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Junior College of Broward County
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

JOHN
GRIFFETH

the light that covers
only the tops of the trees
leaves the flowers dark

the sun that rises
only to be clouded out
still rises again

the distant breezes
bring flowers' incense and rain
then softly move on

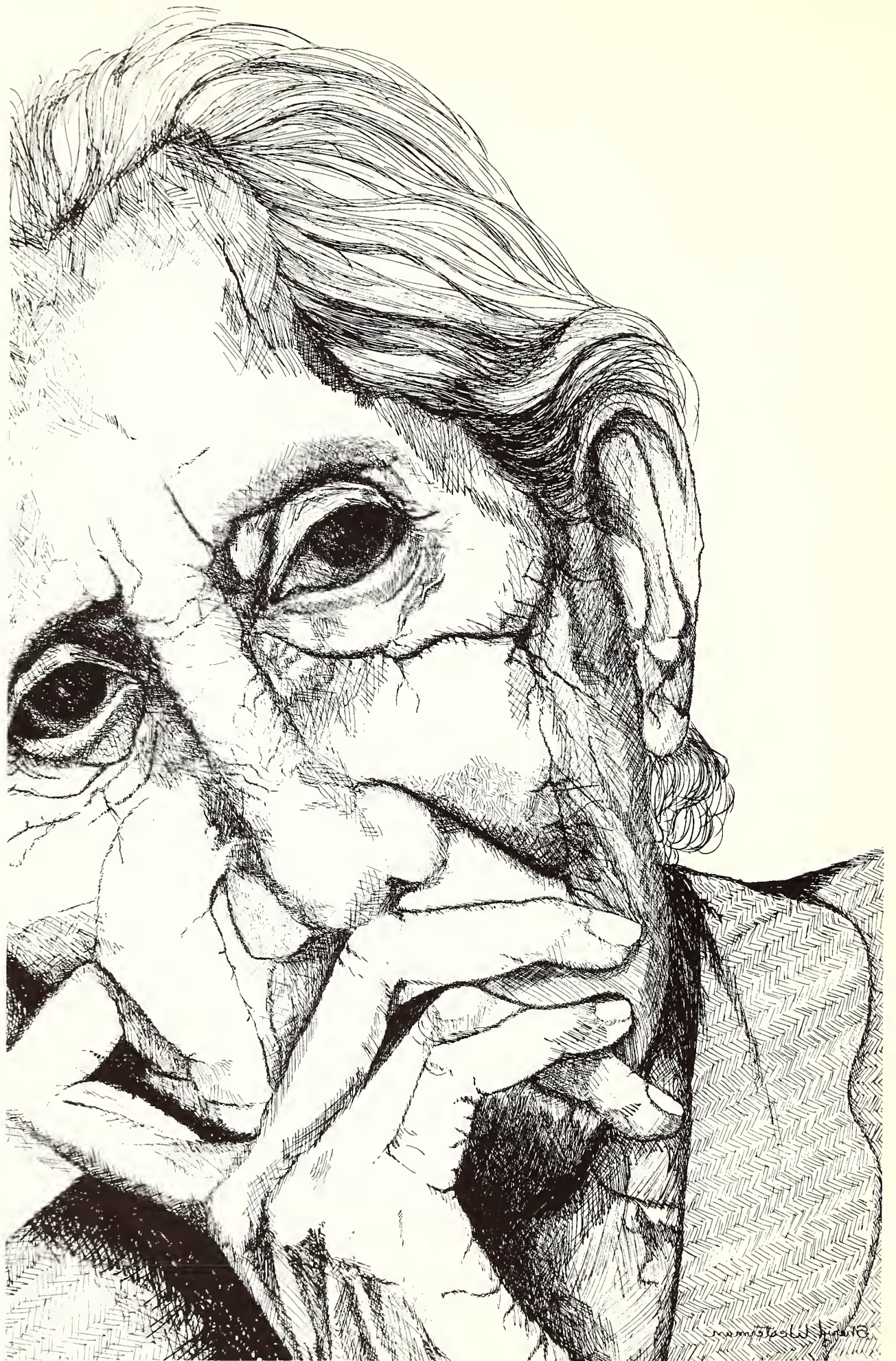
soft mellow waters
that lie quiet and peaceful
are filled by a storm

the butterfly flies
and the hummingbird does hum
but what of the worm

the black windy storm
hurled down pellets of rain
and the land grew green

eye am i

have you ever noticed the eyes in the alley when you
walk the streets at night . . . what head contains these
eyes . . . are they my eyes . . . could they be looking at
me from outside my being . . . and am i staring back/
are these my eyes looking at my past . . . being my future/. . .
. . . and dying for the 37th time/. . . coke bottle eyes
staring back at me . . . i see straight ahead . . . a giant
eye . . . bigger than my life . . . bigger than my world . . .
approaching is this i . . . seeing my reflection in the
giant cornea/. . . standing in front of this glistening
globe . . . the lens seems to be a shimmering . . . beckoning
door/. . . i step into the eye . . . and am suddenly enveloped
in the entity of my past . . . my being/. . . i make my way
through the optic nerve . . . to the junction at the brain . . .
my brain . . . how can i be here/. . . what beautiful colors . . .
electric . . . thinking . . . and mine . . . a jelly like office . . .
collection supreme or junk yard terror/. . . i notice through
the blue window of my eye . . . jumbled thoughts bouncing
from point to point without a conductor . . . jagged cliffs
and deep dark chasms of thought . . . brooding blue . . . and
redding hate/. . . torment is beautiful and ugly . . . love
is a color i have never seen . . . indecision . . . or is it
indifference is growing at one point like a gigantic
tumor . . . bulging and quivering as if to spring upon
me and engulf my being . . . eye . . . or rather i . . . am threatened/
i must take leave of myself . . . for my thoughts and
wants and grief exposed nakedly to me are unbearable/
i must get back through the masses of ganglion . . . back
through the optic nerve . . . crawling on my hands and knees . . .
not seeing but feeling . . . maybe thinking . . . almost flowing
back into the giant cavern of my i/. . . trying to find
the lens . . . seeing out . . . but not getting out of the viscous
blue of the iris . . . like fluid bars binding me to myself/
i have to be free . . . i can no longer stay within the
boundaries of my eye . . . to witness the future that i saw . . .
unfold to caress my lifespan with uncontrolled violence . . .
knowing my future but not knowing how . . . seeing through
the inadequate eye of my mind . . . seeing through bars of
blue . . . i see black/



namistach 1988

SHERYL WESTERMAN

CEASELESS QUEST

JANA MAGRUDER

The sculptor sat at his table. His face showed the wrinkles of his many years, much like the rings in a tree, yet he radiated a certain likeness to that of a child. His friend, George, used to say that he looked like Santa Claus and in a way he did.

He had begun doing figures when he was young and bored, and was now quite good at them though he never admitted it. Many people wanted his works and being a humble man, he tried to do as many as he could. It was not that they were perfect or anything. They had their faults but they were original and simple, and it was this simplicity, his own, that made him famous.

As he sat at the table, he contemplated another creation. "God," he said, "I can't do as well as I used to." It was true. Though his mind was still sharp, his hands were stiff with the problem of the aged. He picked up a piece of light brown clay and started to mold it into something vaguely resembling a man. As he fumbled for a knife to cut another piece of clay, George walked in with a few supplies and bits of food.

George was his friend, indeed. They had been together for as long as he could remember. George was not as bright as the sculptor but he supplied the essentials that any person would need such as food, shelter and companionship. It was not as if George received nothing in return, for the old man was wise and explained many of the things that George could not understand. And they more than shared their possessions, they shared each other's thoughts.

George was with him when he did his greatest work, the one said to be perfect, and when they decided to move to their "haven."

As the sculptor worked on his image, he realized it would not be a good one. Many were not, but he never destroyed them. There was always someone who wanted it even if it turned

out poorly. He never got much for them and it wasn't because they weren't worth much but rather because he was one of those idealistic people who felt it was better to give than to receive. So, although he was well known, he and George preferred to live close to nature with just the basic material needs fulfilled.

He rose from the table and walked stiffly to the window. As he opened it, a gust of bitter air brushed his cheeks and blew his white hair from his forehead. Yes, it was cold outside and he commented to George that he had never seen it that cold.

"It will probably warm up," said George and the sculptor wondered.

"At least the smog has not reached us!" And they both chuckled.

He stood by the window for a long time and pondered the coldness. About how even the chill outside was not as cold as some men's hearts. That coldness was different, he thought, almost like a burning cold, if there was such a thing.

His face, red and chapped, he turned from the window, closing it behind him. Hobbling back to the table, he warmed his hands on a candle burning bright. He noticed that George's candle was low and he reminded him that tomorrow new ones would have to be bought. He glanced at George who was staring at the candle. George did not hear the old man. He was almost in a trance, only aware of the brightness of the candle and the smell of paraffin. He used only these two senses, and for George this was quite a feat. He seemed only to be able to do one thing at a time. Talk, cook, eat, or laugh he could do but mix any two and he found it difficult. He was not stupid, however, it was just that he preferred to think slowly and act slowly.

"Did you read about the guy 'who saw God in a flower'?" asked the sculptor.

"Yes, but how could he?" George asked with a lump in his throat.

"I think he meant he saw beauty — as creation being the beauty. Nature, the essence of life, I think I understand."

"Oh," said George, his mind filling with images of flowers, pink, red and green. The sculptor could see into his mind and they shared the beauty, then smiled. Though the candles were growing dimmer, the sculptor started anew to create. This time, the clay began to take pure and perfect form. His hands smoothed the surface, gliding over the face and figure. The face was strong and gentle; the body sleek. By midmorning as the light came in and the candle went out, the figure was finished.

George had remained awake, watching the old man. He had not seen him work like this in such a long time. He noticed, however, a small flaw and debated bringing it to the old man's attention. Finally George said, "It's almost perfect except for the foot. I guess you didn't see it but it can be fixed real easy."

The sculptor had seen the flaw and was pleased that George mentioned it. He smoothed the bottom edge of the image and molded a new foot that was fitting for the creation. Suddenly he remembered something, and he wondered, and pondered. Finally, he raised his old hand and with his thumb pointed, he forced it into the ankle of the figure.

George sat up and spoke with a tear in his eye. "Why did you do that? It was perfect. If it was alive it couldn't walk right, why did you want to destroy something that was perfect?"

"Few things in this world are perfect," said the sculptor. "People do strive for perfection but when it is given them, they only destroy it. Christ was perfect and they destroyed him. They should have realized that only the creator has the right to destroy his own world. But they didn't."

"They were atheists," cried George.

"No," the sculptor spoke softly, "they were not atheists. They just chose to believe in something different. What people believe in is what is right, but no one has the right to take a life. That is wrong."

"When the critics see this one," said George changing the subject, "they won't like it."

"Or else they will probably read something into it that isn't really there. 'It symbolizes man's tragic flaw.' But it doesn't. It's just something not meant to be idolized or ostracized. It's there and it's a man with a deformed foot and nothing more."

"Or less."

The sun was high in the sky and both realized that it was a bit brighter and a bit warmer than yesterday or the days before. The light made George remember that they needed candles. He raised himself from the bench, his arms from his body, and stretched. His coat was hanging on a peg by the door. He reached for it and tossed it about his shoulders. As he looked at the sculptor sitting at the table deep in thought, he realized how old he was. The weariness of the old man was no less than his own.

The sculptor turned his sad eyes to George and said, "Sleep." George said that he would but first, there were chores to be done. He waved goodbye and closed the wooden door behind him.

In his mind the old man could see George passing through the gate and walking slowly downhill. He smiled. George was such a good friend and it seemed they had been together an eternity. He thought about the small bed in the corner and how it beckoned him. He rose and brushed the red pieces of clay from his white robe. Sitting on the bed and removing his slippers, he glanced again at the small figure on the table. No one really had the right to be perfect — not animals or people, not George or himself.

He stared at the ceiling, his mind whirling. Christ was perfect and they murdered him. They believed, but not in him. He reached for a small blanket at the foot of his bed and pulled it up around his face. Turning on his side facing the wall, only his drowsy eyes and hair were visible. He thought about the people who believed in Buddha, God, and Christ. "One has to believe in something," he sighed, "even if it's only yourself." And he fell back to sleep thinking of the continuation of the eternity.



DAVID PORTER

SHADE OF THE IRIS

The dried old spinsters in their black lace veils
line up at the altar rail
and mutter magic spells
while the younger crowd
yells "we want God
or love or something we can touch
'cause Mother's out at work"
and they don't hear the prophet
who's supposed to tell them
it's the seventh day
and God's gone fishing
Ferlinghetti told you
that he looked all petered-out
but they can't hear the prophet
thru his pastel padded cell
and his counselor keeps saying
that with help he will get well
and lead an average normal life
productive and secure
"you're sublimating something
that your mother did to you,
poor man, when you were just a child"
so the people cannot see him
cause he's in the bottom drawer
marked "hopeless"
with all the other prophets
and Moses was a boring soul
but where would he have been
if Joseph'd been an only child
or Jacob's read Ginott
so God is in Squaw Valley
and his prophets are in jail
and the universe is getting more screwed up all the
time

ZITA

McAFEE

Some broad stands at a bus stop
in a yellow voile blouse
and she's wearing that
and carrying the rest stuffed down in her purse
and her bod isn't all that great
but all the men stand around
and take late buses
till they get themselves sufficiently hot
and they all run home and rape their wives
who just can't wait to get together
with all the other coffee clats
and sit around and fabricate
'cause each one knows
she hasn't even gotten half-way warm
since she went on the pill
and if one missed a day or two
she owes her newborn to a yellow blouse

But we were warned a while back
in the days of mass hallucinations
when the prophets spiked the water supply
or maybe let it turn a little acid
but now the prophet of doom
with whom we speak
who flies the ultimate in U. F. O.
and cries at the evening news
(and maybe he summers in Selma)
now he's painted pink
or locked up snug
for tripping out on adrenalin
or maybe store bought stuff

But all he's doing, really,
is trying out new lenses
cause it all depends on
the way you see God
or life or something you can touch
is the slant to the lid
or the shade of the iris
you're looking thru at the time.

THE IRISHMAN

He bears gifts of words
And tidings of great joy
 of his presence among us
He instructs the ignorant
And where he walks
the blind may see
He wears sunglasses
And walks on the water
And only get his trouser cuff damp
 in shallow puddles

AFTER WORDS

He wrote of lips pressed on warm flesh
And of the curving line of a woman's shadow
Of sun filtered thru trees and long hair
 into a sensitive lens
Of laughter
 low soft voices flowing from another room
He wrote of youth's love
And dies alone

SPRING IS A SOMEWHERE THING

Spring is a somewhere thing
It comes from a world of yellow-green
 And velvetness
Where newly dried butterflies
Float in clean washed air
And the sun's light plays leap-frog
Where it will be banished
With the return of its summer-child
And exiled to the treetops
By her thick dark foliage

A rifle's crack seems far away
But black conquers flight
And dark red flows on yellow-green.

