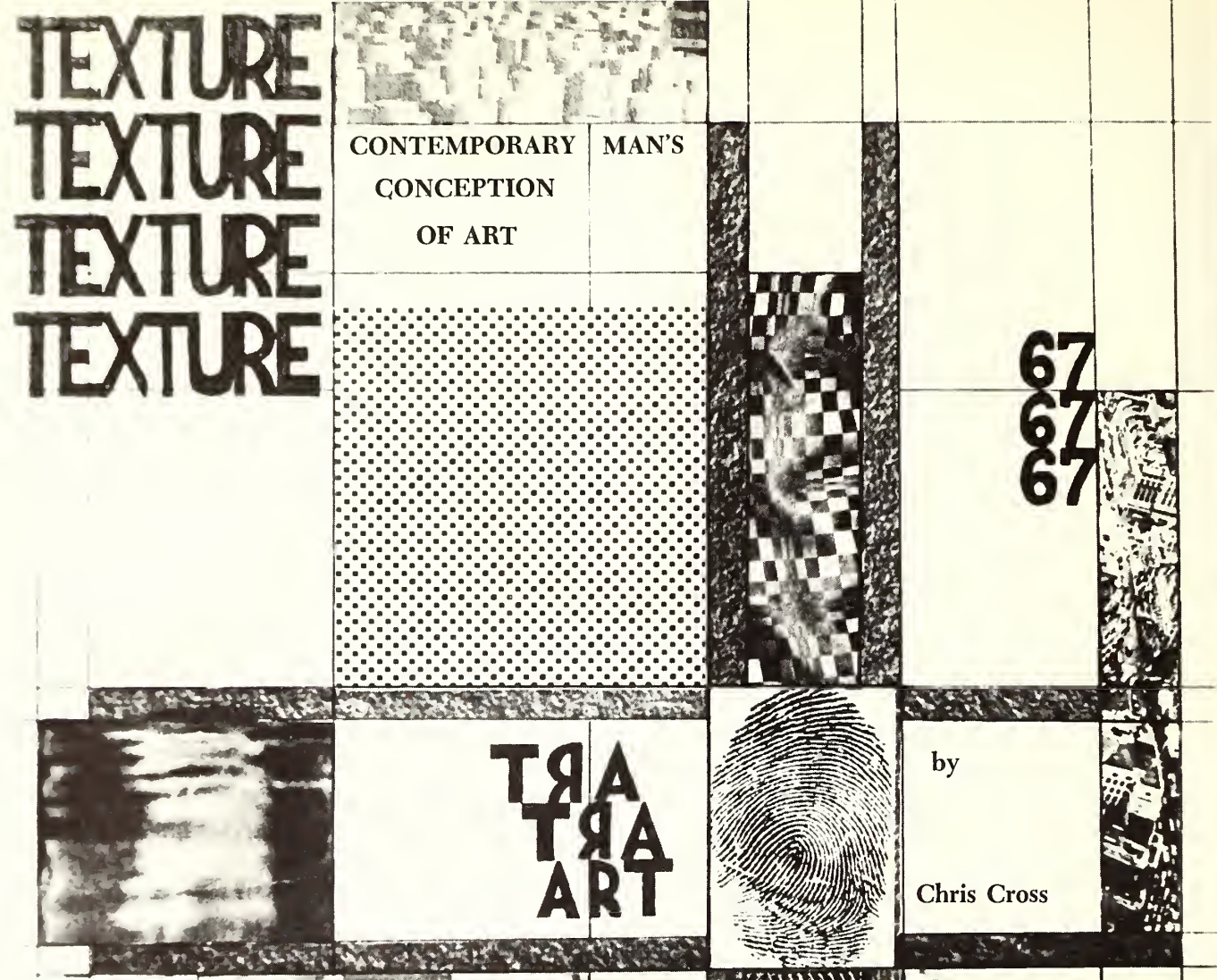


ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES HIGGINS



Has man's whole attitude towards art altered in any way? Modern life has transformed art into a commercialized chaos. Our world is cluttered with things we commonly think of as culturally superior — the mass produced French Provincial furniture, the so-called custom-built look of the housing developments, and the epitome of misplaced values, two amateur art connoisseurs contemplating an "Old Masters" for a cigarette advertisement. Surely this is a mighty change from the poor sixteenth century peasants who would make their "once in a lifetime" pilgrimages to Rome and gaze enrapt at Michaelangelo's magnificent frescoes. Indeed, there is a change in how man, over the ages, has looked at art. But has there been an irrevocable mutation in man's judgment of art?

For many centuries, as Andre Malraux states, art's major purpose was to depict a particular culture's understanding of God; it was a fact almost always accepted in the past, if little dwelt upon. Mankind's entire view of art usually was clearly defined into various emotions. Our feelings

when staring at a Titian, Rembrandt or Velasquez are conveyed by words associated with pleasure, the delight of the eye or the personification of beauty and — even worshipful awe.

But the modern world ultimately would bring an end to this relative simplicity. Malraux further elaborates on this point when he philosophizes on the meaning of art: "Art changed when it ceased being applied primarily to works intended to rouse admiration. Art was not exclusively reserved for these alone; works were welcomed whose effect on us was manifestly foreign to the effect their creators meant them to produce."

With the advent of the twentieth century, we can see the artist slowly losing contact with the public, not only because his art became more subjective and complex, but because he did not care if he communicated with the rest of humanity. This attitude was beneficial up to a point, because by being impervious to the rest of the world the artist retains his individuality. But there are extremes to this situation; if the creative person remains entirely aloof to his audience he will have accomplished nothing. His

talents would have been wasted, since a genius to be good, must serve his fellow mankind. No painter or sculptor ever creates for his own pleasure alone; he wants to convey a thought or an image. The word "art" signifies something for everyone, if imprecisely, his own ideal. (Andre Malraux). But if the painter can set this conjuration moving, then he has played an enormous role — an invaluable one.

Contemporary philosophers reiterate the basic idea that a "work of art can no more admit a meaning than the life whose mechanical unfolding it seeks to reflect." Sartre agrees with Camus' former statement when he expostulates: "a painting cannot be illumined by projecting a beam of light on the canvas; it is the canvas that is illumined, not the painting." Both of these quotations express educated modern man's conception of the functions of art. Art to them may have no meaning or defined illumination. But is this the picture a vast majority of mankind holds of art?

We often confuse the philosophies of a few great minds as the true consensus of artistic opinion for a particular culture. This, I believe, is a hasty generalization, to assume a few men are indicative of a culture. Malraux emphasizes that no civilization before our own thought is worthy to seriously pay attention to what the art world created; and no previous culture considered that the artist could not have any notion of art (in other words — it did not exist for them). I contend, that although there are perceptive exceptions, there has been no civilization (I am even skeptical of our own) which has understood the artist or his work. "The 'beautiful' is not something which can be perceived; by its very nature, it is isolated from the world." (Andre Malraux)

Now if we accept Malraux's precept that "the artist is never dependent on his time or on his own history," then we must logically assume that his work is never forced to conform to a universal absolute. The 'Universal vision' is unimportant to the artist, during his life or after. So the artist is not beholden to any of his fellow men; he may move in any direction he so desires — and it usually is away from twentieth century man's comprehension. This would naturally foment an antagonism on both sides, by the artist for his unacceptance, but even more so for the mass of men who cannot understand such "foreign lines." Albert Camus says, when referring to the plight of the artist: "The artist runs the risk, if he stays in his ivory tower, of cutting himself off from reality, or if he gallops around the political arena of drying up." We have seen the dilemma of the artist — indeed a great one, but what of the rest of his fellow creatures who must endure the artist's rambling art, his confusing ideas and his continual rebellions?

Very few writers attempt to look at the rest of contemporary mankind — the *masses*, or the *public*; it was always the artist's traumatic experiences, never the people's. The people are often intimated to like a certain kind of abstract art. Most people do not understand current artistic trends, nor do they want to understand. I have often

heard people state: "I could draw a better house or man than that; the painting is just a mess, it is not real." It is these same people who call Paul Klee's and Pablo Picasso's work simple and childlike in their approach to art. The layman's conception of art is still back in the Romantic period. Possibly, it is laziness which prompts them to scoff, because it requires people to *think*.

Art is no more than a simple picture to the millions of people who occasionally go to see a work of art. In a way, it is psychologically related with the quandry we face, in that much of mankind wants to praise something they, themselves, feel they could never fashion. They desire their art to be finite, just as the majority of contemporary man's life is — closely framed and secure. Art transmitting futility and anarchy revolts them — and also frightens. Most people of our age cannot cope with the amazing depth and profundity of much of our recent art ("pop art" and others). One persistent cry is for more art like Norman Rockwell's or even Andrew Wyeth's, since as the multitude so often declares: "We can identify with these painters." Surely this state is tragic, but what is even worse is the critic who exclaims that artists are defying the basic tenets of art. Sartre gives us a marvelous instance of this type of reasoning: "he's crazy, sculptors have been carving away for three thousand years — and nicely, too — without such rigmaroles." Conservatism and conformity seem to predominate much of our criticism. "Why doesn't he try to produce impeccable works according to tested techniques instead of pretending to ignore his predecessors?" (Jean Paul Sartre)

A solution, or an answer to my original question is obviously impossible because we then would be on the verge of euphoria. As Sir Herbert Read continually stresses, there is only one improvement and that is more extensive education. Americans have never been involved in the visual arts. We have made superlative strides in other forms: photography, motion picture, drama, and literature, but not in painting. Contemporary man's attitude toward art has been one of repugnance, not hate, because he just cannot comprehend the world in which the artist resides. The hiatus between the artist and the populace is unbridgeable, mainly because the two care little about each other. Maybe I am being pessimistic about this relationship, but the facts leave little else to be evaluated.

Sartre, in a summary of the artist, states "That the fact of the matter is, that the painter never realizes his mental image at all; he simply constitutes a material analogue of such a kind that anyone can experience the image provided he looks at the analogue." The artist seems to love to surround himself with contradictions and ambiguities. Communication between men becomes nil. Mankind never sees reality as beautiful because "beauty is a value which applies only to the imaginary and brings about the negation of the world in its essential structure." (Jean Paul Sartre) For this reason the artist and the rest of contemporary man is not reconcilable. Contemporary man's conception of art is: lack of understanding, and so, ignorance. J

WITH THIS TATTERED BOOK OF POETRY

by James Higgins

Lonely, past by, upon the not so high shelf
 sat this book of Rhyme
 Many of the gifted sensitive ear
 sought first the verse of Frost
 and left untaken,
 Dust to dust settled
 feathered from the height
 of this unclothed volume

Long last
 this maiden part of lore
 summoned by a quest
 for "thank you" shown,

Come the minor poet-me
 searching, set my sight
 to bending shelves

Not uneasily caught
 the scent of gilded words
 the poet Dylan Thomas wrote

Easily slipped from its dusticated berth
 fulfilled the thought
 of happiness to you
 Deserving of the highest thoughts
 it holds

Its virtuous linger
 like maidens bide
 Has bowed to time
 that played and frayed
 its cover faded

But the gift is not this binding
 or that which is bound within
 It is found upon the spirit
 of its dusted pages
 If only you would be its mate
 partake of which it willfully gives
 in return for time
 and time it spent in waiting

Cuddle and nourish the observation
 born of these pages . . .
 With the poet's eyes
 hold intercourse



THE NIGHT MAN

by Ellen Loughlin

The night man pads across the room—
 Wearing gloves and watching shadows cold.
 Knowing sound could spell his doom,
 He hushes drapes into silent folds.

Darkness wanes the wall's dull glow.
 Finding the room placid and deep asleep,
 Keeping it quiet with movements slow,
 He listens to its snores so sweet.

Quickly, the night man gathers his needs—
 Trembling, he tiptoes the mischievous floor,
 Suffocating from fear for haunting deeds,
 He rushes gratefully for the door!

MY GENERATION

by G. D. Eisman

Mr. Huxley — may we stand and listen.

The bull enters the ring
 With thoughts of only the moment.
 The matador stands and waits . . .
 But he is only there for the bull.
 We all know that the matador
 Has no place without the bull.
 And the fight proceeds
 And is hysteria until it ends.
 Then it ends suddenly.
 There is nothing after.

Women still whisper,
 But psychiatrists are loud with their talk of nature.

We should all grow hair
 To cover our naked bodies
 And fight with claws and teeth.
 We should all walk on four legs
 And lick our paws
 To wash our faces . . .
 If we need wash our faces.

Denounce with civilized reason
 The equationless emotions.
 There is no love;
 There is no kiss.



FORGOTTEN REQUEST

by Lynn Klipp

Now that infatuation is past
 And romance is subdued,
 I know how much I
 need to be needed
 For what I really am.

You've tried, sweetheart, yes,
 But you've also failed.
 I must move on to better things. . .
 How or when, I do not know.

A love can be hell abounding
 When love is not returned. . .
 Try, try, try . . . life is waking, sleeping, breathing,
 Loving, laughing, weeping . . . dying.

Living is loving, my darling,
 Even a fool could see that.
 Take away love and life is gone. . .
 I don't love you.

I'll search until I find a man,
 Perhaps in vain,
 perhaps not,
 Who will love me the way that I love him.
 Forgive me.

Welcome To MOSCOW

by Andre Dawson

A procession of trumpeters boomed across
The plains,
Followed by cavalry, squeaking of saddles
Snap of the reins.
Marching from the horizon to the dying sun,
Countless numbers armed full – unified
As one.
A spectacle of might, a show of brute
Force,
Proudly, chin up, chest out, Napoleon rode
His horse.

Cassions and cannons made grooves in the
Ground,
In the morning like a thousand thunders
They'd sound.
Through the mist like a snake this army
Slithered,
Past the Russian border. . . .
Where other armies withered.
Sabers clanking and glistening brightly in
The morn,
Shiny boots dull and uniforms torn and
Worn.

When the morning mist began to shift
And rise,
Icy Russian wind blew and froze the
Tears in their eyes.
Moscow . . . deserted, only the cold lonely
Wind ruled their fate,
Tattered shadows crossed the streets with
Faces grey as ash.
Eyes glazed, frozen in their sockets,
Staring,
Spirits broken huddled in groups; nerves
Wearing.
Their last rationed meal now they were
Sharing.
Napoleon stared blankly as the sweat froze
On his brow,
And the wind seemed to whisper, "welcome
to Moscow."



ILLUSTRATED BY ANDRÉ DAWSON

THOUGHTS INFLUENCED BY A STATUETTE ON A DASHBOARD

by Judy Mathis Homan

God looked down and heard me pray.
I thought.
He heard me think each day at play.
I thought.
My dogs, my cats, my two white rats,
My fish, my friends, were all His brats.
I thought.

Now nurtured life went on; rains and sun and snow
went and came – as today they do – winds blow
and cold sets in. My former friends shuck their dues
and after Sunday empty leave their hallowed pews
and spend the license they have bought;
They're safe a week,
they think!

christ-o-mat and god-o-rama – be a bride of Jesus, –
worship him and love him and beat him when he sneezes!
my dogs, my cats, my two white rats,
my fish, my friends, are dead and that's

That!

May be I can bury superstition
and step closer to the ultimate
(homo sapiens)
I Hope!



ILLUSTRATED BY J. M. H.



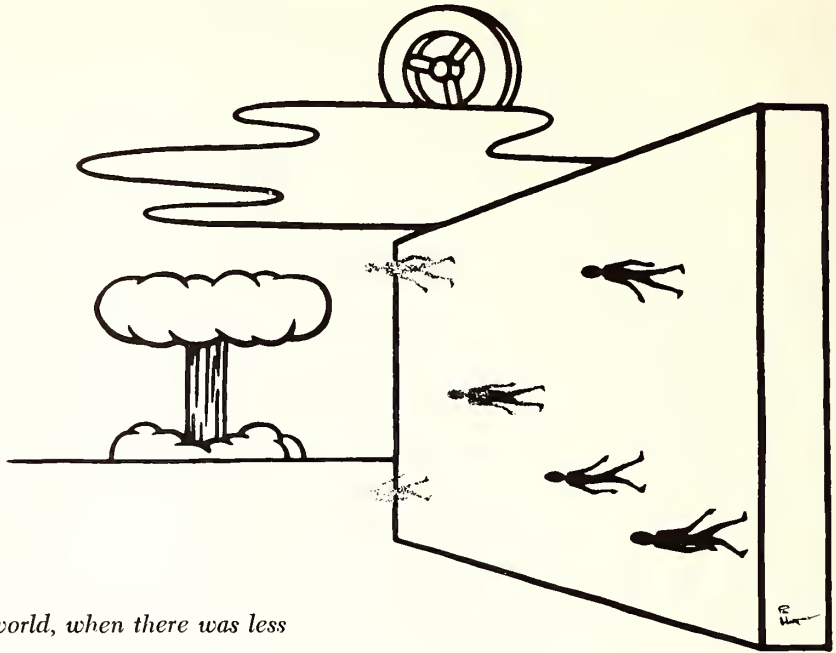
A TIME OUT OF MIND

by Ben Weisel



"... a time out of mind ... in the quiet of the world, when there was less noise and more green ..."

J. R. R. Tolkien



"Hey, Joey, C'mon, will ya'?"

"All right, don't rush me. I said I'd take you when I was finished; I'll be another minute. And will you please stop using that terrible playground vernacular."

"Year, yeah . . . er . . . I mean, yes sir, Joey-big-brother. I'll talk better. Now, will you hurry up?"

It was their familiar week-end struggle: Joey wanted to work, and David wanted Joey's company. Joey had made the promise to take David fishing, so he laid down his tools, wiped his hands, then squeezed his lanky frame through the smallest opening he could make between the screens.

"What are you working on, anyway? You've been hiding in there for weeks," David demanded.

"I have to tell you nearly every day; it's none of your concern!"

"All right. Don't get mad again. I'm sorry."

"I'm not getting mad," and with a curt "Come on" Joey was quickly out the door, leading a deliberate path to the stream.

In the brilliant and full-of-promise spring day, Joey spied wondrous sights to show his brother, who thought the sights only slightly less wonderful than Joey was, himself. A few yards off the path was a grouse barely perceivable in the shadow of a fern — wonderful camouflage! The patterns of the fern shade blended with the grouse's markings.

"Gee, I sure wish I could see things like you do, Joey. D'ya think I'll ever be like you and go to the Special School?"

"I don't know. I suppose so." Joey liked compliments, but didn't know how to accept them gracefully. In an effort to get away from his embarrassment, he raced David to the stream.

"Hey, David. You're going too fast; you'll fall in."

"You ain't so smart, after all. I'll just slide down the bank and that'll st" . . . SPLASH!

"You're scaring the fish, David. Get out of the water."

To David's mind, the fishing was great; the fish would hardly wait for him to bait his hook. Joey, on the other hand, would have preferred it slower — so he could show his 'fish sense' and so he wouldn't have to entertain his little brother when they had caught their limit.

High in a nearby pine there was a Jay. David didn't like these birds; he thought them cruel. But Joey held a great respect and admiration for their cunning and cleverness. As they watched and listened, David heard a hawk's cry; he had no idea it was the Jay, doing a masterful imitation.

The forest was suddenly still; all the small chatter stopped. Nothing moved; all the animals froze in their tracks, praying the hawk wouldn't see them. Then, slowly and timidly at first, but with increasing volume, the chatter and chirping returned. There was something exciting to discuss.

The Jay sang loudest, feeling his superiority over the others. He was master; he had control. Everyone listened for his warning cries, and everyone was fooled by his practical jokes. Suddenly the steel-blue taunter swooped to a nest low on a neighboring tree. There were three newly hatched chicks, unattended.

"Stop! Oh, Joey, make him stop."

"It's no use, David. He won't stop."

"But, why . . ." David was crying.

"Why? Well, why are you carrying those fish?"

"Hey! They're over here. C'mon." Three uniformed men were coming quickly. The tallest took Joey's arm. "You'll have to come with us, Joey. Tell your kid brother to go home." Seeming to accept their presence, as if he knew they were coming, Joey turned to David and quietly told him how to find his way back.

David was frantic. He didn't wait to hear all the instructions; once he started running, nothing could have stopped him. He ran faster than he knew he could, kicking up sticks, leaves and even small animals in the breeze he stirred up.

"DAD. MOM. THEY TOOK JOEY!" David was yelling as he burst through the door.

"Yes, son. I knew they would." His father looked weary. "I sent them to find you and Joey," he said sadly, dismayed to see his young one in such a state.

David raced questions at both his parents; he wanted to know, and now, why Joey was taken. "It was Joey they took!" David kept saying. It seemed to him that his father needed reminding too often. "Don't you know? It was Joey!" But all David could get in reply were

phrases to abstract for him to understand. "... justice of the society ..." or "... irrevocable laws ..." meant nothing to his young mind. Frustrated and beaten, David ran to his room and cried himself to sleep.

The roar of argument woke David from a fitful sleep. His father thundered above the rest. "How can I make him understand? He's so young and inexperienced. He won't understand because it isn't within his sphere of experience to grasp what has to be done. You have refused to allow equal share in the responsibility to everyone, and now you wonder what to do about it - well, it's too late. I warned you. I told you we were far enough from it; now we're too far."

Before David could speculate on what was going on or to whom his father was talking, there was a noise outside; it came from Joey's shop. Hoping to see Joey, David climbed out the window and ran across the wet grass. As soon as he rounded the big oak tree, he saw three men - the same three that had taken Joey. David ducked behind the tree before the men saw him. He listened but understood little of what was said. Some of the words made no sense and he could attach no image to them. He tried to see something in the shop; it was bare. The men had carried everything away.

"Maybe they took the 'what's-it' to Joey," he reasoned and hoped, as he climbed back into his room and went to bed.



II

Harry, this is a damned lot of foolishness, chasin' this kid all over the country, through the mountains, and all. You know as well as me that he won't be comin' back. Why don't we just leave him out here and go home?"

"Listen, Butterfingers, if you'd of held on to him, we wouldn't be chasin' him. Now, stop complainin' and start lookin' - shut your mouth and open your eyes."

"Harry, you're a good friend, but if you don't get a civil tongue in your head, I'll bust you one."

"C'mon, you two. Break it up. We've got enough to trouble us without you two running off at the mouth. Harry, swing around the gully over there. The kid can't get far; not with the busted arm he got in that fall."

It was difficult terrain where Joey had a distinct advantage over those unfamiliar with it. He had eased himself to the edge of the cave. From his vantage point, he saw the whole valley below and the mountains beyond. He saw men, too, and slid back into the cave. "Do they really think catching me will help stop everything? Suppose things did go crazy before, is that a reason to think it'll happen again? Their controls are stupid. They're stupid. Damn them. They'll never understand."

His flesh had turned against him. He sat looking at his arm, its rottenness putting an end to all his plans. He threw the splints away and loosely wrapped the bandage around his arm, hiding the hideous flesh. Leaning back,

his head propped against a rock, he thought and dreamed and watched the glow-worms on the ceiling. He was beginning to struggle with the silence of the cave and the hysteria inside himself. "Be fit," he was saying to himself. "Be fit; that's what David used to say all the time. Ha! 'Be fit, mind and body, and do everything there is to do.' What nonsense that kid could make up and adopt as postulates for living." He looked at his arm . . . a decaying lump of meat, all because he had stubbornly pursued his own course instead of following the advice of his Chancellors.

"We can't allow you to make this thing," the Chancellor had told him. "It's not in the interest of the community to have such devices and . . . well, it just won't do! You are enrolled here because of your outstanding ability in many fields. One of your proven abilities is understanding what is said to you. You understand that you are to forget this whole affair? Forget and there will be no further reprimands."

"Forget?", Joey thought to himself. "How do people forget? They have, but how do real people forget; people who really live in the world? They've forgotten everything there ever was. But after the Waste, I guess that's what happens to . . ." Joey broke off when he heard the shouting. They were nearer. It didn't matter anymore. It didn't matter if they found him or not. His arm. . .



