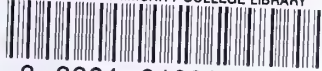



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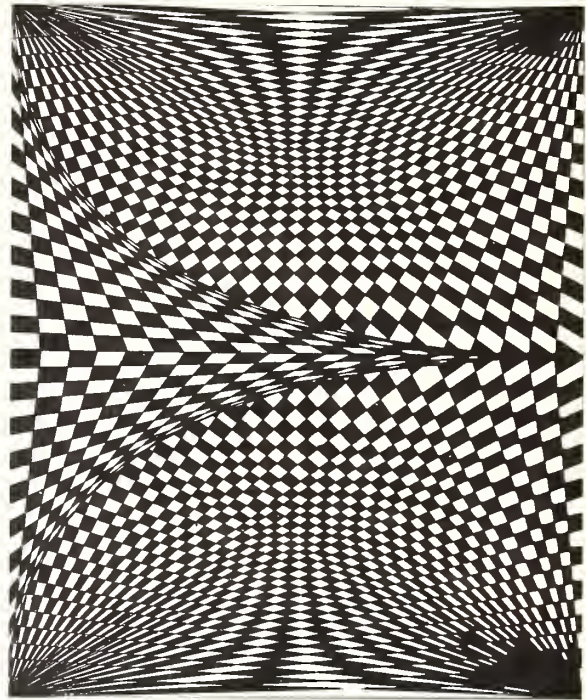
Number 1, Volume V
November 1968

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Broward Junior College
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

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11/10/11

Herein is given
thought
mind
spirit
a bit of soul
Brought to you in the
feeling of love
joy of sharing
hope for tomorrow

P'an Ku.



**VEGETABLES
FOR A
VEGETARIAN**

Bob Heilman

An icy draft shot through the crack in the vent window like a threat but Ruby Snell McCutcheon Tuesday was barefoot, her white sneakers resting beside her on the car seat. At sixty miles an hour, she jockeyed the faded blue convertible through rush hour traffic like a race horse, alternately getting caught in the snarls and breaking away.

She was on her way to work, away from her messy hundred-and-fifty a month apartment in a city where it is easy to find a good one for seventy-five. A year around summer blonde with both hands on the wheel, she hummed along with a radio that blared, "I'd love to be an Oscar Meyer weiner 'cause all the world would be in love with me."

Born Ruby Snell, at sixteen she had married Jon McCutcheon to get away from a home where her mother stuck fat feet up onto the kitchen table, cleaned her navel with a dinner knife, trimmed her toenails with the same knife, and advised Ruby and her sister, "It's high time somebody else did something around here. If you think I'm going to fix your supper you can shove it."

Her sister Jewel had run off with a carnival man when she was thirteen and had the scars to prove it, Ruby was more sensible.

Her paycheck read Ruby Tuesday, 581-36-4056, no dependents. It was a name she had given herself after the lyrics of a popular song and she was nothing like the skinny school girl that had married Jon McCutcheon five years ago. Somebody, an uninsured somebody, had piled into the right side of her car leaving the fender caved in and the door inoperable. On the back seat, their blank eyes fixed dead ahead, were two heads. Both earless, mouthless, one sported a blonde mail-order wig cockeyed. Six pair of spike heeled shoes were lost in a tangled hump of nylon stockings and empty Salem cigarette cartons.

Mildly curious about love, sex, and animal husbandry, she had endured nine months of normal gestation and on a sweaty summer day dropped a bawling baby boy for a smiling Jon McCutcheon. She had as much affection for the child as for the boil on her husband's backside and the child knew it. When he grew out of dirty diapers and his teeth came in strong and sharp he bit her left ankle with such intensity that it left a scar the size of a silver dollar, her only scar. At three Jon-jon was cross-eyed,

had a low furry forehead and a nose like a duck's egg, in her judgment plain ugly and plain tiresome to be around. She put the child in the hands of her husband's mother and went looking for a job.

The first place she walked into hired her on the spot. It was a noisy, friendly little restaurant from where she went home each day exhausted from a solid eight hours of dodging the hairy hands of customers.

Her next job was at a semi-sophisticated busy bar that was more or less the place where the blue collar people went when they put on white collars. The manager, absorbing the full impact of her personality, convinced her that she would be an absolute hit in a sexy little outfit that exposed most of her darling breasts and kept no secret of what her bottom looked like. Her frame and figure had also made some startling changes from the time she had first become the shy bride of a smiling Jon McCutcheon.

The owner of the place, came in one day to see what was doubling his business. He was so impressed with her that, overcome by desires, he took her for himself, profits notwithstanding. He put soft silky clothes on her, rented an apartment for her, and bought her a shiny new Ford convertible.

A Chevy man himself, Jon McCutcheon took the news hard. He did not try to stop her when she packed her sagging suitcase, but as a parting gesture he tied her down to his favorite armchair and cut her hair off, to the scalp. Ruby, no slouch herself, punctuated her retreat by belting him in the crotch as he showed her to the door then hustled away from the little white bungalow hopefully never to return. They both considered it a clean break and Ruby especially looked forward to being wild and free and subsidized.

She was in love with the pretty clothes and the sporty Ford convertible and the jolly carefree nights on the town and the good times, wild and sweaty, she spent with Stan in her apartment that overlooked the

lake and had carpet "this thick". She was even confident that one sunny day Stan, whose generosity was making it all possible, would desert his nasty nagging little wife and drive off in his Continental with the real leather seats.

Instead, one particularly unsunny day, Stan turned in his key, presented her with a partly dented car payment book, and dumped her like a load of sour apples. Optimistic and not convinced that true love comes but once in a girl's life, Ruby found a job and enjoyed the good life unsubsidized.

Singing, "Hi Ho, Hey, Hey, chew your little troubles away," she painted her lips with cleopatra coral and went into work. The "After Six" cocktail lounge, a cozy, comfortably quiet, deeply carpeted place, was where the white collar people loosened their neck ties. Pittsburg originals gave it an almost cultured atmosphere and it was endorsed by the upper crust of the somewhat flaky local citizenry for confidential conversations or a rendezvous with someone else's wife.

Bar owners like to speak of a bartender or an entertainer as having a "following", Ruby drew a late night business that increased the profit margin without interfering with the lawyers, insurance men, dentists, druggists that were common to the early hours.

At nine o'clock, the night people started drifting in and the place cleared out like bad breath. Ruby was at home with the night people and she remembered them all by name or by what they drank, cc-water, vo-soda, two buds, Jim Beam, Jack Daniels, Bill, Sis, Freddie, Patty from Tony's, Beany and Cecil, and Old Yellowstone. She was mildly witty and quick to pick up the jargon of the swinging set that warmed the bar stools from nine until closing, "groovy, up tight, out of sight, turned on, supercool, sock it to me, oo poo pee do, twenty-three skidoo."

Her car never ran right after the side was banged in but she never hurt for a ride

home, guys split each other's lips for the honors. Of course they never went straight home, there was always a party somewhere or an after hours place and if a fellow ever did get her home it was true that very often he would indeed sock it to her in the true spirit of the phrase.

It was an unusually slow night at the "After Six" lounge, two deadheads were at opposite ends of the bar, their elbows planted on the mahogany as though they had always been there and would always remain there silent and immovable. They were holding their glasses in front of their faces, staring into the amber liquid as if watching Goldfish in a bowl, when an old couple, unkempt and carrying brown shopping bags entered the bar. The brown sacks were loaded over the tops with lettuce, plastic bags of carrots, and bunches of radishes. Ruby was certain they were lost but her amazement kept her silent. Their faces equally drawn, sharp and deeply lined matched in the way only people who have lived their entire lives together grow to look alike. They stepped on the thick rug, its yielding softness unfamiliar to their feet, as though they walked on eggs. The old man, baggy trousered and crushing a brown slouch hat with a fishing lure stuck in its crown against his stomach, wore a waist length jacket that was shiny at the elbows. The woman, her posture sagging in harmony with his, had her head wrapped up in a wrinkled brown shawl and wore a long overcoat that dragged at her heels.

"What's the matter Pops, you lost?" Ruby asked.

"No we're not lost," the old man said.

"This ain't the mission center you know," she said.

"I didn't think it was," he said, "it's a mite fancier than I calculated but me and Ma here, we're out on the town." Ruby judged him to be about three quarters loaded and the woman was worse. "It's her birthday," he continued, "and we're out celebrating." He set his bag down on one of the cocktail

tables, it teetered for a moment than fell to the floor, heads of lettuce rolling in every direction. Not aware that it had fallen, he took the other bag from the woman and placed it next to where his had been. Ruby came around from behind the bar to get a closer look at the situation and possibly to help pick up the groceries. The woman was not steady on her feet and the man was helping her up onto one of the bar stools.

"Me and Ma here," he went on, "was out shopping and I says to her, it being her birthday and all, why don't the two of us, me and her, go out and turn up a few like the old days."

"Mister," Ruby said, carrying three heads of lettuce from where they had rolled, "I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to leave."

"Just you fix us up with a couple of beers and tend to your business Missy, there ain't nothin' wrong with us," he said.

"Mister," Ruby said, "she's sick, I can tell it, another beer and I really will have a mess to clean up."

"Listen you little froozy, you do as I say." he said, "Git them beers." He emphasized his demand with a wild arm gesture and the momentum almost caused him to lose his perch on the bar stool.

"Look mister," she said, "I've had it. You better get her the hell out of here. What are you people anyway, Polish persons?"

"I don't see as how that makes one damn bit of difference," he said, "I got money, that's what you're after. Ain't it? I forgot to grease your little palm."

"No, that ain't it. It happens I got enough to do without looking after old drunk Polaks. That's what you are aren't you? Either Polaks or Indians, you know there's a law in this state about serving red Indians," she said.

"You got no place to treat us like this you little bitch. We are going to sit right here until you cut your sass and and take care of us."

"Listen Warsaw or Gerinomo or whoever

the hell you are, you better get out of here or I'll have you dumped in the street like that garbage you carried in with you. See those two men at the bar, my body guards, you got two minutes. You got a car? No, here's the phone, call a cab, two minutes."

About an hour after Ruby had watched them get into a cab and drive off, a young man came into the bar.

He looked upset as he asked, "Excuse me miss, but did an elderly couple happen to stop in here?"

"Yeah, they were in here," she answered.

"They were, did you happen to see which way they went?"

"Well, if you'll calm down a minute, I might tell you," she said.

"I'm sorry, but it's my mom and dad. I dropped them off to do their grocery shopping nearly four hours ago and I've been chasing all over town trying to catch up with them," he said.

"Don't sweat it," she told him, "they're okay. Your mother wasn't feeling well so I helped them into a cab. Sit down, let me get you a drink, you look beat."

She could tell he was not used to being around bars, he ordered a Tom Collins, a sure sign of a freshman. That was how she could usually spot the minors, ordering a silly drink like that. In his case though, she was sure he was old enough, he just was not accustomed to drinking. Also not dressed like the usual trade, he wore a white shirt, dark tie, tan raincoat, no sportcoat, and black trousers with probably lint-free pockets, he was an attractive young man. He tossed down the drink like a soda, another sure sign of the amateur, instead of sucking on it for half an hour, then stood up to leave.

"Wait a minute, whoa," Ruby said, "What are you rushing off for? You know a girl can get awfully lonesome in a place like this. Why don't you stay for a while and talk to me?"

"I don't believe a girl like you ever gets

lonely," he said, an uncomprehending smile lighting up his face.

"What do you mean by that?" she said.

"I mean you're so pretty and all, why would you ever get lonely," he asked.

"You'd be surprised," she said, "I never get to go anywhere. It seems like all I do is work."

Two nights ago she had gone to an all night party at Sid's place and been awakened at noon the next day by three German Shepherds licking her face where she had passed out on the couch.

"I'd be happy to take you somewhere," he said.

"Yeah I know, straight to bed, you'd like that for starters wouldn't you?" Ruby said

"Pardon me," he said, honestly puzzled at this suggestion.

"Okay smart ass, where would you like to take me?"

"Oh I don't know, anywhere you'd like, a movie, a museum, a circus, the zoo. Tomorrow is Sunday, my day off. Would you like to go to the zoo?" he asked.

"The zoo, what are you putting me on? You must have blown your mind or something," she said.

"No, look, honest," he said, "We got a great zoo here. I go there every Sunday, I know the place like the back of my hand. People even recognize me when they come there, they walk right up to me and ask me for directions. I tell them how to get to the rest rooms, or how to bet from birdland to the serpentarium, or from the monkey cages to the big cat house. You ought to see the baby Hippopotamus, we got a baby Hippopotamus this year."

"You're not real," she said.

"And Squirrels, God, you ought to see the Squirrels, there must be a thousand of them. I give them popcorn, peanuts, cracker jacks, they love me, sometimes I can almost talk to them."

"Jesus Ch-rist, I believe you're serious," she said.

"Please, hey please, would you let me take you to the zoo? I'll buy you lunch, you'll love it. You got to see the penguins, and the otters, man those otters jump and play and swish in and out of the water, it's really a sight. I know you'll love it, you can feed the seals, twenty-five cents for a box of fish."

"You know," Ruby said, "I haven't been to the zoo since I was a little girl" In point of fact neither Ruby Snell, nor Ruby McCutcheon, nor Ruby Tuesday had ever been to the zoo, that is probably why she agreed to go with him.

At ten minutes before ten the next morning a black thirty-eight Buick jerked to a stop in front of her apartment building. Still yawning and wiping bits of sleep from her eyes she got into the car beside him.

"Hey," he said.

"Hey yourself," Ruby said, "I must be crazy. I've never been up before noon in my life. Where did you get this car? It looks like a reject from a junk yard."

"Do you like it?" he asked his smile as proud as any sea captain at the helm of his ship. The car although old was in better condition than when it came off the line, the black finish waxed and polished to a high sheen.

"Yeah, it's super. I've heard of Dodge fever, what you've got is malaria," she said.

"Thank you, but it's really not mine," he said, "It belongs to my father but he can't drive. I only use it on special occasions and we always keep it in the garage. I treat it like my own, it was left to my father in the will of a very kind friend of his, he couldn't drive either that's why it's almost new."

They fed four boxes of popcorn to the Squirrels, their cheeks were puffed to bursting but she sent him back for more. They watched the sleepy Lions loafing in the morning sun, the playful Otters floating on their backs, Giraffes nuzzling and rubbing their long necks together, an Armadillo that rolled up in a hard ball when she tried to pet it, and a weasel quick and sneaky.

"You know we almost forgot lunch," he laughed, "it's nearly one o'clock. You find us a spot under those trees over there and I'll go get the food. What would you like?"

"Oh anything," she said, "hotdog, hamburger, anything." All morning she had been behaving with uncommon spirit, a spring in her step and her heels staying an enthusiastic quarter inch off the ground.

"One hot dog coming up," he said.

"You better make it two," she said, "I'm starved."

He came back carrying two hot dogs, two cokes, and a bag of peanuts. He handed her the hot dogs and they sat in the shade of a great elm tree that had a big wound on its side painted black.

"Christ, is that all you're going to eat? Here you take one of these, I'm not so hungry after all," she said.

"No thanks, I'm not hungry," he said.

"Here, you take this," she said holding one of the sandwiches out in front of him.

"No, you don't understand," he said, "it's not that I don't have the money. I'm a vegetarian. Ever since I started coming here I haven't been able to eat meat. I know it sounds goofy but I have this great love for animals and I sort of do it out of respect for them, it's my way of showing respect."

A ghost of a laugh flashed in her eyes but it faded quickly and in its place two big shiny tears popped out and rolled down her cheeks like little drops of mercury.

Hand in hand they toured the remainder of the zoo. When it began to get dark and nearly closing time it was all he could do to drag her away from the bird house, it was mating season and the Peacocks were strutting their colors for the bashful hens.

"I'll be damned," she said, "I never had so much fun in my life."

She dozed, her head soft and warm against his shoulder as he drove her home. And was awakened when the rolling motion of the car ended in front of her apartment house.

"Do you have time to come in for a cup of coffee?" she asked.

"I've got all the time in the world," he answered.

She made him wait at her door for a full ten minutes while she hustled to put her place in order. Not just coffee, but toast and jam were served.

"I wish there were some way to thank you," she said, "but I don't know how. You are so different from the men I know."

"You don't have to thank me Ruby," he said, "it's enough just to see the happiness in your face, I feel the day was well spent."

"That's what bothers me," she said, "I hate to see it end. Wouldn't you like to stay with me, spend the night?"

Sitting next to her on the couch, he was hunched over absent mindedly rubbing his finger around the small circle on the table top, a stain from a wet glass.

"I've never had to ask before," she continued, "or even been embarrassed by it but would you like to go to bed with me, make love to me?"

"I'd rather not," he answered.

"I want you to sleep with me. Don't you understand? Don't you want to?" No one ever slept with Ruby, they shared her bed for as long as an hour or for as little as two minutes and most of them never bothered to take their socks off.

"It's not a question of wanting or not wanting you Ruby, it's whether or not it's necessary," he said.

"I need you, does that make it necessary?" she said, "You don't have to do anything if you don't want to, just stay with me."

He stayed with her all night, her soft flesh tight and warm against his every moment. He felt her wake up several times during the night and reach across to be sure he was still there. At dawn she stirred for just a moment when he bent to kiss her cheek and went away.

AFTER THOUGHTS ON HAMLET

"Doubt thou the stars are fire;"
For they are not without your eyes.
"Doubt that the sun doth move;"
Except to stir my troubled heart.
"Doubt truth to be a liar;"
In the whispers of another.
"But never doubt I love."

Bob Hettler

SYMBOLS

Projecting the sum of yesterdays
The truth of today
The hope of tomorrow
Not in substance
But in spirit
And only seen by those who know
Where to look

symbols?

Guy Robinson

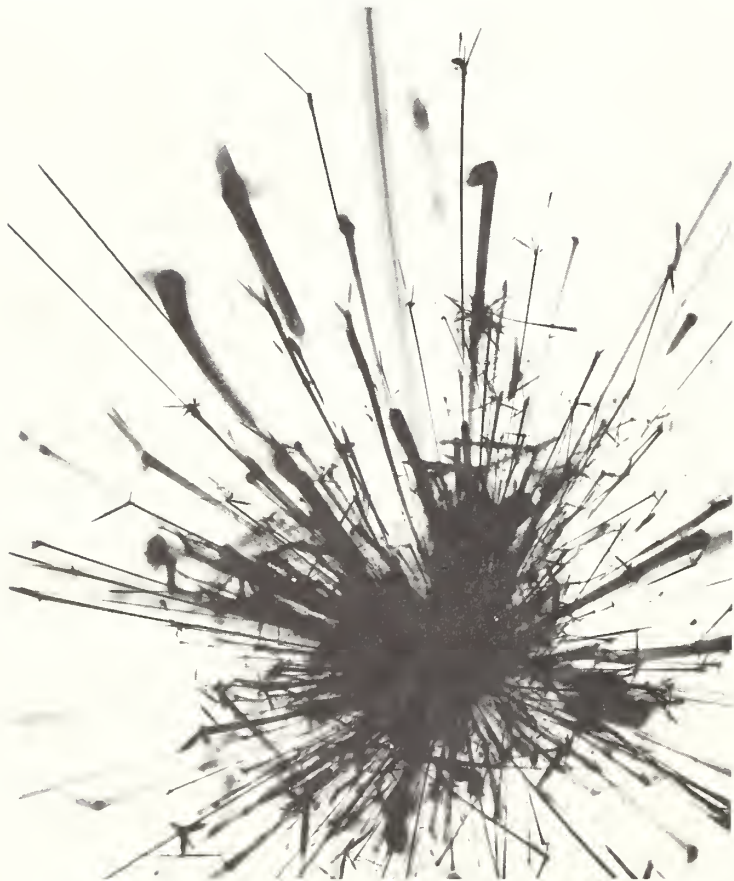
CANVAS

The brushes are dry
i lie, half fulfilled
in a still life of yours
a canvas abandoned by the painter.

unable to move
even through the cardboard streets
of bad art.

the small sadness of your going
leaves silent curses
in the cracked varnish of my
eyes . . .

Anna Marie Mills



Les Green

DENISE OUIMET

PROTEST — USELESS

The clash of arms —
Man against man —
 running shooting,
 blood and death,
 medals, heroes
playing phoenix, promising good
 better
 best
And people believing and trusting
and subordinating culture
to science —
 which will make men great —
and God is explained
 and dies.
Unrest is present, dissatisfaction
 with the new heroes
 and the new battle
the style is dissent
the fashion is passion
adding fuel to the flame.
The flame is new
 more fiery than the old
 but more fleeting than eternity
 and lacking
 in terror —
 moving, falling —
Hitting the earth and making of it
Milton's great yawning cavernous hell
with no hero even as great
 as Satan
 to rise from the ashes
 and carry the survivors to a second
 even worse existence.

A creation of man
destroying the creation of God.

PUZZLE

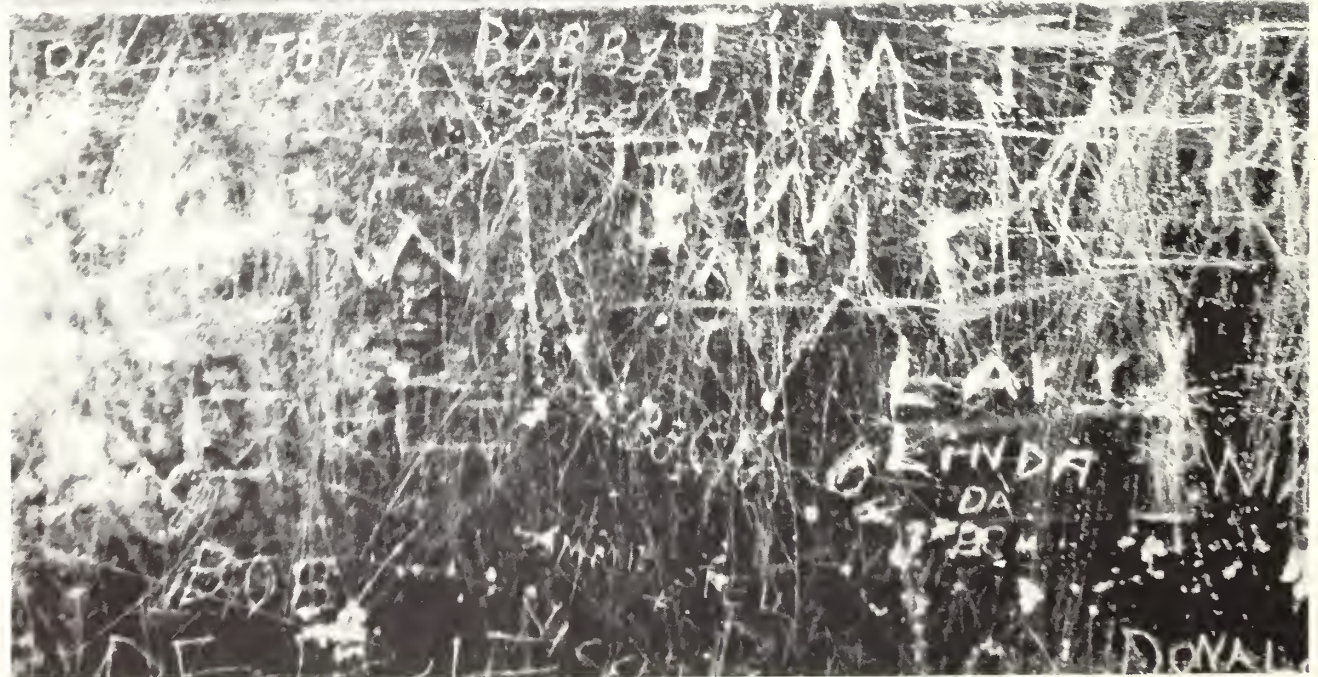
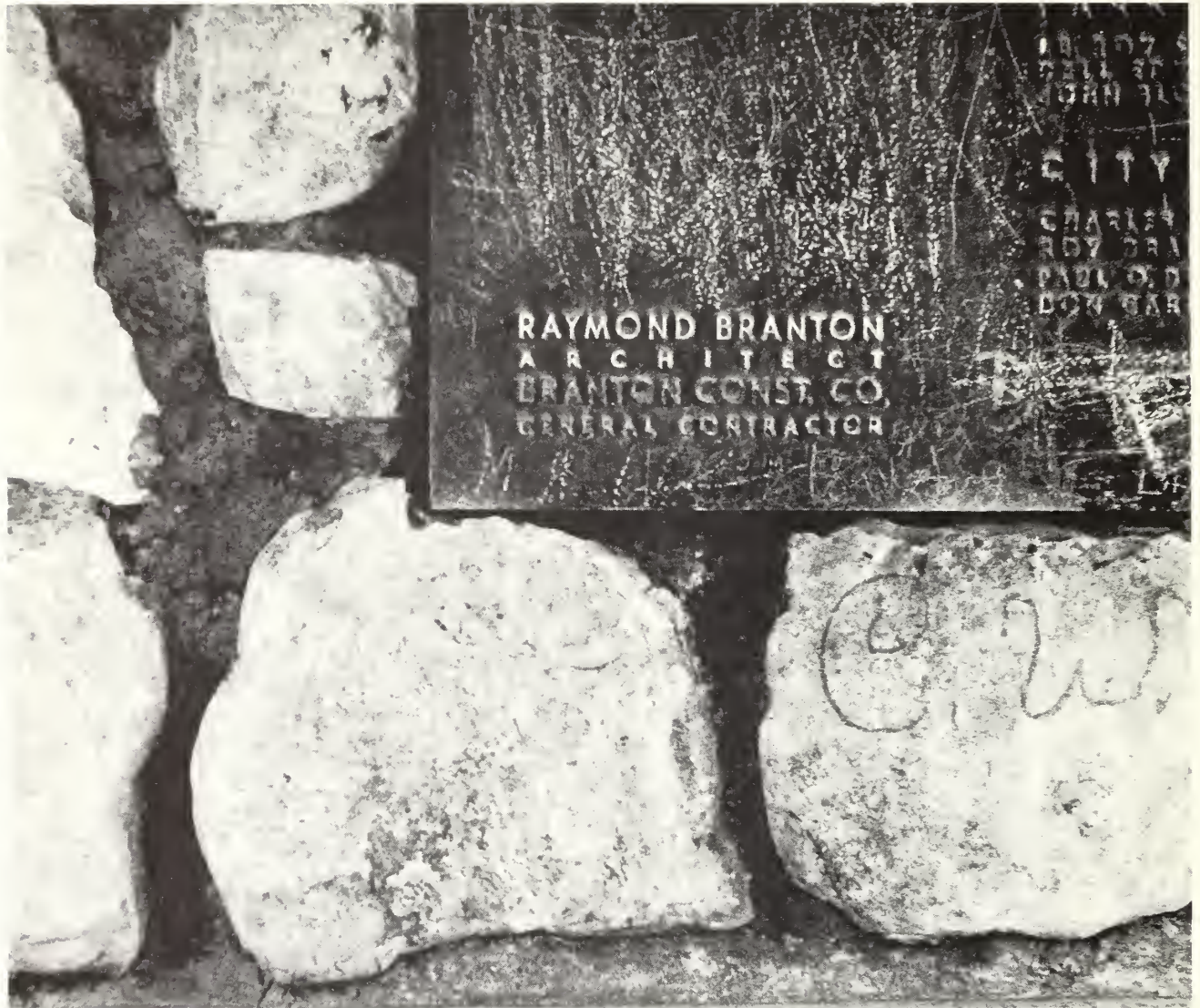
Kisses separated by many months
Emotion dependent only
On written and spoken words.
Opposing ideas strive to be heard.
Distance, time, and mind between us
Held together by love
Like the frame of a jigsaw puzzle.