PAISLEY

I'm wearing my brain paisley this season
I'm Simon
 Peter
Follow the leader
Mary had a little lamb
'cause the acid busted her chromosomes
Daddy was a wino
Momma smoked pot
And the psychiatrist's can
of super spray
discount security
Water repellent sex appeal
 has gone dry
But it's the 54 one hundredth of 1%
 you have to worry about
And the girl with the shriveled bod
 Keeps crawling thru the purple field
And the house at the bottom stays small
 and still

And anyone who sees it
Knows she'll never make it
but still you kind of wonder
deep down
if she knows

and the explosives manufacturers
make little rubber dolls
with the polyethelene
left over from the next atomic war
get 'em while they're hot kiddies,
post flash, they'll never match
mutants have shriveled bods

AN AMETHYST DAWN

Thru an amethyst dawn
A nymph appears
perched high upon the ocean rocks
gazing at the writhing mass below
and the maggots from beneath her fingernails
slip their silent way thru out the land
till they become full great butterflies
concealing fatal organs
and they drug the masses with their words
and the crowds worship and adore them
while they secretly punish those who disobey,
not surrendering their thoughts
I see an apparition
A woman clothed in the sorrow of the aged
And as she approaches
I see the painted lines
and the greasepaint of her early grey
and she tells me of her agony
and that it is not, never can be appropriate to youth
From her peals the laughter of a child
Till all her smiles fade
and then she, too, fades and is no more,
Departed to tell the fortunes of the bloodthirsty
Leaving the shadow of a sound, the echo of a moan

My feet are swelling with disease
My legs are rotting with an alien disuse
I have not stood them on brave new territory
Or the wilds of a freshly conquered domain
A place of my possession
To break or bleed or fondle or coax as I see fit
I am the bastard child of a tradition and a challenge
Deprived of my heritage of comfortable costume
And my rightful place to shout my soul to all eternity

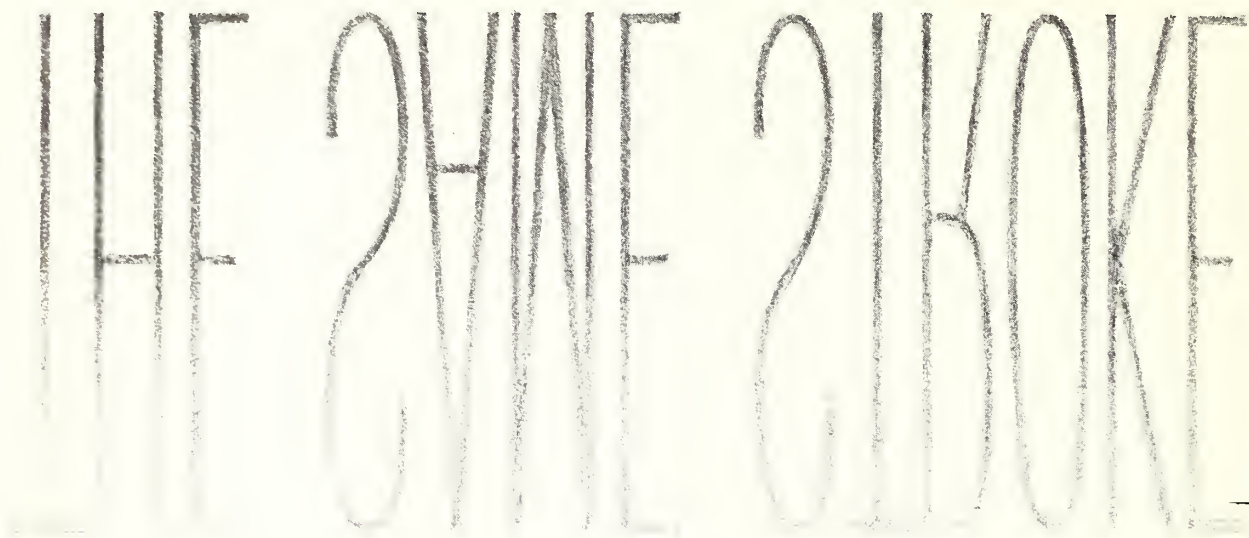
Thru an amethyst dawn
I passed
And became transformed from the night black existence
And I soared above the sky
And looked down on the masses
And the servants of the maggot beasts
Nurtured the machines
And fed them on the blood of the most virile youths
And I cried out
And only the apparitions heard me
Their greasepaint and their laughter
And their bodies ripped apart
And within I could see each child weeping in her age
But the masses did not hear them
For they faded together into a shroud above the mountain of dead youths

And a time will come when children will tire of trivia
And they will beg their mothers for a piece of their past
But the women will turn their faces to the wall and sit mute and insensitive
With their eyes focused on an apparition

Zita McAfee



THE SAME STROKE



PAUL
HARDING

**Rob the average man of his life-illusion, and
you rob him of his happiness at the same stroke.**

—Ibsen

I remember when I first went to him how he showed me pictures of hands before and after an operation. When I walked into his office I was hoping that those same pictures would be hanging on the walls, but they weren't. I thought that they might take pictures of my hand and show them to other people. **But I don't see any difference, they'd say. Oh, but there is, the doctor would say. Where's the change? they'd say. All inside, he'd say. And you know, he'd say, this is the hand of Charley Yates. You mean Charley Yates, the champion boxer? they'd say. Yes, he'd say. He'd probably have that picture hanging in his office, and I'd probably autograph it for him.**

The doctor would probably be surprised to see me. I mean, a year is a long time. Nobody thought I'd get back in the ring. They thought I was finished. But I told him that I'd be back as soon as I got the money, and I got it. A year's a long time, but I got it. An injured hand

isn't going to keep Charley Yates out of the ring for long.

Sure, I wondered plenty whether or not I'd get the money, but Bear had won three out of his last four fights, and that put us in the money. I only needed for us to be in the money one more time, and I'd have enough. I knew I only needed one more time all right, and I was plenty worried that last fight.

Bear was getting knocked around pretty bad, and I started worrying towards the end. He always got knocked around, I mean, even when he won. That's the way he fought, but it was getting close to the end of the fight, and we had to win to stay in the money.

Bear should've taken him long ago.

"What are you doing in there, Bear?" I said. "He's making a punching bag out of you."

"This round, Charley. I'll get him this round."

"Sure, Bear. Just try leading with your gloves instead of your head."

"Sure, Charley. I'll get him this round, Charley."

The bell rang, and Bear was back up there getting himself hit.

"Your boy's taking an awful lot, Charley."

It was Dick Webber. He was the fight man for the **Herald** — did all the big fights. He covered me when I used to fight in Chicago. I didn't know why he was there that night; Bear was never a big fight.

"What you doing here, Dick?" I said.

"Night off. Thought I'd come see your boy."

"If you've seen him once —"

"You've helped him a lot."

"Maybe. Sure, but how much can you do. He's good and all. I mean, the crowds like him."

"Not everybody's a contender. God, he's really getting it bad up there!"

He was getting it bad too. His forehead was cut early in the match, right above the right eye. And Hull, unlike Bear, was taking full advantage of the situation. He'd been working on that cut all night. With the blood and all in his right eye, I knew that Bear was only using one eye at times. It showed too. He'd missed a lot of punches, and was to his knees twice.

It seemed that the blood was worse now, and it looked like it was coming out of his nose too. I couldn't tell for sure; his face was so bloody. It was getting towards the end of the match, and I didn't think the referee would stop the fight. He had looked at Bear several times, but he didn't stop the fight. Bear always fought like that. The blood was getting worse though, and I didn't want the fight stopped.

"Why don't you call it a night, Charley?" Dick said.

"He always fights like that."

"Yeah, sure. But you have to save him for the next day."

"If he wins this one, we're taking a rest."

But it didn't look like Bear was going to win. He had won three out of his last four fights, sure, but he was getting it bad tonight. We just needed one more fight, that's all, but he was getting it bad.

There was only one more round after this one, and it looked like I'd have to wait a little longer before I got my money and Bear got his rest. There was only one more round, and the referee wouldn't stop the fight, but Bear had lost a lot of blood. It looked bad.

The bell rang, and Bear came over to the corner kind of slow. The people were yelling very loud. They always yelled like that when they saw blood. The more blood, the more they yelled. And Bear had lost a lot of blood. He was losing, but it wouldn't hurt our draw any. I mean, with the blood and all.

"You all right, Bear?" I said.

"Sure, Charley."

If I hadn't known what he was going to say, I wouldn't have understood him. He was breathing very hard and through his mouth, and he hadn't taken out his mouthpiece.

The ring smelled good—the sweat, the blood, the tobacco. And all the people were yelling. I mean, it was great. It wasn't good to the nostrils; it was good to the body. It soaked in like liniment, but always stayed with you, never left.

"Last round, Bear," I said. "You think you can make it?"

"Sure, Charley."

"You're doing all right, Bear," said Dick.

Bear couldn't tell who it was but waved a glove at him. When you bled a lot, and it looked like you were going to lose, someone always said "You're doing all right," and you always waved a glove at them whether you knew them or not.

Hull wasn't as good as Bear. At least I knew that Hull wasn't as good as Bear. Bear should have taken him long ago. Now there was not much hope, of course. With the cut over Bear's

eye and all, but he should have taken Hull long ago. I mean, Bear should have known that he could take him.

"Bear?"

"Yeah, Charley."

"It would be good if you took this one."

"Sure, Charley, this round."

This round. It was the only round we had left. It was too late for Bear, and I don't know why I said what I did. I mean, he should have taken him earlier.

The bell rang, and Bear stumbled back into the ring. I turned to say something to Dick when the crowd roared all of a sudden. I turned towards the ring. Hull had left himself open, and now Bear had him off balance, and Hull was wide open. Bear got him several times in the abdomen, and then missed with a right. At least I thought he had missed, but it brought Hull to his knees. He was there for the count of five. Bear was somewhat revitalized then. He waited in the corner looking very fresh even with the blood and sweat pouring from him. Hull was finished. I knew we had won when I saw how he got up from his knees. It was all over before Bear threw the last punch that put Hull to the canvas to stay. With only one more round, Hull had left himself wide open, and now Bear had won, and we were still in the money. I had the money for the operation on my hand, and Bear would get his rest.

"Bet you thought I'd never get the money, doc," I said.

I was in his office now.

"On the contrary, Mr. Yates, I was very confident that you would. I've seen you fight. I didn't think you'd be out of the ring long."

"You saw me fight?"

"Yes, many times. I followed you very closely."

He started listening to my heart.

"You liked me, did you?"

"Yes, I thought you had great possibilities."

"Did you see the time I KO'd Hart in the third?"

"Yes."

"And Malzone?"

"Yes. That went quite a few rounds."

"Fifteen."

"He was good."

"I was better though. I think those were my two best fights."

"They were good, but I've never seen you better than when you fought Bear Longing. You were great until —"

"I beat him anyway though."

"Take a deep breath. You should never have continued after breaking your hand. Exhale."

"I had to."

"You shouldn't have. We're going to have to x-ray your hand."

"Why do we have to do all this? We've been through it all before. Why not just operate?"

"Just be patient," he said. "You've been waiting quite some time now. A few more days won't hurt you."

We went through all the examinations that I had gone through before, but I didn't mind. In a few days everything was going to be all right. And I'd be able to work out again and get back up there in the ring, and then there would be no stopping me. A few days he said. I wouldn't have to manage Bear any more. I could fight again.

I stayed in my hotel room most of the time listening to the radio and reading fight magazines. I always hated waiting like that, but it didn't matter because it was only a few days wait. What's a few days when you've got a life?

He called me to his office two days later.

"If it were the case of an arm or a leg," he said, "rebreaking and setting would be a simple matter, but the bones of the hand are so small and close together —"

"You've told me all this before, doc. I've got the money."

"Yes, you've got the money. But when the bones have knit and hardened over a long period of time —"

"You know I don't care about all that. I know you're not trying to cheat me. I've got the money. Just tell me when you operate."

"Of course, for all practical purposes, the hand is completely reliable."

"Just when do you operate?" I said.

"It's been too long."

"Too long! I had to get the money."

"I'm sorry. If it would have been sooner —"

I was on a train, and it was moving fast. I didn't know where it was going. I didn't even remember leaving the doctor's office. I only knew that I was on the train, and it was moving fast. He said a few days. I was right there when he said it in his office. Just a few days he said.

The train was moving fast, and I looked out the window, but all I saw was pictures of hands, before-and-after hands. Pictures and names and dates. **And this is the hand of Charley Yates. You mean Charley Yates the champion boxer?** Yes, he said. **Date?** he said. **Oh, there is no date on this picture.** A few days he said. A few days.

As soon as the train stopped, I went to our hotel room and found Bear alone.

"Charley! Where you been, Charley?"

I didn't say anything. Why should I?

"I saw you took your money box," he said as he pointed to it tucked under my arm, "and I was worried, Charley."

I just looked at him. Who gives a damn whether he worries or not.

He was quiet for a while until he caught sight of his shadow against the wall. He started to spar with it.

"I'm all rested now, Charley. We can start fighting again."

He never fought in his life, the clumsy-ass ox.

"I'm ready for them now, Charley. I'll take them all just like I did Emerson. Remember, Charley?"

"Goddam you stupid bastard," I said. I said it slow and not very loud. I mean, I didn't yell or anything.

"Can't you do anything right?" I said. "Can't you do anything right?"

"Don't, Charley."

"Don't what Charley? Will you shut up!"

I threw the box at him. I didn't hit him or anything. I didn't want to hit him with it.

"I don't want to hurt you, Charley."

"You hurt me? You? When hell freezes over!"

It was too much. I started hitting him. He didn't even get a chance to swing back. He never had. I hit him a good six times before my hand gave. I must have splintered the bone because some of it was sticking out of the flesh.

"Goddam you, bastard!" I yelled.

"Your hand, Charley. Let me see, Charley. It looks awful. Let me see."

The ox was crying. Just like a baby, he stood there and cried. He tried to grab my hand.

"Don't touch me!"

"Your hand, Charley."

"My hand! My hand! What do you know?"

I picked up a book that was sitting on the desk. I don't know what it was doing there, a Bible, I guess. But I picked it up and hit Bear in the forehead with it. I hit him twice, and he started bleeding from the gash over his right eye. The blood ran into his eyes and mixed with the tears. As he tried to clear them I got him with my right hand. My right hand wasn't injured. I could still use my right hand all right. That's all it took. Just one right hand, and he was down.

Stupid-ass ox laying on the floor all humped over. Just a big ox, that's all. No form, no grace, no nothing. He wasn't a fighter. I kicked him. I mean, he was just laying all hunched up and I kicked him.

They shouldn't have taped my hand so tight. You have to be careful not to wrap the tape around too tight. It cuts off circulation. They don't understand. I mean, my hand and all. They just don't understand. They said the doctor would be here soon, and he'll tell them. You can't wrap the tape too tight. They don't understand. They never saw me fight. I KO'ed Hart in the third, and I took Malzone in fifteen. I mean, they should know . . . about Malzone and Hart. The doctor will tell them though. He knows. And maybe he'll bring the pictures with him too. **And, you know, he'd say. This is the hand of Charley Yates. You mean Charley Yates the champion boxer?** they'd say. Yes, he'd say.

RAINMOOD

Thunder is like a brooding man
Coming dully up the hallway sky
Thudding sharply in the clouds
Casting those below in a somber mood
Then rumbling muffled another room
Then rolling, grumbling to another land.

On bare trees clear ice
Holds next spring in her twig tips
While the ants wait too.

DAVID ROSSI

WIND CHIMES

Chiming wind thing
Measuring the length and breadth
Of nightbreeze
Not knowing hours
Nor drowsiness
Nor sleep
Except
When the winds won't come,
Tinkling glass of Japan
You keep the black
From coming in.

THE CONQUERED HERO

An old enemy
 returned from the war
 With the blank mind
 With the blank Face
 of violence.
In barbarian boast
telling tales
 about
 the splendor of slaughter
Smiling with brutal cheerfulness
Recalling the anguish of
 the human misexperience
 and basking in the blood
 of young, yellow men
 and in the tears
Of their vainly waiting women.
Lips of violence
 soul of granite
 Marine
 the wandering warrior,
 bullshitter,
 tells his tales of murder
Basking in the carrion of his illusion
 Within the graveyard of himself.

ANTEVIVIAN ATROPHY

"Here we are,"
Said the brooding busdriver.
"In the city."

Yes, back again
To the city.