III

After days of struggling to gain information about Joey, he'd finally given up. "Joey's not comin' back," David decided. After a sleepless night of picturing Joey looking like a leaf caught in the wind, David lay talking to the ceiling. "The men took him - Dad let them - and now, he isn't comin' back." He was called down to breakfast. After eating, his father took him to the Square and left him there, with instructions to go to the Central Hall.

When David arrived at the Hall, there was no one around. He waited outside for a few minutes, then peered into the dim interior. Seeing nothing that could tell him why he was there or why he should wait, he turned to leave.

"Come in. I'm here in the far corner. Come closer."

It was a creaky old voice that startled David. "I'm sorry. I didn't see you back there in the darkness," he said, nervously. He walked back slowly, trying to pierce the solemn shadows.

"You are David?" the old voice only half-questioned.

"Yes sir, I am. But I don't know who . . ."

"Oh, no. Of course you don't," the old voice cackled. "I'd be most surprised if you did know me."

David was uneasy but determined to gain all the information he could about this strange person. There were lots of questions for David to answer — the same questions all grown-ups ask all small boys. David was more cooperative than he'd been in days, but as the voice droned on he became bored. As his attention wandered more, he tried harder to listen.

". . . and then cruelty, lust and greed reigned unchecked. Eventually it brought us to our present way of living; by many devious routes, of course. I hope you'll try and understand what I'm trying to tell you. I know it's difficult, but do try."

"It's just that I don't know why I'm here, sir. There are things I'd like to know, and I'm sure you can't help me." David was trying to be kind and patient; the voice, he guessed, belonged to a very old man.

"But don't be so sure, my friend. I've quite a lot to tell you; but first, look over there . . ."

On the opposite wall, a blue-green light appeared. David was more fascinated than frightened. It was too ridiculous! People walking on the wall . . . he began to laugh. Suddenly there was a blinding flash. When David looked again, there was only ruin.

"But . . . wha"? Where are the people? What happened?"

"Everything . . . and nothing."

"But I don't understand; the people were there, now they're gone." David was trying to see the man's face, but it belonged to the shadows.

"In a word, invention is what happened," his voice quavered.

"Joey used that word a lot; whenever he worked on that thing he never told me about. Joey's my big brother. He's gone away." The last words were spoken with tears in his voice.

"Yes, Joey," the old man seemed annoyed. "Joey knew

a lot, but not enough to listen."

David was excited, now. "You knew Joey? Do you know where he is? Is he coming back?"

"Whoa! One question at a time. You see, David, you're here because your father couldn't make you understand *our ways*. You and Joey were too close; you are not able to see things as they should be. Joey was a dreamer. He was disobedient and wouldn't listen . . ."

"But," David interrupted, "you sound like you don't like Joey. Did you send him away?"

The old man was losing patience, but checked himself and tried to find the right words.

"PLEASE! YOU MUST TELL ME. WHAT ABOUT JOEY?" David couldn't contain himself.

"Your brother has run away," the old man was trying to sound saddened. "When he is found he will be . . ." but he couldn't finish. He was genuinely at a lost for the right word.

"Please . . ." David begged.

"For the sake of mankind and to insure nothing of what you have seen today . . ." he motioned to the wall, "will ever happen again, we, that is the Chancellors, have decided that Joey must be executed."

"What?" David was incredulous.

"Killed. Joey is to be killed."

"Oh, no. NO. YOU CAN'T." David couldn't believe.

"Your brother disobeyed. He wouldn't . . ."

"BUT YOU CAN'T. YOU DON'T MEAN IT. YOU CAN'T MEAN IT." David was trembling with fear and rage. If he had been able to move — he wanted to hit the old . . . "MURDERER," David screamed.

The old man tried to calm him, but David was beyond listening. "We were fair," he tried to tell David. "We gave him every chance. He just wouldn't listen." The old man rose from the chair with a great effort, and moved toward David.

"Keep away." David tried to sound threatening, but he was too scared. He was trying to get further back in the chair — to hide.

The old man breathed hard from the exertion of standing. As he moved towards David, the words came in heavy, laboured breaths. ". . . must . . . show you . . . what happens . . ." David didn't move; he couldn't. "Your brother . . . was . . . going to harm . . . all of us . . ." Now the hand was in the light! David saw the leadened skin which hung like extra fingers, dead fingers, from the wrist and the palm of the hand. ". . . was inventing . . . the" David's ears were pounding. A scream stopped somewhere between his mouth and heart when he saw the huge jaw, with the bone showing through a thin membrane of tissue which supported quivering blobs of flesh. The word banged in time with David's heart. ". . . inventing . . . the wheel . . ."



FORD TEE DAZE

by Judy Mathes

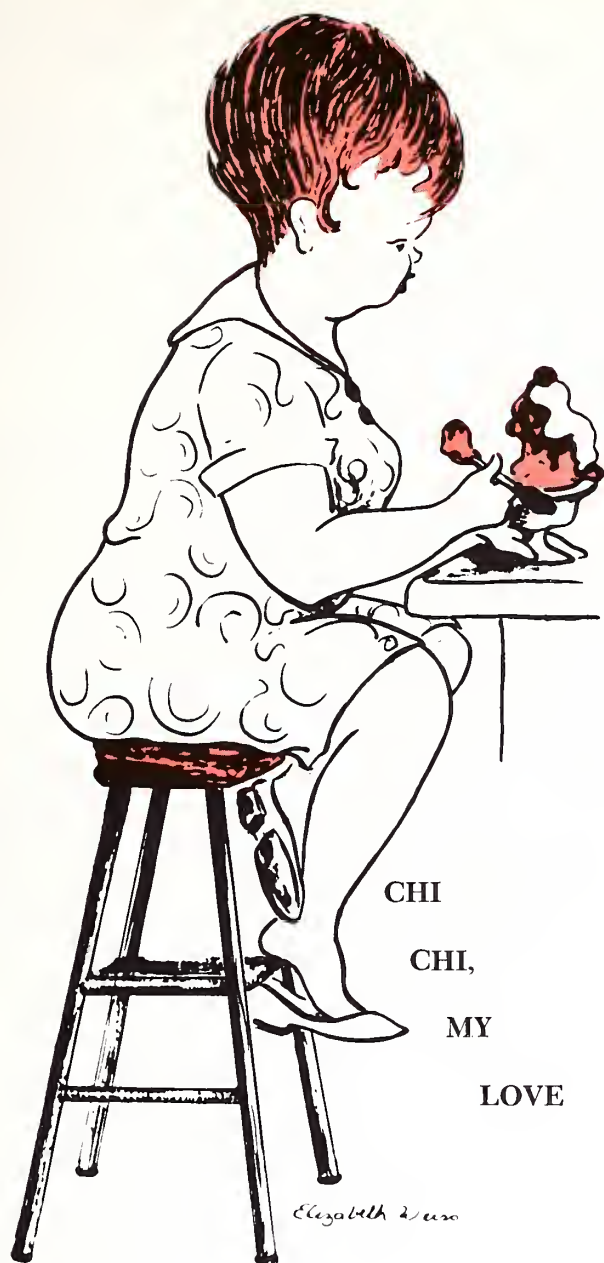
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It reinder, dew.

(See Page 62 for Translation)



CHI
CHI,
MY
LOVE

J

by George J. Sterling, Jr.

Chi Chi Dunhill Farnsworth, known affectionately by her friends as "The Plumb," focused her eyes on the mica-sprinkled plaster ceiling glistening overhead. Her cheeks puffed slightly as her lips parted in a half, almost hidden, smile. The sparkle in her eyes complimented the myriad of dancing lights across the ceiling, caused by the sunlight filtering through the small circular window hovering silently above her bed.

"Fat? I'm not fat," she murmured, as her eyes quickly darted across the star-studded ceiling, down the pale-colored wall to the full-length mirror at the far end of the bedroom. Her eyes searched the mirror, trying to locate her prone body among the reflections of tables and chairs, but to no avail. Punching the pillow with her

fist, she was able to raise her head high enough to see past the covers thrown across the bed.

Suddenly, the smile that had engulfed her face just moments before disappeared without a trace of radiance left behind. Her thin, plucked eyebrows lowered slightly as her lips grew taut, leaving only a thin line where her once full lips parted so happily only a moment before.

"My God," she moaned as she looked past the mound of cloth-covered flesh where her stomach *rested* and on toward the reflection of the enormous bulk in the mirror. "It just can't be," she muttered, disbelieving what she saw.

"Miss Farnsworth, you're just going to have to lose some of that ugly fat. I'll have to put you on a diet," the doctor's words echoed in her ears as she stared at the mountain of white in the mirror. She had vowed never to go to that doctor again.

"What does he know, anyway?" she had thought. "They're all the same. They read a few medical books, learn a few fancy words, then they think they can insult you, and you're supposed to swallow all their garbage. No! Not me. I know what's good for me. Uh, uh! No shriveled-up old man is going to tell me I'm fat."

Chi Chi raised her hand and with her fingers, lightly pressed inward on the lay of white flesh that had bubbled out beyond her chin. Then, moving quickly, she removed the large, white terrycloth towel that had encased her curler-encrusted head. Still, after removing this unwanted bulk, she stared in disbelief.

"Maybe he was right," she thought, as she now lay breathing heavily, just staring and trying to accept the fact that it *was* her reflection which was outlined so well in the silver glass.

Pulling the covers violently aside, Chi Chi maneuvered her body slowly across the bed. She worked her legs, heels digging into the mattress, slowly to the side of the bed, and pushing her body upward to a sitting position let her legs drop over the side, balancing herself with a hand on each side of her outspread hips. She looked down as she tried to negotiate the position of her slippers resting comfortably on the white fur rug. "Oh, no!" she moaned, as her eyes drifted downward past her gargantuan breasts and swollen stomach which stretched the violet-colored nightgown almost beyond its capacity.

"This is ridiculous!" she thought to herself, as she slipped her feet into the waiting slippers and pushed herself upward with all of her reserved strength. She stood flat-footed, staring again at the shapeless form before her.

Suddenly, without warning, a small droplet of water emerged in the corner of her right eye. Small minute blood vessels, which had been invisible before now, appeared and cast a reddish hue on the clear whites of her eyes. The droplet struggled to free itself from the surrounding eyelashes, then raced across her rounded cheek, only to harbor itself somewhere in the fold of flesh hanging from her puffy jowls. Closing her eyes, she let her head sink slowly downward until her chin rested on the

cushion of loose flesh which gathered again and bubbled outward past her chin.

"I've got to do something," she muttered, as the words were partially choked off by her short, quiet sobs.

Turning as quickly as she could, she made her way across the soft white rug to the phone in an effort to reach it before its monotonous ring died away.

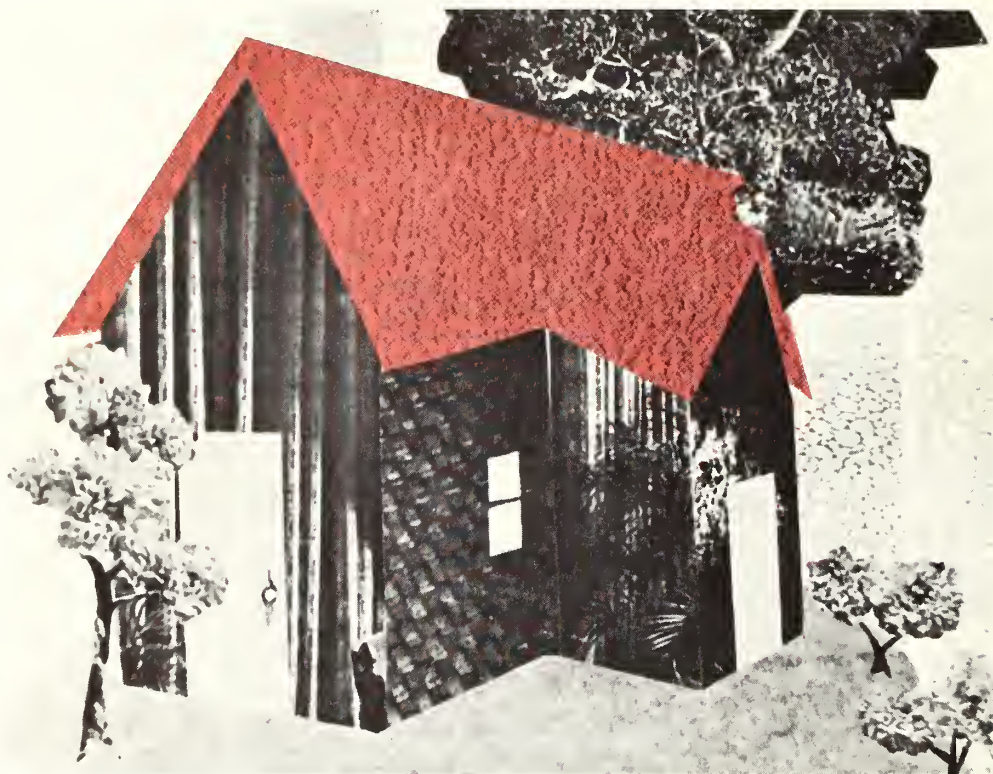
"Hello. Oh! Hi, Mildred. . . . No. Uh, uh. It's not a cold, it's — well, it's just something else, that's all. . . . Oh, no, I'll be alright, but thanks, anyway, Mil. . . . What's that? . . . Well, I don't know, Mil. . . . Yeah, I know it will be a change, but . . . Yeah, but . . . Well, I don't

know. . . . But I really shouldn't, Mil. . . . Yeah, well, I guess I could, Mil. . . . Uh, huh. . . . Okay, I'll see you at nine, then, at your place, right? . . . Alright. . . . Okay, Mil. . . . Uh, huh. . . . Bye-bye, Mil."

Chi Chi's mouth curled slightly and that same knowing, secretive little smile crept slowly across her now-radiant face as she shuffled her way to the clothes closet.

"Smorgasbord breakfast. I never heard of that before. I really shouldn't, though. . . . Oh, well, I'll start tomorrow," she muttered, reaching for the red and gold box on the night table in search of a creamy chocolate.

H O U S E



ILLUSTRATED
BY JOHN
GALL

by
Ed
Dedeker

The outside looked like any other building on the block, but as the door opened, the air was filled with the pungent odors of the Orient. The thick red carpet muffled the sound of my entrance as I sauntered down the hallway. It was brightly lit, so I had to stop for a moment before venturing into the sunken, dimly-lit main room. It resembled a large photographic darkroom with red lamps casting a sensuous light over the black velvet covered seats. Circling the room were tiny alcoves, with postage stamp-sized tables. In each niche, half hidden by the dark, were the women. I had been here many times so I did not have to search about for my red-haired friend. I had come here for ten years, ever since she had shown her affection for me.

As soon as my eyes adjusted, I descended the

few stairs and stole softly over to her. "Roger," she said, "Come sit beside me." I felt the warmth of her body where she had moved to make room for me on the soft bench. A flood of warm memories came rushing back to me as her flaunting fragrance caressed my nostrils. She placed her small hand on my neck and motioned me to take a drink of her champagne. Even before I drank, I could feel the scintillating bubbles in my nose. I looked across the room and saw my reflection in one of the many mirrors set into the wall. I thought how funny the two of us looked and wondered how so beautiful a woman could love the lumbering hulk whose form I have. A pang of jealousy hit me as I heard her say, "You'll have to go now, Rog. The customers will be coming soon, and they don't like to see dogs laying around."

Americano



ILLUSTRATION BY DEE CUNNINGHAM

by Ann Townsend

"So long, Joe, myAmericano friend. Right, Joe? Someday you'll come back, eh, Joe?"

Joe had promised as he said good-bye to Pedro, a Puerto Rican boy who has served in our army and that he had worked with him in "Gitmo." That good-bye had taken hours and several beers because besides being a friend Pedro was the symbol of a whole strange world. Inadvertently he had opened doors that should be torn off the hinges for all the world to see. When the job was over Pedro had shown Joe his San Juan, his family, his people, and introduced him, matter-of-factly, to poverty that left him shaken as nothing had shaken him in all of his twenty-three years.

Well, it wouldn't be long now and he could forget the whole thing. Didn't he have a ticket for the 7:00 a. m. flight to Miami where people eat?

Around and around went the dial of his thoughts. After leaving Pedro he'd gone to his room but he'd slept fitfully. Now he lay wide awake. Dawn was a greedy wedge in the blackness of the Caribbean night. He watched it spread in the sky from the small slats and screening window from where he lay on an iron cot.

A week away there'd be dancing in the streets. Christmas. But it was the prospect of Christmas that made it impossible for him to remain on the island. No one should be hungry on Christmas.

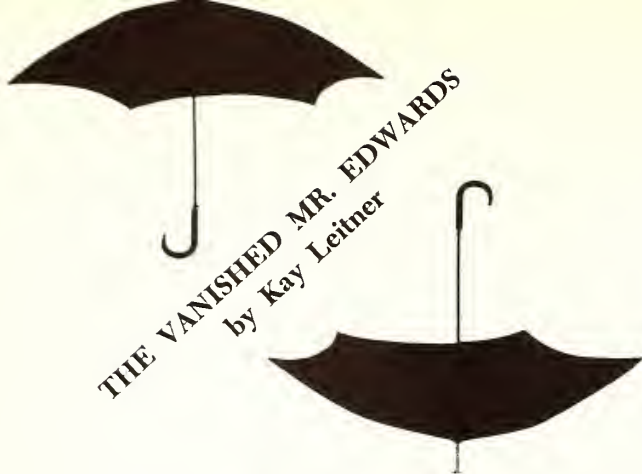
Yesterday Pedro's mother had gone Christmas shopping in a second hand store. She had shown the boys

her gifts: a broken comb, a torn blouse, paper match books, a bent strainer, a kettle. They'll be wrapped and given as gifts with so much love. This is a mother that doesn't keep regular meal hours for her family because that way it would take more food. "And where will it come from, eh?"

Suddenly his rebellious thoughts were pierced by the raucous discordant jangling of the alarm clock. Slamming into the off lever, his rage found something tangible to punish for the injustice of poverty as his fingers locked about the small clock and he heard himself yelling,

"ALL RIGHT! SO I'M A COWARD AND I'M GETTING OUT OF THIS CRUMMY PLACE!"

Pitching it violently the bedlength of the room it crashed against the flimsy wall, bounced on the floor and landed face up. He found himself on his feet, sick with the knowledge that he was kidding himself and that what he was up against was something he could never hope to get his hands on. It was a monster of enormous proportions. He stared down at the shattered glass. Then he stooped and picked up the clock miraculously intact and ticking gamely. So this was how it would be. He laid it gently on the packing crate that served as a table. And as he carefully removed the first sliver of glass something of peace stole softly into the room. For with the jagged pieces carefully picked from the frame — very soon now — wouldn't loving hands wrap it in joy for someone's Noel?



Irving, chief custodian of the office grapevine, discovered the phenomenon and immediately circulated the news to overtime employees that "Daddy-O Wonder has finally flipped, blew the scene and left his long black shade-stick hanging on the way-out palm frond." He might as well have stated that the moon had landed on Mars. The infallible memory of Mr. Charles Harrington Edwards — deposed by a lowly umbrella! It hung from the clothes tree like the last reigning monarch of an unoccupied kingdom, forlorn and forgotten. Actually, no one had seen him depart at quitting-time, but nevertheless, he had vanished, minus that ever-lasting "bumbershoot!"

Liz Brooks was astonished and said, "Why, bottled bees would look no more strange hanging there." Everyone else thought so, too, and they hurriedly gathered to speculate. There had to be a reason. An important one. For, from the very first day Edwards had come to Plunkett and Black, he had been labeled a memory bank. It was fantastic the things he remembered. Small wonder that "proves nobody's perfect" and "probably's coming down with the flu" and comments of that ilk were discarded with disdain, as if they were last week's fish. "Dull, dull-o," muttered Irving, and besides, they did not account for the other lapses and sudden turn-about of the past month.

"Hey, like wow! Wonder Boy's flipped his pendulum," Irving had shouted the first day that Edwards walked in late. Previously, his arrivals and departures had been timed so precisely, everyone kidded that he must be a walking, talking, do-it-yourself time-mechanism. They began to wonder what really made him tick. But from that first tardy day on, his timekeeping was inept.

It was the same with mealtimes. He had always consumed his food slowly and fastidiously, choosing ever-so-carefully beforehand, checking their content exactly. "It's like he's a real, live, automatic calorie-counter," Liz would say. It sure was. But on that same unfortunate day, Edwards started gobbling his meals, spilled gravy on his tie, and his little clipped mustache tattled on the soup.

Even Edwards' usually impeccable attire was beginning to show signs of stress. It looked a bit shoddy. His charcoal-colored suit needed pressing and his grey homburg was starting to spot around the sweat-band. And if there were two things Edwards was meticulous about, that homburg was one. The other was the umbrella, which he

had carried constantly throughout this period of obvious tension like a brave warrior, defeated, but valiant to the death. That is, until today!

It was no wonder that a furor ensued as one suggestion after another ignited great interest, only to be extinguished quickly and ruthlessly, as a new spark was created.

Irving, who found it difficult to be serious too long, cracked "Say, I know. Edward's spring has sprung! Bet they packed him off to Westinghouse for repairs."

Someone hit him with a paper clip.

"It's not so funny, Irv, it just isn't normal," Liz said and then direly predicted a complete physical and mental breakdown, but it, too, found its place in the smoldering ashes. "Think it couldn't happen? How'd you like to be so perfect, Irv?," she asked.

"Ugh! Not for yours truly," he replied. Then he shouted "Zowie," cocked his hand and pointed his index finger at his head. "Puh-tinnng," he went, closing his eyes while clutching his imaginary wound, and sank down.

"Don't bother to shed any more blood here," Liz laughed, "that's one worry you'll never have. And as for the rest of you, if you all know so darn much, let's hear a better reason."

They did, too, as soon as Hubert, the night clerk, rushed in and joined them. "Forget all that other stuff, it's a woman!" he declared. "Saw Edwards with one yesterday. The wife and kids conned me into taking a ride out to the Keys after church. Stopped off at a coffee shop two miles south of Marathon, and there they were, huddled around a table, heads so close you'd have thought they were one."

Hubert's words ignited a bonfire! He looked about with finger-licking satisfaction at the incredulous eyes and silent lips. The flames of interest were soaring!

An astonished voice blurted out, "Edwards! With a woman? Didn't think he knew what they were! Edwards?"

"It was him all right. Had his back to me, but, heck, it was him. Who else on the face of this earth looks like that, even from behind? Didn't see me, though."

"Of all people. Edwards! Say, were they going swimming, do you know? That is, I mean were they dressed in bathing suits?," someone asked.

In spite of all the excitement, everyone burst out laughing.

All except Liz, that is. "Oh, good grief," she said in disgust, "of all the silly things, you sure take the cake. The day someone sees Mr. Meticulous in swim togs! Would probably rust his insides, anyhow. Go on, Hube, tell us what she looked like."

"Well, first off, she was a foreigner. I could tell. That's one thing I'm sure of, if nothing else. Guess you'd call her a big woman. No, come to think of it, she wasn't. Just seemed to be, the way she was towering over him, even sitting down, Maybe his chair was lower or something, I don't know. Had kind of a thin, pale face, eyes sunken almost into their sockets, with dark shadows un-

derneath. Funny thing about those eyes. Squinted them the whole time, like she wasn't used to daylight. Like a person needing sunglasses."

"But Wow-o," exclaimed Irving, "a real dog!"

"No, I wouldn't say that, Irv. More like she'd seen an awful lot in her life. Those clothes didn't help much, either. Made a faint *rustle* every time she moved, as if a soft breeze was stirring some dead leaves around, but quieter-like. Funny, the perfume she was wearing had a sort of *musty* odor, too. Don't remember exactly what her dress looked like, except it all seemed so colorless. Only flash of color I can think of was that streak of red running across her mouth. Blood Red."

"Gosh!," someone let out. "Did you hear anything they said?"

"Hardly. You know Edwards. He talked so low and then there was her accent. Couldn't place where she was from. Had a hoarseness in her tone, even though she whispered, as if it was such a strain to say anything at all."