HAIKU

A furled hibiscus
Wakes to the dawn and yawning,
Stretches its petals.

WHAT HAPPENS

What happens
to the gentle man
who believes in love
and life
and in himself
The sensitive man
who thinks
and is aware
What happens
when you put a gun
in his hand
and teach him to yell
"Geronimo!"
and "Gung ho!"
and "Remember the Alamo!"
to get his adrenalin going
so that he will go out
and kill
for his country
but all the time
he knows
that there is another man
in black pajamas maybe
looking for him
to kill him
for his country, too
What happens
when he is shot
His love
and his thoughts
and his dreams
and ideas
spill out on the ground
mixed with blood
and he dies
just like the man
who wanted to kill
And the newspaper
prints them both
in the same
paragraph.



WILLIAM HAMPTON

THE WALK

I saw two lovers walk tonight.
Away from the distracting lights
Into a foreign, star-lit land;
And they were walking hand-in-hand.

I told myself as they walked by
That soon the sun would be up high,
And though I know I didn't care,
My fingers closed
 On empty air.

SPRING BALLOON

Spring balloon rises
Seeking stars for stepping stones . . .
And I hold the string.

EPITAPH

Bring your tombstones — join the crowd.
(And rest assured, they are allowed)
But they must be flat — one inch and lower
Or they may interfere with the power mower.

OPPORTUNITY

Opportunity
Often presents me
With difficulty.
 Shall I succumb?
 Or just play dumb?

A LONG WEEK-END

Oh, if it were possible
And if I had the time,
I'd go somewhere for several days
And leave my brain behind.

I'd wait —
Until my mind grew weary
Of keeping me from me.
I'd watch —
And when it was the least aware
I'd quickly disengage myself
And slowly sneak downstairs.

I'd creep along the hallway
As the night sneaks from the day;
And if my mind did not scream out
I'd fling out wide the door,
And stand and stare with joy and fear
At what I'd never seen before
(At what I'd never seen before)
In my front yard.

Oh, if it were possible
And if I had the time,
I'd go somewhere for several days
And slowly lose my mind.

MARKET MAN

Market man, market man, marketing your wares.
Your products are all selling, and you haven't any cares.
These items all surround you — they're stocked high on your shelf.
So you lean against your counter, and you smile and sell yourself.

CAST NO SHADOW

Michael Couture

The man walked the streets, which were still damp from the predawn rain. Puddles had formed on the asphalt surface of the playground. A hazy sun began to dry the sidewalks and the walls of the neat, red bricked, project homes in the Negro development. The morning rays bring out the yawning men, who are dressed for outdoor work. Some have on overall, dusty from construction jobs. Others wear heavy shoes for the longshoreman's tasks. The smell of fish is prevalent from the men, who are fish lumpers on the docked trawlers. They have on hip boots.

They see the figure coming through the haze of the first cigarette. He is coal black, short, muscular and scarred. His face shows the pain, sorrow, sacrifice and frustration of the six years he has spent in his trade. The eyebrows are swollen and the nose is flattened, as if a cartilage was no longer in it. The cheeks are a cross-section of sewn lines.

As he walks by the various groups of men, they shout or wave to him. He nods his head and addresses them by name like a candidate for office would.

One of the morning crowds gather at the barber shop to smoke, have a shot of gin from a pint someone magically produces and talk of girls and fights.

"Man, Al had some guts to hang in against a banger like Chick Randall," Buddy, an ex schoolmate of Al's states with a brotherly pride.

"I wonder if he's busted up much?" Charlie, the barber asks, his face showing his concern.

"No sweat man, he gets over it quicklike. It's no bad scene," someone answers reassuringly.

"Here he comes!"

"How's it going baby?"

"I'm cool." Al grins while shaking the hands popping out to him.

"Man, that cat could wail."

"I've been in with tougher mothers. Remember Chalky Jones?"

"Yeh Daddy. He had stetched most everybody until you shook his style and cut him out of some cool money shots."

"I pulled a few upsetting scenes in my time. That mother Broadman conned me out of some bread last night. He always hustles you when you fight on percentage of the gate. He has more con than a junk dealer," Al kept shaking his head.

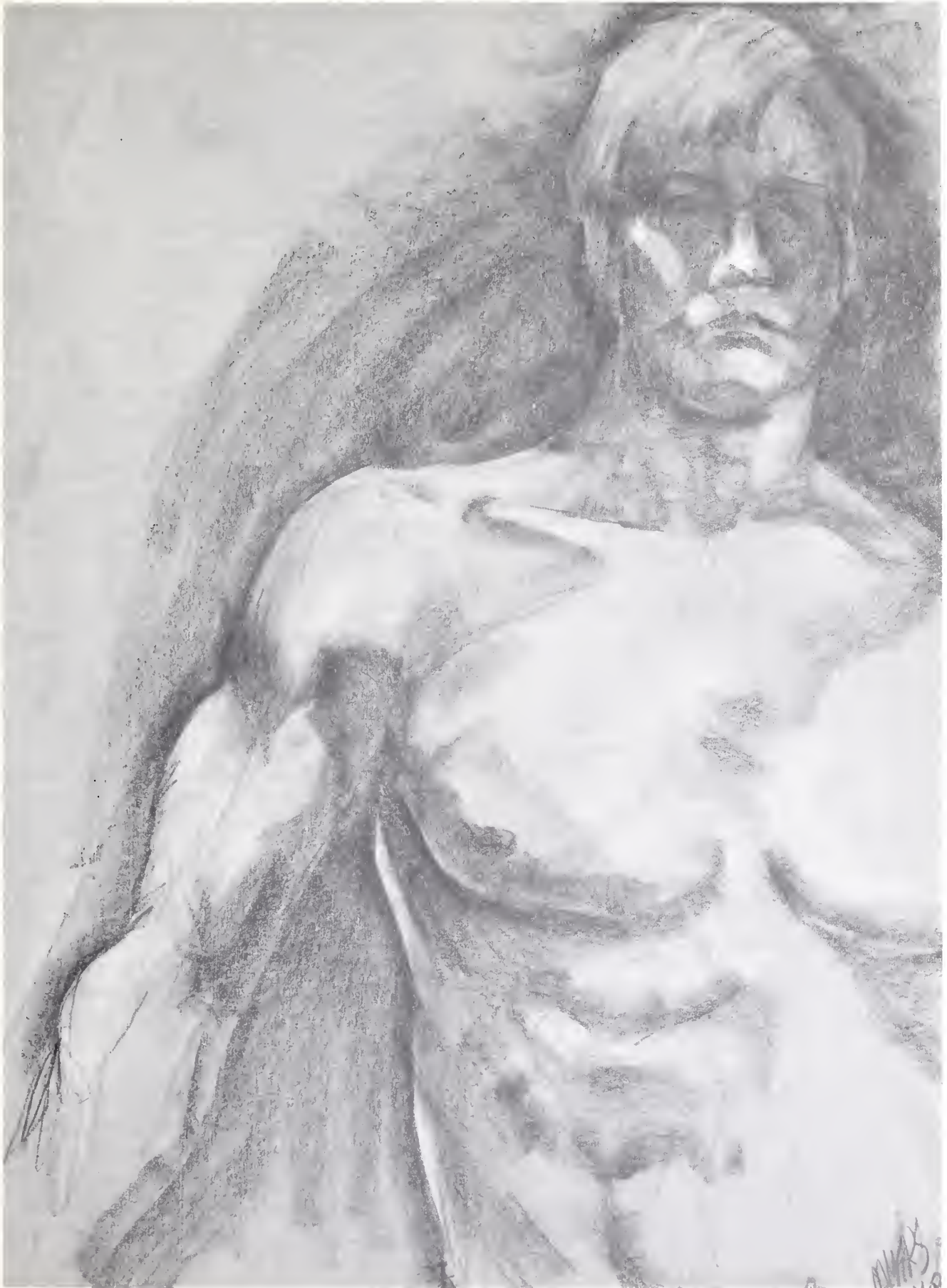
"That's way out, man. You get busted up, then 'The Man' hits you at the box office," Charlie adds sympathetically.

"It's a bitch. But at least I have some scratch today. I'm heading for the poolhall, supposed to be a crap game later."

"See you later, Al."

"I've been cutting that boy's hair since he was ten years old. I remember his first amateur fight. At that time he was peddling papers and shining shoes downtown. He always liked to mix it. He coulda been a top draw if someone had taught him something. He never learned much since those early days. I know, I ain't missed a fight of his. Al still fights on guts and bull strength and sometime that don't win it."

"Yeh man, he's something else when he works the boats. He can outdo any two cats. Me and him used to cut school and work them. Al knows what a day's work is and what a bitch it is to break your ass for 'The Man'. They looked down the street, watching him head for the poolhall, hello-



Ken Myers

ing people, knowing he had at least made his mark as a man in the world. He wasn't just a nameless face like the rest of them, not leaving a footprint or casting a shadow.

Al had the enthusiasm and muscle to have made a great fighter. No trainer had ever told him anything about defending himself. He was all offense and ripe for punishment like a combat soldier with his head up. The old scars opened often. He never gave a dull fight. He made a good trial horse for future contenders.

By the end of the week, Al is doing road-work in the small, partially grassed park that borders "The Village." emotions have always been stirred by this phase of the training regimen. The loneliness of it is appealing. After the two faced crowds, it was great to be alone with a chance to clear his thoughts.

In the early morning, a man's mind is well organized and known but to him and God. Al's thoughts pass over the times he has run in this park. At first, Sarah used to come and watch him. She never liked him to fight, being a minister's daughter and all. She was a soft hearted girl with those dark eyes always on the verge of tears for someone or something. She had gone to one of his fights. It was enough. They had seen each other steadily for a year. Then she had gone away to college. She was bright and had gotten a scholarship.

For three years, when she came home in the summers, she had asked him to quit. He had tried, but he couldn't. The fourth summer, she came home married. She started her teaching job in "The Village" elementary school.

The sun was coming out stronger now. Sweat cascaded from him. He ran and ran.

The word is being given on the boats, at the warehouses and docks; "Save some bread, Al is going soon."

Two weeks pass and Al is ending his last gym workout. He had missed the place for the week he had layed off. It was a steamy,

ill lighted gym above a poolhall and ex fighters bar. Many champions had trained here but the list of losers is more pronounced. The speed bags hit the wooden platforms, rhythmically, like a fine typist copying a piece of work. Rawhide jump ropes slap on the floor. Trainers yell at boys trying out their punches in the two full length mirrors. "Hook off the jab, Benny. Get that left foot out in front."

The odor of drying sweat permeates the place. Grunts come from the two rings where boys are sparring. In the row of bleachers for spectators are two old men with broken noses and misshapen ears. One of them rotates his head in unison with the punches that snap sharply into the heavy canvas bag, hanging on chains from the ceiling. His gnarled hands start to move, saliva comes from his mouth. Several dapper, white men stand near the fighters, discussing their merits.

Al takes a shower and sits for a few moments listening to lockers opening and the timing bell ringing in the gym. The fighters coming in greet Al. It was good to be back and feel the closeness with others who had shared the pain and frustration.

Al couldn't be shamed in a fight or made to slow down for a second. Any new boy at the gym got the word, "This guy is the toughest bastard around." It was a high tribute in a ruthless sport.

Al pictured all the cats, who walked the streets, making like they were bad. They didn't have it. Only the boys in here and the "Village people" knew what it was like to be hungry and to hurt. The rest of the people made it off the poorer people's mistakes and needs.

He left the gym after shaking hands with several fans. The bus stop was nearby. It was a steaming July day. The pavement seemed to be roasting his feet. A fat man passed him with the back of his shirt soaked through. Heat waves came from the asphalt. A news stand had the afternoon edition. His

picture was on the sports page. He started looking at the news dealer for a sign of recognition on his face. To the old man, he was another anonymous black face. "Rising youngster Jim Regan meets veteran Al Pompey Saturday night," the tag under the picture read.

Veteran? I wonder how many shots you have to take before they hang that label on you? A man should have that line after his first fight. Well, at least they don't put worn next to it.

He felt sleepy as he rode the bus. His eyes opened when the bus was going by a suburban, almost fashionable neighborhood. The street had many fine, shading elms on it. Two of the trees fronted Lem's place. Al remembered how yellow and red the leaves were on his lawn in the fall. Trees like these didn't exist in "The Village", neither did the two storied Colonial houses. He had helped Lem get some of this. What the hell, Lem had gotten him some fine money bouts. So they had helped each other.

Lem, the sheepish looking, pale man, who was used to taking orders. He served only as a go between for the promoter to the fighters. A paper man, who hadn't fulfilled his promise of getting Al some good money for sparring with a rated fighter. Broadman, the promoter, didn't come across with the promised amount to Lem. And Lem wasn't going to argue. And then, the fighter, Jim Regan, was a stiff according to Lem. "A fancy kid with no punch." Al would get a contender after he put him away. There had been a lot of "stiffs" and Al hadn't put them away.

The bus stopped on Al's corner. The driver gave him a slight grin when he got off.

On fight day, the atmosphere in the boxing commission's office is hurried and yet deliberate in some matters. Fighters are given quick eye tests, blood pressure readings and physicals. To Al, it seemed if you were breathing, they let you fight. They were more concerned that your name was

spelled right on the paper work. He was on the scale.

"47½" says the blacksuited deputy commissioner to a man recording the data.

The little man with the soiled shirt writes 147½ pounds next to Al's name.

Al gets off. "What did Regan weigh in at, Lem?"

"50½"

"How do you feel, Al?" Broadman, the promoter asks, his superficial smile blossoming. He is a short, portly man with a red face, breath like a buzzard, with a heart to match.

"Good." Al turns his back on the man as someone will do to an annoying stranger.

He puts his arm around Al's shoulder and speaks softly, "This kid is nothing. Just a fair jab. He's a runner and can't break an egg. You get rid of him and we'll get you Buck Thomas next. That'll be a real money fight." He pats Al's arm in a fatherly fashion. "Lem, could I see you a minute."

They go into a small office that has eye charts on the wall.

"I don't like it Harry, the kid has too much weight for Al at 160." Couldn't you have gotten some stiff at more weight for Regan."

"Lem, Al will make this boy look good. The papers will eat it up. He's our next big contender if I handle him right. Besides, Al knows how to take care of himself. That's the only reason the commission set it up for me, because Al is such a tough son of a bitch. Look, it's gotta be this way," his voice begins to harden.

"Okay Harry," Lem answers, on cue.

After the weighin proceedings, Al goes to a small, informal restaurant, owned by an old friend. The place was on the borderline of "The Village" and white town, drew a nice clientele, and did well. It had been on the verge of bankruptcy in the first year. Al had lent Julie, the owner, money to get him through the lean times. Al helped anyone who had a sick child, couldn't make a payment on a car or had overdue rent. Some

people, like Julie had never forgotten. The steak was always on the house. When Al was leaving, Julie came to him, shook his hand, "We'll be there tonight, Al."

Crowds were milling like sharks around the stadium as Lem and Al drove up.

"Good luck Al. Give us another good one, baby."

Al smiles. He is still fascinated by the crowds.

Lem is pacing nervously inside while he watches the prelim boys getting bandaged and vaselined by the trainers.

Moths buzz around the glaring ring lights. Cigarette smoke rises in a cloud from the crowded stands. Lem puts his foot on the lower stand and Al bounds into the ring. An enthusiastic roar follows him. There are wet spots in the corners from the preliminary bout buckets.

"Get some rosin on your shoes, Al."

Al looks at Jim Regan's lean muscular frame at the rosin box. To Al, he looked like every young, Irish pug, he had ever seen, filled with hope and cockiness.

In contrast to Al's spirited ring entrance, Regan had come in stealthily. Now, he turned from the rosin box, giving Al a solemn, menacing look. Al went for the rosin. They meet in the center of the ring receiving the referee's instructions, touch gloves and go to their corners. With the clang of the bell, Al shuffles out to do a night's work.

Facial cuts cause the bout to be halted between the third and fourth rounds. The crowd applauds a good fight and a gutty loser. It's a long walk under the stands to the dressing room, when you have lost. Neither the recurrence of defeat or the knowledge that one did his best can take away the sting. Not to a proud man. It scars the soul. Al is more disheartened because they had stopped it while he was on his stool. He had hoped they would let him go out like a man, not sitting down, when they said, "That's it."

A doctor comes in and sews Al's eyebrow with a bored and professional manner. He leaves at the completion. Al and Lem are alone.

"Who are you trying to con, Lem? That kid had a good ten pounds on me. Did you see him? I could feel the weight whenever we clinched."

"I seen the scale Al, he came out okay. You just couldn't get any good shots off tonight." His face wears a sagging, beaten expression, like a hunted man's.

Al gets up from the table and stands over the sitting Lem.

"I've listened to you and Broadman for six years. Some of the stuff I let go by. Now I'm sick of you screwing me. You better blow Lem, before I do you in." He speaks in a soft, deadly tone that makes Lem scurry out of the room.

The stadium is dark. Everybody has gone home saying "A good fight." They were satisfied because it was exciting and blood had been shed. Al looks at the ring standing as imposingly as a guillotine in the center of the field. Who's worse, the ones enjoying this or the fools like me doing it for them?

He starts toward a cab stand, goes by it and walks home, alone and alienated once more.

An overcast sky adds to Al's gloom the next morning. He walks the streets by habit, a tragic figure with his lifeless walk and battered face. The betrayal has been felt.

Al passes the usual haunts, not noticing anything. People speak and Al doesn't reply. The air is heavy. He walks by the grocery store and near the barber shop. Two men stand in front, waiting for the others. One is a newcomer to "The Village".

"Hi Al," the other man says.

Al mumbles and keeps going.

"Who's that?" the stranger asks.

"Man, that's Al Pompey, the fighter," the fellow answers tolerantly.

Al hears it. His shoulders straighten. His pace quickens. He has his reward.

MY FUTURE

I can see it going endlessly
but yet it comes tomorrow.
Restless to move on,
yet hesitant at every step.
Going faster, moving more
but never getting anywhere.
Stop and live
but move ahead
and do what you must do . . .

Tom Mahar

e
v
o
L
u
t
i
o
n

Mitzi Douglas

Velvet cat softpaws
Gleaming neon goldeneyes
Stealthy sly catcreep
Taut limbed deathpounce
Steely sharp daggerteeth.
Fingerhand beckons, and
Is kittencaught. A toy!
Atavistic diminution of
Jungle tigerfeast.

THE ARC OF WINTER

Time slows,
faltering
in its star-bound course.
Clinging leaves,
brown and sparse,
rattle in their sleep.

The northern earth rests
and dreams, cold dreams.

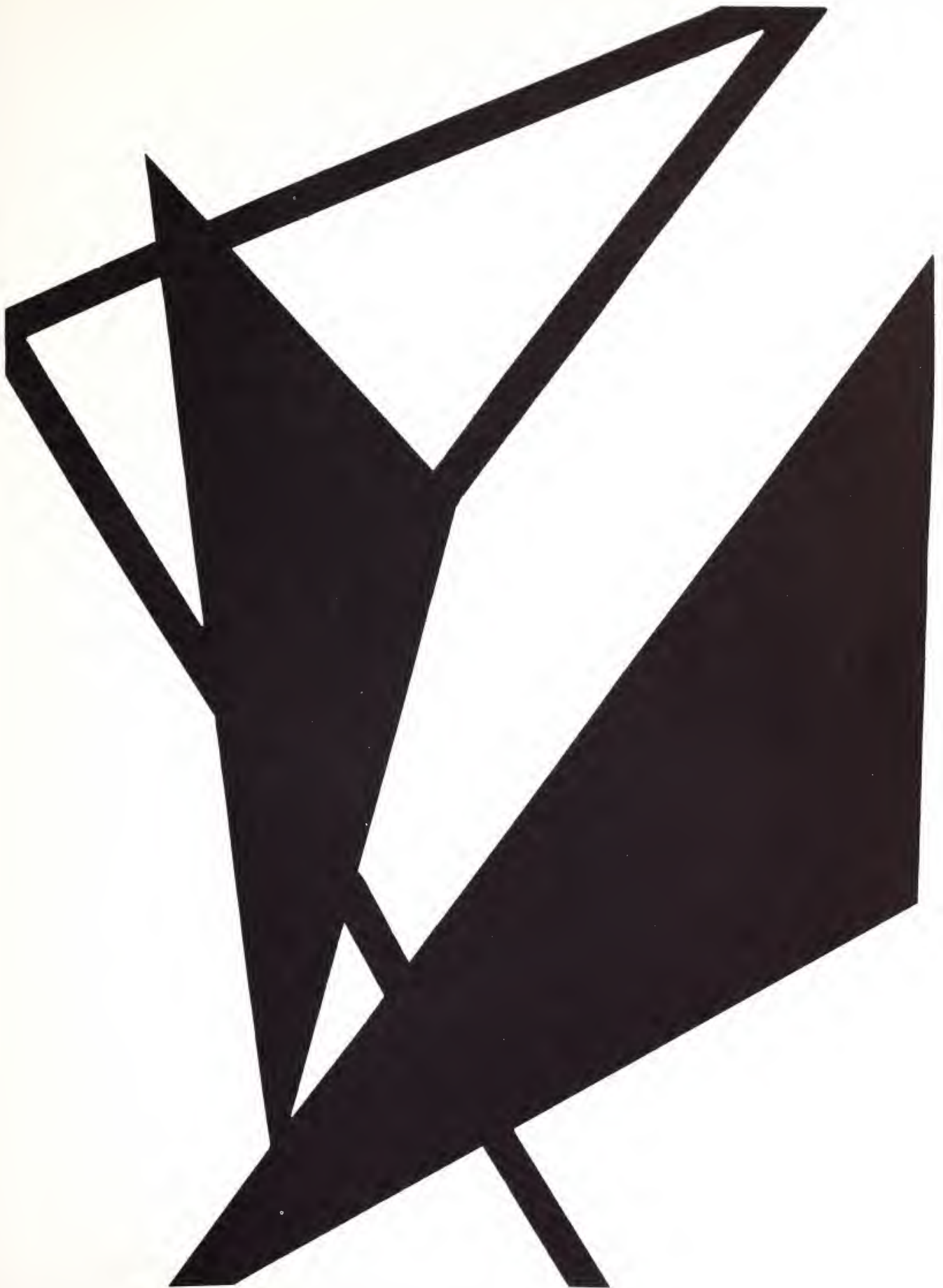
And so will I,
until resurrection—
or spring, if you prefer,
for every ending
is somehow a beginning,
a sliding
down
the
arc
of
a
circle
holding the curve
again!
rising
always
always,
and

Margaret Eastman

FIRST BORN

Torn from the cave on the bloodtide
Fisher you are, from fishes born
(Water will always seem much more like home).
You cut your teeth on plastic beads
And string the air from room to room
On the slender thread of your cry.
The line goes taut and I am pulled
Reeling, caught, sometimes afraid
Sometimes just caught, too dull for fear
(Under a bloody dream) the hunted, now,
Now that tears or the merest sigh
Must, to move me, come from you.