Alien megapol of my origin,
Brutal vastness of affluence,
The city.

In face-smacking lung-racking cold
Of life-forsaking ice-making winter
Night greeted me into the city.

I stood and watched my breath
Evaporate to air
In the cryptic streetlight
Of downtown in the city
"Taxi, mister?" the nighthawk homo asked.

No, not now.
. . . . And let the mask of Anonymity
Insulate from solitariness
The orphan return
To my city.

In his nightlong song
Black cricket looks for loved one
Fire fly gives light.

Autumn smells of loam
Lusty earth that is older
Crops too poor to reap.

THE STRANGER

I was once a boy
I know because
 I saw my picture
But it wasn't me.
Some smiling child,
Even fat-faced;
That's who it was —
 Not me.

WATERFOUL

I've tried to plumb the depths of something
Looked down into the waste paper basket
Looked up into the second floor,
Windowshades
And breathed in the air of woman.

My search for depth has taken me
Many miles from my home
And the broken seals of liquor bottles
Are road markers in the gloom.

Alone I've sat 'neath concrete overpasses
Stared searching into oily water
Had my ears assaulted
By traffic over the bridge
And found the depths of dirty rivers
Far too shallow for myself.

DAD

From sometime soundless make-believe
Child's mind of mine
Come shades of voice draped sadly,
Stretched across the frame of time
Recalling step and face from youth
Of your happiness within our life.

Now, across years of miles
My manhood slips, and sometimes smiles
At I, the child of my youth
At you, the father of my self.

ABSTINENCE

The young game,
She, sitting by the ocean
I, walking by the ocean
Indifference radiating from her.

And I sat,
We, talking of the daytime
She, trying to forget it.
But I saw
deep within her clear eyes
Cold fear nesting.

I moved lips,
So we revealed periphery
I my writing,
She her painting,
and her white teeth
erotic, sensitive lips
So we concealed our reality.
She continued her vacation
I, my vocation.

STRANDS

She wears her
Body
loosely around
the hips (for me)
With a
neat little head
and strands
of myself
Hang about from her
Soul,
like the hair
on her head.

Above in tall trees
Cicadas sing for love mates
Hornets hear their sound.

Brown young cattle run
In spring sun they frolic green
Fall will bring cruel men.

On our scrawny bush
Spring water and summer sun
Brought twice the red rose

DAVID

ROSSI

THE ETERNAL QUESTION

Student: What is poetry?

Poet: Poetry is the language
of the person
Who breathes the greenness of the grass.

Student: What is the greenness of the grass?

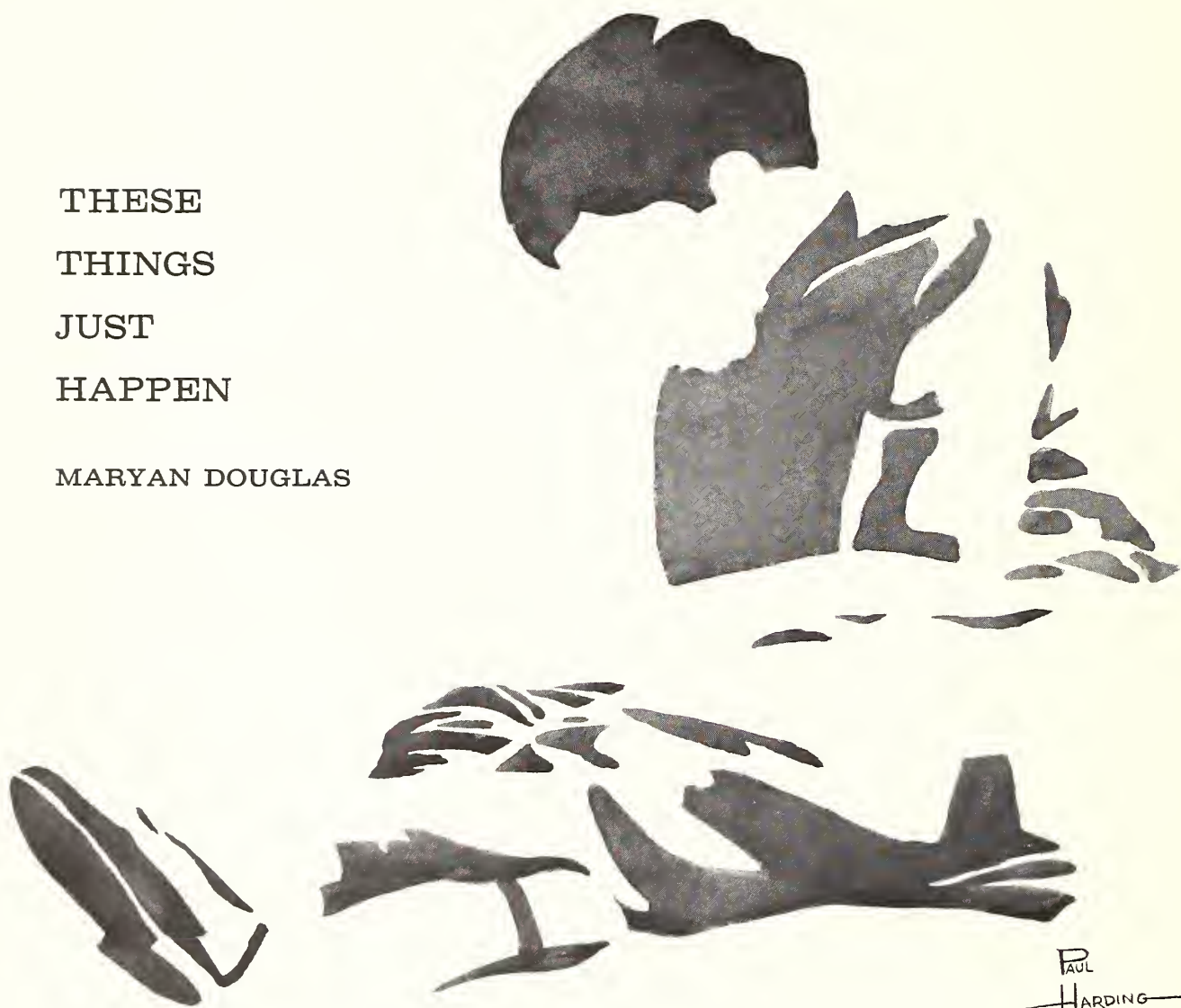
Poet: It is
the living universe
caught up in a carpet of vegetation.
It is
the determination of protoplasm,
To breathe in the air of the dirt
To breathe out the dirt of the air
Sugar,
Hydrogen, Carbon, Oxygen
The molecules of life
Flowing through
The blade of tissue
Which is grass.

Student: Oh, I thought it was chlorophyll.

Poet: Study computers, for you will never be a poet.

THESE
THINGS
JUST
HAPPEN

MARYAN DOUGLAS



PAUL
HARDING

The child is dead, I know he is. Yesterday he was sturdy and bold, defiant and impudent. Yesterday he wrote with a crayon all over the outside wall of our utility room and when I told him to stop he stared at me with cold, dispassionate eyes and said, "I don't HAVE to."

"I'll tell your mother, Tommy," I said.

But he knew I wouldn't. I never had.

Sam and I aren't the kind of people who complain to the neighbors about every little thing. Sam has pointed out to me so many times that he can't afford to get the reputation of being a crank about kids, not when he is just getting started as a teacher.

And after all, we do have one small child of our own and another on the way so, as Sam says, we have to stand for some things. We have to live and let live. We are so crowded in this new suburb that we just HAVE to get along with one another.

Besides, that first time was partly my fault. I had gone to Alice's for coffee and left the door unlocked. While I was gone Tommy came in and took one bite each out of a dozen doughnuts.

When Tommy got kerosene from our utility room and poured it all over our flourishing Bermuda grass, Sam was angry, but he realized there were other children involved, so how could he, in all honesty, blame Tommy just because he seemed to be the instigator of the group. Sam did give Tommy a good tongue lashing and sent him on his way.

I suppose it was to get even with Sam for the tongue lashing that Tommy wrote on the wall of our utility room with crayon. While I was telling Sam about it the fear began to take hold of me, and the vague something that escaped definition, even in my own mind.

"It seems to me that we OUGHT to say something to the Campbells—"

Sam jerked his head to one side the way he does when he is nervous and irritated.

"Diane, discipline begins at home, but if the Campbells want their kid to be a problem, that's their business. And if anyone has to stir up trouble with the neighbors, let's not be the ones. We aren't the only people around here

who have been bothered by Tommy Campbell. Let someone else do the complaining."

"But Sam, he is only a little boy. What if the Campbells don't know what he is doing?"

"If they don't, it's because they don't want to. But he is their problem, not ours. Now forget it."

I couldn't forget it, but I stopped talking about it because Sam was getting mad and I hate quarreling. I think I had made up my mind to say something, indirectly at least, to Ellen the next time Tommy did anything.

Now Tommy is lying on the concrete floor of our screened pool area. The police and the rescue squad and the doctors are still working with their hands and their machine, but they have shaken their heads at one another and I know he is dead. Strange, he was big for his six years, but he looks so small.

I am sitting on the couch in our living room. I want to hold my son, Peter, in my arms but he is next door with Alice Prentice.

I think I am in labor.

If I sit very quietly, if I don't do anything or talk out loud maybe the pains will go away. Maybe the gray mist of fear will go away. Maybe the dead little boy will be a bad dream.

Don't let my baby be born today, please God, don't let my baby be born today.

But the palms of my hands can feel the beginning of another labor pain as my abdomen hardens beneath them and the pain is steady and strong. I know that none of it will go away.

The policemen just stood up, their faces curiously blank, and the tall, young one gives Sam a reassuring pat on the shoulder. The rescue squad is moving their machine and the ambulance men are rolling in the stretcher. It's all over and everything is very business like, very efficient. The spectators are beginning to drift away.

Bill and Ellen are leaving, stunned and stricken. A young policeman is walking with them, his arm around Ellen who is crying softly. I need to cry but the tears are frozen inside of me.

Sam has closed the door after the last person.

The policeman gave Sam another brisk pat, just before he left.

"Not your fault, Mr. Wilson. I'm putting that in the report. Nothing anybody could have done."

Nothing? Not anything?

We weren't at home this morning, but the doors had all been locked. I awakened early with a backache and a few sluggish contractions, so I put a ham in the oven for Sam and Peter. We went to the supermarket early because I am a week overdue and the crowds are bad at the supermarket on Saturday. When we came home Peter ran out to the pool and called us.

"Mama, Daddy, Tommy's here."

"Oh, for crying out loud," Sam muttered, "he's probably after that damned rocking horse again."

Sam plumped the groceries down on the table. I sighed unhappily, wondering what ever was going to happen to Tommy Campbell. But it had already happened.

"Mamma, Daddy, Tommy's in the pool."

"My God!" Sam said, exploding into action.

Tommy Campbell was floating face down, near the bottom of the pool. He floated with terrible, aimless, loose limbed grace.

Sam went in after him and I called the police. Sam's desperate mouth to mouth resuscitation did no more good than did the oxygen which the police brought. We had no way of knowing how long the child had been in the pool. The screen door to the patio had been cut and Tommy's pocket knife lay where he must have dropped it when he reached through to unlock the screen door and turn the knob.

Now it's all over and, outwardly at any rate, everything is the way it was before. The police cars with their flashing lights are gone. The spectators have gone. The sun is shining. The breeze is soft and carries on it the shrill, uncomprehending clamor of other children who laugh and cry, and live.

Our house is the same. Every chair is in place, each small bric-a-brac. The drapes hang in smooth, undisturbed folds. The dog lies, unconcerned, near a wet spot in the patio. Tommy's body had lain in the wet spot. Only

that sad, small dampness remains and soon the sun will dry it up. The house is pleasant with the aroma of baking ham, and it doesn't seem right. Death has been an intruder and has left with silent footsteps.

Sam, in dry clothes for the first time since he went into the pool, turns away from the window, his eyes anxious on me. I wonder if my agony shows.

"I don't want our baby born today, Sam. How will we ever forget? How can we ever be happy about the baby's birthday?"

Sam comes quickly to me and takes my hand between his own. I notice that his hands are still cold and shaking.

"Diane, it wasn't our fault. We have to believe that."

The pains are stronger now and my hands push at them a little. I don't want to think. I don't want to remember.

"I'm trying to believe it, Sam. But I keep remembering Mama. She would have marched Tommy Campbell home the first time and then she wouldn't have allowed him on the place again until he could behave."

Sam moves away from me in a swift, impatient movement. His right hand kneads the knuckles of his left.

"That was a whole different world, Diane. We are living NOW, here, in this house, in this neighborhood, in this state. We can't spend the rest of our lives beating ourselves over the back because of — what happened. We have to believe — no, we know it wasn't our fault."

Suddenly I wonder if Sam is trying to make it all go away too.

The next pain is savage and my body arches with the strength of it. Sam goes to call Dr. Andrews.

Alice and Jack Prentiee come in with a quick, warning knock. Jack is carrying my four year old son. I reach for Peter and hold him tightly. He is warm and sleepy and moist, and oh, so alive.

When Doctor Andrews tells Sam to get me to the hospital, we only have to get my already packed bag out of the hall closet and put it in the car.

"Don't worry about Peter," Alice says when

I kiss him, "we'll treat him like our own."

I look at Alice for a minute. Treat him like mine, I beg her silently, and take care of him anyhow.

We are in the sweep of traffic. The pains are closer together and I still have the eerie feeling that I am surrounded by a gray mist of unreality.

"Will people hate us now, Sam?" I ask my husband.

Sam looks at me and through the agony in his eyes I see love and tenderness, and something which tells me that he is feeling the same unreality as I.

He draws in his breath in a ragged sigh.

"I don't know, honey. We did our best. I've learned the hard way that there are a lot of things we have to stand for —" Sam stops, his hands white knuckled on the steering wheel. "There are a lot of things we have to put up with, Diane." He shakes his head as if he would shake away cobwebs. "Putting up with something isn't the same as standing for something, is it? But how do we know any more?"

Sam reaches out a hand and covers my tightly clasped fists, the cheerful mask is on his face again.

"Stop worrying and relax, honey. We'll have as much as we can handle with Pete and his baby sister."

He stops suddenly and for a second our eyes meet. In that instant the fog of unreality is blown away by the stark wind of our recognition of fear. What of all the pills and the poisons, the pools and the cars? What of all the pleasant people who won't tell us what our children are up to?

The tears are flowing down my face now and they won't stop. I'm crying for Tommy Campbell, for Peter and our new baby, for my brave, young husband who wants to stick his neck out and is afraid to. I'm crying for all the children in the nice neighborhoods who must live on their perilous little islands of amiability. I hold tightly to Sam, his arm is warm and strong beneath the crisp cotton sleeve.

"The children will be okay," I tell my husband desperately. "They'll be okay."

Won't they?



PAUL
HARDING

AFFIRMATION

The midnight mist,
A spider's web of silky stuff,
surrounds our nest,
And is pleased with the sounds
Of our love.

W. T. Hampton

QUESTIONS IN A LETTER

Dearest Zaaron,
Can they say
I would not
 could not
 should not
love you? They,
the plastic people of our sphere,
who have never touched
the ebony satin
that is you?
Dare they damn?
Dare I love?

Lynn Klipp

THE POET'S

AN APOLOGY TO KAHLIL

Small green man that I used to be,
I failed to see,
In beauty
Of standing together — unbound.
 My apologies to you, sir
 For, I was bitter
 At her
 When she said, "I shall
 stand alone."

Be as the strings of the lute, you said,
In unison and harmony strummed.
And again, sir, my apology.

Bob Hettler

MORALS

Against the wall, against the wall,
We'll line them up and shoot them all.
And as they sag, and start to fall,
We'll laugh, we'll cheer, and deck the hall.