Hubert took a deep breath and leaned back in his chair and waited. He was almost finished and felt a reluctance to give up his newly-won position of prominence so soon.

Everyone was speechless. It took a few moments for someone to speak and then they all joined the hubbub. Someone asked if Hubert had seen Edwards and the woman leave.

"Well, yes and no," he answered. "I looked up and suddenly she had vanished. Saw Edwards go, though, soon after."

Liz frowned and said "Oh, come on, Hube. I suppose we're to think she suddenly flew away on a broom or a flying saucer?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Liz. I didn't see her go cause one of the kids was yelling and I turned away for a second. Looked back and, poof, she was gone. Oh yeah, just remembered. Before she went, she reached across and opened Edwards' hand. It was shaking, by the way. She put something in it, leaned over and just barely kissed his finger tips, then closed his hand, gently."

Someone cried out, "For heaven's sake, Hubert, couldn't you make out what it was?"

"Hardly. Saw a glint of something shiny, maybe a ring or a coin. Something like that. Think it was gold."

The din that followed was ear-piercing and everyone babbled at once. Possibilities and propositions flew around the room as if they had been jet-propelled. Suppositions of an ill-fated romance, a secretive broken-marriage, and blackmail ran rampant. Even treason was tossed in. After all, Irving reminded them, Cape Kennedy was only a few hundred miles away!

It was Liz, though, who first began to show signs of disbelief. She just couldn't project Edwards into all that cloak and dagger atmosphere, despite his recent behavior. "It doesn't add up," she said.

Little by little, the more they all thought about it, the more unbelievable it became. It got so that Hubert was beginning to wonder if he'd actually seen it at all. Some things had seemed rather hazy, even as he witnessed it.

Or thought he did.

Everyone was quieter now, let-down, feeling a little bit cheated about the whole affair.

"Old Daddy-O will probably arrive here tomorrow at 8:00 A. M., precisely, in his dry-cleaned topper, and we'll all sit around feeling like goons," sighed Irving.

"Funny thing about that umbrella," Hubert remarked, almost to himself, as he glanced in the direction of the clothes tree. Has a movable end-pin in it, made just like a cello."

He might just as well have yelled "Charge!" Everyone leaped up and dashed over to look.

Hubert removed the umbrella and placed it on the desk. He unscrewed the end-pin, lowering the metal rod it had rested on. A shiny gold band which had been clamped around it fell to the floor and tinkled in a peculiar way. It was unlike any other sound. Hubert picked it up and they all hovered about, inspecting it. It bore an inscription. They strained to make it out, but it was impossible to read, so Hubert laid it aside and picked up the umbrella. He unsnapped the ribbon which held it closed and it seemed to *rustle* faintly as he started to open it. A *musty* odor rose and penetrated their nostrils, almost seeming to engulf them. It was suffocating! They all breathed heavily as they peered inside the half-opened umbrella. There, resting on a handful of screws and bolts at the bottom, was a little grey homburg, all folded and crushed!

Someone gasped. The silence that crawled the walls dug into the plaster and shook the room.

It was minutes, it seemed like hours, before someone murmured something, incoherently. The others attempted to look in the direction of the voice but they could not focus their eyes.

Irving broke the spell, finally, when without warning, he suddenly whirled about and bolted from the room. He raced to the mail desk, swooped up a magnifying glass and then tore back, stumbling, as he handed it to Hubert, with not a word.

With trembling fingers, Hubert picked up the shiny gold band and they all looked at it intently, in silence. The inscription read:

C. H. EDWARDS
Saki-Nebula Galaxy
BORN: January 1, 1967
DIED: January 1, 1968

That was today! Exactly one year from the day he started work!

The room spun around as Liz's body shook convulsively and she fainted. Irving just stood there staring into space, in disbelief, dazed. Hubert staggered and fell against the side of the desk, his eyelids quivering as he dropped the umbrella. The others fell into the chairs, mute.

It was some time before Hubert recovered sufficiently enough to pick up the umbrella. With shaking hands he gently refolded it, wound the ribbon around, snapped it closed and tenderly carried it to the file cabinet and opened a drawer. Solemnly, he placed it inside and closed the drawer marked CANCELLED. J



THE VESSEL UNELABORATE

by Ben Weisel



The main business of writing is to entertain. The storyteller who is a success is, in the final analysis, an entertainer. I do not presume to say a storyteller has no message, philosophy, moral or peculiar psychology to proffer. These things generally do exist in any story; but they are *only* the points in a story and in no way should they be confused with storytelling. Endless strings of "... and thou shalt not ..." do not constitute anecdotes. The short story writer is a storyteller and the short story offers; ... a vessel for those feelings which, unelaborated, are truer ...

Arthur Miller

The surface of a great story absorbs hundreds of impressions that have nothing to do with the anecdote. One of the greatest over-elaborators was Maupassant, and his early stories with the embellishments are, by discerning readers, preferred to the later simplified and skimpy versions. The verbal portraits and landscapes he painted gave his stories (those influenced by the tutelage of Flaubert) a savor, a deliciousness one could roll on the tongue. D. H. Lawrence, however, wrote a swift, effortless shorthand, and so lost himself in the scene that it became an essential part of the story; a natural occurrence.

There was thin, crisp snow on the ground, the sky was blue, the wind very cold, the air clear.

Wintry Peacock

Lawrence's spare, lean language told a multitude of things in a word. There is no room, no length to which a short story writer can go to equal the unconventionalities allowed a novelist; and Lawrence never failed himself or his reader in his short stories. But when he broadened his scope to the novel, his writing deteriorated. There is no doubt that the early chapters of *Sons and Lovers* are among his best writing. The later chapters — with the hero involved in subjecting some well educated young lady to the humiliation of sexual intercourse — defy criticism because of their idiocy and silliness.

Nevertheless, you now have two examples conspicuous by their degree of divergence. I intend neither to compare styles, nor to dissect methods of various storytellers. For dissection and comparison, see the copious tomes compiled by those better equipped to tear things apart.

If upon reading the various short story writers, you have noticed a casual, conversational tone; and if upon noticing same, you have wondered at the apparent ease by which the writer came to tell the story, you are part way there. It is the author's speaking voice, that's true; but it did not come easily in most cases. The writing was the end result of many painstaking hours of working the syntax and rhetoric. Frank O'Connor admits to having written and rewritten the same story twenty times; and once he rewrote a story fifty times. He did it to be certain the story said *exactly* what he wanted to say. Not all writers are so particular. Sherwood Anderson managed to tell very good stories through a maze of sometimes impossible rhetoric. Chekov made no mistakes worthy of

mention except by the niggardly. His stories are long 'short stories', but if your speedreading classes can't get you through the length of Chekov, then try Issac Babel; some of his short stories are less than three hundred words!

The short story should have the tone of one's *normal* speaking voice, as I've shown above. Remember, you are only telling a story, not dictating a way of life or offering a new philosophy. You can only hope your reader will 'see' what you are getting at or coming to. Let the reader discover for himself what you already know; it will give great pleasure and accomplishment. James Joyce took great delight in using the ancient mythologies as the basis for his stories. His readers take great delight in discovering the allegory. It is their intellectual game.

The storyteller should have a sense of the theatre and the theatrical, drama and dramatics, and the inimical appreciation of perfect syntax and rhetoric (I can't stress the importance of the last two, enough) all of which totals common sense in good writing. To develop one above the others is to cause an acute overbalance such as Hemingway did in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" where one is wont to find the 'significant moment' so well developed that there is too much significance and not enough moment.

Plausibility is intrinsic in the story of worth — there can be no "... then a strange thing happened ...". The short story (and the novel) continue to function by satisfying the private standards of individual, solitary, critical readers. Give them something they can swallow. Plausibility should be worked out in terms of an ideal action and a selected point of approach where each new point represents a new form (or may well represent a complete fiasco). Here, the private tastes of the author prevails. *Any* incident is a story, but not for every writer.

A short story needs a central *character* or population. It is ludicrous to believe, however, that a central *personality* will fit the necessitating close-fitness of a short story. Once sight of this basic is lost, the writer may never be able to deal with the limits of character again. Possibility this is what happened to Joyce after he wrote "The Dead." A character is determined by the circumstances and vis-versa; there exists a symbiosis between them, but the importance of each must appeal to the writer. The incident is, generally, host to the character, since it is the incident that forces the attentions of one and all to notice the intrinsic human nature involved. Once the incident is revealed, however, the character (i. e. the focus on human nature) becomes the center of attraction.

The characters will, in all likelihood, be approached by the reader from the outside; with sympathy and understanding but with the feeling that the problems are the character's, not the reader's. In Gogol's "Overcoat" an inoffensive copy-clerk is teased by his fellow workers until finally he asks to be left undisturbed. It is not a sudden burst of indignation, but a plea, such that one of the new members of the tormentors is deeply affected by the tone and imagines the poor clerk crying out, "I am your brother." When the old man is driven to buy a new coat (the old coat is beyond repair) he is praised and admired. Most important — he is accepted. This puts the final stamp on him to change his manner and outlook. But when he is robbed of his new overcoat and gets no help in his efforts to recover it, he becomes despondent and dies. We find, then, that he had two existences in life; the first as an old, tattered overcoat, the second as a new overcoat.

One may feel sorry for Gogol's old man, but one doesn't identify with him anymore than with D. H. Lawrence's

character, Annie, in "Tickets Please," or with any of the characters in Frank O'Connor's "The Drunkard." Sorrow for Annie and other conductresses, their plight and hysteria, or for Annie's feeling the need to defend the faith by refusing John Thomas's choice, does not constitute identity with a character. To identify, the reader must know something more than what has happened in a few minutes, hours, or days. For example: why did Thomas choose Annie? Wasn't she the most brutal in the attack? She struck Thomas with the heavy buckle of her belt. Did Thomas recognize her violent attack as another aspect of love contact, or did he see a fellow masochist? The girls mock him and force him to choose among them; he hesitates, but he chooses without mockery.

"Aw, the poor kid!", you may say when you learn how he suffers from the effects of drinking his father's beer. Of course, it is also hilariously funny, and if you've ever had the pleasure of a tipsy Irishman's company, you'll laugh uproariously at the boy's braggardly threats to the old cronies. The father's need to make excuses to drink is pitiable. He leads up to it like a high tribal priest in ceremony. O'Connor seems to say a man needs to drink

with reason, so that the drink will not be wasted. Whatever the reason they choose, when men gather to drink (Irish, especially) there will be good cheer, good hearts, and damn good stories.

There is reason, therefore, to suppose that short stories, derived from the storyteller's art, is the form that best represents our attitudes to life. The special talent or gift needed in drama or poetry is the exclusiveness inherent in both forms. Where almost anyone can tell a story, sometimes well and sometimes not at all, the danger in drama and poetry is the possibility of becoming contrived or lapsing into a diarrhea of words.

Finally, the most obvious ways of losing the reader's attention are to offend, confuse and bore. Good writing can be reduced to a principle of active care for the reader's sensibilities. If a work of writing deals with life, it should be discussed in correspondingly live language; but I do not advocate the writer 'play down' to the crowd. When I said the writer is essentially an entertainer, I neglected to differentiate between slapstick-music hall and the legitimate theatre. One may cater to tastes; the other tries to educate the palate. ¶

A SONG OF GRATITUDE

by James Higgins

Last August 23rd

The wind set me down in a fertile field
that fed my heart from its breast
I reached for stars I could see
even while the sun was shining in the East
I caught them by a twinkle string
and the sun kept shining
always in the East

I admired every ray
and soaked it up
to tan my paling face
then as its warmth
began to warm my seeds of thoughts
a cloud drifted between
I longed for its return
and back it came
still in the East

Now my face is tanned
and my thoughts are warm
the stars I hold even tighter
by a twinkle string in both my leaves
but I'm older now and must go on
to raise the sun higher
always from the East

The fertile field is even more fertile
now to feed from its breast
another weed like myself
but the field on which I bloomed
I never will forget.





Encounter at the Waldorf

Mike Solomon

Tony Crain stepped into the elevator, anticipating the events which were soon to take place.

"Welcome to the Waldorf, sir. What floor would you like?"

"Twelfth, please."

The long awaited moment was at hand. Tony Crain was about to encounter the enemy face to face. He knew in room 1227 on the twelfth floor of this hotel, the Waldorf Astoria, four K. B. G. agents would be anxiously awaiting his arrival.

Fragments of the past four months ran randomly across his memory. He visualized each of the four men. He recognized the individual features which set them apart from other beings. His department had been very selective and efficient in detailing their case histories.

Physically there was little to set these agents apart from the men in the apartment next to yours — statistically they were the most sadistic, brutal and inhuman group ever assembled. They were the epitome of the polished professional killer, and by reputation the most efficient hired assassins the U. S. S. R. possessed. Mentally selecting one of the four, Crain visualized K. G. B.-464KHBQ, Bruno Kopka, his first target, the North American Operations Head of the K.G.B., *the man he was to kill.*

"Twelfth floor, sir."

Crain stepped from the elevator, hesitated, and moved into the middle of the empty corridor. His footsteps rang hollow, chilling the quiet. He considered the objective of his encounter at the Waldorf, the death of Kopka. After two years of painstaking search and carefully detailed planning, the actual slaying would be merely a restatement of fact to Crain's observation.

How many nights had he been startled awake, sweating? How many dreams had he wasted re-enacting over and over again what was to be the culminating climax of his short-lived career with the C. I. A.?

Crain was the third of a three man team which had originally been trained, programmed and virtually brain-washed for this one mission. The other two were dead — now it was his turn, and again the unforeseen complication, *Kopka plus three.*

He had known for the past three weeks his was a suicide mission. The additional three confirmed this.

The death of Kopka would be a great victory for the C. I. A.; the death of his three associates would be the death blow to the Soviet's apparatus in the Western hemisphere. But if he failed in his mission, the international consequences would be disastrous.

So he couldn't fail — he must not! But why fail? If anyone could pull it off it was a *Kamikaze*. He halted midstep — with the ultimate realization of the fallacy of his thoughts. He knew, that *they knew*, he could never make the sacrifice. Then why him?

But they knew why. They knew what he himself had not known. Tony Crain *was a coward*. Tony Crain had let his only sister be butchered by the K. G. B. It didn't matter that he had been subjected the tortures of De Sade's hell. Two weeks of gradual withdrawal from reality, two weeks in the rat's mouth. At the end he didn't

even know he was telling them. *Stella Crain betrayed by her own brother.*

But there was no time left for self-recrimination now. Two men approached from the opposite end of the hallway. In the distance he perceived an almost inaudible but unmistakable sound of a burglar alarm.

"So this is it," he thought to himself. "Don't worry." It's taken eighteen months to build your cover. It was solid.

For the last six months he had received more publicity than most movie stars. Page one —

SCIENCE NEARS BREAKTHROUGH!

As far as the enemy was concerned, he was Burton Williams, physicist, of vital importance to the free world's continuing freedom.

But what they didn't know would hurt them. Two weeks in a closed-security ward, plastic surgery. A new face — a new identity. The years Stella and he labored on the laser research team, the years that killed Stella, only added to the authenticity of his role.

As Crain moved down the corridor he could sense danger. The place seemed to lack atmosphere. Don't worry he told himself again. They don't want to kill you, only kidnap you.

"Ah, Mr. Williams," said the second and thinner of the two, "Welcome, we've done our best to see you're quite comfortable during your stay, sir."

So these men were K. G. B. agents. He had expected six or eight. Here, at least, were two easy kills. Now Crain knew there would be six.

"I don't mind telling you, I greatly admire your taste in hotels."

"If you will come this way, sir."

The two men proceeded to the end of the corridor. They stopped. Crain looked up — 1227.

"Well, here we are, sir — after you." They certainly gave one the impression of being perfect gentlemen, but just a little too subservient, possibly the result of K. G. B. over-training.

Crain entered the room, immediately observing his surroundings. The hotel certainly had achieved the highest degree of swank, like something out of a James Bond movie.

Crain eyed the four men, taking immediate notice of the man seated in the center of the room, Crain's prime objective, possibly Stella's executioner.

Crain paused briefly to map the room, its contents, the targets, their positions. *The four* were in the center of the room. The two flunkies were to the left on a couch, looking at a magazine.

But wait, there were four more, standing near a buffet at the opposite end of the room . . . another unusual feature, the room was equipped with electronics gear, the purpose of which, he guessed, might be a communication system of a type he was not familiar with.

His gaze returned to the table at the center. One of the four stood up and moved toward him. So this was Kopka, huge, possessing a fantastic physique, an ugly man! Kopka was, without a doubt, the most dominant

figure in the room. He exuded all the characteristics of leadership, the qualities of the K. G. B. elite.

"How do you do, Mr. Williams?" His voice was no prettier than his face. "I have been looking forward to this meeting for a long time now."

To kill *something* so ugly will be a gift to all that is beautiful, thought Crain. He knew everything about Kopka that his H. Q. could furnish. He had spent over two months cataloguing all the information obtainable on him and his associates.

Bruno Kopka, a former SS Trooper, the man who rose to become the power behind the Gestapo. It was Kopka who controlled its action in 1945. It was Kopka himself who delighted in the most inhuman atrocities imaginable! *Stella*. Don't think about it!

Kopka, in perhaps the smartest move in his infamous career went over to the Russians a milnute before the collapse of the Reich. The Ruskies, recognizing talent, welcomed one of their own.

Crain thought of the pleasure killing this ex-Nazi butcher would give him. But for now — play it cool.

"Do sit down, make yourself at home, Mr. Williams." Kopka emphasized the name. Did he know something?

"Thank you, Mr. — eh — Mr. . . ."

"What bad manners I have. Allow me to introduce you to our little group. This gentleman is Mr. Briggs, over here was have Mr. Le Blanc. And Mr. Edmonds, our chief coordinator here." Actually they were hukov, Brukner and Mitkov, respectively. "As for me, my colleagues simply call me Mr. G."

"Just Mr. G?"

"Yes, my name is quite long, so you see, it's much easier to use the initial."

"That sounds reasonable."

"I will introduce you to the others later, Mr. Williams, but first you must have some refreshment. It would be a crime not to take advantage of the buffet. After all, we did it all for you. I insist."

"In that case . . ." Crain walked over to the buffet. He was now separated from the others, but Crain was still the center of attention. He could feel their eyes upon his back as he helped himself to the sumptuous banquet. He wondered how they would have taken the real Williams. Crain dismissed the idea of drugged food. He had seen some of the others eating. Besides, with the Williams they wanted, it wouldn't have been necessary.

Crain wanted this to be quick. He knew it wouldn't be easy. One miscalculation and he would draw fire from ten different directions. "Catch them by surprise or this would be your last assignment," he told himself.

Crain went through the motions of eating and drinking, while mentally checking his equipment. Everything was intact, he would be ready for them if they made the first move.

As Crain ate and drank, he wondered how many lives had been snuffed out because of these men. He would have no qualms about wiping them out. None whatsoever.

From the corner of his eye, he saw Kopka motion to the men at the far table, then signal the two men standing by the door. Kopka spoke to the others in a subdued whisper. Crain strained to hear. They were speaking in Russian!

Crain knew now that he would have to make his move first, for they were about to make theirs. It was apparent that the charade was over. They didn't even seem to mind their loss of cover. But after all he was harmless enough as Mr. Williams.

Crain looked over the entire room — meticulously photographing the location of each group. Kopka and his asso-

ciates were the closest. The two at the door remained. The other four were standing now, moving away from the table.

Kopka shattered the silence. "Mr. Williams, we are now ready for business. I have some rather surprising news for you." *I bet you have.*

Kopka dropped his phony accent. "What I mean, Mr. Williams we are not who you think we are!" *You couldn't be more wrong Kopka, baby.*

"What is this — some sort of a joke? I don't think it's funny." *Crain played the game still.*

Crain realized the grand finale was only seconds away. A droplet of sweat trickled down this temple.

"We will now stop, as you Americans say, playing games. I will make it clear and simple for you, Mr. Williams." *My cover held fast.*

"We represent the Soviet Union, and you are now in our possession, and all the information you possess is ours. All that you need to understand is you are going to cooperate with us. You possess vital information and we are going to obtain it. You are about to embark in a little journey, Mr. Williams. Do not try to resist. You cannot! Our system is a very persuasive one."

A rapid spurt of Russian followed. *So this was it.*

Without a moment's hesitation Crain blazed into action. He ripped a gold button off his jacket and threw it at the table. The explosion was shattering. The four men were no more. Their remains shed a rosey cast to the disordered scene. The few split seconds of confusion which followed gave Crain the extra edge he had counted on, depended on.

Crain, gun out, leaped behind the couch, fired twice and dropped the two at the door. One man was literally blasted through the door. Six down, four to go.

Men were yelling frantically at each other in Russian, and all four were now firing at Crain.

He was hemmed in. The two in the center had overturned a table for cover. Kopka and Mitkov were behind a divan, firing. Crain would have to do something quick.

In rapid sequence he pulled out a cartridge clip, placing in his teeth, pulled off another button, tossed it, and watched the billowing smoke rise.

Crain quickly dashed from behind the couch and executed a perfect forward roll. He fired four rapid shots into the couch opposite him. Crain immediately replaced the clip. Amid the smoke and debris, Crain saw one of the men rise from behind the couch, apparently wounded, firing wildly. Crain squeezed off one shot. There was an agonizing scream as the man reeled backward toward the window. Crain heard the sound of shattered glass followed by a terrified cry. Brukner had plunged through the window. Only three left alive.

There was no question as to the next hit, his target was 20 feet directly in front of him. Zhukov was firing blindly! Apparently he didn't know Crain's position. Crain heard a biting exchange in Russian. It was Zhukov — dashing for the door!

The cloud of smoke was still thick. He wasted two shots on Zhukov, dropping him at the doorway. Those two shots were costly. Now the emaining two knew his position. He was immediately pinned down by a barrage of bullets, and he didn't like it. Crain yanked another clip from his jacket.

He extracted a three-inch incendiary and inserted it into the gun barrel, firing it into the table which shielded Mitkov and Kopka. Abandoning cover, they forgot Crain in their haste to escape the blossoming red poppy. Crain had a clean shot. Mitkov grew a third eye.

Only Kopka remained now. The smoke cleared and

Crain received a brief glimpse of the huge hulk. It was right that he should be last. Kopka fired four rapid shots into the couch. Crain felt a sharp sting as the bullet grazed his temple.

Kopka lunged wildly at him. Crain's gun was knocked clear by the impact. Crain had not counted on hand to hand combat. He was no match for Kopka's superhuman strength, but he well-prepared. Crain was a master of Karate — but then so was Kopka.

Kopka leaped over the couch — landing on top of the still dazed Crain. Kopka now had a death grip on his throat. Crain could feel himself blackening out — good god — he would have to do something — and quick!

Crain's left hand found the base of a lamp — smashing it into Kopka's head. Kopka, momentarily dazed, allowed Crain to roll free of his grasp.

Instantly they were both on their feet. Kopka threw a few quick-well-aimed blows, which were blocked by the evasive Crain! Then Kopka caught Crain off-guard with a blow to the solar plexus. Kopka grabbed Crain and literally smashed him into the wall. On the rebound Kopka dealt him a side kick — sending Crain crashing across the room into the buffet table.

Crain got to his feet in time to see a table hurtling for him from across the room. He ducked it — but Kopka had him by the throat. Kopka burst out in sadistic laughter as he proceeded to squeeze the life out of the tiring Crain.

Reacting instinctively, Crain dealt Kopka a blow to the solar plexus, followed by a savage kick to the groin . . .

the dazed Kopka was wide open to the flying body block Crain executed next . . . sending him headlong into the buffet. But Kopka was unhurt! He swiftly got to his feet covered with the colorful remains of the once sumptuous banquet.

Kopka, enraged and cursing, charged at Crain, ramming him in the midsection with terrific impact. Crain was sent careening across the room into assorted furniture.