Barbara Jean Clark



UNTITLED NUMBER 13

I am the governor
with the wealth of lands flowing beneath my eyes
wealth to take in secrecy
without sinning acquisition
used to spend and buy
in a shade of solidarity

I am the governor
deposing vague councils
establishing decisions of supremacy
those to live under
without encroachment
by supine authority

I am the governor
of an alloy bond
trespass scorns imagination
for while welcomed in awe
is decried in friendship
then sought of hostility

I am the governor
of an empty dimension
but for one subject
subject to none that are

WILLIAM CAEL

BOW CREEK INCIDENT

They come
Finding innocence grasping
For tomorrow by flaming ice
Knowing even themselves not
Awaiting in sleep
A call to minuet on wings

They build
An ark of shamed oak and twisted green
To sway the chasm of life beyond oblivion
Back unto yesterday's fears
As indemnity for dereliction
Within scorpions of the Book

They soar
Concurring the antipathy of seduction
Begging loudly for justification
Quite impossibly shed
In a dry sea of remorse
And drowned in coma

They seek
Past age and fruitless
Floods of sand and coal
The curse rent asunder
But not to come

SEASONLESS

I wish for nothing but to race the wind
Along its light shorn pictured tail
Without applause from uncaring seekers
To run before the gale, seasonless in hue
From the charted times to be
I must make my own fame,
And never be content with it
For contentment is the mother of stagnation.
There is rain upon the gutter and
Lightning in the clouds,
And even though the chimes have sounded again
They shall not deter
Nor shall the vigilantes of faith
Suspend the activists and their marriages
Nor shall fear restrain my mission
Till rest be forced
Yet willingly accepted
On the Sundays breathless Sun

QUEST

The archer failed
But the pile spun the world
And struck pain within
That so great
The plea for Order
To mix atoms with dust
Paraded before the stand
The sun begot night
And shape of content was lost

He cast his touch
Beyond her to delirium
Then ran and waited
To greet himself
To the incapable foyer
Precluding the palace of halls
Accompanied by the whims of insolence
And done possibilities
Discovered her by the stairs

Yellow day lit the string thought pulled never again
And dark eyes have sought
To steal what is not
He has killed none
And sleeps on a coffin
Filled with love of those before
If stand she beyond the shot
He shall sleep in
A time of ash

NO. 3

Oh to lift our eyes and see
What man has not perceived before
A cooling warmth within our life
In the beauty of one adored
Shining in one heart to be
A wealth of joy an open door
To a secret safe that needs no key
For where love exists there are no poor



Kay Smiley

A SUMMER'S DAY

Lori Rea

Mama was gone. After hours of searching, there was no doubt about that.

I don't know how the argument started, nor do I know when, but the intense heat of that summer seemed to kindle it and nothing could quench it. What I did know, even though I was much too young to really understand, was that the days of sweet security and lackadaisical content were over.

As I think of that summer, it brings to the surface all the anxiety, despair, and apprehension that confused my childish mind. The nauseous wave that thrashed about me when I realized that Mama was gone again drowns my heart.

A few days before she left it seemed as though everything was going to be all right. During the nights and early morning hours, my sleep was no longer tormented awake by Papa's roars and Mama's choking sobs. But, the silence was almost as terrifying as the chaos had been, as I lay in my bed waiting for the slashing tongues and mournful cries.

Supper was served at the usual hour with a minimum of hostile glares and tart accusations. The laughter still did not return — I hardly dared to breath — but that would come, I thought, that would come.

But the laughter did not come, and in my young heart I thought it never would again.

The day she left began as a very cheerful day. School had gone extremely well and my spirits were high. I burst into the house hoping to spread my enthusiastic fervor, but instead, was met only by the echo of a deserted house.

I think I knew at once that she had gone for good but I still ran hopefully into every room calling her name. My first instinct was to run to her closet to see if she had taken anything but the unconscious knowl-

edge of what I would find prevented me from it.

The hours of searching and waiting had begun. I called all her friends and practically begged them to tell me she was there. I ran to the grocer's, the beautician's, the post office, all to no avail.

Darkness came and the nausea in my stomach was growing, not from hunger, though that would be justified, but from my sinking hopes.

Night edged on but sleep would not come and ease my frustration. My final alternative was at hand but I couldn't seem to face the cold, hard truth. I knew that if I opened the closet door any comforting doubts would disappear.

All my courage was at last mustered and I crept into Mama's room. The chill that met me was almost like a sneer and I cowered before it. A gust of wind rustled the curtains and, as I was about to flee without completing my mission, eased open the closet door.

The empty hangers jangled and clanked and sounded like a shrill laugh, the unoccupied hat and shoe boxes slid across the floor and tissue paper was carried upward and floated slowly down. Soon all was still again and the door banged solidly shut, but the magnitude of the moment filled me with terror and confirmed my fear that Mama was gone.

The tears that longed to escape the entire day finally began streaming down my face. Never had I felt so alone and totally lost. I don't know how long it took, it seemed like hours but in reality was probably a few minutes, until sleep, so deep and mending, dried my weary eyes.

Even now, years after, it never ceases to amaze me that the sun still shines and life doesn't cease now that Mama's gone.

DARKNESS

Darkness is the death of light
Silence a void, cool, a chilling blue mist.
It is the birth of tomorrow and the slow
Noiseless destruction of today.
Darkness is a dimension where mind desires rest
And body stillness.
Night child cries, why with tears from softest
Shades of contented eternity.
Self-made it stands

containing silence.

It is not for the good of a nation or a being,
But raised with that motive.
It's an icy shield to glare the truth.
Pass on with blinders of reality and reason
Each in fibers of crystalized elements
Together making up the covering on the rock
It's of no use of the silent stone, its purpose is Lost.
The end slipping and trickling off into darkness.
Do not see or think for this would bring fear
Only Pass On.

BETWEEN EMOTIONS

To take of death for peace's own sake
I turn away from the screaming moral laws that forbid me,
For what does morality know of pain
The tortured soul cries to be free
The darkness a blessing, the silence a caress.
But there is not a strong enough wall
Between emotions
The readiness to depart, then sudden pangs of sentiment
These rip into the cold facts set in the mind

WATCH THEM ALL

Hear them, watch how the newly drugged minds
Rotate through the sun and return
To hide behind shades.
"You're the lost ones," they defy.
They share love, power, flowers, speed
And moonstone eyes with opal tears
To save us from ourselves.
But if these children are sent
To save us . . . who was that whimpering baby?

DO YOU KNOW THE STORY

Walking through acid mirrored walls
Watching slot-machines spill out rainbowed dolls
The view of society — the united generation,
Is clear and equality reigns when
Dividing the last prize
Between mushroom-hoppers and children.

BROKEN ILLUSION

Silence kissing their minds and love
Blending rainbows in their hearts,
This was the picture of love.
Lightning and reflections
In their eyes, the fading sight.
He turned away quickly
With freedom and loneliness ahead.
As she ran back to the empty park,
With its abandoned church, everything
Had been beautiful even
The dirty broken windows.

IMAGE OF WAR

Before the smashed mirror of light
Scrapped desperately across the currents,
There seems to be a band of blush
Separating sea and heaven. This sight fades
As if, a gold wash had splashed the canvas
Proclaiming the cold of dawn.
The shattered mirror veils
The currents of blood and the movements
Of a shrinking earth.

THE FUTURE OF TODAY

The world is dead.
Hurray for the predators.
They do not destroy.
They only eat the remains.
Tumbling paper of yesterday's news.
Tomorrow will only be remnants moving with the wind.

JUANITA WOODS





Les Green





MEAN LYRICS

a song in search of music

G. D. EISMAN

It's not the "yes" or the "no"
The love or the hate,
The rope that saves or the one that hangs!
It's the in-betweens —
The "maybe", the like,
Or the tightrope
That somehow is never . . . tight!
And as for lights —
It's not the red or the green,
The sun or the shade!
But it's the yellow
That's neither go nor stop
And the dusk
That's neither day nor night!
FOR THIS!
I've got an aversion.

A. Kigula

The bongo drums pound out their beat.
The fatted calf is prepared to eat.
Wet lips of lovers part to meet
As the admirals set sail the fleet . . .

Flooding notes the brass trumpets play.
The rounded words know what to say.
A hungry dog looks up to bay
As holy monks kneel down to pray . . .

The mournful wind breathes in to blow.
Virgin fields must the farmer sow.
The grazing cattle softly low
As the heavens send down the snow . . .

Then all stop! . . .
And wait —
To filtrate,
Separate,
Cultivate,
Impregnate,
Penetrate, Perpetrate
Into the silence,
The waiting silence,
The frozen silence.
Waiting for rythm,
On-coming rythm,
Pulsating rythm!
THE POUNDING BEAT!
The sweet pounding beat,
The overlapping sheet,
That all wait to meet.

But the crowd will not wait
And stands
And leaves
For dinner at eight
Not knowing
They are already late!

ii

I've got an aversion!

For rains that only drizzle,
For bombs that only fizzle,
And fires that only sizzle!
For Smith and Jones,
And skin and bones
That neither dogs nor vultures want!

If walls are built,
Make them high
Towards the sky
With glass and razor tops!
It's the flat and wide,
The stout and strong,
That make sitting easy!
FOR THIS!
I've got an aversion.

For the march with no protest;
For the prize with no contest;
And the tired wearied unrest;
FOR THIS!

A comma neither starts nor ends.
A sentence the hyphen just suspends.
AND ET CETERA,
So forth and more to come.
FOR THIS!

A child without mom or dad.
A clown neither glad nor sad.
FOR THIS!

Mulattoes neither black nor white.
Promoters neither run nor fight.
FOR THIS!
And these,
I've got an aversion.

iii

It cannot be for me to say
Nor can it be for you to talk.
It cannot be for wheat to sway
Nor can it be for babes to walk.
All must roll
And tumble,
Stumble,
Fumble,
Rumble,
Mumble,
And grumble
Into a ball of mediocre wax
That no one claims,
Yet no one lacks!
FOR THIS!
I've got an aversion.



STEVE BUTCHER AND THE SANDMAN

Bob Heilman

At dawn Steve Butcher was awakened by the knife of pain that came to him often in his sleep. It came without warning and without any sort of regularity. It started in his deepest guts then scratched and gnawed against his stomach walls and ended as a fierce snarl at the center of his chest. It was as if a mad dog's teeth were tearing at his heart, the slobbering gums pressing tight against the pumping muscle.

He sat up in the big four-poster double bed, fixed his eyes on a point midway between the end posts, and rubbed the sore spot. He looked down at his chest, brushing aside the thick mat of white hair to see if there was a bruise. The soreness would be with him all day. He had the dream again and it had been bad this time. Sometimes it would be a pleasant dream, but he never knew which way it would come to him because it always started out the same.

Outside on the ground there was a thin cover of powdery sifting snow, and in the windswept sky a dark mass of clouds like a great black hand was moving in to blot out the sun. It reached up and out then closed into a mighty fist and the old man pressed his nose against the frosted window and felt the coldness. He felt it in his aching, bloodless feet and he felt it in his stomach where his ulcer lived, but his mind was still a thousand miles away. As always daylight had transformed the dream and his thoughts, like suntanned feet, stepped lightly in the thick grass entered the land where the sun shines daily on the shuffleboard courts, where

cheerful folk forever inhale the sweet scents of Jasmin and orange blossoms and lounge about in the warm thick air.

FREE GOLF, PRIVATE BEACH, LUXURIOUS LIVING, THE ADULT RETIREMENT CLUB COMMUNITY. See how well you can live. EASY TERMS. Do no lawn mowing, lawn watering, or other outside chores. INSTEAD, enjoy everlasting relaxation, free daily golf, sauna bath, putting green, croquet, planned social activities.

The seduction had been quick and painless. The old man and his wife were newlyweds again planning for the consummation of their retirement dream. They made a game of searching out the perfect place, sorting out the pamphlets and sifting through the literature. Finally they bought a lot and waited anxiously for the day when the rusty chains of the Wheeling Telephone company would be forever broken. Sunset Village.

He was angry with himself for ever being swallowed up in this fantasy, but even so, he could not push it from his mind and it lingered hauntingly as he dried the last of his breakfast dishes. It always started out the same, at the sculpture, at the insane statue his wife had brought back from a shopping spree in New York City. It had always had a peculiar fascination for him. It was a simple thing, cement and wire mesh, and it was the only art object that she, in her own simple life, had felt compelled to purchase.

"I don't know why, Steven, it was in the

front window of the grubbiest little shop. It caught my eye. It's a rather plain thing don't you think? Perhaps we can find a place for it in our new home. I think it's rather futuristic and exciting in a way, don't you?" she had said.

Viewed from the side it looked like a giant tapering comb, it was only from the front that he would be captivated and feel the spell catch hold of him. From the front it was a tunnel, it was a funnel, it was a telescope of boxes each one smaller than the last. He turned around to glance at it as he placed the last saucer into the knotty pine cabinet at his left. There was another cabinet to his right, and leaning over the stainless steel sink, his broad shoulders left him little clearance on either side. The sculpture was simply named "Return" and he covered it with the dish towel hoping to drive the dream away.

The dry skin was stretched tightly over his brow, nose, and cheekbones and it had none of the wrinkles or furrows common to men of his age. His eyes were a little sunken but they were penetrating eyes that arrested anything they fell upon. His arms and hands were still strong and useful but they were covered with a thick nest of hair that was snow white.

In the yard beyond the frosted window there was an old dog limping helplessly and sniffing at the frozen ground. His eyes fell upon the dog and the dreaming left his head for a while. The dog stopped and stared back at him with blind, cataract laden eyes. The dog seemed to feel his gaze and she acknowledged it with a wide toothless grin that exposed white bloodless gums bared from the limp sagging jowls.

Memories rushed into him, flashes of the endless game trails they had pounded together, told him of the prize litters the loyal bitch had born. He prepared some food in a plastic bowl and standing in the open doorway, he called to her. She tripped at the bottom of the five wooden stairs and

a cold cry sounded deep in his chest saying, "Kill her, kill her now and have it over." She made her way to where he waited and when she ate there was no eagerness in her. She ate soundlessly, hopelessly, and there was no hunger in her. He went inside and dressed for the cold.

Steering his thoughts away from the miserable job that was before him, the dream returned to him as a flame flares up and returns to the glowing embers of a dying fire. Sometimes it came as a part of the beautiful thing they had shared and sometimes it came as a nightmare to singe and cauterize his brain. If it was good he would slide into the opening of the sculpture then glide as on a cloud or wave of the sea until he reached the end. If it was bad he would fall headlong, his helpless body thudding to a temporary perch at each descending ledge. His fingernails would grope and dig into the stone, his knuckles white, his fingertips raw and bleeding, and then he would lose his grasp and fall again to the next ledge. The next phase of the dream was as horrible in the one case as it was beautiful in the other, but with his fists pressed tight against his throbbing temples, he closed his mind to it and went on with the business of the dog.

From a hardwood gun cabinet that his hands had built he brought out a Ruger single action revolver and a cartridge belt that was black with age. He placed two rounds into the cylinder and fixed the belt around his waist, and inside he was still fighting to keep it from his thoughts. When it was good the cloud would carry him to a place where it was soft and warm and moist and a door swinging from golden hinges would open for him. When it was bad he would fall and fall until he reached a place where a great stone rolled back and he would crash to a stop on jagged rocks that bit into his flesh.

The shovel was in the shed behind the house and the dog followed him as he went

for it. He came out of the shed with both pick and shovel remembering the hardness of the frozen ground, but he changed his mind and left the pick and started up the hill.

She would have followed him up the hill, but she was stumbling and falling and he went back and picked her up in his arms. His tears nearly froze to his cheeks as he hacked a shallow grave into the hard earth. When the pit was carved out, he killed her, and her tail twitched back and forth for a long time after she was dead. When the dog's body was finally still he lowered it into the hole and tramped down the hard chunks of earth with his boots. Then with eyes red and drying and the shovel on his shoulder, he walked home. There was an empty place in his heart for her but even as he felt the emptiness the dream would give him no peace.

He had gone down to see it, the retirement club community, maybe to bury it, maybe to embrace a tiny part of their precious vision. It did not happen as they had planned. His chains were gone and there was a pension. He got a gold watch and a certificate allowing him to call long distance anywhere in the world for free, but his wife died and their dream snapped shut as a watch snaps shut to hide the crystal.

In its place he had the new dream, a thing that came on with horror or with beauty, to twist his soul or float it.

He surveyed the lot and found it as they thought it would be, no city taxes, sanitary sewers and public water. But of the lovely image there was little to be salvaged, nothing left of the preciousness or the hopes they had shared. In his bitterness and loneliness, instead of the pleasant retirement club community, he found a death valley where skinny parched old men and decaying women swapped operation yarns, matched social security checks, and waited patiently on park benches for life to drain away. Sunset Village.

He decided to sell the lot and live out his last years in the town where he spent his life. He had friends there. Perhaps he would visit with his friends, devote his time to reading, and enjoy the hobbies he had little time for when he was working. He was an amateur carpenter and loved to putter with shelves and cabinets, and then of course there was his coin collection. He spent a great deal of time reading and he became a curious sort of recluse, an unintentional recluse. No one came to visit him and his children were spread in the far parts of the country.

Today he was feeling quite alone and whenever his thoughts were idle the dream would burn and sear into his brain. And what of the other dreams, the aspirations? They too would jeer at him from a smoky corner of his soul. Youthful fancies, he dismissed them, but once they had been burning desires that had expired for lack of fuel. STEPHEN BUTCHER, concert pianist, song writer, had become, "Hey Steve, how about rapping out 'Heart of my Heart' on the old ivories, or 'That Old Gang of Mine'? We'll sing along." And the other aspirations, he could not escape the conjecture. What would have been my plight had I listened to the youthful, wistful, lustful voices, paid them heed before they turned to jeers? I have raised a hearty family, is that not enough? What more could be expected from a simple man.

The old man straightened up the house and put everything in its order with his head pounding, unable to drive the dreams from his tattered soul. When it was good the door on golden hinges would swing open and he would be sitting at the top of a tiny, sparkling waterfall, the water was sun-warmed and crystal clear. He would slide down the soft mossy slope until he reached a place where the falls had worn a shallow cup-like hole into the stone, there he would settle to a stop. He fit perfectly into the hole and he would lie with the warm water

flowing over his shoulders and immersing his entire body, only his nostrils would be above the water. And at that point there would be a slow fadeout. When it was bad it was much longer and the details much more vivid. A sudden stop on the jagged rocks, a great stone rolled back and his body thrust into a large high-walled canyon. The canyon was cold and smoky.

Inside the canyon there were thousands of old men, sitting, squatting, or leaning against the great grey walls. They were all stark naked, their decaying bodies completely exposed. Their hands were folded in their laps and their eyes all turned downward. Their lips were curved up in a sly smile that lighted up their faces making an evil joke of their otherwise grave countenances. Some were sitting on their hands, others held hands to abdomen or chest in an attitude of pain. Their images were rendered grotesque by the realistic expressions on their faces. Butcher would scream at them, "WHERE AM I?" "WHAT BRINGS ME TO THIS DREADFUL PLACE?" But none of them would answer him. Instead they would recite a word or phrase as though it had passed their lips a thousand times.

"Won't you join our bloodless orgy?"

"We have no trees here, no need to look."

"Be kind to dogs and old men."

"WHAT AM I DOING HERE?"

"We have no dogs, no laughing bawling fighting kids."

"I eat peanuts with plastic teeth."

"I procreate useless, skillful mating hands."

"STOP IT, STOP IT."

"I am my fathers philoprogeny"

"I quarrel with my bowels,
uncompromising bowels."

And then they would walk toward him and the dream would end with the clawing of their bony hands blotting out the light.

Butcher was standing in front of the sculpture with the towel in his hand when he

shook the dream away. In a frenzy with himself he got ready to go down town, to get out of the house, he felt the solitude was driving him mad. He had some library books to return and some shopping to do and he thought he would visit his friend Jed Willock.

At the library he returned seven books, six of which he had finished and he picked up none in their place. The librarian had curious eyes for him because he usually carried out an armful.

At Jed Willock's he shopped for some onions, some eggs and bacon. He gossiped with the clerk for a minute and then went to the back room to see Jed. And that is when he saw them. Through the open doorway he saw their wrinkled faces, empty eyes stared out at him from the fog of the smoke filled room and his dream crashed down on him and burned inside his head. They were all there, all the men he had worked with, hunted with, fished with, drank with or played cards with, lounging about repeating, soaking up the town gossip like as many old women.

They beckoned to him, "How about some Christmas cheer Steve Butcher?"

He turned on his heel, fighting back the impulse to run, he walked stiffly out the door. His car tore out of town with squealing tires and he sped home.

Glad that he had an hour, that he could do it in the crying face of a retreating absent sun, he put six rounds in the chamber this time. He turned on the radio, put a pot of potatoes on to boil and set the table for one. He found six bottles in the garbage and he carried them to the hill behind his home.

With five shots he broke five bottles, the sixth he placed, through the center of his skull and hoped no one would find him before spring thaw.

It began to snow and the snow built up its intensity until by morning there was no trace of him.

FURTHER FIELD

And he returned again into the snow
Far, from where he came so long ago
In fields high in whiteness covered deep
And whispered through the wind
For me to sleep

Fields far from following
In their openness and breadth
Where cold whiteness came to life
And uttered silence

There in high wandering
Thunders of other flowers
Rolling languidly to spring
And the melting of blankets
Of silence

Was and is one time to taste
A season to be seen and felt
Then played upon the stringed self
Then heard again against the walls
Of silence

Cemetery ice-cream men
In their shrouds of shredded wheat
Selling posters of their boyhood
Calling forth to take a seat

"Do not follow
Down
 into that
 barren ugly
Whiteness
 Stay awhile

And consume your youth
From cardboard cartons
And milkfed ants of
 back yard yesterdays

Then you will know pain
Then you will be justified
In the eyes of cereal"

But there remains an image on the mind
Where, with other lucid tints of time
All of breath and air unfolds below
Within above where all directions go

Talking summerly backporch lingo
Of old wooden gray boards
Shiny in the afternoon light
We sat

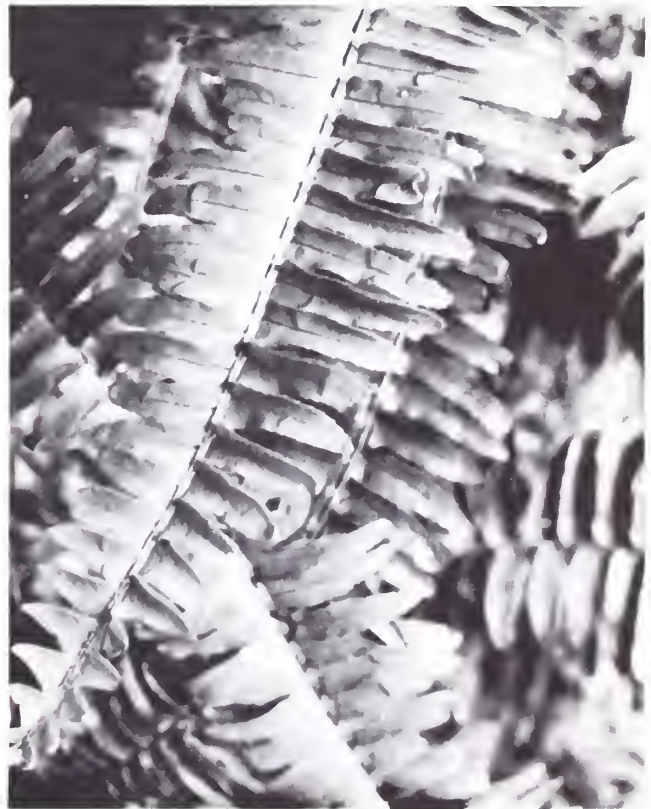
We young and they old in summers
Where foolishness came and stayed
To chase from chambers multitudinous
Open-winged minds who would have played

To come again into another beginning
Go down the hall and open the door
To come again into showers springing
From where halls and windows are
No more

To go within a whiteness of new life
And enter into warmth within this time
Forget the heritage of grief
The love of pain and
Worship of dust and skinless
Grinning

Come into a further field
And make a new beginning

DAVID ROSSI



Les Green

JOURNEY

From out through rough roads
Away lay cities stifling
While down here where
Winds flow cross marsh lands
Mingle with brownblue in a
Dent of beauty's green
And enter down, now
Into cool treebreeze union
Orangerusted metalplant
Among its cousin grasses
Whispers into duskair
Along pine needleways
Of silence tinted pink and then
Red of sunset winds
Of quiet breathing here of plants
Unlike this strange grassland
But so much more returning to
The soil.

EVALUATION

I am so shallow
I cannot
Fathom
The sorrow of another.
And if I could
What could I do?
Being sorrowful myself,
Only add to
The burden.

NIGHTBLIND

My mind's eye is going blind
As the fragrance of Jasmine
Blends with
and becomes
A purple image of decay.

Night has a hollow sound
As my footsteps seek
Its hidden fantasies
Behind billboards
under posters
In permanent carnival
the city

Closing altogether slowly
too quickly
My eye of youth
Is dying in the night.

SELF

Sets the sun on the foul day
Calling up the rankness of the night.
Here alone I am chained
With the fetters of myself
As I search for spirit.
Spirit, elusive shade known in youth,
Lost in useless labor,
I need you now.
Mind, solitary perceiver of half-lit patters, subtle subtones,
Come forth from the enzymatic, harmonic
Confusion of this corpse.
No motion of my soul?
Rain down, then, insensibility
Smother out my soul
That I may forget
The phantom that is me.



Les Green

IMAGE

Now all along roads orange in dustlight
Spread like milkweed within a summer wind
Are monuments mute arrived alone
Among crystal brown chunks of bottle
Emptiness
Where even asphalt violence lends
Chaos to gusts of indifferent traffic.
Now even there
Remaining one step from being crushed
Stands silent
Huge in its smallness
The voice of softness
Speaking only to children
Those who hear.

CHANGE

To my ears there comes a humming
Whirl of life in tides of blood,
Passing also through my vision
Telling of my basic sensing.

From this obscure and tumult,
Region of unseen nothing
Dark center of these words,
I can hear your life call out.

I will answer with my actions
Make a movement from my essence
Set my fictions to their flaming.
And if my basic self remains
I will find it, make it stay.
I can live a riddle of existence,
Accept the answer of "today".

I will come into your world
See your beauty as itself
Do what I can to see you smile,
And leave when you say "go".