We'll celebrate, we'll have a ball,
Until the day it starts to pall.
And then because we still have gall,
We'll bow our heads . . . and call . . . and call.

W. T. Hampton

HAIKU

Wiley whirlwinds waltz
Through my dying childhood daze
Sucking innocence.

S. V. Senter

HAND

TRADITION

Primus found a pretty stone,
He struck it with another
Until a face appeared that,
with his imagination stretched,
looked like his.
"How wonderful!" he said, "I made this!"

Tertius rummaged in the trash
and found a pretty stone
with a face that,
with his imagination stretched,
looked like his.
"How wonderful!" he said, "This made me!"

James Teahan

OF SWORDS AND PLOWSHARES

Words were once my weapon
With which I ripped the world.
I hate and fear no longer now
Love my heart enfurl'd.

Rage once blazed on printed page
I smote phantoms hip and thigh.
Anger's embers lie dead and cold,
Words no longer fly.

Words I seek to say I love
For Death is far away.
New feelings yet stay ill-expressed,
Dawn is not the day.

David Davidson

JOE EATS GARLIC ANYWAY

i got the deep blues
i read the daily news
already a week old
and use it to fill the holes
in the bottom of my shoes
this newspaper i have worn
and by it i have sworn
to wear it close and
near my body so cold
to try to keep me warm

i have watched the sun
intercourse the clouds one by one
climb so straight and high
just to disappear once again
so tomorrow again it will come
i have watched birds fly
free there in the sky
swirling, swinging and playing
with invisible demons
up there so very high

i have had tears on my face
falling down with grace
melting into the soil helping
god's hands make creations
and flowers growing in place

i've panhandled from kansas to long island
and counted blisters by the thousands
and asked people for dimes
nickles and all sorts of things
but never for a helping hand

i have heard voice in the wind
coming after me again and again
voices caressing, calling, teasing and
always coming after me
but always, calling me friend
i don't worry 'bout work being done
i leave when i want and never run
doing what i like and
when i feel like it

God it's great to be a bum

Alex Kurpiewski

TO SIT STILL

ANNA MARIE MILLS

"Where did you pick up this trash?" The woman's voice was loud with the anger of the righteous.

"What?" the girl asked confusedly, lifting her attention from the drawing on her desk.

"Oh, Giovanni's Room," her tone was one of amusement. "That's not trash, Mom. It's a beautiful book."

"Beautiful! I swear I don't know what's wrong with you. How could a book by that queer, commie, nigger be beautiful? Dear God, why couldn't I have had a normal daughter?"

Anger rose in the girl's throat, but she knew from past incidents that any attempt to talk to the woman was futile.

"Okay, Mom, please close the door as you leave."

"Don't you get smart with me, young lady. You used to read such nice books, Breault. What happened? I don't understand you."

"Look, Mom, you can read *Little Women* just so many times. Please, leave me alone."

"All right miss, but this goes into the trash."

A sad sigh was the only sign of agitation the girl, alone now, allowed herself. Distracted from her drawing she gazed at the colorful reproductions of paintings on her walls. There had been a battle after she had taped them up, too.

Gauguin's Tahitian angels gazed calmly at her from their place on the wall. A lot of people thought they were immoral, reflected Breault bitterly. At least my mother has tradition with her.

Manet's "Olympia" stared gravely from the middle of an arrangement of Modigliani nudes. Her calmness seemed to denote chastity, surrounded by the sensual figures of the Italian's women. They shocked her mother who never missed an opportunity to expound on the fact that all artists were queer and immoral.

Breault's father died when she was thirteen. She thought now of how close she had been to her father. Yes, how often I would wish she had died instead. I think I always resented her

for it, she recollected. I remember too the first fights: hair too long and clothes too short. She never let me have any peace.

"Don't you sit down at this table with that hair."

"Do you want to get raped? Get in here and change your clothes at once."

"You're a nasty tempered girl. It was your nastiness that killed your father."

The voice, so well known, was loud and distinct in the ear of her mind.

She threw her head back languidly. At first the differences with the woman weren't so bad, at least she had her friends. Then when she began to study art she associated less with people. By God, I haven't seen anyone for two weeks, she thought. In September I'll go batty if I go back to school.

She had had a boyfriend who had been a daily visitor to her den, but now the hurt of the breakup was still heavy on her mind. Darling David, he had been such a comfort at times like these. But with this recollection came the realization that now there was no one to care.

"Care, to care" . . . she went to the bookcase and took down the works of T. S. Eliot, muttering softly to herself. "Yes, here it is, 'Ash Wednesday':

"Teach us to care and not to care

"Teach us to sit still."

Yes, teach us to sit still. Her eyes scanned the bookcase until the names of the painters she had been thinking about earlier stopped her. The *Letters of Van Gogh*, *Modigliani*, *Paul Gauguin's Intimate Journal*. They had cared, cared too much to just sit still. They put their souls into paint; now these paintings hang in museums and cost huge sums of money. People buy them as good investments and no one looks at them any more than when the painters were alive. People, like her mother, didn't want to see. Those that could see needed no help in developing their vision. She lifted a bottle from behind a book and spilled twenty or so pills into her hand.

Despair is a frightful thing to the young and Breault trembled as she gazed at the tranquilizers in her hand. Soon she would sit still.



ANNA MARIE MILLS

EVIL AND THE GODS

MARK CONTARDO

The existence of evil has perplexed the human mind from the dawn of time. Every person has sensed in his own life and on his own skin something like the afflictions of Job. Theologians, writers, dramatists, and philosophers, concerned as they are with the pattern of existence, have grappled with the problem of the origin of evil in many ways. They have not met with any notable success.

I shall compare here in a few ways the efforts of two writers: Sophocles, the Greek playwright, and the author (unknown) of the biblical Book of Job. Both were vitally concerned with the motives of a "supreme being" who unleashes evil on mankind without apparent rhyme or reason. I shall deal first with less abstract similarities such as the legends that were employed and the cultural mood in which the authors worked. Later I shall try to point out parallel philosophical ideas found in both writers' creations.

The Oedipus plays of Sophocles and the Book of Job are both examples of artists' utilization of already extant legends and using them as the core of their artistic creations. The story of Oedipus appeared as early as the time of Homer. It underwent several modifications as it passed through the hands of successive generations until Sophocles acquired it and solidified it in the form we read today. The different

endings to the story of Oedipus can still be found.

The Book of Job's author also took a widely known legend and used it as a mannequin upon which to drape his philosophical ideas.

It is interesting to note that Sophocles wrote most of his tragedies in response to an increasing doubt and criticism of the traditional Greek gods, and as such, they serve a didactic purpose. The people of fifth century Athens were awakening from a simple philosophy which ascribed a specific god for every phenomenon. Men like Protagoras and Hippocrates, with their questioning attitude, began to appear. Protagoras is credited with having said: "Man is the measure of all things." Hippocrates began a practice to which the modern physician owes a great deal: diagnosis — literally, to know between. Reacting to such philosophical rumblings, Sophocles at first (in *Ajax*) presented a religious message in which a hero who oversteps his limitations is punished by Athena with madness. It is man's duty to fear the omnipotence of the gods and to realize his own limitations. Later Sophoclean figures like Oedipus and Antigone are far more noble characters, but pointedly the gods remain helpers of the righteous and the cursers of those who overstep their human limitations.

The mood of the Middle Eastern Hebrews,

among which the Book of Job was written, is far different. Job's "comforters" serve as perfect examples of the prevailing religious attitude at the time. Job himself is an exemplary pious man. Unlike the Greeks, the emphasis in evaluating the world was not shifting to man-oriented values. What Job's story is can be considered thus: a reiteration of the eternal paradox, the coexistence of good and evil settling upon the wrong persons.

Also worthy of note is the fate of each of the protagonists, Job and Oedipus. What Sophocles felt about the gods is clear. Both Oedipus and Job challenge the divine order of things during their trials, but significantly the Greek gods strike Oedipus down in no uncertain terms. In the end the Jehovah of the Hebrews gains an apology (implying that he is at least compassionate) from Job for having doubted, and goes on to reward him. It is not clear whether Job is rewarded for his questioning the ethics of God — "He destroyeth the perfect and the wicked" — or for his apology for having questioned — "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." The God of the Hebrews does not seek blind orthodoxy; the gods of Olympus demand it.

The magnitude of the suffering that Oedipus and Job endure reveals another trait that both cultures shared: both Greek and Hebrew writers realized the power of their deities. Sophocles most certainly illustrates the disproportion between human dignity and the forces of Fate that overwhelm it. How utterly dependent man is upon the favor of the Almighty for his happiness is equally pointed out to Job, before whom God parades his power and inscrutable wisdom.

Neither Job nor Oedipus ever solves the riddle of guiltless suffering. Oedipus is a victim of circumstances, vainly trying to outmaneuver a prophecy declared before he was even born. By the very nature of Fate, he could do nothing else but slay his father and corrupt the bed of his birth; he is doomed to bear full responsibility for this odium. He suffers for

the rest of his days. Job is similarly powerless to fathom the ways of God. He lives righteously, but for the sake of an argument between God and Satan, completely unknown to him, he must endure undeserved grief.

That there is a question of unearned wretchedness in both cultures is a profound commentary on the universality of evil. From the strikingly similar plights of Oedipus and Job, both struggling to understand the reasons for their suffering and neither meeting with success, one may conclude that the question of theodicy was never resolved in the Greek and Hebrew religions. Oedipus wanders blindly till the end of his days, dying in mysterious splendor near Athens. Presumably he was taken back into grace with the gods by his act of ultimate contrition — stabbing out his eyes. But no answers are given. Job's perplexity is never relieved by God. He is answered with a display of power and a reprimand.

There are two ways out of the philosophical dilemma of theodicy. One can either postulate the existence of a completely indifferent cosmos, thereby rejecting the omnipotent but good Divinity, or one incorporate evil into the scheme of things, as having an ultimate purpose that may not be evident immediately. Evil then appears meaningful, even acceptable. Evil loses its sting. Under this view, the evil of the part is represented as necessary to the good of the whole. Then "if the all-powerful divine will refuses to prevent unjust suffering, he becomes to some extent responsible for that suffering. The agony of the problem of evil consists in not understanding how an all-powerful all-loving Father can permit his innocent children to be tortured in a world he has created. . . . If evil is represented as a necessary element in the cosmic order, one may have difficulty in comprehending its necessity, but the premise itself commits one to the belief that it could not be otherwise . . . Consequently the alleged mystery of evil finally dissolves in the blinding vision of its necessity."¹ This may be the implicit decision that was reached in the minds of the two artists in question here.

¹ Sidney Hook, *The Quest of Being* (New York: Dell Publishing Co., 1961), p. 128.





THE CRYSTAL PRISON

see her dance,
see her move,
as the velvet gypsy plays.
with golden wings inside her heart,
she dances while she prays.

praying for souls
whirling in sound
as flashes of light appear,
a thousand drums scream into the night
as the dawn of witches grows near.

with chains of rhythm
binding their minds,
they look and cannot see.
our dancing child has built a bubble
to protect herself from you and me.

from inside
her crystal prison,
she knows she can't come back.
and softly smiles and waves goodbye,
as she paints the bubble black.

see her dance,
see her move,
as she whirls into the night.
please look hard and please look long.
she'll soon be out of sight.

"happiness is a direction,
not a place."

BOB VAN DEN BERG

YOUNG WARRIOR

It might be hard if you go
It might be hard if you stay
I'm young and I know
I shall live no matter what

I am the young warrior

You can fly
to build your nest elsewhere
I could fly there too
but that's not my style

I am a fortress secure

The flower studded crown is
yours to take for ever
Pick its petals with great care
They are previous gifts to give

I am the owl

I will not remember you always
For always does not exist
My kingdom is of here and now
Please stay with me this night

I am man

MORPHEUS' HIGHLANDS

Patterns of smoke fill the room
and carry my thoughts
on a translucent journey to my dreams.

A WINTER'S MEDITATION

The cold salt wind
Blew up on the shore
And with its force — searching
Blew open my door

I watched the sea gull
Who soared through the air,
The white caps as they peaked
And then disappeared

I pondered a moment
At this sight — near divine
I felt soon it would come
The time of all times:

When all men together
Would soar like the gull
When pain, like the white cap
Would be finished and dulled

When goodness and gladness
Would rule the day
When man in his greatness
Would kneel down and pray

The cold salt wind
Blew up on the shore
I returned to reality
But left open the door

CALVARY AT THREE

A tear streaked down
A petal fell
All nature made a sigh
As man
Whose glory was renowned
Caused Innocence to die

THE SWAN

I came upon a swan one day
and wondered — "Is he happy?"
I saw him eating, drinking, swimming,
and wondered — "Is he happy?"

As night time came, I traveled home,
And then along the way,
A swan flew around me once
quite low,
Then quickly flew away.

KEVIN
O'BRIEN

IN YONDER LAND

A flower grew in yonder land
that bloomed but once a year.
Its radiance filled the land.
Its beauty —
beyond compare
Then came a man, who, walking careless
uprooted bloom and stem
And after that the land grew dark,
and flowers
never bloomed again.

ON MEMORY OF THE THIRD PAST DEED

On the anniversary of
That fearless crime not yet perpetrated,
He sits in a seat of direction
And laughs at speculation,
Dispensing gifts shrouded,
Drawing portraits of ascent,
Framed throughout persistence.

Rocked to the boundary,
Sane and Bethlehem have united;
Constructing walls of thought
Against obvious credibility.
Walls of iron, emptiness and brick.
Holding out the fiend?
Nay, holding in the fool.

Sits he there, enraptured in cloth of Attila,
Rasping and filing blind similes
Into spectres of emptiness.
Pray that one of many weigh the scales
And pull the fold,
Then set upon crimson partitions a target,
Disrobed in exposition,
And shamed in treason.