Kopka was through toying with Crain — now he was going to kill him! Crain got to his feet. He could hear Kopka's brutish laughter which seemed to echo throughout the death-filled room. Crain lunged at Kopka — but missed. Kopka retaliated with another savage blow to Crain's ribs, sending him crashing to the floor. Crain got to his feet, but could not avoid a sledge hammer blow across his shoulder. Again he went down, his collar bone was broken. His left side seemed to catch fire. This time he didn't have the chance to get up — Kopka dealt him a cruel kick to the ribs.

Crain couldn't take much more of this. He saw Kopka coming at him again — laughing his brutish, sadistic laughter. Crain tried to get up, but didn't quite make it. Kopka was coming at him again.

Then he saw it. His gun — about two feet from him. Crain grabbed for it — Kopka was almost on top of him. With all his might he squeezed the trigger. Suddenly the laughter ceased — cut off and immediately replaced by an agonized, stifled scream. Simultaneously the ceiling and walls were peppered with a rich red spray. A million maggots oozed from Kopka's skull.

Crain staggered over to Kopka's remains. Ironically thinking of the "well done" he would get from his chief at H. Q., he delicately turned the corpse over — using the toe of his shoe. His eye caught sight of Kopka's sapphire stick pin.

Crain bent down and removed it, slipping it into his pocket. HE KNEW THAT STELLA WOULD HAVE LIKED IT. ♪

TWO AND TWO IS

by Tom Kinney

She
was.
Mine and mine alone
We stood as one
Two united.

Love was ours
It came freely
She asked nothing of me
Except . . . my love.

I gave it
Asking nothing in return
except . . . hers.

We were ours for more than a year
Then it came. . .

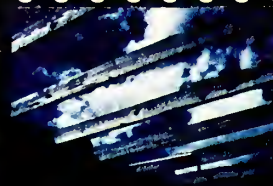
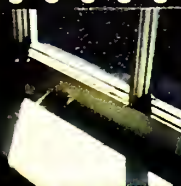
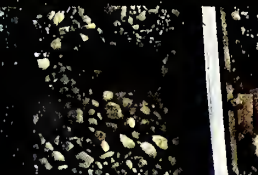
The day,
The time. ♪



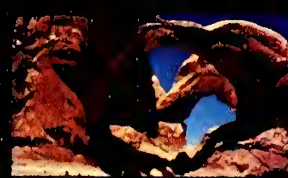




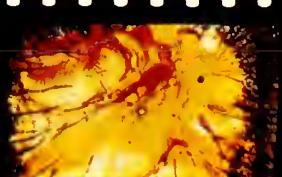
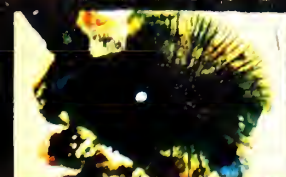
PHOTOS BY JOSEPH NAPIER



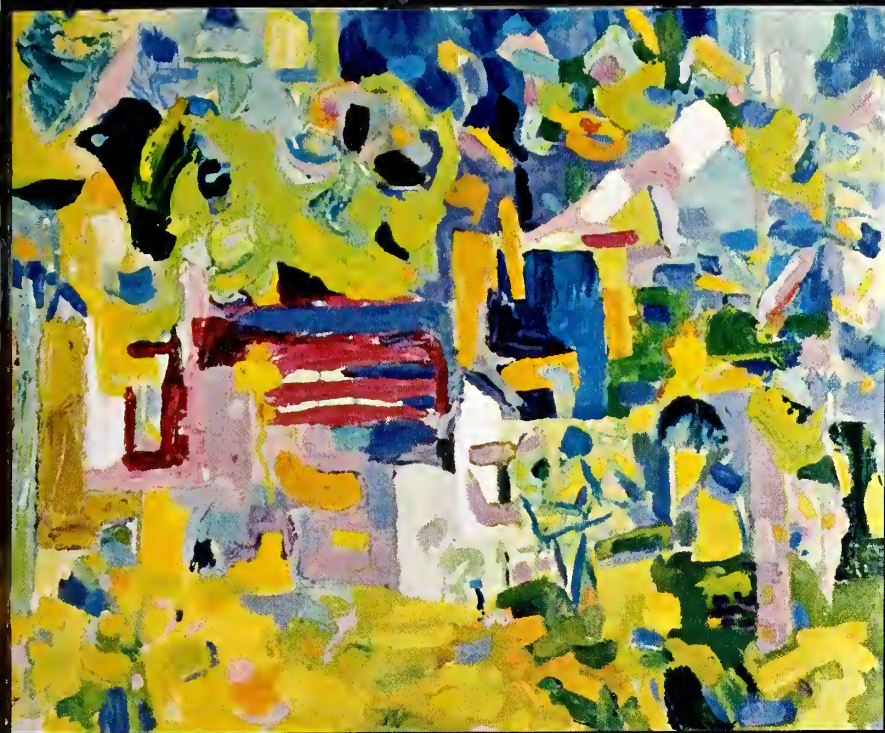
PHOTOS BY DAVID PORTER



PHOTOS BY ROBERT A. EIBLING



PHOTOS BY J. M. H.



Pam Frost is a problematic painter, she sets herself goals. In her painting, "Landscape" she tries to capture the primary visual impact and constant motion of nature.

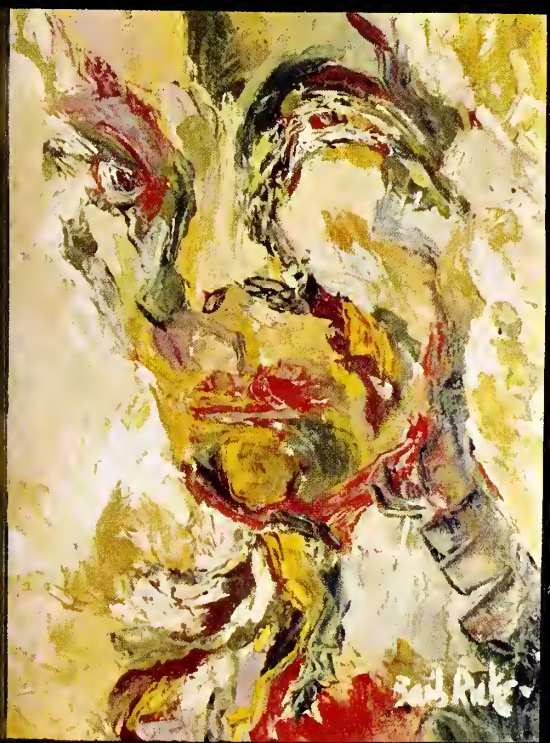


"Still Life," by Barbar Rieke is a denial of the concept that all lines read black. Through the spontaneous use of medium and tool, she has created a painting of colored lines and areas that give life to the inanimate objects which she has chosen for her subject.

Not only were these reviews written by one of our excellent instructors, Russell Green, but coincidentally these four paintings were all done by students in Mr. Green's classes in oil painting; in itself a testimony to the inspiration extant in our department of fine arts. — Editor

"Self Portrait," by Barbara Rieke presents us with one small expression of self awareness that is open to interpretation. Is she mean? Is she domineering — puzzled or questioning?

The formality, yet interesting strength of, "A Still Life" by Rebecca Smiggens, is achieved by the contrasted use of rectilinear shapes which repeat the frame shape and set the compositional pattern.





CAROL McDONALD



OLD CHINESE PROVERB

by Ben Weisel



"For those who know it, happiness is a problem

Knowing this, I strive for happiness

Wanting that and nothing less

Til one day I chance to find

There is no happiness

Hence, no problem. . .

The taken and the Taker are one

The empty and the Eyeless are not one

I know how such things can be

I know; it is all shown to me

The empty all-seeing non-feeling. . .

Firm be the flesh 'neath my head

Happy am I

among the dead.

"Cover your heads" that's what the man said

"And sit and talk of death and dying"

So I covered and talk and

head

You were filled with songs of dying

lying

How much punishment does one man get?

Dante, baby, you ain't see nothin' yet!

PEGASUS BY FLASHBULB

by Mike Newman

Sank into the gloss of celluloid
the horse — coldly alone — acquiesces
to some searing truth, endures a curse.

The vision of a myth named
Pegasus: a neon horse spread in intense display against the sky,
a taut, translucent arch of light
posing gaunt and serpentine,
of oriental dragon's mein,
winged beast of endless flight.
Drained bloodless by time and the brunt of ages
(so long a trek, so little rest between)
worn thin, like some glowing shadow
pinned against the night
amid a fierce array of stars that stare like silent sages.
Pegasus: the fabled offsprings of Medusa's gore
Intimidated by no boundary
he knows the pyrrhis triumph of perfect unrestraint
this spirit-beast, this prisoner of eternity
reads well the god's intent —
concealed in his deathless stance, the irony of proud despair
caught for one frozen moment, immobile, in the air.
consigned to a book of photographs that grandchildren
peruse and wonder at.

SONG OF GRATITUDE

by Ben Weisel

And for that I was grateful!

To find what the poem really meant

(Whether that was what I had meant or not)

I was grateful, I was

Pleased, I was happy to find

That what I said (what I wrote)

Was what I meant . . . tho'

Of course, I didn't know.



CEREBRALNESS

by Ben Weisel

My mind: express the conflict best.
My plight a silent burden —
Romantic notions only quest
-ing for an illusion
Of dream unknown but still foretold.
That is all I dare to hold.

A time to gaze into your eyes
To touch your fervid flesh
To whisper 'love' and other lies
Like 'cherish, always'
and at best
Depart from you as in tears
Longing to hold you near. . . .

And oh, what blunders I perform
Racing ahead of love
Fearing to face the time to come
The time I cannot solve. . . .
Heart that cannot know to bless
Enormous powers of peacefulness.





ILLUSTRATION BY ELNA HEDSTROM

THE PARTY

by Jerry Mitchell

As I walked up three flights of dirty stairs, I wondered what my friends in my ordinary life would say if they knew I was a frequent visitor to the area they referred to as "the cess pool of our fair city." Each time I tried to break away, never to return, that call came and that mysterious voice said, "Man, there's going to be a blast tonight. Come on over." Although I knew I should answer negatively, a force seized my vocal cords and made me answer affirmatively.

Many times I had tried to analyze the fascination this way of life held for me. Being a social outcast did not appeal to me. Although I enjoyed what happened after a few reefer, I could derive no pleasure from the damning afterthoughts. Still I came . . . I participated . . . I relished their Anacreontic pastimes. When I asked myself why, the answers I came up with were incomplete. It was an escape from my prose existence in society. It was acceptance, no questions asked.

Standing in front of the grey door I knew to be my personal entrance into Hell, something told me, "Turn away. Don't go tonight." Instead, I gave the three knocks that caused this gate to swing wide, allowing me to be engulfed in the ritual fires for a few hours of escape.

The door swung inward . . . revealing to me a ravishing woman. She, too, looked out of place, as I did. Her long blond hair, falling, in soft waves, almost to her waist, framed a dreamy white face. Her eyes had been replaced by two perfectly matched blue star sapphires. I let my eyes roam the full distance of her body. It was covered, not hidden, by a revealing dress. "Venus in Eclipse."

"White-man, dat's my woman youse lookin' at!" Reality returned. Looking past her I saw a well-built Negro poised to pounce, with panther claws unsheathed, fangs exposed.

Stepping through the door, I greeted my hostess with a smile and nodded to the others. I crossed the cheaply furnished room and sat on the rug beside the couple that had introduced me to this by-way of life. Friends since childhood, we knew each other as brothers and sister. Richie had been first. After he was hooked, he introduced Mary to his bizarre world. Soon afterwards, they had moved into this universe of wierd journeys and invited me to their first party. That was almost a year ago. Now I was hooked, too.

I must have been the last guest to arrive. No sooner had I taken my seat, than the host passed out small brown papered hand-rolled cigarettes, one to each of us. Placing it between my lips, I could taste the bitter "mari." I touched a flaming match to the end and drew the smoke directly into my lungs. It felt as if I had inhaled steam. I held it deep within my being, almost passing out from the lack of oxygen, exhaled, then repeated the process until there was nothing left except a few grayish ashes on the rug, these waiting to be ground in with the remnants of previous parties.

As I looked around the room everything seemed different. A soft pink glow replaced the harsh white. The walls began to sway, keeping time to the beat of blaring jazz erupting from a phonograph. Someone sat next to me and placed a hand softly on my thigh. I pushed it aside roughly. I wasn't high enough, yet . . . to play this game . . . already started.

Forcing my wobbly legs to support me in an upright position, I began wading slowly through and over the discarded garments, towards the only window. If I could only get high enough, I could use this window for my escape. I couldn't do that. My only escape would have to be these damnable parties.

A freshly-lit reefer was placed between my lips. This one didn't taste quite so bitter. Inhaling as before, I watched as the matronly buildings in my part of town started a rhythmic, swaying pagan dance. Unamused, I turned my back to the ritual across town, and discovered a modernistic one in the room. Everyone was either nearly or completely nude. They stared at me as if I were nude and they fully dressed. I quickly discarded my clothing.

As the last article dropped to the floor, conversations started once more.

Subconsciously, I was walking; consciously, I was drifting across the room, floating to the floor, reclining against the wall. The wall did nothing to stop the sensation, instead it made it more pronounced.

Someone was talking to me. I nodded yes, for neither face nor voice could penetrate the soft cloud in which the two reefer had placed me. I had achieved suspended animation. Somewhere in space I floated by myself, not seeing, hearing, or caring what these people were doing to me or to each other.

I felt the sharp pain as a needle penetrated the soft flesh of my arm. I sat watching the plunger slowly forcing the liquid into my bloodstream. I felt it start its weird, ecstatic journey, being carried to all the regions of my body by my fast-pumping heart. Someone knelt beside me, softly kissed my lips, neck, and chest.

Suddenly, a splintering sound came from the doorway, followed by the sharp piercing shrill of a police whistle.

I knew I had to escape. *I must not be recognized.* Who would understand when I myself didn't? I could leave by the window and run away. Shoving the body away from me, I jumped up and darted toward the window. A hand protruding from a blue sleeve tried to grab me. I ducked and dove for the window.

My head hit first. I felt the sensation — hot rakes being dragged over every inch of my body as the jagged glass tore and ripped my flesh. My only thoughts were: "*I have escaped.* No one will ever know." I felt my bones snap and crush against the pavement.

As death wrapped around me, I knew I was free. I couldn't be recognized. They couldn't see me drifting above them. There will be no more prose existence.

There will never be another party.

WITH EQUAL EYE

by Kay Leitner



Man, I could tell he was excited soon as I walked in. Even before he poured me a beer, O'Toole told me about B. B. Johnson. For a bartender who always keeps one hand on the tap handle and the other on the cash, it had to be a shocker. Boy, did I bust O'Toole's balloon when I didn't act shocked.

B. B. was always a queer one, though. I mean, he just didn't seem to have no feelings. I mean like, if someone'd bust out crying, B. B.'d just stand there, screw up those blue eyes like the sun was shining in 'em, and look the other way; no tears nor nothing. Yeah, and when someone'd split their sides laughing, B. B.'d just stand there, open his lips a bit and grin. No sound, just a grin. Lucky thing for him, I s'pose, 'cause Old Man Kelly was always belting his own for whining or laughing or something. Or even for nothing. Can you imagine what he'd a done with a kid from the state? And Kelly got money every month for keeping B. B. Boy, was that highway robbery! For what B. B. done around that place and with watching all them kids whenever the Kellys was pie-eyed, *they* shoud have paid the *state*.

Hey, just thought of a funny thing that Bertha told me once. Was when little Dee Dee Kelly died. Bertha went to pay her respects and when she come out of there, she could hear sobbing like she never heard before, coming from the back of the house. So's she went around to see, and there was B. B., of all people, huddled up on the back stoop, his tears gushing like the water at Johnson's Locks. When he seen her, he up and bolted away, traveling like sixty. Didn't even as much as say "Hi" nor nothing to Bertha. Boy, was her feelings hurt! See what I mean about him being queer? There was just no figuring him.

A couple of other things about B. B. Even when he was older, he was so gosh-darned quiet. You couldn't get him to talk about nobody. We'd be sitting, stirring up the

dirt about someone, and just when it was getting mud-dier'n a pig in a sty, he'd up and disappear. Queer the way people didn't hold no interest for him. Not even dames. The only one I ever seen him with took off with someone from out-of-state, after B. B. going into hock for a ring n'all. Ha, I'd like to see one try that on me! The only ring she'd get would be the one from the belt in the ear I'd give her!

Another thing, B. B. never cared about a wedding or a wake. Man, all of us went for that 'round here. Not B. B., though. Too bad, sometimes we really tied a good one on. Like they say, you don't never get to see all your relatives and friends less it's one or the other. Come to think of it, after the Kellys blew town, B. B. didn't have no relatives or nothing and we never asked him to go. Figured it would've been a waste, anyhow, him with no feelings n'all.

Now, don't get the idea we treated him mean. Why, any time he came into O'Toole's we always said, "Hey, B. B.," and stuff like that and he'd come over. Never sat down, though. Man, he was always standing! Almost asked him once, does it make you feel bigger that way or are you waiting to run out when things get rough? And they got plenty rough at O'Toole's! The only time I ever seen him chicken out, though, was the night that crazy Bertha threw her beer in his face, calling him "Bird-brain" and slobbering for him to get his "mangy, two-bit, flea-bitten excuse for a man to hell out of here." It don't matter who, when Bertha gets tanked-up, she's nastier n'sin. Well, B. B.'s face was as red as his hair and he screwed up his eyes real tight and reached for a napkin to wipe his dripping face. Funny. when I think of it now, B. B. did look sort of dignified-like, the way he just put down the napkin, paid O'Toole, and then walked out without a peep. Me, I would've flattened that dame! I got feelings. Things sort of quieted down after he left

that night, though. To tell the truth, we all called him names n'stuff. Only for laughs, though, never to his face. Now that's what I call mean. Leave it to a crazy, soused-up dame!

Oh, one more thing . . . B. B. never went to church, neither. Didn't belong to none. I mean, no feelings about it at all.


Why, even that greaser Lopez went, with his silver medal n'all. I ain't one much to talk, hungover most Sundays myself, but at least on Christmas!

Hey, you know, two to one that was his real trouble. It just ain't normal. That fool Doc should've looked into that, thinks he's so darn smart, 'stead of all that other stuff he reads about, which them quacks think of to steal your dough. Doc used to say B. B. kept it all "bottled up" and was going to "explode" some day what with "all his traumatic experiences," whatever that all meant. You'd of thought he was a real doc, the way he was always picking somebody's brains. Man, it was a one-man show when B. B. wasn't here, and Doc'd rake us over, yelling and shaking his fist, kicking the sawdust around. We'd like to bust our sides. When he stood up, though, you couldn't hear nothing from nobody. Better'n Broadway, it was. That booming voice reciting all that junk! Give Doc a few snorts and he thought he was that guy what's-his-name . . . Yeah, Shakespeare. Always ended with the same thing before he went into his crying-jag. Got it right on this card what Doc wrote. Says here:

*"Who see with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world."*

Now ain't that a gasser? Said it was a Pope wrote it. S'pose it was that one in Rome?

Funny, though, we kind of missed little B. B. after the big lay-off. Lots of others went, Lopez n'all. Doc used to wonder how was B. B. getting along some place not knowing nobody, having practically growed up here. That doc is an old fool. Whatever's the difference if you ain't got no interest? We never did hear nothing, though. Not 'til that Schlitz guy from way out Middleton came in nearly two weeks ago and told O'Toole. B. B. walked into a bar there, ordered a beer, took it down to the dim-lit end, smashed the glass, and then ripped the devil out of his spindly wrists. So much racket in the place they never seen him. Was too late when they found him. Was still sitting on the stool, slouched over, one arm dangling at his side, the other laying under his head on the bar, in that mess. Man, what a way to go! What ever do you s'pose he did that for? First time I seen Doc cry without a snootful.

Yeah, two weeks ago tonite, it was. Me, Doc, O'Toole, Bertha, and Fat Lippie scraped together and gave him a damn good wake. Boy, did we tie one on! Was the least we could do, him with no relatives n'all. B. B. never went to none, did I tell you? 

SEBRING

by Bill Cael

The great blue lightning bolt
Shrieks down the blackened groove
Turning hastily from infinity
While its catapults shed singed adhesive
To mingle with the white stench of power

Flame pours forth in a wave of thunder
As the nose searches once again
Limitless space of fear
And becomes of history when
Tables are filled over abundantly

Yet another time to the place of deception
Forms the wailing ghost
But passes not anew
For the way is blocked by error and anger
So life seeks refuge from endlessness
On blooded stone
Stealing away souls of four

Removed from conquest
The blinded thought seeks home through shattered glass
Seeing not the havoc wrought
Receiving autopsy, it wills to cease struggling
And reaps punishment of flame

Outside the wall Glory is storming
bridges of life



CAST THE FIRST STONE

(A Play designed for Reader's Theatre)

by Judy Mathis Homan



MODERATOR:

This could be a true story. It was once . . . circa 1937. And like nearly all true stories, it is probably filled with many tired clichés.

The time element is important to our tale, for in 1937, Graystone was a small town. Being a small town made her ignominious — a closely-knit community, with one theater, two banks, few schools, no colleges, one hotel, and many, many real estate offices — mostly closed. It was a sleepy town, having been ravished by the depression and only beginning to awaken.

In 1937 there was a "sinsational" trial held in our fair city; but Graystone, being a sophisticated small town, had a more or less sophisticated solution to finite justice.

You, our listeners, will sit in the jury box as our tale unfolds, for you too, must have the facts.

The people in our story are few in number and will not be given their real names, in order to protect the guilty. Almost stereotypes, our players are as follows:

- BALIFF: a man to be heard, but not listened to.
- JUDGE: basically an honest man, but aware of up-coming elections.
- ACCUSED: a major character with a minor role, underdeveloped because of censorship. He is a simple man of color, alias John Black.
- WITNESS: the accused's girlfriend, whose characterization, must of necessity suffer from the same inadequacy as the defendant, alias Mabel Brown.
- PLAINTIFF: Melinda White, who should be an unimportant character, but is not . . . for it was she who cried too soon and wept too late.
- DEFENSE: an important character to himself, as well as to John Black and Mabel Brown, and more than a little enthusiastic over his day in court.
- PROSECUTOR: an interim character, not good, not evil, just doing his job; the key to his personality — just doing his job.
- HECKLER: the one in every crowd. Like the Hydra, when removed from one place, sprouts up in seven others. He is perhaps the most important character, because his voice is heard above the others and shouts the unspoken thought of the townspeople. His jeers and catcalls are uninhibited, similar to a virus, hidden in a dark, damp place, growing . . . Growing . . . GROWING.

Our play opens in the last moments of the trial. The defense has gone well for the young attorney, but to secure his case, and perhaps feeling just a bit overconfident, the young man makes a fatal mistake, and calls as his witness, the plaintiff . . . pale and wane from suffering and shame. As she reaches the witness stand, she hesitates, then stumbles. A barely perceptible gasp escapes from the spectators as she raises her tear-swollen face.

- BALIFF: Do you swear to tell the truth . . . etc.
rapid sing-song
- PLAINTIFF: I do.
- BALIFF: Be seated.
coughs to restore order in the court
- DEFENSE: Miss White, would you please tell the jury, in your own words,
kindly
what happened on the night in question, taking care to leave
patronizingly
out no pertinent facts relevant to this case.