DAVID ROSSI

ABSTRACTION

Again is morning come into my eyes
To summon from my mind those living thoughts
Of passing time, of fear in its disguise
That silent master twisting life in knots

While yellow sunlight softens grave-known truth
It brings another life into my day
Recalls a woman giving to my youth
An eye and soul for love without delay.

These flowing streams of hours I cannot stop
They pass forever through my outstretched hand
She is no refuge, I no mountain top
Some sun we both will lie beneath the land.

Here smile within times' flow may turn to frown
But ever will my love for her resound.

APPLE PIE

I have no words of consolation for myself
I am returned into this narrow place
Of walking lonely through an asphalt
Ambiguity,
Where pebbles mark the turns within my life
Puddles plot the course of my soul
And litter, paper bags and beer cans
Testify to my presence in this concrete world.
Unyielding, cold surfaces of steel and rock
Are my company during neon hours of sleeplessness
I cannot see again that sunrise of my youth
Gone behind clouds, and fields of dust forever.
Know I but my location in a strange land
Unseen or heard among my country men
Nowhere to go to find a voice not male
Nowhere to go and cold within my thoughts
Thoughts of dampness, neon rainfallen sidewalks
And the hum of tires across a prostrate land
And I alone but for those who share
This misconception of experience called
America.

HAIKU

In soft fertile fields
Stand fat lazy lowing cows
Their calves are hungry.

FARAWAY PLACES

Dogs howl at night
and wander down
to the waterfront

They sit on piers,
moving their tails to be comfortable
And bay at passing waves
on their way to somewhere else.

They sit on piers
and wait.

When Iberian freighters
chase out all their rats,
the howling dogs
forget about the waves
and feast on foreign vermin.

DUST PHANTOM

David Rossi

Dust-phantoms scudded triumphant over the dry plain. The victory of dessication was almost complete. Clumps of brown, formerly respiring vegetation accented the victory. And at precise intervals, milestones of triumph greeted the dust. Churned up earth and charcoal thickets attested to the finality of the monuments of power. Over it all, the dust moved, almost unaccompanied in its

journey, almost unchallenged in its territorial imperative.

"Another twenty miles to the border. By evening I'll be back in my country. My country. It is prosperous. Large cities, wide fields of staple crops. And the livestock . . . Ah, those prolific sheep, those lactic-laden cattle. It will be good to be back there."

The man moved against the wind, against the dust of the warming plain. But not without payment. Yellow clumps of earth clotted in his long, sweaty hair. His feet, although scabbed now, still smarted when he walked across an especially phosphorylated stretch of wasteland. His small body, covered only by shorts and a vest, choked from the pore-clogging dust.

"Home. My wife, two sons, they will be happy to see me. I wonder if they received my letter. Out here, it isn't easy to mail things. I hope the carrier made it.

"If my friend were still here, we could talk. I could tell him about my home and family, he could tell me about his. We did it often, before. But it was good. We knew everything we would say, because we said the same things over and over. We didn't mind, because that helped us to remember that we really had lives of our own. We didn't care . . .

"Do you know, my friend, that my daughter is now ready for marriage? Yes, and she wishes to marry a student. He is . . ."

"He is very intelligent, and would make her prosperous mother. Yes, yes I know of your daughter's eagerness. But my son, the oldest one, he is so intent on serving the government, he has written to the president of his organization and asked for . . ."

"Yes, yes he has asked for early induction into the armed forces. Very good for him! Your younger son stays home with his mother and cares for the livestock. You want him to go to the city, to be educated when you return . . ."

Yes, friend, my sons and your daughter . . .
But what will his daughter do now? How

will she be when I go there and tell them that he won't be back? I dread that.

Now the plain was scorching. Early afternoon brought the temperature up to one hundred degrees. Even the phantasmal dust wilted to its spawning ground. All that stood was the man walking, thinking, even speaking aloud on occasion — and the milestones, the monuments of victory, the charcoal thickets.

As evening approached, the tired man could discern movement on the horizon. The winds stirred the dust to motion as the sun approached its west end. So the man took the distant stirring as dust. The rumbling from past the horizon was thunder. It thundered every night this time of year back home. And back home was just over the horizon.

"Now that it is getting dark I will be able to walk faster," he thought. "How I miss being home for the evening showers. Yes, the coolness of the evening will hasten my return."

Although the evening did hasten the man's return by its freshness, the red glow of sunset lingered far longer than was usual.

"That must be from the rain. The sunlight lingers in the drops that fall at sunset. Soon, it will grow dark . . ."

"Soldier! Soldier! Have you news of my father?"

"I thought you were dust on the horizon! Why have you left the town at night? Come here, girl, for I must tell you bad things."

"The town! Soldier! Friend of my father, the town . . ."

"I am sorry, your father is . . ."

"Soldier! The town is gone. They have destroyed it. And burned the fields. Today. Yes, today. And no one but I survive. They told us that we would be well treated if we surrendered our sons and gave them our fathers' letters. But our sons were in the bunkers and shot at the advisors. Then the planes came. The huts and houses are all charcoal. I, alone, survive. What can we do?"

PUZZLE OF LIFE

I hear the distant wail of children
Walking on our mother's grave —
Miserable, mourning moan.
No! 'tis only wind —
Howling wild, 'midst naked trees,
Making hallucinations
On my unfelt grief.
Closer . . .
I taste the nectar that is love,
The sweet, salt taste of lips on mine,
The taste of life,
Of future, free from fetters,
Save those I want.
A frail balloon on a silken strand
As long as I be love to him.
Come, my love . . . closer.
I smell fulfillment of my body.
After the ecstatic pain
Comes nauseous stench of afterbirth
Which makes the Harpys sweet.
Flowers in my room, visitors,
Concern, compassion . . . trivia.
Put the infant in my arms.
No . . . no closer.
I see the ascension of black Jesus,
Hear the bells, "Hallelujah!"
He is followed by a white, then a red.
Which is truthful?
I am common, a Barrabus.
Belief is obscure,
Like tiny lights veiled in black velvet.
Come closer . . .
I touch the tombstone on his grave
With hands that once touched him.
We shared a consummate love
That is gone but for a time.
It will return, yet I furtively mourn.
They lie! a child is no comfort.
I touch the clod mound on his box.
Puzzle of life . . . come closer.

HAIKU

I am now alive;
It is not too late to live —
Paper dreams are real.

MAGICIANS

The blue-eyed magician
walks slowly
into and out of
around and thru
my life.
And I, the Fool, mistake
star for galaxy.
Id-quick, soul-deep, searching kisses that
the magician reaps upon my body,
words nestled, soft and low,
in my ear, throughout long nights,
are shallow feats of an agile tongue.
Making love can not make love.
Soon I know —
there's truth in this.
"Farewell, Girl;" speaks the blue eye,
"I leave you a memory."
No regrets, remorse, or insight
until . . .
another blue-eyed magician
walks slowly
into my life.

HAIKU

Boats hurry by me
On individual treks —
Trash in a puddle.

LYNN KLIPP

WOMAN

"And God created woman"
woman
giver of life via birth
builder of maturity
the angel of destruction.

she who reflects her man's thoughts
along with his convictions
can only be a mirror:
grasping at security
in the guise of purity.

God's creature first love life
with love for self and others
overshadowed.
reality and emotion
are staples to a woman.
of her, by her, and for her
feelings form impressions.
acceptance needs precede love.
the soul of man
must not be bent to please a love.

if a woman bends man's soul,
she is not a real woman.
she has murdered.



Al Purvere

ABYSS

There could be no bridge;
The gap was too wide to span:
One generation.

A BELL TOLLS

A bell tolls
The grey mist
Sneaks across
A cold dead field
Into the forest of
Bewilderment.

A real dream
Dies
Despairs
Icy fingers
Crawl across the
Dead body of
Hope.

I asked
Little,
I gave
Everything,
I am left with
Nothing.

John Shaefer

CONTEMPLATIONS ON BURNING INCENSE

Long dangling arms
Slice, slither through the air.
Twirling, swirling from the tears,
They wave and lull
In hypnotizing harmony.

Then, at times the
Arms are combined
In a dense cotton fog wad;
Stuffed under the miniature
Pagoda — ominously.

Bob Hettler



OBSERVATIONS

evening fell quickly
from unexpected hands

waves playing tag
with purple sand

laughing children
gone

cries of seagulls
long departed
from sighted existence

trapped stars in fixed positions
patterns of patterns
shifting their weight
across the heavens above

lonely moon rising
over sea of wine
sowing glittering beams
on dancing waves

reviewing questions
across a blanketed existence
contemplating dreams
in darkness
only to be drowned
by flashes of reality
perhaps the victim of an
unattainable quest

Michael Hustman

THE GENTLE OCEAN

The gentle ocean
scattered with slivers of silver sunlight
creeps over my feet,
bathing my cares,
and caressing my soul.

Its soothing wetness clings
but for an instant;
the wave retreats,
and beckons,
and further slips away
only to be swallowed
and lost in the infinite depths of the sea,
leaving me
alone.

It has vanished
like all else that I seek,
and desire,
and long to touch,
and to understand,
and to infold in my spirit.

Leaving me as aimless
as the drifting gull's feather
which settles softly at my feet.

Ann Bidlingmaier

A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

It's conflicts and joys, it's happiness and pain,
Life has presented a world of strain.
Only a gifted few can comprehend,
The most precious possession given to man.

Beauty and love for those who search,
For the law of Jesus is taught in church;
The sky above and the ground beneath,
Nature has bitten with sturdy teeth.

But life is difficult, as well as sweet,
And pain is sometimes hard to meet;
War and blood-shed, grief and sorrow,
Man lives in hope of a better tomorrow.

DAVID KALBACH

GRASS

THE KISS

I kissed her today;
I know I shouldn't have,
But I did — I kissed her.
No one knows I kissed her;
Except her and I
I don't know what to think;
She's so innocent and sweet,
And yet so mysterious.
Normally she's energetic;
Always on the move,
But somehow she's changed;
She's quiet now.
I don't know what she's thinking,
I wish I knew.
Her eyes have focused beyond me,
They seem to be searching,
I'm afraid for what.
I know I have done wrong,
And yet I feel I had to,
It was tearing at me.
I love her,
At least I think I do;
And yet I shouldn't.
God only knows,
She's gone now.
The day will soon be done,
Let tomorrow find me where it will —
I'll be waiting.

I have seen a dewdrop melt upon the green velvet of a blade
of grass,
And I have watched an ant slide downward upon the slippery
surface of this dampened carpet,
And I have watched him struggle ceaselessly within a seemingly
senseless maze of twisted jungle,
And piteously I watched and wanted to lift that ant high
above that infernal of soiled roots,
And helplessly I reached my hand out to an organism, a being
who could not know of my desires,
And upon my hand I watched that ant search for his way through
the sweat within my porous palms,
And I was distressed with the useless guidance which I had
endowed upon my benefactor,
And I immediately allowed God's creature to slide into his
own divine nature,
And I was still distressed, but satisfied at last to know that
someone more capable was around to guide that ant,
And I watched with happiness as that ant climbed to the top of
a tall, slender blade of grass to find sunshine,
And upon that blade of grass it stood a long time, and was
contented with life,
And shortly thereafter it left that wonderful blade of grass
and again searched for his way,
And I pondered wondering, for I could not help but think
that that ant had found its meaning in life,
And I watched that ant go forth boldly to give fulfillment
to this meaning,
And I could not help but believe that that ant had known his
way all the time.

MY UNHEARD PLEA

Ricky Woo

The skies of Hong Kong in summer display few clouds, and most of the time, they are spotless blue. But in autumn, clouds are wandering multitudes extending as far as the eye can see, with dramatic variations in their shape and size. They may stretch like an eagle, a flying saucer, a raging storm, a hot battle or even a road leading up to Heaven.

In the cool, crisp air where leaves on trees tremble, dry up and fall, such monotonous pattern of everything is especially contagious to the susceptible mind; and those chilling memories, inert in those active, sportive summer days, once loosened, rejuvenate and turn themselves free.

It has long been my custom watching those clouds changing and transforming, and I always wonder what a charade they are playing. Like homeless refugees, they are blown about by the wind. The wind blows them across the Victoria Harbour separating Hong Kong Island and the Kowloon Peninsula; from over where I live to over where she lives. Now, in the hopelessness of a wild dream, I have but to make myself believe that there may be a miracle. However, clouds seldom travel on land and even if they fall in the form of rain, they never talk. Now that I have looked at these clouds for so long, I am sure they must have known how I feel towards her. I still hope that one day, they'll travel on land and that they, cloud or rain, will talk her over. This seems to be the only chance.

Don't you know, my love, don't you know that clung to every piece of white feather

is a small question mark? Hushedly asking if you had a sweet dream last night or if the sun shone on your face this morning.

Yes, my love, to every piece of white feather is clung such a small question mark. Don't you know?

Don't you know, my love, don't you ever know that embraced in every heap of floating wool is a praying wish? Whisperingly wishing that to-night, at your dream, Delight will leave his footprints on your ruby lips, or wishing next morning, the sun's rays golden will shine on your face unearthly and pure.

Indeed, my love, in every heap of floating wool is embraced such a praying wish. Don't you know?

Don't you know, my love, don't you know that embodied in each milky mist is a dampening dream? Morning after morning still dreaming that there'll come the moment when those hands, yours and mine, will hold; the holding of your hand and mine holds a better world. Night after night still dreaming that you and I will take to the sky as butterflies; fly to where the winds blow, to where the flowers bloom.

Yes, my love, in each milky mist is embodied such a dampening dream. Don't you know?

At last, my tears have diffused into every piece of dark cloud; every drop of rain knocking at your bedroom window contains a thought, that very thought of you! When and where can I find the road leading away from this vacuum of you? I don't know. Don't you know?

FACT

Here stands fact.
Alone and unafraid,
Because it is truth.
Soon this truth will be surrounded,
By a web of opinions and misunderstandings.
Then, fact will be only a memory,
In the minds of those who destroyed it.

Jane O'Keefe

DAWN

The night is long and lonely,
Alive with the hopes and fears that keep you from death.
You must wait patiently for the day.
The day you will have him or forget him.
Wait, dawn is not far.

Jane O'Keefe

QUESTIONS

What can I do,
That you can't do?
What can I be,
That you can't be?
YOURSELF, STUPID, YOURSELF!
Jane O'Keefe

SOLITUDE

Solitude
becomes
terror of exposure
Fear of being laid bare,
Open without cover,
All protection gone.

Love gently opens the soul
So that the exposure
Is not painful.
Love brings confidence
And stills fear.

The loss of love
Creates an interim
In which the passage
is Once more closed.
Afraid to share
That which was shared before.

Pam Schlef



Al Purvire

THE HERO

a radical departure from the logical
and obvious combat: the angry dust, the screaming and the blood,
all the proper reassuring signs of war
among which common soldiers spar
and heroes tower
are gone,
and instead of the ordinary signs of war we find:
desperate voices needing to be heard in the dust
 of a settling conversation;
 an emerging scream trapped in anxious modulation;
 and lust keeping the blood in circulation;
among which nobody I know or You:

maintains his pacifistic stance
and his conditioned tolerance
casts out his line to catch a glance
reels it back in at once

she smiles, turns to him, and glows
he wonders, then he thinks he knows
they let the conversation flow
and then they go.

and instead of twisted bodies cased in mud we find:
the film of sleep layed lightly on
 and broken by the sun;
 she's searching for a name, but finding none;
 they lie to each with smiles, but lie alone.

a radical departure from the logical
and obvious combat: the trembling need, the doubting and the trust
all the proper reassuring signs of life
among which common people strive
and heroes laugh.

Mike Newman

INSTINCTIVELY

—not too long ago there came a seedling pulsating from
 beneath the soil reaching out, instinctively . . .
—just some time ago it encircled a more mature plant
 with its tendrils, instinctively.
—and not too long ago it was labeled “parasite” being
 left to incarcerate and assimilate itself . . .
I wonder did it die or grow — instinctively.

Roberta Zeck

KORMANIA

Jack Baker

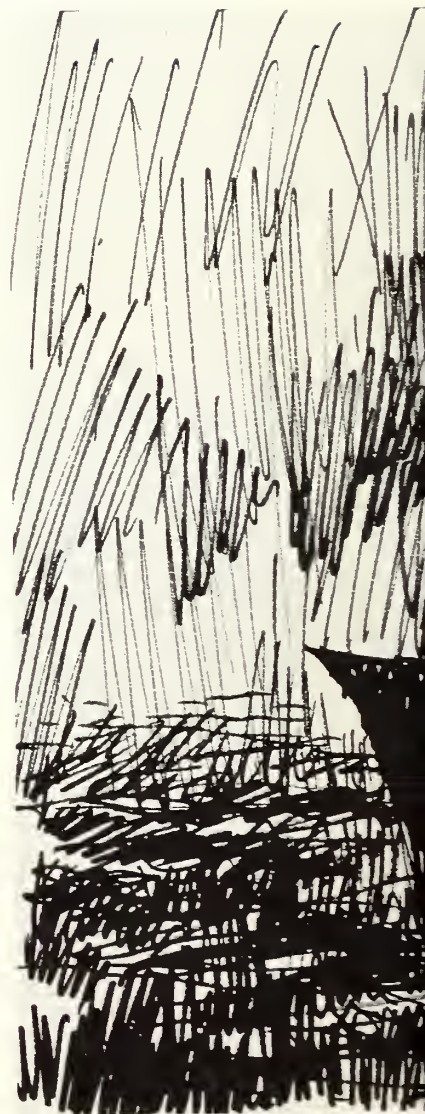
The luxury liner Kormanian was five hours out of New York on its weekly trans-Atlantic run. In suite A on the promenade deck Marc Dary prepared three drinks: one straight, two with poison. The straight shot was for himself. The lethal ones were for his wife Dawn, who had been unfaithful for years, and his friend Art, the object of her defection.

"Here you are, Dawn, Scotch. And a bourbon for you, Art. Now what shall we drink to?"

"To your forthcoming success in London," Art Harper said, "and my ten per cent of it." Like many upper bracket theatrical agents, Harper was undersized and over-groomed. His manicured nails shone more brightly than the ice in his glass. "By the way," he said, "are you planning to visit your birthplace this trip?"

"I doubt it," Marc answered. "It's behind the Iron Curtain now. Besides, most of my old friends are scattered around the continent."

Dawn — beautiful, blond and bored — changed the subject to one of her few interests. "I think we should drink to all the lovely European clothes Marc will buy me while his play runs on and on and on."



Al Purvire

They sipped their drinks and Marc Dary sadly watched two lives ebb away. He was in no hurry. This moment had been as carefully rehearsed as any character role he had ever played. He looked at himself in the mirror: a 45 year old man about to disappear. Every trace of Marc Dary would be left in this room. Off came the custom-made mohair suit, the monogrammed shirt and tie. He replaced them with his new wardrobe:

a cheap wash-and-wear shirt; a wrinkle proof spot-resistant 50 cent tie; a gray suit that fitted well enough but obviously had come from a long line of plain pipe racks; and shoes that you know the owner polished himself. Was he forgetting anything? He removed his wristwatch and stared at it — the gift from Dawn on the opening night of his first theatrical success, “Deceitful Stranger”. That show had been a smash hit



and for a year he hadn't missed a single performance. Then one night he lost his voice. His understudy replaced him, and Marc took a cab home thinking Dawn would be surprised. But the surprise was all his — he found his faithful wife and conscientious agent choosing up sides for the eternal triangle. Silently, he backed out of the apartment. After that, the critics said his performances were better than ever. Why Not? — he was happy to escape into another character. In fact, that gave him the idea. If Dawn and Art ceased to exist, he'd have peace of mind and could start a new life.

The opportunity came when he was offered a role in England. From contacts in Europe, he got a forged passport. (For twenty years Dary had been supporting friends in the old country — victims of the war like himself but without his luck. They were delighted to reciprocate, and no questions asked.) The name on the passport was Gustav Petrovich. The picture was one of Dary in heavy character make-up.

The rest was simple. He booked passage twice on the same ship — once for himself in first class, once for Petrovich in tourist class. Sailing day, he checked into the luxurious suite with Dawn and Art, then slipped ashore among the hundreds of visitors. A quick trip to a nearby hotel and he returned to the ship as Petrovich. In the tiny minimum-fare stateroom he became Dary again and rushed back upstairs. There are gates between the classes, of course, but the ship's Fire Department insists that they remain open in port.

And now it was done. His victims were already in a coma-like sleep from which they'd never waken. Dary felt no satisfaction — just relief. Now came the crucial part. If he could get back to tourist class unrecognized and apply his make-up, he'd be safe. As it was, Dary's sleek face protruded incongruously from Petrovich's dull gray suit. He started toward the door and froze. Someone was knocking. A few seconds'

pause, then the steward entered. "Oh, sorry sir — I thought you were out. Here's tomorrow's program of activities."

Dary was sure that the steward hadn't noticed anything unusual, but he would have to make sure the steward didn't return. He waited a minute, then slipped the "Do Not Disturb" sign over the doorknob while looking both ways in the empty corridor. He walked slowly to the main foyer. It was deserted. He went out on deck and started toward tourist class. Another hundred feet to the stairway.

"Hello there."

Dary spun around and faced a tall woman in flowing chiffon.

"I'm Mrs. Ducane, the social hostess. Come and join us for a drink — we're about to toast an Olympic hero. I won't take no for an answer."

Like most ship's hostesses, she was charming and decorative, but somehow neuter — as if the job called for a beautiful robot. He followed her inside, afraid to call attention to himself by refusing.

Fortunately, the lounge was dimly lit. He accepted a drink and listened to Mrs. Ducane propose her toast. "Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Ronnie Liechester, a credit to the sports world and a pleasure to have on board."

While she gushed on, Dary surveyed his surroundings. There was a spot like this on every luxury ship. A place where a businessman could rub knees with his young secretary when his wife had a headache. A place with thick carpets, subdued lighting and professionally unobservant waiters. He was fairly safe here. He made small talk with the drunkest couple in the room until the hostess went out for another ambush, then he excused himself and left.

The next morning he was brought out of a sleeping pill haze by the tail end of an announcement: ". . . passengers to remain in their cabins." He got out of bed quickly and checked his makeup. A few deft strokes

renovated the Petrovich facade. He rang for a steward.

"Yes sir?"

"I was sleeping. What was that announcement?"

"An immigration report, sir, at 2 P.M. All passengers are to remain in their cabins until checked. Would you care for breakfast now?"

"Just coffee, thank you."

He looked at his watch. Ten A.M. — four hours until the first real test. An immigration report? They were searching for him, all right, but didn't want to alarm the passengers.

The coffee arrived and he drank what he didn't spill. Four hours to get himself under control. What would Gustav Petrovich do on a morning like this? Probably take a walk until lunchtime.

Five minutes later he was strolling around the fragment of the deck set aside for tourist class. He wondered when some public relations man had changed the name from third class. The sea was rough and choppy — what sailors call medium heavy — and the massive liner pitched and rolled like a ferryboat. Dary stayed far back from the railing so the spray wouldn't add a Picasso touch to his make-up.

The luncheon bell rang. How could he explain his absence from the dinner table the previous evening? He'd say he was tired and grabbed a bite in his room — no, Petrovich wouldn't say "grabbed a bite." It turned out to be an unnecessary worry; his table companions had been seasick since the "All Visitors Ashore" call.

One minute to two. He started listening for the sound of official voices. They were right on time, working their way very slowly. Next door now, or was it two doors down? He was afraid to look out. Finally a peremptory knock. For Petrovich, it was the moment of untruth.

He opened the door and admitted six feet of starched white linen carrying a clipboard

scepter. "Good afternoon sir. I'm David Shepherd, the staff purser. We're making a routine check for the immigration authorities."

Shepherd was an angular young man with that fresh-out-of-college look. He consulted his clipboard. "Mr. Gustav Petrovich?"

"That is correct."

"When did you book passage sir?"

"About a month ago."

"By phone, in person or through a travel agent?"

"By telephone."

"I see."

All the time they were talking, the purser was making notes. "And where did you live in the states? Hotel? Apartment?"

"The Hotel Martin when I was in New York. I traveled quite a lot."

"Reason for trip?"

"Business — machine parts."

"May I see your passport please?"

The moment he had been dreading! He reached into his briefcase, his fingers closing around the forgery. It even felt fake. He was perspiring heavily now; had his interrogator noticed? The purser examined the document item by item, then took a long look at the picture. The more he looked, the more Dary sweated.

"Well, this seems to be in order."

The reprieve was short-lived. While the purser jotted down some final notations, Dary glanced around his cramped quarters. The jacket he had worn the previous night hung from a wall hook. It had fallen open. A piece of white cardboard jutted conspicuously from its pocket — the "Program of Activities" in first class. The jacket was just beyond the purser's left shoulder, directly in his line of vision. If he turned to his left when leaving the cabin, he'd have to notice it. The officer put away his pen and said, "Thank you for your cooperation, sir." Mentally, Dary pleaded "don't turn left". The purser turned left.

Halfway around he stopped and faced the

actor again. "One more thing, sir — I've noticed you're getting rather pale. The Captain assures us that tomorrow the sea will be much calmer. Meanwhile, I'd suggest a little fresh air." With that, he stuck the clipboard smartly under his arm, turned right and disappeared through the doorway.

The next four days were torture. Dary jumped at every knock on the door, every announcement. Worse than his fear was his mounting sense of guilt. He kept telling himself that it would all be different when he got off this floating prison.

The night before arrival in England, he stayed up to watch the docking preparations. Luggage was being piled in the companionways. Canvas-gloved deck hands were hauling ropes and checking winches. At dawn, Dary stood alone on deck and watched a tiny boat approach. It contained his deliverer, the pilot who would guide the ship into port.

He had a light breakfast, then returned to the suddenly crowded deck. Scores of anxious passengers were kissing their new-found friends good-by, and exchanging addresses they'd never use. One section of the deck was roped off. Sailors stood by, ready to attach the gangway. Dary nervously watched every detail as the crew prepared his escape route.