WILLIAM
CAEL

THE DELFT TEMPLE

The goddess of pristine radiance
Reads Greek and Egyptian verse
Notoriously complete of lost mind
And useless concentration

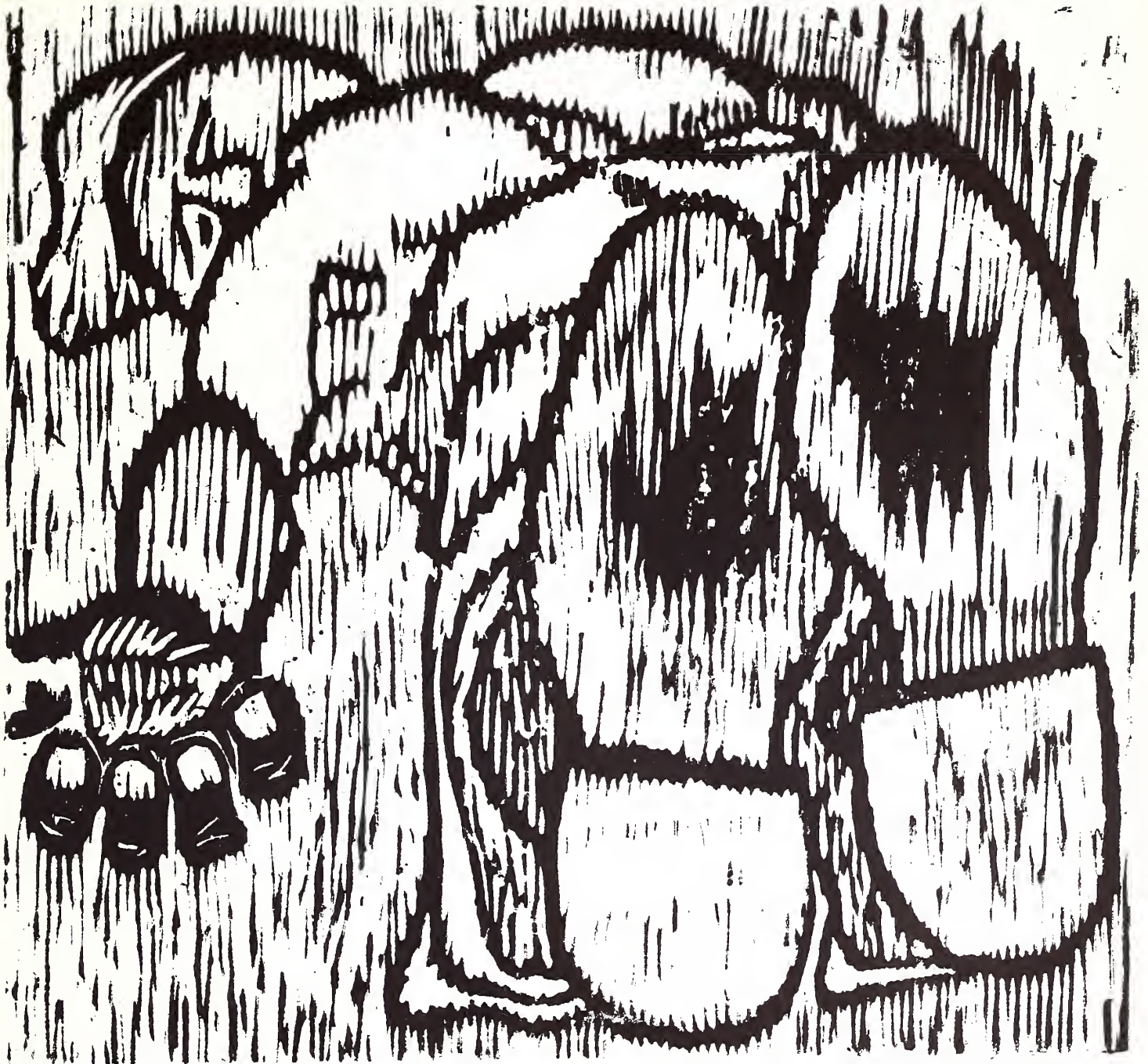
Concurrent suffering
Lies raw and harsh in contempt
Bragging of fruitless undone executions
Primed to extinguish this instant
Mental existence

Venturers of possibilities
Will breed true self's realm
Embracing separate same blood
Suspended at present in unfamiliarity
Making tomorrow yesterday
In altered union
The scribe that authors mystery
Has lived with unseen sight
Hoping for shafted double wounds
Attained through pyrrhic force

THE ANCIENT SPANIARD

"You will travel faster still through the heavens."

And the prophecy was fulfilled
While infinity hurled itself through the night
Over dusty lanes
Littered with children of the sea
Together with the unknown
Cloaked under diffidence and fear
Searching only for Icon
And holding that which is unobtainable



JAMES HIGGINS

THE WOUNDED

G. D. EISMAN

"The war?" said Mrs. Ruinman. "Oh, we never talk about the war."

That is what she said. It took me by surprise to hear someone say "the war?" like that without laughing afterwards. But as she sat in the deep red tapestry of the parlor love seat, she looked quite natural in saying it.

She offered me a cup of tea. As she poured the tea from the kettle to the cup, her soft, plump hands looked as fragile as the China ware.

"Howard will be out to see you in just one moment," she said. "He was showering when you came."

"Yes," I said. "I called beforehand but the line was busy."

"I am a member of the League for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," she said.

I think she meant that to be an explanation.

"I was sorry to see your parents move to California," she lied.

Howard entered the room.

"Howard," said his mother almost as if to announce his arrival, "Johnny Baker has come to see you."

Mrs. Ruinman stood almost as if she were a man and a woman had just entered the room. I stood and shook hands with Howard. His grasp was not as strong as before.

"I would have been here sooner," I said, "but I was only released two weeks ago."

"It's so nice," said Mrs. Ruinman, "to see old school chums reunited."

School chums? I'd almost forgotten.

"We were a lot more than that, Mother," Howard said. "Right, Johnny?"

I pursed my lips to make the toothless grin that always meant "right."

In another room, a telephone rang.

"Oh, Howard," said Mrs. Ruinman, "I almost forgot. Leslie called from the League and wanted to know if you would be at the meeting Friday night?"

"I'm always there Friday night," Howard said to his mother as she was chasing after the phone. "He's always calling me."

"Well, Johnny," said Howard after he had seen his mother disappear in the other room, "how have you been?"

"All right," I said. "I was in the hospital longer than I wanted to be."

"You're out now?"

"Yes, hundred per-cent disability," I said.

"The same here," he said. "Of course, I wasn't in the hospital that long. Not long at all in fact."

"Yes, I heard about it."

Mrs. Ruinman came back into the room.

"Howard," she said, "I have to run over to see Millie's new fur coat." She looked at me like the guest that wasn't invited for dinner. "Maybe you and Johnny can go to a show or something."

"I think we can find something to do," Howard said.

"Do call Leslie," she said. "He worries so."

She scurried away.

"You know mothers," Howard said as if it were an apology. "To them, their sons are always boys."

"How about we get something to eat?" I said.

Howard and I went to the small restaurant called Roxanne's. It was very New England. Howard and I used to bring the special girlfriends there to eat. But there were no longer special girlfriends. There was only Howard and myself, old school and army buddies, home from the war. We were home to stay in an effort to

pick up where we had once left off.

The host gave us good seats close to the windows.

"I see you still come here," I said.

"Not so often," he said.

"The host knows you."

"Yes," he said, "I come here sometimes."

A girl of about twenty walked past our window. By the way that the cheeks of her buttocks bounced with each step, I could tell she wore no girdle. Howard did not notice. That was the first time that I noticed that his eyes did not move but stayed fixed like a blind man's.

"At least now we get to sit by the window," I said.

"Yes," he said. He grinned as if I had just brought up a subject that he wished to talk about. "Remember when we always used to try to get a table by the window?"

"Yes," I said. "We thought it was the ultimate in life."

"Well, now I always sit by the window," he said. "I guess I'm getting back at them for all those years that we weren't allowed to sit here. I sit here and think about that sometimes."

We both laughed. I remembered some of those times we both made fools of ourselves trying to get a table by the windows. We had tried to act so mature and sophisticated in front of our dates, we must have looked terribly foolish.

Both Howard and I were twenty — at least I had always assumed that he was the same age as myself — but we both ordered drinks without trouble. Even though I had only been back from the war for two weeks, I was beginning to accept that no one questioned me. I can't explain it. Each morning when I looked in the mirror to shave, my face looked the same as it did the day before. Howard ordered a Tom Collins. I ordered bourbon, which is all I ever drank.

"Drink as much as we used to?" I asked.

"No, not so much," he said. "Mother doesn't like it. Sometimes at night I drink in my room, but that is not very often and only at night."

The drinks came.

"I see you're getting tamed," I said referring to his Tom Collins.

"Civilized," he said.

When the food came, I noticed that Howard had only ordered a salad platter. Not that such a thing is so very odd, it's just that I remembered all those blood rare steaks Howard used to eat. I used to warn him against roundworms in uncooked meat, but I guess he never got any. One thing was for sure: he wouldn't get worms eating a salad.

"Have you seen any of the old faces since you've got back?" Howard said.

"I saw Den and Lou," I said, "but all we talked about was how I got my wound."

"I don't mean faces from the army, but old faces from the school."

"Oh, no, not from the school."

It's funny about the mixup. There are so many friends in wartime that other friends and other times are somehow forgotten. But in war, friends are bound by a common thorn, and when the thorn is removed, it cuts the bond.

"Do you realize," I said, "that it was just over one year ago that we were in this same restaurant in our new uniforms ready to ship off to punish all wrongdoers?"

It was funny. The more serious a thing may be at the time the funnier it becomes later. It was like looking in the family photo-album and seeing yourself crying at getting your first haircut, or it was like the reverent boy that goes off to college to come back an atheist. It was funny.

"It's not as if we volunteered," I said, "but it still paints a romantic picture."

"You know," Howard said, "there are still some of the same group living here as before, and some of them are still going to school."

"It's a strange world," I said, "But it's the only one we got. Maybe we should've gone to college."

"We wouldn't have been drafted," he said.

He stated it as a fact. His eyes showed that he stated it as nothing more than a fact.

"Draft," I said. "That's a fitting name. It just blows in your window and out again taking you with it." I made a waving motion with my hand. "And then it blows you back in the window and sits you down and leaves as if it had never come."

"But it forgets to close the window," Howard said.

Then I saw her, a girl about my age sitting at a table across the room with a man of about forty. She was looking toward me as if I had just said something to her. Her face seemed to be out of a dream.

"See that girl?"

I pointed her out to Howard.

"Yes," he said.

"Don't we know her?"

He looked toward her again, then back toward me.

"No," he said.

"Well, she's smiling as if we do."

"Maybe she's a whore."

"No," I said. "She's a memory. A memory is never a whore."

"That's true."

"She's also coming over here," I said.

She walked up to our table. Howard and I stood and seated her, something that we never did before the war.

"I saw you wave," she said to me, "and I thought that if you weren't coming to see me, I'd come over to see you."

"Sally Rogers," I said. "I didn't even recognize you for a minute there."

"Well, that's a compliment."

"It's been a long time," I said. "Almost . . ."

"Not so long," she said.

I had dated her before and so had Howard. When we were in Viet Nam, Howard had even sent a letter to her. I guess, the letter never reached its destination.

"You sure look as if you matured some," I said.

I let my eyes fall from her face down across her body and then back up again. Howard looked at her straight on and without moving his eyes.

"It doesn't take much time for the transition," she said. "Are you two back on leave or something?"

"We're out," I said.

"Out?"

"Disability, Purple Heart, and all."

"Both of you?"

"Yes, we're two of a kind," I said. "We were just too stupid to spread apart and the same mine got the two of us."

I ran my finger down and across my chest and along my side.

"I'll have to show you my scar some day."

"Yes," she said. "I'd like that."

She hadn't looked directly at Howard but his eyes had not left her.

"I must be going," she said. "My date is getting impatient."

I saw no reaction from Howard.

"When we both have the time," she said, "You must tell me about over there."

"It's just a place," I said. "No different than any other place."

"But how did you feel about having to fight?"

"There's no way to feel," I said. "When you're there, you fight. When you're not, you don't. That's all."

She walked back to her table. It seemed like she wanted me to say, "War is hell."

"I guess that's one of the old faces you were telling me about?" I said.

"No," he said. "She has changed too much."

"It looks to me like she's changed for the better," I said. "She used to be sort of flat."

"No," he said. "I like to remember her as she was."

"Each man to his own meat," I said.

Howard and I finished eating and were standing outside the restaurant.

"Looks like it might rain," I said.

"I'll call a taxi," Howard said.

"Let's walk," I said.

Howard looked doubtfully up at the sky.

"The doctors said that exercise was good for me," I said.

"Okay," Howard agreed.

We walked for a little while saying nothing. It was not a very large town and we were soon out of it. The skies darkened to such a point that the oncoming storm was not to be denied.

"Are you going to stay over very long?" Howard said.

"No," I said. "Guess I'll go and see my parents. I might stick around and show Sally the rest of my scar."

Howard's glass eyes pointed out our direction toward his home. It was getting so that I didn't want to look at him. There were other Sallys in other towns that might want to see my scar.

"But I think I'll pass that up," I said. "I'm going to leave soon, probably tonight."

Leaves were blown from in front of us off the sidewalk and into the street and beyond. Others were blown onto the sidewalk as if to replace them.

"I would like us to do something," Howard said, "but Mother expect me back early, and she'll worry if I'm not there."

"Maybe next time," I said.

We walked straight to Howard's house as if we were two metal particles drawn toward a magnet. Just as we got to the drive, we stopped. Howard was thinner than when we were in the war.

"You look in good trim," I said.

"Yes," he said, "I find it easier to control my appetite than I used to."

We shook hands.

"Aren't you coming in?" he said.

"No," I said, "I just remembered a bus I can just catch if I hurry."

"I'll call you a cab."

It was starting to sprinkle.

"The town's not far," I said. "I've walked it many times and was never once in threat of melting. I might as well go the route again."

"I wish you would stay longer," he said.

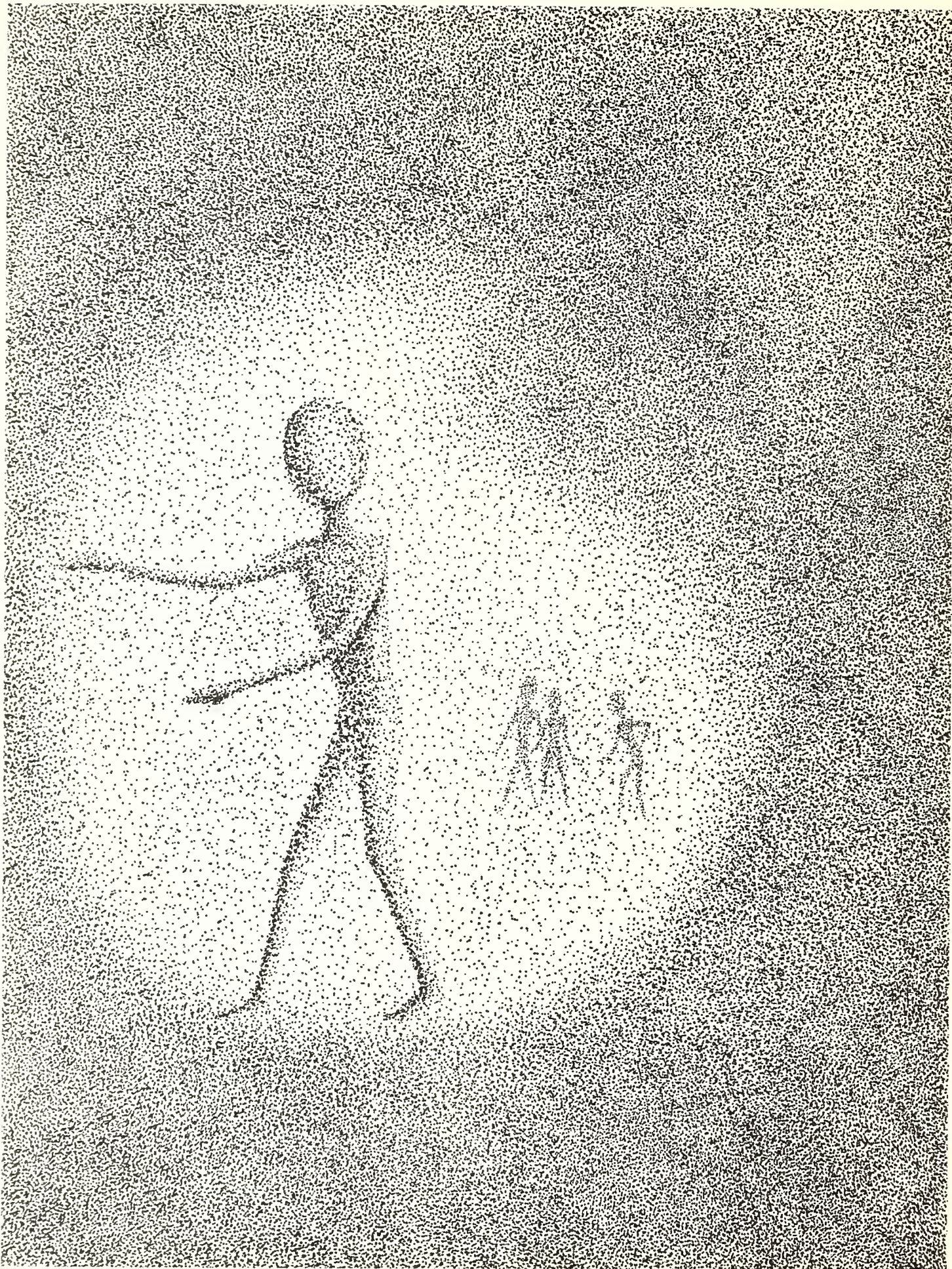
"No," I said. "I guess I'm still young enough to plant a few seeds."