- PLAINTIFF: There's really not much to tell. You've all heard it before.
innocently
- DEFENSE: We're sorry, Miss White, but just one more time for the court's record. If it will make it any easier, start with the walk
added as if an afterthought
- PLAINTIFF: Well, it was around six when Jeane called and asked me over to her house. She had to finish a term paper on the Civil War,
praudly and pedantically
- and she wanted me to help. Naturally, I said I'd be glad to. My great-grandfather actually fought in the Civil
raising her voice a register, praudly
- War, and I felt I could be of some help.
- DEFENSE: How long did you stay at Jane's house?
- PLAINTIFF: Two hours.
- DEFENSE: Only two hours?
- PROSECUTOR: Objection. The defense is leading the witness.
with some baredam
- JUDGE: Sustained.
- DEFENSE: I'm sorry. Miss White, what time did you leave Jane's house?
- PLAINTIFF: At eight o'clock.
- DEFENSE: Are you sure of the time?
- PLAINTIFF: Yes. Jane's boyfriend always calls at eight, and I thought that I had helped enough, so I left.
self-righteously
- DEFENSE: Then what happened?
- PLAINTIFF: I left!
- HECKLER: Tell him, sweetie!
punctuated with a general twittering from the audience
- PLAINTIFF: Jane offered to drive me home, but I said "no." I like to walk on the beach in the rain . . .
- DEFENSE: Where were you when you decided this?
- PLAINTIFF: What do you mean?
- DEFENSE: How far were you from home at this time?
- PLAINTIFF: Oh, about half way, four blocks. I was next to the Thomas place, when I decided to use their pathway up to the street.
- DEFENSE: Were the lights on?
- PLAINTIFF: No. The Thomases were away for the season.
- DEFENSE: Go on.
- PLAINTIFF: Well, I was walking through the back yard when I heard these noises.
- DEFENSE: Noises?
- PLAINTIFF: Like someone walking behind me. He was kind of . . . breathing funny.
hesitating
- DEFENSE: What did you do then?
- PLAINTIFF: I turned around then . . . and then I saw him.
pauses dramatically
- DEFENSE: Saw who?
- PLAINTIFF: Who we're talking about of course. John Black!
emphatically
- DEFENSE: Is that man in the courtroom this morning?
- PLAINTIFF: Yes, right over there. John Black.
impatiently
- ACCUSED: It weren't me, Miss White, you know it weren't me.
plaintively — almost crying
- JUDGE: The plaintiff will please leave the guilt or innocence of the defendant to the jury.
stern, but with attempted patience
- PLAINTIFF: But judge?
- JUDGE: Miss White, I must remind you to confine your statements to the questions asked. John Black, sit down or you'll be restrained . . . Continue
with authority *resignedly*
- DEFENSE: Miss White, you said it was John Black. How do you know it was John Black?
- PLAINTIFF: I saw his face.
- DEFENSE: May I remind the witness that in previous testimony she recognized the defendant by his basketball jersey, number 23.
- PLAINTIFF: Yes, that too.
- DEFENSE: Miss White, how could you see his face, or the number?

- PLAINTIFF: The street lamp was on.
matter of fact, as though memorized
- DEFENSE: The street lamp illuminated the backyard?
incredulous
- PLAINTIFF: Yes.
- DEFENSE: Thirty feet from the front of the house?
still more incredulous
- PLAINTIFF: The moon was bright.
- DEFENSE: On a rainy August night?
in a very sarcastic tone
- PROSECUTOR: Objection. The Defense is intimidating the witness.
- JUDGE: Objection over-ruled.
- DEFENSE: Thank you, your honor. Isn't it true, Miss White, that your original statement to the police did not contain a description of the clothing Mr. Black was wearing — in fact you didn't find out or know what Mr. Black was wearing until the line-up?
- PLAINTIFF: I don't remember.
- DEFENSE: Then let me refresh your memory. In your original statement to the police, you said, and I quote, "It was dark. I don't know if I can recognize him or not. He was tall and dark. He hit me and that's all I remember until I woke up. Please let me go home. I'm so tired." Is that correct?
- PLAINTIFF: I don't remember.
beginning to get excited
- DEFENSE: A man's life is at stake, and you don't remember?
at this point disgust supercedes sarcasm
- PLAINTIFF: I just know it was John Black.
defensively
- DEFENSE: Isn't it true you picked John Black out of a line-up after three hours intensive questioning, plus a medical examination? You
picking up speed
were tired and wanted to go home. John Black was the only dark man in the line-up, so you picked him?
- PROSECUTOR: Objection. The defense attorney is leading the witness.
- JUDGE: Sustained. Counselor, you will confine yourself to questions that can be answered by the witness.
- DEFENSE: I'm sorry your honor. I have no further questions of the witness.
- JUDGE: The witness is excused, if the prosecuting attorney has no further questions?
- PROSECUTOR: No questions, your honor.
- JUDGE: Next witness.
brief pause to allow identification of the next witness
- BALIFF: The defense attorney calls as the witness, Miss Mabel Brown. Do you swear to tell the truth . . . etc.
again the rapid sing-song
- WITNESS: I sure do.
with conviction
- BALIFF: Be seated.
- DEFENSE: Miss Brown, will you please tell the jury what you told me, August twelfth, three days after the night in question.
- WITNESS: Yes . . . John was with me that night.
- DEFENSE: Miss Brown, would you mind explaining that statement to the jury . . . more fully?
- WITNESS: John Black was with me when he was supposed to be ra — eh, to be with Miss White.
- DEFENSE: Where were you and John?
- WITNESS: Down by the Casino Pool, where he always meets me after work.
surprised by the question, as if everyone knew
- DEFENSE: What time did you meet him?
- WITNESS: A little before eight. He was already there when I got there.
- DEFENSE: How long did you stay?
- WITNESS: 'Bout two hours?
quietly, shyly
- HECKLER: Nigger hussy!
leering
- JUDGE: Get that man out of my court!
pause as the snickers build in volume, then die
- DEFENSE: Two hours. How did you know you were there for two hours?
repeating her answers lost by the disturbance

ll throughout her testimony is
laid "Black is the Color of My
ue Love's Hair."

WITNESS: I checked my watch. Mammy, — *mother* always 'spects me in by
correcting herself to be proper

DEFENSE: 10:30, and I sure don't like to worry her none
 You mean to tell the court that you and John were three
raising voice to reach the depths of the courtroom

WITNESS: miles away, when the crime was taking place?
 Yes sir. He's a good man. John wouldn't hurt a fly.
more than a little relieved at being understood

DEFENSE: Thank you, Miss Brown. Your witness.
pause long enough to allow the prosecutor to reach the stand

PROSECUTOR: Mabel, Mabel? You love John very much, don't you?
safely intreating by contrast accusingly loud

WITNESS: No sir, I like him very much.
a little surprised at being misunderstood

PROSECUTOR: Isn't it *unusual* for you to stay out until 10:30, with a boy,
partraying dramatic disbelief

HECKLER: you only *like* very much?
 Chocolate slut!
venomously

JUDGE: Baliff, throw that man in jail! I'll deal with him later.
afficious and emphatically

WITNESS: The only reason I was out with him so late was that he had
 some serious business on his mind.

PROSECUTOR: Serious business?

WITNESS: Yes sir, he . . . he asked me to marry him.
quietly and embarrassed

PROSECUTOR: Marry him.
repeating her statement, almost to himself

HECKLER: Liar!
shout, fallowed by a loud cough by the judge

PROSECUTOR: You did say "marry him"?
as though unthinkable!

WITNESS: Yes sir, he asked me to marry him.

PROSECUTOR: Marry him?

WITNESS: Yes sir, but I said "no."

PROSECUTOR: And it took you two hours to say "no."
delivered to the twitters and sniggers of the audience

WITNESS: Yes sir, I didn't want to hurt his feelings none.

PROSECUTOR: You like him very much. Are you sure you don't love him,
 very much . . . and are purjuring yourself right now to save
speed and valume build together, rapidly
 his hide? Isn't that the truth? Answer me, as God is your witness.
nearly threatening

WITNESS: John's a good man, you hear, a good man!
voice breaking, at the point of tears!

DEFENSE: Your honor, the prosecution is badgering the witness.

JUDGE: Sustained.

PROSECUTOR: That will be all your honor.

DEFENSE: Yes, that will be all, your honor.
this is said very softly, almost to himself

Blackout of courtroom as the light
 comes up on the moderator.

Scene II

MODERATOR: And now the next scene, which takes place in the jury room after the defense attorney
 and the prosecutor have delivered their final statements to the jury. The prosecutor spoke
 for only ten minutes, and was straight to the point. He issued a plain declaration of the
 issue — *White vs. Black*. The defense attorney's dissertation was more prolonged, lasting
 fully thirty minutes, all to the general frustration and boredom of the jury. In the end, the
 young man was sure justice would be served and after all, "a just decision needed no
 booster shot."

A very soft dirty flute
 begins to play the
 melody to "Darling."

Here too, we meet the jurors, the major characters in our story. All twelve are represented in dialogue by only four voices, three for the guilty camp, one for the not guilty camp.

The "guilties" are headed by *Mother Justine*, the town busybody, a leading figure. "Mother" is a title of respect. Always active in civic affairs, Mother had to register for jury duty. Otherwise, as in most small southern communities, she — a woman, would have remained a spectator to our play.

Johnny Young represents the "not guilties." He is a young man, just out of college, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, full of idealism, but little fortitude. He is a product of

modern society, which practises the Ninth Commandment, "Honor thy mother until death do you part" . . . a commandment not to be confused with a Freudian slip.

Sam Smith is the typical loud mouth, a patent-medicine salesman, foul of language, alcoholic, abusive by nature.

Lydia Johnson, by contrast, is the perennial old maid, shy, twittering, always echoing her social superiors.

SMITH: Who's the foreman of this crew?

the big organizer

LYDIA: Prudence Justine was appointed by the judge.

respectfully

SMITH: Sorry mother. I guess I sorta fell asleep when that chocolate drop took the stand.

still with self-assurance

LYDIA: Sam Smith!

scolding

SMITH: Beg your pardon, Lydia. I forgot there's a lady present.

MOTHER: If you weren't so damned interested in that paper bag, you

with some trace of amusement

could see there was two ladies present.

JOHNNY: Now Mrs. Justine. I'm sure Mr. Smith didn't mean it that way.

Did you Mr. Smith.

SMITH: Course I didn't, Mother. You know that. I mean . . . shucks, a man can only take so much of that nigger song and dance, and he gets tired of it.

LYDIA: Prudence, if you're foreman, aren't you supposed to take the vote.

I think we all know the verdict.

I agree. Has everyone got a slip of paper?

there is a slight pause to give them time to write their decisions

JOHNNY: Mrs. Justine

MOTHER: Call me Mother, Johnny. Everybody else does.

friendly and motherly

JOHNNY: May I take them up for you?

MOTHER: Boy, that Yankee college certainly made a nice young gentleman

complementing and kindly

out of you. Certainly you can.

SMITH: What's the verdict? Don't keep us waiting any longer'n we have to.

impatiently

MOTHER: Hold your horses. Hold your horses. 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - 5 - 6 - 7 - 8 - 9 - 10 - 11 -
- - - 11 guilty. One not guilty!

SMITH: O. K. Who's the joker?

neerly threatening

JOHNNY: Well, I voted not guilty if that's what you mean?

SMITH: Now listen, son, it's been a rough day, and that nigger's lying didn't help matters none. Ain't that so, Mother?

MOTHER: I'm afraid Sam's right, Johnny.

kindly

JOHNNY: But Mrs. Justine . . .

with doubt

MOTHER: Call me mother.

JOHNNY: The judge said, "beyond a reasonable doubt and -"

MOTHER: Maybe so, but eleven of us feel he's guilty . . . son.

JOHNNY: But Miss Brown said -

SMITH: That gal would say "diddle" to save his dirty neck.

always the bigot and smart aleck

MOTHER: Now Sam, young Johnny has a right to his say, but he's been away and doesn't know the colored situation anymore.

SMITH: Amen! Only last Monday that bunch of basta . . .

MOTHER: Honey, I feel sorry for 'em too. But I feel sorrier for that girl's poor mother. . . . that girl's poor mother.

echoes . . . full, but full of pity

MOTHER: Yes Lydia, no *decent* man will have Melinda now, white or black.

JOHNNY: But what about -

MOTHER: No buts. You love your mother, Johnny. Put your mother in Mrs. White's shoes.

JOHNNY: Well -

MOTHER: You know what she'd say. Sometimes it's better to pay a little attention to the wisdom of your elders. You see?

JOHNNY: Well, since you put it that way, I guess I do, *Mother*.

Here's my ballot!

MOTHER: 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - 5 - 6 - 7 - 8 - 9 - 10 - 11 - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 12 - - - - Guilty.

there is a longer pause as she unfolds the last ballot

with a smile in her voice

lute begins "Tom Dooley" building to a crescendo at 12, accentuating each number spoken.

blackout as spotlight comes up on moderator.

Scene III

MODERATOR:

And now for a footnote to our play, an anticlimax. Later John's case was appealed, without success. Just the same, poor John was hanged by the neck 'til dead and all the while he danced to the inaudible strains of the *Danse Macabre*. Two years later . . . John Black was exonerated. The real rapist was caught *flagrante delicto*. A white man confessed to two crimes, his and John Black's. He got five years.

But now for the real footnote . . . two years later. Come with us on a small trip across town to the small cottage belonging to Mr. Johnny Young. Here we find Johnny, older now, sitting in front of the radio, his constant companion, now that his mother is dead. She passed away only four months ago. We are in time to hear the knock at the door.

Blackout moderator, and comes up
on Johnny and Mother Justine.

JOHNNY: Coming . . . Mother Justine! What brings you here?

MOTHER: Evening Johnny. I was just on my way home . . . death in the
cheerfully *by contrast, quickly mournful*
Smith family . . . saw your lights on.

JOHNNY: Come in. Come in.

MOTHER: Just a minute though.

JOHNNY: Sit down. Not there . . . something's wrong with mother's rocker.
olormed *in confusion*

MOTHER: Oh . . . I didn't realize.

there is an embarrassed silence

JOHNNY: How's Sam's family taking it?

MOTHER: Not too bad. Sam's been a sick man for a long time. Heart . . .
going on its second year. Guess that was one of the reasons
as if Johnny should already know this
for the liquor, poor man.

JOHNNY: . . . Poor man

*echos soulfully*MOTHER: But let's not talk about that, son. How are *you* getting along?*cheerful once more*

MOTHER: Alright. My work at the bank keeps me pretty busy.

MOTHER: I'm sure it does.

not convinced

JOHNNY: And George still comes over once in a while.

with a little more enthusiasm

MOTHER: Wonder why your mother didn't marry him? Oh, I'm sorry.

catching herself

JOHNNY: Oh, that's O. K. I wonder why sometimes myself. Would
you like some coffee?

remembering his manners

MOTHER: No, it's getting late.

JOHNNY: No trouble.

insistent

MOTHER: In a minute. One of the reasons I came by was to find out if
getting down to business at last
you've read the papers yet?

JOHNNY: Yes.

MOTHER: It's too bad.

JOHNNY: Too bad? What's too bad?

his curiosity aroused

MOTHER: About John Black. You remember John Black?

JOHNNY: What about him?

with growing concern

MOTHER: They caught the man who did it.

JOHNNY: Oh God! No!

with alarm — shocked

MOTHER: You mean you didn't see it. Right there on page six.

in mock surprise

JOHNNY: No!

MOTHER: Caught in the act.

JOHNNY: I knew he didn't do it. The judge said —

MOTHER: But we didn't know that.

self-righteously

JOHNNY: We should have —

MOTHER: Done exactly what we did *under the circumstances*.*with emphasis*

JOHNNY: But —

(Continued on Page 6)

THE LAKE

by
Jeanne
McCarron



"Yes sir, today is sure gonna be a scorcher." Wil Applegate mopped his brow and neck with his red-print handkerchief. He was sweeping off the wooden porch in front of his general store, a chore which was required about every two hours because the horse-drawn carriages kicked up their share of the rain-thirsty summer road. He had made the remark out loud but to no one in particular. Wil was always talking – worse than an old woman. His wife, Sara, made the best pies in town and ole Wil wasn't going to let anyone pass without an attempt to talk their ear off about the weather and Sara's pies. However, people did look forward to his cheerful greeting. He knew everyone. Wil glanced up from his sweeping in time to see Hal Wilburs and Julie North ride by in Hal's carriage.

"Mornin' Hal, Mornin' Miss Julie. Where you kids headed to?"

"Mornin' Mr. Applegate. We're going down to the lake to rent a row boat. Too hot today to be around all this dust." There was a slightly anxious tone to Hal's voice but it went unnoticed.

Hal looked at Julie. She was a beautiful girl. He felt quite lucky that she would choose him over all the other guys that strove for her attention. Julie looked pretty as a picture with her yellow parasol and bright yellow dress. Her sleeves were slightly sheer and he thought how much her skin resembled white velvet. The sleeves bloused out tapering to a small cuff, making her tiny wrists seem more feminine. Her auburn hair fell loosely over her shoulders. He had dreamed of burying his face in a handful of that lovely hair. Her slight figure did not require a very full bosom but her medium-sized breasts, set off by her tiny waist, were enough to set him wild at the mere prospect of holding her against him in his arms. Her ankle length skirt and full petticoats hid the rest of her body from view. This additional fact provoked his imagination beyond compare.

Julie raised her eyes to Hal. He was a wonderful boy, she thought. As he drove the carriage she looked at his profile. Such strong, good features. His short black hair fell loosely to one side. She marvelled at how even his side-burns always were. His jaw was square. That jaw would look very good with a beard when he was older, she thought. His tan skin gave him a healthy clean glow. He always looked clean. His chest was broad. She could often see the ripple of his muscular body under his clothes. How beautiful he would be without any clothes, she thought. Her eyes lowered to his hands as they drove the carriage. She'd have to say she fell in love with his hands first. They were large but not too large. His nails were always clean and cut. They were masculine hands with a very slight calloused covering over his palms. Those hands were gentle but determined. Hands tell a



lot about a person. She thought how lucky she was that he would choose her over all the other girls in town.

They rode off towards the lake and as Mr. Applegate watched them go his memory brought him back about forty years.

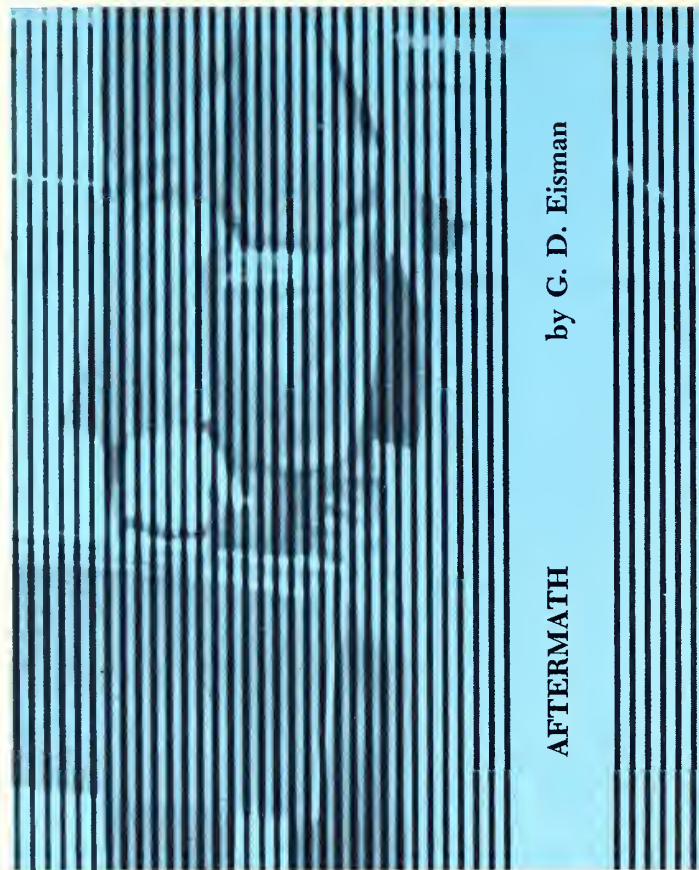
Wil Applegate and Sara Hutchins were riding towards the lake on a hot summer's day. These were awkward times before they were married. They had hardly any time alone together. Wil looked at Sara and thought what a pretty picture she made with her yellow parasol and bright yellow dress. She was a beautiful girl. He felt quite lucky that she would choose him over all the other guys that strove for her attentions.

After Wil and Sara arrived at the lake they rowed out quite a ways. There was no one else in sight. He looked at Sara, she was so beautiful. He always felt such a burning inside when he looked at her, but today it seemed worse than ever, almost unbearable. It was peaceful and quiet around them. They didn't talk, they just glanced at each other and smiled. Wil felt for sure that the rushing surge screaming inside of him was drowning out the slap-slap, slapping of the water on the side of the boat. It was not. He steered the boat over to a small island on the far side of the lake. He asked Sara if maybe she would like to stretch her legs a bit. She thought it a great idea. Wil jumped out and pulled the boat half way up on the bank. Then he lifted Sara out. His strong hands were around her tiny waist. Her laughing eyes and rosy lips were too inviting. He was losing his control and he knew it. Something kept telling him he'd have to take the chance that Sara wouldn't hate him for it. He swung her slowly, gently to the ground.

He lay back trying to catch his breath. His forehead was beaded with sweat. He'd never known anything could be so grand, good, and right. At that one marvelous moment he thought he had felt the earth move beneath him. He looked at Sara's beautiful child-like face. God. What he felt for this woman. His, and only his woman. They cooled off in the clear water. Her white skin was as smooth as velvet, just as he had thought. They dressed and rode back to town in silence. What they felt between them was too strong for words. Wil just held her hand.

Wil had been daydreaming for a long time. He had swept and reswept that ole porch till there wasn't a speck of dust on it. As he started to go back in his store to close for the day, he saw Julie and Hal drive past on their way home.

"Afternoon Hal, Miss Julie." Mr. Applegate smiled, for his greeting had fallen on deaf ears. Hal was holding Julie's hand and to them no one else existed in the world. Wil Applegate understood, for he had noticed the ends of Julie's hair were slightly damp and there was an ever-so-tiny twig caught in her hair. ♪



He chose, of course, an unpopular flight. It was on a two engine prop plane that was scheduled to depart at 2:34 A. M.

It was summer in Miami and the airline saw only shades of the business done during the tourist season. There was no one standing under the "Standby" sign, and only a few persons stood at the ticket counters that lined the long walls of the terminal. The coffee shops stayed open only out of habit, or possibly politeness to those that did fly at this time.

As he walked along the wide floor of the terminal, Henry Peters noticed the loneliness caused by the vast emptiness of the terminal. He became conscious of each step and of the noise, just as one is conscious of his footsteps while walking into an empty church or onto an empty stage. He looked down towards his feet as if to see if the noise was really coming from his footsteps and noticed that his black shoes were unpolished and badly scuffed. He looked straight ahead and pulled his once-black, now gray sports coat close together at the lapels as if he were cold. He fumbled with the top button until it was fastened.

He carried with him a black, somewhat-thick attache case that looked inexpensive but new. It was not heavy, nor was the morning hot, but the palm that held the case sweated and made the plastic handle slippery.

He walked to the counter that sold flight insurance. It stood in the middle lane of the terminal, and had economic signs foretelling security without the customary vulgarity.

The man at the counter addressed Henry as he approached. He was short and stout, and although he could not be termed fat, his round face was the sort that was used to contrast the starving African native with the well-

fed American capitalist.

Henry Peters was sure that the man *did not know*, but he could not look at the man without feeling as if panic would strike him at any moment, and he would be forced to fall to his knees babbling of the terror within him.

"Your name?"

"Henry John Peters," Henry Peters said as he held out his identification card in his left hand, the hand that did not hold the attache case.

"You are a draftsman?"

"No, that is, not right now. I'm unemployed."

As he said this he loosened his tie, and in doing so, noticed that the top button of his sports coat was held only by a long strand of thread that would soon break. He quickly unbuttoned it, trying not to make obvious what he was doing.

"Age?"

"Forty-three."

Henry Peters pulled at his tie until the two ends separated and hung loose about his neck, but the tight feeling around his neck was not relieved.

"I want that to be for a twenty thousand dollar policy," Henry Peters said.

He pulled at his shirt collar and realized that it was still buttoned. He hurriedly unfastened the button to relieve the tightness.

"The benefactor?"

"My daughter."

"Name?"