On the pier hundreds of relatives and friends shouted and waved at those aboard. Off to one side, a tightly knit group clutched some gaudy placards. Dary stepped to the railing for a closer look.

WELCOME HOME RONNIE

WE KNEW YOU'D DO IT, RONNIE

Of course — Ronnie Liechester, the Olympic star he'd met the first night. The night he became a murderer.

It was almost time. Conveyor belts fed the baggage onto the pier where longshoremen sorted it for customs inspection. Finally the public address system blared, "All passengers may now proceed ashore." People funneled down the gangway like syrup poured from a thin-necked jug.

Dary caught his reflection in a glass door; the disguise was perfect. He descended the gangway. The placard-bearing sports fans spotted their hero and erupted into wild cheering. Amid the confusion Dary headed toward customs. Two men intercepted him. "Please come with us sir."

They escorted him to a small office marked DOCK POLICE — PRIVATE, and told him to wait. In a few minutes he heard voices in the next room. Funny the tricks your imagination plays — he could have sworn it was Dawn and Art. The door opened. It was Dawn and Art.

His agent said, "We're not ghosts, Marc. You're a brilliant actor but a lousy murderer."

That made Dary the world's happiest failure. He said (or rather heard himself mumble), "You mean the poison didn't work?"

"Oh, I guess it would have in time, but they pumped it out of us right after you left. You see, like most modern hotels, the ship uses reversible 'Do Not Disturb Signs.' You left the wrong side showing — the side that reads 'Please Make Up This Room Immediately.'"

Dawn edged forward. "Don't worry, Marc," she said coldly, "we won't press charges. The publicity could ruin us. And the Captain would just as soon forget the whole thing."

A thought that had been bothering Dary rose suddenly to the surface: there must have been a flaw in his Gustav Petrovich portrayal. He said, "but how did you spot me?"

Dawn smiled in spite of herself. "Well, we wouldn't have if it hadn't been for that fellow who won all the Olympic medals. Art and I were standing back on the pier watching everyone disembark. I looked right at you and didn't recognize you — you were playing the best part of your career. Then that crowd started to cheer its hero and, without realizing it, Marc, you took a little bow."

GREGORY BREUNINGER

SUNDAY EVENING

Someone asked just why I came here
and I couldn't answer why
could be to feel the sand beneath
my feet, and gaze among the stars,
drink a beer and pop a pill
and listen to the cars, and no-
one knows the secret of my
well protected lie, I care about
the morn, if I live or if I
die, so I shed my tears and
dry my lust and live along
my mind, I flee the rays of
morning sun, as they pierce
my taut gray hide, and
scream at the very top of
my lungs "Oh God where have you been"
and the only answer I get is
a caution light flashing.

POOCHLESS

a lonely little dog
ragged and dirty
wandering down the alley
stopping now and again
sniffing through many piles
rooting for a scrap
staring at the brick and mortar
walls of this man made valley
i touched a long dead tree
bleeding dark tar, supporting
leafless vines, that hum
in silicon darkness
splashing along one trickling stream
it follows cracks and flats
while gurgling and swirling
only to cascade through
a steel grated trap
so it ends as it began
abruptly
peoples voices
and traffic snarls
replace the solitude
one crashing noise
a backward glance
that little dog sat munching on a donut
once concealed in a garbage can

12:30 MASS

those vacant stares just fill
the room with unprotected
eyes, and a fleeting glance
to my mother's son and
no one knows just why,
now the clouds rolled back
and the tin cups clapped,
and the bearded master
shone, his voice called
out and asked "Hey man you
seen Moses".

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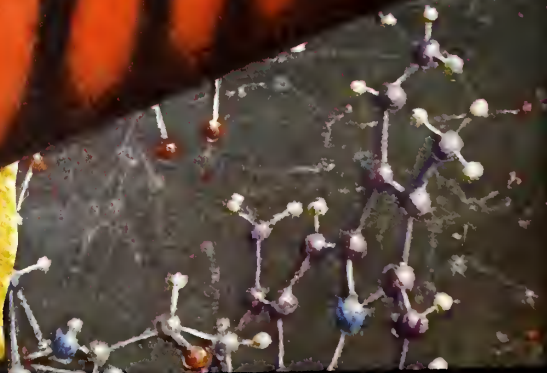
Financed by

Student Activity Funds
Neil S. Crispo, Director

Printed by

Tropical Press, Inc.







PAN KE

To each man is given creative ability
to his creation he then gives of himself
Finally each must stand alone to face

Eternity

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Cover:

James Higgins
Kay Smiley
Al Purvere

Number 2, Volume V
March, 1969 ©

Broward Junior College
Fort Lauderdale, Florida



ken myers

THE HOUSE

Rich deRevere

Lin and I called it "the house", hoping perhaps to keep it a secret in vagueness and at the same time give it an aura of mystery and meaning. Actually Lin coined the name, in her usual flip-pant, feminine way. I'm not sure what the place really meant to her, or to me, for that matter. Not that we understood much in those days anyway. She was a very imaginative, almost too-intelligent type of girl, and she must have found adventure in our visits there. I'm sure it fed her hunger for intrigue and excitement. Very imaginative.

It was an abandoned house, pillaged and ransacked many times over, but it still stood. The windows were all broken, one side was pushed completely out, and the roof's shingles were torn off in patches. The chimney had toppled, and bricks and broken pieces of wood littered the overgrown yard. But it served us well, and we looked forward to our visits to it.

I can't recall now, years later, what we would do before going there. Maybe a drive-in movie or supper and TV. I do remember that we always waited for some bewitching hour, late on date nights, leaving ourselves several hours before she had to be in. The house was off a small Illinois back road, about fifty yards up an overgrown driveway. All that could be seen of the drive as one passed by was a car-wide hole at the side of the road in the woods, just deep enough to hide my Volkswagen. I always drove by it once, to make sure no one had found our secret. Then I turned the car around and, approaching from the opposite direction, switched off the lights before turning in, adjusting my eyes to the darkness. Silently and lightlessly we would creep out of the car and close the doors. It was all silly really, since anyone driving by could see the car, a little green bug, seemingly pushed into the woods, hiding its head in the bushes for the night.

Once through the heavy growth at the bottom of the drive — a small footpath was all that was left — the drive widened to its original size, heading uphill. The trees reached across the top to form a tunnel-like entrance to our castle. Farther up at the top of the drive the trees opened and to the left sat the house. The side door had two broken steps leading up to it, but it was never locked.

Inside the door we would stop and listen breathlessly, wondering if someone might already be

there. Then, a brave venture through the dark livingroom with its broken furniture, split magazines, and broken glass under our feet, and we knew we were alone. And there, when we knew the house was ours, the atmosphere changed from stifling suspense to a feeling of warm, exciting abandonment. Because somehow, one room of the three in the house had been saved. It was clear and complete and, once across its threshold, nothing mattered but the silky feel of each other's skin, the warm touch of our bodies, the joy of expression and release stretched on a big double bed.

Illinois nights, even in July, can be cold, and we would hurry for each other's warmth. Only the mattress and a red velvet spread had been left behind. We whispered, moaned, turned, sometimes cried in that room, on that bed. Later the weakness, the tenderness, and then the cold would drive us back together again and again.

We went to the house many times that summer. It was our third and, unknown to either of us, our last summer together. Time and ugly, inevitable events have separated us, as they will and must. I've been around the world four times on an Aircraft Carrier since then, and I think she's writing for a Food Management magazine in Chicago.

I'm sure the house is still there, and I imagine it in the same white moonlight on warm summer nights, being visited by others now. Does something like that die just because time passes? Is it completely forgotten after the people are? There is a voice that says no, it's still there. In the walls that remember, the cavernous driveway, the broken glass, the rumpled red spread. It's still there. The house remembers.

Written for a retarded child —

NO OPEN DOORS

I am not of your world —
your beautiful world,
But you are so much of mine.

You can live so well without me —
But forever, I am bound to you,
Leave me, and I would die.

Could I voice my wonder,
I would question why you stay.

Outside of me
in that mysterious world
you walk as God
the earth bows to your will.

Could I voice my wonder,
I would question why you hold my hand.

In some way I can only feel,
I know I am burden to you;
A sorrow you try to hide
in your heart.

Could I voice my wonder,
I would question why you lift me up.

Then today when you wiped
the drool from my chin
and I said for the first time,

“I love you.”

A light came on in your face,
you smiled and said, “I love you, too,”
and drops of water from your eyes
ran down your cheeks.

I cannot voice my wonder,
I only know that you care.

Margaret Eastman



kay smiley



MAINE

Surrounded by a tantalizing atmosphere
I know people of my own kind
They know me and understand me
Such a place can only be temporary
And can only be accomplished
By reaching to the limits of compassion

Weary as I am now
I come from a place of distrust
And I seek a place of wonderment
I play the part well, and I know my role
One step to the left
 puts me two steps to the right.

Steve Jacobs

STRAIGHT PEOPLE

Michael Couture

I was in the gym the day he came in. Someone said he was Joey Riley's best friend. To find out just who Joey Riley was, all one had to do was attend the fights at Elmwood Grove Arena, where he was the current attraction. A handsome looking lightweight, he had a 10-0 record, with 7 KO's.

I had always written well about Joey on my sports page. He was promising.

The lad with him was short, darkhaired, muscu-



kay smiley

lar, and definitely Irish. He had the appearance of being a professional street fighter and cop-baiter.

Joey brought him over.

"Meet Mr. O'Conner."

The boy's handshake wasn't the crushing kind that the weightlifters give you. It was firm, yet respectful.

His eyes were dark brown and impassive behind the small nose. He didn't smile or grin. I looked



at the short arms on the lad. I didn't think they could make a boxer out of him. He'd have to be a puncher like Joey, if he could hit as well.

"We're going to turn Danny pro after a couple more months of seasoning in the gym. Watch him Mr. O'Connor, he's going to be a good one."

"Will you be in the same stable as Joey?"

"Yes, Joey can help me a lot by boxing with me.

I'll learn something from that. I hope some of the other pros do the same for me."

Danny spoke with the humility and confidence of a man who has correctly estimated his ability. I knew he would be a winner.

Joey smiled, said goodbye, and walked to the dressing room.

Danny said, "It was good meeting you," and turned away. His face was indifferent. I was

curious enough to stay for the workouts. I had another assignment, but this looked like good copy.

When Joey came out of the dressing room, he still exuded that nonchalant boisterous manner. Danny looked around sullenly, as if he had a total disdain for the place.

Joey didn't move around much. He depended on his crisp, left hook. He got plenty of leverage behind it with his long reach.

I had been wrong about Danny. He could box. He was up on his toes, like a ballet dancer. With his speed of hand, shoulder, and head feints, he brought back memories of past master like Willie Pep, Ralph Ducosen, and Willie Pastrano.

There was an amazing rhythmic flow to those powerful legs. Three jabs literally flew from those hands. He followed up with a hook off the last one. It was beauty to the boxing purist.

Several managers had moved closer to watch him. Two men, who had been sparring in the ring stopped to look before they came out. A small group of spectators were huddled together near the door as if they wanted no one else to invade their group. Every gym has them. They are the old men, retired; refugees from a nostalgic past. You could almost feel their quivers of delight. This boy was someone from their era, when boxing had been a skillful thing to behold. He was class.

A slim, greying man dressed in creaseless, dark pants came out of the dressing room. Al Lyon's shoulders were stooped as if he had felt the weight of climbing between the ring ropes for the 30 years that he had done it. The dean of fight trainers. When he worked with a boy, you knew there was potential. He had trained three world champions and seconded numerous others.

He walked over to the boys and looked them over as if he were a tailor fitting them. He stopped Danny. He wanted to correct the angle of his left foot. After he watched him do it (in the prescribed manner), he turned to Joey.

The blue eyes behind the silver-rimmed glasses missed nothing. Joey's hand had dropped ever so slightly after the hook had been thrown. Al's voice never rose. He kept that steady, deliberate tone. "If the hook misses and the man follows with a sharp right, you're dead, Joey. Bring it back faster and keep it up. You don't have to bring it up from your gut to get power into it."

Joey's face was calm. He watched and listened with interest. I felt that if anybody else had chastised him he might have told them to ram it. Then again, he was a polite boy and would have probably overlooked it.

Al kept up a steady banter of corrective remarks.

Danny appeared to be digesting the words as he continued to show a fine volley of punches in front of the mirror.

I moved over to talk to Al Lyons. A sports reporter has special wandering privileges in gyms. I found out that both of the boys were managed by Chick Napoli. He was a good guy, who tried to get the most for his boys. On occasion, he had been guiled by the promoter into a bad match. I hoped that he wouldn't make the same mistake with these two. I asked Al where Danny had gotten his amateur experience. I was familiar with most area amateurs. He disregarded the question. Sometimes, you couldn't get much out of Al. In this case they probably didn't want too much publicity on the kid. It would hurt his chances of getting some easy fights at first.

I began to hit the gym daily. I was intrigued with Danny. The boy wasn't friendly at first. He was reserved around everybody as if he feared one of them would be his next opponent.

I had been at the gym for a couple of weeks before his attitude changed toward me. Perhaps it was because I hadn't bothered him with unnecessary comments or criticism. Or it could have been Al telling him that I was okay.

He started to greet me when I entered the gym. If he had started his workout, he would wave during his rest period. Joey was the favorite of the gym crowd. He would hold open discussions after his workouts. Danny just walked out when he was finished.

Danny continued to labor and progress in the gym. Al said that Danny learned faster and retained more than any fighter he had ever handled. "He can't miss," Al commented.

The night that Danny had his first fight, the arena was filled. They matched him with an eager, young fighter, just out of the amateur ranks, who had won three pro fights. However, he lacked Danny's poise and know-how. Danny was seemingly unaffected by the whole thing. He looked like a man going to work.

His jab was classic. It worked like a can opener on the other's features. The other boy was astonished by his fleetness of feet and fist. The fight was halted in the third, with the boy having risen from two knockdowns. He was groggy, bloody, beaten after the second.

The crowd vented its approval. A man in back of me slapped his buddy on the shoulder. "Did you see that? Atta boy, Irish!"

Danny came down from the ring and pushed his way through the crowd. Hands were offered him. He ignored them. He wanted to reach the

shelter of the dressing room as if that was the last bastion of privacy.

Even in the dressing room, he wasn't elated about the win, I didn't ask him much. I had seen enough.

The succeeding fights were similar. He seemed experienced beyond his actual bouts. There was this intensity in him; an almost unreal desire to win. His expeditious manner of finishing off a stunned foe was unique. He didn't waste a punch. It was almost like he had radar to guide those hands. Then, he would stand in his corner with a completely bored look while the crowd gesticulated its admiration. In the dressing room, he had no comments to make.

The gym was on a hustling street. A delicatessen run by a Greek named George was across from it. George was a short, greasy guy who booked numbers. A small magazine shop was annexed to the coffee shop downstairs. Most of the material was true detective or girlie mags with dirty fingerprints on them. The billboard on the stairway had the names of prominent boxers training there. Danny's name had been listed after his fourth fight.

I nodded to the old wino who collected the 50c admissions and walked by him.

The speed bag platforms were busy. So were the two heavy bags. The men who were hitting the bags differed in their styles. Yet, each had the same basic moves with his head, feet, and shoulders. They plodded and shifted, almost like mechanical toys. Sometimes the only way you could be sure they weren't, was by the sweat rolling off them.

I watched Danny in the ring. He was sparring with Joey. I couldn't believe that a man could be a thing of beauty by gliding around the ring artfully moving his head and shoulders to slip the thrown punches. Only if you had seen the past greats could you appreciate this.

Al Lyons was commenting in that slow tone, "Don't drop that shoulder when you shift. Follow up that jab with a fast right hand when he does, Joey."

The locker room smelled of wintergreen, sweat dried clothing and wet towels. There was a small light bulb on near the showers. Otherwise, it was dark.

A Negro fighter was stretched out on a rubbing table. The whipcord muscles of his back stood out as the trainer applied the alcohol.

"How many dreams of fame have started here?" I thought of all the disillusioned faces I had seen after the bouts which had ended the dreams of lust and money.

Danny sat next to his locker. His face had its usual sullen look.

"Hi Danny."

"Hello, Mr. O'Connor," he said, as I sat down next to him.

"Danny, I'd like you to do me a favor. I have to do a feature story on you. The editor thinks you are big news. Al has told me how you feel about publicity. I know you don't give a damn about it but you would be doing me a hell of a service. All I need is a little material for the wolves to read. You know, stuff like where you boxed as an amateur, and all that.

His face was pensive. The expression never changed.

"Okay, Mr. O'Connor. I'll meet you at Essex Avenue in half an hour. There's a snack bar on the corner.

He said it so quickly, I was surprised.

It was a pleasant, clean place. He arrived on time, looking like a college boy, in his sweater, tan pants, and desert boots. Yet, there was a certain hardness and reality about life to him that college kids have never faced. "Danny, let's do it like we always have. Just talk, as you do when Al is around in the locker room."

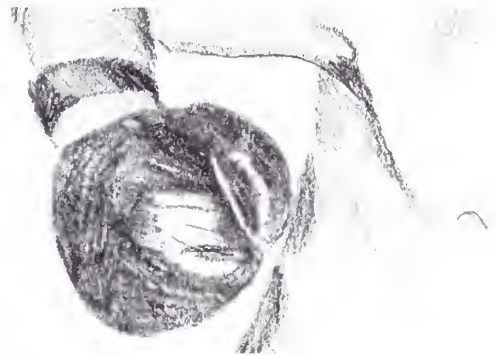
I didn't take out a pad or a pencil.

He thought for a moment. He began to talk in that strange way of his. His speech was intelligent, but punctuated at times with slang terminology.

"Well, I live with my mother and two smaller brothers. My old man died a few years ago and my mother had to sweat to keep us in clothes and food. She wasn't able to spend much time at home. I got in with some tough slobs and pulled a couple of jobs. They sent me to the can. I spent three years in that reform school. That's what they call it. It was like hell I guess."

His face was strained; he looked as if he had been the prisoner of his thoughts. At least he was going to escape.

"There were all kinds of guys with uniforms on. A uniform woke you in the morning and then a uniform fed you. You went out for recreation with



a uniform. And once in a while a uniform beat the hell out of you, just because they felt like it.

"I started to fight in the can. We had a good boxing team. They used to match us against outside competition, straight teams who favored us bums by coming to the joint. You know, Boys Clubs, Y. M. C. A., and some college teams.

"I always took it easy on the other guys in the place. Only when we had outside competition did I get a real urge. I never lost. It's like now, I don't want to bust these guys up. Then I get there and see all these so-called "straight" people. They are the ones who look at me like dirt, but they screw people on tax returns, in business deals, and in life generally. On Sundays you see them being ushered into the churches and being good family men, just like the guard in the can who can go home to his adoring wife," Danny said bitterly.

"They want you to eat the other guy's heart out when you are fighting. All of a sudden, I don't find myself hitting the guy in the ring with me. He's gone and everyone of them is there. I'm ripping into everyone of them, one by one. The rest of them wait their turn in their uniforms; the Madison Avenue suits. It seems like I never got out of the can."

He stopped and gulped for a second, but the face remained solid.

"And Joey, he's the best kid. He used to visit me every week at the can. He had Napoli see a politician, who got me sprung before I was twenty-one. Joey thinks the creeps want him to win. I'm more nervous than he is when he's fighting. He likes the excitement and fame of being a pug. Me, I don't know why I go on."

His lips were a narrow line. His brow was furrowed like a well plowed field.

"Danny, what would you like to do if you quit?"

He became relaxed, stared straight ahead and spoke slowly.

"Maybe work with some kids, like my brothers, to get them right before the straight people get to them. I mean, I don't want them going the other way either."

"I think it's a fine thing, Danny. You could do some good. Any time you need help, come by."

"Thanks Mr. O'Connor, I better get home and see my brothers. They're home from school by now."

I walked out with him. It was still a bright day.

The arena had 8,000 people that night. Everyone of them looked hungry. I imagined it was the kind of hunger that the Romans who watched the Christians eaten by lions had.

I moved into the press row. I greeted my fellow reporters and took a resumé of the preliminary bouts from a Herald reporter. I felt involved in this one.

Joey was in the ring first. He went to the rosin box and smiled down at ringside. I looked back. Danny sat on the edge of his seat. His face was ashen.

Johnny Ricco was a man with a pancake flat face. His eyebrows, what was left of them, were the only things that protruded. They were lumpy and scarred. His hair was slicked back and glistened like his vaseline coated face. He had been a name fighter. Now, he was on a rapid decline, vulnerable to punches and looked ripe for Joey to take.

They moved to the center of the ring. While the referee gave his instructions to the boxers, Al's hand was on Joey's neck; kneading it. Trying to relieve the tension.

For an old timer, Johnny's body was fat free. He was still in physical shape.

The first round was a feeler for both. Ricco moved around and ran into a solid hook, when he moved the wrong way. He came back with a right to the body.

"Come on Joey, put this bum away. He's a washed up pug." They had started.

I looked over at Danny. He sat with his hands clasped together in his lap, looking like a man in prayer.

In the second round, Joey took the fight to his man with double hooks to the head and body. He didn't use the jab much. Al Lyons was frantically demonstrating for Joey to throw it. Al knew that Ricco had a habit of pulling back from punches and could be reached by the double jab. By the fifth round Joey had settled into a pattern of hooking to head and body. It was effective but dangerous. He was open for counterpunches because he was lunging at times. Ricco began throwing a jab and quick right hand at varying intervals. He switched his style from time to time. Sometimes he would throw a right hand lead at Joey. Effective punching.

A cut had opened inside Joey's lip.

The lip swelled to twice its size by the eighth round. Joey was having trouble breathing because his nose had started bleeding also. Gore was beginning to splatter across his white trunks.

The ninth started with Ricco jabbing and retreating. Joey moved after him. He was more deliberate in his movement now. He had to be, because he was tiring badly. Joey missed a hook and the hand dropped for a fraction of a second on its return. Ricco struck like a cobra. The right hand

caught Joey on the mouth. Blood and spittle flew into the ringside seats. He went down, flat on his back, in the far corner.

The crowd stood in a giant reflex action, seats emptied. Their fists were in the air. Eyes were glazed, mouths open. "Knock him out!" "Finish him!" "Beautiful!" A tall, lean man in back of me wearing a black pin-striped suit, crushed the hot dog in his hand. It dropped to the floor. "Nail that guy."

At seven, Joey made it up. The referee gave him the mandatory nine and wiped the gloves off. He looked Joey in the eye. "How do you feel?" Joey nodded his head, "Okay."

I couldn't see his face from my position.

When the ref waved to Ricco, who was in a neutral corner, he came, caution abandoned. The right thing for Joey to have done was to clutch that man to his body, like a second skin. He had a slim lead in the fight.

Instead, he fought. The hooks had nothing behind them. Ricco swept through them as he would through a child's punches.

Blood poured from the cut lip. A right hand went over the lowered gloves. A hammering left hook followed. Joey sagged to the floor. He tried to reach for a ring strand to pull his body up. Didn't make it. His body quivered for a moment as he lay with his head supported by that ring strand. The eyes were open. His mouthpiece hung from the tattered lips.

At the count of ten, he hadn't moved. A fat guy yelled, "Attaboy, that busts this glory boy's bubble."

Al and Napoli leaped into the ring. Along with the referee, they were going to pick Joey up. There was a flurry of movement and I saw Danny in the midst of them crying "Get away from him. Don't you touch him."

Danny placed him on the stool. Took a towel and wiped his face as gently as if he were giving a baby its toilet. The doctor came over and checked Joey for signs of a concussion. He sadly shook his head and left clumsily through the ropes.

Everyone else in the ring had stood as silently as morticians. Now, Al put Joey's white robe around his shoulders. Danny rearranged it. Joey looked up and gave Danny a dazed smile.

They started down the steps. Joey was supported by Danny's arm. The crowd started to applaud. Danny glared at them. Some of them reached out to touch Joey. Danny pushed their hands aside. The mob opened up in the center like a group that had been confronted by policemen with dogs.

The procession went by. Nobody moved.

The corridor near the dressing room had a sweet odor about it.

Inside, the dressing room had a silence to it like a summer cottage that had suddenly been stripped of its occupants.

The doctor sewed Joey's lip. It was bad. Danny stood there with his arm around Joey's neck, hoping in some small way to ease it. Joey gazed at him smiling with his weary eyes.

I stood in a corner and watched Al and the manager leave. I felt sorry for Al. He had heart for his fighters.

Joey eased off the table and went to the shower. Danny sat there. He looked over and saw me. A tear was finding its way down his cheek. I wanted to sneak out. I turned my back.

"Mr. O'Conner," he said, his voice was blunted.

"Danny, I'm sorry."

"I know you are. You're not like them." He pointed to the arena.

"Did you see him? He gave everything that he had and then some. More than any one should have given those cruds. When he began to bleed, they loved it. Then, when he went down, they went crazy. They're all losers. It just hurts them when someone's a winner all the time."

"At least they have beaten me. It's gone. I've seen it. The straight bastards finished me."

He put his hand on Joey's robe. Tears ran down his face as if they had been suppressed throughout his life. His head moved with the sobs.

I knew that he would never fight again.

"How do you like this, Mr. O'Conner? The tough guy bawling."

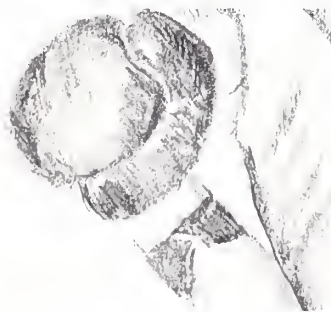
"None of us are that tough, Danny."

His eyes sought the sanctuary of the floor.