We shook hands once again. He walked up to the door of his house and walked in. I waited a few moments risking the oncoming rain.

A second story light came on and I saw Howard. He was preparing to go to bed. It was only eight-thirty and barely dark, but a sleeping man can relive time, and the rain makes sleep come more easily.



WILLIAM CARROLL



GAMBOGE

SHERI SENTER

I would never have believed that a body could reach such exhaustion and yet not concede to the overwhelming desire to collapse.

My day was such that when evening approached I could conceive of nothing beyond dropping into clean sheets and letting my senses fade into oblivion.

But it seemed that I was too exhausted to relax and hoping to hypnotize myself, I began counting the dancing figures in the wallpaper.

I had counted to eighty-three and was ready to surrender to wakefulness when suddenly . . .

I am walking. It is a hot, dry day and the air is still. I am walking. I am barefoot and the road is dusty and the dust settles on my feet and they are tainted yellow by it. My clothes are old and tattered and they too are yellow. My hair is cut short. My eyes are at first unseeing, then vision blurs as focus and comprehension slowly seep through the yellow haze.

My hands are yellow too, and I am younger, younger than the endless road that stretches before me. The road is straight. Straighter than the lines they carefully taught me to draw, long ago when I was being educated. I am high. Higher than God's shoulders. The road is a plateau that rises from nowhere. The edges of the road fall away to eternity. I am walking slowly but I do not waste time. I do not stop.

I cry out to a supreme Deity. My voice is harsh and it cracks. Silence greets my call.

I am not alone. I realize my family is with me. We are walking. Marching abreast we span the road. We do not speak. I cannot remember seeing my parents so old and tired. My grandfather is moving slowly. His wrinkled hand is in my own. My family has finished fighting. They are silent soldiers.

Questions form in my mind. Where are we? Why are we walking? What is so important to drive us to travel in this baked life? We have all clasped hands as though to lead each other to our destination.

I break away, I lean to look at the valley below, but there is none, there is nothing but the rising, settling yellow blanket.

Something pulls me closer to the rim, closer to the yellow void. I feel dizzy, I cannot control my motions. I feel my body fall, I strike in the air praying my hands may grasp something to hold. I do not want to die a yellow death. It seems that I fall forever.

But, suddenly my groping hand touches, grabs and holds. I silently give thanks. A small insignificant plant, one that I might have crushed yesterday has saved me.

I cry out, wanting my family to come to my aid. I have not fallen far, I can see the top of the road. Surely my people hear me. My hands are wet, they begin to slip. I change hands quickly hoping to wipe one off while the other holds.

There is no answering call from my family. They do not look over the edge for me. I cry again, calling for anyone, anyone to help me.

Time passes, I am dizzy again, waiting. Where are they? Why don't they come? Don't they know I need them?

Tears come and drop unheeded. Is this to be my end, forsaken?

I fight the desire to release the plant and allow myself to fall forever. I fight the need to die. I feel some unknown actor laughing in my face. Laughing at my puny efforts to resist.

Now in desperation I call for any being to help me. I pledge loyalty as payment for my life.

And, now, there's a hand. A hand of strength, reaching to help me. I grab hold of the hand and feel the strange texture of the skin. I scramble upward.

Once more I walk the road. Once more my body is yellow. Once more I am holding a hand, a hand remarkably hot.

We walk together, down to our destination.

Eighty-four, eighty-five, eighty-six, eighty-seven, eighty-eight, eighty-nine

OH LONELY BULL

BOB VAN DEN BERG

With the wind for His eyes, God gazes down at the small town of Miajara in southwestern Spain. The sun is shining and the fields around the town are alive with motion and color. Legend has it that Miajara was the original Garden of Eden. The people of this region are reflective of their environment. They are calm, peaceful, and very happy.

Near the town lies "El Hacienda de Don Sebastian." Here, the finest bulls in all the world are raised for "corrida de toros," the bull-fights. Don Sebastian has worked hard all his life, with but one purpose in mind, to pass on to his son the finest Hacienda in Spain. His son, Miguel, is ten years old. Miguel is very proud of his father, and wishes to be just like him.

Every spring new calves are born into "Eden" with the sole purpose of becoming fierce bulls for the arena. One day, while Miguel was out in the pasture with his father, making sure that the calves were secure, he saw one which was tangled in some fence wire. After much labor he freed the calf and took it back to his father:

"Papa! I have found this calf struggling in the wires and have freed him. Can I keep him for my own? I will take good care of him. Please Papa, Please."

Don Sebastian finally consented and Miguel was true to his word. He spent many hours with his new friend and there was born a most

remarkable relationship. Every day one could see Miguel and the calf together. They often roamed the pastures and adventured to their delight. Soon the calf grew larger. Grew into the most magnificent bull Don Sebastian had ever seen. Miguel named the bull, "El Pacifico," The Peaceful One. He stood on four large legs that looked as if they could support the Coliseum by themselves. The largest of all the bulls, he was raven black with horns as strong as steel. And he was loyal to Miguel. The boy could fear no one with his friend beside him.

Yet with all of these qualities, the bull remained the gentle calf Miguel had found that day. He harmed no one. Pacifico had never known life without Miguel. A life full of happiness and enjoyment. Together they were free to roam through any world in mind or matter. They truly had found Eden.

One day Miguel returned to find Pacifico gone. Don Sebastian had sold his bulls for battle in the arena. He had gotten five times the normal amount for the magnificent one. But with the bull, he had also sold the spirit of a young boy. Paradise was now lost.

For years after that Miguel still lived with his father. As for The Peaceful One, he was changed into the fiercest bull in all of Spain. He was beaten, and taught the meaning of fear, hate, and blood. But the men who trained him

knew the value of such an animal and prized him highly.

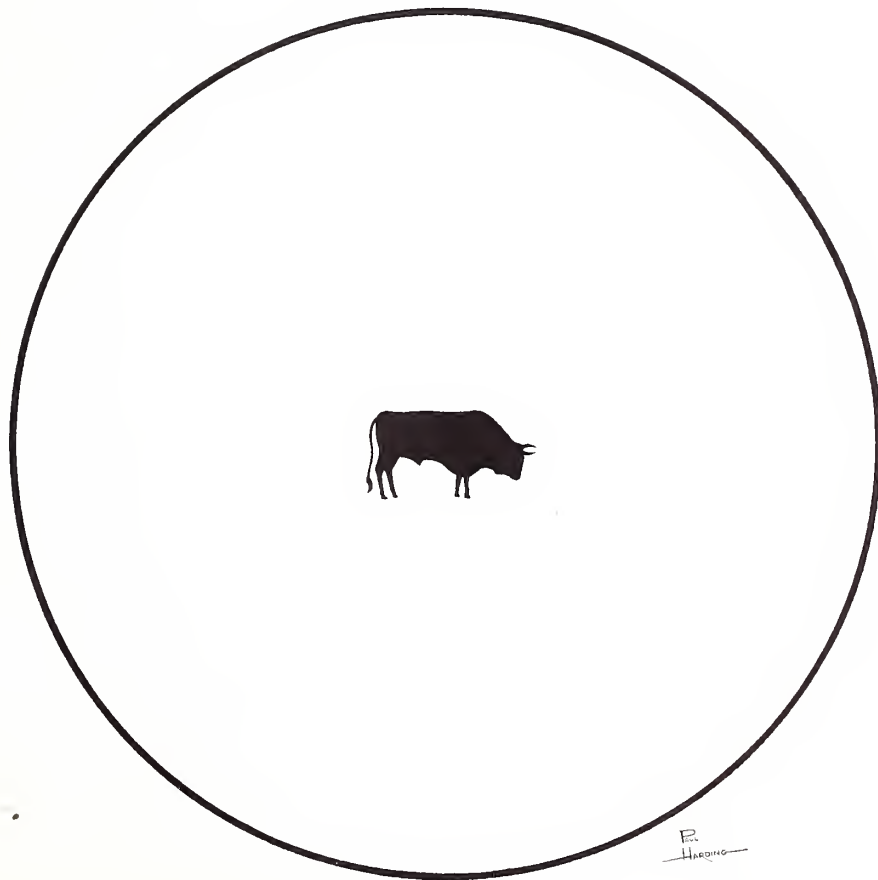
Miguel was now fifteen. But the memory of his friend was still young in his mind. On given occasions he would wake up screaming in the night. He often dreamt of The Peaceful One. And he often cried to the night to protect his lost friend. One night Don Sebastian thought Miguel insant when he swore that he felt the pain of a lance in his back. Still Miguel stayed on with his father. And their ranch contiuned to grow.

At the annual Fiesta Don Sebastian took Miguel to see Madrid. It was the largest celebration in Spain. All day they celebrated and were amazed at the spectacle. That day was also the time for the greatest bullfight of the year. The finest matador in Spain, Manolo, was to appear. Don Sebastian took his son and got the best seats there were.

It was a sight the likes of which Miguel had never seen. There were thousands of people. The parade was spectacular. But through the

entire beginning Miguel remained silent. Suddenly Manolo appeared. A costume of silk glistened in the sun to the sound of a thousand cheers. From the other side a gate opened. Black fury on hooves, drenched in blood. The lances in the bull's back danced to his every move. Streamers of red and gold and white hung about him and were as fire in the wind. He was as big as a horse and his nostrils pumped out every passion on earth. From a cloud of dust and sweat came a moving mass of color bent on destruction. The crowd screamed for joy. Cheering and shouting to heaven for blood. The people were pleased.

Miguel saw but could not believe his eyes. Through his tears he saw the blackish red blur dart back and forth. Suddenly the bull stopped, as if he sensed somehing. The cheers were silenced and then the crowd screamed blood. Their eyes met as the matador's sword found its mark. The bull slumped to his knees still looking at Miguel. The Peaceful One collapsed. The moment of truth was over. Don Sebastian turned, and Miguel was dead.



TWISTED SHADOWS

A man and woman walked
upon the soft, good earth
brought together by love,
separated by birth.

And the shadows looked upon the good earth.

The man was tall and dark
with hair curled on his head.
His stance was straight and calm,
to stanch the tears he shed.

And the shadows struck upon the good earth.

The woman was small and blonde,
with hair so straight and long.
She had a pretty face;
like him, her heart held strong.

And the shadows trembled upon the good earth.

Others could not see;
their hate stifled the day.
A man and a woman pleaded,
then despairingly, turned away.

And the shadows twisted upon the good earth.

A man and a woman kissed,
while shadows held them deep.
Proclaiming the other's love,
they parted forever in sleep.

And the shadows gloomed upon the good earth.

Soon the cruel light came,
dispelling the tender night,
revealing the gentle lovers
As they lay . . . one brown, one white.

And the shadows strengthened upon the good earth.

A man and a woman loved,
their souls were born the same.
A man and a woman died,
For, from a man and a woman, they came.

And the shadows thrived upon the good earth.

Ellen Loughlin



DONNA LAMBERT

PREMONITION OF

One winter evening
When the sun neared the treetops
And pinkened the snow,
At the hour when IS becomes
A strained moment of IF,
I passed a harlequin clown
Who was standing on the corner of 3rd St.
Awaiting the prophesied parade.

He waited patiently
With flowers in his hand.
He stretched his limb and
Gave me a periwinkle.

"No one," he observed calmly, "has the right
to say me but myself."

The diamond man in bells was,
Without a doubt, a myth . . .
For which I have no other name but . . . alive.

And for a while, he did not say a word,
Since his silence
Sang a self-song like a bird.

Most people, on the other foot, I thought
Have been heard screaming for international intervention
That renders hell, dead mangled yellow people
Not merely expedient but rational.
I thank heaven
(Or the great what-cha-callit in the sky)
That someone was fool enough
To hand me a periwinkle
Prior to the 3rd St. parade.

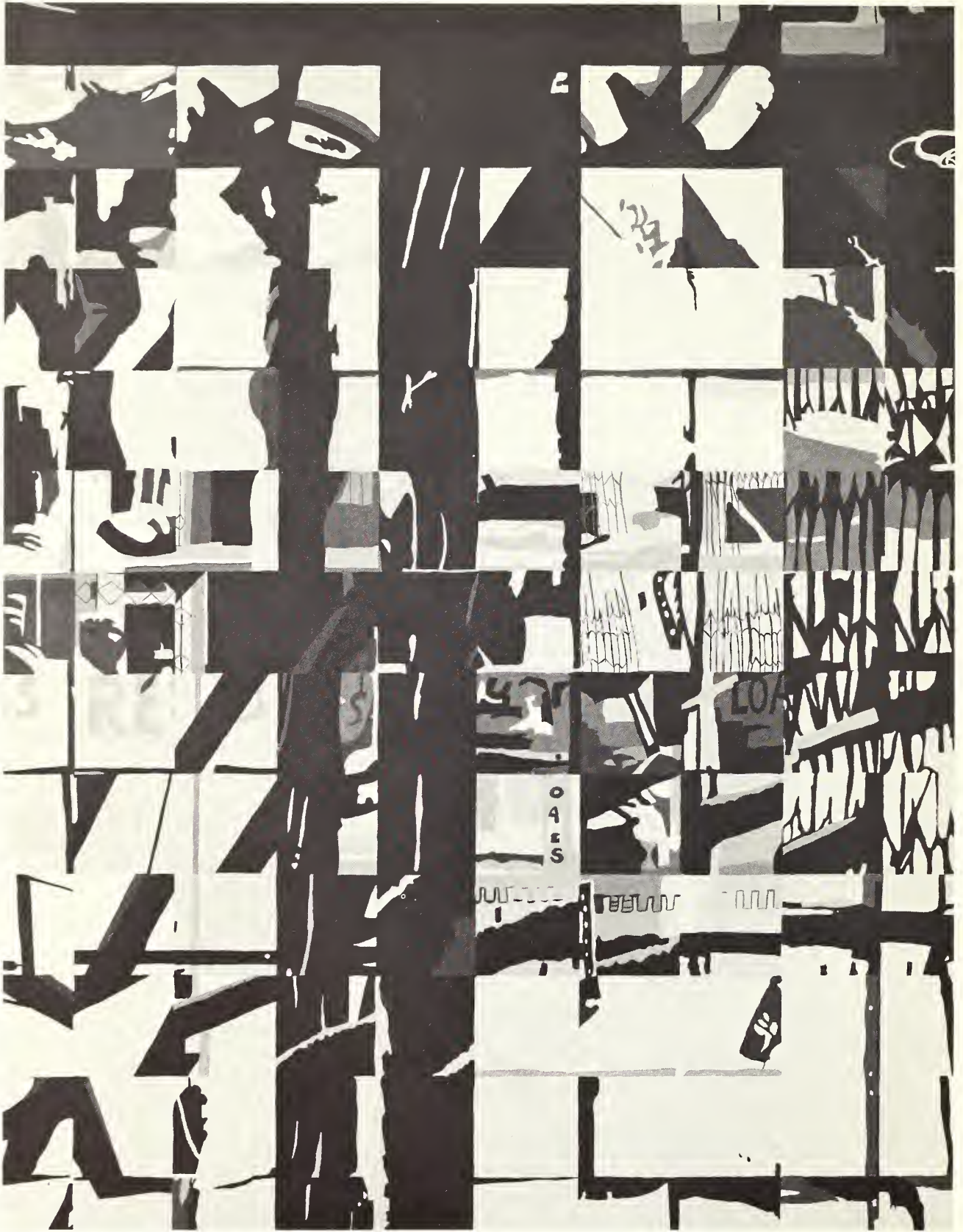
AC'CENT

This is a time
to get rip roaring, falling down drunk . . .
with life.