The last time he had seen her was Monday night. He was to have worked late but did not. She was asleep and looked very angelic with her gold hair flowing over the sheets. He had wanted very strongly to kiss her but knew that his unshaven face would scratch her and awaken her. He did not want to awaken her.

"Name? Katherine Ann Peters."

The man behind the counter filled out forms and asked a few more questions with the efficiency of a rubber stamp.

"You will have to sign here, and here," the man behind the counter said, holding out a pen.

Henry Peters raised his right hand with the attache case as if he was going to sign while still holding the case in his hand. He saw his error and switched the case over to the other hand in order to sign the policy.

"When will she get this?"

"In all probability, you will be at your destination first. Are you going far?"

"Only over to Clearwater."

"A very short trip."

"Not as short as you might think."

The man behind the counter had learned not to question the statements of the customers. It was only for him to make polite inquiries. He was, in fact, no longer curious about persons that bought the insurance policies.

"But if something should happen," said Henry Peters, "when would she get it?"

"It would be very soon. I assure you. But with today's airlines, and the safety precautions taken, there is small chance of . . ."

Henry Peters walked away in the middle of the man's memorized speech . . . memorized to the point where it sounded much like a nursery rhyme learned by a small

child and recited before the kindergarten mothers at the annual talent show. The man behind the counter did not notice Henry Peters had walked away until he had finished giving his speech.

Henry had entrusted the money to his wife, Edna. She was honest and loved Katherine and would use the money for their daughter.

Edna had fully dressed in skirt, blouse, and shoes. Henry was glad of this. He had not wished her to put on a loose fitting shift, or to simply clutch a robe or bed-sheet to her breasts, leaving her back exposed as was always portrayed in movies and books. Her eyes were moist, and she had to fight to prevent her lips from trembling. She was truly sorry. Henry knew that she had not planned for it to happen as it did.

A magazine lay on the seat next to where Henry Peters sat waiting for his plane to arrive. He picked it up and began to thumb through it backwards. It was a fashion magazine. He soon put the magazine down; the models with their photogenic smiles were too much for him.

He lit a cigarette. Parts of yesterday's newspaper were laying on the seat. He began to read. He read for twenty minutes until he realized that he could read the words only as words and could not transform them into sentences.

Henry wanted a cigarette but was afraid that he would not be able to light it.

Ben Hawks stood before him without saying anything. He stood beside Edna. They stood apart, but once Ben had shifted weight and his hand had brushed Edna's hip. A shock raced through them as if an electric shock or as if they were defendants who had just heard the forman of the jury pronounce them guilty.

He crushed the cigarette butt down into the sand of the ashtray next to the chair he sat in. He crossed his legs, uncrossed them, and placed the black attache case in his lap. He placed his finger tips on the top of the case and started to tap out a tune as if he was playing a piano.

At one time, he had played the drums, but that was many years ago when he was in the army. It was before the war broke out, and before he learned of explosives. It was, in fact, before he had met Edna.

Across the hall of the terminal sat a young married couple. The woman was asleep and leaned her head against the man's shoulder, her arm entwined with his.

Henry Peters wondered if they were to take the same flight as he.

He stood before the two of them with his eyes focused somewhere between his feet and theirs. He tried to raise his eyes to see them as they stood together but left without doing so and left without a word. His reaction struck him to be quite odd. At that moment, he wondered if he was mad.

As he sat watching the young couple sitting across from him, Henry Peters did not think himself to be mad. He knew only that it was for him to do what he could for those that he still loved.

More than anything, a man has to love, he thought. And in spite of everything . . . and in spite of everything, he must help those that he loved.

An older couple sat before Henry Peters. They walked as if both gained and gave support from one another.

Their faces were wrinkled like discarded tissue paper, and their hair grey. Hers was cut short to look much like her husband's. They looked alike, as do linking parts in a jigsaw puzzle.

A tall, heavy set man came and sat down. He had a granite face with a scar over and into his left eyebrow, cutting it in half. His left eye sometimes twitched slightly as if bothered by a gnat.

A large black Negro with a shiny gold tooth in the front of his upper jaw sat among the group. Then two men in dark suits approached them. They were all very different. But common bonds linked them. All about to travel. They all sat together waiting in the terminal. They had all checked their luggage at the ticket counter, all but Henry Peters who had no luggage, just the attache case that he had insisted on carrying with him on the plane.

Henry Peters looked at the clock. It was 1:45 A. M. He held his attache case tightly, stood up, and walked along the terminal, lined with stores.

He walked very slowly and glanced at his reflection in the plate glass windows. His hair needed combing, and he still had not shaven, but it did not matter.

As he stood looking at his reflection, a small girl with long blonde hair walked before him. Her mother stopped to buy a newspaper. The little girl stopped and looked at Henry Peter's reflection. Henry looked first at the girl's reflection and then down at the girl herself. She smiled up at him before she walked away with her mother. He thought she looked *angelic*.

He wondered if Edna would read the story in the paper, and after receiving the insurance policy, surmise what had happened. She could not, of course, be sure, but perhaps she would know. He hoped that Katherine would never find out the truth, or at least not until she was old enough to understand, if there was such an age.

The clock on the wall read 2:03 A. M.

As he walked towards the gate, the first announcement of his flight's departure was sounded over the loud-speaker. He did not know if the voice that announced the flight was that of a man or of a woman. The lights seemed very bright, and reflected off the floor and windows of the terminal. Henry felt blinded as if looking into the sun. The mixed colors of the advertisements on the side walls were blurred and confused and made Henry feel as if he were walking between two speeding trains.

When he reached the gate, Henry noticed with relief that the young couple that sat across from him in the terminal were not waiting for the same flight as he. The attache case he carried was very heavy to his arm. He felt that the muscles were knotting. He switched the case over to his left hand opened and closed the fist of his right. It did not help. His left arm was also in knots; his whole body was as taut as a snake's body just before it strikes.

The little girl he had seen before passed by him with her mother. They were to take the same flight as he.

The black attache case dropped from his grasp and loudly fell to the floor of the terminal. Henry Peters quickly snatched the case up. *It was very heavy, but he would still carry it with him. He only wished that the little girl was not taking the same flight as he.* J

THE GRIMMLIES PREPARE FOR WAR

or

IF THEY HADN'T, WOULD THEY?

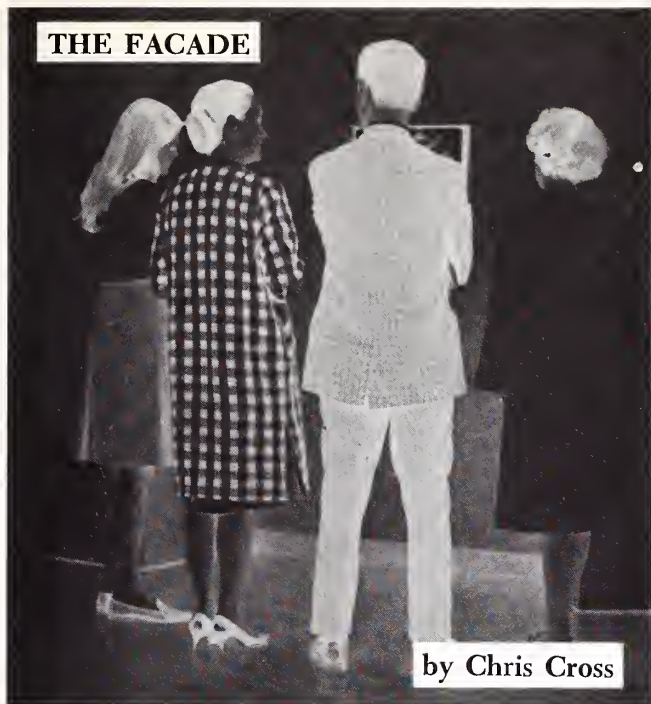
by Michael McKean



A crowd of grouseled Grimmlies
 Hoarded for a fight
 A box of loaded zimbrees
 With rattats on the right
 And to the left were razors
 Right below the bombs
 Fuses in the drawers
 Sabers for the moms
 Daggers for the daughters
 Pistols for the sons
 Rifles for the muskets
 Some for everyone.
 "We will be ready"
 "We will be prepared"
 "We will save our country"
 "None of us is scared!"
 They went into their caverns
 They went into their caves
 They sang their favorite songy
 'Bout the homes of all the brave
 They loaded up their weapons
 It took them near all night
 They would be the ready
 The first into the fight.
 The baddies were the Da-Da's
 The Da-Da's wandered round
 The Da-Da's took the valley
 Then they took the town
 The Grimmlies aimed their weapons
 They aimed them all around
 They waited for the Da-Da's
 Then there was a sound!
 A crunch, a snap, a powie
 A zoom and then a scream
 The Da-Da's killed the Grimmlies
 With a giant lawn mower.



THE FACADE



by Chris Cross

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DONALD HOOD

The little bell tinkled, as the door to the art shop was opened by the four connoisseurs of art. They hesitantly looked around the store . . . but saw no one.

The first person to enter was Nina McClymonds. Nina was no one's fool; she made fools of others. She lived her life with a tenacious endurance that practically defied success. She approached life as a Druid prophetess might — catching and retrieving every oak leaf that fell about her. Her outward serenity, inward strength, and calculated determination in life forced people to admire her. A paucity of worldly exposure never hindered any of her plans; she consistently won. Everyone marvelled that a young woman, only twenty-three years old, could dominate so completely her friends, family, and husband. Social and monetary power were her ambitions. Indeed, Nina was the essence of power.

This insatiable craving for power was the true Nina McClymonds — but her ruthlessness was like a night prowling onyx cat. Attaining her desires was done by various subterfuges — a clever betrayal or a well-placed lie. One defunct friend jealous over a typical treachery of Nina's had called her a "prostitute of success."

The next two people to walk into the shop were Nina's Aunt Myra and Uncle Teddy. Now Aunt Myra and Uncle Teddy had been married for a silver anniversary's worth of years, and, as they so often declared, were on their way to the golden one and even diamond — but in reality their marriage was worth no more than a zinc counter. They lived quite sedately in a subdivision called Hiatus Park, a very elite and carefully integrated grouping. The residents of this euphemistic euphoria were genarians in every sense, from sex-sense to non-sense.

The fourth participant of the reviewing board was filled by Nina's mother-in-law, a potential grandmother, who was neither grand nor had ever wanted to be a mother. Nina's respect for her mother, by interest as well as by law, was so complete that she detected all her mother-in-law's quirks. Nina, soon after her first encounter with her husband's mother, noticed how her mother-in-law winced when addressed as "mother." Shortly thereafter, in private, Nina nicknamed her mother-in-law Diana — after the Greek goddess of the hunt, who had several love affairs, but who never had any children.

This family could be scintillating, but with distinction. They were carefree — but rarely were free to care about anyone else. All of them collected art and created it. All attended the richer parties, but gave the richest. All were wealthy, but bored; intelligent, but ignorant; popular, but friendless; well-known, but never remembered.

They were success . . .

After their brief scrutiny, they all scattered throughout the room until Nina exclaimed, "Attention everyone! I believe I've found precisely what I want."

"It does have a certain charm and tranquility about it," chimed Diana.

"Oh, I agree with you thoroughly, Diana. I think it would look marvelous in my bedroom, especially on the bare wall facing the door. In future days when people enter the room, the first



thing that will strike them is this pleasant picture of love. Oh, I can't wait to purchase it!"

"Calm down, Nina, you are the most impetuous daughter-in-law I have ever seen. But for once I have to affirm your choice, since I have never seen a truer picture of love. It is most gratifying to see these modern artists painting naturally decent things again; most gratifying indeed."

"Thank you for approving my selection, Diana, but what do you think of it Aunt Myra?"

"It's superb and magnificent all at once! It's just too much for mere words. I am simply ecstatic over it!"

"What about you, Uncle Teddy?"

"I don't think I'll praise it quite as highly as your aunt, but it really is quite beautiful."

"Your uncle is not exactly the most fluent man with words, (even if he is my husband), but I am sure he loves it as much as you do. Because I must say it is the most exhilarating oil I have ever seen."

"Thanks, Aunt Myra. What did you start to say, Diana?"

"I never saw a lovelier picture of innocent love in my whole life. Look at the boy's face how it shines with ardor and loyalty. And just look at his young lady flush with naive modesty. Two of the handsomest people on canvas, I do believe. Makes me wish I was twenty years younger, Nina."

"Shush, Diana. You know you're too young now," interposed Nina.

"It will be perfect for your room, darling," added Aunt Myra. "The ebony frame will go so well with your French Provincial furniture. In fact, the picture will go with all your furnishings and accessories. But more than the practical side of the picture is the fact that it emanates the most lasting affections."

"Goodness and love personified clarifies it better, I believe," said Diana.

"It represents everything we hold sacred," seconded Uncle Ted

"Not only that," Diana continued, "but marriage and religion itself."

Aunt Myra interjected. "God certainly must have inspired that talented painter."

"So the concensus of opinion is that we buy this masterpiece?" said Nina trying to restore order.

The voices blended into one unanimous chorus.

"Correct."

"Definitely."

"Positively."

"Never could we leave it here for someone else."

"I should say so, never in a thousand years."

"It would be a mortal sin."

"Stop!" shouted an ever rational Nina. "What is the picture called?"

The voices mixed into a crescendo of searching hysteria.

"Yes, what's the title?"

"Look at the bottom of the picture near the frame."

"It isn't there."

"Maybe it's on the back side behind the surface."

"Come on and look, Nina."

"Ah, here it is under this piece of paper. I'm quite sure it's more than suitable!"

"You are going to have to tear all that paper away, dear. Let me help you."

"I can't wait to hear the subject-title even though we know generally what it is."

"I'll bet it's as romantic almost as the love scene itself."

"Hurry up, I'm getting impatient."

"I'm dying to know what that breathtaking picture is called. It has to be — something noble or — something innocent. They both look like such good, wholesome young people."

"There it is!!! cried everyone.

"This divine painting's name is: . . .

"THE ADULTERERS."

Act of God

You must have been,

For Beauty can never equal you —

My fascinating facade. ♪

ILLUSTRATED BY
DEE CUNNINGHAM



I DON'T WANNA MILK NO COWS

by Homer Forester

"Hey, Pa! Elmer's kickin' my prize sow again. Make 'im quit."

"Aw, I ain't doin' nuthin'."

"Elmer, you leave young Jed's sow alone, you hear? He's spent a long time purtyin' that thing up and gentlin' it. Ain't no call fer you to go and make it mean."

"I don't know what difference it makes. He ain't gonna win nuthin' with no overgrown black and white pig no how."

"You hyeard me. Now leave it be."

• • •

"Pa! Elmer's kickin' me."

"Elmer, what's the matter with you? Somebody hit you hard up side your head? Quit kickin' the kid. Jest cause I said "don't kick his sow, don't mean kick him."

"Aw, he ain't nuthin' but a skinny, undergrown, little runt. I jest want to bruise him a bit."

"Serve you right if he bruised you, you big, dumb, jackass. I think sometimes you left your barn door open, and all your smarts ran off and left you. Now git your backside in that barn and start milkin' them cows afore they bust."

"I don't wanna milk no cows."

"Shet your mouth and do what I said. I didn't ask for no backtalkin', and I don't want no more."

"I didn't ask to be borned, neither."

"Well, if you had, and I'd a knowed what I know now, I'd a said no fer sure."

"You tell 'im, Pa. He's been a askin' for it."

"Aw, shet up you little runt."

"The only thing aroun' here what's gonna be shet up is you, Elmer. Now, shet up afore I shet you up — in the

outhouse, maybe.

"Hee, hee, hee."

"You hesh too, young Jed."

"Aw."

• • •

"Pa?"

"Yes, Elmer. What is it that's botherin' you?"

"Pa, I'm gonna leave home. I think I've outgrown things hereabouts, and I'm ready to go out in the world and make my fortune."

"Whut makes you think you'll get on any better with strangers than you do with your own kin? You think they're gonna put up with you and your meanness any better than your Ma and me?"

"I think so. They aint so tough, and I'm able to handle 'em. I think I'll be a world champeen fist fighter or somethin'. Aint nobody I cain't whoop."

"Boy, one o these days, there's gonna be somebody box your ears good, and you aint gonna be such a mean mouth anymore. I'll be tolerable glad to see that day. But, I reckon that if you want to leave home, me and your ma ain't gonna stand in your way. Somehow, I just caint 'magine how anybody so ornery and bullheaded as you is gonna make no fortune out in the world."

"One day, Pa, you'll see. I'm gonna be famous."

"Yeh, I'll bet. Probly, you'll be famous as a fat mouth. It's your life, I reckon, but don't come cryin' to me when it don't happen your way."

"Elmer, are you really gonna leave us, and the farm? You aint never been no place else in your life."

"Then it's about time I went to someplace different. While you're a feedin' and a curryin' that dern pig, I'm

gonna be gettin' myself famous and rich."

"Pa don't like you leavin' like this you know that?"

"Pa is the stupidist ol' man I ever seed in my whole life. I aint gonna stay ignernt all my life like him, or poor neither."

• • •

"Pa?"

"Yes, Ma."

"How long since Elmer left home? A long time now, aint it?"

"Oh, I recollect as how it's been five er six years now. Why?"

"I wuz jest wonderin', bein as how we don't know where he is, an' aint even got no letter from 'im in all this time."

"I don't reckon we ought expect any letter er nuthin' bein' as Elmer caint rite an we caint read."

"Hey, Pa! Hey, Pa!"

"Lands-o-goshin', Jed whut's the matter, you gotta come runnin' in the house, yellin' like that?"

"Elmer's comin', Pa. I jest now seed 'im crosin' the crik on that new rope bridge."

"Quit yer joshin'. You know your ma gits all worked up when we talk about his homecomin'."

"I ain't joshin' Pa. He's comin'."

"Well, glory be . . . speak of the devilan . . ."

"Pa, don't talk that way. He is our son."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Hi there everybody. Whut you got fer a hungry man to chew on?"

"Howdy, son. Supper's on the table in a minute. Your Ma started it sonn's she heyard you wuz a comin'."

"Hi Elmer."

"Howdy, runt. How's your pig?"

"I aint a runt no more."

"Yeh, I reckon you aint."

"Well son, how'd you get on all these years? You don't look like you've been gettin' enough greens in your vittles."

"Oh, I done purty good, Pa. I aint rich an famous, but, I done all right, I reckon. I made me a little money an' learned how to act like town folk do, anyhow. Never did get to be a champeen fighter tho'. Seems like I lost my first fight. After that, wouldn't nobody let me fight agin'."

"Well, did you learn much about how to act with folks and all?"

"A little I reckon, but mostly I guess I'm about the same as when I left."

"Hey, Jed? Tell me sumthin' will you?"

"Shore, Elmer, if I can. Whut is it?"

"Well, I don't rightly know, but it appears to me after a week er so that Pa shore has done a heap o changin'. What's he been doin' fer the last six years anyhow? Readin? He couldn't when I left."

"He still caint read's far as I know. And he ain't changed too awful much, neither. What seems different 'bout 'im anyhow?"

"Well, it jest 'pears to me as how he's done a heap 'o learnin' since I been gone. Used to be he couldn't see past the nose on his face, but now he 'pears to know an awful lot more. It's almost like he'd been a goin' to school er somethin'. Whut do you reckon it is?"

"Well, he caint been a goin' to no school, 'cause there aint no more to go to. I reckon your leavin' home an all jest gave 'im a chance to grow up without you tryin' so hard to keep up with you."



I PASSED THIS WAY

by Mike McKean

I passed this way
The other day
And here I sawr a moose;
"Hello moose, how is yoose?"
That was what I say.

"Fine," says he,
"How is thee?
Fare thee fonder nearer?"

"What?" says me,
"How is me?
Could you say it clearer?"

"Are you good or are you swell?
Are you fine or are you well?
Will you die or can't you tell?
How's the weather, smell the flowers
Will it rain or will it shower
And how's the little woman?"

"Now listen, moose, now tell the troose,
Do you want to play? You realize
I can't analyze a single thing you say?
A moose is silly person, you don't make odd sense. . .
What you talk is beyond me for me to comprehend.
A moose is silly person; Where'd you learn to speak?
A silly moosish person who speaks English in a week."

"No, more it took; No more it took;
It took one thousand years.
I've stood here by the sidewalk
And when people by walk
I listen to them talk-talk
I listen with my ears."

"I see what you say,
You mean that you say
What people today . . . say."

"And all of these says, every phrase
I remember and never forget."

So bang went my gun
Such a dangerous one
Should never be . . . out let.

PROTEST AGAINST PROTEST



by Tom Kinney

Well they're talking about my generation
And having a congressional investigation
Singing, "We shall Overcome" or "Blowing in the wind"
While the prophets of doom are shouting, HERE COMES THE END.

See the pacifist demonstration today
Hear Barry sing the "Ballad of the Green Beret"
South America shouts for more foreign aid
Then burns our flag in a protest parade.

They scream "America, get out" (I think it's funny—
They don't want our advice — Just send the money)
See the man on the corner with the girl in red
Shouting to the people that "God is Dead."

Listen to fellow preaching isolation
And the KKK screaming segregation
See the man who's yellow from his toes to his head
With that big ole sign "Better Red than Dead."

Well, I'm awful sick of demonstration
It's a real damn sorry situation
I've had enough, I'm really through
And, I'll tell ya friend, what I'm gonna do.

Don't you know I'm gonna leave this crazy planet.
There's too many people with heads of granite.
Gonna study real hard and maybe real soon
I'll be the first man to land on the moon.
I'll stay about a week and when it's time to come back
I'll call up the cape and say, "Forget it, Jack."
Gonna stay on the moon and be the King
And look down at the earth and laugh and sing.

Oh, we shall overcome cause it's blowing in the wind
Cause I'm laughing at the prophets saying that it's the end
I'll fake 'em all out cause I'm really a wiz
Come on let me show you where the action is.

CONVERSATION

by Jeanne McCarron

"Hi!"
"Hello. I haven't seen you for awhile. Say, your hair looks great."
"Thanks. I decided to let it grow."
"Well, it looks good long. Did you lighten it too?"
"Yes, I did. My older sister's a beautician and she bleached it for me."
"Hey, do you think she'd do mine? I've just been dying to bleach it."
"Sure, she would."
"Are you wearing contact lenses?"
"Yes. I got them about a week ago."
"They make your eyes look so blue."
"Oh, do you think so? I have a green pair, too. I change them with different outfits."
"Great. They really look good. Well, I got to be going. You'll ask your sister about the hair job for me, won't you?"
"Sure. Well, see ya, Bill."
"O. K. Joe."

TIME

by Chris Cross

The senseless child's cry is: "Let's pretend."
The sensible adult's refrain is: "Let's succeed."
The senile man's lament is: "Let's return."



TO CRUSH THE WORLD

by Chet Meisner

A little man runs toward the world
With sword in hand and shield,
To crush the world and punish it
For sadness that he feels.

The sword he carries is the one
The world had turned on him,
And dealt to him so many blows
For someone else's sin.
They must be right, for he was not
For they were tall and strong,
And he was but a little man
And always in the wrong.

But now he turns the sword on them
The world so smug and smart,
And he will make them pay the price
For tearing out his heart.

The shield he bears, a hardened crest
Of shattered loves and dreams,
And it was tempered hard for him
In hate's cold-burning streams.
"Stand up," they said, and knocked him down
And then he dared to stand.
They started with a proud young cock
And made a broken man.

But now he turns the shield on them
The world so smug and smart,
And he will make them pay the price
For tearing out his heart.

A little man runs toward the world
With sword in hand and shield,
Collides, is crushed, and cast aside
A cluttered battlefield.



SWEET WILLY

by George J. Sterling, Jr.