"What will you do now, Danny?"

"I guess I'll start from the beginning. Like I said, I'll start with some kids who have to be saved from both the straight men and the tough men, so they never end up in a place like this, before people like those out there."

He shook my hand and left to wait outside for Joey. I watched him walk out into the dark corridor. I guess we are all in the can, Danny.



AQUARIAN GUNPOWDER

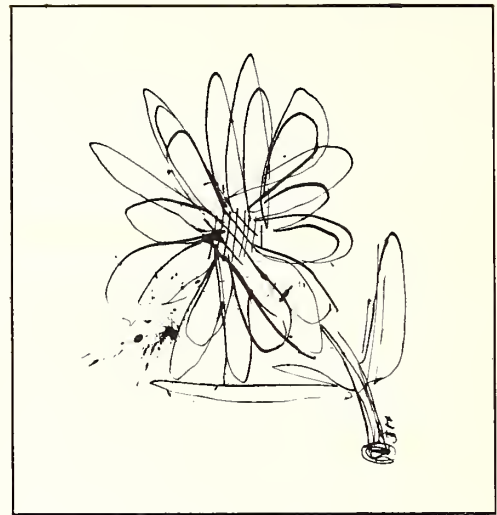
Lost . . .
in race dreams
(the lowly blackman wanting
the car and the job and the money and the wife
of the miserable whiteman
high on the suicide list

and nation dreams
(my country 'tis of thee
social security,
while Columbia crumbles
and the East Village secedes from the union
and nobody gives a damn about the election
'cause either way we're stoned
and DeGaulle considers taking back the statue of liberty
and the Yippies and the freaks and the poets
overrun the arts
of thee I sing

and god dreams
(everyone wants to further the ecumenical movement but
nobody wants to give an inch
'cause everyone thinks he's best
and missionaries run a racket
and Che is supreme diety anyway
and the Byrds sing ecclesiastics
while following a guru
sleep in heavenly peace

and acceptance dreams
of cities
and churches
and schools
and familial piety
(people staring with vacant eyes vacant minds
they can't tell reality from abstraction)
chromosomes become father to the modern man
marco polo in the id
trading songs for gunpowder

and drugs
and sex
everyone must find by experiment
his own thing



jim higgins

LYNN KLIPP

Dream I these mass engulfing dreams?
I, spawning beauty in semantic mud
I, living in nations but not for them
I, seeing that man is an animal before a god
I, rejecting that there was sin in my DNA
I, sick unto death
with the holy wars and the missionaries and
the politics and the mores and the laws
and with the breath of sandalwood still fresh
sip oolong tea and regard old glory
I would bring the soldiers home
and send you lovers,
asia

I, swooning drunk with my mind,
eat not
nor drink
nor smoke
nor intravenously pump
chemicals

I, plunging id quick and soul deep in me
and quick and deep in you as you permit
I, neither filled nor bored with me or you
I, keeping in me but not kept
Dream I these mass engulfing dreams?

FREEDOM

You speak my words.
I hear. I see through smoky thoughts
that we could be.
Purple, crashing . . . now and then—
I want you.

if you are all alive.

AQUARIAN GUNPOWDER

Lost . . .
in race dreams
(the lowly blackman wanting
the car and the job and the money and the wife
of the miserable whiteman
high on the ~~misleading~~



and natio
(my countr

while Colu
and the Eas
and nobody

and DeGau
and the Yip

of thee I s

and god d
(everyone v

and missior
and Che is
and the Byr

sleep in he

and accepta
of cities
and church
and schools
and familia
(people star

chromosome
marco polo

and drugs
and sex
everyone m

FREEDOM

You speak my words.
I hear. I see through smoky thoughts
that we could be.
Purple, crashing . . . now and then—
I want you.

Days and night of flowers—
(forever is too long a time).
Responsibility
frightening, numbing—
I leave you.

We climbed and crashed.
With you as a mirror, I saw me.
Some times were hard.
Most times were good.
I thank you.

INFERIOR DEATH

you are more than i
if you can judge a man
 by his sable skin
 or his canted eyes
 or his opium-flower thing.

thousands (of lovers) are killed by
 our economic necessity . . .
viet nam is not new.
one boy refuses to fight.
is he a martyr?
is he a prophet?
is he a coward?
you are more than i
 if you can say.

you leave home
for a freedom orgy
 to bathe in milk
 and swirl in colours
 and drown in lights
 and feel happy-hurt
 and taste where it's at
but what the hell
you've kept the key.
you're more than i
 if you can return.

christ has told you
"love thy neighbor as thyself."
and then
of course
there is
the golden rule.
but you're lots more than i
 if you can love
the deacontype executive
who wheels and deals and steals
to keep his wife
and his avon-clad sadie
 while my empty belly hurts.

others eat brownies
 made with some kind of weed.
complexity
perplexity
conclusion—
 it's easier to pop
in a fantasy society
of mellaril
and methedrine
and mescaline
and transparencies
and nervous-breakdown people
and a handful of draft-dodgers.
no one sees
(no one cares).
you are more than i
 if you can resist.

in the sack
don't look back
you will crack
coffin's black
words on plaque
"you are more than i
 if you are all alive."

THE HAPPY KID

Michael Rech

Bobby was just a boy. His mother was the housekeeper for Doctor Morris, in the small suburban town of St. Jacques. Bobby and his mother lived with the doctor because his father had been killed during a dock strike.

The small children of the community all attended St. Jacques Elementary school. Bobby would join them each day, his face shining and smiling a yellow white smile. He enjoyed the same games that the other children played, like Kick-The-Can, Dodge Ball, and every once in awhile he would try the girls' game of Hop Scotch. But Bobby thought of himself as a man, and he didn't really enjoy playing girls' games. Dodge Ball was his favorite and he played well.

Bobby was a pretty good little boy. He always tried to please his mother, and while he wasn't an exceptional student, he did get passing marks in school.

Whenever he got his report card, he'd hand it to his mother and she would ask, "Did you try yo' best, Son?"

He always answered, "Yes, Momma."

His mother's lower jaw would disappear in a big grin as she looked at her son, and more times than not she would run her hand affectionately through his hair. Without a husband to love, Bobby commanded all of her devotion and it was only because of Bobby that she worked as she did; long, often difficult hours. The doctor received her respect and Bobby received her love.

Sometimes Bobby wondered why a new kid stared at him, but then all new kids stare at one another. Don't they? They would stand facing each

other silently, hands in pockets, or imitating the grownups by clasping their hands behind their backs. Maybe the new kids would stare at one another for five minutes or more. If a truck drove by, they would turn their heads and glance at the truck, but only for a moment. Then they would stare again. Quite often one or the other would shuffle his foot and look at the ground or toy with a fallen leaf. Or move a pebble. At times they would spot a bird and look up, but they always went back to staring.

Then one of them would say, "Hey, I gotta new football at home. Wanna play?"

The other new kid would enthusiastically reply, "Yeah!", and off they'd go.

Bobby was usually the new kid that answered, "Yeah." His mother didn't have the money for new footballs. Bobby always wore neat and clean, sometimes mended, clothes, but footballs were something else.

Occasionally the Doctor would hand Bobby a few pennies and ask, "You know what to do with these, Boy?"

Bobby would grin as he thought about the long strands of black licorice he could buy with the money. He would run outside and half-skip, half-walk to the candy store four blocks away. His head would sway back and forth in contentment, while he touched every oak tree along the way.

All in all, Bobby was a pretty happy and normal kid. But then one day something happened to change Bobby's life.

Someone called him, "Nigger."



ken myers



al purvere

TINTS

If Love were green,
and Peace were crimson,
and they were mixed in proportion
to the amount of use they receive,
this world would still be marred by
the light greyness of hate.
In fact, the world would be white.

SECURITY

My room is like a cube of sunshine which has been captured in the dull confines of the house. The yellow of its construction holds out the grey pain of sad days and thoughts and, in its place, there is an artificial radiation of happiness.

It is because of this that I love to be a lonely hermit in the confines of my cave of which I am the Lord. It has not walls, but is of a flowery construction of solar light. It is here that I come to think of the problems of the blue and the blacks and greys that plague my mind. I wish that all of these wanderers of the world, which is like an unattainable mountain peak, could feel the soaring of spirits when my geometric friend smiles like a porpoise, and allow me to be myself.

THE SLIDE

Some people are like children on a slide.
They go head first
or on their stomachs,
facing back.
Not worrying about the journey or the end of the ride.
but living for the instant of joy alone.
Other people mimic adults.

They sit primly and properly,
facing forward;
planning every second of the journey
and what the end
will present for them.
They worry of the pain
or embarrassment
of failure.

Children always die young.

ALAIN HEBERT

WAR

Michael Rech

I didn't have the guts to tell Arnie about the war. At least not the true war. How do you tell a sixteen year old kid about the jungle rot that lodges between your unwashed toes and makes you feel like a thousand bugs are crawling around in your boots. How can you tell a person how goddamn rotten your feet smell when you take your boots off? And the stench of a dead body that's maggoty and rotten from laying in the sun too long. What of the indifferent or lousy feeling when you pick up a blood sucking mosquito and squeeze it between your fingers. How can you describe that? Can you talk about sitting down at a table for a good hot meal when you finally get back to base camp, and then puke your guts when the ants swarm onto the sugar bowl? You



jim higgins

don't talk about things like that and wait for the listener to gag with disgust. Nor could I tell Arnie about the day that Johnny Dee died.

He was laying face down on a sloping rice paddy dike. Excrement saturated water covered dying rice stalks and only the portions of his legs above the knee were visible in the muddy liquid. Air escaped from the vent holes of his submerged combat boots and bubbled slowly to the surface. Inch long black leeches dotted his pants, struggling to get a good grip for their mission of parasitism.

An M-16 rifle was cradled to Johnnie's chest protected from the mud and water and his back pack tilted slightly to the left. Johnny always kept a hand grenade safety pin attached to his floppy

bush hat. He said it was a good luck symbol. Sweat dotted his camouflage darkened face as he stared at the battle taking place before him.

A small girl, clutching her baby brother, ran screaming from one of the village huts that Johnny was watching. Bullets rushed past the girl as she ran and metal sheeted hut walls, proclaiming the quality of Carling Black Label, blurred as the girl's legs pumped, driving her towards the center of the battle. Her long dark hair curved and twisted in her wake and the loose, soiled black silk pants she wore flapped wildly between her legs. She stopped for a moment to get a better grip on the bundle of humanity in her arms. The baby's mouth gaped in howls, silenced by the whistling thunder of exploding rockets. Running again, she dodged shallow shell craters. Tears streamed down her cheeks and the terror in her voice was exceeded only by the fear in her wide, bulging eyes. Both children wailed in unison, pleading nonsensically for the comfort of their mother's arms.

They reached mid-point of the embattled field and heard a stuttering roar. The girl's head snapped towards the left and she stopped, frozen. A scream was cut off and her mouth hung open at the awesome sound. American and Viet Cong guns stopped firing momentarily. An armed American helicopter slanted down on a strafing run as the aircraft navigator saw a target and started firing.

The helicopter gunship lurched from the recoil impact as the noisy six-barrelled machine guns slowed the air speed of the ship by twenty knots. The navigator had only fired the guns for two seconds, but that was enough as two hundred bullets streaked into the bodies of the children and smashed them lifelessly to the ground. The perpetrator of the deed looked at the forms, his face locked in an agonized stare, as the helicopter flew swiftly by.

Johnny Dee continued staring as one of his comrades rose swiftly from the dike's security.

"Raymond, get back here!"

"Get down you damn fool."

"Raymond . . ."

Hands grabbed for the soldier's legs, trying to drag him back into the rice paddy. Many eyes watched as Raymond escaped the clutching hands and ran towards the enemy. He dove to the ground and rolled to his right. Raymond was applying an Army theory that if a man ran for only four seconds at a time, and then dropped prone to the ground, the man might succeed at rushing the enemy.

American firing decreased as the men counted soundlessly.

"One, two, three, four," and then screamed, "Get down!"

Raymond spread-eagled and dove, bounced, rolled and rose running again.

Hearts beat faster as the company watched and hoped. Wordless lips moved, whispering encouragement as they ran with Raymond. Viet Cong tracer bullets buzzed the air in burning, orange brilliance as "Charlie" tried to eut the charging soldier down.

"Inta the trees, Ray."

"C'mon Raymond baby. Make it. Make it. The shell crater man. Inta the shell crater."

Raymond started to dive again, only ten yards from the Viet Cong — and BOOM!

A Claymore mine exploded, spewing glass, rusty nails, chunks of tin and other debris. Raymond's right arm and shoulder thudded to the ground as the rest of his blood-spurting body was hurled backwards. And Johnny Dee's empty eyes just stared.

Shouts of obscene anger rose in volume as American automatic weapons doled out a controlled firing rate. Empty shell casings poured from weapons and tinkled as they met on the earth. A steady WHUMP, WHUMP, WHUMP of mortars and the coughing POCK of grenade launchers prevailed, punctuating the chatter of small arms.

The symphony of firing reports slackened and halted abruptly as the cease-fire order was given. A sudden silence hung over the area as if it were closed off in a bubble of glass. The rotor blades of a helicopter made the only sound as they slapped the air.

"Okay, check out the village and burn it. Give me a casualty report."

Smoke and flame followed the breeze as the village was consumed. Someone picked up the stained children for burial and another soldier returned to the company perimeter with two blindfolded captives in tow.

"What happened to the new guy?"

"He got the front of his face blown off in the first five minutes. Never even got a shot off."

No, I couldn't tell young Arnie how Johnny had died the very first time he went out on a combat patrol. Neither could I tell Arnie about the little children that were slaughtered and the soldier who was so brave that he got killed.

All I told Arnie was about the times we got drunk. I didn't tell him we were trying to forget. Arnie laughed at the stories. And me — I guess I cried a little.

WAR

War is like throwing a dog a rope.
He takes it in his mouth
and pulls
and you pull
and he pulls back.
If you take away the rope he's sad
If you let him have it he's sad.
He doesn't want to win, or lose.
He only wants to fight.

Thomas Gray

PART ALONE

The sounds of doves across silent fields
of battles
Quiet ammunition factories echoing
the notes of progress
Chimes of all churches heard
in harmony
Each a part alone in the magic
unwritten symphony

Juanita Woods

MUSING

"WONDER WALL" A. G.

To have a wall built
between two friends
is the saddest
quietest scene
of haunted isolation

Juanita Woods

I had a headache,
Made of middle-class morality.
I gave it to him,
He gave it to the dog.
Now we have a moral middle-class dog.

Jane O'Keefe

LITTLE GIRL, OLD MAN

What are you, little girl?
Well, mostly I'm afraid, old man.
Of what, little girl?
Well, most of never finding out, old man.
Of finding out what, little girl?
What happiness is, old man.
Aren't you happy, little girl?
No, old man, I'm afraid.
Of what else, little girl?
Well, mostly of dying without ever having lived . . .
Like you, old man.

Jane O'Keefe



al purvere

LIQUID MANKIND

Oceans of people
Masses of crowds
Try try love
One another
Every brother
Mankind moves
Slowly but
Run to your fellow
Hundreds of thousands
Crying for your ear
Listen to one and
Begin the road
To an ocean of individuals

Juanita Woods

ANOTHER PLANE

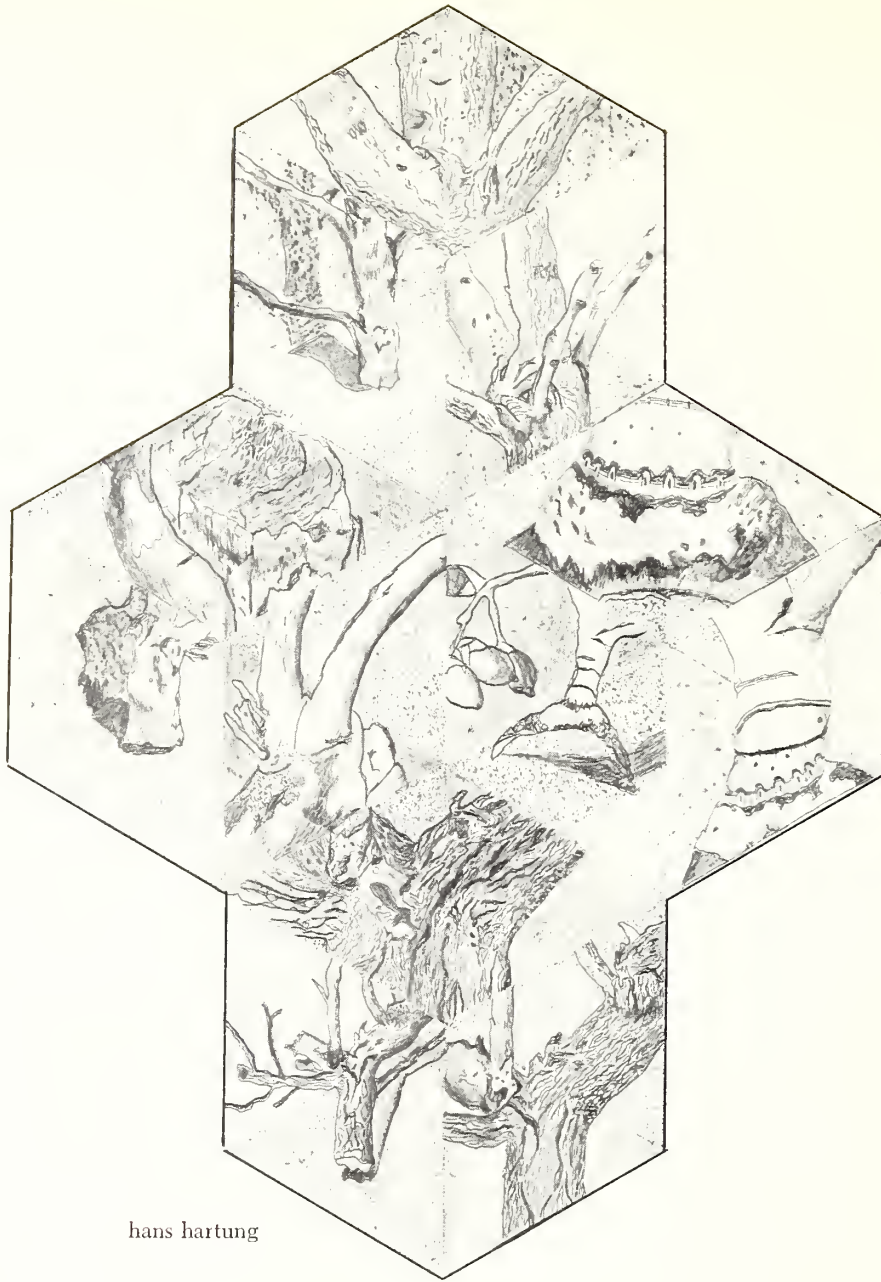
Don't sit on me
and tell me
who I am
(I shouldn't listen
anyway
you know)

Don't point at me
to state
what's missing there
(I'm better off
without it
I'd just say)

Don't look for me
just where
you think I'd go
(you'll never find me
even if
I'm there)

Don't say I'm not
a friend
to you at all
(it's friends who say
just what they
shouldn't have said).

Mary McBride



hans hartung

THE PUZZLE

Linda Patrick

Edward and I were employees of the same firm, and it was a company errand that sent us out into the city together. We had scarcely gone half-way to our destination when the rains began, trapping us in the inner room of a sidewalk cafe. After we had drunk the perfunctory coffee, Edward looked around for something with which to pass the time.

Noticing a wooden box of what appeared to be jigsaw puzzle pieces lying in the corner, he motioned the waitress over.

"Do you know whether all the pieces to that puzzle are there?" he asked.

She looked at him uncomprehendingly.

"Oh, those? . . . gee, no, I don't. They've been

here longer than I have," she said, "But I can ask the manager, if you really want to know."

She wandered off, shaking her head at us from across the room, indicating equal parts of ignorance and indifference.

"Do you want to try it anyway?" Edward asked me. I looked out the window, where the rain had found a satisfactory rhythm and was plainly prepared to exercise but minute variations on it for hours to come. I nodded to Edward that it was all right with me. He went over to the box and brought back two large handfuls of pieces, dumping half of them in front of me and keeping the other half for himself. We slid two of the mirror-topped tables into place before us to give us more room to work. Edward sifted through his pieces in an exploratory gesture. "Some of these are pretty beat-up," he commented, "and others don't look as though they've even been separated."

I dipped into my pile and found a border piece with leaves the color of Indian-summer sycamore and red maple. Edward matched it with no trouble. "Well, at least that's encouraging," I said.

For several minutes the border seemed to fill itself with ease. Below the trees we found what would surely be the rough extent of pavement delineating the limits of a city, and on the other side we had no trouble finding where water met water. There seemed a scarcity of straight-sided pieces, though, and as I fit one watery piece into another of his, we both noticed that although the indentations matched, the blues had an undercurrent that was subtly different. In his initial piece we could see the innocent clarity of a silt-bottomed lake, and in mine was the faint, grey-green froth of the North Atlantic in winter. "These don't go together," I said, but Edward studied them a minute and shook his head.

"They're too good a fit. It must be something like the Gulfstream, or an underground river. Let it go for now."

Outside, the rain continued to fall, and as we worked, we found many more inexplicable holes that no amount of reversal or rationalization could fill. Parts of Cannery Row lay superimposed on a bookstore window in the city, and above them both rose a spire that might have been a university or cathedral or even a part of the span of a bridge. The city itself had an entirely elusive character. It was at the same time a small town with too large a population, and New-port empty in the winter season. Snow fell in the midday sun and ran through city gutters to make up mountain streams. People seemed to move about so quickly that as soon as one of us felt sure he could match a feature

the new piece inevitably changed the character of the recipient. We spent several minutes on a Picassoesque face that seemed equally familiar to us both, but a newly-discovered piece spelled defeat, and in frustration we went back to the countryside where we had begun and where our luck had been better.

Immediately, we found a cabin, and we were able to fill some parts of it quickly. One of us would manage one, two, or even three pieces and look up to find the other ready to resume the effort. But even here we were unable to linger long. Around the cabin there grew strange plants, linked pine and mimosa, oak and palm, and finally something that could be indigenous only to a faraway Pacific island.

It was incredible. There were holes, many holes even in the outline itself, and what pieces we could find and match were so often strange in conjunction. But the pieces fit so perfectly where they could be joined at all.

We grew so absorbed that several hours went by and only the silence of the stilled rain recalled our attention. Then we saw the huge panorama before us, full of disparate scenes tenuously linked in some places and broken by smooth-edged channels of separation in others, places that seemed to call for other leit motifs the box had not yet begun to provide. We still had many unused pieces.

"What I can't understand," I said, "is why any of it goes together at all. There must be parts of a lot of different puzzles here. Maybe some of them were cut on the same die. I want to see it all, but you can tell that it's never going to work. There aren't enough of the proper pieces. And so much of it is ugly."

"Yes, a lot of it is ugly, or at least odd," Edward agreed. "And I don't see the sense to a lot of it, either, but there are parts I would be sorry to lose. Look over here, and here, where it works so perfectly. Are you artistic?"

"What do you mean?" I asked. "Can I draw? A little, I guess. Oh, I see what you mean. We could try to fill in some of the empty places. But it's such an odd medium. It won't be easy, and it will certainly take time."

"We have some of that, don't we?" he smiled. "We may not do it all, but who knows what help we'll get, at odd hours like this. And we don't ever have to be doing the same things at the same time, if we don't want to. Did you know that the rain stopped? Shall we go?"

I gave him my hand. As we left the table, its mirrored top reflected the thousand prismatic lights from the chandelier overhead.

LISTEN

Cardboard people
 In glass houses
Row on row
 Of nine to five mouses
Living breathing
 Statues of clay
No God ever intended
 To be that way

Naked politicians
 Clothed in old clichés
Spewing foam and froth
 And farting words
Within cloistered halls
 Impressing others
With dead ideas
 While atop the flagpole
 Our eagle smothers

FRANK DOUTZE

ALUM

Jealousy
 Like a raging fire
Burns and ravages
 And leaves nought
But charr'd remains
 To be blown away
By the gentle winds of regret

Police run riot
 Bending nightsticks on heads
"We've come to make quiet!"
Well, quiet are the dead

Generals wage war
 Safe in glass towers
They selfishly ignore
 Their nuclear showers

Don't burn your draft card
 It's your ticket to Tombstone
And sure, war isn't hard
 You won't die alone
All your young thoughts
 And friends you love
Die with your loss
 At least you'll rest above
The poison spread
 By people and minds
Already dead

And to you who ignore
 What happens here
You lack your fellow man
 Be he yellow, white
Red or black
 His blood still leaves a stain
Red
 Yellow
 Black
 White
All still have been slain



ken myers

183rd STREET TRAP

Bill Goetz

Lenny gazed about the dismal courtroom as if in search of something; something intangible, something to assure him that this was just a nightmare. He opened and closed his eyes several times only to find it all quite real: The City of New York Versus Don DiAngelo.

Up front Don was sitting beside his lawyer with his head tilted downward, looking as if he were hoping to find some form of miracle in the cold, scuffed floor where many others before him had shuffled their feet nervously, with the same futile hope. Don's fate would be determined by the jury's verdict, his future decided by one of two words, "Guilty" or "Innocent."

Lenny had been Don's best friend for ten years, since they were eight. He recalled the first day Don had moved to 183rd Street, the old neighborhood. He had won the admiration of all the guys by giving them free lessons on how to cuss. It was the first time any of them had learned to use four letter words, and others, effectively. They practiced among themselves all afternoon. That evening, Lenny remembered, he had called his big brother a "bastard" and upon doing so had got his mouth washed out with soap. The following day he and Don got into the first of several hundred fights, all of which ended in a draw.