A time to sing
a time to fling
aside inhibitions
And devour life — not bolted
in whole chunks
but savoring each mouthful.

BAROQUE

Sweet Youth's deceit is not a fault
A hurt is not intended
But helps quite accidentally
To make mature love splendid.



KAY SMILEY

SPOTLIGHT

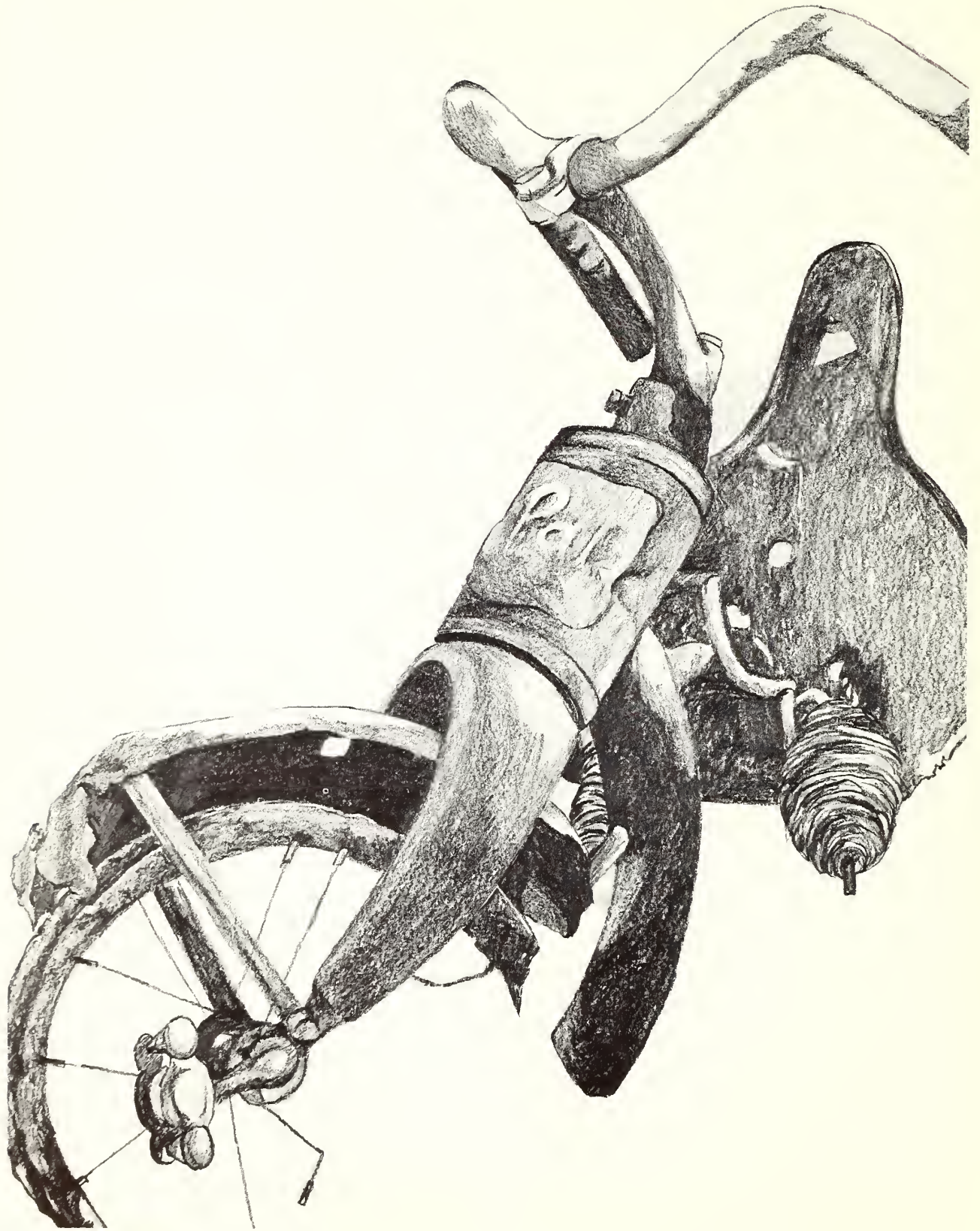
She caught the night in the palm of her sky:
Pulsating stars on carbon glowed,
Jutting and paving a fiery road
Outlining her lonely yellow-clouded eye
Beneath nothingness that hovered endlessly before.
Her hair draped in shades of rain across the green,
Where birds climbed far in a midsummer dream
And finger-painted shadows as they soared.

Andre T. Dawson

NOW

Hold not your head high after a storm
And look not forward to seeing a rainbow
There is one in every drop of water
What makes it shine is the sun

Ricky Woo



MARY LYNN JAMISON

FECES ANGELS

or

Oh, Marlon, Poor Marlon, Hollywood's Hung You In The Closet And I'm Feelin' So Eeech—

An Original Screenplay

by G. D. EISMAN

A Sequel To The Sequel To The Sequel To The Sequel
To The Sequel To The Sequel To The Sequel Of
The Wild One

Narrator: Some will call that which you are about to see **tasteless**, and if the **truth** be tasteless, so let it be **written**, so let it be **done**.

A shot of a California highway just outside of Coaltown. A motorcycle policeman stands outside a Rambler stationwagon talking to its driver who is dressed in a conservative brown suit.

Policeman: (yelling) What are ya tryin' ta do? Kill somebody?

Man: (meekly) But, sir, I just —

Policeman: Shaddup! Buster! Ya were doin' fifty-three in a fifty mile-an-hour zone! I oughta throw the book at ya!

Fifteen motorcyclists enter the shot. They are all ugly, smelly, unshaven, unbathed, and socially undesirable. They circle the Rambler stationwagon, spin a few donuts, and run over the feet of the man in the brown suit.

Man: (pleading) Officer —

The motorcyclists fill the Rambler stationwagon with empty beer cans, break all the windows, steal the hubcaps, slice the tires, and urinate on the seat covers. They leave the shot. ZOOM-ZOOM-ZOOM!

Man: Aren't you going to do something?

Policeman: I'm doin' it. (stuffs ticket in man's open mouth) Now get that hunk a junk outta here!

The policeman leaves the shot.

A lone cyclist enters the shot. He is ugly, smelly, unshaven, unbathed, and socially undesirable. He stops at the Rambler stationwagon. The owner of it is standing beside it crying.

Cyclist: Man, you make me sick.

He beats the man over the head with a tire

iron. The man, thinking quickly, bleeds. The cyclist throws his smelly cigar stub in the gas tank of the Rambler station wagon and zooms— ZOOM!

— away. The Rambler stationwagon, thinking quickly, explodes. The man's head is tastelessly torn from his body and lands in the middle of the highway.

Motorist: (to wife) Dear, isn't that our son Alfred's head in the road?

Wife: Drive on, Henry. It doesn't pay to get involved in such things.

A shot of Coaltown, and the fifteen motorcyclists. The lone cyclist enters the shot.

Dead Chicken: Hey, youse! Hey, Bad Breath!

Bad Breath: — — — — you!

Dead Chicken: What took youse so long?

Bad Breath: I blowed up a Rambler.

Two cops enter the shot and listen to the two cyclists talk.

Bad Breath: And it blowed the guy's head off.

Haw-ha-haw.

Dead Chicken: That must be the same Rambler stationwagon we smashed.

Bad Breath: Yeah, haw-ha-yuk!

1st Cop: Excuse me gentlemen, but would either of you happen to have any pertinent information on the destruction of a Rambler stationwagon and the decapitation of its owner?

Bad Breath: I didn't do it.

Dead Chicken: (indicating the other cyclists) An' we helped.

The gang gun their cycles. ZOOM-ZOOM!

Good Citizen enters the shot and tweeks Bad Breath's nose.

Good Citizen: I saw them! They did it!

Good Citizen tries to tweek Dead Chicken's nose but the 1st Cop beats him over the head and shoulders with a night stick until he falls to his knees and cries for mercy.

Good Citizen: Mercy!

1st Cop drags Good Citizen toward Paddy-wagon, occasionally stopping to grind Good Citizen's hands into the ground with his boot heels.

2nd Cop: (to Bad Breath, consoling) He had no right to do that.

Bad Breath: (holding nose) He tweeked my nose!

Dead Chicken: Jus' cuz we is different, people treat us bad.

2nd Cop: I know. It's Society that's against you.

Hole Face: My pa beat me when I dint do nothin' an' he burn ma in the oven.

2nd Cop: Poor lad.

Hole Face: An' he took all the white meat!

2nd Cop: (sincerely) I'm truly sorry, but you gentlemen must come with me.

Fade out.

A shot of Good Citizen about to be hanged. The rope is about his neck.

Good Citizen: (to hangman) What did the youths get?

Hangman: They were convicted of assault, destruction of private property, theft, and murder, not to mention, rape, kidnapping, and treason for the week before.

Good Citizen: Poor misguided youths.

Hangman: The judge said that he would suspend their sentences if they would promise to be good.

Good Citizen: Did they promise?

Hangman: No.

Good Citizen: Such honesty. (he weeps)

Hangman: The judge fined them \$1.46 each.

Good Citizen: Horrors!

Hangman: Plus tax.

Good Citizen: Drat this harsh world! Where have we failed?

Good Citizen is hanged. At the bottom of the shot two small children take time from their game of soldier to tackle the soles of Good Citizen's feet as they dangle and twitch above the ground.

Author's note to director: I believe that in order to insure that this delicate scene remains in good taste that it should be presented by first showing the total shot of Good Citizen up until the point that he turns purple and his eyeballs pop from their sockets and hang as if connected on springs. Then a close up shot should be made of Good Citizen's tongue as it suffocates him while he is vainly attempting to gasp for air. This shot can be zoomed in on and held until Good Citizen dies.

A shot of bar in Coaltown.

Bartender: (on phone) They killed the entertainers, boiled the cook, raped the waitresses, and gouged out my eyes!

Police station: If they cause any more trouble, call us back. We can't do anything unless they break a law. (hangs up)

A shot of Mainstreet. The gang is turning cars over, breaking windows, looting, burning all the buildings, and loudly belching in the faces of little old ladies. Sitting on the mayor on the steps of the court house is Horse Prat, the leader. Behind him a Momma burns the lice on his head with a marijuana cigarette. She kisses the back of his dirty neck.

Horse Prat: Scratch my belly, moms.

Mayor: (to Momma) How did you get mixed up with a bunch like this?

Momma: I'm punishing my parents for telling me not to get mixed up with these kind of people.

Horse Prat kicks Mayor down steps, picks his nose, grabs the Momma by her . . . well, let's just say that he grabs her, and looks at the town as the flames consume it.

Horse Prat: Maybe that'll show 'em.

Momma: Who, Prat, who is it that you are trying to get back at?

Horse Prat: My mudder. (snorts to hold back a tear) She let the doc cut my 'bilical cord.

Momma: Now it's all clear.

A Porsche Spyder enters the shot and drives down the street of the town. All stop looting, raping, and other recreational activities at the sight of the Porsche. They take off their hats in salute of it. The Porsche slowly lifts from the ground and ascends into the clouds and can no longer be seen, for symbolic reasons.

Horse Prat: That's James Dean a-drivin' that car. We is just like him, only later.

All jump on their cycles and ZOOM —
ZOOM-ZOOM-ZOOM!

— out of the shot.

The shot is of the highway. The motorcyclists pass a policeman standing in the center of the road with his foot on a head.

Policeman: So, Buster, ya burned up the ticket

I gave ya, huh?

Each cycle disappears from the shot. Each leave a track of black rubber and a thin layer of dust that covers, mars, and defaces the Second Place Motorcycle Race Trophy until its original form can no longer be discerned.

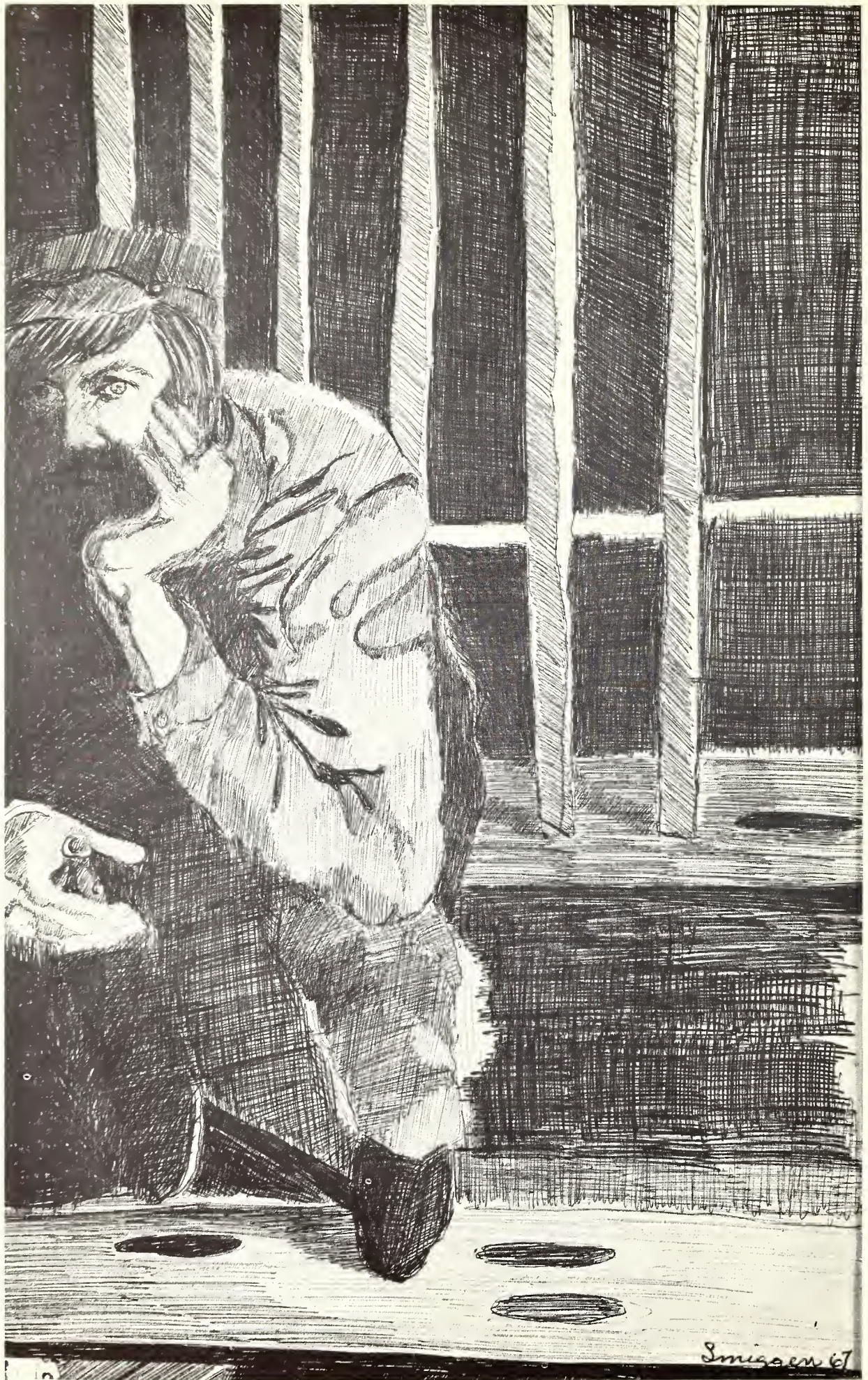
THE END
until the sequel

WHY?