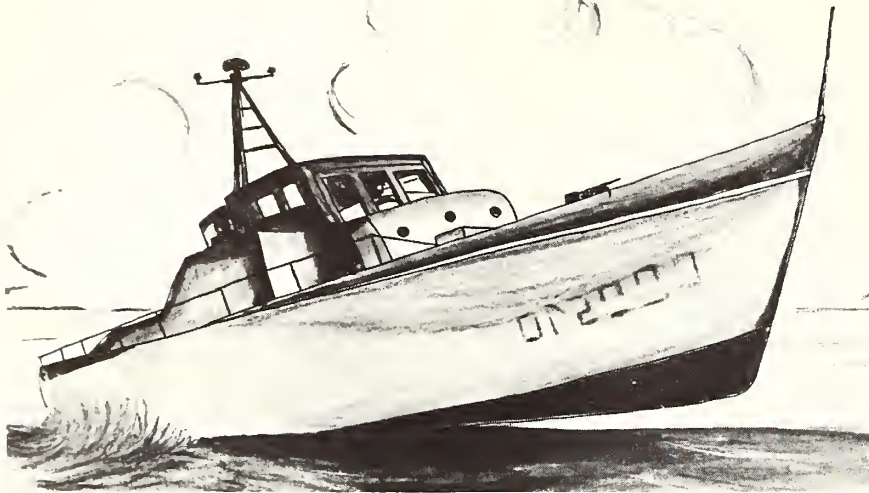


ILLUSTRATION BY TED FABER

The Captain briefly scanned the two yellowish, water-stained charts spread out before him on the small plotting table, turned his head slightly as he barked a few orders, spun his heels, and disappeared through the doorway, leaving Quartermaster 2/C Klein in command.

Quartermaster 2/C Klein moved closer to the blue-tinted, inch-thick glass that almost entirely encased the compact pilot house of the 95-foot, steel-hulled Coast Guard cutter. A spark of delight embedded itself in the piercing, blue-gray eyes, hardly discernable through the two narrow slits formed by his partially closed lids. The long, smooth lines of his slender face were broken only by the unnatural bulge of his thin lips, secretly hiding his large, protruding teeth.

"Man, alive, Willy! I've been watching you and do you know what? I'll bet you could eat a hamburger through a venetian blind." These words drifted slowly back into his mind as he recalled the harrassing each recruit suffered during his first six weeks of basic training.

Klein gazed out across the forward deck, past the twin anchors and 20-mm. anti-aircraft guns, on toward the uneven shoreline and distant horizon. The sun's harsh rays, reflecting off the white deck and mingling with the glare emanating from the surrounding blue-green waters, gave the shoreline and far-off horizon a wavy, undefined appearance.

Born Wilhelm Digby Klein on December 7, 1936, to a Navy Commander and his wife, it was certain he would follow in his father's footsteps and make a career of the armed forces. However, Wilhelm chose a career in Civil Engineering. Upon graduation from the University of Florida with a Bachelor of Science Degree in Civil Engineering, he entered the service to satisfy his military obligation. When his prescribed time had elapsed, he immediately applied for and secured a position with the State Road Department of Florida as a project engineer. It was from this group of incorrigible sub-humans that

he acquired the nickname of "Sweet Willy." In a sense, it was partially his fault that the men called him this, but only because he had the inherent quality of reacting to certain situations in the same manner as a wounded cheetah reacts when it is cornered and there is no avenue of escape.

Klein devoted two weeks out of every year to the Miami-based Coast Guard Reserve Unit where he was able to supplement his income and also fulfill his Reserve status requirements of the armed forces. "It won't be long now, Herb," Klein muttered, as he turned to face the young seaman at the controls. The thin lips slid slowly apart, revealing large, tobacco-stained teeth. The corners of his mouth twitched as the smile spread to the rest of his face. A slight, almost silent chuckle, muffled by the idling engines, emerged from his throat as he recalled the first time he had literally gone down the hatch. He had stepped on the Submarine "Bluefin," received orders to go below, and squeezed through the hatch, thinking there were regular stairs leading below decks. An hour-and-a-half later, as he lay in sick bay, he realized things were a lot different in the Navy.

The seaman acknowledged Klein's comment with a knowing look and a stern "Yes, Sir," then turned his head to gaze steadily at the radar scope and other instruments waiting impatiently before him. His fingers drummed nervously on the polished wood as his hands rested lightly on the top of the wheel and his eyes darted across the row of pressure gauges which would immediately telegraph any malfunction of the twin 1800-horsepower engines.

"Fuel and necessary supplies loaded and made fast, Sir," came the distant voice over the crackling intercom.

"Make ready to cast off," Klein barked.

"Yes, Sir," came the immediate reply.

Klein's eyes again scanned the shoreline and the two immobile fingers of land through which the ship would

have to pass to reach the open sea. The smile that had momentarily disappeared at the interruption of the voice over the intercom reappeared as the thought of being in command again presented itself.

"Hmmm. Weekend Warrior," he thought, "if I had stayed in the service, I'd probably be commanding my own fleet."

"Ready to cast off, Sir," came the familiar voice through the speaker.

"All hands, man your stations, cast off," he shouted through his cupped hands. Klein's eyes caught the hurried movements of the two men as they scurried to free the ship from its lonely berth.

"Reverse engines 1/3, steady as she goes," ordered Klein, as he briefly checked the compass and navigation charts set before him. The ship slowly and precisely eased itself backward toward the deeper channel. The pier that had been guardian to the ship for three days melted from sight.

"Humph, so the Captain doesn't feel as though I can plot the course, is that right, Herb?" Klein asked, as his eyes again tried to delve into the seaman's eyes and extract bits of information from his subconscious mind in an effort to judge his true feelings.

"I don't know, Sir. He just left orders for me to plot a course for the open water and said nothing else."

"Well, I'll plot the course and no one will be the wiser."

"Yes, Sir, if you say so, Sir."

The ship hesitated momentarily as it eased itself into the current of the main channel. Then, as if by some gigantic invisible hand, it was pulled further into the swirling, darker waters.

"All engines stop, ahead 1/3," Klein shouted above the road of engines as they reversed the screws that cut deep into the water below the ship. He checked the charts again and noted the large coral formations and surrounding reef which were easily detected from the various contour lines shown on the map.

"A straight, clear path," he thought, as his eyes traced an invisible line toward the opening where the ocean and bay met.

"Ahead 3/4, bearing 265," Klein ordered, as he glanced at the controls to be sure the seaman was following his instructions correctly.

"But, Sir!" shouted the seaman.

"Ahead 3/4, bearing 265," Klein repeated as his eyes pierced the seaman's and his lips pressed tight to show a slight whitish-blue surrounding his pale crimson lips.

The seaman jammed the throttles forward and whirled the wheel around to align the ship on bearing 265. The ship immediately responded and cut through the water, throwing torrents of foam to each side as it forged ahead toward the inlet.

The slight, almost invisible, smile again made its way across Klein's lips and face and spread to the almost hidden eyes. His chest rose as his lungs overflowed with the clear, pure air of the cabin. Through the bubbles and foam that momentarily clung to the glass, he saw the

great expanse of the Atlantic Ocean quickly open up before him.

"Full speed ahead. Hold bearing 265," Klein shouted above the monotonous drone of the engines and the intermittent swish and splash of the spray hitting the deck.

"Thirteen hundred hours," Klein muttered to himself as he unconsciously fingered the stem of his watch for the second time that morning. "We should be at the mouth in about five minutes, Herb," Klein shouted, as he again returned his gaze to the opening in the land ahead where the bay and ocean met.

Klein's face instantly reflected puzzlement, then fear engulfed his face and a feeling of emptiness spread rapidly through the rest of his body. His hands, calloused as they were, suddenly oozed cold sweat and trembled with such ferocity that he could not control them. His eyes, as if in a hypnotic trance, did not alter their position as he stared unbelievably at the small passage to the sea.

Suddenly, without warning, the ship lurched and trembled as if a giant vibrator had it in its grasp. A grinding and tearing of metal filled the air. Then, a deafening roar reached his ears as the ship came to rest in the shallow water of the inlet. All was quiet.

Klein struggled to his feet, shaking his head and blinking his eyes, trying to regain his sense of balance. His eyes searched the pilot house for the seaman that had been at the controls. At the far end of the cabin, with his head and neck twisted in a grotesque manner, lay the seaman.

Klein glanced out the window, judging that the ship had come to rest in about three feet of water, with the two parcels of land jutting out on each side.

He felt a strange uneasiness in the pit of his stomach. He cupped his hand quickly over his mouth, but nothing happened.

Klein turned slowly to look back along the channel from which they had just come. At the far end, he could just barely see the tug that was easily making its way through the distant inlet. His dark-skinned face now turned to the color of newly-fallen snow. His knees grew weak, started to buckle, and his eyelids closed as he collapsed in a heap on the floor.

Klein lay on his back, trying to focus his eyes on the bright light seeking its way into his conscious mind. Gradually, his eyes came to rest on the two steel bars that guarded the opening of the small window located at the far end of the rectangular room. He realized where he was now. His gaze shifted to the slight indentations that marked the uneven pattern of blocks along the walls. He tried to organize his thoughts and come up with a reasonable explanation for what he had done wrong.

The cry of the newsboy on the corner broke into the lonely solitude of the cell: "Extra! Extra! Read all about it! Captain gets lost in Key West Harbor!" Quartermaster 2/C Klein didn't have to worry about his military obligation any more. He did, however, have to worry about taming the incorrigible sub-humans because, from now on, he is just plain "Sweet Willy." J



THE PHOENIX OF MY LOVE



by James Brady

*Lo, I came as a stranger,
Seeking entrance to your gate of Love;
Desiring the spoils of your longing!
And the sweet caresses of your favor;
To wander in the peace of your garden;
Inhale the sweet bouquet of the roses,
And know the soft touch of a petal . . .
To my lips.*

*I found you sad and in want,
And then I too was sad.
I entered the palace of your soul;
As a child I came, with a great thirst,
And you gave me your fountains
Filled with wine and honey,
But they were only a drop on the parched land.*

*I mused I was Niander and you the Hellsponite.
I prayed to suffer your torrent,
And the roll and lap of your waves;
To drown in your depths, and be washed ashore,
By the tide of your tenderness.*

*From a sun beam, I fashioned for you a ring,
And in it placed the sparkle of a thousand stars;
The moon's glimmer across an azure lake;
And upon your finger I placed my Love. And . . .
In that moment the East and the West were one,
The angry Ocean calmed; the storm lost its fury,
And the songs of my heart were a symphony
To a world of peace . . . and Love.*

*I saw your rooms of gold and precious jewels,
And was amazed by their beauty.
I walked your halls in search of tomorrow,
With selfishness of yesterday in my heart,
Like the sun who seeks the coming day,
But must abide in the darkness . . .
And the shadow of the moon.*

*Together we sat in peaceful silence. . . .
The angels sang in my ears and I was at rest. . . .
Swimming in the ecstasy of your being.*

*But still I hungered, and bid you come to me,
To know me and devour me. . . .
I prayed the heavens to be one,
To walk together in the peace of the flowers
And behold the goodness of Nature.*

*You were mine and I blushed at your innocence,
As I felt the Angel of Death draw nigh,
And her cold fingers strike out the flame. . . .
But like the ancient Phoenix,
It was only the first sacrifice.*

*And the time of my resurrection was an eternity. . . .
Of minutes, until once again I could taste,
The sweet grapes of your vineyard,
And walk in the passionate purity of your garden.*

You are the source of my Life . . . and Love.

BOW NOT

by Lynn Klipp

*Love,
bow not to me.
tho I speak with honey-words
with words of my mouth
with words of my body
with words of my soul
bend not your soul to mine.*

*Something there is ignoble
about a soul bowed,
even for Love
he who bends his mind
for another
has never been free,
only begging
to be caught.*

*to catch you, my Love,
to bow you,
to change you,
would be sweet victory,
but bitter loss.*

*if some new truth be shown
by me
then change you must, but not
for me.*

MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THESE

by Catherine McDonald

*Ladybird and trees
Miniskirts and knees
Playboy clubs and keys
Applepie and cheese
Retirement and ease
Sailing boats and breeze
Astronauts and "G's"
Medicare and fees
Salty lakes and seas
Transistors and "TV's"
Charity drives and pleas
Fashion shows and teas
Honeycombs and bees
Blackeyed beans and peas
Golfing clubs and tees
Mountain slopes and skis
Shaggy dogs and felas*

*My country is of these
of these
I sing*

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL SCOTT PARK



AWAY IN THE DARKNESS

by Maryan S. Douglas

On the morrow was the Sacrifice. The man in the field knew it well. His bronzed body was wet with sweat, his shoulders and bones ached with weariness, but his calloused hands and heavy muscled arms reaped his harvest with unrelenting vigor, that he might be ready for the Sacrifice.

He glanced, from time to time, at the gathering clouds which had piled into threatening cones far to the east. His dark eyes were as thunderous as the elements which were conspiring against him. Once he looked toward the hillside where the shepherd sat and his face softened.

The shepherd on the hillside would be ready for the Sacrifice too, although he leaned against a tree with careless ease and whistled a tune on a sliver of reed. The shepherd stared into the distant sky toward the west where the blue was as pure as the blue of his eyes. The gathering of clouds posed no threat to him, for he was a keeper of the flocks.

The two men were brothers, and there was love between them, if little else.

The man in the field straightened his back for an aching moment and bent wearily again to his crops. His black hair curled in tiny, tight curls against his forehead and was roughly tied at the back of his neck with a fiber. The backs of work-hardened hands were covered with black hair. Cain knew he was not the fair and gentle brother, but he was satisfied with his lot. Let Abel herd the flocks, he thought. Let him sit in the shade on the hillside and pipe his tune. The labor of my body will be a Sacrifice to God, and God will be pleased.

When his shadow was gone from the earth and darkness was sweeping across the land, Cain raised his tired body, breathed deeply and reached his great arms toward the sky.

"You have sent too much rain, Lord," he cried, his big voice ringing across the vastness. "And you have sent too little rain. You have sent too much sun and you have withheld the sun from our eyes. Even so, I will have my sacrifice ready and it will be good."

"It will be good," a voice echoed behind him. "Always you challenge the Lord with 'it will be good.'"

His mother stood near him with a pot of steaming food which she was carrying to his brother.

"Why are you not like your brother who is good. He herds the flocks. It is the will of the Lord."

"And how do you know that, Mother?" Cain asked, his white teeth showing against the darkness of his skin as he smiled at her. "Why did the Lord put the beautiful things in the earth if he didn't wish them to be grown and used and returned to the earth?"

The woman shivered. Once she had tasted a fruit which was supposed to be good, and it had been evil. This black-browed, rebellious, stubborn son made her think of herself, and she was afraid. She couldn't tell her fear, but it was always with her. It had come to her first when the boy, Cain, roamed the earth, gathering seeds, planting, harvesting, always searching. He brought her fear when he dried the grain from his crops, pounded it with a stone, mixed it with water and herbs and gave it to her to bake.

"How do we know we can eat this?" she had asked him fearfully.

"It is good, Mother," the happy boy, Cain, told her, "it is good."

How can we know, she wondered anxiously, how can we know? But it had been good.

It had been Cain who, after pounding stones by the side of a stream, had come running home with a flaming torch and struck terror into all of them. He built a fire in the middle of their shelter, which he had fashioned from sticks and clay, and the fire had never been out since. During the long months when the world was cold and the wind blew its frosty breath across them, Cain sat in their warm shelter and made cooking pots for his mother.

Cain knew his mother wondered how he could have sprung, willful and adventurous, from the loins of his father and herself. He knew she wished both her sons were as docile, as fair and pleasing as Abel. Many harvests ago he had tried to be like his brother and his mother and father had been pleased. But his was not the quiet serenity of Abel, and soon the fierceness of his love for all growing things burst from him, and once more he had spread the seed from his plants throughout the waiting soil.

His mother nodded toward the shepherd on the hillside.

"He wants to leave this place," she said.

"No," Cain said firmly. "This is MY place. I have made it with the labor of my two hands. Abel's sheep fare well. It is only that he tires of staring into the same horizon."

The mother sighed again. Her sons should not be so set apart from one another. They should want the same things and do the same things. She made her voice harsh although her eyes were gentle on the big, coarse man who was not as fair as his brother.

"Go in and eat your food."

"Later," he answered. "First I must catch fish to add to my harvest for the Sacrifice."

"If your Sacrifice is enough, why do you need fish?" she questioned sharply. "Surely the Lord asked not for the silver fish in the water."

"It will be good," Cain insisted stubbornly. "I have worked hard and long. We will fare well when the warm

sun is gone. Do not be afraid, mother."

But fear was a part of her and her face was tight with it.

"When I have done, I will go and eat with my brother. I will watch with him during the night." Cain touched his mother's shoulder in awkward reassurance, his gnarled fingers light and gentle.

Later, when his fish were penned in the river cage, Cain sat by the side of his brother before the small fire on the hillside. The mother brought his food, and when she saw them sitting together, there was happiness in her heart. So her sons would sit if the willful Cain would herd the flocks, she thought. They would be as one. She knew, in that moment, that they must leave this Valley.

While Abel slept, Cain watched the moving sea of whiteness which was the flock, and thought of the meat and skins they would have provided for the family. Surely the Lord needed less. Then he thought of the baskets he had filled for the Lord. They were many. And he thought of the baskets he had filled for the family and hidden in a grove of trees nearby. They were not so many, but they would see them through the long months ahead.

"It will be good," he muttered to himself.

The dark quietness of the night covered him and when Abel awakened, Cain slept.

When he awakened, Abel was already about, walking slowly, whistling, watching his dog gather the sheep into a milling, closely-knit flock. Abel's blue eyes were bright with anticipation. A faint smile touched his lips.

The sheep moved toward Abel's sacrificial altar.

One by one, slung on his back with a thong, Cain carried his baskets to his altar. It was not as fine an altar as Abel's, for he had not had so much time to spend on it, but when the cone shaped baskets he had made with his hands were arranged, the difference was small.

When the time came for the Sacrifice, Cain was wet with sweat and his bones already ached. The sun was hot even though it was early in the day. Clouds to the west had already begun to form.

Abel knelt beside one lamb. Quickly, cleanly his knife slit a vein. The lamb lay limp in his arms. He laid it lovingly on his altar. Then he killed a bleating sheep, and when it was limp, he lay it next to the lamb, and lit the fire. Abel waited submissively head bowed, while the smoke floated toward heaven, white and pure. Abel was beautiful to see.

Cain looked down at his work-coarsened, dirt-encrusted hands. He mopped hastily at the sweat on his face and his hand left dirty tracks. With both palms he swept the sweat from his chest and left smudges of dirt. He sighed sadly. He wasn't beautiful. He straightened proudly. But the labor of his hands had been good and his offering was as beautiful as a summer sunset. I AM good, he whispered to the Lord, and to his mother and father. I AM good. I have not sat on the hillside and piped a tune while my sheep made themselves fat.

There was a sudden flash of light, as that which came with wind and rain and tore the trees from the earth. The ground trembled, and a strong wind bent the trees and roared around them. When the rumblings and shakings were finished, when the terrible wind had subsided, an unusual quiet descended. It was a gentle quiet. A loving silence. The smoke from Abel's altar was as fragrant as flowers and it enfolded them. They knew that Abel's sacrifice had been good in the sight of the Lord. Abel sank to his knees and was long in prayer.

Cain piled his baskets on the altar, one after another, and smoke rose to heaven again. It was a ragged, gray smoke, not the column of white which had risen from Abel's altar. Cain waited a while, but nothing happened. He put his baskets on the fire, one after the other, stacking them faster and faster. When all the baskets had been consumed the smoke was still gray and ragged, and the lightening, the rumblings of the ground, the strong wind, had not come. Cain walked close to his altar and sniffed hopefully for the fragrance of flowers. There was only the acrid smell of smoke and the stink of fish.

"What have I done, Lord?" he cried out in his big voice, pain tearing out of his heart. "What have I done that you should turn your face from me?"

His body trembled as he thought of the baskets hidden in the grove. He had willfully hidden away some of the harvest from the Lord, that his family might eat.

His mother moved softly behind him, touching him lightly.

"Come away," she begged, "Come away. It is over."

"NO!"

"You should have herded the flocks, as did your brother. Come, we will leave this place."

"NO! NO! NO!" Cain's chest ached with the fury of his shouting. He flung his mother's hand from him and raced off toward the grove, his feet pounding powerfully into the soft earth. One at a time he brought the baskets and put them on the fire. With each basket he was more afraid, but he had no time to wonder what they would eat when the warm days were gone and the ground would yield no more. He had only to run with his hard legs, carry the baskets with his strong arms, and put them on the fire.

At last Cain sagged wearily to his knees in the dirt. His last basket was gone. He sniffed hopefully for the fragrance of flowers, but it was not there and the stink of fish was an enemy to his nostrils. He knelt because he still bore a trace of hope, because he was too tired to stand. His head hung so that his chin touched his heaving chest.

"Why, Lord?" he whispered hoarsely.

But the woods and the valley, the groves and the river were silent.

When the rays of the sun were gone, and the drying field lay gray in the soft hours between sunset and darkness, Cain arose from his knees, turned from the place of Sacrifice, turned from his silent, stinking altar, and walked toward the place in which they lived.

His mother and father and brother fell silent as he came near. Abel fingered the reed on which he played his golden melodies. His face was sober but his lips were touched with the joy of his day.

"We are going to leave this place," his father told Cain. "We are going to another place."

"No," Cain answered. "No. I will not leave my fields." He looked around at the world he had made for them. "These are my fields and I will not leave them. In them lie the seeds of another harvest, a better harvest."

"There will be another time," Abel said, offering quiet sympathy. "There will be another Sacrifice. You will offer sheep and it will be good."

"It WAS good," Cain roared angrily. "I offered all I had." But he stopped suddenly. It hadn't been good in the sight of the Lord. He had sacrificed his whole harvest and the beautiful silver fish and it hadn't been as good as the sacrifice of Abel. He jerked himself away from Abel's placating hand.

"What do you know of what it is to work until the blood comes from your hands, until your body is sore

with weariness, until your feet will no longer bear your weight?"

The father and mother looked at Cain with disappointment in their eyes. Cain turned and stalked away from them.

"Come," he cried angrily to his brother. "Come and I will show you what it is to work with your hands."

"Cain," his mother protested, "darkness is almost on the earth. Do not go."

"Come," Cain insisted blindly. "Come."

Abel picked up a burning brand to light the way and they walked to the edge of the dry field. The evening breeze had come up and it brushed against the sweat on Cain's body, cooling it at last.

Abel held the firebrand above his head to light the way. Suddenly Cain stopped. He bent and tugged at a tall, dry stalk. The stalk held fast.

"Pull it out," he commanded his brother. "Pull it out, and then you will know what it is to pull ten thousand of them."

Abel shook his head.

"It is no use," he said quietly. "If you cannot pull the stalk from the ground, surely I could not. It is only left for us to leave this place, Cain."

"No!" Cain whispered hoarsely.

"My father and I have decided."

Slowly Cain straightened his back until he stood very tall. The brothers looked into the eyes of one another, Abel with the firebrand above his head, Cain with his body rigid.

"You have decided," Cain whispered, "YOU and YOUR father have decided."

Calmly, unwarned by the whispered fury in Cain's voice, Abel replied, "We have decided that it is best. When this field is gone we will leave and you will be glad."

Quickly he bent and touched the firebrand to the dry stalk from the ground, surely I could not. It is only left fire and the growing wind swept the fire ahead of the brothers.

Cain, motionless with shock, watched his fields, his seed for the next harvest sweeping into the sky in an orange and blue rush of flame. Slowly his body bent from the upright stance of a man to the crouch of an enraged animal. His voice rose and poured out in a tremendous, inarticulate shout of anger and grief. His fist knotted into a mallet, the knuckles white. He swung his great arm around and slammed his fist into Abel's temple. As Abel fell to the ground, his head cracking on a large, sharp edged rock, the mother cried out but her cry did not penetrate the haze of Cain's fury.

Cain turned again to watch the flames eat his fields. The fire lit up the darkness as far as he could see, and it glowed with a fury which diminished his own.