Despite their sometimes touchy relationship, they were inseparable. Lenny first recognized Don as a real friend when, after a brief hassle over the score in a game of stickball, Don had gone home taking with him the wounds of battle which, between two eight year olds, primarily consisted of one scraped elbow and a bruised knee. About twenty minutes later Don had returned, only accompanying him was his father, shouting at the top of his lungs. Lenny knew then where Don had acquired his vocabulary. It was the first time he had seen Don's father, who appeared tall, lanky, and terribly mean looking. To Lenny he didn't look much like a father.

Upon approaching Lenny, Don's father had inquired, "Is this the boy?" After a nod from Don, he grabbed Lenny, securing his arms, enabling Don to have free punches. Don cocked his arm back, but didn't follow through. He just walked away looking at the cracked sidewalk, not turning back. His father murmured, "That little son of a bitch! He wakes me up on my day off . . .", as he walked in the direction of their house.

When they were ten Lenny and Don were allowed to go into the city alone, and their first encounter with the subway was just short of catastrophe. On their way home from Yankee Stadium they were very excited to find most of the cars on

the "E" train vacant. They moved freely about from car to car as the train maintained full speed. When the train stopped at a station they continued playing, running in and out of the train waiting to see which one got caught outside when the doors closed. The agreement was that the one who won got off at the next station and waited for the loser. It took them almost two hours to get from 248th Street to 225th Street, a twenty minute walk. At the street station, Lenny found himself making a desperate dash for the train as the doors were closing, Don jumping up and down with laughter inside the car. Lenny managed to get his head inside the doors as the train slowly started to move. Lenny ran with the train while Don tugged and tugged, no luck. The cutoff was coming closer and closer with Lenny's body still half in, half out. Don was crying as disaster seemed inevitable. Then with a last final yank, Lenny's whole body lay face down on the floor of the train. They didn't play that game anymore. When Lenny thanked Don for saving his life, Don replied, "Hell, Lenny, if you had gotten killed I would have gotten in trouble."

They both were sent to the new catholic school over on Farmer's Boulevard and shared in each other's animosity toward it. They learned how to skip school and did it often. They even spent a whole day in Springfield Park and loved every minute of it. Just the thought of achieving this feat without any deleterious consequences enhanced the situation.

One day as they were walking toward school, they hopped on the Jamaica bus and headed for the city. It was really neat to spend your whole day window shopping rather than reciting the catechism. Don bought two lemon ices and they were in ecstasy. They went into Macy's Department Store and were lost among all the toys, clothes, and people. In the boys' clothing department, Lenny tried on pants while Don tried on jackets. Lenny found a particular pair of pants that he liked but didn't have enough money for them. He really liked those pants.

Don suggested that Lenny steal them. "Are you crazy!" said Lenny. Don replied, "Shit, I must have stolen three hundred dollars worth of crap from just this store. My old man won't buy me anything; in fact, he even orders me to steal stuff for him. He said if I get caught they won't do anything but try and scare the hell out of me and turn me over to him. All's you have to do is go in the dressing room and put the new pants on and leave the old ones in the room." Lenny was nervous but he didn't want to appear scared so he did it.

But while making their exit the door cop grabbed them when he saw the tags from Lenny's new pants hanging down. Both their parents were notified and when it was found they were skipping school, the school was also notified. Lenny's parents scolded him and restricted him for two weeks. That night Don came over. After convincing Lenny's mother that he had coaxed Lenny into it, he was permitted to see Lenny. "Didn't you get into any trouble, Don?" "Hell no, my old man just laughed, and called me a stupid little ass for getting caught."

Don stayed over that night and they remained up the whole night. They spent half of it trying to translate a paragraph from Lenny's brother's book, *The Facts of Life*. The rest of the night they spent telling stories and jokes and discussing what they were gonna be when they grew up. Don wanted to be a teacher in a reform school, 'cause he had spent a whole six months in one. Lenny wanted to be a baseball player.

At thirteen they both had the urge to become a part of a gang, which was actually more of a protective necessity. There were two local gangs, "The Knights" and "The Coup". The Coup was known to be a much better organization. It had two factions, "The Little Coup" and the "The Big Coup". The Little Coup ranged from ages thirteen to sixteen and the Big Coup from seventeen on up. It was a joyous day when both Lenny and Don were considered for membership. To pass initiation, one had to steal twenty dollars worth of merchandise and be able to prove it, to drink a whole bottle of Thunderbird wine, and to make it with Libby who could be termed as the gang's "Mama". Initiation night was one to remember.

The Little Coup spent most of its nights assembling around Minks Candy Store or the schoolyard of P.S. 52. They never accomplished much of anything but had a lot of fun. Once they even had a semi-rumble with some boys from the Bronx. The Big Coup was serious business though, and a lot of action.

Lenny never made it to the Big Coup however, for his parents moved to Florida. In a matter of

months he found himself wearing loafers instead of pointed shoes with cleats; cuffed pants instead of skin tight continentals; blue blazers instead of double breasted jackets with the belt in the back. It took him six months before he wore his first pair of shorts. There were no gangs in Florida.

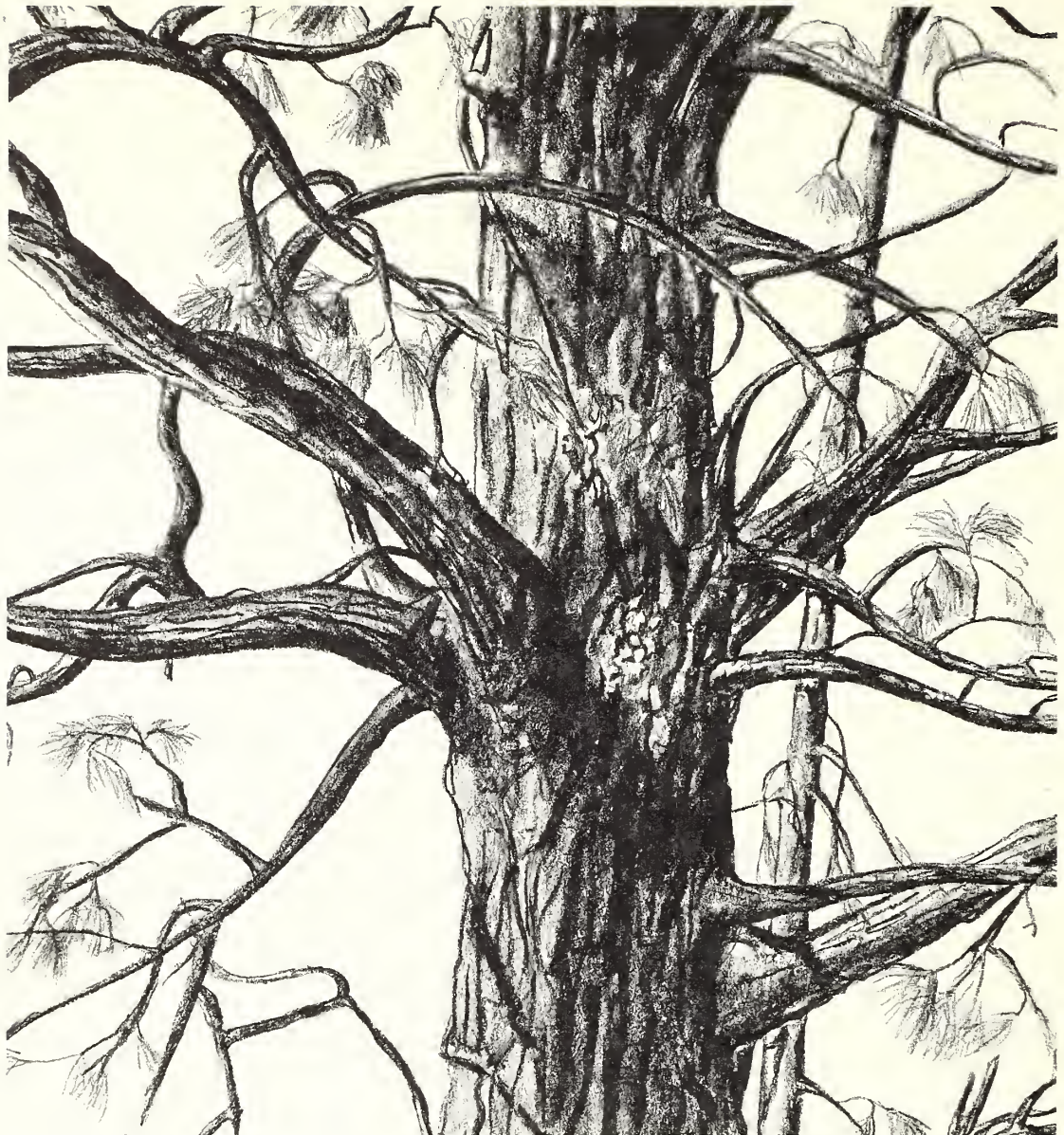
Two summers later Lenny visited Don. His parents were now divorced, and Don's mother was hardly seen the whole two weeks of Lenny's stay. Don was now a member of the Big Coup.

Don had taken Lenny with him the night they got caught. They went to a friend's house in Ozone Park. The house was shut tight and when they rang the doorbell, a loud commotion occurred inside. A boy who was later introduced as Carmine let them in and led them into the basement where several other cats indulged in smoking pot. Lenny was shocked when Don lit up a joint and he passed up the opportunity to do so himself. Strobe lights flickered, psychedelic music along with the smell of incense permeated the small, damp basement. The doorbell rang again and Carmine went upstairs to answer it, only this time he returned accompanied by three policemen who promptly frisked and arrested everyone in the room.

Lenny's case was dismissed after Don persuaded the others to testify on Lenny's behalf. Don convinced the judge that Lenny did not indulge in the smoking, and wasn't even aware of what was happening.

Lenny opened his eyes as the jury returned. They weren't gone too long and that's a bad sign, he thought. Don didn't have too much going for him as he had already been convicted once before for possession. If convicted he would spend no less than five years in the state prison. The foreman of the jury stood: "We find the defendant, Don Di-Angelo, guilty as charged". Don looked back at Lenny, then turned toward the judge to receive his sentence. His gaze again focused on the floor from which miracles never rise.

Lenny descended slowly down the courthouse steps, wondering if he had not moved if he would have been caught in the 183rd Street Trap.



nancy bickford

PREACHER LIVES IN SPARKMAN

Russell Moore

Sparkman was much like many other small towns, with a population of 238 (at least that's what the sign said; I think they must have counted the cows). Its center was a lumber mill and it was surrounded by farms, but the old farms were dying out giving way to vast timber farms and log reserves. Most of the old color had died with the coming of the new life. The old farmers' market lay deserted, weeds grew in the main marketplace, the old schoolhouse north of town stood empty, and its peeling paint left naked boards to crack and rot. The bell tower of the old Baptist Church stood black where the smoke and flames that had

gutted the inside had left their mark. Yes, all was gone except, for a particular store that stood at one end of the town where every afternoon there would gather a group of men, not old men, but OLD men who would come in one by one and settle around the large furnace in the middle of the room. They were not fat, jolly, old men like one might picture in your living room in suburbia, but they were thin men whose skin was taut and leathery, characterizing the lives they had lived. They were of the first families who had settled the country. One could tell them by their appearance. There were the Lewis brothers who were tall

and thin and seemed to stretch across the room as they sat with their feet on the rail around the stove, and their chair against the wall; there were the Russells, smaller and stouter — the two families seemed to accent each other on such opposite polls; and there were the old James boys who favored the Russells in height and the Lewis family in weight. There they would sit until about ten, sometimes later, passing the jug — if one was to be had — and playing checkers. It was in the doorway that we kids would gather and wait. Sometimes if we had some money, we would buy a peppermint stick and sit inside on a bag of flour or peanuts or one of the old cracker boxes. They would sit and play checkers and spit, then about ten they would all go home. On some nights they would draw back in their chairs and take a long breath, sometimes holding it and letting it out, sometimes only spitting tobacco. On occasion the ancient men would peel apples, the long curly-cues would wind their way to the floor as they would cut off the pieces of apple to put in their mouth. About ten they would grunt, rise, and push their way through the door. We would look at each other and sigh, pushing out the door behind them on our way home. But on particular nights they would speak, this is what we waited for. If we were lucky and something set them off, they could tell the best stories we ever heard. They would talk about hunting, fishing, Indians, and sometimes about what our parents did as kids.

I remember one night my cousin Jeff dropped his candy and it rolled under the stove. He crawled over, sticking his hand under trying to pull it out quickly before it got burned. He was quick, but not quick enough, and when he pulled his hand back the top of his hand was singed of its youthful hair. One of the old James boys looked at him and said, "What's the matter, boy? Can't you sit still? If I were that slow in my youth, I'd a been a goner for sure. And still me and my brother Tom could outsit any hunter in the country. In fact, that's how we lost old Tom . . .

"It was spring one year, me and Tom was out hunting up some food when we ran across this bunch of Indian track. We decided right then it was time we turned around. Tom and I started heading back down the hill, but about half-way down we knew it was too late. Down at the bottom of the hill were about twelve Indians. They must have heard us coming, them Indians could hear anything. I looked at Tom and he looked at me, and we started up over the hill. We ran down the other side, jumped over a brook, and hid behind

some brush. We were sitting there hoping that we had got away, when over the hill came an Indian. We started, we ran down one hill and up another for about two hours before we hit this little plain. We had a good lead on them Indians and were across the plain before the first one of them got there. It was there on the other side of the plain that we had to jump over the stream. I jumped over before I heard the splash. Tom had cleared the stream all right but fell backward after landing on some wet stones near the bank. I ran back to him to find him holding his ankle. I must have broken it, he said. I looked behind and figured that the only way to save him was for him to find a tree and for me to lead the Indians off in the other direction.

"I pushed Tom up in a big oak tree and told him not to move until I came back for him, then I took off. The last thing I saw as I ran off was ole Tom sitting on a branch next to the trunk, so still you couldn't see him breathe. Well, the mangy old Indians chased me clean into the next county. I ran two days without stopping. Finally I ran up on this town and that's where they quit.

"I walked on into town and told some people what had happened. One of the men took me home with him for something to eat. The old man's house was way out in the woods, and when we got to the cabin, one of his daughters fixed me something to eat. I don't remember, I guess I fell asleep and slept clean around the clock. When I woke up, the most beautiful girl I ever saw was standing over me. I looked into her deep blue eyes and it hit me, this was the girl I was going to marry. Well, she fixed me dinner that night and I took her to a barn dance. I stayed around for about a week before I asked her old man. It turned out that he had eight daughters so I figured that my chances were pretty good. As it turned out I was right, he had us married the next day and on our way back to Sparkman the next.

"When I got back to Sparkman, I showed off my new bride to the family. I went through all the proper greetings. I guess then it was, when I missed ole Tom, I asked Paw if Tom got back, and he said that he thought he was with me. So next day we went out to where everything happened. We looked around and finally found the tree where I had left him. Lo and Behold, Tom was gone, or at least you couldn't see him, all there was was a big hump on the trunk where Tom had been sitting! I guess Tom had sat so still that the tree had grown right over him. Well, me and paw never cut him out, we just carved a cross on the tree and went home."

STANLEY McDONALD

LIFE

Boys and girls searching, hoping to find
A moment shared that in God's mind
Is worth its weight in sweat and pain
One day of sunshine, ten days of rain.

Stanley McDonald

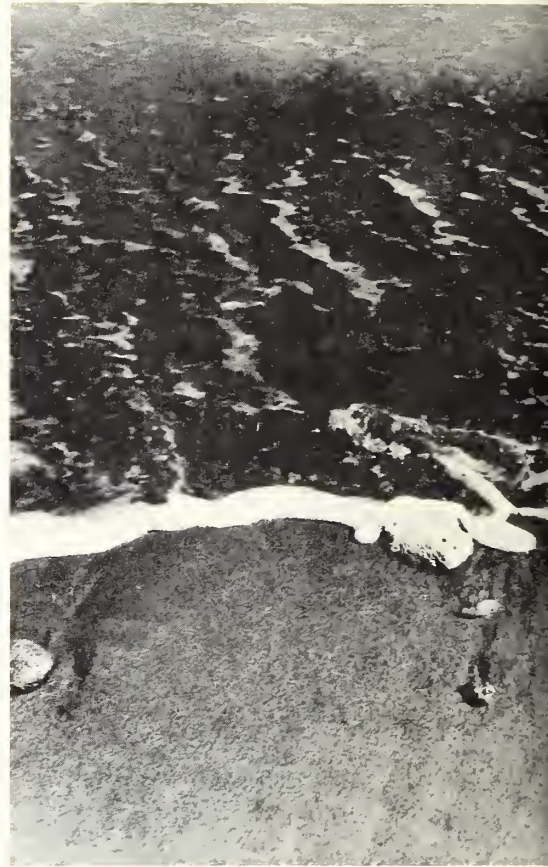
SEARCHING

Most things are very easy to lose,
I can lose most things anywhere that I chose,
But though I've tried every way I can see,
I just can't lose my virginity.

I've tried everywhere; weeds, bed and beach,
I've tried it with any girl who'd come within reach.
I tried seduction, I tried all I could,
But nothing I tried turned out any good.

All girls want to keep it; they want to stay pure,
But some girls have lost it; I know that's for sure.
Any girl that's lost it, don't worry, that's fine,
Any time that she wants it, she sure can have mine!

I've tried it with girls from California to Maine;
And some of those bitches like to drove me insane.
But after all that trouble I'm always forlorn,
I'm still just as virgin as the day I was born.



LOOK

See the soldier fall in battle,
see the soldier fall
He knows, he knew
and now it's true
See the soldier fall

See the soldier cry in pain,
see the soldier cry
He comes, he came
he played the game
See the soldier cry

See the soldier die alone,
see the soldier die
He kills, he killed
with spirit stilled
See the soldier die



al purvere

VALUES

Long dark hair and large dark eyes
That's what three dollars in Tiajuana buys
I think you'll agree that it would be nice
If that were also the stateside price.

Instead we spend good time and money
Trying to make our stateside honey —
A movie here and a dinner there
And a lot of lies might get you there.

But then again she may stand fast
And try to make her mystery last;
She may even try to run her three dollar price
Into wedding bells and handfuls of rice.

I don't want to pay with all my days
Just to pass my nights in pleasant ways
While that may seem all right to some
I just say "Tiajuana, here I come."

NO MIGHTY OCEAN

Not the sweet melodious singing of a slowly flowing tide,
Nor the grandeur of the mountains put my woman's love aside,
Nor can a mighty warrior with his deadly weapon drawn,
Nor the brewing of a thunderstorm subdue my love to brawn

Not the melting of the pattern of a gently fallen snowflake,
Cause misery from a sorrow which has dwelled within a heartbreak;
But my love has taken vintage out of mellowing of grapes,
For my love, my love I give her, but my love, my love won't take.

While rotting in a prison, or declining from a fall,
No man in heart enduring has desire to fight a brawl . . .
Thus my heart is broken, and my voice has lost its roar,
My love's no mighty ocean, but a ripple on the shore.

David Kalbach



al purvere

CHARLOTTE'S RING

Margaret Eastman

By the time they reached Revere that night the rain had started. When they went through the toll station of the Maine turnpike at Kittery, the rain was mixed with snow. At Wells, Maine, when they turned off the pike onto Route 4 toward Rangeley it was coming down in thick, wet flakes.

"Hard driving in this mess," remarked Bill Krause. "If you get tired, Karl, let me take over the wheel."

"Thanks, I'm okay," answered Karl Warner. His tone of voice was confident. He was in control. "It's like driving toward a solid wall, the way the lights reflect back off the snow. I keep hoping that's the road I see out there. A person sees what he believes, you know." Karl laughed. It was a pet saying of his, "to believe is to see".

Ted Morton, who sat between Karl and Bill on the front seat, moaned softly. He had fallen asleep.

"Really great, though," said Bill. "Snow like this so early in November. It'll give us terrific tracking on those deer."

"I've been thinking about that," said Karl. "A great break, really."

They drove on for several miles in silence. The only sound was the slapping of the windshield wipers and the muffled hum of the engine in Karl Warner's new Buick.

Karl was glad to be on the way to Maine again with Bill and Ted, perhaps he even felt a sense of relief. For a time, after Charlotte, his wife, had disappeared while hunting with him in the Maine woods, he felt he could never go back there again. But Bill had convinced him that he must go back, that he must do the things he had always enjoyed, and that he must not blame himself for what had happened.

No, it wasn't his fault, really. Bill had convinced him of that, too. Good old Bill. He was a strong one — always facing up to things; in life, in business, in everything. Karl envied Bill's strength. Bill could be depended on, and Karl needed someone like that. He hated to admit it, but he did — even as he had needed Charlotte all those fifteen years they'd been married.

The road was constantly rising now. They were beginning to climb the low foot hills of the mountains, and the snow was becoming finer as the temperature dropped with the higher altitude.

"Hope everything will go all right next week back on the jobs," remarked Karl, breaking the long silence.

"Don't worry about it," Bill assured him. "The fellows will relax a bit with all three of us bosses away, but it won't matter much. We're ahead of schedule on most of the houses in the development. Besides, the girls will keep an eye on things."

"Yes, I've noticed that both your wife, and Ted's have taken more interest in the business since Charlotte's gone."

"Charlotte was a very capable business woman," said Bill. "I suppose Betty and Jean never felt their help was needed."

"Oh, I know what it was," Karl continued. "Charlotte never could work with anyone — she had to do all the running herself." A shade of bitterness crept into Karl's voice.

"Forget the past, Karl," interrupted Bill.

Karl didn't appear to hear him. "Charlotte had this idea that she was always right about everything. She hated anyone to get the better of her. And she never forgot anything. God, how she loved to get revenge."

"Forget it. It doesn't matter now," said Bill.

Suddenly the car skidded on a curve. "Hey, watch it!" Bill shouted.

Karl pulled hard on the wheel. They had nearly gone off the side of the road. Ted woke up. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"It's okay," said Karl. "We just slid a little on the ice. This road is glazed. Check the back seat, Bill. Did any of the gear slide off the seat?"

"No, everything's all right."

Ted yawned, shifted in the seat and slumped into sleep again.

The back seat of the car was piled high with suitcases and heavy coats. On top of the coats were three high-powered rifles, each one fitted with a telescopic sight. Both Bill and Ted had brought their 30.06 rifles, the same ones that they had used for hunting deer in Maine over the past four seasons. Karl Warner had bought a new 30.30 Winchester this year. He had lost his 30.06 a year ago when he had been hunting in Maine with Charlotte. He had put it down somewhere in the woods when he had run back to town to get help to find Charlotte. He couldn't remember putting it down, but when he got out of the woods, he didn't have it with him. He had no idea where he had left it.

"Do you think Spike Hodges will still have the store open this late?" asked Bill. "It's nearly 10:30 now. We won't get into Phillips much before eleven or so."

"He'll be there," answered Karl. "If he isn't, I'll go get him. He only lives a few houses down the road from the store. He'll be glad for business at any hour. Besides, we got to pick up our grub tonight and get our licenses. We'll want to be out in the orchard by daybreak. This fine snow will be ideal for tracking."

The lights were on when they pulled up in front of the general store. Ted woke up with a start.

"Oh, we here already?" he asked yawning.

"Yes, you bastard," Bill said, affecting indignation. "You sleep like a baby while we strain our eyes and fight our way up these damn country roads. A lot you'd care if we went off down into some gorge full of water."

Ted blinked sleepily and began apologizing.

"Com'on," said Bill. "I was just kidding you. You're as sensitive as a woman." He cuffed Ted on the shoulder. The three men laughed amiably as they piled out of the car and went into the store.

"Well, well, Mr. Warner," Spike Hodges said as they entered. "Didn't expect you'd come up hunting this year. Specially after all that happened last year — Mrs. Warner getting lost and all."

Bill and Ted exchanged uncomfortable glances. "Damn blunt of him," whispered Bill. Ted nodded.

"Can't understand," Spike continued, "never found a trace of her all summer either. I can see a body not being found in winter — hunting season being over. But thought sure she'd be turned up in the summer. A lot of people wander all over — loggers, hunters, even birdwatchers." He laughed, then he looked at Karl and realized he was saying too much. "Didn't mean to talk about things. Just that I never did think you'd come back here. Real tragedy, shame, too. She was such a pretty woman and . . ."

"Life goes on, Spike," said Karl, interrupting him. "Can't live in the past forever. How's everything with you?"

"Slow, so far," answered Spike. "Weather's been too damned warm for hunting. This snow will help though. Quite a surprise. Won't last, though. Ground's too warm."

Karl handed a list of groceries and supplies to Spike. "Don't forget to fill out our licenses," Karl reminded him. He remembered that Charlotte had always insisted on taking care of the license for him, as if he were incapable of such a simple thing.

The three men circulated around the store. They picked up various items from the crowded and disorderly shelves. In a far corner of the store three local men sat near an old iron stove watching a late movie on a 23 inch Zenith television set. A fly-specked "Special Sale" tag hung down in one corner of the picture tube. The men nodded and grunted a greeting as they passed, and then huddled together and whispered after they had gone by.

Spike put four cardboard boxes on the counter and was busy listing items as he placed them inside.

"Don't add too much extra," Karl called from across the store. "I always end up giving away a lot of canned stuff I never ordered."

Spike didn't appear to hear him. Karl thought of how Charlotte had always complained that he let Hodges put in extra items on him, and that he didn't have the nerve to take him up about it.

"Has Joe Carter been looking after my camp?" asked Karl as he approached the counter again.

"Oh, sure," said Spike. "Joe and his wife keep a good eye on the place. Says they check it almost every day. Send that half-wit girl of theirs — you know Gladly — when they don't get by. She knows enough for that. Likes to wander all around these hills anyway, day and night. Strange sort that she is, bet she knows every rock and cave in these mountains."