Arnold was on the roof, six stories up.
He was screaming and pointing at us.
Mr. Proctor went and called the police,
and his wife went and got the camera.
In two minutes the crowd had gotten pretty big.
Arnold was still screaming and dancing on the ledge.
One fellow in the crowd started chanting "jump",
and another saying "leap".
They got into a big fight over which was more appropriate
for the occasion.
Then Arnold's mother came running out and started screaming
at him to come down . . . by the stairs of course.
Well Arnold just kept screaming right back at her.
And the other two men were still screaming and fighting
over correct diction.
Little Jim Thorin, he's only five, ran over and drew
an "X" on the sidewalk under Arnold. His mother took
him away by the ear, and then returned with the cloth to
erase the "X" . . .
About now, the police car rounded the corner and almost
hit those two screaming men.
Well they told everyone to move back and give Arnold, I
mean them, room.
They sent three policemen up to the sixth floor window
right next to where Arnold was standing.
They started to talk to him, but we couldn't make out what
they were saying.
The crowd was huge now. There were even reporters there.
Those two men were still arguing.
All of a sudden one of the policemen climbed out on the ledge
next to Arnold.
Then another one climbed out, and finally the last.
They all held hands and started screaming down at us.
All of a sudden they jumped.
SPLAT !!!

I wonder what Arnold had said to them.
The two men were still arguing. . . .

Bob Van Den Berg



REBECCA SMIGGEN

MICHAEL

THE NIGHT CREATURES

pity

the creatures of night

dead-living in darkness
sitting sullen eyes
behind empty bottles
listening to a blind guitar player
striking empty chords

dull-filled existence
in dark corners
watching in silence
the passing shadows
of a rejected world

beams of watered-down moonlight
through fogged-up windows
reflect on blank faces

thirst for love gone
from struck-out lives
and only a bleak co-existence

with nothing

HUSTMAN

JOSAN

Musicians
played for the night
their muted horns
and weakened guitars
restraining the quiet
with unseen frailty

the empty glass
steamed
from the last trumpet blast
is slowly refilled
by the moon-pale hand of
Josan
sitting sullen-eyed
absorbing the vibrating strings
which criss-cross his mind

and like a dying flower
with falling petals

he escapes

ANNA
MARIE
MILLS

GREEN EYES

because your green eyes haunt me now
because your eyes haunt
because our green love haunts me now
what good is paint and prose
what use poetry and prayer
what use society and pose

we who have emotions to eat
life to drink and pains to feel
why at altars should we kneel
bowing proud heads to sightless
rumors of unfelt powers

we who possess all the oceans
you — father of the hawks
and i — sister to the flowers
together in a world of wind
and sudden singing

the subterranean world of hate
may shade our sheathes of white
to extinguish the light of green eyes
but the high pitch of love shatters all

and we rise above the ruins
rise and give birth
to the simple shining light
of green eyes

WHAT MAN CAN

Your long lean figure lingers in my mind
As I feel the fog-softness of your lips
Awaking my senses so gently.
Your warm damp thigh pushes against my hips
And I reel away from reality;
Your boy-boned body briefly sustains our lives
In our own wild whirling world of pleasure.
The crashing crescendo leaps, builds and strives
Exploding with no time, space or measure
Tenderly tumbling from my pinnacle
I am aware of our limpid bodies
Waiting for our minds to command them; still
And satiated, leaving us to quiz
Just what man can control, and what love is.

PARTS

As I slip into my sleepy bed
Softly my thoughts steal back to you;
But all of you escapes me,
You are a cubistic, fragmented form . . .

The fragile pattern of your eyelashes
Lingers in the parenthesis of my imagination;
The Epicurean calm of your fingers
That only fan my desires by their coolness;
The colors of your face as your lips
Shade mine from sense, choke me
And I must close my eyes or drown.

Composing your parts (my medium love)
I slide sensuously into the subconscious
Darkness of dreams,
My nights less troubled than
They once were.



Anna Marie

ANNA MARIE MILLS

A SMALL SADNESS

There are those who will feel that I had a multitude of reasons for living. I was merely seventeen years old, creative, attractive, intelligent. But I was not a good person. I fought against my God and the faith I was fortunate enough to be born into.

After two years of heart-wringing and confessions, of intimate pleas to God, and of living in a hell of fear, I knew the world and all it had shown me; the adolescent pleasure of my own body, the ownership of intelligence over faith, the inner revulsion I felt for the cold, black draped members of God's gestapo. They showed themselves in a thousand and one little ways.

I even had the audacity to believe in all sincerity that the God that took the time and trouble to create me would understand the motivating force behind my action.

* * *

The priest had told me that those who practice "self abuse" would become lesbians. Therefore, I promptly went about asserting my femininity with a vengeance. After confiding all the brutal details to my friendly neighborhood confessor and making sure I was not with child, I made my decision. Self-destruction was the only way to keep my earthly form away from temptation. If there was a God, He would understand. If there was no God, at least my earthly hell (in which my mind was housed) would cease.

I decided Saturday, October 20, 1963, that my day for departure would be the 28th.

I was wonderfully at ease with the world that week. I felt cleaner and committed none of the atrocities that had made me come to my decision. It was a tender time of year. The sun was warm and there were soft rains in which to cleanse myself. Every time I went out I felt a small sadness knowing I would never know the life of the world again. But, of course, that was merely my sensuousness in another form trying to tempt me from the outstretched arms of the heavens. I would not falter; it was the

strongest decision I had ever made or adhered to.

My grandmother, who was my sole guardian, and my aunt, the only relative living near us, were pleased with my apparent lightness of heart. It hurt me to realize that even their church would not pull them through the coming event. A suicide victim does not rate a priest to officiate and is doomed to a hell publicized by burial on unhallowed soil. At least they would be spared the knowledge of my soul's wretched state. It would look bad for Gram, but I would be remembered as dying innocent, but a bit demented.

On the Sunday I planned to leave I went to mass with my grandmother and stayed around the house all day chatting gaily and helping with the daily tidying. About eight o'clock that evening I began to feel nervous and went out for a walk. The night's warmth almost choked me as I realized I had no one with whom I had a special desire or need to spend my last hours of life.

I found I had come to the home of a boy I had been dating the previous summer. We had not been very close and I had broken off the relationship for some vague reason. I hadn't seen him in months and he was reasonably surprised to have me appear on his doorstep. He was nice, though, and we had a coke and watched some television program with the family. He drove me home and asked me what was wrong. I decided it would not be wise to tell him, so I stated that I was merely lonesome and thanked him for bringing me home. I wondered if he would find out how I died or if Gram would be able to keep the truth a secret. Maybe my body would be shipped back to the place of my birth to be planted.

I went into the house and took a warm bath and brushed my hair fiercely. I put on a long white cotton nightgown. I cannot think of any logical reason for these preparatory steps except, I wanted to keep up the pretense of innocence.

I wrote a note in which I stated that I was sorry for the hurt I was imposing. I said that I had wanted to create beauty in this world but I had only lived in ugliness and sin. I had wanted love but had lived in hate. I had said more than I thought I would.

Gram's pill bottle held two types of pills: tiny quarter grain phenobarbital and the larger Equinol. I decided on the larger weapon, there were twenty-five of them. I went to the kitchen and got myself a large glass of ice water, and kissed Gram goodnight.

I sat on the edge of the bed and downed the pills two at a time. After I had finished them I began to cry, softly without sobs. When I was through with my modern hemlock I turned out the light, lay down in my cold bed and pulled the covers over my head to smother my tears.

* * *

The ensuing days were just a series of scenes vaguely connected like a dream sequence.

I don't remember any faces at first, just the sound of my own voice accompanied by my own wailing and gnashing of teeth relating the sorriness of my life.

At one point I recall the voices of my grandmother, my aunt, and our doctor. Someone suggested I be given a glass of vermouth which was poured into me while everyone drank to my health (I am positive it didn't happen quite that way). I remember writhing and everyone else being cheered at my ridding my system of the poison.

The next scenes are hazy though I do remember a lot of secrecy being mulled over with the doctor. The clearest point of this intrigue was a trip to the doctor's office. Gram kept mumbling something about my telling her, and if she had her hands on that boy. I was still too far gone to figure out what her problem was or care. When we got to the doctor's, the place was empty and he told Gram to go get a cup of coffee. This jolly, little fat man from Mississippi, otherwise known as Dr. Mony, led me to a small green room and told me to get undressed. I did as I was told and waited for the friendly doctor who entered and ordered me to lie on a table in the room. He started the

examination in routine fashion but gradually I realized through my drugged senses that I was being more than examined. I could not move and he took my stillness for consent. I recall moving; feeling he had accomplished his task, he kissed my mouth and helped me up with a sort of boyish pride in his face. He told me to stay away from boys, to come see him instead. The only thing I said was that I was only seventeen. He replied that he knew and that is why he had done nothing more to me. Gram picked me up and took me home before I realized that she thought that the doctor had helped us with a big problem, and had in his Christian duty performed an abortion for me, and just for the price of an office call.

Gram informed me on the way home that I was to see the doctor in two days, that would be Saturday. The next two days were hell (again?) and finally on Friday night I told Gram of my previous adventure at the doc's. She was appalled and immediately called my aunt who told her not to take me the next day; she would take care of it.

My aunt, a perceptive woman, declared that I was still in need of help and proposed a trip to see a Jesuit. Being rather despondent I was willing to try it. All the Jesuits I had come in contact with had been earnest young men and, as God was in a very shakey position with me, I needed something to bolster my dying faith.

We made an appointment with one of these creatures and went to see him the following day. I spent the time before the interview trying to work out my problems and compose myself, both attempts failed. When I saw the man I realized that even Jesuits get old, and this one had had a long time to work on it. I sat down and began to tell him my story, as soon as I mentioned sex he excused himself and left the room. He came back with several little catalogs and explained that my problem was vitamins and that a properly balanced diet would control my desire for pleasure. I believe that was when I began to cry. He asked me if there was anything more and when I said no, he launched into the Confetior and I said my confession. I sobbed all the way home, for it had just dawned on me that God was dead.

EIGHTH MONTH, SIXTH DAY

"Last Sunday
they celebrated
the bombing
of Hiroshima."
In the atomic city
1000 doves flew loosed
Maybe one will crap
on Johnson
or Ho Chi Min
would be better.

Some sign of freedom and peace
was violated,
encaged.

What necessity served?
It wasn't even aesthetic.

Must have been a laugh
such a cheer went up
spread round the world
like fall-out in my ears.

August 6, 1945
constipated America
Ex laxed!

If you love
don't begrudge
the U S nation
for the unfortunate incident
in world preservation.

Death is not a funeral
but a perpetual wake —
ridiculous.

August 6, 1945 should be forgotten,
struck from the calendar
what a fiasco, celebrate the blast,
add a leap year
retire the date.

IN THE MARSH WHERE TALL CATTAILS GROW

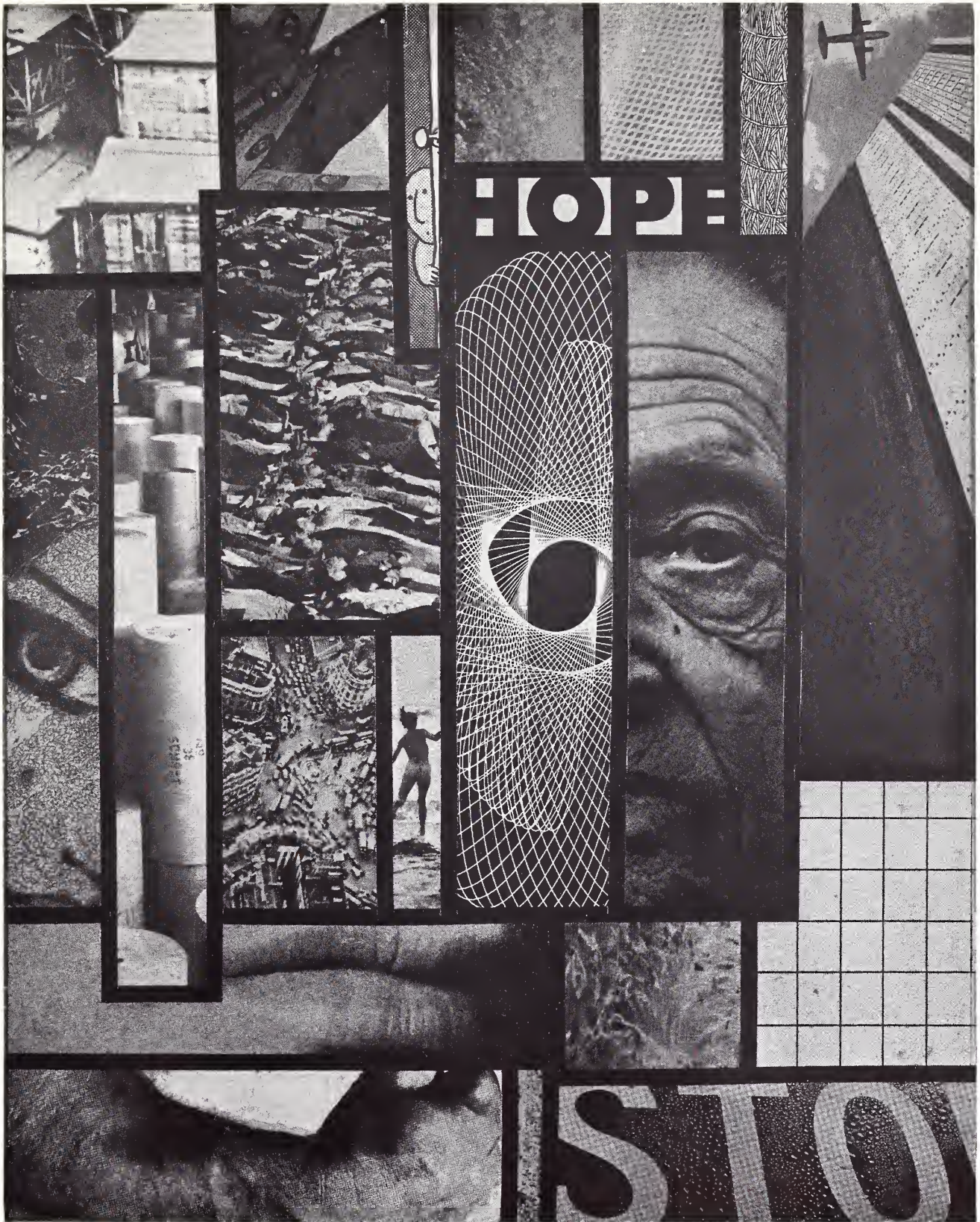
In the marsh where tall cattails grow,
Horses hoofs emboss the damp dun mud
Rocks and moldy earth
And the fish, like reflections, sound
My head to catch my ear
Just to see a ripple slide
Beneath a cattail seed
Silence is uttered
With the song of a half-distant mockingbird
Peace is realized in the breeze

JAMES

HIGGINS

BACKWARD DOWN THE HOMEWARD ROAD

Backward down the homeward road from a distant campus fest
After two nights and double days
I had been poets together with
An old man read without a beard
A young man with a red beard, read
And Jurgonson the jew poet
Super Par, super test petrol
I rode alone in the car of seven
While within continued a spattered conversation
Muffled by a barrier of perspirated together poetry
"Squirt each other with your Lady Gillette"
Irrigation ditches filled with slopes of green shouldered highways
No. 60 spire pine tree lined road wound with A T & T lines
transporting women's gossip poetry
death notices and love songs
Traveled down closes between the covers of a poetry day
The poem unable to see the page
laid to rest the pen
Still continued together poetry a mess while the backward poet
Searched for man-made celestial bodies
I the poet sleeping left
trip and poetry unfinished.



JAMES HIGGINS

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