It is gone, he thought with disbelief, everything is gone. The Lord turned away my sacrifice. My mother and father and brother would take us from this place and there is nothing left. He remembered the long years he had spent gathering the seeds from his harvest, collecting only from the best plants. He remembered the labor of clearing the ground and sowing the seeds. He remembered many things. He held his hands out before him and he saw that they were still strong and hard. They can do it again, he decided sadly, these hands can do again what they have done before. My mother and father and brother can leave this place, but I will stay and do again what I have done before.

The fire subsided at last into a low flame and finally into a glow in the distance. Cain's anger had diminished

with it, until it also was no more than a small glow. He sighed deeply and turned to his brother who still lay where he had fallen.

"Let us go," he said huskily.

Abel's body was limp, his head bent forward awkwardly, and a thin trickle of blood seeped onto the ground and into the dry earth.

Cain squatted on the earth, his narrow brow wrinkled into a confused furrow.

"Let us go back," he said again to his brother.

But Abel did not answer and he did not move. Cain reached out with a tentatively exploring finger which brought no response.

Cain had never known fear, but suddenly he shivered with cold and wrapped his arms about his body. He huddled forward and trembled as the water of the river trembled when the cold rain fell upon it. The way his brother lay limply made Cain think of a sheep. As he crouched there, staring, trying to remember why Abel looked like a sheep, his mother and father rushed past him. The mother lifted Abel into her arms and his head fell back sharply. His eyes were wide open and his face was sunken and gray. The mother burst into a wild lament.

"Why does he look like a sheep?" Cain asked his father with childlike wonderment. "Why does he look like a sheep?"

The father sank down beside the mother and together they held Abel in their arms. It was then that Cain remembered. Abel looked like the limp sheep he had placed on his altar in the morning when it had been the time of Sacrifice. Cain knew in that instant that his brother would never again sit on the hillside and play a tune on his reeds, that he would not offer another Sacrifice, nor speak with his gentle voice.

Fear blistered the soul of Cain even as the flame had seared his fields. He moved away from the small group of his family, his fearful eyes devouring the sorrowful scene, walking backward until his feet walked upon the smoldering coals. Then, driven by the fear he could not understand, he exploded into action. He whirled and ran. Once his blistered feet had started he couldn't stop, he ran faster and faster into the woods, through the woods, and into the darkness beyond.

He ran for hours, conscious of nothing but the wild fear which drove him. Hours later, when he was past all feeling or awareness, his foot caught on a root and he dropped like a stone. His chest heaved with exertion, each gasping breath a ragged sound in the darkness. Somehow he struggled to his knees, but his great body gave out and he collapsed again. He lay, unable to get up, until he fell asleep.

When the dawn had barely broken onto the crescent of the horizon, his eyes opened and the horrible realization of what he had done flooded his consciousness. He came to his feet quickly, hands braced on the earth to push himself up so that he could run again. He was poised thus when the GREAT VOICE struck him with the sound of thunder, and yet with a clarity which sliced into him.

"Where is Abel, thy brother?"

Cain held his breath and made no sound. The voice

thundered again and this time it brought an icy wind which chilled him to the bone.

"Where is Abel, thy brother?"

"I know not," Cain cried desperately, his voice quivering as he spoke the truth. He knew not where his brother was. He raised his voice again, "I know not." Because he wondered, he cried, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

His knees trembled and he could no longer stay as he was. He fell on his face in the dirt and lay still.

"What has thou done?" the GREAT VOICE demanded.

I know not, Cain thought, I know not what I have done. I know only that I struck my brother and he would not rise when I called to him.

"The voice of thy brother's blood criest to me from the ground."

"I know not," Cain pleaded, tears running down his grimy cheeks. "I know not what I have done."

"Now thou art cursed from the earth," the GREAT VOICE declared. "Now thou art cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand; when thou tillest the ground it shall not yield unto thee her strength. A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth."

Cain drew a gasping breath into the rawness of his throat and his weeping voice poured out of him.

"My punishment is more than I can bear," he cried, "You have driven me out this day from the face of the earth and from your face I shall be hid. I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth." He wept hopelessly, unable to go on, praying the GREAT VOICE would bring him forgiveness. But even as he had waited in vain on the day of the Sacrifice, so he waited in vain for solace.

"Anyone that finds me shall slay me," he wailed.

Now the voice thundered again, and the trees bent in the chill wind.

"Therefore whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold."

Then there was nothing but the echoing silence which came after the GREAT VOICE. Cain rested against a tree until the sun reached down into the western sky and darkness fell. He rested, staring at nothing, through another night and another day.

Sometime, as he rested, a lamb came to him, bleating its own loss. It stayed by him until it fell weakly to the ground. Cain looked down at the lamb and realizing its need for food, he recognized the hunger which gnawed at his bowels. Gradually life flowed back into him. He reached for a branch with which to pull himself to his feet and as he did so, he shuddered. He raised his arms toward heaven.

"The Lord has struck me with a mark all can see," he cried aloud in the silence. "The Lord has struck me with a mark that can never be hidden."

He lifted the lamb into his arms and cradled it's blackness against his chest.

"You too are alone, little lamb," he said to it, spilling his tears into its softness, "and you too are driven from your mother and father, even as I am."

He found a long, crooked stick to support the weight of his worn body and walked again on his feet which were covered with the redness of his blood.

Big, bent, lonely, the man hobbled forth, carrying against him the black lamb. He walked slowly, knowing surely that he would walk thus for all the days of his life. There was quietness in the wilderness as he walked. The only sound was the whispering murmur of his broken, lonely voice.

"I knew not what I did," it droned repetitiously. "I knew not. I knew not what I did. Forgive me, Lord."

I'M A HYPO

Allowing for confusion
And about the pain we bear
I'd follow the prodigal son
Almost anywhere.

i think i'll strike a fancy
Among the lumber jacks
To get in very good with them
And use them for contacts.

i need to make a living though
Out among the trees
So i'll use up all my matches
and collect insurance fees.

Abbey tried to warn me
when i went to play with fire
But then she saved me just in time
From playing funeral pyre.

And again the duke and duchess
Tried to do me well
They'd uh fed me to the Christians
But they couldn't stand the smell.

They love to find me daily
And when inflicting pain,
They put me in the oven
To neutralize my brain.



i go to see Viola
Because she treats me well
And kindly loves me nightly
While condemning me to hell.

Once upon a time
When i was stranded on the rocks
She sent me a secret message
Guarded by three locks.

But then i couldn't read it
And it almost blew my mind
As I scrambled from my prison
in just a nick of time

Oh won't you help me
The last chance is today
The river of the underworld
Is dragging me away.

By Tom Kinney

NEON WORDS ALONG THE BEACH

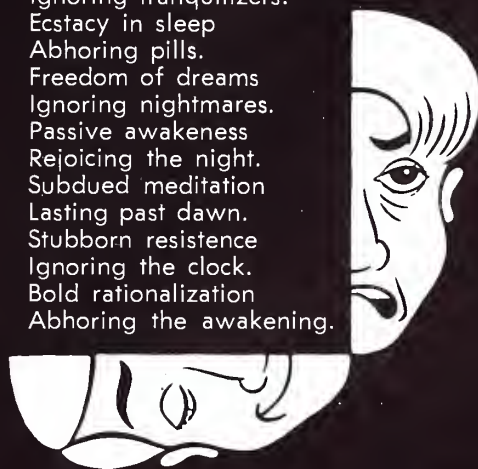


The corners where youth
Revolves in all its cults mysterious
Where the sea meets man's
Concrete, steel, asphalt domain
Stand away at night so far
That only the lights appear
All materials lose shape
Then and only then does
Beauty come to life.

By Rick Shaw

SLEEP ON by Paul Harding

Tranquil nerves
Ignoring tranquilizers.
Ecstasy in sleep
Abhorning pills.
Freedom of dreams
Ignoring nightmares.
Passive awakeness
Rejoicing the night.
Subdued meditation
Lasting past dawn.
Stubborn resistance
Ignoring the clock.
Bold rationalization
Abhorning the awakening.



LIFE BE SWEET

I
 hear
 the wind
 Its sounds
 of time and
 time to come its
 constant howl of
 devil's songs that
 angels sing on wings
 of wheat and grain and
 things of earth which seem
 somehow to blind my eyes but
 never my ears for ears they
 hear too much to see of glory hate
 or men that hate too much to hear
 but see the things that never sound
 the wind to cease. I reach to grasp a
 breath of wind to life my love of things
 of idiocracy to men that lie now and
 again too cold to stink the wind to fill
 my nostrils up with angel hair that breaks
 and chokes my throat to spit back the wind
 that seeks in every palace and den of earth
 and clouds that ride between hither and
 thither then drift to river like my love its
 idiocracy they glide right back to come again
 sometimes too light to my head to spin a kin to
 truth it never hides nor looks but always find
 what's never lost and can't be found it lingers
 on but never stops to dance about my hair it
 blows right by a draft that puts out the fire
 that grows even higher in my heart's desire
 then, one day we rise to find it still and
 look to sea to see the horizon of eternity
 as straight as the course of sight between
 ours and Mars but orbits us to turn our
 back then back the wind it moans because
 we looked to find an end to that that
 barely began or never began at all.
 I now remember that which has no
 beginning and never exists but never
 will end unlike the wind it is the
 dove of love that rides on
 feather wings of wind to
 those whose backs are turned
 and turn again to sea
 and wash their eyes
 and ears to see
 and hear the
 wind that
 is, it
 is

EPILOGUE

by Bill Cael

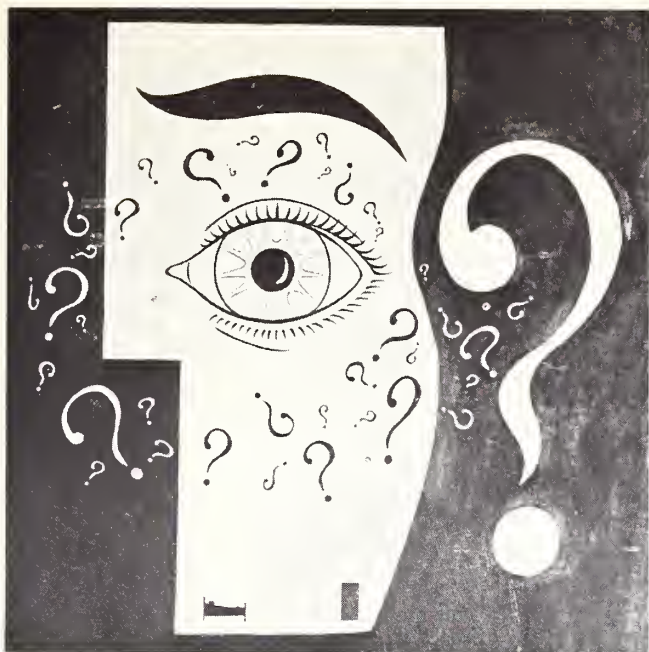
You have died in discovery of
 Ultimate truth in that final sweeping bend,
 And in that sudden millenium of utter comprehension,
 Knew why.
 I too will pass for just one more verity,
 I too will walk on without regret;
 Then we will meet.

THE WINDS SO CONSTANT

by James Higgins

Life be sweet.
 Open Thy doors and permit the fresh air to pass.
 Let the greatness of generations penetrate Thy cracks.
 Make the interior a challenge to all outside
 and a knock worth while.
 Build with strength, for without strength life will be short.
 Plant honesty plentifully along Thy pathway
 to guard against human weeds.
 Put happiness in Thy empty rooms,
 Cultivate adventure into the ground around Thee,
 And function with pride in the stability of Thy foundation.
 Please life, be sweet.

In the greater Miami oreo o lot of rain fell on the streets last week.
 Boats were placed in your city streets to rescue the men tropped by o
 swiftly rising water table.
 The very able policemen did a fine job. "Danger is real," the chief
 said, "and close your windows and doors." When he obly reconsidered
 windows and doors meant just that. He told o lady to return home
 and count her kids.
 What to see, and how, bothered o few men during the main port
 of the downpour, but these is less and less.
 It rained here, too.



DEPARTURE

by Paul Harding

The lady with the small white hat and the white costume would walk through the large opening at one end of the pale green wall, after long intervals of time.

The pale wall faced me as I lay upright in a large soft bed, located somewhere within a strange building. Whenever the lady entered my ghostly room, she always seemed to be interested in me, for some reason. Every time she came up alongside of my bed, she would put a small glass stick under my tongue. After a few minutes, she would take the glass stick out of my mouth and hold it up to the light, looking at it very closely. The white-costumed lady would then scribble something down on a small notepad which she always carried around with her. After guiding a small glass of sweet tasting liquid to my lips and waiting for me to swallow the cool fluid, she would begin talking to me.

She never failed to tell me that she hoped I was feeling better.

I really couldn't say whether or not I did feel any better; I couldn't recall any change as the days went by. As the days went by? What was I doing lying in a bed? Where was I?

The white lady told me I was in a hospital. A hospital?

She could have said 'hell' and I still wouldn't have known where I was. A hospital — A pale green room with a bed in it? I was still lost.

I was lost even more when the lady decided to ask me several questions. Where did I live? What were my parents' names? How old was I? What was *my* name?

I had no idea what the answers were. I just couldn't remember. My only answer to each question was a wrinkled frown and a steady glare at the pale green wall. Where did I live? There was a pause with no answer. What were my parents' names? Another blank. How old was I? She waited but there was no answer. What was *my* name? All I could do was stare and shake my head slowly. I just didn't know.

The second and last time she asked me these questions, I reacted much the same way. The difference was she

answered my silences. Each of her answers had an uncertain and cautious tone. Where did I live? I gave no answer. "263 Green Lane?" I considered her answer but recalled nothing. What were my parents' names? I shook my head. "Jack and Lorraine Miles?" I didn't know. How old was I? "19?" It didn't seem to make any difference. What was *my* name? "Jim?" I couldn't say.

After recording my lack of progress in her notepad, the lady left my lonely room, leaving me gazing at the blank ceiling above me. She left my room through the large opening at the end of the pale wall and returned with a man and a woman. Both looked very pale with watery eyes. All three walked slowly to my bedside. The white-lady introduced the elderly couple to me. "Mr. and Mrs. Jack Miles" — my parents.

Both new-comers looked quicky from my figure to the other's face in silence. The man's knuckles grew whiter as he squeezed his wife's hand. The awkward silence was broken as the woman whispered in a choked voice. "Jimmy?" What could I say? "Re-remember me — your mo-mother?" She, too, was answered with my steady glare. "Jimmy? Jimmy, son?" Her voice grew louder. "Why don't you answer me — your mother?" I didn't know what to say. "Jimmy — please say something to me. Jack, do something." I winced as her words shrieked. "Nurse. Nurse! Why doesn't he answer me?"

My eyes widened. A sudden sweat glistened on my face. What did I do? What happened? What was she saying? What were they going to do with me? Again, no answers. My eyes burned as I stared nervously into my world of blank walls and blank answers.

I became aware of two blurs. There stood the nurse and a much younger lady. The nurse told me the young lady also wished to see me. The nurse gave her permission to enter my room for only a short while. The nurse called her *Judy*.

After the nurse left the opening, the younger lady moved very slowly toward me. What now? What did *she* want? I started to shrink underneath my covers. My trembling hands wiped my watery eyes with my bedsheets. I had to have a better look at this person. My eyes were rewarded. They focused upon her.

My nerves became subdued with her presence.

Dew glistened in her eyes. Her dark hair flowed in waves which caressed her neck and the side of her face. What was this beautiful being? She continued looking at my eyes as she neared me. She stopped and carefully seated herself on my bed. As she did so, she took my hand in both of hers. "Jimmy?"

I made no reply to her soft request. She brought my hand to her lips. Her eyes closed, bringing forth their warm fluid. "Oh, Jimmy?" She moved my hand gently along her smooth cheek, moistened with her tears. She slowly opened her eyes and looked into mine, before reclosing her own and tenderly guiding my hand back to her warm mouth. She held my hand to her lips as she bowed her head and faintly moved her lips in silence. I didn't move. Her lips stopped, then gently she laid down my hand on top of my chest, over my heart. Tenderly releasing my hand from hers, she slowly stood. Her eyes still focused upon me. *She* seemed to understand.

I wasn't able to determine what to make of her sympathy. What was I to do?

An infinite number of question marks. Among these numerous question marks, there was one considerably larger than the rest. A question mark possessing small riverlets of tears. Who was this question mark? Why did she continue to cry softly as she gazed into my eyes? Who

was she? Is she my sister, cousin, or girlfriend? How could I tell? Did I *have* a sister, cousin, or girlfriend?

Why didn't I ask her?

I tried, but my mouth remained closed. My lips would not part. They had to. I had to find out who this person was. My lips finally parted to speak. I heard a voice — not mine, but hers. In a faint murmur, she called my name.

My gaze wandered to the pale green wall, lost in my maze of question marks. But hearing her hopeless voice, my eyes quickly focused their attention upon her.

Her eyes were now staring into a glass pitcher of water with an empty glass beside it. Both were on top of a faded bed table located less than an arm's length from my bed.

My mouth remained open, but no sound uttered from my throat. As she stared sorrowfully at the water pitcher, she slowly moved her hand forward until it grasped the handle. The pitcher was lifted from the pale blue table top. The empty glass was filled half way with water. The water pitcher was replaced. Apparently, she was thirsty. She needed water. I was also thirsty.

Who was he? The nurse called her Judy. A question mark with a name, but with significance. I began to hold a grudge against all question marks. Yes, question marks of all shapes and sizes. There should have been a law against question marks. Every typewriter I could seize would have its question mark key plucked out and destroyed. I would headline all the newspapers with "ABOLISH INTERROGATIVES."

Even so, what about that question mark with the dark flowing hair? That question mark which was sipping water from the glass.

I had to know the answer. In desperation, I looked at her face and with every muscle fiber in my body flexing with determination and anxiety, I surprised the silence of the room. "Judy?"

She dropped the glass. The glass exploded. She screamed.

At that instant, her beside me: night, tail lights, steering wheel, utility pole . . . "Judy!" . . . scream, exploding gla—.

"Jimmy!"

CAST THE FIRST STONE

(Continued from Page 44)

- MOTHER: No buts! It was that colored girl's word against Melinda
quickly *defensively*
White's. How were we to know the poor innocent was so distraught?
then second guessing and patronizingly
- JOHNNY: But she said —
- MOTHER: She said the man was dark. Black sure fitted the description.
matter of fact, she's in control again
- JOHNNY: We convicted him. He's dead because of us.
sadly, and guiltily
- MOTHER: *Hogwash!* We didn't know what we know now! It's a case of
back to emphasis *nearly flippant*
mistaken identity.
- JOHNNY: A man's dead!
slowly as though unbelievable
- MOTHER: Now listen son, your mama isn't here to talk to you, and I'll
back to the kind kick again — we're really patronizing now
just have to do. If she were here she'd say the same thing I'm telling you now.
- JOHNNY: My mother —
as though she were there
- MOTHER: Shhhh! Listen to me. Your mama would say, "Johnny, don't
calming, as to a child
take on so. You did what you thought was right. *We all did.*
slowly and measured
- JOHNNY: I was weak.
- MOTHER: She'd say, "Johnny, it was the Lord's will. If he'd been an innocent man,
the Lord would have saved him." Isn't that right?
- JOHNNY: Maybe —
- MOTHER: Maybe she'd used different words. Your mamma was a kind woman,
but she'd said the same thing. Isn't that so?
- JOHNNY: Yes, mother was a kind woman.
- MOTHER: It's suddenly chilly in here. Right . . . I think I'll have that coffee now.
mare quietly — nearly in fear
Keep your seat. I'll make the coffee. That's O. K.
anxious to go
- JOHNNY: I know my way to the kitchen. You just sit there.
Wonder who that is? at the door at this hour?
as though muttering to himself
Hello who's there? No! It can't be!
complete disbelief
No! We killed you!
then harrar *total horror*
- BLACK: I've come to live with you.
without any feeling — just slowly, politely and deliberately

Fade out spotlight.

Total blackout on Mother.

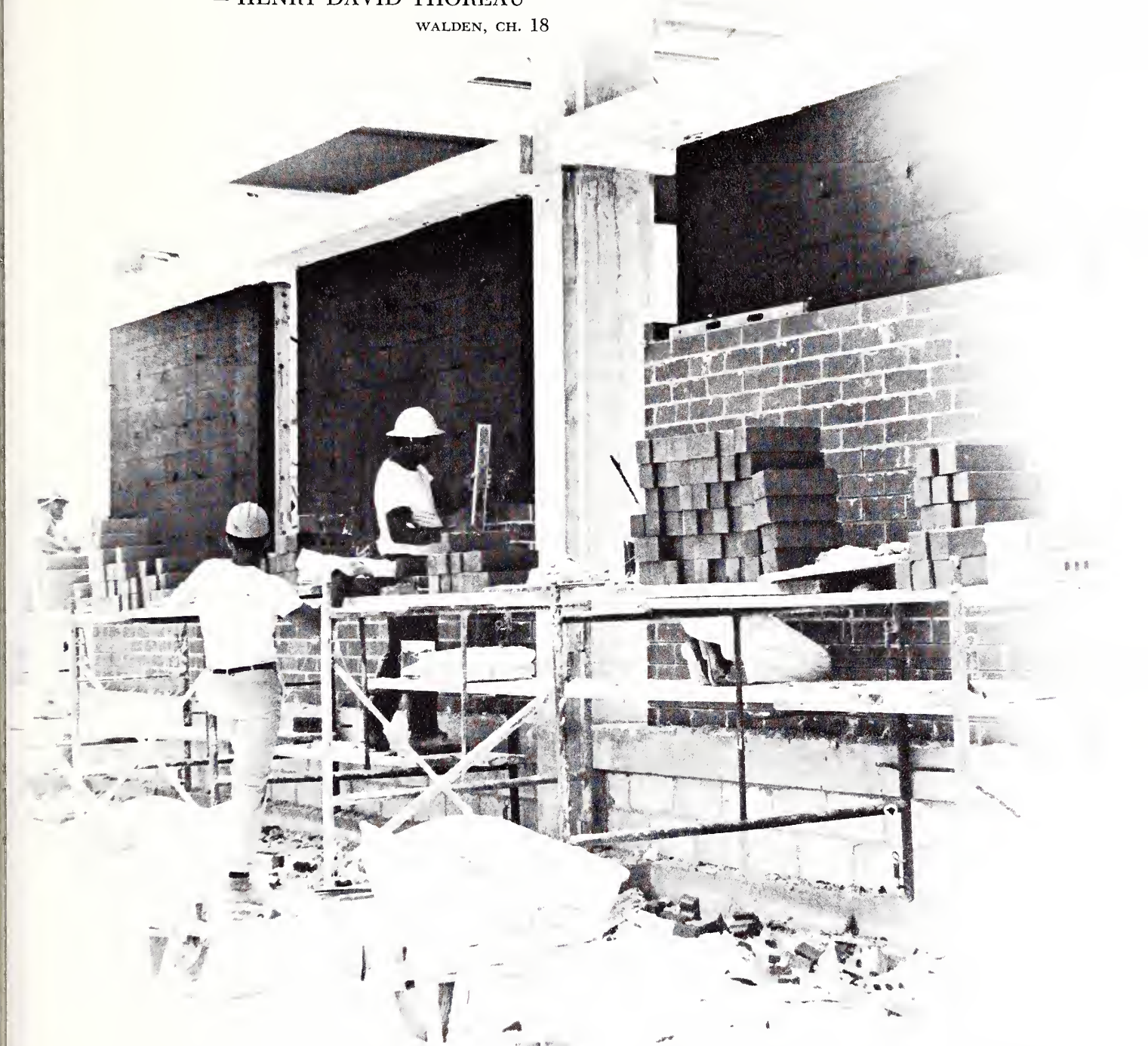
Quick blackout.

If one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. . . .

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.

— HENRY DAVID THOREAU

WALDEN, CH. 18



Our new Hospitality Center, shown here under construction, is one of these firm foundations. Our recreation and dining center for 1350 students and faculty will improve our dreams of friendship and spirit.









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