"Oh, God, I'm tired," Karl said. "Let's get the gear in the car. We've got to get the camp warmed up. It'll be a couple hours before we get to bed now."

The snow had let up some as the three men drove the two miles further to the camp. The dirt road up the mountainside was slippery. The warm ground had melted the bottom layer of snow into a greasy, muddy slush. Karl had to try several times to make it up the last steep rise in front of the camp.

The three men got out and opened up the four room hunting camp. It was damp and uninviting inside. Karl went in and then came out and stood in the snow. He stared off into the darkness toward the north ridge of the mountain.

Ted noticed him standing there and went over to him and put his hand on his shoulder. "Look, Karl, if all this is going to be too hard for you — thinking of Charlotte and all that happened — we can dump all this stuff here tonight and go back to the hotel in Farmington. It will be better in the morning."

"Hell, no!" answered Karl. "I'm all right. Just tired, that's all."

Karl was thinking of Charlotte. Now that he was back again she was sharp and clear in his memory. Things were crowding into his mind; the events of the day a year ago on the north ridge. He remembered the argument over the deer he had been trailing and lost. He could hear Charlotte saying, "You can't do anything on your own. If I leave you for five minutes, you're lost!"

Ted gripped Karl's shoulder very hard. "Okay, old man. We'll stay. Anyway, we're here with you."

By one o'clock in the morning the three men had unpacked the car, started a good fire in the fireplace, and pretty well set up camp. Ted and Bill got into their sleeping bags on the beds and were soon asleep. Karl insisted on sitting up for awhile alone. The fire was burning quite hot, flames shooting far up into the chimney. He was afraid the old soot in the chimney might get overheated and catch on fire.

A kerosene lamp burned in the center of the round kitchen table. It cast a curved shadow across the room. It was warmer in the room, but the walls and furniture still emitted a dank coolness around the edges.

There was a soft knock on the door. Karl thought he must have dozed off and dreamed he heard it. He sat up and stared at the door. Then he heard it again. His heart started beating rapidly. He looked around for his hunting rifle. It was leaning against his coat on a chair. He was just going to

reach for it when a key turned in the lock and the door opened slowly.

Karl was frozen to his chair. He was paralyzed with fright, but he didn't know why. He had never been afraid of anything here in the mountains. Then he thought, "I know what's the matter with me. I'm dreaming. That's it. I must be dreaming."

The door opened fully and a form in a heavy plaid coat and brown slacks hesitated in the doorway. Then, step by step, the form came toward him into the circle of light formed by the fire and the lamp. Something about the coat was very familiar to Karl. He had seen it before. Karl did not move or speak. He knew it was a woman.

A mittened hand pulled the scarf from her head and long brown hair became visible. Large dark eyes met Karl's and he felt a shudder go through him.

"Charlotte?" His voice squeaked. "Good God, Charlotte, it is you!" Karl got up and took a step toward her. She backed away from him. Her eyes registered no fear, only a sort of blankness and a vague curiosity.

"Charlotte," said Karl again, his voice shaking. "Where were you? Have you been waiting all this time for me to come back? Why didn't you tell someone? Why did you let me think you were dead?"

The girl stared back at him without expression.

"Oh, no," said Karl. "You've gone insane — absolutely insane."

She stepped back into the shadow and only stared into Karl's eyes.

"Are you really Charlotte?" He advanced toward her and she pulled further back from him. He reached out to grab her but only caught her mitten. The mitten pulled off in his hand and he let it drop to the floor. She reached down to pick it up and he saw the ring on her finger.

"Your ring, Charlotte, your ring! It has to be you — my God, oh my God, what happened to you?"

There was no doubt now. He knew that ring. He had had it made up especially for Charlotte's birthday the same year they had been married. Charlotte had chosen the design herself. It had



a platinum setting with a large crescent-shaped blue sapphire surrounded by diamond chips. Charlotte always wore it. There was no mistaking that ring.

"Charlotte, Charlotte," he said, again trying to reach her. She backed to the door. She whimpered softly as she fumbled with the lock.

Karl stopped. Panic was rising in him like a tide pressing up a narrow gorge. He ran back across the kitchen to the bedroom where Bill and Ted were sleeping. He shouted and raved incoherently.

In the confusion of sudden awakening, Bill and Ted had trouble getting out of their sleeping bags. It took them a few minutes to calm Karl and get any sense out of what he was saying.

"You've been dreaming," said Bill. "Snap out of it. You're all right, Karl. Nobody is here except us."

"I knew we should have stayed at the hotel tonight," said Ted. "Karl was too tired to face coming up here tonight."

"I tell you she is out there. Go see for yourselves," shouted Karl. He was still nearly hysterical.

The fire still burned brightly in the kitchen. The room was empty; the door was closed and locked.

"See, Karl, nobody's here," said Bill. "You had to be dreaming."

"No, no, I wasn't dreaming. At first I thought I was. But I touched her. I saw the ring on her hand. Charlotte is here — alive! She must have gone outside." Karl started for the door. Bill grabbed him and held him back. Karl struggled and tried to pull away.

"Look! Look!" he screamed. He pointed to the floor. Small chunks of snow lay unmelted on the small rug inside the door.

"I'll be damned," said Ted. "Get a flashlight and let's look outside."

The snow had stopped and bright stars pierced the thin scattered clouds of the moonless night. The air felt colder.

"There are footprints out here all right," said Ted. "Small, woman-sized boots, I'd say." He flashed the light over the snow. The footprints circled the car several times.

"It looks like they came from the orchard and go back that way again," said Bill.

"Toward the north ridge," said Karl. His voice shook from the cold and nervousness. "That's where I-I- lost Charlotte last year."

"We're not dressed for this," said Bill. "Those prints go way across the field and no one's in sight now."

"Something just occurred to me," said Ted. "Spike Hodges mentioned that Joe Carter's retarded

daughter wanders all around here, as he said, day and night. Your imagination was working overtime, Karl. You've been under such a terrible strain. It must have been her. Hodges said she's sent up here to check the camp, so she'd have a key. It must have been her."

"No, it wasn't. It was Charlotte," insisted Karl. "I saw her ring. I know what I saw."

Bill nudged Ted and nodded back toward the camp. "Come on, I'm freezing," he said. "We can follow these tracks in the morning. Besides, Karl, Ted is right. It has to be that girl. What was her name? Gladdy, or something like that. It has to be. Charlotte is dead. She couldn't possibly have survived a whole year in the woods alone."

Karl started to shake violently. "Maybe it was her ghost. She'd do something like this to get revenge on me for—for—for losing her. I know she would." He began to mutter unintelligibly.

After a while, Bill and Ted persuaded Karl to go back to the camp and get into his sleeping bag. The two men sat in the dim light of the dying fire and waited until they were sure Karl had dropped off to sleep. They heard no sounds outside except the soft moaning of the light wind through the bare branch of the oak trees near the camp. It was three o'clock when they finally got to bed. Bill groaned as he checked the alarm clock. It was set to go off in an hour and a half.

At breakfast Bill and Ted insisted they wanted to drop any idea of following the footprints in the snow. They were sure the woman had been the Carter girl. But Karl was determined to follow them out.

"That was Charlotte," he argued again and again. I remember that coat. And the ring — I'd never mistake that ring. Her face was strained and odd looking, but after a year in the woods and all that happened, it's no wonder."

"Now, look, Karl," said Bill impatiently. "You've got to get over this idea. You told us yourself that you gave the clothes that Charlotte left here to Joe Carter. That probably was Charlotte's coat she was wearing."

"But the ring," insisted Karl. "I saw the ring."

"Maybe Charlotte left it here that day and the girl saw it one time when she came in and took it," said Ted.

"No, no, Charlotte never took it off," said Karl. "Besides, for some reason I remember clearly seeing it on her hand just before I — just before I was separated from her in the woods."

Bill shook his head and tapped his forehead with his finger as he caught Ted's eye.

"Let's get out hunting those deer," suggested

Bill. "You'll feel better, Karl, and before the day is out we'll catch up with this Gladly Carter and get this all straightened out."

Karl stood up to put on his coat, "Oh, hell, my knife. I almost forgot it." He went into the bedroom and got a hunting knife with a leather sheath from his suitcase. He slipped it into his belt. The handle was carved bone.

"Hey, you've got a new knife," remarked Bill. "What happened to the one I gave you a couple of years ago — the one with the black ebony handle I brought you from Africa?"

"Huh? Happened to it?" Karl looked at him confused. "I forgot about that. I forgot about that. Oh, God, yes, the knife." He started to pace the floor. He held his head in his hands.

"What's the matter with you, Karl?" snapped Bill. "I only asked what happened to the knife I gave you."

Karl stared at Bill a full minute before answering. "I don't know. I lost it. That's all. Stop asking me all these questions and let's go!"

Soft, gray daylight lay over the land as they started out. Bill and Ted finally gave in and followed the footprints in the snow with Karl. They went across the orchard and into a grove of hemlocks. Then they led to a shallow brook which flowed from a spring further up the mountain. They could not find where the footprints continued on the other side of the little stream. Whoever she was, she had gone a long way in the bed of the stream before walking in the snow again.

But there were deer tracks everywhere in the snow. They criss-crossed each other in every direction. Bill and Ted tried to persuade Karl to give up looking for the footprints and do some hunting.

"Okay," Karl agreed finally. "I'll go up over the north ridge and circle down the old logging road to the camp. You two can go the other direction up the road. We'll probably meet halfway somewhere. If not, I'll see you back at the camp around noon."

Bill and Ted agreed and started off through the woods. Karl was glad that neither of them had wanted to go with him. He had to climb that north ridge this morning, and he wanted to be alone.

"They think I've about flipped," he thought to himself. He chose the steepest part of the ridge because it was the shortest way up the mountain. After a few minutes of hard climbing he began to regret his choice of trail. It was very difficult going. He was following a narrow well-traveled deer run, and the snow was poek-marked with several sets of tracks. The sharp little V-points indicated traveling deer had gone both up and down the trail during the night.

He sat down to rest on a flat-surfaced erratic boulder a few feet off the trail. The sun was getting higher and it was warming up rapidly. The snow in the top branches of the trees was beginning to melt. The silence of the woods was fast being overcome by the sound of multiplied drops of water falling to the ground. Karl found himself hearing the drops in groups. They made a noise much like that of a deer walking through the underbrush. It seemed as if the sound came from one direction and then another, depending on which direction he concentrated. But the approaching steps never came any nearer than a certain point, and a deer never materialized.

Karl shook his head and loosened his coat. "The mind does play tricks," he thought. "But that was Charlotte last night. I know it! I know it!"

He continued climbing the steep trail. He was sure he could go directly to the place he was looking for, but it wasn't as easy as he had thought. So many areas look alike in the woods, and it had been a year since he'd been to that spot.

He circled the high point of the ridge three times before he recognized the outcrop of rock he was looking for. He stood on the ridge above it for a few moments. He stared down into the little valley that had once been the bed of a long-vanished stream. It looked so different to him now. There had been no snow on the ground when he had been there last year — with Charlotte.

"Charlotte — alive!" he said aloud. "Can it really be? But I saw her. I know that. But — ?"

Something caught his eye. He studied an odd shadow behind some thick leafless bushes. Gradually, the mottled form became distinct to his sight. It was a deer.

The doe stood still sniffing the wind which was coming up to her from the valley below. She had heard Karl, but had not yet seen him or detected his man odor.

Karl lifted the Winchester to his shoulder and picked up the deer in the cross-hairs of the telescopic sight. She was so close! It was a perfect shot. And what luck! He hadn't even been looking for deer. For a moment he forgot Charlotte, and where he was. Everything was concentrated on the



beautiful doe with her head arched, her nostrils flared to catch the message of the wind.

He fired once; he didn't notice the hard recoil of the gun. In one swift motion Karl worked the lever of the gun to put another shell in the chamber, re-located the deer in his sight, and fired a second shot.

The doe was fatally hit the first time. The second shot missed. She bolted out of the bushes, her white-flag tail erect in panic. She bounded a few feet before she dropped to the ground in front of the shallow cave formed by the outcrop of rock.

Karl scrambled down from the ridge to the deer. His heart was pounding with excitement.

"What luck!" he muttered. "What confounded damn good luck!"

He knelt beside the twitching body of the young doe. He leaned his gun against the rock and opened the snap on his hunting knife. He put his left hand on the belly of the deer; he felt for the spot where he wanted to start cutting, just below the rib cage.

As he started to insert the tip of the knife into the soft, warm flesh, he became aware of someone standing a few feet in front of the deer's head. It was his visitor of the night before.

"Charlotte," Karl moaned. "Oh, God, must I kill you again and again. I did that one thing on my own — can't you leave me with that?"

There was no answer. Karl felt his head become very light. The trees, the ground, everything began to turn slowly — then to whirl. He looked down dizzily. The deer was not there. Instead, under his knife lay Charlotte — Charlotte again, just as she was last year. He heard her scream and scream and scream.

Frantically, he drove the knife in as hard as he could. The body convulsed. He saw another knife flash before him. It was in Charlotte's hand. He saw the black ebony handle just a second before he felt its tip pierce his forehead. He saw a brilliant flash of white light, then flashes of yellow, blue, violet, followed by an all-enveloping soft blackness which poured in and silenced his universe.

Bill and Ted were some distance away when Karl fired the two shots.

"That came from over the north ridge," said Bill. "It must be Karl. Let's get over there and see if he needs any help."

The two men hurried along the old logging road that skirted the mountain. It was fairly easy going and they covered the distance quickly. They had only a short climb through heavy brush up the steep ridge. They weren't quite sure where Karl was, but they thought they might be able to see or hear him from the top of the ridge.

Suddenly, very near them, a woman's screams filled the air.

"Over this way," shouted Ted. The two of them crashed through some bushes and came onto the scene.

Karl had just sunk the knife deep into the belly of the deer. He jerked his body upright just as the doe in her dying convulsion raised her black foreleg and sent it crashing down into Karl's skull. The knife-sharp hoof slashed him the length of his face and deep into his chest. Nearby a young woman stood in the snow; she sobbed hysterically.

Bill and Ted stopped in horror. "Good Mother of God," exclaimed Ted. "He started to gut that deer before it was dead. Oh, my God, I'm going to be sick."

Bill overcame his shock and rushed over to Karl. He knelt beside the mangled and bleeding man. "He's dead," Bill said, choking. "Why? Karl should have known better than this."

Ted leaned against a tree and put his head on his arms. He was crying. "I can't believe it. It's so horrible — horrible — horrible —"

Bill got up and caught him by the shoulders. "Snap out of it, Ted," he demanded. "This won't do any good. We've got to get to town and get help. There's nothing else we can do."

Bill turned, suddenly aware of the girl. "Who are you?" he shouted.

The girl didn't answer. She had stopped crying, but she looked at him with wild fright in her eyes.

"He — he," the girl stammered uncertainly as she pointed to Karl's body. "I'm Gladdy Carter. His Charlotte is where he put her."

Bill stared at her, puzzled. "What do you mean — where he put her?"

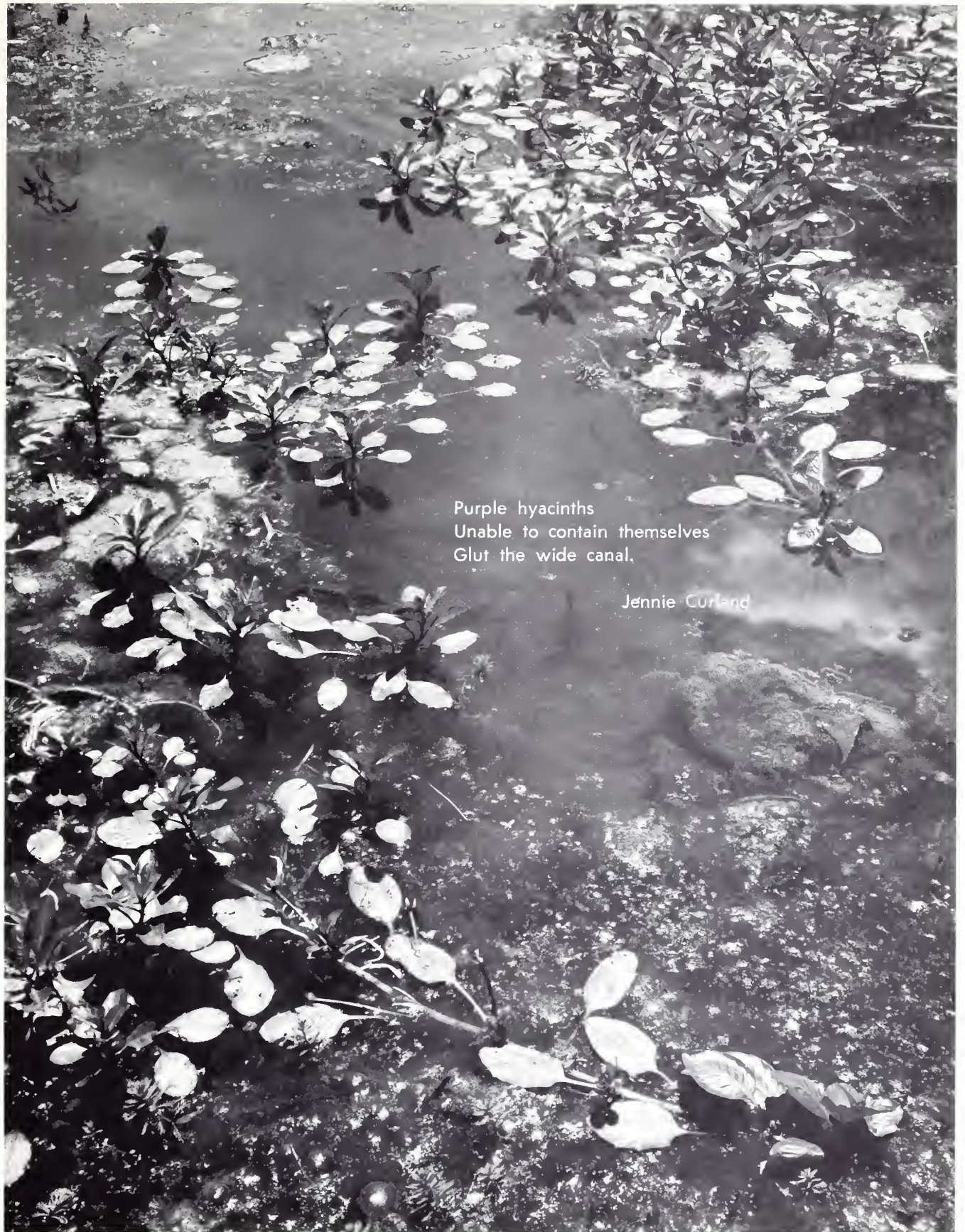
Gladdy dropped to her knees and pointed into the shallow cave. Bill looked in but saw nothing except old leaves blown in by the wind. Gladdy crawled over and reached inside. She pulled away several layers of matted brown leaves.

Bill got down on his knees beside Gladdy and looked closer. She uncovered a rusted 30.06 rifle and a knife with a black ebony handle. Then Bill noticed an odd stick-like object in the leaves; it had five short extensions on the end of it, and patches of dark leathery material clinging to it.

"Holy Christ, have mercy on us," he exploded.

"That's where I got this," said Gladdy, anxiously. "I brought it back today because he was mad at me about it last night."

Bill turned and look at Gladdy's extended fist. She opened her hand slowly. In her palm was a platinum ring with a large crescent-shaped blue sapphire surrounded by diamond chip.



Purple hyacinths
Unable to contain themselves
Glut the wide canal.

Jennie Curland

al purvere

LOVE POEM, WRITTEN IN RESPONSE

To Anne Marie,
after reading a poem
by Ernest Hemingway

I will go to lunch without you

(Repeat)

Our lunch I will not forget nor can I
remember
but the taste of you will remain
on my tongue

and if I did not make love to you

It is my fault

(Repeat that)

It is not clear whose fault it is
but "it" is not clear

When the next war comes we will not

bury the dead in plastic bags
there will not be enough time
to insert the corpse

but neither will that war come if we

do not let it

let next love flow

It will not if you are put in a plastic bag
with holes in it

You belong naked

with me we shall run through the green grass
where we will not be found
until next love

there will always be that next love

and it can be counted as love and
half past

which is more descriptive than

"tomorrow"

and I chose to count that way

When in these days of our lives

we must not take too seriously

that old whore death nor

that little Whore that came to lunch

(You may repeat that)

seeking that great miser Freedom

I hope found him in my bed

because I loved her

is that what it is like to be lonesome?

If we do have a lump in life

mine shall not be defined

in any way

(I shall repeat to myself)

"Mine shall not be defined

in any way"

Yours will be as mine, freedom

but I told you

Use no term to describe it

do not repeat after me

Tomorrow is a word I do not often use

and think little about



THE CHANGING RAIN

A stream of timeless tide
Puddled in the dark abscess of perpetual being,
Stirred by tireless currents of
Esthetic phenomenon called fire
Which raises emotion filled bubbles to
its placid surface
Never bursting moments of serenity
Motivated upward through the surface in
One consecutive snap of motion,
Drawn by the fires of the warm sun
To evaporated droplets of dew
Into the dawn of constant morning

Only to reach noon on one side of day
Just scores of centuries old.
Ever rising into endless pits
Of lusty sky,
Mounting moment of blisful pleasures
Of love magnified by the onrush of hate
It later will take metamorphosis too.
Intellectual geniuses pouring
Over thoughts to deceive the vacuum
Of distance traveled and yet to be,
Have come on a stopping place
Of never resting sleep.
Their pillows of cool white dampness
Quickly turn to darkness
Within which the conflict of sound and sight
Take on deceiving forms of thunder
And lightning.
The storm passes in an instant,
Clearing over the housewife's houses
While her spouse is busy
Making changes in the storm
Which she raises to continue.
The storm over for the moment now,
The droplet of slightly warmed moisture
Drifts through twilight periods
Of zeal
While pictures of the guilty are adored
And passed to spread the dampness
And the cloud heaved to unstable flight.
Rocking now
The buildings of Athens turn green
And go unnoticed by those who live there.
Their Gods in the Parthenon enraged
Tremble the evaporated dew droplet;
Then forth the battle of Marathon is real
And later the noble walls of Acropolis
Crumble to ruins more lasting than before.
The cloud of dreams
Dark still is darker now, near black
With grim frustration
Emotion existing with decaying time
Plunge the infected drop like Roman legions
Of iron-clad horsemen to charge
In blind battle of inverted ascension
Against the salvation of their Gods!
While oriental philosophers sit
Legs folded beneath the apple tree of death

And call it life.
Dropped by the sun God
The drop of being
Now is the onrush of doom
It met on the way to the crest of existence
As though a mockery of fault.
As the rain falls
The rainbow of colors holds
Fleeting moments of hope to the damned
As it is seen by their naked eyes piercing
Through the dew of opaque reality
Toward the fires of heaven and hell.
Alas!
Its beauty lies only in the harmony of its blend
But salvation is seen too late by the blind
And the people who have seen go deaf.
The sharp tongue of Herr Son kisses
The rain of fate with the fire
From Mephistopheles' garden of agony.
Faster galloped the horsemen of Pompeii
But Ulysses' horsemen moved nare a pace
And down fell Troy
And the rain fell faster.
Forked lightening of the serpent's mouth spit
And the thunder of Lucifer's trumpet was heard
And struck fear to the meek
And the hearty laughed with
Their business partner Mr. Scratch.
Nearer, the rain, now to the sump of destiny
And rushing as if to joust time upon meeting.
Through the pines summer howls
At the past spring rains
That fall toward the Winter,
Dormant death of Fall.
The puddle of bewildered ages
Ripples in the moonlight of wisdom
And reflections of clouds falling
Are distorted by a single drop
As it sinks into oblivion.
The sun shone bright on
A stream of tideless time
Puddled in the dark abscess
Of perpetual being
Once more.

James Higgins



BETTY OWEN

She is all those things people never are
giving the things no one ever can

confidence

encouragement

knowledge

wisdom

love

and an unshaking faith

Truly an exception

Your Editor, Russ (the preacher) Moore, is an education major and hopes to become a professional author.



Poetry Editor for this issue was Lynn Klipp. Lynn, an English major who plans to attend F.A.U., says, "I would like to live on my poetry, but I'm afraid I'd starve for lack of market."

Today, James Higgins thinks of himself as an artist-poet trying for tomorrow. He laughs a lot, likes sunshine and sunflowers. Jim would like to play his electric kazoo with Buffy St. Marie and Jelly Roll Morton.

Bill Goetz, a sophomore, is a newcomer to P'an Ku. Bill is an English major and hopes to attend F.A.U. After graduation, Bill wants to join the Peace Corps.

Margaret Eastman has had stories published in the juvenile field. An education major, Margaret will attend F.A.U. in the fall. Miss Eastman is interested in special education.

Prose Editor, Mike Couture is a veteran ex-fighter whose writing shows the conflict he sees in life. Mike is a journalism major who writes for a Palm Beach paper.



Individuals of P'an Ku

Michael Rech, a potential humanist, says his ultimate goal is to marry a young widow with millions so that he may devote his life to the emancipation of mankind—and buy Manufacturers' Country Club in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Linda Patrick, a sophomore, is a psychology major "because psychology is working to teach us what to draw upon as we expand the puzzle."

Rich de Revere, author of the *House*, is a veteran and a columnist for the *Guardian* newspaper. Rich is a journalism major and hopes to be a newspaper editor.

Mary Jane Conners, the art editor for the last issue, is the assistant editor for this issue. Miss Conners is an art major and hopes to go into interior decorating after seeing the world.

Art Editor for this issue is Kay Smiley. Kay is an art major and would like to teach art to underprivileged children. Miss Smiley also would like to travel after graduation.

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Financed by	Student Activity Funds Neil S. Crispo, Director
Printed by	Tropical Press, Inc.





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